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

BY MARCEL SANTOS

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Getting Mugged in Brazil

It was one of those nights when you just don't feel like going home. It was 2am in the morning and my mate (Marcel) and I decided to have another after coming across a gas station on our way back home. We decided to sit ourselves down at a fenced off building site and have a nice and relaxing drink. All was fine, we were talking away until, seemingly, out of the shadows emerged two men who were rapidly making their wa towards us. One barked to my direction, "PERDEU", which means you lost. Give up. In this given moment, the standard Brazilian move is to give the guy your R$50, and leave with your life intact. For some unknown reason - perhaps the alcohol - I decided to resist this night. I stood bolt upright, puffed out my chest and told him to piss off and that he'd picked the wrong guy to mess with. This seemed to cause a certain amount of confusion in my assailant's head, and he surprisngly downed his arms. Well, enough for us to make an exit out of the dark corner where we had been stationed. I had Marcel by my side, and we proceeded to power walk up with hill to where there was a taxi rank.

I had my blinkers on and in 10 dangerous seconds, I made my way up to the intersection. At this moment, I looked around towards Marcel and saw nothing. I then scanned around and spotted him across the road, back to a car with his hands up. He had been chased down and was giving up his belongs.

I then turned around to scan the situation and was met with a tall-ish man running at me with a medium sized plank of wood cocked behind his head.

As he swung at me, I had a Matrix moment as I lept backwards to avoid the danger. I managed to get down enough to only get the edge of the wood. I then stood up, looked at him. And he fled.

My mate then arrived to the scene, "hospiyal", and pointed out the stream of blood pouring from my forehead.

In Rua Santo Antônio, 782 - Bom Fim

About Author

Marcel Santos

I'm a Brazilian guy that loves jazz, football and social justice. Weird combination hey?

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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