It happened on a Wednesday evening after work all alone in my apartment with no cognative resources left all I wanted to do was relax. I wanted toforget the day. I wanted to forget this morning , Cynthia’s consistent nagging about my reports and spelling mistakes. The uneasiness that came from the email that came from the head quarters in from san fransico. I woke up in the middle of the night the sane time I always did at about 2 A.m in the morning and the first thing I did was to pick up my phone and check the company stock prices to be greeted by the headline Cypress soft downsizes. I blinked several times closed my eyes and tried to sleep. I did not want to know more, but after one hour of letting my mind drive me to Timbuktu and back I decided to read the details, it was scant.

“ Cyprss Soft has decided to letgo og 40% of its workforce to make it self more competitive, more details to follow.”

I tried to sleep but it would not come, “o my God I thought, being unemployed in Denmark again?

I woke up at about 7 AM and got to wok to find everyone confused , that was when Daniel asked me to check my mail, but it was al so scanty and unclear who would go.I tried to work but found my self staring at the computer all day. I was a shell of my self a mindless zombie only mindful of what would happen if I got the evil mail from HR.

This evening I wanted that world to be farway, futher than tomorrow if the need be all I wanted to do was get through the third season of gane o thrones while munching on some good old kenturky fried chicken.

Bite after bite, episold after episold until all I had left were the bones which , havinf several episolds left and no chicken to engage my mouth I decided to crunch the bones when suddenly felt so much mind, the type of pain you felt after a boxer punched you on your jaw. It was urgent and immediate and was accompanied by a rain of blood from the roof tops of my mouth . I got up from the couch , holding my jaw up with my mouth tightly closed afraid it would fall off and and rushed to the sink in bathroom of my Studio apartment in middle of roskilde and out came pieces of my broken tooth and more blood in the middle of the rainy cold day in July.

I rinsed my mouth several times but blood did not stop , by now there was red everywhere on the sink , drying on the edges and the pain was more than I could bear. After 15 mins the bleeding stopped and I poped two imbrupane tablets and called my dentist

“hello”, I said when I heard a voice on the other end, just to rlize it was an automated message

“the dental clicnc is closed for the summer, as all the dentists are on vacation, if you are in need of urgent dentall attention , call the emergency dentist on 245678890, beep”

Shit, I said at first not understanding the message. I played the message for about several times till I could understand it. The Automated message was that “the dental clicnc is closed for the summer, as all the dentists are on vacation, if you are in need of urgent dentall attention , call the emergency dentist on 245678890, beep “. I dialed the emergency dentist ,

“Hello” I said , “hej” said a voice on the other end

“Kan vi tale på English” I replied,

“Ja” said the voice on the other end

“ I have a problem” , I said

What can I do for you replied the voice

“ my teeth broke while eating some chiken and it is bleeding and is really painful.”

Can you come over to our clink said theee voice

Where ?

The address is “Oslo Pl. 14 2100 copenhagen”

“

is that in osterport I replied? “Jo” said the other voice

“ is there a dental clinic in Roskilde?

“I don’t know replied the othe voice”

“Can you make it”

“do I have a choice”

Ok see you

I threew my phone on the couch and grabbed my computer to find out how I would travel

“Or should I take the Cab” I thought

I put on my ajacket and stepped into the iccy cold shower , and walked towards the train station 2 blocks from my apartment block, I went to the taxi park and asked the cab how much it would cost to drive me to me to osterport,?

About 1000kr .

Fuck you I replied and walked towards the train ato relize the next train to Copenhagen would not arrive until 30 mins.

After waiting for for the period it takes to get to Pluto, the train arrives, by now the pain had slowly began to poke my face luckly I brough some ibrupan along in my pocket , I quickly swallowed two tablets and sat next to the window of the train in his mesh patterned chairs. The train smelt like staurday morning on a Wednesday evening with several teenages ranting about bullshit in their high speed unintellable .I wanted to get up and tell them to shut up, when they bust into singing drowing out the train engines I got up and took a walkt to the next couch where I found calmness as she slept everywhere . \i took a seat not to far from an old lady wearing a red rain coat. A red coat woman i thought, one of those rear Danish phenomenom. She sat there stiring at a distance and then 10 Minsinto my new found peace ahe came over and asked if she couldjoin me.

I said it was fine waving my hand in the direction of the three chairs in front of me.

She said in English” I had a dream yesterday night that I met you on this train and you later asked me to to marry you on your knees in front of osterport station.

I stared for what seemed like eternity as the faint pain from my tooth rose a finger uncertain what to reply and said really?

Yes she replied, in my dream you will sleep at my house to night.

I think you have mistaken me for someone else !

I am very certain it is you, with your gel styled hair and deep blue eyes.

I even saw you sun burnt freckles and the grey jacket you are wearing .

I stared at her trying my best to keep a straight face, thinking to my self “what on earth is that all about?”, I tried to reply raising my hand to gestulate as if I was waving a magic wand but the words would not come,when I heard “goodday” at at the other end of the couch as the ticket inspector, a small but imposing lady with silver dyed hair that she wore like an indian hair dress and in an oversized jacket . I immediately got up in the opposite direction towards the toilet while the old lady just stared after me moving back a bit so as not to get knocked down

She raised her right hand to scratch her head as I docked in the toilet at the end of the couch.

After what seemed like eternity I stepped out of the toilet , looking out for the ticket inspector, before returing back to my seat. The train had arrived copenhengens central ststion, but was about to continue its journey.

The old lady was no longer in the couch but there was a white napkin with an address where I previously sat. My first reaction was to throw away the napkin,but instead I slipped it into my back pocket as I sat down.

The train arrived at Osterport about 15 minuites later, as I got off the train the pain from my tooth started again as light stings at the base of my gum that felt like pins stabing the root of my mouth. I put my hands at the base of my mouth hopping that my skin would give way allowing me to sctach away the pain as I tried to find the Dentist clicnic that was not so far from the train staion .

I stood in front of the station with my phone raised infront of me trying to discover my position and direction on the map in my phone.

After walking around the train station like a lost germN SHEPPARD, I FINALLY FOUnd my position.The clinic was about five minuties away but thook me 15 minutes to get there manuauring my way around construction work in the area.The gps lead me to a basement door by the side of a building with no signs. On entering what seemed to be a witing room with people sitted in chairs arranged as though there was a game of musical chirs going on I was greeted by the evil smell of the dentist that brough back memories of the last root canal I had.

I sat there for almost an hour tormented by the silent shoufling of people changing seats as the imaginary music in my head stopped at the call of the dentist DJ and memories of my last visit to the tooth Nazi.

Everytime I visited my dentist for a routine check up he would come up with al sorts of iisues, I feltlike my mouth was the precious investment portfolio of my dentist treader (farm of the tooth cultivator) .

My turn came

Sleep in her house because stranded at station

Protagonist is broke and has no money to get to Copenhagen so he sniked on the train