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



BY TINA GALE

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But it said Unisex

On our way back home today we stopped on the Western Highway as I needed to go to the loo and fancied a coffee. Into the BP service centre I found the door to all toilets and showers.

Unisex toilets, oh really, whatever! It had a female and male on the door.

As I walked into the loo I noticed the urinals.

Sheesh, lucky a bloke wasn't having a wee. Bit off really!

I went into a cubicle and noticed men's feet in thongs in next cubicle. He completed what he went there for, left and didn't wash his hands!

I completed my mission, washed my hands and left quickly, no time to dry them.

I rechecked the door! Unisex showers, but in fact 2 male symbols on toilet door.

How embarrassing!

I'd used the men's toilets.

Lucky a man wasn't peeing!

Lucky lucky lucky.

I am still blushing but laughing about my error!

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Another baby poo story....

Our first baby hadn't been home from hospital many days. Her grandparents came to visit.

When she awoke I went to her room, popped her on the change table, removed her nappy, folded and applied a new nappy and took her to the lounge to cuddle with her Grandies.

Her Daddy went back to her bedroom and scooped up the soiled nappy, or so the tale goes.

Her Daddy returned to the lounge, nappy in hand and chastised me for leaving the soiled nappy in her room,

He opened the nappy, smelt the contents, 'smells like poo, looks like poo' and picked up the contents. He then bit into the lump and said 'tastes like poo too'.

Poor Grandies were speechless.

He actually bit into it!

Peanut butter, a baby poo looking lump!

In Frankston South, Victoria, Australia

System change required at Melbourne Airport.

After a long flight we disembarked at Melbourne Airport. I had my epassport processed in the machine before duty free and held my receipt ticket.

Thru duty free I handed Trevor his passport and arranged to meet him at luggage carousel. I went thru the epassport line producing my receipt ticket and had my photo processed to match my receipt image.

I waited at the carousel for ages collecting our bags.

Much later my mobile rang, as fortunately I'd turned it on, this being late Sunday night.

It was 'Fred from customs', where was I?

At luggage carousel.

Fred said not possible, where was I really?

I returned to customs officers near the carousels to explain there seemed to be a problem with Trevor at Immigration.

I waited while a Customs officer took Trevor's passport to immigration officer. Oops after using mine in the epassport machine I had in error handed him mine!

Trevor had been challenged, who what why where and when? He didnt look like me!

Customs told Trevor that the Federal Police would need to be involved (but weren't).

End of saga, we highlighted a problem with their system as I was not required to produce my passport to exit Immigration, as I'd only been required to put receipt ticket in machine.

Eventually Trevor was released and customs/immigration officer escorted us straight outside with no need to queue thru 'to declare' lines. Procedure error number 2, luckily what I'd needed to declare wasn't anything illegal.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

A Fisherman's Tale

Will, Dukey and Rington have known each other for decades and loved to get away for a fish, a few beers and lots of tales to share. Okay, maybe a few lies.

Along with Harold the bull terrier, they arrived to fish off the banks of the Murray river using "Bardi grubs" for bait. Or, those grubs which were left after Harold had enjoyed a feast! Damn, they were a dollar each too! The lines were baited and cast, but it started to rain.

Ma, Pop and their little dog were camped nearby along the river and hadn't had a bite in a week or so.

Usually, it's a few stubbies and there's time to relax - not this time! It's a good bite! Will grabs the rod and slips on the mud into the river. The fishing line goes in and under so they firstly needed to fish for the rod.

After a few casts they catch the rod with a huge cod still attached. The boys know by the way the fish swims underwater that it's not a carp.

Ma, Pop and the little dog rush down to watch the performance.

Harold isn't a sharer so he picks up the little dog in his teeth and high tails it out of there. Ma panics, Pop rushes after Harold and fortunately Harold drops the little dog unharmed back at their camp.

Although wet and muddy they got their big Murray Cod and a great tale to share.

Where is the video camera when you need it?

In Echuca, Victoria, Australia

Up and over the Snowy

Two weeks at Wallaga Lakes, south NSW coast at a lakeside site was glorious. We caught plenty of flathead over the 35cm limit, a few eels and a crab. To return home we chose to head west from Bega, cross the Snowy Mountains to Albury and south along the Hume highway back home to the Mornington Peninsula.

We checked at Cooma TIB for a better route as via Jindabyne, Thredbo and Khancoban is not suitable for caravans over 19' and ours is 23'. We took the high road which is Adaminaby, Kiandra to Turrumurra. The climb was steep so we pulled the 3 tonne caravan in low gears, using all the diesel fired power Colorado could give. 1500m was our highest peak. We needed the brakes on most of the descent, then commented, what's the smell?

The brakes ineffective to the point of giving us little stopping power! We pulled over at 8 Mile power station - holy smoking wheels! Hot as coals!

We relaxed (?), read for an hour or so as the brakes cooled, then found heaven in earth free camp at Paddys river flats about 20km further on and de-stressed for 2 nights!

Won't take that route again over the Snowy towing the caravan!

Heading south on the Hume, we were waved down by a passing motorist. We had one shredded rear twin tyre in caravan which looked like black rubber dreadlocks. Fortunately the rim wasn't damaged. We stayed in Benalla caravan park overnight with free (delicious) pancakes for breakfast, then noticed the front tyre flat on the Colorado! Quick trip to the local tyre service for one replacement and one repair.

All's well that ends well!

In NSW, Australia

If the caravan is rocking, don't come knocking

We went camping to the Junction, where the Murray meets the Ovens river around 1972. Most of the couples shared a large tent and we were the only married couple. I said it was a definite no no, not with 3 other couples in close proximity. Of a night we could hear the rattling of bed clothes, zips being undone on sleeping bags and movement. We giggled quietly but I still maintained it was a no no for us!

One fellow camper in our group did lend us his tent for a night, with privacy it was yes yes.

We left the camp after a few days and drove over to the Hume Weir to stay with friends in their borrowed caravan. Although they had had a family staying with them for days, (wink wink, no privacy) they gave us the double bed and they slept in the single beds down the other end of the van.

Had to be a yes yes, even in the confines of the caravan but we didn't realise the open air metal coolcardy safe was hanging outside the van and as the caravan rocked and rolled due to our activity the safe crashed, bashed and forewarned all campers in the vicinity that there was action in the van.

In Yarrawonga, Victoria, Australia

Chased by the bank teller

Dad and I spent 10 days in Bali together, touring the island. I enjoy driving in Bali so we headed off along the south coast, through Candi Dasa to the east, stayed at Tembok, up the east coast to the mid north, Kalibukbuk, then back into the centre, Ubud and returned to Legian. What an adventure!

We stayed a few nights out and I had great difficulty explaining that it was imperative that we had twin beds or even two rooms. No we wouldn't share a double. I love my Dad, but....

We stopped at a bank up the east coast for Dad to change some of his currency into Rupiah. I stayed in the car as he attended to the task on his own. He took ages and I saw a group of 5 or 6 bank employees leave the bank and climb aboard a vehicle and head north.

Dad eventually returned with his local currency and we continued on our journey. He explained that all bank employees in the bank gathered around and were impressed with the Australian currency. They don't see much of it in their area.

I asked him what rate he got for the exchange and he didn't know, nor particularly cared, so I asked how many Rp did he get for his exchange. I was terribly confused as to the rate he had been given. Way to high in my opinion. Oh well we were way out of the tourist area, whatever!

Next a motor bike came up quickly from behind and flagged us down. I thought surely not a time share seller in this remote area. Nope, it was the bank teller who had paid Dad too much and needed to take some back!

In Indonesia

Buy me a Red can please

It was another really hot day on the road so we checked into the Crossing Inn Caravan park.

Late afternoon we wandered down to the Inn and were a little caught off guard initially as 90% of the patrons were indigenous. All the same, we found a table and sat down, then order two beers.

A guy called Simon sidled up to us and wanted to chat. I asked then took some photos of his interesting face. He told me many times, I 'shud maka documentary, make lots of money'. Next round he asked if we'd buy him a red can (full strength) please. We did and he rambled on more about the same thing. He was having a repetitious day.

Leanne, also known as Janet sidled in with her beer and made a little more sense. Simon wasn't pleased so he and Leanne 'spat' at each other, near on claiming ownership. Simon from then on referred to me as his Auntie.

Next beer Simon asked again but instead I gave him my half can of mid strength, better than nothing!

Philip joined us to talk about his paintings and showed us a sample. The bouncer came over to hover and check that he wasn't annoying us. After negotiating I bought the painting and Philip had a lot more beer money.

I took photos of Leanne and Philip and Leanne was very impressed with hers and the ones of her and I cuddled close. Leanne wants me to send her prints which I will do.

As we left I gave Simon half my can and Leanne the remainder in my glass. They were very pleased.

Talk about getting out of your comfort zone but then thoroughly enjoying the experience!

In Fitzroy Crossing, Western Australia, Australia

Travelling with Dad

After Mum passed away we invited Dad (aged 85) to join us on our annual trip to Bali. He and Mum had visited Bali a few times, but more resort style.

We had been invited by one of our hotel drivers to travel to Banguwangi, Java with him. We decided getting out of our comfort zone was a good thing, and although appreciative of the kind offer, we did want to stay in a hotel nearby his family, not the family home.

We found a hotel and our suite rooms were gigantic although poorly decorated. The hotel was large and next morning our breakfast was delivered by a waiter with our tray on his left hand and his right hand steering the motor bike!

Javanese are mostly Moslem and it was during Ramadan so although the family didn't eat after sunrise and before sunset, they provided us with delicious treats at lunchtime. They watched as we ate, a bit embarrassing for us.

Dad firstly concerned me when he gave one of the motor bikes a blast down the unmade road outside the family home, but even more so when he rode the second down the same track. He came back safely. How would I have explained....

We visited a large fish market and an older lady waved Dad to the back of the fish stand, offering her daughter to Dad for good time!

Fortunately Dad turned down the offer, but talk about a bang for your buck, I have no idea where or when the event could have taken place.

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