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



BY ANA SPOKE

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Beware of toys

This happened many years ago, in the US, when I was forced by social and family pressures to participate in a birthday party for a spoiled eight-year old boy.

Among the gifts presented to the little prince was a child-sized motorcycle. It looked just like the real thing - metallic blue paint, shiny chrome, all the bells and whistles. The birthday boy squealed with joy upon seeing the thing unveiled, but lost interest in it after a few spins around the yard (which was several acres in size, as is customary in rural US, and was full of stuff - buildings, pergolas, and a sort of playground, with swings, toys and a trampoline).

Soon all the adults have also taken a ride on the bike. "C'mon, try it" urged my then-hubby. I was bored out of my mind by then, so I got on, had about 15 seconds of instruction and pressed the gas lever.

What followed can be attributed to two major communication failures: 1) the fact that despite its pint size, the bike packed 80hp of power and 2) that gripping the handles for dear life only gave it more gas.

Eyewitness accounts have described me as a superman, flying behind a rocket. I headed directly for the "playground" and the only thing that saved me from being decapitated by the trampoline was my hubby's quick reaction - he managed to catch up with me and grab a hold of my superman cape-like trench. I have twisted my right thumb out of its socket, but that was about it for the physical damage. The mental damage...that's another story.

In Australia

The worst party I have ever planned

This happened not long after I have moved to Australia. I was very keen to find friends and also to become a "bronzed Aussie". So, naturally, I have joined a triathlon club. During that time I had to drive for an hour to work and quickly got addicted to Hamish and Andy radio show. One day Hamish and Andy announced a 36-hour "marathon party crashing" event - you submit your party and they would consider showing up (unannounced, of course).

It was during the Tour de France and I immediately hit on a genius idea of how I could get to meet Hamish and Andy AND meet more triathlon buddies: I was going to organise an awesome bike-themed party and invite everyone! I set to work furiously, found a bar with big screen TV that agreed to put Tour de France on, sent invitation letters to EVERY triathlon club in town, came up with a dress code (bike lycra, of course!) and in general obsessed and talked about it for weeks.

On the day I was there first, with my sister, both dressed in skin tight lycra. What I did not realise was that the bar (that looked great during the day) was a favourite spot for underage party kids. They were stoned. They were dancing on the bar. The music was beyond awful (and I actually like techno!). We were constantly hit on by pimply adolescents (we are both 30+).

On a positive note, nobody showed up. NOBODY. We left after 1 hour and I never again went to a single triathlon training event. I am okay now (years of therapy), thanks for your concern.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

About Author

Ana Spoke

Ana is a wannabe writer who still has to keep a day job. She is also a part time actor, but not a very good one (see the comment above re: day job).

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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