

A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY JUILET W

Contents

Story Title	Page
The Not So Perfect Road Trip	2
The Worst Insult to Chinese Tea	3

The Not So Perfect Road Trip

Ah, the open road, wind in your hair, blue skies above and the radio cranking out your favorite songs. What could go wrong?

Answer One:

It was getting late, and we were hungry and trying to locate our hotel near Niagara Falls. There's much debate about blame (Driver vs. Navigator) but a wrong turn was made. We encountered a road crew and plenty of detour signs, which led us across a teeth-rattling dirt road. But we were rolling along – momentarily – until we heard Pffffttttt.

Lesson: A new set of four tires makes an excellent souvenir.

Answer Two:

After a visit to Colorado we were making our way back to Santa Fe. It was a lovely day with beautiful scenery, and we were making great time... until... "Honey, I can't make the gas pump work." I probably rolled my eyes.

I put down the map and got out of the car. I put the nozzle in the tank and squeezed. Gas came shooting back at me, splattering on my feet. Interesting to say the least.

We backtracked to a Ford dealership, then to another dealership, followed by a rental car office, before finally heading home. Those were excellent stops by the way, offering attractions such as burnt coffee and credit card bills. I only wished I'd captured them all on film.

It took three weeks for Subaru to figure out the problem, replace the entire fuel system and return the car to us. Note: The car was two years old.

Lesson: Never buy a Subaru.

The Worst Insult to Chinese Tea

As we were in China, I was determined to buy tea. We veered down a side street and wandered past dry cleaners and nail bars. We finally found a tiny tea store (it couldn't have been more than eight foot square). Teapots lined the shelves and black plastic tags listed the prices—no haggling here.

The woman in the store spoke a few words of English. I managed to get a tin of green tea but, when it came to oolong tea, it got a bit more complicated. After much confusion over pricing, it emerged that oolong was sold based on weight. The store owner had attempted English, so I decided to apologize for my lack of Mandarin. There were two phrases that I had memorized.

I intended to say 'whoa how bow chien' (written phonetically), which means 'I am so sorry.' I tagged 'Mandarin' on the end of the sentence, hoping the sentiment was conveyed. Instead, I trotted out phrase number two: 'woo boo shufu' (written phonetically). The woman took a hasty step back. As I finished speaking, I realized what I'd just said: I feel sick! I've never received my change quite so promptly.

In Shanghai, China

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.