



THE MAD DENTIST



Chapter 1: The Gospel According to **MAD**

Gerry's introduction to humor came the way many great revelations do—through a crumpled magazine somebody left on the school bus. It wasn't *National Geographic* (too many maps), nor *Life Magazine* (too many hidden pictures). No, Gerry's life was changed by a smiling, gap-toothed, freckle-faced mascot named Alfred E. Neuman.

On the cover was Alfred E. Neuman, that eternal, goofy-faced prophet of satire. Gerry was hooked before he even knew what satire was. He couldn't have spelled it, but he knew it was the funniest thing he'd ever seen.

From that day on, Gerry devoured **MAD** magazine like it was sacred scripture. Other kids memorized baseball stats; Gerry memorized *Spy vs. Spy* panels and "Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions." His bedtime prayers were often replaced with lines like:

- "What, me worry?"
- "Only dumb dentists ask dumb patients dumb questions."
- "Floss today or pay tomorrow."

Soon his allowance wasn't going to baseball cards or bubble gum—it was going to stacks of *Mad*. His room looked like a library designed by lunatics: towers of magazines teetered on every surface. His mother worried that one day he'd be crushed in a landslide of parodies.

His parents were... concerned. While other boys were mowing lawns, Gerry was sitting cross-legged on the porch, giggling over a parody of *Star Wars* titled *Far Wars*. When his mom asked if he wanted to join Little League, he replied:

"Why? So I can get hit in the teeth? That's a pre-existing condition!"

While other kids wanted to be astronauts or cowboys, Gerry declared at age nine that he wanted to be "somebody who makes people laugh while pointing out how dumb the world is." His father muttered, "So...a politician?"

School was where *Mad*'s influence really took root. When the teacher asked him to write a poem about spring, Gerry wrote:

*Roses are red, violets are blue,
I'm allergic to pollen, and so are you."*

When asked to give a presentation on Sir John A. Macdonald, he titled it *The First Prime Minister Who Couldn't Tell a Lie—Unlike Everyone Who Came After.* He got detention, but also applause from the class. By the time he hit his teenage years, Gerry could quote *Spy* vs. *Spy* faster than he could conjugate verbs. In high school, when teachers asked for essays on Shakespeare, Gerry

would slip in parodies. One famous line from his sophomore paper read:
"To floss, or not to floss—that is the question."

Gerry was the kid everyone wanted around for book reports, assemblies, or awkward school dances. He was always armed with a joke, a parody, or a mock advertisement. His locker had a sign taped inside:



"Dentist Needed: Must provide free candy."

Foreshadowing? You bet.

Chapter 2: Puberty, Puns, and Parodies

Teenage years are tough for anyone, but for Gerry, they were like living inside one giant *Mad* fold-in. Puberty hit, voices cracked, zits erupted, and suddenly the world was both horrifying and hilarious.

He developed a reputation for “Mad-ifying” everything. The school’s football team, the Panthers, became “The Pampers” in his cartoons—“soft, squishy, and full of hot air.” The cafeteria menu was turned into a fake ad:

“Today’s Special: Mystery Meat Surprise. Surprise! It’s still meatloaf!”

Naturally, teachers both feared and adored him. His English essays contained more parody than analysis. Instead of writing about the symbolism in *Lord of the Flies*, he turned in a comic strip titled *Lord of the French Fries*.” The teacher groaned but gave him a B for creativity.

Dating was another matter. Gerry discovered that while humor could break the ice, it couldn’t always seal the deal. On his first date, he told a girl:

“You don’t need braces—you just need to smile less.”

That relationship ended before dessert.

Still, Gerry survived adolescence armed with laughter. His guidance counselor once asked what he wanted to do with his life. Gerry shrugged and said, “I don’t know. Maybe something that lets me tell jokes and still pay rent.”

Little did he know, the answer was closer than he thought—and it came with a drill.



(Fake Product ad)

 **NOW AVAILABLE!**

Kid-Safe Magazine Rack — holds up to 500 issues of *Mad*. Collapses instantly to bury your child in humor. Only \$9.99. Shipping weight: 800 lbs.

Chapter 3: The Tooth Will Set You Free

University was a time of great discovery for Gerry. Not so much in the classroom (though he managed), but in finding out that he loved science almost as much as satire. Biology labs fascinated him. Anatomy intrigued him. And teeth? For some reason, teeth just seemed funny.

While his classmates dreamed of medical school, Gerry realized he wanted to specialize in a part of the body that nobody else seemed to want: the mouth.

“Think about it,” he told his friend. “Everyone hates going to the dentist. But if I make them laugh, maybe they’ll forget I’m sticking sharp metal objects in their gums.”

His friend blinked. “So...you want to be a clown with a drill?”

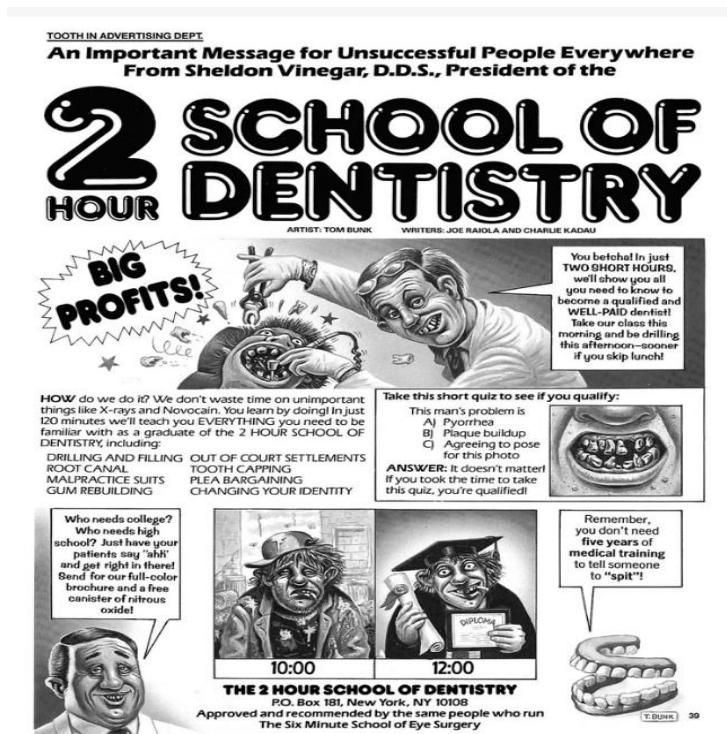
“Exactly!” Gerry said.

From that moment, dentistry became the perfect blend of science and stand-up comedy. He pictured himself wearing a lab coat with “Mad Dentist” stitched on the pocket.

DIY Dental School Kit!

Includes: hammer, flashlight, and one bottle of whiskey. Actual degree sold separately.
\$19.95.

Chapter 4: Dental School of Hard Knocks



If you think dental school is all about brushing techniques and fluoride, you'd be wrong. It's boot camp for the mouth. Hours of anatomy, chemistry, and drilling plastic teeth until your hand cramps like you've been playing air guitar for three days.

Gerry, of course, treated it like a sitcom.

When the professor lectured about molars, Gerry whispered: "Molars are like the middle children of teeth. Nobody remembers them unless they hurt."

When learning about anesthesia, he quipped: "Novocaine is just liquid courage for your gums."

He even drew Spy vs. Spy cartoons where the spies fought with floss instead of bombs.

Despite his jokes, Gerry excelled. His professors noticed that nervous students relaxed around him. During practical exams, while others sweated bullets, Gerry joked: "If this goes wrong, we'll just call it abstract dental art."

Somehow, he made it through four years without being expelled—or sued. By graduation, he wasn't just a dentist-in-training. He was a dentist-in-training with a sense of humor sharper than his drill.

The Anatomy of a Dental Student

- 40% Coffee
- 30% Panic
- 20% Flashcards
- 10% Asking "Is this drill plugged in?"

Chapter 5: The Drill Sergeant of Comedy

Gerry opened his practice in the town where he grew up, where word spread faster than fluoride in a water supply. At first, people came cautiously. After all, dentists ranked somewhere between tax collectors and traffic cops on the popularity scale.

But Dr. Gerry (as he was now called) had a secret weapon: comedy.

Patients entered the waiting room nervously. The magazines were the usual mix of *People* and *Time*. But right in the middle of the stack sat *Mad*.

“Why’s this here?” one patient asked.
“Because Reader’s Digest doesn’t make people laugh hard enough,” Dr. Gerry replied.

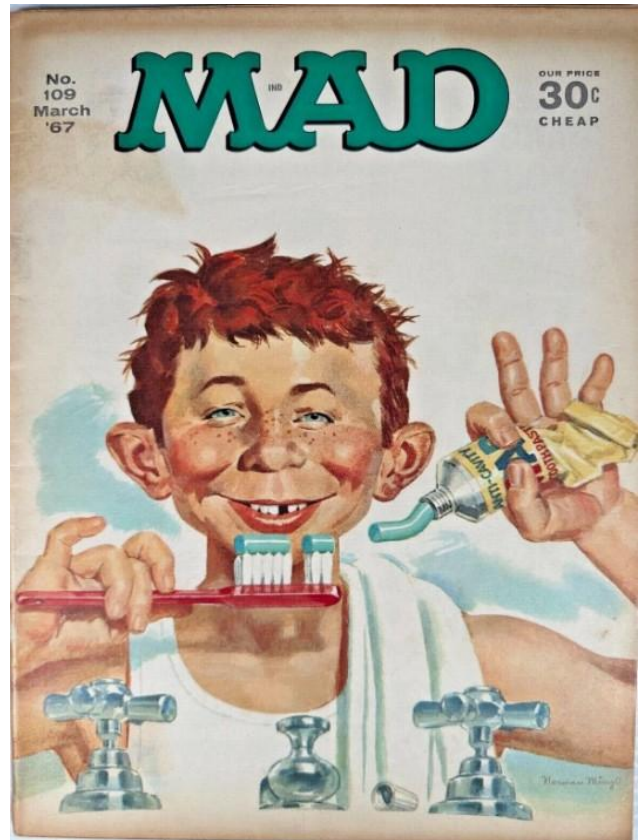
When he leaned over with his mirror and probe, he’d say things like:

“Don’t worry. I’ve only dropped the drill in a patient’s throat once this week.”

Or, while fitting braces:

“Good news! You’ll pick up AM radio now.”

Kids loved him, adults tolerated him, and everyone left with both a cleaner smile and a funny story to tell.

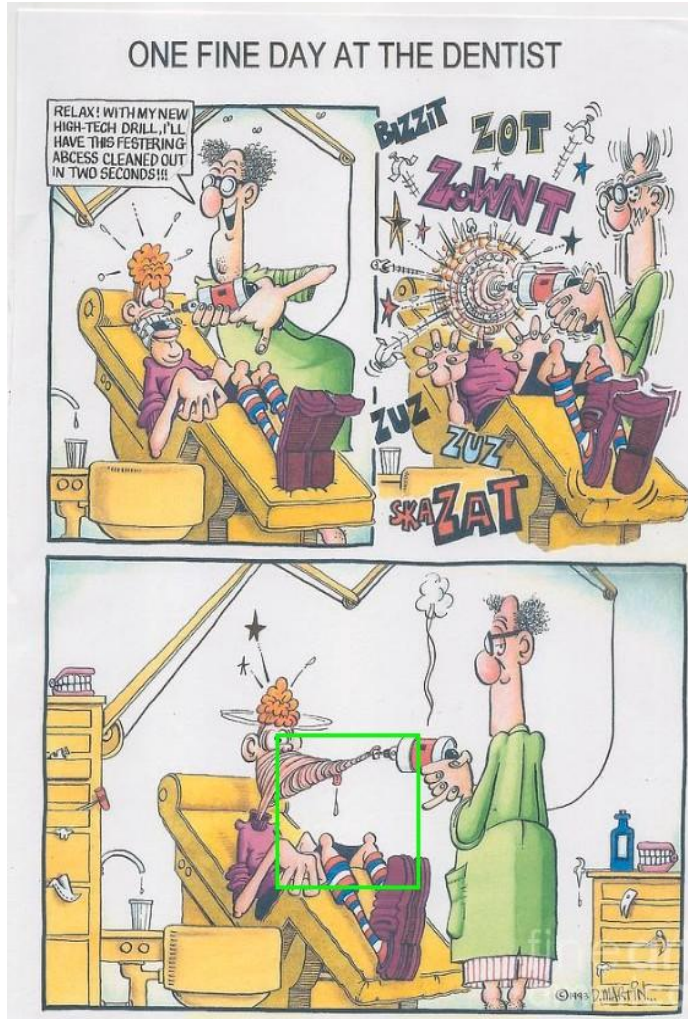


(Waiting Room Notice)

⚠ ATTENTION PATIENTS

If you scream too loudly, nitrous oxide fees will be doubled.

Chapter 6: Open Wide and Say “Ha!”



By the time Dr. Gerry had been in practice ten years, he had become a local legend. Sure, his fillings were flawless and his crowns could have won blue ribbons at the county fair, but what people really remembered were the jokes.

His patients started telling their friends:

“Yeah, he fixed my root canal—but you should’ve heard his joke about wisdom teeth!”

Soon, he had a reputation: The Stand-Up Dentist.

His waiting room became a comedy club in disguise. Instead of a fish tank, he had a sign that read:

“Patients with bad breath will be charged double for air pollution.”

Next to the water cooler, a notice was

taped up:

“This water contains zero fluoride but twice the gossip.”

And of course, the stack of *Mad* magazines remained a fixture. Patients would giggle nervously while reading “Spy vs. Spy,” only to hear the whir of the drill from the back and mutter, “Oh no, Spy lost this one.”

(Waiting Room Notice)

TOOTH ENTHUSIAST MONTHLY!

This issue: “Sexy Smiles of 1987,” “Top Ten Plaque Patterns,” and a pull-out poster of floss.

Fear Factor

Not everyone loves the dentist. In fact, most people would rather face a firing squad than a fluoride treatment. But Dr. Gerry knew humor was the antidote to fear.

Take the case of Mrs. Henderson, a sweet lady who clutched the armrests like she was about to be launched into space. Dr. Gerry leaned in and whispered:

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Henderson. This is just like bungee jumping, only slower and with fewer souvenirs.”

She laughed so hard she forgot she was getting a filling.

Then there was Billy, a six-year-old who refused to open his mouth. His mom begged, the hygienist coaxed, but Billy was clamped shut tighter than a jar lid after a marathon of *Popeye* reruns. Dr. Gerry crouched down, looked him in the eye, and said,

“Billy, if you open your mouth, I promise I won’t sing. If you keep it shut, I’ll do all of Justin Bieber’s greatest hits.”

Billy’s mouth popped open faster than the drill could start.

Fake Ads in Real Life

Sometimes Dr. Gerry brought *Mad*-style humor right into his practice. He once printed a fake flyer and taped it to the wall:

“New Service: Do-It-Yourself Root Canal Kits! \$19.99—including a hammer, some string, and a bottle of whiskey.”

Another time, he gave out toothbrushes with labels that read:

“Guaranteed to last longer than your New Year’s resolution.”

People began to look forward to their dental visits—not for the minty polish, but for the comedy show.

Chapter 7: Wisdom Teeth and Wiser Jokes

As the years rolled on, Dr. Gerry grew older, but his humor stayed sharp. His hair turned gray, his hands a little shakier, but his punchlines? As polished as a newly cleaned molar.

When patients commented on his age, he'd grin and say:

"I've been around so long, I remember when fluoride was considered witchcraft."



Pulling wisdom teeth gave him endless material. "Don't worry," he'd say. "You don't really lose wisdom when I pull these—you just gain space for more excuses."

One teenager asked if it would hurt. Dr. Gerry replied,

"Only if you insist on keeping the teeth."

By this point, entire families were coming to him—grandparents, parents, kids. Some patients joked that he'd seen more generations of their mouths than their family photo albums.

The Day the Drill Broke

One of his most famous stories—told and retold at parties, barbecues, and PTA meetings—was the day his drill broke mid-appointment.

He leaned over a patient, pressed the pedal, and—nothing. Silence. The patient's eyes went wide with panic. Dr. Gerry didn't miss a beat.

"Well," he said, "looks like we'll have to do this the old-fashioned way. Do you prefer a chisel or pliers?" The patient laughed so hard he nearly slid out of the chair.

Mad Reflections

Even after four decades, Dr. Gerry kept his stack of *Mad* magazines in the waiting room. Some were so old they were practically fossils. Kids would ask, "Who's this guy on the cover?" and he'd reply, "That's Alfred E. Neuman, my life coach."

To him, *Mad* wasn't just a magazine—it was a philosophy. Why worry when you can laugh? Why fear the dentist when he can make you smile before he even cleans your teeth?

(Q&A Sidebar)

? "Why do we have wisdom teeth?" ✓ "So teenagers have one last excuse for bad decisions."

Chapter 8: Smile, It's Over

After more than forty years of fillings, floss lectures, and fluoride trays, Dr. Gerry decided it was time to hang up the lab coat.

His retirement party was packed. Former patients, colleagues, friends—all gathered to celebrate the man who made dentistry funny. There were speeches, cake (sugar-free, of course), and a slideshow of his career highlights.



One patient stood up and said, “Dr. Gerry is the only man who ever made me laugh while holding a drill near my face. That’s either genius or insanity.”

Another added, “Most dentists fill cavities. Dr. Gerry filled my life with laughter—and sometimes nitrous oxide.”

When it was his turn to speak, Dr. Gerry stepped up to the microphone. He looked out at the crowd, smiled, and said, “You know, people always ask if I’ll miss dentistry. And the truth is—no. But I will miss having an excuse to wear a mask and make bad puns at people who can’t talk back.”

The room erupted in laughter.

As he walked off the stage, he couldn’t resist one last line:

“Remember, folks—life is short. So keep smiling. It confuses the insurance companies.”

(Fake Retirement Ad)

 **Collector’s Edition Tooth Fairy Coins!**

Now inflated to \$100 per tooth. Offer valid in dentists’ dreams only.

Epilogue: The Mad Dentist

In retirement, Dr. Gerry finally had time to reread all his old *Mad* magazines. The pages were yellowed, the jokes still sharp, and Alfred E. Neuman's goofy grin stared back at him like an old friend.

And he realized something. His entire life—every prank, every pun, every patient who left laughing—. every *Mad* parody was proof that humor wasn't just entertainment—it was anesthetic for life.

A parody with a heart.

A parody with a purpose.

A parody that made going to the dentist almost fun.

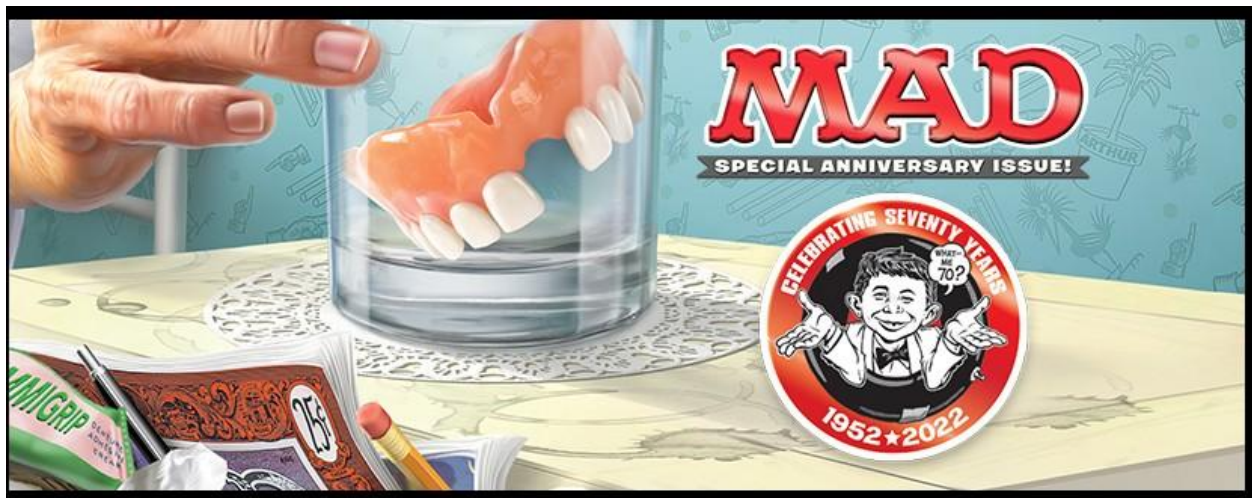
Because in the end, what's scarier than a dentist's drill?

A dentist who doesn't have a joke.

Almost.

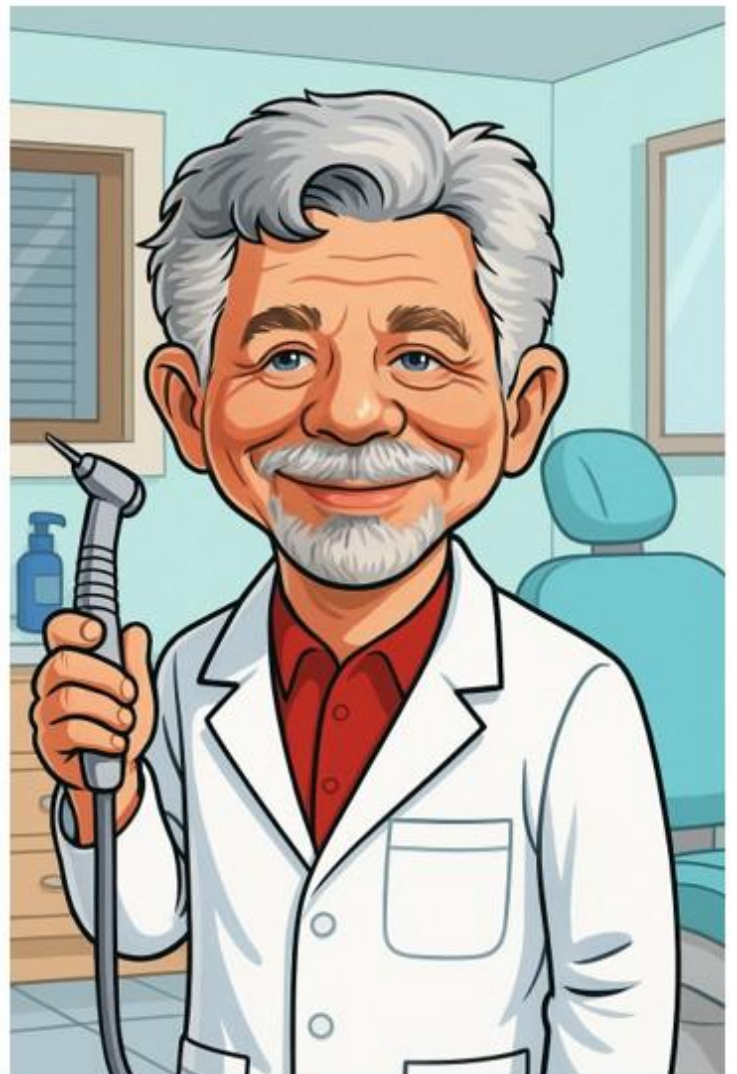
Because, let's face it—no matter how funny you are, the sound of the drill is never going to make the Top Ten Comedy Sounds.

Still, thanks to Dr. Gerry, thousands of people could say they once laughed in a dentist's chair. And if that's not proof of a life well lived, then...





THE MAD DENTIST



FROM THE AUTHOR



Matthew G. Mastromatteo Jr.

With imagination, this author tries to find a way into the hearts and minds of the reader.

Sometimes the topics will be serious or informative, thought provoking and up for discussion, and sometimes they will be humorous.

Remember, what you believe is reality may not be.

The words are out there, they just have to be found.

Help is within your reach.