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



BY PAUL MCDUGALL

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# **I'm glad I don't have to date anymore.**

Dating is hell, time consuming and at times so stressful I felt like getting a cat didn't seem such a ridiculous idea after all.

Thankfully the cat idea passed.

After 7 long years I became single and was launched into the world of dating which as you can tell I didn't particularly enjoy.

I would go out on dates with girls and we would sit across from each other in restaurants with nothing in common, they would be uber-vague and would sit and play on their phones. Much to my annoyance.

If you ever find yourself in this position then I have some tips for you. Basically rather than you leave and get talked about on social media you have to get them to leave, because that's not odd in the slightest.

What I would do is...

Collect all the menus from the restaurant and put them on your head and pretend your a house...or

Collect all the salt and pepper dishes and build a wall on the table and no windows as you don't wanna see them, I normally go about 4 high. If that doesn't work...

Start saying inappropriate things like 'I think Nigel Farage is alright' and if that doesn't work then...

Take your fork and press it against one of your eyes and close the other one and walk right up to them and declare 'You're in jail mate, you're in jail' and if that doesn't work...

RUN.

**In Edinburgh, United Kingdom**

## **Do you have any phones small enough...**

I used to work in one of those shops you know the type, you walk in with your hopes and dreams and a Playstation and they give you a fiver in return, I think they call them Cash Generator or something like that.

We had all sorts of customers that came in some nice, some just pure and utterly mental.

I had a man come in and ask genuinely for a burger and chips... but no that was not the most crazy person to enter the doors in Leith...

I had what we call locally a 'Jakey'. Someone who asks for bus fare but it's not really for the bus.

He came into the shop around 930 in the morning. I was barely awake and hadn't had my coffee yet which explains why I was stunned when he walked up and said the following...

"Excuse me pal do you have any phones small enough to fit up my arse?"

I paused briefly then stared at him and just yelped out 'WHAAAAT?'

"You see the thing is pal I'm going to jail and I need a phone small enough to fit up my arse"

I couldn't even look at him, I couldn't even talk to him I just walked away because first of that's unhygienic and secondly you'd get a shit signal.

I couldn't get this image out of my head and the worst part about this story is that a week later a little old lady walked in to the shop and said "Excuse me son my boy is in jail and I'm trying to get a DVD player into him"

I did wonder how she was going to fit that in there...

**In Leith, United Kingdom**

# Recurring Nightmare

I have this recurring nightmare.

The year is 2022 and Qatar have just bribed sorry I mean won the world cup. The Queens throne now has jetpacks so she can really be above her subjects, One Direction have released their 562nd album and it's just them burping and farting down the mic but people still buy it and Nigel Farage has just gone into a coalition with Jeremy Clarkson.

It's all horrible. Especially the Farage and Clarkson part.

Then they decide that they want EVERYTHING to be right wing not just the press or BBC.

So they go for reality TV because that's where you find the easily swayed or sheep.

They start with

Britain's First Got Talent then...

The Only Way Is EDL

X Fascist

Keeping Up With The KKK

Come Dine With White People and...

They are an immigrant, get them out of here...

Which isn't so much a reality show instead it's the strapline for the UKIP party.

**In Edinburgh, United Kingdom**

## **Never try and mug a Glaswegian.**

Now from the title you are probably thinking why are you mugging a Glaswegian man in Istanbul?

Well it's not. I am the Glaswegian in question and I was over in Istanbul with my day job. My job was simple. Travel with a group of agents and escort them round the incredible city of Istanbul, show them the sights and make sure that they had a perfect time. Basically impress the shit out of them.

We went to the Grand Bazaar. We walked around for ages looking at all the rugs, the Turkish delight and the slightly out of date fake Man United tops. The guys were all suitably impressed and were complimenting the trip and myself for being a lovely guide.

Then whilst looking at a shop window I felt what can only be described as 'an arse-feeling' I then clicked that whoever it was behind me was trying to steal my wallet not feel my derriere. As I felt the hand on my arse I spun round to the shock of my guests and grabbed this man by the throat. I shouted and screamed obscenities in his face with my hand round his throat. "What do you F-ing think you are doing? You trying to take my wallet you c\$%&"

Fortunately he didn't take my wallet.

However the guests I had were shocked, asked to go back to their hotel and now I'm no longer allowed to go abroad with guests.

Never try and mug a Glaswegian.

**In Istanbul, Turkey**

## **Drunk challenges, just say no.**

I have drunk many times over the years. I've probably drunk all the drinks, or snorted or one time after watching Kevin n Perry I took vodka in the eye after being challenged. This is what happens when I am drunk...I won't back down when I should really know better but the vodka always seems to get its on way.

I have climbed scaffolding, leaped over statues, headbutted a wall, woke up in another country...You know just the usual however my most painful experience would happen when I was back visiting friends in my old home town of Stirling.

The night began like any other, talking utter nonsense while consuming less than average priced vodka that tasted like paint stripper. We went out partied, drunk, danced and attempted to (unsuccessfully) talk to girls.

We had an 'afterparty' which is completely the opposite of how glamorous it sounds, believe me. We got back and the music was turned on...

Then... "Here Paul I dare you to grab that CACTUS" and there it was, the challenge.

I should have said no, but how could I?

I grabbed it and let out a huge YELP! everyone fell about laughing at first my yelp and then as they watched me remove every last prick from my hand.

I thought I had removed every little prick until I went to the toilet, which after holding 'it' I let out another yelp to everyone's amusement.

Kids, just say no.

**In Stirling, United Kingdom**

## **I thought Canada was supposed to be friendly/Scottish humour.**

Whilst visiting family in Canada I did what every Scottish person does when they are abroad, get up to watch the national team play regardless of where it is or time difference.

I got up and went to the centre of Calgary to find that the pub was not open yet and I was hungry and cold. I needed some Michelin-star-style-scran so I went to a fairly known burger joint that shall remain nameless.

I was stood about 3 people back in the queue waiting to get served and this place was huge. I looked down the 'restaurant' to see a guy was about to get served when out of nowhere a native Canadian woman walked up behind him and screamed 'GET OUT THE WAY YA FREAKIN ASSHOLE'. Everyone got a fright, the place went quiet. Then everyone carried on whilst the queue had been served in front of me and it was now my turn. I was about to order my food and as I opened my mouth to speak, I didn't sense, hear or realise what was about to happen. Right behind me "GET OUT THE WAY YA FREAKIN ASSHOLE"

I shat myself.

Then she left and a Canadian guy across from me looked at me and said "we should find a way of harvesting her body for electricity" now at this point I thought everyone on the planet loved Scottish humour so I replied...

"Naw mate, we should just stab her"

The place went quiet again and I left burger-less.

True story.

**In Calgary, AB, Canada**



## **Petitions, what's the point?**

Petitions...what's the actual point?

Petitions were supposed to be a useful tool, one that we would utilise to make a change, to make the world a better place.

People used to petition for things they felt a deep connection for, but now... people sign any old petition or more specifically any that is shared on their facebook timeline by change.org regardless of the subject they will find the anger inside and join the pack mentality.

Recently I saw that 120,000 people signed a petition to bring back Cadbury's chocolate coins who had decided to stop making them (for publicity reasons most likely, wonder what cadbury's employee started that petition) only 70,000 signed against the bedroom tax, 100,000 people didn't want Ben Affleck to be Batman AND over 800,000 ridiculous human beings petitioned to get Jeremy Clarkson his job back before he was even sacked.

I want to find the ultimate petition, the petition to get rid of petitions until people use them for things that matter.

People are stupid.

**In Edinburgh, United Kingdom**

## **Geez yer money for charity. Irony.**

I like charity. I give to charity but like everyone else I hate the harassment of it all. Whether it's on the street or being visually mugged of your tears on Comic Relief I really get aggravated by that.

When I am stopped by one of these people in the street I'm aware they are just doing their job. But my word it's like they have been sent to stop you in your tracks and mess with your chi. They start their scripted spiel and I zone out that's when I often start to hear phrases like 'Do you want to know why it's a bad idea to set fire to dogs in the dark' or similar I don't know I wasn't really listening. These people should be selling cars or holidays not emotionally blackmailing me for 'the price of 2 pints of beer per week'...

All this culminated last week when I saw irony in all of its glory...

...When I saw a British Red Cross 'collector' wearing a jacket that said 'Refusing to ignore anyone in a crisis' walk straight past a homeless man.

Irony.

**In Edinburgh, United Kingdom**

## **Back when...My Dad used to be strict...**

My Dad has 10 kids and I'm the oldest. As a kid he could look at me and I'd shit myself (not literally). Nowadays he has 9 more and he isn't quite as fierce as he used to be as they have ran him ragged a bit.

Their punishment is to be grounded for around 15 minutes until they've pestered him enough for him to give in and let them out again.

For me times were different...

When I was 4 years old I misbehaved quite a bit and my Dad had unusual methods to punish me.

My Dad was having some drinks with my Uncle and Mum whilst I was asleep and they decided payback was on the cards for my behaviour. They had an LP from the library that has science fiction sound effects on it and a huge sound system. They placed a huge speaker in my room whilst the lights were out and switched on the record player. I woke up hearing these loud, strange noises that are hard to describe but in hindsight reminded me of something from War of the Worlds. I lay there frozen still. After a few seconds my curtains next to my bed starting swinging back and forth whilst the noises grew stranger. After a minute or so I screamed "DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD" and out of nowhere he jumped up from beside my bed and shouted "That'll teach you to misbehave won't it!"

Then I shat myself, literally.

My brothers and sisters have no idea how lucky they are.

**In Edinburgh, United Kingdom**

## **I never used to believe in karma...until...**

It was my first year at T in the Park and the year was 1999. I hadn't turned 18 yet here I was with my mates armed with a tent, sleeping bag and the cheapest beer money could buy.

Unfortunately for us we found out we were going 1 day before which meant we only had time to get a 2 man tent for 3 people, which was single skinned and this is Scotland. We got soaked, badly.

I was still a bit wary about people back then, maybe scared some one would take my beer off me whilst not being able to defend myself or police would sneak up and catch me with my hash.

A weegie (Glaswegian) waltzed in to our area singing in the most vile of voices along to Eminem classic 'The Real Slim Shady' all we could hear was "chicka chicka whit, chicka chicka who, shlim shady" You could feel the positivity drain from our group as he swaggered into the circle. He wanted our hash which we didn't want him to have, naturally.

He brought down everyone for around half an hour. Eventually after hearing his voice for what seemed an eternity I couldn't take it anymore so I stood up puffed out my tiny chest and told him to F\*\*\* OFF. He responded by punching me in the throat and then saw we had a huge group so he walked off in the dark singing Eminem and couldn't see that he was about to trip over a bunch of guyropes...BOOFT! right on his face. Meanwhile 6 guys jumped out of the tents that he just helped collapse and laid into him while we chanted 'CHICKA... CHICKA... WHIT' #Karma

**In T In The Park**

## About Author

### Paul McDougall

Paul McDougall is a Scottish comedian based in Edinburgh and has been on the circuit for over 2 years now. His laidback stories are heard in comedy clubs around the country. Regular Comedian and MC.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](http://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](http://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.