

a COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY NATE SIMMONS

Contents

Story Title	Page
The prank which made my unsuspecting bro levitate	2
Backstage with the Oils	3

The prank which made my unsuspecting bro levitate

I start this story with the absolute disclaimer that I am a loving brother. I really am. It's just that sometimes, in the heat of battle, I haven't always been.

It was a dark stormy night. True, it really was. Anyway I would have been about 16 & my brother about 11 or 12. I'd been away for a week skiing & it seemed like my bro had saved up a week's worth of annoying me to give it to me in one go upon my return to the family home. Being his older brother, I knew that it was my birth right to concoct a plan to save my pride & get him back.

As he was reading in his bedroom I scooted outside & stood outside his room. His curtains were open. So I stood there. In my ski mask. And waited. And waited some more.

It seemed like an eternity before he finally looked up. But when he did, the reaction was worth the wait. Just like those dodgy TV magician shows, he levitated. But for real! Straight up in the air, right off his bed!

It was so, so funny. He raced back in to the family room to scream at Mum & Dad about an intruder. I did to & tried to pretend I didn't know what was going on. I tried my hardest, I really did, but the schoolboy comedy of scaring the crap out of my brother took over & I doubled over laughing. Needless to say my brother was well annoyed at such a brown jock moment & he threw a few swings at me.

I survived the punches, he survived the change of jocks & occasionally, ever so occasionally, I'm game enough to remind him of that dark & stormy night. Cheers bro!

In Bray Park, Queensland, Australia

Backstage with the Oils

It was 1998 and I'd just come back from the EuroTrip with the lads, post-university. I'd really missed the fair shores of Australia, especially after a long and dreary-weathered European winter. Just before we arrived back, my mates and I received the news that one of the boys back home had managed to arrange (read...scam) us back stage passes to the Midnight Oil gig.

That was dead-set music to our ears. We got back and two nights later were knee deep with the punters in the crowd at the gig. True to his word, our mate had secured the coveted back-stage pass on the magic OILS lanyard. Straight after an awesome concert, we were ushered in by the security to the back stage area. It was just us and the band. And quite a few Crown lagers.

It was truly a great way to return home to Australia and one of my all-time favourite memories of my youth.

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.