

# OPERATION MILKTOOTH



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Text 2013 © Jaana Tolonen  
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Original Translation 2016 © Noora Parviainen  
Translation 2017 © Mirja Lavanne

**2.nd edition**

Kustantaja: BoD – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Suomi  
Valmistaja: BoD – Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Saksa  
ISBN: 978-951-568-064-8

# OPERATION MILKTOOTH

This story is meant for those who have either  
willingly or  
reluctantly dropped their milk teeth

A seven-year-old boy named Jason Mills rode his bicycle at a terrific speed along a forest road. The gap-toothed boy grinned widely, fascinated by the rapid motion. He passed trees in great haste, and pine cones bounced up into the air from under his rear wheel. Jason stopped his bicycle by skidding it next to a fallen tree trunk to have a rest. He took a sip from his soda pop.

While standing there, he noticed twisty patterns on the side of the trunk, and one of them seemed a bit familiar. It looked like a tooth. Next to the pattern, there was a beetle with a shiny back. It waved its front legs to Jason. He was amused by the little conductor's show and, while watching its bustling, he instinctively rubbed his cheek, thus provoking a toothache behind it.



It was late, and Jason started to pedal back home. After dinner, he scrambled into his bed but heard the whine of a mosquito. He grabbed a bug swatter and tried to find the source of the noise so that he could annihilate it. However, the noise could be heard no longer nor could the mosquito be seen. Jason dropped the swatter, which had become unnecessary, on the floor next to his bed.

While Jason's mother was tucking him into bed, she asked if he had brushed his teeth properly. He lied that he had. After a good-night kiss, he turned to his side under his duvet and fell fast asleep.

In the middle of the night, Jason woke up to a tremendous toothache. He cried out of pain so loud that he woke up the whole Mills family: mother Scarlett, father Jeremy and little sister Nena. The young man seemed to be truly uncomfortable at the time. He scratched at his mosquito bites, which proved his earlier failure. His mother had no other choice than make an appointment with a dentist, Diamond Drill.

The dentist found two large cavities in Jason's tooth. They had to be filled immediately so that the infection would not spread any further. The concerned lady dentist pointed out that Jason had not taken proper care of his teeth. Brushing them had been poor and inconsistent. The friendly and understanding dentist suggested, "How about our anaesthetizing the tooth so that it will be easier to treat it?"

Trustfully, Jason relaxed in the dentist's chair and fell into deep sleep. The dentist took appropriate action for treating the tooth.

In a moment, Jason felt as if someone were shaking him. He opened his eyes and saw through his foggy vision a blueish beetle in front of him. The beetle looked exactly like the one he had stumbled on at the tree trunk the day before. Jason realised he was sitting high on a pine branch and was the same size as the beetle. The beetle shook the boy, grabbing his shoulders and repeating the question, "Didn't you understand the message I wrote to you?"

Jason's vision was still blurred and he tried to focus his eyes on the beetle, asking, "What do you mean? Who are you? I don't read that well yet."

The beetle said, "Well, stand up and I'll explain it to you. I've been worried about you because you haven't brushed your teeth. Your teeth are full of cavities and terribly unclean. Do you want dentures at your young age?"

At last, Jason woke up properly and stood up quickly, "What on earth? Who are you?"

The beetle explained, "My name is Betty the Pine Beetle, and I live in a pine tree. I'm a professional printer. I carve figures on pine trees and, after the work is done, I head for the next tree. I want to tell and show you the true story about the secrets that exist in the forest and in nature. That will make

clear the importance of the milk tooth operation and how valuable it is in the life cycles of forest creatures. I'd like to help you understand the importance of keeping your teeth clean.

Perhaps you have admired and wondered at the sparkling of snow, the shimmering of morning dew and the glittering of water surface. Have you ever thought what caused them? Or where have all your milk teeth gone? I have been watching the bustling of my friends at close distance all my life. These friends of mine are called Ferryetas and Geonogs. We are going to visit them. Then you'll get answers to all of your questions."

Before Jason was able to say even one word, a magpie landed on the branch, and several weird-looking creatures jumped off its back. Betty pushed Jason under a leaf and herself walked to the creatures. Jason did not hear what they were talking about but he understood from their body language that it was not a friendly conversation. In a moment, Betty was gone and so was the magpie with its riders.

Meanwhile, above in the air, the Ferryeta king August himself glided through the heat of the midsummer's day. The sun was shining and birds

were chirping arias. August let the wind carry him towards the tops of the pine trees, surrounded by the fragrance of the needles. This peaceful fragrant bubble burst quickly once he heard indignant puffing below him. Wondering at what he had just heard, he landed on the grass and met his old friend Betty the Pine Beetle, who was shaking off dust from her wings.

August exclaimed, "Hello, Betty! Why are you so annoyed?"

Betty answered, "Hi! Oh, why am I so annoyed? Well, you should ask the Geonogs about that. They are behind all this trouble."

August suggested, "Come, let's fly up, and you can tell me what happened." They rose up on to Betty's home branch in the pine tree. Jason summoned up his courage to come out of his hiding place. Betty introduced August to him.

After the introduction, Betty started to explain what had happened, "The troublemakers! A flock of Geonogs came on a magpie, mocking me and laughing at the figures I had carved on the pine trunk. A terrible lot of crooks. They spat around and tried to harm me with their snot. Suddenly, the whole bunch was on me and they threw me off the

branch. It all happened so quickly I could not spread my wings, and so I fell to the ground on my back. I'm not like a cat that always falls on its feet."

The king sighed powerlessly, "Sometimes Geonogs make the lives of all the creatures in the forest impossible. How could we get them under control? It's lucky you didn't get hurt any worse."

Betty said, "Luckily I had this armoured shell on, so that I didn't get hurt."

August commented, "And what a wonderful bluish shiny shield you have too. I've always admired it."

Half aloud August pondered how they could tame the Geonogs. He saw that Betty's shell was firmly built, since it did not have even a scratch on it. It was not like the fragile shells of insects whose wings are caused to melt and turn shapeless by the spit of Geonogs. August wanted to protect those insects. Would Betty's armoured shell be of any help against that corrosive slime? After all, the Geonogs seemed to have constantly an excessive production of it.

August suggested, "Listen. Would it be possible to use some of these shells to protect our small friends

in the forest from Geonogs? I would like to have one myself, too. I would look gorgeous in a shell. Would you happen to know where I could get one?"

Betty replied, "You can have one of mine. I have grown a few spare shells just in case. In my work I sometimes get bumps, you see. To make the shell surface strong and shiny, I wax it with this cool fresh rubbery paste I get from birches. Here you go, Jason. You can have a protective shell as well, for your safety."

Jason took the shell from Betty and looked at its rough and dusty surface in wonder.

August for his part exclaimed in awe, "Wonderful! Genuine shells of a bark beetle! Thank you! We'll see what Queen Catherine will say about these."

Betty warned him, "Remember that your wings will not be protected under the shells like mine are. You should first learn how to move with them, especially how to land."

August tried on his new shells and pranced in front of a water droplet. He happily flew up with his brand new shells on his back. The flight was a little unsteady and wobbly, but his great speed kept August up in the air.

Betty said, "As you saw, Jason, our ways to fight against these tooth trolls are getting few. We need your help to save children's milk teeth from being pillaged by Geonogs. That's why you came here to help us."



**This story is Jason Mill's  
adventure about children's  
fallen milk teeth.**

**In this story you get to know  
who collects them, and why,  
and where they end up to.**

**Attention! Beware of Geonogs!**



**Publisher:**

**BoD – Books on Demand, Helsinki, Suomi**

**Producer:**

**BoD – Books on Demand, Norderstedt, Saksa**

**ISBN 978-952-330-159-7**