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



BY ANDREW TOWERS

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I'll Get a Knife

I was living on the worst street in town. I didn't like it. Horrible things would happen in my block of flats. I would hear these things happen in the hallway and hide under the bed covers in my flat. One night around 1AM I heard something happening, more horrible than previous things. Loud bangs. A dog going berserk. Shouting. Feet thundering on the main stairs. A police siren. Eventually, the commotion died down. Next morning I woke to the sound of the building's fire alarm. I crept into the hallway and was halfway down the stairs barefoot before I realised the floor was covered in dog poo. I whacked at the alarm panel until it stopped blaring. Then I rang my Mam and Dad. I tried the building's front door, but it was jammed. A man came down the stairs. He was very thin and had a terrible black eye. There was a Jack Russell with him. 'I can't get out the door,' I said. He said, 'The other bloke upstairs kicked my door in last night and attacked me. Charlie got scared and shat all down the stairs.' That explained things. We both tried the door again. 'I'll get a knife,' he said, went upstairs and came back with a massive kitchen knife. He hacked at the door until it sprang open. My Mam was outside. She looked at the man and said, 'Oh dear, do you need medical assistance?' 'Nah,' he said, 'Yer alright,' and walked away.

In Hartlepool, United Kingdom

Pie Face

The family went bilberry picking. I was eight. We picked lots of bilberries, and my Mum made a big fuckoff pie.

In the late afternoon, my sister and me were in the back garden, playing on the climbing frame. We had a massive argument over some troll dolls. I pushed her, and she nearly fell off the climbing frame. She pushed me, and I did fall off the climbing frame.

I injured my arm and winded myself badly. As I lay there. My toddling baby brother emerged from the house with a large bowl of bilberry pie, and threw it at my face. He picked up the bowl again and threw it at my head two more times. My face was stained blood-red with the bilberry juice, and the pieces of pie crust clung to my skin like torn strips of flesh. My sister hid behind the ash tree in guilt.

My Mum came out into the garden to hang some washing. She thought I'd been mauled by a wild animal. Her scream alarmed the neighbours on both sides of us.

You Can't Catch Me

I was dressed as a gingerbread man for work. Last Christmas. It was very warm. The outfit was made of thick brown felt, and the buttons were meant to look like liquorice all sorts. The hat was round like a plate and encapsulated my entire head, framing my face and fastening under the chin, with two big googly eyes on the top. I called the bingo (that's what I work at - bingo calling, and sometimes we wear festive outfits), and at the end of the shift realised I'd forgotten my coat, so I set off home as a gingerbread man (I live just round the corner from the bingo hall). I mean, I took off the hat, but I was still wearing the rest of the costume.

The woman who lives near me was walking her Yorkshire Terrier, who hates me, I think because I'm transsexual. The Yorkshire terrier started to chase me, tugging the woman along by the lead. I ran, ran, as fast as I could. I thought, 'I should remember this, because I might never get the chance to be inside a childhood poem again.'

Dog Collar

My Mam used to run the Sunday School in the village. Anglican. Kindly vicar. The kindly vicar left and an evil vicar came. Alike in most respects to the Witchfinder General. There was a PCC meeting. My Mam said she thought women should be allowed to be priests. Outrage. My Mam was sacked as Sunday School teacher.

My Mam was on her way to the butchers, and encountered the Witchfinder General. He snubbed her, right there in the street.

My Granny invited the Witchfinder to afternoon tea. He said he sensed the Devil in our sitting room.

My Granny told him he was 'No man of God,' and made him take off his dog collar, get down on his knees and pray for forgiveness.

He totally did it.

In Hartlepool, England, United Kingdom

About Author

Andrew Towers

SWM. Likes long walks on the beach, medium-sized walks on gravel and short walks on tarmac.
Kind to children and small animals. Civil to larger animals.

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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