

# The First Orthodontist of Secunderabad

by David P. Gontar (March 2015)

I was straining at the oars of a wayward dinghy on Gandipet Lake. Meena, the exquisite queen of teens, was primping at the prow, delicately applying pink rouge as she gazed at her reflection in her ever-present compact mirror. Loftily from time to time she turned to confirm the performance of my unworthy labors. The late afternoon sun had emerged from cloudy confinement, and was beating down, showing me no mercy. Sweat rolled from my brow like the simmering waters of the River Musi. The luxurious chocolates I had presented her on bended knee had shriveled to a pool of dubious goo in the bilge. [more>>>](#)