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



BY DOM GLASSEN BURY

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Greece Rocks (1964)

A ferry from Brindisi (Italy) arrived at the first small Greek port where all traffic seemed to head north towards the Albanian border, away from our intended destination of the Greek Islands down south.

So, we were stuck in the remote northern town of Ioannina and we couldn't find any way south after four days. At this time, three other travellers drifted into town being two American architectural students and a very tall, very white (pale) Aussie called Phillip.

Eventually, we arranged a ride south to Patros in the back of a tip truck. It was blisteringly hot at 8.30am. We huddled into the miserable shade offered by the cab of the truck except for Phillip who stretched out his skinny body with his head on his pack. An hour shuddered past on the dusty mountain road. All of a sudden, the driver changed into low gear and took a sharp left turn down a very rough track. Where the hell are we going?

Eventually the truck stopped with a lurch in a deserted quarry full of granite, rocks and boulders. The driver and his burly companion emerged from the cab, pointed at us, the rocks and the truck. Load rock! The Americans had a conference, muttering something about the American embassy. The now sunburnt Philip looked up into the sky then enquired "What now?" and I said "We load rock."

Proud of his bodybuilding physique, Phillip picked up a very large rock, held it high and hurled it into the truck which compelled the driver to roar "SPARTACUS!" - ever so sarcastically.

Thankfully, we all had loaded enough rock after 20min of hard labour and continued on south towards the Greek Islands.

In Ioannina, Greece

An Ill Wind (1964)

On an idyllic beach in Greece, my English friend and I were doing our best to impress two young German girls. Communication was stilted because they spoke very little English and we no German, however, we seemed to be doing well.

Having suffered the adverse effects from local water, I was experiencing stomach pains. To alleviate the problem, I took the chance and passed a little wind, with disastrous effects. Fortunately, the change rooms were in sight, I was rescued. After a swim, the problem pants were left behind in the change room.

We walked away, my dignity intact or so I thought. Alas, a large Greek female change room attendant came running down the beach after us, underpants held high, calling "Senor, Senor".

In Greece

About Author

Dom Glassenbury

The modern day camera expert from Australia who relished his times hitch-hiking from France to Greece in the 60's.

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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