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



BY SUE MURRAY

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Wounded Pride

As a child in grade 1 I attended a 1 teacher school in country QLD. To get to school I was piggybacked on a horse behind my elder brother. One afternoon as we headed home the coloured pencils that I had omitted to put in there box or pencil case started to rattle in the cardboard port strapped to my back as we started to jog. The horse started to shy, gallop, then pig root and consequently we ended up in a heap, winded and bruised in our neighbours paddock.

Here the pencils were disposed of very unceremoniously in the paddock and we limped home with me well behind my good natured brother and found the horse already there. This would have been 1956. My brother can't remember and I can't forget but then he is 7 years older than me.

In Queensland, Australia

Anzac Day

As a small child growing up on a farm on the Darling Downs in Qld in the 1950s I have fond memories of Anzac days.

We would be up early milking cows then get ready to travel into the Township of Gatton where my Dad would march in the parade. My siblings and I would wave our flag and loved seeing the horses all groomed and done up, the Solders, Airmen and Sailors all dressed in Uniform marching with the Brass Bands, the Bagpipes and the Lone Bugler all being memorable, but for me the most wonderful sight was the Red Cross nurses in their white uniforms with the veils with the RED CROSS in the centre. All year I would think about them and longed to live in town so I could join them. My mother told me I wanted to be a nurse from when I could walk and talk. This year I will have been a nurse for 42yrs. Some of that time was spent at Greenslopes Repatriation Hospital in Brisbane and a stint at West Mead Solders Memorial Hospital in Sydney. The influence of seeing these Red Cross nurses in the Anzac Parades has always stood out in my memory and knowing now what a great organisation it is and all the wonderful work they do all over the world makes me proud and thankful for our beautiful country and lifestyle.

My father turns 98 this May. He served in the RAAF, flew in England during World War 2 and was an active member of the Light Horse in Gatton. I have also 3 uncles who were Rats of Tabrook and have been privileged to travel to Gallipoli for a Dawn Service and visit Lone Pine.

In Darling Downs, Queensland, Australia

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.