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



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Contents

Story Title	Page
A night at a Hungarian strip club - never again!	2
Penthouse Baby!	3

A night at a Hungarian strip club - never again!

My travel companion & I decided to check out the Budapest night life by going to a strip club. The lack of mood lighting & the fact that we were the only ones in there was a immediate give away that something wasn't quite right.

A female immediate jumped on the podium in front of us & began dancing while a waitress came to take our order. I asked to see the menu as the word 'scam' entered my mind. Drinks looked affordable at €5 each. By the time the drinks arrived a 2nd young lady was now on the podium. Shortly followed by a 3rd. Fair to say the calibre of 'dancer' in this place wasn't what we expected though, as one looked like she went to High School with my 50 y/o Aunt.

Two female 'workers' then sat next to us and talked us into buying them a drink. It was at this moment that I noticed a sign on the podium that read '€20 each time a dancer dances for you'. We had been there 10mins and 4 girls had danced. Time to get the bill. We laughed as we pulled out our wallets - we had been scammed.

Though when the lady rang up the bill we didn't realised we'd been scammed to the tune of €630!

Upon questioning, she informed us:

2 x €50 entrance fee

4 x €100 for first drinks (ours & ladies) - written on the bottom of the menu in size 6 font €80 for the dancers

We both instinctively looked at front & backs doors. Burly security blocked both as they stared at us. No escaping - only option to bite the bullet. Fair to say our trip was cut short 3 days due to lack of funds.

In Budapest, Hungary

Penthouse Baby!

My friend Rob and I were trekking through Mexico and decided to spend a few days in Cancun when it 'so happened' to be Spring Break.

Upon check-in we were told our reservation could not be found. After enduring a 10 minute wait we were allocated a room. To our surprise when we entered the room a startled man arose from the bed, nude, asking what we were doing. Clearly this was not the right room. So another journey to reception before we on the move up the lift again. This time the bell boy pressed the 23rd floor and said "Very nice room".

We opened the door but were a little disappointed to discover it was a typical room. Next I heard 'Holy Shit,' and turned to see Rob with the adjoining door ajar peering into the next room. Inside a bar, lounge setting and spiral staircase could be seen. We sheepishly walked in, explored the place then journeyed up the stairs to see if the room was vacant. To our surprise the stairs led to a private rooftop swimming pool. No one was present. It was ours!! Open popped the duty free alcohol to celebrate. We had the Penthouse!

We bumped into 4 Aussie lads who we heard saying that they were sure they had seen people splashing in a pool up on the roof somewhere. Rob and I looked at each other and both thought why not let others enjoy our fortunes too. So the next few nights were spent partying in some of North America's best clubs and partying back in the penthouse with our new friends. Cracking trip!

In Cancún, Mexico

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.

If you would like to share a story or create your own eBook, simply head to bytestories.com, Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.