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



BY AMINTA MILLER

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The Commotion

'Are you ok?' I heard someone ask. What was going on? Who was asking that? 'What's wrong?' I asked, beginning to feel anxious.

I was lying on my back on a hospital bed. 'Stay still,' the female voice instructed, probably a nurse, 'don't try to sit up. Stay where you are.' What was happening? I still didn't understand.

Seconds, which seemed like minutes, hours even, passed as I waited for a response, what was going on? I took a deep breath and attempted to recall what could have happened. I remembered hearing a commotion... if I could isolate when that had happened, perhaps I could deduce what had happened.

Was it related to my operation? No, the doctor had said the Caesarian had been a success. I glanced down briefly to watch as the obstetrician concentrated diligently on stitching me back up.

My baby? I could hear crying, I looked over and could see my baby being examined. The paediatrician looked over, caught my eye and gave me a reassuring look.

At that same moment the nurse looked at me, smiled and said, 'he's ok.' Relieved, knowing the commotion had nothing to do with my baby girl, I asked, 'what happened?'

'He fainted!' My husband had passed out in the delivery room.

In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Happily Ever After

"And they all lived happily ever after." I read. "What a wonderful story," I said to Darci, my two-year-old daughter as I closed the book and placed it on her bedside table. It had been a long day for both of us- work for me, daycare for her. We were both tired.

I lay on my stomach beside her on her bed, stroking her soft, blonde hair. Her big, brown eyes were blinking slowly as she tried to fight the inevitable sleep that was coming. It is impossible to describe the love that I felt towards her in that moment.

Looking at her I said, "You know what Darci? Snuggling with you is my favourite part of the day." She looked up at me, reached her hand out and touched my face. In that moment I knew she felt exactly the same... "Mum," she said, "I want you to go."

In Wavell Heights, Queensland, Australia

The First Encounter

Bang! Bang! Bang!

We spilled out onto the street to watch as the fireworks exploded, welcoming the new year. I waved bye to my friend, who had decided to go home with some tall, dark stranger. I stumbled up the road, feeling unusually safe as I passed the ladies drumming up business for the clubs and homeless people sneaking wine from paper bags, heading up towards the main road from the bar.

I was wandering along the footpath, looking for an opportunity to get a taxi home and "You shouldn't be walking on your own, it's not safe," came from a male voice behind me. A little too close behind me for my liking I thought. Without turning around, my pace quickened as I replied, "I'm all good". "I'll just walk behind you to make sure you're safe", the voice stated.

Was it as close as before? Had his pace fastened also? The heels I was wearing prevented me from running anywhere quickly so I decided confrontation was my only option. I turned to face him and in my bravest, most assertive voice said, "if you're going to walk anywhere mate, walk beside me." The man was tall with blond curly hair that fell to his shoulders. He was dressed in a suit. He was not at all what I had expected.

I looked into this stranger's blue eyes and saw a softness, a kindness, a genuineness that I had not expected to see. I knew then and there that my first impression, the fears I had for my safety had been unwarranted and unnecessary. We've had 5 years of happiness since.

In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

About Author

Aminta Miller

Loves living in the sun with her husband and two highly energetic kids. They are a (fabulous) handful.

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.

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