Lost Face

It happened one night between July 8th and 9th. More precisely, it was early, on a Monday morning. I was awaken by a sharp (excruciating, shooting) pain in my groins. I rolled onto (flipped onto) my stomach, thinking carefully about everything I had eaten and drunk the night before. I cursed my insatiable hunger (voracious appetite) in the wee (small) hours, one of those nasty habits you develop (get into) while spending nights in front of computer, when all the pictures and letters on the screen gradually become blurred before your eyes so that it seems that even stretching on your chair wouldn't be enough to wake you up (make you more alert). The so-called stretching, which is undoubtfully beneficial for your muscle tone, your ligaments, tendons and stimulation of (boosting) your blood circulation is not always the best choice (therapy) for that condition. I don't know about other people, but I find a big, multilayered sandwich with a large piece of kashkaval cheese, several slices of ham and a rich spurt (gobs) of mayo (mayonnaise) very helpful on such occasions. A few green olives to enrich the flavour would be even better in order to enjoy it completely. While listening to Carmina Burana, chewing (munching on) a large sandwich resembling a skyscraper and sipping slowly a glass of white wine, I'm particularly inclined (prone) to having philosophical thoughts such as „Why am I here?“, „Is my life the same as the one I imagined 30 years ago?“ and so on. I rarely do any kind of self-inspection; thoughts come and go on their own, the moment the savory flavour of the last olive disappeares down my throat.

I'm 50 years old, I don't suffer from high blood pressure, I have the same amount of hair I had when I was a young man. I have a job that I like. I've been married for 25 years now and my wife and I get (on) along pretty well. When I look in the mirror I see Konstantin, a down-to-earth man (a sensible man) who knows exactly what he wants, a successful, financially stable man with enough reasons for being satisfied with his life, although not quite enough for a perfect happiness. I don't have a reason to be dissatisfied, or even worse, unhappy (I thought long and hard about this particular gradation: dissatisfied, unhappy, miserable and I couldn't find any significant difference between the three. I've come to terms with my imperfect life because I know that there is no such thing as perfection (nothing is perfect). What can I complain about? Actually, that's what I thought before.

Everything changed that night when I was woken up with pain. I rolled onto my stomach, then on the side, then on the back again, but the pain did not wear off ( alleviate/abate) (OR but all that did not relieve, soothe, deaden, ease, dull the pain) but instead it was getting worse ( grew sharper, more acute, intense, severe). I felt it down my spine and then it shot down/through my right leg. I usually don't panic but suddenly a crazy thought that I was going to die in bed came to mind and it would be a rather stupid and painful death of (caused by), for instance, bursting (rupturing) of my/the abdominal aorta or something ordinary (simple mundane) but unexpected. What else can a 50 year old man think of in such moments? First, 50 years is not a young age considering the amount of lipids and cholesterol accumulated in the blood; second, death always comes at the most inconvenient moments when we are least prepared for it, and third, the woman sleeping peacefully on the other side of the bed could not hear or see or feel what I, her devine half, her life choice and destiny was going through. And she should have. If it were true that I am her soulmate, (as she confidentally claimed 25 years before) she must (should) have felt my pain and woken up from her deepest and sweetest dream. I didn't want to shake her up (disturb her in her sleep) and tell her about my condition, but ten minutes later, which seemed as a whole eternity to me, I had an irresistable evil desire (urge) to see her suffering as well ( that she should have suffered as well), more than me, and to see her experiencing (feeling) some terrible pain, much worse than the one she had complained about every month, year after year, whining (snivelling) and rolling her eyes in an attempt to justify her irritability (grouch, bad temper).