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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



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## **A traveller's tale**

Airfares had come down a lot, and air travel had become an accepted part of ordinary life. I took to overseas travel with enthusiasm, despite my inability to cope with jet lag and other disasters.

In Hong Kong the currency looked the same, but tipping is definitely unAustralian. My daughter and I had a lot of fights about tipping. I hated doing it. She hated doing it. Eventually we settled that we would take it in turns.

I was scared about patronizing the Hongkong toilets, and I hoped that the very helpful attendant wouldn't really want to come in and help with the toilet paper.

So it was my turn to tip before fleeing. Afterwards my daughter kept up her yelling. How was I to know that what looked exactly like an Australian fifty cent piece was a Hongkong five dollar and definitely not the right amount to tip the very grateful old attendant?

### **In Hong Kong**

# THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The Good Samaritan was driving along a country road when she spotted the two Rottweilers bounding along. It was dangerous and illegal for dogs to be running free without their owners around. She got out of the car. They snarled in a very threatening manner.

She got back into the car and tried herding them on to the footpath. One of them headed down a driveway. Ah! They knew the way home. She got out of the car, unbolted the heavy gate to the back yard and the two of them bounded in.

She rebolted the gate, and with a virtuous heart knocked on the front door. A lady opened it.

Did she own Rottweilers?

Yes, she had two, so the Good Samaritan explained she had just returned them. There were mutual exchanges of gratitude and modest no problems and the Good Samaritan left.

She noticed as she got back into her car that two Rottweilers were snarling at her through the front window. She also noticed an extra Rottweiler was snarling at her through the bars of the heavy gate to the back yard.

Feeling it was unnecessary to further complicate her life she drove off.

# THE SAGA OF THE GUINEA PIGS

Guinea pigs have a high mortality rate. They get killed by dogs, cats, extremes of temperature or they escaped. One morning, two of the guinea pigs became mothers. One produced two babies and the other gave birth to one baby and most of her insides.

The young owners watched in disgusted awe.

'We'll have to take her to the vet's,' they decided.

'I'm too busy,' said their mother.

Entreaties turned to tantrums and then tears. Didn't their mother care that their favourite guinea pig might die?

So the vet's crowded waiting room witnessed the arrival of a distracted mother and the sick guinea pig, being swept through by a wave of howling children.

The vet sent the worried owners out to the waiting room while he got to work.

When they rushed in to survey the invalid she was spread-eagled out on a towel on top of a hot water bottle; a guinea pig sized anaesthetic mask over her muzzle. Her pulsating insides were back inside her. The vet nurse was drying her with a hairdryer.

The guinea pig mother had had a prolapse the vet reported, with another baby waiting to be born, but she might not manage it.

He assured his wailing clients that he would do a caesarian section and while he was doing it he would give the guinea pig a hysterectomy. After he explained what a hysterectomy was the owners approved and returned home.

The vet rang later to report that the guinea pig and its unborn baby had not survived. This was a real domestic tragedy.

'I suppose everyone is upset,' I consoled.

'Not as upset as I'm about the bill,' the mother wailed.

And receiving his bill, she remained unconsoled, despite the lovely sympathy card the vet sent the four mourning owners.

I always said that Vet had a lovely bedside manner.

**In Australia**

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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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