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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY GRANT PIRIE

# Contents

Story Title	Page
Pejazzle Fiasco	2
The Fag	3
Don't Listen to Children	4
Strip Club Surprise	5
About Author	6

## **Pejazzle Fiasco**

I had recently become single and decided the best thing for me to do was to have a night out on the town. Now, I was never a Lothario so I felt I needed an extra something to make me stand out....a pejazzle. The instructions on the packet seemed simple enough. Stick it to the pubic region, leave it for a minute, peel off the top layer and the pattern should be left on your skin. I slapped it onto my pubic region, left it for a minute before taking away the top layer to find that only a few of the diamonds had stayed on my skin. This led me to the genius idea of sticking the rest on by hand...forgetting I am horrendous at art. The pejazzle was meant to look like a butterfly but came out more like a butterfly which had been trodden over by several elephants. The diamonds still weren't sticking to the skin quite like they were meant to so I had my next genius idea, pour boiling water into a plastic bottle then slowly run the bottle over the pattern on my pubic region. Forgetting that severe heat would melt the glue of the pejazzle I failed to realise that all I was doing was fusing the pejazzle to my skin in a way it was never designed to be. It was only meant to last three days so I figured I could have a laugh with any girls I met and say it was a stupid idea but it will be gone soon. Three MONTHS later and I was still having to explain to everyone what my thought process was and why I have a ridiculous pink diamond pattern permanently stuck to the pubic region of my body. Men just shouldn't try to doll themselves up for any occasion, lesson learnt, lesson learnt!

**In Scotland, United Kingdom**

## **The Fag**

I was walking down the street with my friend smoking a menthol cigarette the other day when we stumbled upon a lady of the night. She stepped out in front of the two of us and asked if the pair of us were interested in some 'business'. I politely declined her offer to which she then enquired if she could borrow a fag from me. Not one to rock the boat, I handed her a fag.

The look that crept across her face can only be described as one of absolute disgust as she threw the fag to the ground. She rambled on about how she couldn't decide if she should be more sickened by the menthol fag or the big fag offering it to her. Now I don't know who else has been called a fag by a prostitute but let me tell you friends, it hurts an awful lot. Two seconds earlier she was willing to suck on a couple of willies but down right refuses to take a couple of puffs on a minty cigarette! This is a clear sign of broken Britain if I've ever seen one. Even prostitutes expect more than they are getting, no wonder there are so many problems in the world. Broken Britain my friends, broken Britain indeed!

**In Aberdeen, United Kingdom**

## Don't Listen to Children

I went round to my friends house the other night for a simple 'friendly' game of Fifa. In the usual fashion I was quickly trailing behind by multiple goals but I saw my opening when my friend paused the game and went to the toilet. As soon as he left the room I resumed the game so that I could at least claw back a few goals before he returned. Just as I was making my way up the pitch my friends little brother came waltzing into the room and stood directly in front of the T.V. The little brother was facing the T.V when I noticed he had a T-shirt on but didn't have any clothing on his bottom half at all. Suddenly the boy turns round looking at me and slightly flicking and slightly rubbing his willy. I realise that this is not going to look good if anyone walks into the room, a little boy making intense eye contact with me while touching his privates! In my quick thinking I decide the best thing for me to do is give the boy a friendly little kick in the ribs to shoo him away.

I obviously delivered the kick with a little more force than I had intended as he ran away to the next room crying to his mum. What ensued from here is a prime example of why we shouldn't listen to children, they say what they believe to be the truth but don't realise it means something completely different to an adults brain. I overheard the little boy running into the next room in tears with no trousers on yelling, " MUM, MUM, GRANT JUST TOUCHED ME". Now this is actually a factual statement because I did in fact make contact with him but not in the way his mum is currently thinking I did. I just wanted to get this warning out to the masses before I probably end up on some form of list somewhere. DO NOT LISTEN TO CHILDREN.

## Strip Club Surprise

I had just finished partaking in an argument with my girlfriend at the time when I decided the best thing to do was take a stroll around town and cool off. While minding my own business, walking up the high street, a club promoter handed me a leaflet for one of the local strip clubs. Being in the state I was, I decided the best thing for me was a professional titty dance. He told me to ask for Toya as she would give me a little more 'bang for my buck'. Not one to pass up such an opportunity, I headed to the strip club and proceeded to seek out the lovely Toya. It didn't take me long to seek out this classy dame and before I knew it she was leading me through to receive the special private dance. As soon as I entered the private booth I was told to give her the 20 quid and sit on my hands, I felt this was a little cheeky but who am I to complain, this is her expertise not mine. So I'm sitting on my hands as Toya starts to dance away in front of me, asking me if I'm having a good time and if I want her top to come off. Eager to get this show on the road I begin to talk the big game and tell her to get her knickers off.

She comes right up to my face and begins to untie the bikini style bottoms that she has on, before I can even blink they are on the ground. In this irreversible moment I discovered what my surprise was....Toya's penis. By this point though I am 20 quid in and sitting on my hands so I am just going to have to grin and bear it as Toya's willy is slowly dragged across my poor wee face. This is where my distinct way of thinking kicks in and I decide to ask for the manager. I explain to him that under Section 15 of the Sale of Goods Act these goods are not fit for the purpose of which I purchased them, and that I wish to receive a refund. I was instantly kicked out of the club to lick my wounds and clean my defiled face. Moral of the story, we all have to just grin and bear the pains that life throw at us, even if it is a transsexuals willy in your face.

## About Author

### Grant Pirie

Comedian and musician from Aberdeen, Scotland. Feel free to add me on Facebook and Twitter if the feeling takes you

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](http://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](http://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.