

A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY CHRISTOPHER JORDAN

Contents

Story Title	Page
Bastards Charity	3
Beating the Bro	4
C*ckblacked	5
The Chick I Punched	6
Ni**ergate (Adult Content)	7
The Kyle Joint	8
The BIG Comedy Club in Town	9
I Got R*ped... Kinda	10
Fun-Killers	11
Joke Theif!	12
David's Morning	13
Gay Dream	14
Year of the Urethral Parasite	15
Sh*t-Faced	16
The Great Fart (Trouble at the Airport)	17
Travis almost got arrested	18
Broken Banjo String (explicit)	19
Big Dan (explicit)	20
Goddamn Sponge-Bob	21
Jacking it over a bird	22
...and then my trousers fell down	23
Winter Flu	24
Blood (explicit content)	25
The Day Scotland Sucked	26
Child Abuse	27
BBW Escort	28
Festival Problems	29
Fathers Day	30
Girlfriend	31

Quantum Theory and LSD	32
Boo'd Off Stage	33
Aborting the Old	34
Hannah McCloud (2)	35
Hannah McCloud (1)	36
Final Fantasy VIII	37
A trip to Paris	38
Dreams and Hallucinations	39
Lies	40
Orphan Whacking	41
Wanking (Warning: Explicit!)	42
Asperger's Syndrome	43
About Author	44

Bastards Charity

I, um ...urgh! *caught*

...I used to be a teenager a long time ago, and I was a prick. And my buddies and I made this fake sponsor form for a non-existent youth football team, and went door to door collecting 'donations'.

[Any enquiry, please contact Mr D. Donald]

Man! We were rakin' in £15, £20 a day! We were fuckin' ROLLING in strawberry chews and soapbar!

One day it was my turn. I knocked a random door while my crew hung around the corner, a lady answered, looked dishevelled and asked me to wait. Then she came back and gave me £4.

"That's too much!" I said.

"It's OK. Just take it." she said, and she closed the door without signing the fake form.

Yes! Dumb bitch! And we all got drunk under an underpass.

The End.

But I thought about that the other day for the first time in years, and it hit me. That lady wasn't fooled by the goddamn reuxe! What happened was, she saw a scruffy kid nervously begging for money at night, and she gave him £4. That's all.

... Dumb bitch.

In Scotland

Beating the Bro

I don't always get to stay in hotels. Hostels & sofa's maybe, but hotels are expensive man! But a month ago I was at a fancy hotel with my wee brother, and we USED that motherfucker! Got drunk in a jacuzzi, borrowed all the board games, went swimming... and my brother suggested we have a race up and down the pool, and I fuckin' beat him.

Then we played scrabble, and I fuckin' beat him again, twice.

The next day he was just mad! Mad as fuck!

He stormed around for hours moaning about everything, which kinda kills the luxury hotel 'vibe', until I asked, "Dude! What the fuck's up? How are ya so pissed off?"

And I could see it, the stinging pain in his brain as he tried to figure out how it happened.

"How the fuck did you beat me at swimming!?!? And Scrabble?! I train all the time! Rock climbing! Riding my bike! I'm gonna be a scientist in a month! But YOU! You fat fuck! All you do is lay around ordering food and getting high! Drinking everyday and being a fuckin' useless asshole! The only exercise you get is jerking off three times a day and rolling joints you piece of shit! How could you beat me you lazy, gormless, absolute failure of a life with nothing....." *(I'll be honest, he didn't say any of this.)*

But I thought the explanation was obvious. "Ah, come on man. I'm your big brother! And I'll aalllways have a 4 year headstart."

In Highlands, Scotland, United Kingdom

C*ckblacked

I've always wanted to fuck a black chick. I just do. Some people have goals and aspirations. They want a promotion, or a qualification, or to visit Italy... I wanna jizz on a negress girl, so she looks like chocolate jelly covered in slightly out-of-date cream. I don't know if that's... like... nobel or something. Like racial harmony through being a perv.

So 2 nights ago, I fuckin' got one! This sexy, new to town, didn't know what she was doing African girl came back to my house. We sat around with runny noses drinking well into 5am. Me and her on a fold out bed, and some buddies chopping lines on a table. Then as the sun came up, the guys said they were leaving.

They all got up to leave... except Matty.

Matty said with a big grin, "Naw, I'm staying like!"

They argued, "Leave 'em to it man."

He laughed and said, "Naw!"

That's fuckin' rule one of the bro code Matty ya fanny! Fuck off so I can finger the black chick before the drugs wear off!

Matty stayed, and sat pin-eyed talking to us for 4 hours. I was powerless. The black chick (who's name I can't remember) , who was still in bed with me, turned to Matty and asked, "What are you doing tomorrow? Do you want to go for a beer?"

Couldn't fuckin' believe it! Stole my coffee-babe!

But Matty said to her, ".....eh, naw you're alright." Then silently laughed at me with a big 'fuck you Chris!' smile.

So he prevented me from shagging her so he could turn her down.

I hate you Matty x

#OneWorld

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

The Chick I Punched

Disclaimer: I was a child when this happened, and I've only ever hit 1 girl in my entire life.well 2, technically.

Back in School, everyone was a dick. Everyone having a dig at everyone else, like an aquarium of piranhas taking bites out of each other. Hierarchy and confusion. Everyone trying to lose their virginity, nobody managing.

Days off hanging around corner shops waiting for older teenagers to buy us booze, which usually ended with the older boys taking our money, buying vodka and walking away shouting, 'Thanks for the free piss up lads!'

And we'd be standing there shouting back, 'You fucking pricks!'

Anyway, it was either New Year or Halloween. I can't remember. I was kiddy-drunk with a couple of guys and a couple of girls on cheap cider under a bridge. I was the 5th wheel.

So when the girls made the move to get rid of me, it was all, 'Naebody likes ye!' 'Go shag yersel!!', and they started punching me in the head. The little one (who we were always real fuckin' mean to, incase you think she's just a cunt) gave me a bruised eye and a swollen mouth.

My 2 guy mates were pissing themselves laughing while the girls lay into me. I was giggling nervously for the first 10 minutes. After that, I said, 'If ya hit me again, I'm gonna hit ya back.'

'Go on!', she said, punching me in the face. 'Go on!'

I did. *POP!* Burst her lip.

Next time I saw her, she had a gang of boys from school ready to beat me up for being a lassy basher. The End.

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Ni**ergate (Adult Content)

Some people do comedy their whole lives and nobody notices, and in that respect I guess this was a great success.

I have a joke about offensive language that goes like this...

"The most offensive word IN THE WORLD is nigger. I think it should be cripple, because no ones wife ever fucked a guy in a wheelchair."

Get it?

Well last winter I did a show in Glasgow, dropped that joke on an unsuspecting audience of white folk, and the guy who ran the show got piiiissed! I can't legally say his name... but the show he does is called 'Chris Henry's Comedy Creche'. (loophole)

The guy was fuckin' rude! And the next day I woke up to a bunch of messages asking about the show. Turns out, 'the guy' had posted to the entire stand-up community asking them not to book me as I'd started my set by 'repeatedly calling people the n-word'.

The topic blew up! 100+ comics from all over Scotland and beyond left comments skewering my act without seeing it, putting all their comedic tact into letting me know I was a racist and not welcome in comedy anymore.

Luckily, the girl I was shagging at the time filmed my set on her phone, which helped expose the nonsense & salvage my sparkling reputation.

The video got a lotta views and a lotta thumbs up and now it's the top video when ya search 'comedy creche' on youtube.

(VIDEO: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QE51WVlxdnY>)

I have since heard the guy tried to hang himself, like a shit pinata.

In Glasgow, United Kingdom

The Kyle Joint

Once upon a time, I was drinking in the woods near my mums place, and this kid Kyle was with us. Kyle was (and probably still is) a bit of a maniac.

That night, drunk and high, he decided to climb a tree, which he quickly fell out of and impaled his arm on a protruding, splintered branch. Tree stab!

It was deep, but Kyle just kept drinking with us around the burning wheely-bin we'd stolen outta someone's garden.

2 or 3 days later, we're all sitting in my mum's livingroom smoking weed while she's at work, and Kyle has this huge brownish, orangy blister on his arm. And he's playing with it. You could see it move like infected jelly. All wobbily-wobbily.

Kev sat beside him rolling a spliff.

When Kev had finished the spliff, he sat it on the table, while Kyle fingered his bubbling infection aaaannnd.....

POP/SQUIRT!

His disgusting blister popped and ejaculated a thick stream of shit-coloured gunk right across the room, glazing the joint with a wide line of goop just less than half way up from the filter.

We yelled and discussed what to do about the joint. Re-roll it?? "...No. Just smoke it down to where the gunk is", they decided.

They smoked til it burned down to where the brown load was soaked into the paper and put the rest in the ashtray.

I wouldn't touch it.

A few hours later they left, and completely forgetting about the whole thing I found the joint in the ashtray and smoked the whole thing, puss and all.

In Craigshill, Livingston, United Kingdom

The BIG Comedy Club in Town

This is an event that I should just let die and be forgotten with time, but fuck it.

Here in Post/Pre-Cameron's Britain, we have a way of doing things! If you wanna do stand-up here, you do the open mic circuit a few times, do a few sterile college nights, and wait 12-36 months for your big moment! 8 minutes at The Stand Comedy Club!

So about a year ago, I wrote to say I'd been on their waiting list for 2 years (it'd been about 7 months) and they gave me a spot at Red Raw on a Monday.

I got high before the gig, mingled with the other acts, did my good squirting midget-hooker material and ended with a bit about retarded people being racist. And like most of my gags, it got a mixed response. Some laughs, some gasps, some offended white people. I always upset white people.

In the end, I bombed and nobody wanted to be seen talking to me. My review said 'Stank of Ganja'.

In The Stand Comedy Club, Edinburgh, United Kingdom

I Got R*ped... Kinda

I was semi-raped a long, long time ago, at a party in Edinburgh thrown by a buddy of mine, sometime between high-school and college.

It was a typical affair, all our friends getting together, drinking and seeing who could be the loudest, smoking weed out the window and hoping the guy's parents wouldn't come back early. And then I found out that a girl I was friends with had a wee crush on me.

So, over the course of the evening, all of us got the kind of super-drunk that you can only really acheive at 16-17 years old, and my admirer, now covered in mud and puke, was rolling around the bedroom screaming and crying in a booze fueled frenzy. (Don't lie! You've been in that state before too!)

Before too long, I passed out upright on the livingroom sofa, ready to have a million dicks penned in permanent marker on my face and hands. But instead, what I got was a girl drunk out of her mind fiddling my pants off and riding me unconcious in a room full of people.

I remember waking up long enough to ask, "...what's going on?", before spunking against my will, and I just pretended to keep sleeping.

Now that I think about it, that might have been how I lost my virginity.

So the next day she was gone, never to be seen again. Years later, we found out she had moved to Brighton, possibly out of shame, which I thought was unmerrited since I didn't actually mind the rapage. In fact, I still count her as one of my conquests.

The End

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Fun-Killers

Last week I took a handful of antidepressants. I'm not depressed. I just thought it'd be trippy.

I'm happy to admit I've experimented with chemicals on more than 1 occasion, but I'd never tried mood-stabilizers. My parents weren't lazy pill-pop-enablers, despite the fact I acted like a dildo in school. But I wanted to know what they're like, and nothing helps 'learning' better than 'doing', right?

So I took 2 Citalopram (something my buddy got when he punched himself in the head) and 2 Diazepam (something you take after you get shot in video games) over the course of the day and they completely killed my vibe!

For the next 3 days, I walked around like a robot, indecisive and unable to hold onto a coherent thought. I was indifferent to everything, unable to talk. I ignored everyone I met because I had nothing to say. At one point, 3 hot drunk chicks huddled around the tiny dog on my lap in a pub, smiling and stroking his wee head, all of 'em hovering 3 inches above the sweaty puddle of mutant flesh that is my crotch, and I just gave 'em the stink-eye! What the fuck is wrong with these pharmaceuticals? Is this the best we can do with crazy/creative people? Sedate 'em? Turn 'em into emotionless machines?

I, for one, would hate to have to take any of that boring, spirit-sucking stuff regularly. Life ain't that painful yet!

So stick with illegal drugs. They're much more fun! ...And also, maybe don't take medicine that isn't prescribed for you.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Joke Thief!

I stole a guys joke once. It was my second gig, an open mic show at the Fringe Festival 2 years ago, and after a few minutes I stumbled due to a drunk guy in the audience yelling through my set, and without thinking, I blurted out the last crowd-pleaser I'd heard at the last show I'd been to.

I know. Fail, right? But as I was new, and I'd stated publically that the joke was his, I figured he wouldn't be too pissed if I e-mailed him to apologize for panic using his joke.

.....I was wrong. He was fuckin' FURIOUS! He shared a video of my set with the caption, "THIS CUNT IS OPENLY STEALING MY MATERIAL!" And my little stand-up hobby blossomed with 600+ people telling me to quit and die.

Personally, I think that using his 'star power' to make an incident out of an honest mistake that I'd already addressed was a little bitchy. But, the whole point of stand-up is to be original, genuine and personal. And in this business, you soon find out that performers, for the most part, carry an oversized and fragile ego, as well as a temper like a lesbian getting dumped on heavy-flow day. Confidence is a lovable trait. Arrogance most certainly is not. And self veneration borders on the repulsive.

So the point I'm trying to make is... DON'T steal other peoples ideas on purpose! But remember, accidents happen, so try not to be a cunt off stage. There's enough of them already.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

David's Morning

2 nights ago, my buddy, let's call him 'David', came to crash at my place after a show. I passed out about half one, he stayed awake.

Turns out that night, David had gotten so stressed out about "something" that he smoked all my cigarettes and took a toilet clogging dump (and bare with me here, I know it's gross) the size of two American footballs. I'm serious! I'll email ya the picture! (chris.jordan350@gmail.com)

I don't know how he survived.

In the end I had to spear it down the pipe like I was harpooning a whale with a piece of cardboard tubing used to wrap up carpets.

David's like, "I'm sorry man, I'm sorry man, I was so stressed out", all embarrassed and shit. I finish laughing, wash my hands 4-5 times, then go to chill out.

....but when I put my laptop on...

...the porno that was playing on it last starts up. He literally said, "Oh no! Oh no!" So David was porn-surfing when my laptop battery died, couldn't get back on because of the password, didn't want to wake me up 'cause he had a stiffy, panicked, smoked all the cigs and broke the bog with a stress-dump.

His real name is David.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Gay Dream

I read a book last week. It was a gore-core, homo-porn, love story about two serial killing cannibals with HIV who fall in love while torturing teenagers to death. The most used word was 'intestine', in both a viceral and sexual context. (The book's called 'Exquisite Corpse' by Poppy Z Brite, if anyone cares to look it up.)

I finished the book, all guts and gruesomeness, SERIOUSLY hardcore stuff, and then I fell asleep like a baby on Xanax.

And lately, my dreams have been getting pretty intense, because I just moved, and I don't have a regular weed guy around here. Cannabis withdrawals = vivid hallucinations during sleep.

Suddenly, I'm using some random twink's butt as a pillow and contemplating this pseudo-life-choice I've found myself making, and it turns out I'm bisexual in sleep. In reality, sadly, I'm just another boring, straight pervert, pigging exclusively on girls. But in REM sleep, I'm a dream-poof! How cool is that?!

In Dreamland

Year of the Urethral Parasite

I fucked a midget this year and now she won't respond to my calls.

2015 was a weird year for me. I started a podcast (The Knobkast), I sold my house, got stuck in the streets 8 goddamn times, left my band to pursue stand-up, hosted a show with both male and female strippers, was publically accused of being a BNP supporter (google it), had an industry douche begging people not to book me, my girlfriend moved to Amsterdam, my dad's dad and my mum's mum got lung cancer, I winched my best mates girl and I pissed my pants on a date.

NOW. In my defence, I was drunk during all of it.

I did a lotta good stuff too this year... but I didn't discover my viagra & ecstasy combo fetish while doin' good stuff!

I had fun this year! Yeah, maybe a few assholes complain, but at least my mum loves me, and that old skank'll love me no matter how offensive, backstabbing and disgraceful I get!

Happy 2016 world. Enjoy WWIII

In Earth

Sh*t-Faced

If you thought kids were gross before, wait til you finish reading this!

When I was 10, I went out to play at a park with my friend, Jamie Frensham. We weren't high on crack. We were just having fun with this long, green wire we found. Jamie walked around swinging the green wire around his head like a lasso, until we found something that could improve the fun!

Can you guess what it was??? Here's a hint. It came out of a dogs asshole.

Jamie dipped the tip of the wire into the dog shit until there was a big chunk stuck to the end and started swinging it around his head again.

I said, "Jamie, that's gonna hit me!"

He said, "No it won't."

I said, "It is man!"

He said, "Nah man, it won't."

It did. I got an eye socket full of dog shit, and while he just about pissed his pants laughing, I ran down to the swan pond to wash out my eye in the slimy water.

The sound of whirring wire still haunts me.

In Livingston, United Kingdom

The Great Fart (Trouble at the Airport)

This is a story about a fart. But not just any fart. This fart... was about to change one mans life. One very unsuspecting airport security employee's life.

Many, many years ago, my friend Kelso and I were stopped at Stansted airport in London after we set off the metal detectors. We had poppers. We were searched and patted down.

But then an amazing thing happened! Kelso, unshowered, with jeans hanging waaay below his sweaty ass, performed a fart as the security guard was on his knees checking the backs of his shoes! It was the wet pop of a fart that can only be achieved through days of rough living, like a bubble exploding underwater, and it aimed itself down the guards throat as he held the flashlight between his teeth. It was a good day.

The security guard quickly got back to his feet, winced and said, "Just go."

Conclusion: When you're in trouble with the law, rip one.

In London, United Kingdom

Travis almost got arrested

You know that shit band Travis? "Hey! Ho! Look at ya now! Flowers in the window, such a lovely day..." Yeah man, those bunches'a douchebags. "And I'm glad ya feel this whhaaayyy." Jerks!

Right, bare with me and I'll explain why this is funny.

The main dude of Travis with the big head, probably called Travis, I dunno, showed up at the Fringe last year and started busking in the street. Now... everyone else there is a non-famous performer with a busking license. This dude had nae busking license.

So two small girls working as Fringe stewards moved him along. (Away ye go, and take your 'flowers in the window' with ye!)

So bitch-tits Travis decides to capitalize on his 'ordeal'. Any hardcore Travis fans out there '.....' may recall a popular article about them trying to 'spread their music to the fans' and almost being 'arrested by Scottish police'.

.....Nahhhhhh man. I was there Travis. I ken what happened. There were nae police. You got moved on by a couple of girls and ran to the tabloids. Loser(s).

In The Fringe, Edinburgh

Broken Banjo String (explicit)

Ever break your banjo string? It's when you snap that stringy bit of skin that connects your upper vascular hood to your bell-end. And because that's where all the blood is at the time of the incident, it shoots out of the end like a painful, cranberry fire hydrant.

I lost so much blood, I feel bad for not donating it to the hospital. It could'a saved lives.

It takes about 6 weeks to heal, but if you're fucking someone so much that you split that tender, sinewy, meaty flesh wire like a tiny Christmas cracker, chances are, you ain't gonna wait 6 weeks.

So after the third time it happened in 2 months, my girlfriend at the time, being the saint she was, invented a maneuver to help ease the swelling, pulsing, purple, leaky, bloody boners that hurt like a broken bone, ...while also attempting to be sexy.

She'd bite of a mouthful of one of those old pyramid shaped triangular ice-lollies called Jublies, hold it in her mouth and go down on me. We called it a blow-jublie, and soon I was even able to cum without bleeding.

But the worst part is, it happened to me over a decade ago on my friend's little brother's bed. Yeah... We just flipped the mattress and left.

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Big Dan (explicit)

Big Dan man. Where do I start. Right, there's this guy, and his name's Big Dan.

...Nah, that's a terrible place to start. Sorry, right... em... Back in the Myspace days, I knew this underground porn chick from town who did webcam shows, and long story short, on a night my buds were over, she linked me to one of her paid cam shows for free.

Now, she broadcasts from her living room, does all the usual sexy, depressing shit, tit-rapes herself, etc... ...and there's this guy on the sofa beside her. Big Dan, real name. A sort of wee average dude, short hair. He's sitting in his boxers, slumped in the sofa, watching TV and munching cereal. Total Sunday night mode.

"Who's that?" asked my pal Jan via keyboard.

"Big Dan", she replied and she turned, chebbies bouncing all over the place, and tapped him on the shoulder. And Big Dan turns, with a mouth full of cheerios or wheetos or whatever, stares blankly at the webcam for a few seconds, and his eyes light up like he just realized he left his wallet on the bus.

Now, I'd be lying if I said I'm 'sure' this is what happened, 'cause there was no audio, but I THINK what happened in that moment, he was realizing for the first time that his live in busty buddy was in fact, a camera artist, and all the while, he's been eating cereal in the back.

I still remember that face to this day, frozen with a face full of cereal.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Goddamn Sponge-Bob

My Mum has this running joke, where every Christmas she buys me a piece of Sponge-Bob memorabilia. Just loads'a Sponge-Bob stuff all over the house.

Sponge-Bob socks, pants, t-shirts, (I'll have a Goddamn Sponge-Bob suit by 2017) whoopy-cooshen's, keyrings, teddy bears,... I'm livin' in Sponge-Bobopolis.

When the room starts spinning, it's like a big, yellow, happy, smiley, vortex of Sponge-Bob!
When I'm trying to sleep, he's watching me! Those big, fuckin', terrifying eyes!

At nights, I'm all wrapped up in a Sponge-Bob blanket, enveloped in Sponge-Bob, trying to watch a movie starring Annette Schwartz's, and I got dat nigga Sponge-Bob glaring up at me.

I had a Sponge-Bob sofa man. A Goddamn Sponge-Bob sofa.
...well played Mum. Well played.

In Furnace, Scotland, United Kingdom

Jacking it over a bird

I used to live with a couple, which sucked. The guy was a douche, but I admit I still really wanted to fuck his girlfriend. Given half the chance, I'd have turned her inside out like a tight sock while he watched from the closet, obviously.

Then one day, about 6 in the morning, just as the sun was rising, I heard this noise. A kind of 'Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!' We all know that sound. That's the sound of shagging! And I lay there, half sleeping. 'Squeak! Squeak!'

So I did what anyone would do, and started tossing off, over the implication of the sound of this hot girl being screwed 10 feet from where I was lying (Go ahead, judge, I don't care).

But here's the good bit!

As soon as the nut was bust, and my sensibilities returned, I realized that it wasn't them screwing that was making the noise!

...Nope. It was this odd wee bird 'cheeping' at my window. 'Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!' And all I could think was, 'Wow! I just fapped it to a crow!'

In UK

...and then my trousers fell down

There are no good bars near where I live. It's like fun limbo, so I drink in my house most of the time. And it's not the bars or the clubs, but the people. They all look like prison fodder, rooting around each other like horny pigs, struggling to get laid, getting into their little scuffles on the dance floor.

In a place called 'Grand Central', which is a club next to a train station, I got shit faced at the shots bar with my buddy Gary. The kinda shitfaced that shakes your head like a maraca in the morning, and Mr fuckin' prepared keeps complaining that his jeans keep slipping.

"Aw man! Ma jeans keep fallin' doon man!" 10 minutes later, "Aw naw man! My button on ma jeans broke man!"

He's holding his waistband in one hand and spilling beer down his chest with the other, and again 10 minutes later, "Aw wit man! My ZIP broke man!"

So I take off my belt in the middle of the place and give it to him, and that solves the problem, but now MY jeans are slipping.

So we sit down, because you're trousers can't fall down when you're sitting (scientists haven't discovered why that is yet).

Next round, we're both drooling over the bar, "Two pints and *HIC* two JD's and cokes! *HIC*" And while she's getting it, some pair-a tits and a hair-do comes walkin' over.

"Hey!" and she reels Gary away, leaving me at the bar to get the drinks. ALL the drinks! I'm clutching 'em to my chest and hugging them in place with my chin.

And that's when I felt the breeze in my butt-crack.

Arms full of booze, my trousers fell down, and as I tried to waddle like a duck to the nearest table, my balance threw and I lost all the drinks. Every one of em, all over myself. I'm soaked from head to fucking toe, pants down, stupid drunk, pubes escaping, and nobody noticed because of a chav fight at the other end of the room.

In Grand Central, Livingston

Winter Flu

Sneezing vomit is fine for a couple days, but winter flu lasts weeks. I threw my back out retching and my sheets are soaked in more sick guy fluid than are the mounting tissues beside the bed. The underside of my nose is crusted up like a dead old lady's vadge covered in sores. An 'ultra-rash' one might say.

It's weird how if you lie still in your own sweat-gunge you don't notice the chill, but as soon as you roll around a bit, you feel the discomforting cold creep through your spine.

The other weird thing about it is the strangely satisfying feeling of hobbling through to the toilet, unwrapped and shivering and feeling your nerves shatter from the brisk cold while you shit yourself inside out like a tight sock.

I like that. Reminds me I'm alive.

But, if I should die from this gross flu, make sure someone reads this article at my wake.

Happy new year!

In Bed

Blood (explicit content)

I bleed a lot. It's weird, but no matter what I'm doing, ...cleaning, brushing my teeth, wiping my ass, shaving, shagging, shopping, sneezing, sleeping, vomiting, ...I always end up bleeding from one hole or another.

My guts suck! And I always had this nagging feeling I'm dying of some unknown thing since I was a kid, but eventually you put it to the back of your mind, and it becomes your driving force and it gives you the courage to GO to shows and restaurants and strip-clubs!

Oh yes! You'll WISH you'd went to the orgy when you're hit with a surprise installment of brain tumor. That trip to Amsterdam woulda been a sweet alternative to the visit to the goddamn doctors office. All that cunt did was TELL you you're dying of a fucking... thing! A thing that could PROBABLY be cured with weed by the way!

Nope! Fuck that! I wanna die surprised and hammered! I might have the intestinal track of a 60 year old, and teeth like the warnings on cigarette packets, and an ass-crack like an old fishnet made of razor wire, but I don't worry about death anymore because... I don't think I can die.

Surely if I COULD die, I'd be dead already. My entire corpse has felt wrong and unnatural for years now, but somehow I keep waking up! Back to life and doing the same shit every night, like a terminator with a drinking problem.

Sadly, I'm invincible, until proven otherwise. But at least there's all the bad stuff in life to enjoy for the moment. Loosen up, be cool and have fun, 'cause fun gets old long before you do.

Take drugs at parties.

In Bed

The Day Scotland Sucked

That... was... hilarious! Oh you shat the bed, didn't ye? Yes, you! 'People'!

(insert diarrhea noise)

That's right! You spilled beer on the DJ's decks and killed the party, broke the cats leg, and now your sensible boyfriend is furious 'cause all his mates think he's a twat by proxy.

"Why are you so mad? Get over it! I don't see what the big deal is!" you say in the street. "Stop being a jerk! I can do what I want!"

...And he fantasizes about grabbing you, and shaking you, and screaming... "YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE!!! DON'T YOU GET IT!? YOU MORON! ...wait ...where are my car keys?"

"I gave them to Cammy", you say.

"...you what?"

" Cammy's on a fear run cause we drank it all."

"... Cammy is wasted. Cammy crashed his own car. CAMMY RUNS PEOPLE OVER!"

That's when you just scoff and turn away. "Whatever."

The rage builds, but calmly he says, "Look, you have to understand, that was the best party we've ever been invited to. There was a lot of opportunity there for people who had none, a chance to make friends and find our place, be a part of the world and not just sit about at home with Old Westminster anymore.

Instead... because you can't handle yer fear... we're hated and made fun of by everyone else, our vehicle is in the hands of a psychopath and we have to pay for the damages to his cat. I know you were out your face on fear and didn't know what you were doing, but still, you really have spoiled a lot of things for a lot of people. You should apologize."

It's gonna be tense in the house for the next few days.

(I didn't vote)

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Child Abuse

I'm an alcoholic, but I'm also... (and this is good, wait for it...) a delivery driver! It's a shitty job, but at least I get to drink til my thoughts get colorful and drive around my hometown smoking spliffs out the window. It also affords me a chance to glimpse into the lives of the people of Livingston, where I live. I've been smiled at by a sexy Muslim slut, greeted by a chav in his underpants, tipped with drugs, and lots of other cool stuff.

But I only saw one instance of real child abuse. It was in a house about 15 minutes walk from the pub I'm sitting in now.

Every time I delivered there, the kids would answer the door looking bewildered, scared, dirty, and in the background the Dad would be bellowing abuse at the little tykes he'd fathered with the big fat lady (she was probably grossly fat and passive because of the food we served to their house every other day).

The girls would stay out of the way while the little boy cried for help. It wasn't the usual cry kids do. It was much more desperate, fueled with need and despair. And the Dad's screaming was not disciplinary, but more hateful, like a vicious Rab C Nesbitt.

I asked one of the sad little girls, 'Is everything OK with Daddy?'

She said, 'Yeah', in an unconvincing tone.

'Are you sure?'

...She just slinked off, back into the trash.

This was a bad scene, every time I went.

I had fantasies of walking into their house, surprising the old bastard on his sofa and giving him a good philosophical talking to, followed by a severe arse-kicking, beating the shit-head outta him! Then I had the idea of giving a diary to the little girl on my next delivery (writing helps).

In the end, I did nothing.

But a large part of me wishes I had broken into their house and assaulted their Dad. ... Still, they're only 15 minutes away... Let me finish this pint.

In Livingston, United Kingdom

BBW Escort

The Fringe Festival is the biggest performing arts festival in the world, and it's right on my doorstep. I get to see some of the weirdest people ever conducting fucked-up shows and bizarre stand-up acts. It's a surreal experience once the alcohol kicks in.

Last year and this year I saw a BBW Escort (tubby hooker) do a show about her life as a sex worker. She talked about peeing and face-sitting and how her niche as a plus-size prostitute earned her all the sensitive, submissive clientele. No troubles there, no dreadful pimps, no sex attacks.

Then she mentioned 'The Swedish Model', which is some stupid law that states women are to be prosecuted for slinging gash, which in turn means they can't report sex attackers without penalization (like a traffic ticket for screwing wealthy people).

...so I laughed. Because who the fuck else are sex attackers going to attack? Lollypop ladies?!

Well, she just got pissed! She singled me outta the crowd. The flames of hate danced in her eyes, and I apologized to avoid being knifed or beaten up by a pimp.

The moral of the story (if you can call it moral) is, if you're gonna pay a prostitute, pay a skinny, sickly looking one to fuck, and not a chubby feminist one to talk.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Festival Problems

My dick... is... the weirdest fuckin' thing you'll ever see on a human body, on it's best day! And I know all dicks look like shit, hanging outta your gunt like a prolapsed belly-button, covered in shaving cuts and stretch marks, whittled to a stub by unwashed hands, fuckin' warts and lesions, tweezer scars from obsessing over ingrown hairs, bug bites. I got bit on the dick by a praying fuckin' mantis, left it hanging in shorts in Russia like a meat pinata for all the indigenous insects.

But I just got back from tech-fest in England a few days ago (Shout out to 'SikTh' and 'The Colour Pink is Gay'), camping without a shower for 5 days...

...and my dick was a special kind of mingin'!

I remember thinking, 'It doesn't even look like a dick anymore. It looks like a snowman. Or like I fucked a pot of cottage cheese. Like it'd be sneezed all over by a fat dude with the flu. It could spread a loaf. I could tip-ex the dictionary!'

Lucky for me, I OD'd on the 5th day and got taken to hospital, and in the hospital, they have these really low sinks in the disabled toilets, about dick height.

In the end, I courageously chizzled myself clean and hogged a hospital bed for an hour while a couple women died next to me. One was old and one had tried to kill herself.

My dick is fine now.

In Newark, England, United Kingdom

Fathers Day

My dad left the country when my brother and I were just kids, and a lot of people gave him a lot of shit for that. Personally I think he made the right decision.

Kid's will ruin your life! Britain will make you stupid, so having kids in Britain is just another way of ruining your stupid life.

Lemme just clarify, it isn't the educational system which is responsible for our mass retardation, (despite being made to sing songs to a space monster from birth) but our nanny state in general. An over bearing presence forcing you to believe false information.

... A bit like most dads.

My point is, leave your family for roughly 6-11 years, get happy, and then come back with some good stories, and your kids will thank you for it.

Better that than the fat red potato dad who worships football and screams his block off because he found weed in your sock drawer.

Happy Fathers Day.

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Girlfriend

My girlfriend is a fucking psychopath, which I figured it out fairly early on in the relationship, but it really hit me when I opened the medicine drawer and found more pills than in a czech nightclub. This bitch goes through over-the-top moodswings like a schizophrenic being beaten up by his mother.

And yeah, I love her and she's hot... but she's fuckin' gross! I dropped her at the train station 20 minutes ago and she somehow managed to puke on her credit card, as any sane individual is known to do on their way to a university meeting. And off she went, shuffling down the steps in a hump that could suck the joy out of a blowjob!

Of course, that's all reasonable, considering she's going out with me. It takes an unstable maniac to live with an unstable maniac. But since her heart attack (which I think I helped cause), she can't get drunk or high like we used to, so she just lays around, watching me and my dumb-fuck friends gut-punch ourselves with chemicals and talk absolute shit about topics we don't have the slightest idea about!

The reality is, being a mental-case and being sober don't mix. She's fascinating because she's a FREAK (a Fucked up, Reactionary, Egotistical, Arrogant Kunt), and although most of the time I wanna strangle her in her sleep, I still prefer her to be alive. Wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, she's cute when she pukes.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Quantum Theory and LSD

I'm sure most of you will be familiar with the basic concepts of quantum theory, but I'll start slow, in case we have any dimwits reading.

The 'Ultraviolet Catastrophy' condundrum is the question of the behaviour of neutrons, protons and electrons as they geometrically rotate around the nucleus of an elements particle. But if they have no mass, which field of gravity keeps them together and in motion? So they invented the large Hadron fuckin' thing to find out...

And you think, 'YOU IDIOT!' Of course they have mass!! Obviously gravimetric force works differently on a subatomic level, i.e. Electromagnetic convergance!

So I took some LSD with a friend and discussed it a bit, then went to take a piss. And standing there, watching my own eyes in the mirror, I seen a hologram of myself in my own pupil! And I thought, '...woah! That's how perception works.' And then I figured out what they mean when they say time is just causality caused by the expansion of the universe, like a big elastic band..... But what happens when the universe retracts??

My theory is that time will either rewind, or it will stretch out in a different direction (whatever that may be).

Then again, if any of you actually know anything about physics, please don't point out that this is probably nonsense and that I'm a fool. I only got 6% in my fuckin' high school exam for Christ's sake.

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Boo'd Off Stage

A couple nights ago, I did a gig in Edinburgh at a bar called footlights, and I got boo'd off stage by the elderly and one student, which was really satisfying.

The show wasn't exactly the dank, dark, desperate den of depression I'm used to working. The headliner had to be at least 80 and a 'prop comic'. It was more like a kids party crossed with a baby shower than an alternative comedy show.

I went on after a kid who studied theatre acting and dance, and I did a bit about how too much wanking gives you dick spots.

I couldn't have hoped for a better reaction from the ten people in the crowd. They fuckin' hated me! They laughed! They sat silent and stunned! They buried their teary red eyes in their sweaty hands, but they hated me!

It was beautiful! Plus, the promoter asked me to do another show and I got drunk for free.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Aborting the Old

I seen one of those 'meme's' the other day, of an 87 year old woman with a big, smug smile holding a sign that said 'Say no to assisted suicide'. Someone's decrepit old Nana pushing the 'life is precious' rhetoric.

I thought: Oh yeah?! You get back to me when you're 97 granny, when you're lying in a hospital bed, unable to move or speak, struggling to breath, leaking from every orifice, more cancerous growths than human, tubes sticking outta ya as you moan and mumble and drool incoherent nonsense at the cost of the ugly taxpayer!

You really want us to stand over you in your sterile hospital bed as you caught up phlem in lieu of the screams you so desperately fail to cry out and not allow you to die? Why not make your children watch as you're decayed alive? Watch them lean over your crusty, tear filled face as you beg for sweet release and hear them say, "No Grandma! You will have no rest from the suffering! We'll keep you alive in this torment for as long as possible!"

If you're 87, you should have died a long time ago anyway. You're so old, you barely have features, like a ballsack with specks. When I'm ready to die, I'd rather my kids to bash my fuckin' head in with a hammer, please!

So leave the life decisions to the people who know what they're talking about you inappropriately possitive old hag!

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Hannah McCloud (2)

Needless to say, I wanted to fuckin' kill myself! She want's an answer and I have fuck all! I'm good with an excuse. People are usually easy to bullshit cause they're fuckin' stupid. But not her and I've got nothing! All I can think is that I overdosed on happiness. I've done everything they told you not to do as a kid, all the drugs, all the booze, but I can't handle happiness. It's not good for ya.

Anyway, the next day, my brother had a teen tantrum and told her I was retarded, and she believed him (obviously), and I never saw her again.

And it's not cool to talk about it, but everyone's had that feeling like their heart and their asshole have switched places. It happens a few times in life and eventually you just learn to let them end like your favorite song... followed by the nothing and the silence.

But I tell you what! One day, the mountains will crumble, and the seas will dry up and the sun will implode and kill everything and the universe will retreat into itself, BUT YOU FUCKED ME HANNAH! YES YOU DID! YOU FUCKED ME! AND WHEN I'M DYING IN AGONY WITH LIVER FAILURE, AND THAT BIG BLANK NOTHINGNESS AWAITS ME, THE LAST THING I'M GONNA SEE IN MY MIND'S EYE IS THAT DISGUSTED WINCE ON HER PRETTY FACE AS MY SACK CHILDREN GOT STUCK IN THE BACK OF HER THROAT!

AND I'LL DIE SMILING!

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Hannah McCloud (1)

Hannah McCloud was probably the hottest girl I ever got to fuck, and yeah I'm bragging! I don't get to fuck a lotta hot chicks! I've fucked girls so ugly my friends have fallen out with me the next day.

I mostly pick up girls when I'm at the front of a fuckin' long taxi queue after the clubs close. (My girlfriend's hot but she's mentally unstable.)

But Hannah was different. I met her at a bus stop at 10am, and I was drunk and picking up a guitar my buddy was fixing for me. So standing there, unwashed, in sweatpants, stumbling and stuttering, I asked her for a drink and she said yes.

So we went for a drink, and I was shaking from drugs but I said it was nerves so she'd think I was cute! (I am cute.) And we had a lot to drink.

Then outta sympathy or whatever it was, she came back to mines, and when we got in, a delivery arrived for me. A great big fuckin' massive amazing guitar amp! It cost more than my car! It was the best day of my life.

...Then Hannah McCloud let me shag her!

And it worked! Usually I end up just tryin' to keep them faced away while I fail to squeeze blood into a cold, useless cocktail sausage. Not this time!

We screwed like retarded otters, fuckin' blood and chick-jizz everywhere and I spunked all over her face...

...AND THEN I BURST INTO FUCKIN' TEARS!!!

AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!! I REALLY DON'T! Cause I'm a weird guy, but I'm not THAT weird! She looked at my like I was gonna mumble, "Don't make me mommy! She's nice", into my own hands! urgh!

In Scotland, United Kingdom

Final Fantasy VIII

There's a game series out there called 'Final Fantasy'. Numbers 7-10... Fuckin' best games ever. It's an old game, but I'm older than carbon. (Probably not as old as you though grandad/ma).

I started playing number 8 last week on this ancient device called a 'Playstation 1' in my bedroom, to try and relive a treasured (albiet digitally rendered) childhood memory, and to have something bright and colourful to stare at for an hour like a dumb fuck.

You know Final Fantasy 8? Yeah ya do, don't pretend you haven't! It's the one where that emotionally retarded, whiney, wooly-coat wearing psycho who carries a big knife everywhere goes on a mission against the government to impress that slut in the blue dress, right?

It's all warm and fuzzy, and the whole time you're surrounded by friends and you fall in love and you make new friends and travel together, and friends become enemies, and enemies friends, and at the end of the adventure everything is great for everyone! And you feel a little smile just knowing you helped make this imaginary world great.

...Except this time I played it and it crashed a quarter of the way through. I tried a couple more times, and everytime the garden starts flying, and the missiles miss, and you run out to watch the birds and the sun, and the music sings of triumph and freedom, and everything is about to work out,... it starts stuttering like a schizophrenic with a jackhammer. And that's the game for me now, a reminder of premature failure.

In Scotland, United Kingdom

A trip to Paris

In Paris, me and my buddy Aaron ended up at a metal bar called the 'Black Dog' while our girlfriends were out trying to pull French guys. Obviously since we're cool, we started chatting with the barman, a big gangly goth who fuelled us with alcohol all night. Then, he brought out the high proof absynth!

Skip forward to the good part of the story, and I'm lying in a puddle in an allyway, soaked in what I hope was water and rolling around gargling drunken crap. My girlfriend had to find an off-duty police officer to help drag my rotted carcass to the subway station (and she got his number).

We got home, and me and Aaron were yelling abuse at everyone, being the drunken arseholes you never expect yourself to become until you've drunk beyond the point of no return.

So we screamed and fought and cried and made absolute twats out of ourselves in front of the girls, then went to sleep.

Next, I woke up and spewed. About 4:00am. I sat up, and I spewed on Aaron's head which made him sick on my feet. Then I got up and ran to the sink, leaving footprints of slime and wrenching all over the wall. (And my gf is selling the house in two days to start a new life with me in Scotland... poor lass.)

After an hour, she got sick of me vomiting, kicked me outta the bed and bust my skull open like a 40 year olds hymen.

Then she did the only sensible thing, dragged me through to the bathroom and dropped me on the cold floor, poisoned and bleeding from the skull and left me to die.

In Paris, France

Dreams and Hallucinations

I was gonna wait 'til I was sober to write something new, but I've been awake for almost four days now and I keep hallucinating mad, wonderful things from sleep deprivation, as well as the ecstasy, coke, speed, LSD, ketamine and alcohol I shoved into myself at a friend's halloween party.

(Disclaimer: I'm fine. I smoked a tonne of joints to keep level, and practiced driving a ladder in the dude's hall for a while before getting into the car, just to be safe.)

So now it's two days and two parties later and this morning I finally fell into a 40 minute coma, whereupon my brain unlocked that weird, inaccessible channel hidden at the back that sometimes opens when you watch a sunrise on mushrooms or whatever, and it flooded massive amounts of self-understanding into my head that, unfortunately, I just can't explain linguistically.

And anyone who's been really fucked up on hallucinogens before will know kinda what I mean! You can't talk a painting into someone's head, especially one complex enough to portray an existentialist reflection of what the fuck's going on in their boring, sheltered lives, all being cruelly ruled by all the stupid lies and fear mongering and backwards social pressuring.

They have to see it for themselves, and realise that a little temporary madness and two days of feeling a bit tired is a small price to pay. Tell your kids.

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Lies

I was drunk in an ally, talking to a group of people, when a guy came up to me and said, "I'm sure I know you from somewhere."

I said, "Aye, I'm a bit famous."

He said, "Oh really?" (Not impressed)

I said, "Aye, I was in Friends."

He said, "AYE?!" (Impressed)

I said, "Aye, ya know that episode where Ross is dating his student?"

He said, "Aye!"

I said, "And you know how her dad shows up and thinks Ross is too old for her?"

He said, "AYE!"

I said, "I was her dad."

He paused... and said, "That's Bruce Willis."

I said, "Aye, I'm Bruce Willis."

(I'm not really Bruce Willis.)

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Orphan Whacking

I was in Temi orphanage a couple years back working with disabled kids, mainly so I could use it as a line to pick up girls. Show a drunk chick a picture of you hugging a child with no legs, and that's about as sexy as I get.

There are no child safety laws in that country which meant I could get drunk every day around them and not have to fill out a fuckin' compliance report. So it was a month long blur of cheap beer, fighting with dogs and hot but hairy women.

The only issue was, Georgia is an orthodoxly Christian country, and everyone knows that religious people in general are fuckin' annoying, right? And they kept giving me shit for telling the orphans there's 'no God'. "You must accept God into your heart", they'd tell me.

"I wouldn't let him use my bathroom", I'd tell them and go on to counter-preach the teachings of Hitchens and Stanhope.

As well as God and Santa, these guys also believed in NOT using medicine to calm down the mental kids. I was almost stabbed by a 6 inch rusty nail for your God!

Anyway, no hard feelings. I got my own back with this big stick I kept above my door called the 'Datuna Stick'.

When me and my friend left, everybody cried. Weird place!

In Tbilisi, Georgia

Wanking (Warning: Explicit!)

I know nobody wants to hear this, but they say 'write about what you know'.

For me, that isn't much. I'm not one to ask about history or politics or how to keep an aquarium from gunking over, but I've probably spent about 40% of my life jerking off and I used to be pretty good at it. If they had jacking off in the Olympics, I'd have been out there mid field with the Scotland flag on my back, neck-and-neck against some Japanese jizz-ninja. I could put 'self abuse' on my CV.

But at this point, after a sterilizing combination of endless internet porn and alcohol, it doesn't hold the same magic.

So naturally you get creative!

So far, I've half succeeded in trying to drink and smoke myself impotent so I can actually focus on things instead of being distracted by the nut-sack, and at this point, my sewery blood refuses to make the journey south unless there's two interracial lesbians being DP'd by shemales with strap-on's in front of me. (Yeah, that's probably something you need to build up to, when you've grown a nice, thick callous around your soul.)

So just say fuck it. Jack the fuck off on hallucinogens now! Ecstasy or something is perfect, because it's the most challenging, extensive, self-ruining experience you will ever have in your life!

Then when you're done, and you're soaked in amphetamine-toxified sweat and yellow seaman because you weren't even hard when you nudded in your own belly hair, you'll be sexually crippled for weeks.

Then you fix the fridge light.

In UK

Asperger's Syndrome

As Justin Berfield once pondered aloud, "Why would you want empathy?"

As an open and proud autist, may I just state the following. Living with Asperger's syndrome is fan-fucking-tastic!

(Suggested spelling for 'Asperger's' includes hamburgers, besiegers, Bergerac and Uzbekistan.)

Whenever anyone coyly talks about these things, they always tip-toe and talk clinically, like it's a bad thing to not have an emotional or social filter.

I would describe it more as a kind of super-power, probably the next stage in evolution. Hopefully in a million years we'll be a race of autistic, artistic, atheistic hominids with the 'non-tards' slaving below ground to build our conservatories and shit.

Look at all the people who make amazing films, music, art, buildings, people who obsess and focus on strange nonsense to the point of genius and creation, helping a thankfully-godless world to be a little more exciting and alive! Do you think many of them were ...'normal'?

Now, you're probably thinking, 'What about those people who really suffer? People that can't leave the house because they're obsessed with their spoons or somethin'?'

Well, sadly, they're idiots, which sounds mean, yeah, but it's not unusual. If you got a sterile scientific brain then good for you! Go have an interesting life instead of joining the fucking xbox generation! We're not emotionally pre-programmed! We can hack our brain, think the way we want to think! Develop ourselves! Be glad you're a mad freak!

In UK

About Author

Christopher Jordan

BE WARNED! My views and opinions are not for everyone. You should avoid reading anything I write if you respect religion, tolerance, sobriety or general human decency.

Facebook: The-Filth-Diary

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.