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BY CHRIS BEGG

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The Tale of the Black Cab and Princess Diana

Many years ago, let's say 14, I visited Paris, France. Besides seeing the regular sights like the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and scantily clad Frenchmen in berets, we saw many other things.

Being foreigners, our main form of transportation was taxis. What ensued was the scariest time I've ever had in a car, and I've been on road trips with comedians.

In the middle of the week we were taking a taxi from a restaurant back to the hotel. We hopped in the black cab, ready for an uneventful trip. "To the hotel, kind sir," we said. The driver did speak English, and was very proud of his city of Paris.

He'd point out the sights, the architecture, and where he lost his virginity to a heroin addicted hooker named Dixie. Then we approached a historic landmark; The tunnel where Princess Diana died.

As we approached the tunnel the driver got very excited. So excited that he took his hands off the wheel, leant over the passenger seat and exclaimed "That's where your Princess Diana died." The car swerved in the direction he was pointing, and we were rapidly heading into the same spot where Diana crashed. At the last second the driver took control over the car again we made it back safely to our hotel.

We thought we were going to die in the same place as Diana, but we survived. We'd ask ourselves the questions - Why us? Why did we survive? Was it due to the drivers quick reflexes? Was it due to divine intervention? Probably not. I think the driver was just an asshole.

In Paris, France

I Am The Sexiest Man Alive (well, almost)

Earlier this year I was nominated as one of the top twenty sexiest men on the Gold Coast. Which is weird considering I'm not very sexy, and I'm definitely not a top of anything. I stood out in the competition. I was the only one wearing a shirt, and I'm the fattest person ever to be nominated for the title.

As part of the festivities an awards night was held at a local night nightclub. The club was split in to two levels; a top level for us VIPs, and the bottom level for all the regular jackoffs.

So much for being VIPs... No one spoke to us all night. Even the photographer bolted when he saw us, and the finger food provided seemed to come straight from a yum cha pack from Woolworths.

After a while of not talking to anyone, I got a little bored, so I decided to go watch the regular jackoffs. In the pockets of the room there were packs of three guys, all looking exactly the same, all on the hunt for pussy. Patiently they'd wait until their prey was vulnerable, then they'd pounce. But there was one guy I'll never forget.

This man was bald, not a big deal except that his head looked like a penis. His shirt, not his jacket, had elbow patches on them, and he was grooving like there was no tomorrow. He did, however, have a unique way of picking up women. He'd entice them by sticking his bum in their direction, and wiggle it into them. I'm not sure if he was sexually confused, or a pick up genius.

I didn't win the competition, and if I've learned anything, it's nothing.

In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia

Incubator For Douchebags

A while ago I had to take my son to a kids party. It wasn't a birthday party, just a dance party. The parents that threw the party had converted their lounge room in to a makeshift dance floor, complete with lights and a disco ball. To top it off, the music was all played from YouTube. This was a high class affair.

A bunch of 9 year old boys, dressed up like their favourite RNB artists, crunked and got jiggy with it as if they were Will Smith and Nicki Minaj's love child. They had their hats on backwards, their skinny jeans were sagging, and thought they were cock of the walk. You could literally see them transforming in to douchebags, and within minutes they were on the hunt for pussy, even though they were too young to know what pussy is.

The parents thought this was adorable, but they are another story all together. The women were completely fake towards each other.

"Hi Jessica, long time no see! How are the herpes?"

For some reason, at kids parties there is always the older man that has to bitch about the kids generation. This older gentleman came up to me and proceeded to tell me what was wrong with the kids.

"You see, the problem with this generation is that their parents love them too much. Back in my day we had to walk 12 hours in the snow with a gerbil up our arse for our love. And do you know how we knew our dad loved us? He'd whip us with his belt. You do that today and it's called abuse, but we called it love."

I can't wait for the next one.

In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia

My Magical Muffin Adventure - Part 2

I was on my way home, unaware that the effects of the pot muffin had started to take hold. It's one thing to get high on your own accord, if that's your thing, but it's something else entirely when you've unknowingly ingested it.

As the tingling feeling swept through my body, an overwhelming feeling of paranoia took over. I had no idea what was happening to me, but I had an inkling that the stem I had removed from my teeth earlier might have been responsible.

I had a 10 minute walk home from the bus stop, in Queanbeyan, at night. It's not the kind of place you want to be at night, especially alone, and especially with muffin induced paranoia.

Every time a car drove by I'd dive behind some bushes, fearing that I'd be involved in some Comptonesque drive by shooting. However, there was a stretch of road that had no bushes to hide behind, so I'd brace for the impact of bullets every time I'd hear a car. It was nothing short of a miracle that I didn't soil myself, not that I'd have any shame if I had.

Half an hour later I made it home, told my parents I wasn't feeling well, and retired to my room to listen to some Pink Floyd and eat Doritos.

Ever since that day I have never turned down a free muffin, for you never know when the next magical muffin adventure will be.

In Canberra, Australian Capital Territory, Australia

My Magical Muffin Adventure - Part 1

It may be hard to believe, but when I was a teenager I was quite the ladies man. Up until the age 17 I was rarely without a girlfriend, even though I couldn't quite grow a decent looking beard.

When I was 15 I had a girlfriend called Fiona. In high school terms this was a long term relationship; We'd been together for a whole 6 months! So, you know, this was a serious thing.

One day I went with her to one of her friends houses, and to say the house was in a state of disrepair would be like saying constipation is a fun way to spend a weekend. The place was an absolute mess, and Fiona's friends Mum was trying to intimidate with stories of all the people she knew who could beat me up. I wasn't scared though, because I was 15 and had done one class of boxercise. I could take on anyone.

Shortly after they offered me a chocolate muffin. Chocolate is one of my main weaknesses, so naturally I accepted. It was a delicious muffin, until I pulled a stem out of my teeth. Unknown to me, they had been pot muffins. Delicious, yummy, pot muffins. After a while I left, thinking nothing of the muffin. There had been no effect from it, so I continued on my merry way to catch the bus home.

As the bus approached my stop I started to feel this tingling sensation in my toes, and it slowly made its way up my legs, and to the rest of my body. I was freaking out. I had no idea what was happening, and I started getting paranoid, right before walking home in the dark.

To be continued.

In Canberra, Australian Capital Territory, Australia

Commuting

When one works, or needs to go somewhere, a form a transportation is generally required. Normally, if the destination is beyond walking distance, I would take my car and drive to said destination. However, I have recently taken a job in Brisbane, and the cost of petrol and parking would cost me more than a ticket to a Kanye West vomit session. So, I opted for the train.

Trains are an interesting form of public transport. I'm not talking about the history of the railway, or the amazing amount of track that has been laid to allow these giant steel phalluses to cart herds of plebs around. I'm talking about the people you see on the train.

I'm on the train now as I write this and in my general vicinity there are, indeed, some interesting looking people. Now, I'm not one to judge people based on their looks. I'm not exactly Brad Pitt. I'm close, but not there yet. This may have been evident yesterday when an elderly gentleman wouldn't stop looking at me on my morning commute.

It made for an uncomfortable journey. I was unsure if he disapproved of my Led Zeppelin shirt, my rugged 12 year old with a beard looks, or the fact that I have absolutely no tattoos. But then it occurred to me.... Maybe he didn't disapprove of me. Maybe he wanted to make out with me. So I started making flirty eyes and kissing motions towards him. I could tell he was interested because he left the train at the next stop.

In Gold Coast, Australia

Smoking Can Be Hazardous To Your Health

The summer of 1998 was a glorious time. I was 17, playing bass in a band called Cradleskin, had no girlfriend (not by choice), and life was care free.

Cradleskin had been booked to appear at a gig at a fantastically depressing venue called The Buffalo Bistro in our home town of Queanbeyan, NSW. Queanbeyan is a quaint little town just outside of Canberra that still thinks it's the 1920's.

We played our gig without incident, and to a record crowd of 10 people, but it was after the gig that things became interesting.

Being a classy establishment, everyone was blind drunk. Everything was going fine until two guys started arguing over a pack of cigarettes next to me.

Guy A was accusing Guy B of stealing his smokes. Guy B was adamant that he didn't steal them. Suddenly Guy A hit Guy B in the temple. Guy B fell, hit his head on the corner of some bricks, and fell to the ground in a pool of blood.

Everyone was in shock. Guy A had done a runner.

At that moment a guy walks out of the bar, looks down at Guy B, yells "HE'S DEAD!" then walked back inside to buy another beer. Someone called the police causing a panic. Most of us were under age.

Being Queanbeyan, they didn't send police. They sent the riot squad. We were running through backstreets pretending to be army men trying to escape enemy territory.

I never found out what happened to Guy B. But it proves that cigarettes can be hazardous to your health, but alcohol can help you have a great time.

In Queanbeyan, New South Wales, Australia

The Hospital Visit

In life, there are certain events that make you who you are. Your first kiss, your first pair of boobs, or your first rodent pet all contribute to making you the happy go lucky human that you are today.

There are certain events though that can contribute to you being less than a happy chappy. Your first nut shot, your first pair of man boobs, or a hospital visit.

After working late last night, I got a call from my ex-wife informing me that our son was having an asthma attack, so off we went to hospital.

It's no secret that hospitals aren't the most enjoyable of places. On a scale of sleeping with Scarlett Johanssen and being forcefully probed by aliens, a hospital visit would rank just above shoving a gerbil down my pee hole on a list of things I'd like to do.

I understand that our hospital staff are overworked and underpaid, and that there isn't enough of the budget being put towards the health system, but would it be too much to ask for some comfortable chairs?

I may not have a huge arse, but the small cheeks I do have went numb after five minutes in one of those chairs, and we were there for five hours. I'd hate to imagine what it might have felt like if I'd had a larger arse.

Surely, it would be possible for them to make hospital visits a little more comfortable. Offer tea, coffee, sandwiches, gerbils, juice. All I want in life is a padded cushion and a refreshment. Is that too much to ask?

In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia

About Author

Chris Begg

Comedian, Musician, Writer, Animator, and part time human being. Hobbies include tickle fights, playing guitar, cabbage, and high tea parties on the Maharashtra river.

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