

Looth Tooth

**I've got a looth tooth
that wigglt and jigglth and wrigglt.
I move it around
but it never comth out of my mouth.
I pull it, I yank it,
I twirl it, I thpank it,
but it jutht never theems
to want to come out
of ith houth.**

**I'd call the Tooth Fairy,
but she'th kinda thcary,
Tho I thtill cannot theem to be free
of thith wiggly looth tooth,
that to tell you the truth,
ith makin' a thap outa me.**

**I'm going to give it
one thuper thtrong yank,
cuth I really could uthe thome money.
Great Scott! It's out! At last, it's out!
But now I'm talking funny.**



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Make an inference....

Based on what you already know about losing teeth,
what age do you think the speaker in this poem is?
What proof do you have to support your thinking?