

a COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY ANDREW KEEN

Contents

Story Title	Page
A Powerful Phrase	2
Making A Move	3
About Author	4

A Powerful Phrase

There are some phrases that create a deep visceral reaction inside you whenever they are spoken. Whether a venerable, learned speaker, or from the mouths of babes they can produce an action that circumvents decision and the brain, they take you into autopilot. This story concerns one such phrase.

I was engaged in the noble, but damp art of swimming instruction. Imparting to the youth of the day the various techniques for not drowning. They were a young class, not very able, but progressing, and none of them yet had failed not to drown so much as to go blue. A measure of success I appoint to myself.

One very small girl turned to me and spoke: 'I need to go to the toilet'. Now, while this phrase is strong, it is not the one in question. In fact it is quite run of the mill in the industry. Lot's of water, lots of excitement, it's bound to happen. You simply whisk the child from the pool and direct them to a parent, so as to be their problem again, and are quietly appreciative the child said anything at all. Many don't.

Incidentally, if any reader is thinking how horrid a job it must be to have children urinating near to you, just know that if you've ever been in a public pool in your life, you've swum through more piss than your own body weight. Simple facts.

Upon her return the sweet child continued to swim, then only a few scant minutes later looked up again. 'I need to go to the toilet'. Ah, thought I, a ruse. 'You just went, are you sure you really need to go?' Then she spoke the phrase 'But poos are coming'

The next thing I remember she was already on the edge of the pool being directed towards, I'd like to say a parent, but honestly anyone who wasn't me.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Making A Move

This is a modern day tale of lust, and of the taking of chances and, ultimately, of catastrophe. Our hero is a young gentleman of whom I have known for some time. A scholarly lad; tending to be somewhat backwards in coming forwards, noticeably so when it comes to womenfolk. Unhappily, or perhaps happily, that is the exact focus of this tale. A woman.

The lady in question was a comrade in study. Cordial and frequent was their interaction. Warm friends they grew to be. But, dear reader, our hero wanted more, oh so much more. He dreamed and imagined and supposed and conceived a million times over. But, how? How? How should this great desire be realised?

He put his mind to work and arrived at a plan. Perhaps not the greatest, in scope or inventiveness. Perhaps not the most foolproof, nor memorable. But it was a plan and it was his, and that's bloody well got to count for something.

One balmy evening, following a jaunt to the cinema, our noble hero generously, though with intent, made offer of esquiring her to her home by means of car. She gladly accepted, and the game was afoot!

There they were, on the street outside her house. The engine's cooling hum, and she making the beginnings of a goodbye. He must act now! Summoning all his grit and will, he assumed the pose of the free and easy, and spoke. As the words left his mouth, he leaned, so nonchalant! against the door. He spoke the noble words 'I think we should make out', his elbow bumped the central lock, and all the doors instantly locked. Realisation and panic. He froze, and stared, silently, at her, until she slowly unlocked her door and got out of the car.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

About Author

Andrew Keen

A comedy writer and film maker from Melbourne, Australia.

I write for a variety of comedy things: Panel shows, TV shows, Web Series, Live Theater.

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.