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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...

BY RAHUL KOHLI

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The Time I genuinely nearly got killed by a firebreathing dragon

In Krakow, there is a common old myth that a dragon by the name of Smog lived there, he used to terrorise the inhabitants, eat women and children and everyone used to live in fear of him. Knight after Knight came to fight him, and each one was devoured. Then one day, a night by the name of Kraak came along, and fought him to the death in a story not too dissimilar to that of our own St George, hence why as argued by many locals, the city came to be known as Krakow

Me and a few friends decided to go visit this museum, when we were travelling through Krakow, as there aren't many cities that boast a dragon museum as an attraction. Outside the tour of the museum, there was a big metal statue of Smog about 18 – 20 ft high. I saw some kids playing about on the bottom, and as I get entertained by very little, I'm an adequate climber, and I was still a bit drunk, I decided to climb the dragon, I got right to the top, grabbing on the spines of its back, using its arms as steps, and as I was about 17 foot high, just before I was about to sit on top of it's head, I had my hand round the back of its head, and I turned to my friend and asked him to take a picture of me hugging dear Smog, and as I smiled, I saw my friend who was about to take the pictures face recoil in sheer horror. As I saw this, I was distracted by a scorching heat on the side of my face accompanied by some huge gust of wind like noise on the left of me. I turned to see dear old Smog billowing a huge breath of fire, out of his mouth about a foot away from my face. My hand quickly came off from its head, my feet slipped and I fell 17feet below, I managed to land on my feet, but I did slip and twisted an ankle and fell straight on my back. As I fell, I could do nothing but scream "THE DRAGONS ALIVE, WARN THE VILLAGERS." As a torrent of children, families, tourists, and my three closest friends all burst out in laughter at the situation. They laughed, but one foot closer, and I genuinely wouldn't have a face, and who'd be laughing then? I dunno, but it wouldn't be me, cause I wouldn't have a face.

In Krakow, Poland

Murder in the Bedroom

It's the dying days before I go to Uni. Me and my friends are out for a big one before we depart. We're in the club, being newly single, I'm unsure about my flirting abilities, but within 5 minutes I've picked up a girl. I'm over the moon. If this goes right, I'll be having sex for the first time with someone other than my ex... But I'm not at Uni yet. I'm only 18, I still live with the family, I can't bring this girl back... I do live in the Attic tho? No one will be awake now and they never come up anyway? But by this point none of that matters, I'm already in a taxi home with the girl. We get home, We get to it. Its amazing. We wake up and do it again. I go for a shower, and when I come back up, she's made my bed! Alarm Bells should be ringing, but at the naive and slightly mysoginistic age of 18, I just think 'This one's a keeper.' I sneak her out the house, and drop her off en route to work, flyering, & none of my fam are any the wiser. Work was tiring, but I smiled through the whole 9 hours even though I was on my feet the entire time. I get home, shattered, smiling, longing for nothing more than the comfort of my bed. I open the cover and froze as I looked at my bedsheets...soaked in the vagina blood of the strange girl I picked up last night. Her making my bed suddenly made sense...but I'm only 18, I'm not at uni yet. I don't even know where to begin washing bedsheets plus mum'll get suspicious if she sees...so I slept in it for a week, until the cleaner washed em.

In Newcastle upon Tyne, United Kingdom

Nice Guys Always Finish Last

It's muck up day-eve, the night before the last ever day of school and sixth form. After this, it's exams, summer, then hopefully University, and the dispersion of me and all my friends all over the country.

For muck up day, its a tradition that the year all camp out on the school field. Most of the year decided to drink and have a party on the field. Me and a friend decided to hit a club and join the party on the field later. Me and the friend arrived at the school field around 2.30am expecting to find the party on the field in full flow...but it wasn't. Tents were up, everyone was asleep, and the field was a barren desolate wasteland of anti-patter... save one man.

One man in a corner curled up, shivering in the cold, head in his own vomit. My friend being a borderline sociopath found it hilarious and suggested we go take pictures, but I took pity on the guy. I'd never spoken to this kid, but went up asked him if he was ok?

He told me he wanted his tent and water, so being a good samaritan, I fireman lifted this guy back to his tent. On the way I smelt a horrible stench of shit. I thought, "Ew this guy's vomit stinks of shit, wtf?" I soldiered on, and took him into his tent, into his sleeping bag, gave him water, made sure he was ok. Once I knew he was, I left, and I thought, "Ew I can still smell shit". I bump into my friend, who promptly informs me there is shit on my neck and shoulder. The guy had shit himself on me as I was carrying him. Shoulda just taken pictures.

In Newcastle upon Tyne, United Kingdom

About Author

Rahul Kohli

Part time comedian/part time writer/part time bum. Have a habit of finding myself in ridiculous situations.

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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