

# End Game

Krauser PUA | 20 September, 2014 | by krauserpua

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I've just had the most physically painful week of my life. What should've been a week of finally knuckling down and churning out some leads on the FSU streets (after doing nothing for 2 weeks due to work) was completely sidetracked by a serious bout of toothache. I had the most ridiculous bad luck – first on Tuesday my emergency dental appointment identified an impacted wisdom tooth that needed extraction. They said they'd just clean it up, put in a microbiotic strip in the gap for 24 hours and the pain ought to go away until a week's time when they had a slot for the operation.

24 hours of extreme pain later they pulled out the strip and it was still horrible. So painful that even taking the maximum Ibuprofen non-stop only dulled the edge but left plenty of discomfort and periodic sharp pain between doses. In this country you can't get a prescription for stronger painkillers. So they said the pain would lessen but if there's still trouble to come in on Friday. So I came in on Friday and this time the English-speaking specialist was gone and a middle-aged woman speaking zero English cleaned it up. The most dramatic moment being when she came at me with a scalpel (and she'd been unable to explain the planned procedure). My mouth was pissing blood but getting her to write a note that I could show to one of my girls, it turned out she'd done another clean but made a small incision to get at a deeper infection.

This morning, Saturday, the dental hospital was closed and I'd slept only 2 hours despite being on the full Ibuprofen dosage. So I called my landlord and he arranged a noon emergency appointment at a guy's private practice who opened up shop just for me. After half an hour waiting with the nurse, the dentist called to say he'd had a minor car accident and would be at least another hour. So I went home, sorted myself out, and ordered steak at my favourite local cafe. Might as well have some food for the day.

He summoned me before the steak arrived so I had to pay for it and leave before it arrived. As I walked into his private office I saw he was the same dentist as I'd seen in the hospital. To get it done at his private place was double the price (but, admittedly, still a fraction of the UK price) so he went ahead and began. I figured it wouldn't be so bad because I've had two wisdom teeth out five years ago and they each took about five seconds – just grab them with pliers and yank hard.

Oh no! I was in the chair a full forty-five minutes while he drilled, cut, hammered, yanked and split the tooth up. In total it was cut into six different pieces to get it out. He said it was one of his more complex extractions lately. The whole time I was petrified, getting a good test in emotional control. As I write the anaesthetic has worn off and I'm back on the Ibuprofen. My mouth is swelling up, but that's normal. I'm just a little worried that the molar next to the extracted tooth is actually the source of the real problem because it seems decayed.

So.... fuck my luck. It's been a thoroughly miserable week. I had a regular around last night and was in such a bad way I couldn't even fuck her.

I think this week is one of those unwelcome but highly fruitful “re-base” periods that remind me that the normal routine of my life is exceptionally good and I really ought to count my blessings for my health, sound finances, good friends, and abundance with women. You can take that for granted – I certainly did the past few months. It's amazing how some persistent pain drops you right down to the bottom of the hierarchy of needs. I really ought to be more grateful for the good things in life that come my way.

On another note, regular readers will have noticed they are becoming regular *viewers*. This is just a temporary thing. I've been writing so much for my Sigma Wolf books that I'm all tapped out for writing. There's a new project very close to completion that's taking all my writing energies. I think readers will

be very pleased I chose to do this project rather than just continue the usual blogging service. We shall see. Until then, I hope you enjoy the change of pace the videos represent.

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