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



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Contents

Story Title	Page
A quick dip...	2
The Duke of Edinburgh didn't intend this...	3
On firm foundations...	4
The day a lion came to lunch...	5

A quick dip...

We'd been for a walk through some woodland, down and around a valley, as we made our way back up to the car park we came upon a beautiful pool beneath a waterfall. As it was a hot day, and Paul being the sort he is, he used the no swimming sign to hang his clothes while he took a quick skinny dip. Thinking nothing of it as it's the sort of thing he's inclined to do we sat on a nearby log chatting. We didn't think much more about it. Then as he emerged from the pool dripping with his muscled and toned physique, and manhood, apparent for all to see - we heard a huge cheer. Looking further up the valley we saw the previously unnoticed viewing platform for the waterfall now occupied by at least one coach-load of appreciative tourists clapping and cheering. Not being the modest sort he gave them a cheery smile and a wave before replaced his clothing...I guess they got more interesting holiday snaps than normal that year. :)

In United Kingdom

The Duke of Edinburgh didn't intend this...

We were full of the energy and optimism of youth as we set out that day as we set off on our DofE expedition. Packs laden with two days provisions and overnight gear, only the bare essentials (well, there was a disagreement with our instructor there but to this day I will maintain that deodorant is, for teenage boys, in the presence of girls, essential).

We had diligently prepared our route and were confident of our map reading ability. However we were very puzzled...our route went between two quarries, and we could only see one. Danny headed for the high ground to get a better view, as he approached the summit a loud siren wailed, he turned and came flying down the hill, arms and legs going like you would never believe possible. The ground shook beneath our feet, the dust rose. The sound of shrapnel raining down, and a ringing in our ears, were the only sound...at this point it became apparent what had happened to the path between the quarries – it had been blown up with dynamite!

We eventually found a way around and only one member of the party was reduced to a teary nervous wreck! But hey, it's all part of the experience right? :)

In England, United Kingdom

On firm foundations...

My friend and I were about 8 years old, we used to dash about the village on our bikes with few cares in the world. This day we stopped by the wall at the back of the school and leant on it to look over. To our horror the wall collapsed in front of us...of course we did the decent thing and legged it as fast as we could, on our bikes and off we went. Though come the following Monday it emerged we'd been seen by the teacher, apparently "we'd made the quickest exit she'd ever seen", and much to our surprise we weren't held accountable for the wall!

In Coleby, Lincolnshire, United Kingdom

The day a lion came to lunch...

We were visiting a Safari Park connected to the Kruger Park in South Africa. We had been on a few drives and decided to go on a game walk with a guide. A group of French tourists also accompanied us. We were walking along a dry and sandy river bed. Our guide, a nice young man in his mid-twenties, occasionally squatted to probe at dung or point out prints in the sand. He said he could see some big cat activity. We didn't take it terribly seriously as we'd heard that a lot on the 4x4. So when we went around a corner, and over a bank, we were a bit awestruck to have stumbled upon three large male lions and a buffalo kill just metres away!

They slipped into the tall undergrowth and disappeared in seconds...I was naturally a little concerned however our guide sounded confident as he instructed us to stay in a close group, walk upright, and proceed quickly with him towards open ground. However as he cocked his rifle I noticed he was as white as a sheet and shaking like a leaf!

As we walked he called for a 4x4 on his radio, meanwhile to my incredulity and his consternation the French tourists dawdled, wondered around, took pictures, and generally made as if they wanted to be eaten! Happily it wasn't such a gruesome ending as we made it safely to the vehicle. We then drove back in to observe the lions eat their lunch...thankfully buffalo...not us! Perhaps we weren't in so much danger after all, as they say "you don't have to be faster than the lion..."

In Kruger Park, Mpumalanga, South Africa

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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