

# a COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY  
DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY ADSY

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## **So hot I can't hear**

My partner is Vietnamese and loves chili. In fact, she once said to me "I like chili so hot that I can't hear". OK then.

Me on the other hand, my favourite chili is capsicum & my yard stick is KFC Hot n Spicy, so it's easy to see I'm not much of a spice fan.

When I first visited her family in Vietnam I cooked dinner for everyone. Who doesn't like spag bol? No one apparently. For 6 hours I slaved over the pot, making sure it was perfect. Adding some herbs here, fresh tomatoes there. I thought I should add some chili, you know, to impress the future in-laws. I grabbed what they had in the kitchen, little red ones. I cut them up fine so as to make sure they spread around, seeds and all.

Dinner time came and we all grabbed a bowl. There was 14 of us, so I was more worried that we didn't have enough than anything else. I started to eat mine and right away I could tell, I added too much chili. I could tell because I was sweating like a banshee in heat and drinking a sip of beer with every mouthful. I looked around at everyone else expecting to see others suffering but no, they were casually adding more chili. **ADDING MORE!**

I couldn't believe it. Here I was with a pedestal fan pointed right at my beetroot red face with them thinking I was choking it was that hot. If I didn't add the chili to impress them, I wouldn't have been the ball of sweat, snot and blubber that I was turning into.

I was reminded a day later that I can't handle chili. Oh yes, I was reminded well.

**In Buon Ma Thuot, k Lk Province, Vietnam**

## Yes Chef, sorry Chef!

I used to be a supervisor in a resort, reporting weekly at a meeting of dept heads to the food & bev manager, a German guy we all called Chef. I'll never forget one meeting though...

"Adzem, Can you pladhfgaldda"?

"Ahh sorry Chef, I didn't quite catch that".

Chef hated repeating himself. He tended to get even more angry and less understandable. "Can you pladhfgalddav"?

Um...

I still didn't get it. I look around the table & could see no one was going to come to my aid, they didn't get it either... I laughed nervously, tried again.

"Yeah, sorry Chef, I still didn't understand".

Chef was pissed off now. It was like this was an unprecedented event or something. He looked at me incredulously & said "I said, loiasurbhlajqwn, ok"?

Shit.

I still didn't get it.

Even I was getting angry by this stage and my inner German came out in an explosive sentence where I said "Chef I'm sorry, but if you would just speak English..."?

You know the saying "If looks could kill"? I'd never understood it until that very moment. I knew it was bad, Chef threw the paper down he was holding, put both hands on the table & said "Adzam! LSDFHBLKFSDJGHLK??? OK"?

I nodded.

As we left the meeting room a few of the other managers said "So what did Chef say, I couldn't understand him either". I said "I have no idea".

Later in the bar Chef wanders in. He points to two chairs & said "Why haven't you taken those back yet, I told you in the meeting".

**In Twin Waters, Queensland, Australia**

## **Bless you! Now, where's the toast?**

The night was clear, a light breeze was blowing outside, people were arriving home after work. Everyone went about their evening with no hint of the mystery that was about to unfold in my house.

The kitchen light was the only light on in the house. The TV, also on, was showing an old episode of If You Are The One.

I was in the kitchen, where I had procured the services of the toaster to turn my wonderfully fresh slice of bread into a piece of stale, cooked gluten goodness with butter & honey.

If mum could see me now she wouldn't be impressed, I was heading to the lounge to eat toast without a plate!

That's when it happened, I sneezed! Not just once, but a group of 3 in quick succession.

It was during the episode of involuntary body explosion that the piece of toast in my hand went flying somewhere.

When I came back from the grip of blergh, the toast was missing, gone!

It was not on the floor, the kitchen bench or a lounge chair. Where had it gone? Was it scared of the sneeze?

Like a CSI, I scoured the house with my phone flashlight. I was stumped. It was nowhere to be found. I consulted Twitter for help, I shared a picture of the kitchen.

It was in that photo that I found it. Hiding, between a comically large bottle of beer & wine for protection. The relief I felt at finding it before my housemate did was huge. I could just imagine her walking in & saying "Why is there a piece of toast on the ceiling?"

I won that night. I solved it.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **"I had the chicken, not the steak..."**

I've recently travelled to Vietnam & while in Ho Chi Minh I thought I would go on a few bus tours. One of the tours saw us stop at a restaurant where we were able to enjoy some lunch.

We all shuffled in & were herded to a seat. As I was travelling alone, I ended up at a table with non-English speaking people, so I was essentially on my own.

I selected the number on the menu I wanted. Sautéed Onion with Chicken. It sounded OK, as I wasn't up for experimenting too much that day. How wrong was I.

I got my meal & started to eat it. It didn't really taste like chicken, but I couldn't pinpoint what was wrong with it, & it still tasted great, so I still ate it.

At the end of my meal the waitress came over & asked excitedly "Did you like snake?"

I thought her English was bad, and, not wanting to offend, just replied "Oh no, I ordered Chicken, not steak. It was pretty good".

She laughed at me. "No, no, no, not steak, SNAKE" & then mimed a snake with her hand.

Realisation hit me. I gave the wrong menu number!

All in all, the meal didn't taste too bad.

It wasn't chicken, & it certainly wasn't steak.

**In Ho Chi Minh City, Ho Chi Minh, Vietnam**

## **Because I'm your big brother, that's why.**

My little bro had a tough life growing up. I'd like to say it had nothing to do with me, but that would be a lie.

I used to make him test out BMX jumps we made before my mate's & I used it to make sure it was safe. If he stacked it, we re-evaluated the jump before making him try it again.

Another time we made arrows with BBQ skewers, BluTac & rubber bands to shoot at birds. I shot one at him & it got stuck half an inch deep in his knee. He started to cry so I had to pull out the "If you keep crying, mum won't let us play with these anymore" line. He nodded & only sobbed for a bit when I yanked it out.

Another time I made him see if you could ride down the gravel road from the shearing shed at the top of the hill. He got the speed wobbles  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way down & really came unstuck. He needed a week off school, but it was a lesson we never forgot as kids; you can't ride down that hill full speed.

It wasn't all bad though. He couldn't throw a Frisbee so I took him under my wing & taught him, making up names for different types of shots so I sounded superior & knowledgeable. The Sitter, the Fader, the Skipper, the Inside-out & more, I made up all that bullshit to impress him. When I visited him at Christmas, I caught him teaching his sons those same shots with the same names.

So all in all, I wasn't a terrible big brother. Except that time when we were wrestling in the pool & he nearly drowned because I didn't feel him tapping out. I'm almost sure he's recovered from that...

**In Cumnock, New South Wales, Australia**

## **When Dance Floors Attack**

I like to think that I can cut a rug on the dance floor. I usually get this thought after having myself a drink or two, and it's a pretty safe bet that I'm not the only one. My worst experience that I have had on the dance floor has happened only recently.

I had just started a new bar job and after we had closed down on a busy Saturday night, we all stuck around to have some drinks. One turned into a few, an hour turned in 6 and the music turned into karaoke and dancing. At some point in the early morning hours most of the staff had made the sane decision to leave. My boss and I however, along with a couple of other staff stuck it out.

At some stage of the night we had decided the small area in front of the bar could be made bigger by moving the furniture to create a bigger dance floor. No one knows how much we had to drink, suffice to say, it was too much. I decided to bust out a few dance moves, one of which was The Worm.

Apparently (because I have had to rely on witness accounts), my chin made severe contact with the hardwood floor, yet I continued to try to worm. I noticed the sun was coming up, so we all left the bar in the dance floor state and went home. I crashed on the couch.

When I woke up, I found I had a bruised chin, elbows, knees, my right hip and I'd split my pants from my crotch to my knee. No one had told me this. I'd caught public transport home, in front God only knows who.

I have since retired from ever performing the worm again.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**



## How Old Are You?

I grew up in the 80's, with bad fashion, funny music & parents that still smacked you when you were naughty. Mum rarely smacked us, but once broke a wooden spoon on the back on my knee, & from that day on mum never used anything other than her hand. Dad was a whole other kettle of fish. Dad had a brown belt. Not in the cool ninja/karate style type, but a brown leather belt that he used to flex & pull together really quickly to make a snapping sound.

Being the eldest of 4 kids, I was always told "You're the eldest, set the example". In my mind I thought I was setting the example, of what not to do. To this day I swear I got more smacks than my brother & sisters combined.

One day I decided it would be a great idea & solve all my problems if I got rid of the belt. I snuck into mum & dad's room, opened the wardrobe, took the belt , & buried it. I had a perfect spot selected under a tree in the back yard. I'd completely forgotten about it by the time came around that I was next due to get the belt.

Dad told me to get in my room, & then I could hear him trying to find the belt. He couldn't find it. He came in with another belt, a thicker, wider, heavier black belt. I was between a rock & a hard place now. Do I admit I buried the belt & get smacked more with the lighter belt, or grin & cop this new monster of pain?

I admitted I buried the belt. Once I'd retrieved it, dad made me bend over & said to me "How old are you?"

"ffive"

"How old are you?"

"NINE"

1 smack, 2 smack . .

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Flour Power**

I like to say that misbehavior at school was the result of being bored in class because I was too smart for what I was being taught. Let's not dwell on this aspect of the story.

Tuesday was always exciting because we started out with home-ec (cooking) & then had chemistry. One day I decided it would be fun to steal some flour to use in the chemistry room. The chemistry teacher was always late to this class, so I took the opportunity while everyone was waiting outside the room to pour the entire contents of the bag of flour on top of the ceiling fan blades.

I made sure that I told my classmates what I was doing, no one seemed to care, but we all knew NOT to let the teacher turn on the fans. This was for the next class.

Everything was going fine during until the teacher said it was hot in the room. Immediately 3 or 4 people jumped up & opened windows. That wasn't going to cut it, & the teacher said that she was still hot & turned on the fans.

All the students started packing their belongings. It started out slow, little bits of flour falling off here & there, & then whoosh, the room was a cloud.

The teacher, obviously having no idea of what has just happened, & being in a chemistry room started yelling "EVACUATE! EVACUATE! EMERGENCY!" & hit the chemistry alarm button. We all made it outside covered in flour laughing. Funny joke, except that the fire department with chemical suits were now on their way. Apparently this is protocol for that particular alarm.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Autocorrect from the 80's**

Have you ever played eye spy with a kid who is learning to spell? If you haven't, you really need to do so, if only to be able to tell stories like this. We used to do a lot of camping when I was a kid, and as I was the eldest of 4 kids in our family, I probably remember more of these stories than the others.

So anyway, it was a nice night and we were all sitting around the campfire. We started playing eye spy and were through a few rounds when it was little sister's turn. "I spy with my little eye, something beginning with F".

It started out simple enough. Fan, Foot, Fork, Fire, Firewood, Fresh Bread. Let's face it, there are not too many things around a campsite that actually do begin with the letter F. What started out as a fun campfire game turned into seething frustration for my parents. My little sister has always been stubborn, so she was holding out as long as possible.

After who knows how long, we all relented and told my little sister she had won, and to tell us what the item was. She looked at us all like we were stupid, pointed at a pair of thongs\* and said "A Fong".

To this day, even though she is now in her 30's, my sister still gets picked on for that at family gatherings.

\*For any international readers who might not know, thongs are also flip flops, or jandies if you're from New Zealand.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **It's so much fun in our house**

I am playing a game with my housemate, one that she isn't aware that we are playing. It's a fun game that has so far lasted over 3 months while we have been living together.

Each morning after she has left for work, I tilt 2 or 3 of the paintings she has hanging in the lounge room. Each afternoon she will come home & straighten them up again.

What hasn't gone unnoticed is that she has tried to mitigate the issue in a number of ways. I first noticed it when she started closing the windows & doors during the day before she left for work. Still the paintings were tilted.

She eventually asked me one day if I had noticed the paintings being on a slant. I looked up from what I was doing & just said "The what? The paintings? No, sorry. I never notice things like that".

The very next day the paintings were anchored with BluTak in each corner. Well played housemate, well played.

So I had to resort to alternative entertainment. My housemate also plays the guitar.

For some reason, the D-string is constantly out of tune. . .

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Blu-Loo Smurfs**

One day my 2 year old comes out of the bathroom with blue lips & blue hands. Immediately I jumped up and asked him what he had eaten. He took me to the bathroom, and who knows where he got it from, pointed to a half-eaten blu-loo toilet sanitizer block on the floor that normally sits in the cistern to make the water blue. I didn't even know we owned any of these things because we didn't use them.

I'm freaking out at this stage because I don't know how poisonous these things are, and I'm trying to control a 2 year old kid who just wants to run around and play. I call the poisons hotline and they assure me that it is non-toxic, and just to let it run its course through his little body, just keep his fluids up to help it pass.

The blue colour stained his lips and hands for days, no amount of soap or washing would get rid of it. You can imagine my surprise when I had to change his nappy the next day, and found out my son was now dispensing little Smurfs from his backside which now staining his butt.

Needless to say, when I dropped him at day-care the next day, there were some strange looks as I explained the situation to the staff. I don't know what they thought of me, but I bet the story has passed into folklore by now. Surely I am not the only one this has happened to? Please, tell me if you have. I can't be the only parent who has suffered this.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

# Happy New Years

New Years Eve. A time for celebrating and enjoying a good night out with friends. At least for some of us. I have a friend that peaked a little too early and didn't realise until much later.

Our day started as I suspect many other people's had. We met up around midday for a BBQ at a park and a few drinks to start the day. It was good to catch up with some friends that we hadn't seen in a while.

After a swim in the pool and a few more drinks, we got ready and made our way out to the bar we had chosen as our NYE destination.

At 9pm there are usually family fireworks, so that those with kids could leave early and let the revelers continue on. One of my mates had imbibed his drinks a little too much by this point, and when the 9pm fireworks started, he screamed "Happy New Year", kissed 2 random girls nearby to him, then turned to us and said "Guys, I'm drunk and that's New Years, have a safe night", and walked out of the bar.

We got a phone call from him at 11:30pm asking us where we were because he was trying to get back to celebrate the real NYE with us. We thought it best to tell him we had all gone home already. Great night.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Hair Raising**

I used to get my hair bleached to be a blonde colour when I was much younger. The trip to the hairdresser was worth it because one of them was so good looking & they had awesome massage chairs. One day while I was sitting there reading a magazine I had bought, a car accident happened on the road out the front. All the ladies ran out to help, leaving me with bleach in my hair.

Now this wasn't the first time I had this done, so I knew when it was in there for too long. I called out to the ladies, & then to anyone who could hear me, to help me wash it out. I moved to the sink & started washing it out of my hair as best I could. It was really burning by this stage, & water was going everywhere. After a couple of minutes one of the ladies ran in apologising & finished washing it out for me. One look in the mirror & my hair was near white. They wanted to put a rinse through it, however I quite liked it, so I refused. They cut my hair & I went to work.

Now the bar that I worked in had UV lights & was an open resort bar. My head, glowing like a light bulb, was attracting all manner of bugs to fly at my head. So much so I had to leave work early because they were landing in drinks.

The next day I drove back out to the hairdresser to get that rinse put in it.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **I could be Spiderman!**

I had just moved into my new place with a friend and the building changed the keys to our fire door lock. This wasn't much of a concern as we both agreed not to lock that one anyway, just the door lock itself. My flatmate had a new key cut for me a few days before, but I was yet to put it on my key ring. This would come back to haunt me.

I finished my shift in the bar around 11:30pm and went home. I got to my front door, the fire lock was locked. This was not a good situation. I tried calling her 3 times all with no answer. She was either sleeping or not at home. I posted on Facebook my dilemma.

I decided that I could climb up to my second floor unit through the pool area. Apparently, a man dressed in shorts and a shirt, wanting to climb up the side of a building to get into a unit is suspicious. After I had proved I lived in said unit and we all agreed I wouldn't die climbing the balcony, I resumed my climb up the building. I had hoped that the door I never locked would be my in. Then I remembered that I had reminded myself to lock it that morning. Well done champ!

I noticed there was a window I could climb through, however it was not on the balcony, but on the side of the building. I had to go for it. I climbed over the railing, leaned out and grabbed the window frame, clambered inside.

No sooner had I landed on the floor in a heap than I got a phone call from my flatmate who was apologising for locking the door and not answering the phone. She saw my Facebook post.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**



## **Celebrations**

Last year's Christmas party. I was looking forward to enjoying a nice dinner & hitting the clubs afterwards. Dinner was great, as was the beer & wines we were drinking. We said our goodbye's to all the responsible ones & went in search of some bars. In one bar I fell over with a newly purchased beer into the lap of a bearded gentleman, luckily I didn't spill a drop & he was laughing as he helped me to my feet. The next bar consisted of video games. If you haven't been drunk while playing video games, do it. You don't care if you die in game.

A few revelers had dropped off so the four of us went into a fancy bar & had some cocktails. Our custom wasn't welcome for too long however, due to my inclination to wolf whistle along to the music. It was about this stage at 3am we decided to go home as I was crashing at my workmates house. We bought tickets for the train & then when we got on found ourselves on the quiet carriage.

I decided to play a game with my fellow commuters, & being the quiet carriage, thought Charades would work best. Evidently, Jurassic Park is not a TV Show, nor is it easy to mime out. Along with that, some guy on the train objected to my being loud on the quiet carriage, so much so he wanted to hit me. Dude, it's Charades, quietest game in the world! Luckily there was security there to help keep me safe.

The night ended with my mate, his girlfriend & I taking selfies with traffic cones on our head in the local park at 4am on our way home. Good Times.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Parents are always right, damn it.**

Remember as a kid when your parents told you not to do something because they knew what would happen, but you did it anyway, realised they were right all along, and then you need to hide your stupidity from them?

This happened to me one summer holidays. A mate and I wanted to go to the town dam and shoot the plover birds with his air rifle which we had been told not to do. His little brother caught us leaving and was going to tell his parents if we didn't let him come along to go fishing. We were on one side of the dam while my mates brother was on the other fishing.

My mate, being 11yrs old and full of fun said "Let's scare him by shooting a bullet in front of him". He lined it up and fired. The bullet hit the water and must've ricocheted off because we saw his little brother hold his head and fall to one side. The dam wall was about 6 inches wide, with a 5ft drop either side. We ran all the way around to him, where we found his head bleeding with a pellet stuck in it and his brother crying. We hastily dug it out with a rusty fishing knife and washed it off with some water. We all made a promise not to tell anyone so none of us got into trouble for being somewhere we shouldn't be, or one of us getting hurt like we were told would happen. I had much more respect for his little brother after that, but we still wouldn't let him hang out with us.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **Custard is a Killer**

When you're a kid, logic when it comes to food doesn't really make sense. You like some foods, are made to eat others, and will do whatever you can just to get a taste of some. I had, and continue to do so, have an unhealthy obsession with custard. I like all types, homemade, processed, custard tarts, donuts, ganache types, I want it all.

I was home sick one day from school, I know it wasn't food related because of this story. Mum had gone out to the shops for a bit, so I was free to scoff down some Milo. A product meant for drinks or over ice cream, but not to be eaten out of the tin as every kid knows. I was looking in the pantry for some inspiration when I spied custard powder. I remember thinking "hmmm, I like custard". That was all the thought I needed.

I grabbed a spoon from the drawer, opened the packet, scooped some out and shoved it in my mouth. This is where I nearly died. Much worse than a Milo cough, my mouth was instantly dry with a gluggy powder and I couldn't breath. I was coughing and powder was flying out my mouth making me look like I was smoking. Finally made it to the kitchen sink where I got a glass of water and washed what I could out, while still coughing like crazy.

Even though I was only 11 at the time, I will never forget the day I nearly died eating my favourite food.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## **No one tells you about the stockings**

The year was some time ago, I was 18, maybe 19. It was the festive season and the company I worked for were having our Christmas party. A mate and I had decided to it would be fun to dress up as women for the party, with the help of one of the girls we worked with. She was more than happy to accommodate us, and we went all out. Knee length dresses, stockings, high heels, bras, boobs, wig, makeup, the works. We got the venue before anyone else so we could stand out the front and see if anyone recognised us. Not one person that we worked with, and they all walked past us on the way in, gave us a second glance. When we entered and sat down, it wasn't until we spoke that they all recognised us. Lots of laughs were had, but that wasn't the end of it.

When we left, we got changed in the car park. By changed I mean we put on jeans and a shirt and took the wigs off. On the way however, we thought we'd stop for ice cream. We walked into the servo, both selected a Golden Gaytime and went to pay. The guy behind the counter was looking at us weird and we started talking about that on the way out. My mate said "You know why that guy was looking at us weird yeah?" I had started to respond in the negative but as I did I turned my head to look at him, and that's when I realised we still had out makeup on from the night. Lesson learned: Being a woman is much harder work than I think we give them credit for. That, and if you're going to dress up as women, stockings allow air right up there FYI guys.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## UV Shenanigans

Back in the day when I used to attend dance parties, I would do my hair in a high Mohawk style and then spray it with a UV hair spray to stand out under the UV lights used throughout the place.

My mate, who shaved his head and only had a goatee saw me doing it and said he wanted to spray it on his goatee. So off he went and did exactly that.

Fast forward a few hours and the dance party had some night markets with UV lights to highlight some body piercing jewellery. I thought a new tongue barbell would be great if it glowed in the UV, so we went to check them out. My goatee wearing mate stuck his head into the light and lit up like a Christmas tree. We all started laughing at him, so he pulled his head out, promptly switching his head light off and said "What?".

We were all laughing so hard we finally managed to get him to stick his head in again. He stuck it in and once again the UV lit him up. Once we found a mirror he saw himself and panicked, and wanted to wash it off. We convinced him, truthfully or otherwise, that washing it off would only make it worse, or spread it. He decided to leave it on.

We didn't realise to the extent of how funny the situation was until he led us into one area, and the back of his head lit up with a single big UV hand print on the back of his head. He was so easy to spot no matter where we went from then on, and if we lost him, we just had to ask if anyone had seen the guy with the hand print on his head.

He never did it again.

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## About Author

### Adsy

Small time gal from a country town. Wait, no that isn't right, but what the hell it's more interesting than anything else I have.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](http://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.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to [bytestories.com](http://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.