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



BY DECLAN (D.)



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## **Stray Observations in Perth**

Often, I like to feel melodramatic, it usually only happens at night or rainy weather (symbolism!). To solve this strong feeling and urge, I can do one of three things: go into the city, listen to a record, or watch *The Virgin Suicides* until I cry myself to sleep – instead of having to endure a salty pillow I decided to go into the city.

Perth is a small city yet it encompasses such a large area (larger than LA if I am lead to believe so), yet every time I walk beneath the shadows of the glass behemoths I feel so much smaller. It's been at least 20 minutes walking, headphones on (listening to a mixtape of 90's gangsta rap remixed into minimal electro), and walking past buildings covered in coloured light.

Shying away from the wind I look inside a foyer – it looks like a hotel but it lacks a sense of homesickness, and unlike hotels, seems to be inviting – and on the wall are 5 posters with motivational quotes and their speakers. I don't recognise 3 of them, history doesn't even remember only their disconnected words, but I see Ronald Reagan and Martin Luther King Jr. next to each other – two men of history, views juxtaposed, for a company sharing the man of the former rather than the views of the latter. I continue to breathe in toxic fumes, cigarette smoke and a depressing irony; I decide to turn my music off, stop for a minute, lit another cigarette, and fade into the thumping bass nearby.

**In Perth, Western Australia, Australia**



## **An Old Face**

I tried shoving my frail \$20 note into the machine that would soon spit out my concession train ticket. Once I did it spat the note out faster than I forced it in. I had to find change somewhere.

I walked up the steps to leave the station, I looked back and saw a familiar face, it was my old teacher from High School. I asked him if it was indeed this person I thought he could be. He was.

He looked very much the same, his hair receding further, clean shaven face, a fancy collared shirt, and a hip attitude. He looked better than I, messy hair, boozy breath, sleepless eyes.

“Do you still speak to the gang from high school?” this was his first and last question.

I don’t speak to them anymore. Not since I graduated, why do I need to keep my own garden open to old paths of regret and terrible nostalgia? I keep the gates to those paths closed and lost.

“I speak to some of them. Not most of them” I lied to him, just to make it seem as if I wasn’t the lost student I once was or may seem.

I quickly asked him, “How are you doing?” just to keep the conversation going.

“Well, D. I’ve got a new job right near my house. I start work late and come home early to my two newborn kids,” he smiled, “My life isn’t that exciting”.

I smiled, “No sir, you have the perfect life.”

We waved goodbye and I walked up the stairs seeking a place that would take my tattered money. I am certain he didn’t look back; I didn’t, though I wish I had looked back years ago.

**In Perth Underground Stn, Western Australia, Australia**



## About Author

### Declan (D.)

Drinks a hell of a lot of coffee, and takes care of his dead flowers dammit!

#### 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.

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