Well, six months have passed in the blink of an eye... and I don’t feel a day older. However, I have recently been forced to face up to reality as Smile- on has posted mug shots of all the MSc delegates on the website. I’m told you are getting older when the policemen look young, but what about the dentists, they all look so young! Wonder what they think of me?

Anyway, we’ve picked up speed since first embarking on our new found dental practice with branches ever onwards towards treatment planning, with a necessary genuflection at the altar of informed consent and legal matters. Consequently we’ve landed with an almighty bump at the conclusion of module two, hot, moist and breathless (yuck!) but allegedly toolled up and ready for anything that might come our way.

We have had six months of serious teaching and learned reading to keep us all occupied, and we are now ready to come out swinging as lean, mean aesthetic dental machines.

The phone war is over, and now it’s time to get down and dirty with the hand piece; I do love the smell of burning dentine in the morning! The upcoming module has us showing off our clinical skills in the shape of our first clinical case reports, and there is nowhere to hide; especially with our new found dental photography skills.

However, before the diamond hits the enamel, I must tell you that as a finale to module two we have had to write our first proper essay. It’s been 50 years since I last penned 1,500 words to this standard, and I must admit that I have felt the ominous spectre of “academic writing” seeking me like the eye of Mordor, since I began this course. I faced the task with much trepidation, but I was determined not to let it devour me whole. Yes, perhaps I have been reading a little too much epic poetry of late; apologies folks! Anyway after numerous false starts, I managed to stop eating the lotus flowers and began upon my own epic essay. After avoiding Scylla & Charybdis, sidestepping the Cyclops, and getting an earful of the Sirens’ seductive song along the way, I finally made it home to Ithaca. Thankfully, my own personal Odyssey (odd essay?) did not take me 10 years, but it certainly took me a lot longer than I expected. We had to send in our completed manuscripts via the internet, and I suspect I was not the only one sweating over a hot laptop at two minutes to midnight on deadline day!

The webinars have still been coming fast and loose. Some good, and some not so good, but all have to be watched and inwardly digested as our “attendance” at these virtual lectures is strictly monitored by our tutors, and rightly so. Nevertheless, the sheer volume of work has made it tempting to perhaps cut a few corners and maybe miss out some lectures along the way. However, I can still hear the stern words of my old schoolmasters ringing in my ears; “remember, when you cheat you are only cheating yourself... now bend over Harris...” Somebody wake me, please!!!

Dr Gregory Brambilla is a clinician whose work I have admired for some time now; he really is a true artist with composite resin, right up there with the likes of Didier Dietschi and Lorenzo Vannini in my humble opinion; I do feel I have some experience in this field having spent a week in Milan, even if it was only on shade and colour science. However, he is the first person I’ve heard who can actually explain just what is meant by the term “value” when applied to tooth colour. He really brought a potentially dry subject to life, and his infectious enthusiasm was, well... infectious!

It’s surprising what influences our colour perception, even the colour of our surgery walls. I was surprised at the recommendation to repaint them every three years, and even more surprised to discover that Oliver Har- man (resident teacher’s pet) already does just that!!! It’s amazing what secrets people reveal about themselves on this course; who needs Face- book?

The next live webinar promises to be a real crack with Dr Brambilla talking about “Advanced Anterior composite Techniques”. Does it get much better than this? Except perhaps a week in Brazil... (apologies Newton!!)

Anyway, tomorrow morn- ing I have to place an all-ceramic crown on a root filled upper central incisor. The problem is with the root shade exhibiting 50 shades of grey, my nurse has suggested I need to be seriously disciplined, osh-er missus! I don’t think she’s been reading Greek epic’s!

I have recently been forced to the Kois Center in Seattle. My own personal Odyssey of the past six months have been a whirlwind of experience with branches ever onwards towards treatment planning, with a necessary genuflection at the altar of informed consent and legal matters. Consequently we’ve landed with an almighty bump at the conclusion of module two, hot, moist and breathless (yuck!) but allegedly toolled up and ready for anything that might come our way.

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Having trouble with 50 shade of root grey?

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Anyway, we’ve picked up speed since first embarking upon the joys of dental anatomy back in January, sprinting headlong through patient communication and management issues, and galloping ever onwards towards treatment planning, with a necessary genuflection at the altar of informed consent and legal matters. Consequently we’ve landed with an almighty bump...