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



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Brazilian Pegadinha - Out on the town...

When my wife was on holiday she once rang me at home to make sure everything was okay. At this stage, my sister Mari was also staying with us. As I picked up the phone, I thought I'd see whether Maria (my wife) would buy my best impression of Mari.

Here was the dialogue:

Me: Hello

Maria: Hello. Mari?

Me: YES, it's Mari here.

Maria: Ok, hi Mari! Is Juvencio home?

Me: Nooooo, Juvencio went out with some girls to a party a while ago. He hasn't been home for daaaays.

Maria: [DISTRESSED] What? WHAT?! What the HELL is going on?!?!? Mari!!!! Mari!!!!

Me: he he HE HE HE, HA WAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!! Got you a nice one darling.

In Bom Fim, Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

You Talkin' To Me?

I was walking down the street and, as I stop at the traffic lights, I saw a guy I'd done some business with a while back.

I asked him how we was and he responded nonchalantly without turning to my direction. The lights turned green so we walked across the road and I thought I'd ask him whether another ex-colleague was back in town. Although he half looked my way this time, he gave a response indicating that he was and we kept on walking together.

So then I started explaining in depth how he'd done some work for me last year which wasn't so great and so forth.

This guy then turned livid and without looking in my direction, he angrily yelled out, "What are you talking about, answer me!!!"

I can be prone to losing my temper at times but this REALLY got me going. "This bastard's talking to me like this?" I then sped up a little, cut in front of him and stopped him in his tracks ready to confront him.

It was at that moment that I realised that he had been talking on his mobile phone - and that I had been talking to myself...

In Avenida Cristóvão Colombo, Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Getting shot at in Brazil

Many years ago, I was on a work-related road trip with my business partner & we decided to break up the return journey by stopping at a seemingly deserted gas station for a coffee.

As we walked back towards our car, we noticed a couple of guys suspiciously looking at us & talking amongst themselves.

We didn't think anything of it & got in the car & started to continue on our journey home. However, things started getting a little strange when they also got in their cars & started driving behind us.

Paranoia kicked in & I sped up believing that they could be criminals looking to carjack us. Then THEY sped up & started tailing us. "What's going on?!?" we both thought.

Next, we heard a couple of gun shots & we made the split second decision to duck our heads to give ourselves a chance if they got lucky.

As we looked up (still travelling at 80mph), we noticed the car had significantly sped up & then proceeded to cut us off forcing us to stop. We were kind of resigned to the fact we were about to be robbed so decided to be cooperative.

Four armed men then jumped out of the car & started yelling at us to get out & place our hands on the hood.

"Please take what you want. We have families. Don't kill us!", I said to one of them trembling in fear.

"It's ok, you can go. We're police. We saw you back there & we were looking for two drug dealers & you guys fit the description. Sorry".

Brazilian policing in the 70's.... Shoot first, apologise later.

In Pelotas - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Scream, whistle, & blow. Please madam.

Some 20 years ago, back when getting your own phone landline in Brazil was a small luxury, a friend of mine finally bought hers and was wrapped.

I thought it would be the perfect opportunity for a little practical joke and called her - probably one of her first phone calls from the new phone!

I pretended that I was from the phone company and wanted to run some quality tests on her line. This is how we took it from here.

"Hello madam, I'm from the telephone company and we'd like to run some tests on your new line. Could you shout into the speaker, please?"

With little hesitation, she yelled a shy "Aaahhh"

"A bit louder, please Mam."

"AAAAAH!"

"Great, thank you. Now, could you please whistle?"

She once more obeyed.

"Now could blow a bit?"

Never suspecting the methods to be unusual or from fear of being backwards and not used to these modern things, she kept doing the requested exercises.

Even though my laughter probably gave it away, the penny finally dropped when I asked her to try once more to see if she could blow out the candle on the other side of the line.

:Click: (hang up)

She wouldn't talk to me (even on the phone) for a long time after that episode!

In Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

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.