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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
Cream or scream?	2
A Dalmatian assault	3

Cream or scream?

My alarm clock screeched at 6.30 am. The first sensation I noticed was the stinging of my piles (or haemorrhoids). My second realization was the awareness of my appointment at the Colorectal Department of the local hospital.

I spent 30 minutes in the shower, 25 of which was devoted to spring-cleaning the area in question.

At the hospital clinic room, Mr Evans (the consultant surgeon) entered with a young female medical student. Following a brief interrogation about my bowel habits, I was lying on the bed with my boxer-shorts around my ankles. While the consultant probed my gaping arse, he conducted a tutorial.

"Come and look at this; a big haemorrhoid on the outside and two more inside."

I heard the female student approach for a closer look. "Oh yes, I see them" she said. I could feel their breath on my buttocks. And I heard an echo.

"So what's the appropriate treatment?" he asked.

"I guess he could try a steroid cream ..."

"If you wanted to caress the haemorrhoid and watch it grow," he said. They both giggled; he was flirting, his finger up my arse.

"We could band them?" she said.

"If we tried to band this one on the outside" – wiggling it like a nipple to demonstrate – "he'd empty the ward with his screaming. No, this one we will have to lop off."

I dressed and left the clinic room, suspecting that my gait resembled that of a bloke who had soiled himself. Patients in the waiting area looked at me. I resisted the urge to scream, "You're buggered if you go in there!"

A Dalmatian assault

Tito, my Dalmatian dog, had been agitating for his walk. It was a frozen February afternoon and the roads and pavements were encrusted with ice, the previous week's snow compressed by foot-fall into an undulating glacier.

A sane option would have been to limit the walk to the end of the road, a five minute jaunt on a flat, non-hazardous track. But no, my dog had abundant energy and my boots had rugged soles so I opted for the usual two-mile circuit. The inevitable happened on a downward slope by the nearby woods. The fall was spectacular; my front foot sped out from under me, my other foot (in trying to compensate) followed suit, propelling me into the air where I seemed to hover parallel to the ground before crash-landing on my back with a sickening thud.

Despite the acute pain radiating from my arse, my foremost anxiety was whether my plummet had been witnessed. As I gingerly lifted myself into a sitting position my humiliation was confirmed, a party of four adults and twice as many children were walking up the slope towards me, concern etched on their faces. I raised my hand to signal I was unharmed. At this moment 70 pounds of excitable Dalmatian leaped over my shoulders, his dangly bits coming to rest against the nape of my neck. Temporally marooned in this straddle position, Tito panicked and instinctively humped the back of my head as if I was a bitch on heat.

I still wonder how those parents explained Tito's behavior to their offspring.

In Lancashire, United Kingdom

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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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