

Flora James returned with a new smile

MOST OF US HAVE REMOVED AN ADVERT DISCREETLY from a magazine whilst waiting for an appointment. However, on this wet September day whilst cruising through a Compass magazine I found an advert that carried me through an adventure that changed my life.

I espied this dentist advert and called the number. I found myself talking to a friendly Hungarian, who explained the prices of the implants that I wanted. They were half the cost of previous quotes, and the organization promised to pick me up from the airport and look after me. It appeared that if I booked some time in advance on an airline such as easyJet I could find a fare for about £30 return to Budapest. I had enquired about the surgeon's qualifications and found that he had been trained in Germany. The organization promised that I would get a free consultation and x-rays and if I wasn't completely comfortable there would be no hard feelings and no charges.

I decided to be brave and live a little, and boarded my flight to Budapest some months later. The organization was true to its word, and met me at the airport. It had arranged a very comfortable hotel room for £25 per night and promised to return at 9am the next morning to transfer me to the surgery.

Promptly at nine the Implantcenter car drew up and with great trepidation I slid into the back seat. The handsome young driver spoke perfect English and as he talked to me my nerves began to calm. After a short drive George ushered me into a finely furnished surgery, where pretty girls brought me coffee. I was taken for some very high-tech x-rays, and returned to my seat to await my dental surgeon.

I was now becoming anxious again, and little beads of sweat began appearing on my top lip. A door opened behind me and a warm smooth voice said: "You must be Flora; my name is Attila Kaman; please come with me." I was fascinated with this tall dark Hungarian as he talked quietly about the procedure, slowly allaying my fears.

I had a bad accident at school with a hockey stick many years ago which had left me with a missing tooth in the front of my mouth, an ugly dental plate, and few boyfriends. Now with this kind man's help I was going to change all that.

All of a sudden I heard Dr Kaman say: "Are you happy to have an implant?" "Yes, I think I am," was my reply. To my horror he and his nurse began to prepare his surgery for the procedure. "No!," I shouted. "I'm not ready. He gently put his hand on my shoulder and once again with his velvet voice said: "Don't be afraid my dear, we will not hurt you."

I sank into the chair, and as if with a sliver of hair he numbed my mouth. Almost immediately the shot had taken all feeling away and within 15 seconds he had drilled my gum. Another 20 seconds and the post for the tooth was implanted. I couldn't believe it. The job was done. With an ice pack and some antibiotics and one pain killer I was returned to my hotel to rest for the remainder of the day.

The following morning George returned to deliver me to the Implantcenter again. I was guided through the reception, where Dr Kaman was waiting for me. With a large smile on his face he said: "Good morning my dear, and how is Flora today? You have no pain, and no swelling: this makes me very happy." I was delighted. I had only to wait three months and I would have a brand new tooth.

I did return to see Dr Kaman, and as I look at my recent wedding photos, I think no one could tell that I went to the Implantcenter in Budapest. This secret belongs to the tall dark Hungarian and me. 🌸