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



BY HOWARD WALKER

Contents

Story Title	Page
Meat	2
I'm a bad parent	3
About Author	4

Meat

Our four year old has had a problem with retching at bad smells since she was tiny. Really retching. Someone farts, she retches. It's hilarious.

As loving parents, we're trying our best to get her out of this, as should she still be like this when she gets further on in school, lads in particular will try and make her retch. I know I would have.

So we're encouraging her not to retch when she smells something bad. Something bad happens regularly as we have a one year old, and she creates all kinds of daily evil in her nappy. So our four year old has taken it on herself to be chief nappy sniffer if she thinks the baby has birthed a brown devil.

We have a playhouse with a tunnel they chase each other through, and the other day, they both emerged, the 4 year old following closely behind the baby.

"Mummy, her nappy stinks of meat"

Wonderful wordplay, and she didn't retch. Proud moment.

I'm a bad parent

Last year, we were having a problems with our 2 year old getting up within seconds of putting her to bed. She was rapidly learning the art of bullshit. "I need a wee". "I heard a noise". "I need a drink". "I heard Paul's cats" (Paul is our neighbour. He has 84 cats). "I need a poo". She got out of bed 5/6 times every night. We tried telling her off, but it wasn't working.

Then, my wife read something about taking away a toy to correct bad behaviour. Peppa Pig was her favourite, so the tough love started. We explained what was going to happen, and it did; for three or four nights, we took away a teddy. We gave her the choice of who was going, we weren't brutal by taking Peppa, but tears ensued. Lots. We sat listening and laughing at her crying (not really, it was awful), but it only took a few nights; she was cured. No more getting out of bed, and she was no longer tired in the mornings.

A few days later, there were the pitter patter of feet across her bedroom, I went to see what was wrong.

Met with a tiny figure opening her door, hair like Worzel Gummidge, rubbing her tiny eyes, which were straining to stay open. She spoke:

"I need a wee daddy. Here, take this"

That's right. She handed me Peppa. I felt like a big dad bastard. Hate me don't you?

In West Yorkshire, United Kingdom

About Author

Howard Walker

Fairly average. Bit of knee trouble. Does stand up comedy in between work and sleep. Has some children.

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.

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