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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



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5 steps away...

We were fucked up. We were out, partying. I'd done some speed and I was feeling good. We were just in a small pub, getting our party on and planning the night ahead. I don't even know how it happened. We were in the pokies room (I don't even play pokies, that's how fucked up this whole situation was). My mate was having an argument on his phone with someone when he threw the phone to me and said "Talk to this cunt". The person on the other end of the line was agitated and quite rude. I calmly told him that he could go fuck himself. He said that he would find me, cut my balls off and then slit my throat. At this stage I should have realised that I wasn't dealing with a normal person and left it at that. But I was off my face on good meth, so I told him he had no idea who I was, where I was or where he could find me, and that him and his mother could both go fuck themselves. I don't believe in God, his son, or their Mothers, but for some reason I felt the need to go to my car 30 mins after that phone convo. As I was walking out, 6 nasty guys were kicking the fuck out of the bouncer. Turns out, they were there for me. The guy on the phone before me had already told them where we were. They had come down to kill me. They were the Adelaide chapter of a BAD OMC. I'd told their leader that him and his mum could fuck each other. I walked to my car and went home. I didn't find out who they were or why they were there till the next day.

Luck huh?

Trying not to be a c***

So, I'm a comedian. Judging by my audience reactions and the amount of work I get, I seem to be quite good at it. But there seems to be a common misconception that comedians are good people. We make people laugh, laughter is a good thing, ergo we are good people. It's not true. Not for me anyway. I've spent most of my life being a bit of a cunt. I've lied, cheated, stolen from decent people and generally done a lot of stuff that good people don't do. Do I regret these things I hear you ask. Well, whilst I don't always regret the things I've done, I do honestly regret the effect that my actions have had. That's an important distinction. A lot of the things I've done have been out of sheer necessity and survival and if I was in the same position, I'd do them again. I probably wouldn't be here if I hadn't. I do honestly wish I could go back to every person I've hurt and apologise. But I can't. What I have done and continue to do is to make my life and experiences as entertaining as I can. I've learned that a negative can be turned into a positive. So that's what I do. I take my fucked up excuse of a life and use it to make people laugh. I often wonder if they know that they're laughing at the truth. I think most of them do, but they forgive me because I made them laugh. I prefer my life this way. Making people laugh is a lot nicer than the other things I've done. My point is, if you have the choice, and we all do, don't be a cunt. Or be a funny one...

Being nocturnal

I've always been a night person. I'm not a vampire, nor anything cool like that, I just prefer night to day. The world is a much nicer place at night. There are less people around, it's quieter and I can hear myself think. The temperature is usually much easier to deal with and I just find it much more soothing. I dislike the morning. So many people bang on about sunrises and the birth of a new day, and I'm sure these things have their merit in their own way, but it's just not my thing. I like the solitude of night. I enjoy the serenity that darkness brings. It's hard when you co-habitat with a "dawn-riser" as I do. Always trying to be quiet and sneak around so as not to wake them. Their sleep is precious, they have important things to do during the daylight hours. Things that can't be done during the hours that I like to keep. I respect that and I try not to disturb their (her) slumber. But give me the moonlight any day (see what I did there?). It's during this time that I can sit back, relax and focus on what I need to do. It's when I create, it's when I write, it's when I shine. I'll leave the daylight hours to you people that desire it. I'll get amongst it when I have to, but for now, I'll leave you to it. Then, the next time you see me on stage, doing what I do, know that these are my business hours. Your dinner is my breakfast, your laughter is my morning coffee, and your end of night chat is my lunch. I love my job, my girl, my family and my life...

Life. She is good, yeah?

So, let me get something straight. I love my life. My first couple of blogs had a very dark edge to them, and I've come to realise that they're almost depressing. This was not my intention, nor was it my mindset. I'm not depressed, nor even regretful about my life. Everything that has happened to me has made me who I am and has brought me to where I am now. And I love it. I'm surrounded by wonderful people and I'm blessed enough to be able to do the things I love. But I wouldn't be able to do those things if I hadn't been through my past. I also doubt that I'd appreciate them as much as I do. Without struggle, we can't embrace freedom. Without bad times, we can't recognise good times and without hardship, we can't appreciate how good life can be. And life can be great. Like it is now. Every morning I wake up next to the most amazing woman I've ever had the privilege to know. Anybody that has ever met her knows how incredible she is, and they constantly remind me of that fact. I go to work with a great bunch of people, and we do good things. Then, I get to climb on stage and surrender myself to the greatest feeling in the world, the knowledge that I'm making people laugh. That, for the fleeting time that I'm up there, I help them forget what depresses them. I remove them from this world and take them to a magical place where everything has a punchline. Everything turns out funny, and everything is okay. Without my darkness, I couldn't provide that light..

In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Ways to f&^k up #1

I once fell off stage in front of 11, 000 people.

True story.

My band "Avant Garde" was playing 4ZZZ Market Day in 1994. It was in Albert Park, and there were apparently 11,000 people there.

I don't remember. I was off my face on a mix of speed, weed and acid.

I do remember going on stage. It was awesome. There were people everywhere, screaming at us (in my mind, they were screaming FOR us, but they probably weren't, they were just as fucked up as I was. Good acid in Brisbane at that time.) We got through a few of our songs, and then I decided to run from one side of the stage (which was the back of a semi trailer) to the other and land on one of the foldback wedges. This was before the days of the platforms bands have now.

The wedge was wet. I slid off straight off it, and into the crowd. (no safety area back then, crowd was up against the stage). I landed on my back, and thank fuck, they caught me. My guitar however, did come down and split open a young man's head. I felt terrible as they carried me and lifted me back on stage.

I apologised to him from the stage and promised to cover any medical expenses he might incur as a result. I had no idea how I could do that, but it seemed like the right thing to say.

We finished our set (with no more impromptu stage diving) and left the stage.

He was waiting on the steps.

He asked if I would sign the massive bloodstain on his shirt, (I did), we sculled a beer, and I've never seen him again.

Rock and roll

In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Ever feel like you don't belong?

I've always known that I was adopted. My parents told me from a very young age. They say they did it so that there was no big emotional scene when I found out. I've always suspected that they did it so they could distance themselves from my actions. But for whatever reason, I've always known.

I never fitted in with my adopted family. I still don't to a certain degree. They view things in black and white, whereas I'm more "shades of grey". Like the law, they see things as either legal, or illegal. I see things as right or wrong, and also how it applies to me at the time. I know that a lot of the things I've done in my life were illegal, but I needed to do them, and I wasn't ever hurting innocent people, so that was okay.

Being an adopted child, I always knew that I had another family out there. A real, blood tied family. I let myself believe that this family was where I would fit in, and everything would make sense. I couldn't have been more wrong. There's a lot of discussion about "genetics v environment", and I think I'm the perfect example of that. When I finally met my biological family, I nearly died. They were everything I'd come to despise. Housing commission dwelling, dole bludging pieces of scum. My "mother" did nothing but make excuses for how shit her (and her children's) life was because of me. I'd ruined her life, her chances at happiness and therefore my brothers and sisters after me.

So where did I fit in?

In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Wow. I'm different...

I've always known I was different. Mainly because I'd say things that made perfect sense to me, and then I'd notice that everyone was looking at me weirdly and I'd think, "Oh shit, I've done it again."

Apparently starting stories with the line "When I was in prison..." turns people off. When you then add to that sentence "the first (or second) time", it freaks them out even more. Apparently most people have never been in gaol. Who knew? Most of my friends have, I have, fuck, who hasn't?

A lot of people it turns out.

Also, a lot of people have never done drugs. Again, who knew? Drugs have been a part of my life for over a quarter of a century. Taking them, making them, selling them, whatever. They were just a part of life. They got me respect and money. Two of the most important things in the world where I came from. It's only been in the last few years that I've learned I can have both respect and money without drugs. Again, who knew?

Violence? Another daily staple of my life that seems to perplex most people. "How did you survive in a world where violence was accepted?" Violence wasn't just accepted, it was everything. If you couldn't fight for it and protect it, it was taken from you.

I don't condone violence. I hate it. And I'm also not very good at it. I'm small and I don't punch very hard. I've had my ribs, my hands, my face and my head broken open on many occasions. But I lived.

And that's the most important thing.

I lived.

In Australia

Why is the website called bytestories.com?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

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