## The Living Experiment

Figuring out life one educated guess at a time

## Four weeks post op! (SRS +28 days)

Four weeks ago (technically last night at this time) I was knocked out having my insides moved a bit to fit a new hole. And I got to spend it hanging out at work! YAY! Oh... wait. No that's not a yay. It actually pretty much sucked. I've got a ton of tears and things which made it really hurt. So work has been really painful. Today was worse than yesterday. Tomorrow I expect to be worse honestly, as today was worse than yesterday and things I don't think will heal overnight.

I did get to feel what Tramadol does to me while working. While it killed the pain pretty well, I was otherwise kind of useless and it was really hard to be as focused as I normally am. I hope I don't have to do that daily. But we'll see. I'll do what I have to so I can get through this part. Honestly I think a big factor is just having the movement+weight for that long. Prior to this week it would be maybe 2-4 hours or maybe a bit longer, but then I'd not do much the following day. Oh and I'd get like 8-10 hours sleep. Now I'm getting 7ish.

On the bright side, I only am in the office 4 days a week so at least there is that which is nice. But this still sucks.

On a bit more positive note, my first 4 weeks since surgery are done! I don't know if you count weeks or numerical months to signify the "one month" thing, but if it's on a week basis of 4 weeks per month then I'm one month post-op. Which is pretty cool. It also means I've been back in the states for over a week, returned to work, and been doing dynamic dilation successfully with minimal (in the grand scheme of things anyways) issues for 2 solid weeks now. That said it still feels "new" to me. Likely because the week after surgery and the first week in the hotel were both pretty busy and I was knocked out of it or otherwise distracted. But I'm 1/3 of the

way through the hardest part. As a marathon runner, I'll say I'm at about mile 8. Which means these next 8–9 are the slog parts. Where you just grit your teeth and get through it. Not "fun", not "miserable" but the post-start high has worn off, you've settled into your rhythm, and try to not think about how much longer is left but instead on just ticking off the miles/days.

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