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



BY WAN PHING LIM

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Eating a live fish while snorkelling in Borneo

Most of us who grew up with our Dads will at some point in our childhood and adult lives be embarrassed in front of our friends by our Dad's silly jokes and antics. My Dad, unfortunately, fits perfectly into that stereotype. And imagine the kind of faux pas and foibles that comes with vacationing with him.

Last Christmas, we went on holiday to Kota Kinabalu, a beautiful seaside town in northeastern Borneo in Malaysia. But the family drama didn't begin there, in fact, it began at our home airport in Penang.

He took off his cap at the screening machines and absentmindedly left it there, only realising that something was missing from his head as we were about to board the plane. Running back, he eventually found it. That's fail #1.

As we arrived at the hotel in Kota Kinabalu, both him and my Mum could not find the tiny pad lock key that secured their luggage. Alas they called the maintenance man from the lobby to pry it open with a huge industrial spanner. Fail #2.

The next day, we headed out to Pulau Gaya for some island hopping and snorkelling. Dad shouted, "Look, look! So many cute little grey fish!" as we stood knee-length on the crystal clear waters and cupped the fishes in our hands. The next thing I knew, he popped a live fish into his mouth. "They're edible," he says, at which point I fainted in the waters.

In Kota Kinabalu Sabah Malaysia

Do I look Vietnamese?

Strange and funny things always happen to me when I travel, but I never foresaw that my trip to Ho Chi Minh City would begin with one.

On my first night, I stood in the dark outside my childhood friend's apartment waiting for him to let me in. As he did, the apartment security guard shouted at us rudely in Vietnamese, but none of us could understand him.

"No Vietnam! No Vietnam!" my friend shouted back. The security guard continued at the top of his voice, and we hurried in.

"What was that all about?" I asked.

"Give me your passport," he said.

"What? Why?" I demanded to know.

"Just hand it over," he replied.

I obediently followed, and later heard him scurrying out to his neighbour across the hall.

"Tell the security guard downstairs that my friend is not a Vietnamese!" He shouted at a small woman in her mid-thirties, who took my passport and went away.

"Do I look Vietnamese?" I asked him quietly later.

"Nah," he replied, not wanting to answer.

"Is it because I'm tanned?" I persisted.

"They just don't like you bringing local girls home," he replied.

"But... I'm not a local..." I trailed off. And then it hit me.

"The security guard thinks I'm a prostitute??" I doubled over in laughter.

But my friend didn't think it was funny. So I decided to stop laughing, and not judge his private life.

In Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam

About Author

Wan Phing Lim

Wan Phing is the online editor at AsiaRooms.com. Born in Penang, Malaysia, she currently resides in Singapore and loves travel, photography and discovering new trends.

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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