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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY BECKY LUCAS

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Quitting Smoking: save money, improve your health and ruin friendships.

I've been trying to quit smoking recently, I mean, not entirely, but just to the point where I only take them off 'real smokers'. Essentially, I've made the move from 'smoker' to 'most annoying person at the party'. Would you believe it, quitting is actually very difficult, not like the time I decided to quit renting out 'Little Women' every week from Video Ezy. I don't know whether it's just me but I don't think the anti-smoking campaigns they plaster on all the packets are particularly helpful. I think there has to be something more effective, personally I don't think my feet would start rotting without one of my friends saying 'uuhh Becky, your feet are starting to take the flesh form of a Peter Andre song'. A stronger deterrent for myself would be a picture of a mum hanging out the washing with a cigarette hanging from her mouth while her kids sit at her feet crying, and sharing a bowl of cheezels. Because THAT shit is terrifying. There are periods when my cigarette cravings get so bad that going to my local pub can be a strenuous ordeal. You know you are addicted to cigarettes when you are jealous of the girl who is cleaning out the ashtrays. Ultimately though, I'm feeling a lot better without my cancer wands and I imagine it is doing wonders for my health. However, if they ever manage to create non-harmful cigarettes, you'll find me at my local corner store practically eating them like a duck.

7 rum and cokes thanks, no ice

I work in a bar where we fill up old eskies with ice and serve it to the public using a plastic cup, essentially, this place is where dreams go to die and roofies go to fizz.

It's not uncommon on any night to serve a man four jugs of rum and coke (though most prefer cracking open the cans with their remaining teeth) nor is it uncommon to find women named 'Shanae' slumped over the toilet vomiting up their six midoris plus the two vodka cruisers they skulled in the car park. But with this deplorable clientele and questionable working environment comes a diminished responsibility and you will often find me out the back playing snake on my iPhone 6 (Nokia 3310).

In a way, I prefer working in an insidious cave of a workplace, compared to working in one of those idealistic 'dream' workplaces where they encourage you to 'bring your dog' to work day. 'Hey everyone, on Wednesdays, we wear our pyjamas!'

Do you know why they do that? Because you are going to be working so damn hard that you won't be sleeping, let alone going home to feed your dog. Don't be fooled by their supposedly laid-back attitude, at the end of the day, the employers at Apple and Google aren't putting up with any stupid mistakes and the thought of being yelled at whilst I'm in my jammie jams in front of my colleagues seems particularly embarrassing.

I think for now I'll just keep pouring the rums for Bazza and leave my dog at home, he doesn't need to see that.

Fly High or Die Tryin'

Yesterday I looked into the sky and what I saw sent waves of nostalgia coursing through me. There, in the sky was the message 'marry me' penned by a skywriter. Skywriting to me has always seemed like a mysterious trade, I don't know anyone who has ever done it nor have I met anyone with any connection to a skywriter. I don't even know how you get into the business. Were they told by their school guidance counsellor that they had a high aptitude for loop the loops? It always seemed strange to me that you would spend years gaining the experience it takes to be a pilot only to become the equivalent of a guy who stands on the corner shaking posters that advertise cheap pizza. For some reason, skywriters never seemed to advance from skywriting to operating a boeing 747. In fact, it always seemed to me that they were one pay check off joining the circus, they are after all the carnies of the sky.

The sad truth of the skywriter though, is that you don't see them around anymore. It appears that skywriters have gone the route of all other irrelevant trades. I suspect that somewhere there is a place with limited wi-fi access where all the shoemakers, blacksmiths and milk men roam. Placing bets on the next fallen trade, whilst diligently thumbing through hard copy yellow pages and sending postcards, eyeing off the postman as if to say 'you're next'.

About Author

Becky Lucas

Stand up comic from Brisbane, Australia. Some people describe Becky as an Aussie battler, others just say 'oh yeah, she's a person'.

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.