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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



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SWIM I DONT THINK SO!!!

In the 50's school days were pretty hard. We were not asked to do something, we were told to do it or suffer the outcome of our disobedience. It was early May and very cold, but the open air (unheated then) swimming pool was open for the summer. PT & swimming was obligatory at school and we were marched up to the pool for the lesson.

We were sent to the open air cubicles to change into our swimming gear, We were already cold and we had not even seen the water. We presented ourselves at the edge of the pool and watched as our breath was visible as clouds of steam, gingerly we tested the water, "Brrrr," it was cold but we took the plunge and jumped in. Being rebellious some of said no ways, not today, and we sneaked back to the cubicles got dressed and hid there until the lesson was over. We were of course discovered and we knew what the outcome would be.

We were ordered to be at our teachers desk immediatley we got back to school, to receive our punishment. Six strokes of the slipper across our behind was the usual. We decided that to soften this we would put or wet trunks and towels down our trousers before the teacher arrived back. As each of us duly recieved the slipper, the teacher became aware that we had wet trousers and was worried and wanted to know the reason why. I THINK SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD DRAWN BLOOD. However we were found out and we then got our due punishment, in full, in front of the whole class. You can be sure we did'nt do that again!!

In Hitchin, United Kingdom

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang had nothing on this

There were times in the early days of farm mechanisation that were so ridiculous. I think this is one of them. The object was to make harvesting corn faster and more labour saving. There was to be a demonstration of a new combine harvester, a standard model and a special cutaway model showing the works to the audience. The way the combine worked was to take the ears from the stalk and thresh it, the chaff was blown out of two huge funnels on the top and the corn was put into sacks which hung on the back and was controlled by two men. This was all powered by an engine which operated the machine but did not drive the wheels so it had to be pulled by a tractor. The straw of the corn was left standing in the field and this had to be cut with a binder and made into sheaves in the old way. As for labour saving and efficiency, it was a non starter. Three men and two engines to operate the combine. Two men to come behind with a tractor and binder, a horse and cart with another two men to load the sheaves and take them back to the farm. There was also a tractor and trailer to pick up the sacks the were being left by the combine. That was 9 men, 4 engines and a horse and the use of us boys to harvest one field. Altogether this was not the most successful demonstration of modern machinery but I suppose lessons were learned from it which contributed to what we have today. But us boys did get half a crown (twenty two and a half pence) for our days work.

In Hitchin, United Kingdom

From Teddy Boy to Man

The Making of a Man

It was around 1955, the era of the "Teddy Boy", Oh what a time that was.

Life was exciting and after the war, it was a time when life began to have some colour again. Born just before WW2 started, I grew up in those war years and was finding exciting new things to do after it ended in 1945. We spent our time drinking milk shakes, (that was "in thing" in those days,) The rollerskating rink, the pubs, and the snooker hall, with a great deal of "girl chasing" and rock and roll records. We would go to the local record shops and listen to the latest 78"s on the headphones that were provided. It was not long before LP records appeared and we were to be found carrying our records around to our friends houses to have a "jam session." It was like carrying two suitcases.

1956 saw a change as I was "called up" for National Service. It was time for my 2 years in the Army. I learned much, most of all I found that life had much more than all the "pleasure" I had enjoyed as a "Teddy Boy". I had become a man. On my release I went back to the employment I had before I went in and met a lovely girl who was a Christian. I had shown some interest in this during my time in the Army, and it was through her that I was introduced to a church where I had a "personal" experience with Jesus. I accepted Him as my Saviour and have followed Him ever since. I am now in my "twilight" years and do not regret one moment of all those years.

In Loughborough, United Kingdom

From our beloved Nala

From our beloved Nala

It was nearly twenty years ago when I was first brought home, I had been living on the streets, but someone had pity on me.

Thank you for all those years you gave me. I know you loved me and I loved you back.

But now is the time to say farewell. I am gone but know I am not forgotten.

I know you were always there when I needed to be touched and stroked, and given my favourite treat.

I would often be naughty,

I would hide away in my favorite sunny spots and sleep all day and when you wanted me in at night I would not obey, but would stay out all night and curl up on the garden chairs. The shed roof was also one of my favorite spots and if I managed to get into the loft that was like heaven. One time I was there for three days and it was fun to watch you as tried so many ways to get me to come down. But I was loyal to you, I trust I was able to return the love you gave me.

I ask now that you do not mourn for me, but be glad that we had those years together. I have gone but the memories linger. I suffer no more and am in a better place where age no longer affects me. I was just a cat that was truly loved and cared for by wonderful people, when you went away and left me. It was always good though, to see you on your return home, I would listen every day for the sound of your car coming down the street and make sure that I was there to greet you. Love you for ever, your friend Nala the Cat

In Loughborough, United Kingdom

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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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