

# A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY JENNIFER BURKE

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## Offline Dating

I thought taking risks was counter-productive cuz it felt counter-intuitive & was as good as auditioning for MasterChef when all you know how to cook is meth. But that's the fear talking & you never know when a background in 'chemical engineering' might help you score big on the macaroon challenge.

I realised this after a decade of being out of the game & finally decided to start dating again & no that wasn't a typo. I. Was. Single. For. Ten. Whole. Years.

During my sexual exile, I didn't sleep with, nor flirt with, wink at, smile for, poke, tag, kiss, miss, dismiss, or even so much as fondle another human being. Not one mother-duffing person. Plus I'm saving the obligatory mammogram for menopause, so I had to think fast.

It took some very good friends, a therapist & a gaggle of self-SOS books to realise my ducks would never come in a row & if I waited till that happened I'd eventually be dating a necrophiliac.

I got online, signed up to the sites of dating & following some rustic rookie attempts at virtual conversing, I was sent a wink accompanied by some pixelated flowers that smelled like my keyboard. I referred to the troubleshooting section & returned a smile; she replied with another unfrown & the 'fibre optic cable courtship' began. I was going to get laid bitcheeeeees!

To the twittermobile... "Met possible soulm8 last nite @lycheelounge – Can't wait 2 get joint private health cover. Bugger wedding bells this is forever #littlespoon"

The only person I wanted to wake up to the next morning however, was my therapist... who's going to need therapy once I tell her that.

Maybe I should just date a Roller-coaster like Amy Wolfe in the U.S. Although every time she takes a couple pic it's gonna look like a selfie. #GoogleIt #YouMayNowRideTheBride #Idooooooooo

**In Brisbane, Queensland, Australia**

## No Speak English

My inability to string 2 words together or construct a legitimate sentence whilst talking to a woman I'm royally attracted to, appears to be my own personal built in contraceptive method... against the birth of all things venereal, & long term relationships maintained by repartee & intelligent discourse.

Fortunately for me, with oxytocin levels running high, occasionally they're willing to forgive any conversational anomalies & look the other way while keeping their eye on the prize... & I use the term 'prize' quite loosely.

Adding alcohol to the equation might also buy me an extra 3 or 4 dates before they realise the colloquial missteps I once batted my eyelids through, aren't as adorable as that hot news presenter's grasp on articulation. Not to mention... a decent wardrobe.

Time for operation 'buy more time & step up your game hashtag laugh at everything she says'... excluding but not limited to, any mention of the word funeral, suicide, or cancer. Juvenile diabetes however, is ok... except when followed by the word "charity", but neutral when preceded by a Teletubbies reference... in which case, insert witty retort here & laugh at own joke.

Good work Jen... I don't think she's noticed how incredibly boring you are except when you're doing that thing you do; the stand-up. With roughly 25 minutes of slightly above average material fit to entertain my twitter followers on a cruise ship sailing through Southbank... I'll need at least another 35,063.3 joke & gag hours to win over her parents, secure an engagement, & convince her there's way more pros than cons in bearing my children.

I hear you... It's easier said than done. But if my calculations are correct, it should only take another 4.8 lifetimes to hold down a girlfriend. Or reincarnate straight. #shit

**In Brisbane, Queensland**

## **I Hate You. Period.**

I wrote a song once called "I Hate You, Period"... but everyone thought I was singing the full stop. So I changed it to "I Hate Menses", so now it sounds like I'm saying I hate men but in a really girly kind of way.

When Mum first told me what would happen every month at random times & places till I was too old to enjoy life, I screamed excitedly "Am I being punk'd?"

Apparently not... "It's so you can have kids" she said, like there was no cause for concern. I thought the only way that explanation's ever going to justify a life long subscription to a haemorrhaging surprise party, would be if I could give birth to Jesus! Or money! Or a nice bottle of Chandon... I'd christen that.

And don't get me started on the pads, they wrap each one like a freakin' pass the parcel... only I'm not happy when I open it. Maybe if a balloon or some chocolate fell out, I might actually look forward to it; of course a joint or 5 grams of crack would also be acceptable.

If there really is a God, what the hell was he thinking when he created this superfluous abomination!? I think on the 8th day he rested & then had a little bit of a giggle. Lol God... lol.

We should at least get a choice in the matter when puberty hits & Danoz Direct knocks on your door... "Would you like to, A: Be a woman; this includes menopause, cellulite & pregnancyyy, which comes with no caffeine or sushiiii... but that's not all, we'll even throw in a painful 15 hour labour during which time your vagina may or may not teaaar... & then you'll shit yourseeelf! No? Well then, can I interest you in a penis? They're quite popular. You won't stop touching it from the day you're old enough to reach it & all you'll ever think about is humping thiiings... & footbaaall, but mostly seeex. If you take this offer now, nobody will ever call you a whooore."

Hmm, let me think.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Replacing Sex With a Stiff One

I once had a woman tell me that since her divorce she'd replaced sex with booze, which meant she was now getting trashed once a year... on his birthday. But if she'd replaced drinking with sex instead, she'd be a whore.

Hmm, I see.

So basically, being single was good for both your liver & your twat. Duly noted. But then it happened to me. Not the marriage bit (cuz thankfully my OCD prevented an unfortunate balls-up when I countermanded a proposal & suggested getting hitched during a year with a prime number cuz anything else would just be crazy) but the painful breakup bit, after almost 4 years of an incredibly tumultuous relationship.

And by tumultuous, I mean she had Bipolar; & by incredibly, I mean at one point she tried to kick me down the stairs cuz I'd smoked a cigarette. In retrospect though she may have just been trying to save my life... when's the last time you saw a quadriplegic light up a smoke? Am I Right! Am I right! #glasshalffullfail

Years later, after she'd politely called from another town to inform me she wasn't returning, I took to the bottle like a Jehovah's Witness with a pamphlet & just didn't know when to quit... until my kidneys failed that is. Surprisingly tho, it wasn't the grog... they just didn't study. Hashtag hardyharhar... harhar.

So I've now been single for 9 long character building years & have seen less action than Barbie & GI Joe combined... so I guess you could say my vagina's failed as well. Go home body... you're drunk.

So in conclusion, the only thing that's good for both your liver & your twat... is the Je Joue Fifi Rechargeable Rabbit Vibrator 3000.

The End.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Selfies

So selfies are fun, hey guys!? Like going to the movies alone, or stalking yourself... or crying while you masturbate. That kind of fun.

I think the only people who should be taking selfies are my relies, so I know what they look like and we don't accidentally meet on Tinder. Seriously though, If you're taking a selfie chances are your best friend's a belfie stick.

Whilst I'm home alone on a Saturday night trolling my newsfeed, being a likeaholic & waiting up for my cat cuz he might need a lift home, I find the most upsetting pictures are the ones where people appear to be having their photos taken... by someone else. They just don't know how lucky they are.

Happiness it seems, is not having your arm anywhere near the lens #friends

You know you're living your best life when your limbs are so far away from the shutter it's unlikely anyone would ever speculate it's been photoshopped. But the perfect shot, is of 2 or more people with an accidental thumb 'photo bombing' the image so that at no point can one be accused of using a timer.

Of course, this doesn't mean said 'friend' & the alleged 'clumsy thumsy' were known to 'selfie no friends' at time of 'random memory' being snapped. When it comes to authenticity, a self proclaimed 'selfie abuser' can never be too careful... & this is where tags come in.

Prior to the photo in question, so as not to arouse suspicion; the 'Nigel no followers' should make sure any & all persons involved with operation 'Say No To Narcissism' are friends on facebook & still in the country... & then stalk, bump into, laugh while loading camera app, mime 'take photo', hug friend 2, smile, upload pic, insert funny & correctly spelled status, tag prey, post pic, & then pat yourself on the back & wait for the event invites to come flooding in.

Ahh, life's good.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Coming Out

Ever since I can remember I've been attracted to women, mostly cuz guys just put up less of a struggle... in a pair of thongs, some stubbies, and a singlet with a beer gut they're pretty much asking for it though aren't they ladeeeez?!

Chix all the way I say... cuz a strap-on won't ever need viagra.

But for any Church goes out there it's ok, I still sleep with guys when I'm really drunk, so relax... I'm as Catholic as you get when I'm on my knees. Praying of course (that I don't sober up before it's over).

Coming out to my parents was fun, I went for the 'make being gay sound comparatively better than something else' approach, I said "Mum, Dad, I'm a crack whore. I'm also pregnant and the Father's in jail... totes jokes, I'm actually gay."

Mum said, "Oh thank God!", but I think Dad liked me better as a pregnant crack whore. His response was, "What is this... bush week!? Get it Jen?!"

"Not really Dad."

"Tough crowd."

Just kidding, they actually found out the hard way; caught me and a friend in my room one day while we were supposed to be cleaning up. But I think Mum was more upset about the fact that we weren't cleaning cuz she goes, "C'mon girls... pull your finger out."

I didn't get that either. #ParentalPuns

Telling my Grandparents was worse though, everyone got sprinkles on their ice-cream that night but me. Frown face. All I got was a single chocolate bullet... with my name on it. I had to explain it to my little sister in Facebook terms when she asked, "What's a lesbian?" - I said, "It's a woman, who likes to poke other women... repeatedly."

Now she thinks everyone on Facebook is gay, which I thought was pretty accurate. But then she called Dad a lesbian but I guess it's half true cuz he does like women... and lesbian porn.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**



## Not Quite Right

I tried a bucket bong at a party one night, & for hours I thought I could hear voices in my head; so I started an acapella group... obviously. But then people just thought I had Tourettes.

Which was stupid really, I mean if anyone at school had Tourettes it was Marco... & that bloody Polo kid. Maaarcooo... Poooolooo... guys, get some heeeelp. School was so confusing sometimes; the first time I ever actually saw a game of Marco Polo being played, I was pretty sure a couple of blind kids had lost each other.

I was such a weird kid; used to make up stories about my imaginary friend to get some attention, like when I accused him of sexual harassment. But Mum just said to "Get used to it, all men are bastards" & Dad's advice was to "Stop dressing so slutty... & to get back on my meds."

I thought I still had an imaginary friend when I was about sixteen, which I sort of just put it down to all the weed I was smoking at the time. But no, turns out I was actually seeing someone... just didn't think anyone else could.

I decided to go & see my GP about everything, but I think he was flirting with me cuz he said I was special... even sent me to a specialist. Aww.

So I went back & asked for a breast exam, which he was more than happy to do... provided I blew the candles out & put the lights back on. Oops.

I'm kidding, he actually found two lumps.. but apparently that was normal. Then he gave me one of those pamphlets which shows you how to do it yourself, so I gave it to my brother instead & told him he'd be a hit with the ladies.

Nup... turns out early detection's a bit of a mood killer.

Now I know better than to mix business with pleasure at my doctor's office, except when I'm getting a mammogram... hitting second base on the first date. Or when I'm at Molescan of course... "Slip Slop Slapper" I say.

Right guys!? Guys?

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Puberty Bloobs

Puberty was quite hard for me, I was literally flatter than a pancake for what seemed like an eternity... I was just like two drops of maple syrup on a plate. By the end of primary school it started to look like I'd glued two Strawberries & Creams to myself... in case I got hungry during Social Studies. In my first year of High School I blossomed into a couple of home made pikelets with jam & by grade ten I'd developed a nice set of scones... only one hadn't risen properly. The following year I managed to grow an impressive pair of muffin tops, but not on my chest, & it turns out hip cleavage just doesn't have quite the same effect on boys... or girls... or teachers.

At that point I realised I should probably stop doing Home Ec... the food analogies were getting out of hand. But it didn't stop there, in grade twelve I started referring to them as Salt & Pepa, like the condiments... cuz one top was slightly darker than the other. But I told people I meant the singers, cuz my boobs liked to Shoop... Shoop'e'doop'e'doop'e'doop, & then we'd all start dancing in the quad like a flash mob on the set of Glee. Or at least that's how I remember it... might've had something to do with the combination of anti-depressants & the huge spliff I'd smoked at recess, but I guess we'll never know.

Thankfully High School's over and my lady bumps have finally settled on a baked good we can both agree on... meringues... cuz they're so white everyone I've slept with &/or flashed is now legally blind.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Nine Months of Rehab

So sometimes I'll go to the chemist & pick myself up a pregnancy test just so people think I have a sex life, or maybe the morning after pill... but not at the same time #awkward

I wouldn't mind having kids though, I love them; I believe they can make you a better person... mostly cuz I think pregnancy's the only thing that'd stop me from drinking long enough to get my licence back.

You just can't buy that kind of motivation.

Well you could, but then you'd miss out on the baby bonus; not to mention the baby shower & I've always wanted to host one of those... me & free stuff are like peas & carrots.

Rehab on the other hand is just getting sober for 28 days, signing yourself out & then binge drinking for a week to celebrate... Lohan style.

But pregnancy is like hardcore AA & your sponsor's living in your uterus. Did someone say 24hr support, eating for two & pregnancy jeans? Erm, yes please!

This should be the new anti-drinking campaign:

"You got a drinking problem? Just get knocked up! The only thing standing between you & sobriety, is a one night stand! So get down to your local pub today... your liver will thank you."

It's also a good investment I think, in 18 years time I'll have a drinking buddy! Plus we'll be living at the same address so we'll save on cab costs. Kids are amazing like that... they practically pay for themselves.

We might even be eligible for theme park family passes & they can hold my stuff while I go on the rides.

Whats that you say? A Father figure? Deh, I'm not an irresponsible twat... I'll make sure they get to spend time with positive male role models like Colonel Sanders on special occasions, Ronald McDonald every second weekend, & Eagle Boys for the school holidays.

I'm gonna be the best Mum ever!

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Gay Arguments

Being in a relationship with another woman can have its perks, like borrowing clothes, no pash rashes & having a good long chat about tampon texture without someone fainting or turning on the cricket to restore balance.

But it can also have its drawbacks, like who sits at the head of the table? Who proposes to who? And do we tell Centrelink? And when two women are simultaneously PMSing I find a really good sense of humour is imperative.

If you're a woman dating another... you'd better find everything so funny that when you both ask each other what's wrong, both say nothing, both spend the next 5 days in total silence, or crying, or silent crying, till one of you snaps & smashes the most expensive, most annoying thing in the house to have to clean up... it'd better make you laugh so hard, your neighbours think you're watching a lesbian drama with medium level violence comedy special... and removing that shard of glass still stuck in your eye from last month's fight had better make you freaking giggle. Or else lesbianism is not for you.

"If you don't stop putting your wet towels on the floor, I'm gonna wear a pink dress every time we go out so YOU look like the butch one." Well played lover, well played... I don't want people to confuse me with Ellen, so you win this round.

"If you don't stop nagging me, I'm gonna get all your pride flags & anything else with a multi-coloured pattern on it resembling a rainbow & stick 'em through a hot wash!" They're colourfast, but you're welcome to do my laundry.

It's times like these being straight seems somewhat appealing. What I wouldn't give to have a guy tell me to "Stop being so emotional" - I've got heaps of comebacks for that, like... "No sex for you." Whereas a lesbian might see this as a win & then you're screwed, but not in a good way.

#thatssogay

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Celebrity Kids

I've noticed celebrity kids seem to be ageing somewhat faster than the rest of us; one minute they're a new born on the cover of New Idea... next thing you know they're celebrating their 9th birthday, creating their own fashion label, & becoming the face of a brand new multi-million dollar tweeny bobber fragrance range called, "Underage" (which in a French accent, almost sounds legal).

Meanwhile, you're still waiting in the queue at Centrelink & by the time you hand your form in, they've been arrested for their first DUI. If only I had that kind of motivation.

I'm so lazy I think the snooze button's just an extra 5 minutes to decide whether or not I'm chucking a sicky; time's up... yes I am. Hit the snooze again... just more time to think up an original excuse. Final snooze... time to practice my sick voice & rehearse the story.

Then this happens: "Eh hem, eeh hem... Oh hi, yeah it's Jen, uuumm... I'm too sick to come into work tod... Oh hey Kerry, wazzzuuuup!? I'm great how are you!?"

I bet while I'm busy at home watching Dr Phil, scratching my crotch & downing a Tim Tam every time he says the words "I want you to get excited about your life" ... Suri Cruise is out getting a mani-pedi with Dr Phil's wife & planning her next venture with a new TV show called, "It's not me... it's definitely you, cuz you're poor, u idiot."

Meanwhile the Brangelina's are already having a mid-life crisis & hard at work tweeting their therapists (who charge by the retweet) ... "Is it weird that I'm attracted to my parents?" While they're out doing charity work & tweeting the release of their highly anticipated autobiography from a publishing deal they signed via ultrasound... I'm at home looking for a job on Facebook.

By the time I was sixteen all I'd accomplished was a B cup... and then I deferred, for about 15 years.

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## The Personality Smear

It should be compulsory to regularly test for personality abnormalities; this might help to solve the riddle of the arctic weather conditions that have plagued my nether regions for centuries (or thereabouts).

When I first received the 2 yearly reminder I made a joke at one of my gigs saying, "Nothing says single quite like when you're getting ready for a pap smear appointment... & you catch yourself getting all dressed up." Then we all laughed & laughed & laughed.

But halfway through my date with the doc, which I like to call 'getting back out there', I thought what may've been a much more productive use of our time would've been if she'd stuck the 'duck' in my ear & taken a swab of my brain to try & make heads or tails of my romantic shortcomings.

What would the results show? "Ah Jenni, I'm afraid your loser levels are a little higher than I'd like them to be, they're in the... 'Not-even-a-boob-job-could-help-you-now' range." Or would they diagnose me with "What-the-f\$%k-have-you-got-down-there-a-shredder?-disease." (You can find a list of other people with this rare affliction at eharmony.com & your local leagues club.)

"Plus your self-esteem is embarrassingly low, so low in fact I don't even think... I like you. Plus a friend of my Uncle's Cousin's Nephew's dog walker, the one who works every 3rd Tuesday, well... their neighbour, with the lazy eye, also thinks you're weird. So here's a referral to see a specialist. Not cuz I think they can help... I just think you're really special. That'll be \$60 please."

Or will they discover I'm pregnant & to, "Stop eating sushi immediately!" But obviously thanks to my, 'You're-really-nice... but' personality, "it must be due to a 21st century immaculate conception, also known as rohypnol.

Smaga to be continued... #notreally

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## Show Us Ya Tits

Don't you hate it when guys drive along & yell out, "Show us ya tits!"... but they don't stop? Fellaaazz... I need more time!

I'm sick of the next car getting a free show, & the one after that telling me to "Put 'em awaaaay!"... "Oops, sorry Dad, I was just saying hello to the new neighbours... they are SUPER friendly. Plus Mum said it was ok & I need a date for the formal."

Is it just an Aussie thing do you think? Do Americans actually stop the car? Do kiwis ask to, "See your tuts", & you're like, "Um... my what?"

Do European guys drive alongside you, serenading you with female anatomy themed love songs while politely asking to see your boobs in sexy unintelligible accents so you don't notice how creepy it really is? Do Brits in colder climates recognise the futility of such a request and ask you to get into the heated unregistered black van first... like true gentlemen?

Personally, if I wanted to see some solicited tender breast action from the confines of a moving vehicle... I'd flash mine first. Using the, 'I'll show you mine if you show me yours' principle, means everybody wins. But dignity loses.

FYI, I'd do more than just flash my lady bumps if they'd bother to stop... "Show us ya glutes!?", "Help me with my tax retuuuurn!?", "How do we get back on the M1 we're completely loooooost!?"

Sure, whatever you need man, just stop the freakin' car!

Seriously tho, what's it really all about? Why do guys ask to see your jugs but don't even slow down, so at the very least, you've got time to whip out just one of your knockers?! (The left one of course, the right one's got a lazy eye... and you'll be damned if you're going to embarrass yourself!)

The answer is simple... they've all got multiple personalities, & the one not listed on their birth certificate's a dirty bastard!

Or bogan tourettes. #googleit

**In Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia**

## About Author

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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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