Several years ago I decided to have my teeth straightened. The preliminaries would include x-ray of the entire brain, sort of a brain scan, and the pulling of four teeth. I was to receive nitrous oxide and remain awake for the teeth extraction.

After learning of the procedure which was to follow, I had a dream of what I unconsciously must have suspected might happen.

First was the scan. It was a frightful machine with a needle which encircled the brain, shooting into it mega doses of radiation. I pictured myself developing numerous cancerous tumors in the years to come.

I was then placed in the dentist's chair. I felt a sense of entrapment and helplessness as the drugs he administered began to take effect. The dentist's eyes were wide and crazy, and I imagined a weird smile was on his mouth. I became horrified. Suddenly, there was the mighty force of his hammer as it pounded into my jaw. It was soon over. My teeth were removed.

I next remember being carried into the recovery room. I was sewn into a bed to keep me from escaping. Sunglasses were placed on my eyes. They were sensitive to light because of the drugs I'd been given. Although I was confined, the medication began to give me a relaxed, warm and tingly feeling.

Soon the dentist appeared and approached the bed. He slowly unpicked the thread, working his way from the extremities inward. He gently massaged each part of my body as he slowly removed the sheet a little at a time, working his way toward the more vulnerable spots. I not only trusted him but found myself becoming sexually excited.

I awakened before a satisfactory ending to the dream was achieved. I awoke a bit frustrated and bewildered. At one point in the dream, I was terrified of my dentist, he was the attacker, I was the victim. Later, he became my gentle liberator, freeing me from confinement and arousing my sexual passion.