

A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY KYM ALLEN

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Grand final day

There is no greater day on the calendar than the last day in September. The Australian football leagues grand final!

More often than not it is a beautiful sunny spring day, the smell of freshly cut grass in the air, often mixed with the sweet aroma of snags cooking on the barbie.

Beers are usually cracked pretty early, good mates are always close by, and a half time kick of the footy in the middle of the street is mandatory.

My favourite part of the day is when the final siren sounds, and the pure elation which is obvious from the 22 playing winners. The hundreds of thousands of supporters feel that similar joy after they have been riding the bumps with their team all day. Conversely, the opposition is inconsolable. To them it feels so close, but oh so far.

It is a wintery day in Melbourne today, but come 5:15, the sun will be on the hawks or the swans, and history will have been written.

Conquering Kili

I have been lucky enough to have some awesome travelling experiences. It all started with Kokoda, and has included skiing Japan and France, cruising in Turkey, running with the bulls, discovering some of the world's top cities, and of course partying on SE Asian beaches. But I wanted something more... Something Special... Something Adventurous. Looking back now, I cannot really remember why or how I decided upon it, but I decided to embark on a climb of Mount Kilimanjaro. At 5898 meters above sea level, Kili is the highest free standing mountain in the world. It is so high, that despite being basically on the equator, is capped in ice. However, you don't need to be a mountain climber to get to the top. You just need a good attitude, good guides and small amount of luck.

When I put feelers out to friends and family, I was not sure what response I would get. But I was pleased when my mate Drago and also my Dad agreed to sign on. Then I went into shock when my 58 year old Mum said she wanted to come along. I was wrapped, but told he she needed to get training pronto.

As it turned out, all four of us made it to the summit at dawn on a freezing morning in February 2011. I have never seen anything as inspiring as my mum continuing her push to the top while she was obviously struggling with the lack of oxygen, freezing temperatures, and gradient we had to fight up. I shed a couple of tears as we stood atop the mountain and admired the sun rising over the endless African plane.

In Kilimanjaro, Tanzania

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.