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



BY ARMAN SHAH

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I Thought You Were Singaporean

After a long but satisfying day of trekking the hills at Bako National Park, my friends and I found ourselves at Bako Village where we considered taking the cab back to our hotel in the city of Kuching.

A local taxi driver who eavesdropped on our conversation told us he'll charge RM50 to bring us to town. While my friends and I discussed this offer amongst ourselves, the taxi driver suddenly approached us and said, "You guys are Malaysians? I thought you were Singaporeans! In that case, I'll charge you only RM40!"

I'm not sure what gave our nationalities away, but he was right – partially. While my two friends were indeed Malaysian, I was – lo and behold – a full-fledged Singaporean. Just for kicks, we took up his offer. The next awkward hour basically saw me sitting in the front seat next to the driver, discussing the different ways to distinguish a Malaysian from a Singaporean.

In Kuching Sarawak Malaysia

The Massage

An hour of being stuck in the Jakarta traffic is enough to suck the living daylight out of anyone. You're just seated there in the car, taking the saying "il bel far niente" to a mind-numbing extreme, and the lethargy that weighs itself upon you from prolonged inactivity is one-of-a-kind.

That established, my friends and I decided to reward ourselves with a full-body massage at a local parlour after a long day's work. To avoid disappointment, I made a pre-booking and specifically requested female masseuses to knead the tension away from our bodies – because you know, the last thing I need is some beefy man breaking my bones with his humongous hands.

The time for the long-awaited massage finally came, and there I was in the room expecting a cute local female masseuse to cater to me. The person who eventually came in was local and female, but she was far from cute, or youthful for that matter. The woman was practically old enough to be my grandmother! And while she may not have been a beefy man with humongous hands, the pain she inflicted might as well have made her one. A massage I definitely won't forget, as much as I want to.

In Jakarta Capital Region, Indonesia

About Author

Arman Shah

Hello! I'm Arman, resident travel writer at AsiaRooms.com. I love laughing at and being laughed at by people.

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.