

# A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



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## **So I decided to go blind for a few months...**

I was 14. My mates & I bunked off school, and my mate decided to play hostage. i made a run for the front door, but he'd fucking locked it, so we couldn't even get out, and he hears me trying to leave his house, and comes bounding down the hall way.

I leg it back in to the living room, and hold a vase up in front of my face, peaking round its curvy figure... the dickhead just dives in like he's some tiny twat Tom Cruise (he was a little prick just like him and all) and just shoots his GAS POWERED METAL BB GUN (!?) without even looking or aim.

In the most surreal calm and collect manner, i place the vase down in the centre of the table - bearing in mind my eyes are closed - walk calmly to the middle of the room, and just start head butting the sofa like mad - he'd shot me in the fucking eye.

Couldn't go home because we'd bunked off, so just had to stay at his so we didn't all get in trouble (which at the time was more important than my vision).

Got home "after school", mum goes "what have you done to your bloody eye??!" ..."got hit with a tennis ball?". Anyway, next day, vision is still fucked, and i'm panicking now, so i tell mum everything: "we bunked off and chris shot me in the eye mum! I'm sorry!" she goes "i know" and just drove me straight to hospital lol.

Anyway got there, they just gave me shit loads of drops for 6 months? vision slowly came back after about 3. they were concerned it was permanent, but as luck would have it, i'm all good.

Moral? Mum's alright!

**In London, United Kingdom**

## **Late night skinny dip? Go on then.**

Some friends and I decided to take a late night dip in the swimming pool. We were pretty drunk, and it was probably a little bit silly, but mum and dad were away, and it seemed like a funny idea despite the cold.

We get in (eventually) and someone proposes that since we cannot see each other, we go al fresco!

So it's me, 2 girls, and we're daring each other to get out of the water and use the diving board. Nobody wants to do it in fear of one of the others seeing more than they bargained (and more than willing to share).

Two of us got involved, and realised it was far too dark to really make each other out, never mind see any bits and bobs!

The last one (a girl) is still adamant on staying in the pool. It took us about 10 minutes to convince her to give it a go. She eventually gave in, got on the diving board, but was scared of diving in. She slowly got in to the mood of it all though, and not long after was waving her arms about, letting it all hang loose and not giving one ounce of a shit... then \*BOOOOF\* flood lights lit up the whole back garden like a christmas tree. Mum and dad walk out, and they heard so much commotion that they thought a fox had fallen in the pool and was drowning lol. I have NEVER seen someone try to cover themselves and jump in to water so quickly in my life; the most ungraceful flop i've seen to date and it was FUCKING hilarious. Fortunately for her, my parents didn't realise she or any of us were naked under the water... just us!

**In London, United Kingdom**

## **Michael Jackson lives at my house**

Told all my friends at school Michael Jackson lived at the bottom of my garden with bubbles in my shed... and everyone believed me. Granted we were 7 years old, but yeah. Less of a story, more of an anecdote; true nonetheless.

**In London, United Kingdom**

## **So I was in prison in Bolivia...**

\*NOTE: For those who don't believe this story, read/research "Marching Powder"... this is not a joke!\*

We paid to get taken in to a real prison, where the inmates show you around (for example, they showed us "Murderers Alleyway"). It's totally illegal, pretty mental, and there are shotguns everywhere. We did loads of cocaine with our "tour guide" (inmate done for "being in the wrong place at the wrong time" as he put it... or as it was: Drug trafficking :P) and thought it would be clever to ask one of our "security" (an inmate done for murder) why he was in.

I thought, "Fuck it, when else do you get to ask a real life murderer while off your head why he murdered someone!?"

And in a thick, Latino accent (like something out of Scarface) he said:

..."because he talk too much man".

End of story really - I swiftly shut the fuck up lol.

**In Bolivia**

## **If you have a better TAG story, I'd like to hear it...**

A friend had travelled a long way to come and stay with me for the weekend. We went out to a club one night, chilled out with red wine, and some friends another. Sunday came around, and she had to make the voyage home. I dropped her off at the local station at about 10am, and waited down on the platform with her for the next train. As she got on the train, she went TAG! and ran on giggling away to herself. We shared a daft grin as she sat down in her seat, and I stuck my tongue out only for someone else to think it was them and stick theirs back out at me... the silliness begins.

The trains are typically an hour apart from each other on a Sunday.

Sunday. God's day of rest. OR a great day to get on the next train???

Yeap... I did :)

Didn't even blink before I decided this was ACTUALLY happening. 2 & 1/2 hours later I'm in Birmingham, 35 minutes on a bus & a 10 minute walk more, and I'm ringing her doorbell trying to contain my stupidity (though failing because let's face it... I'm in Birmingham for the following reason!!!). She answers the door, absolutely shell shocked to see me stood there. I tagged her back, didn't say a fucking word, and went straight home on the next train, leaving her disarrayed while she quite literally rolling on the floor with equal parts confusion and laughter.

7 hour round trip for small practical joke? Worth every moment. ;)

And check this for a result, the first train home (had to get 3 ffs), they served beer... winning. Mine was a Stella.

**In London, United Kingdom**

**Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://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](https://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.