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



BY MARIA SANTOS

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Nightmare in the Middle of Nowhere

It was December of 1974 and I had just got married to Juvencio in Porto Alegre. For our honeymoon, we decided to drive 750km south down to Punta del Este to spend some time on the beach in Uruguay.

We made our way down south spending most of the time talking, listening to music, singing and joking around.

Close to the border, there was this endless stretch of road that seemed to go on forever and we were shocked to see a guy in the distance hitch hiking. With a good 30 seconds to discuss amongst each other, we agreed that the only fair thing we could do would be to pick him up.

As he got in, he explained that his truck had broken down and wanted to find out where we were going.

Conversation flowed OK, but he started giving us bad vibes with his story about the broken down truck sounding flakey. I gave Juvencio a sly look and he nodded back signally that he was onto him as well.

To send the signal that he was armed, Juvencio exaggerated the action of leaning down to pick "something" up from under the chair. At that moment, I looked into the rearview mirror and remarked to Juvencio that we had friends behind us. "Really?", our passenger blurted out. "Oh yes, those three cars behind us are all in our group", I said forcing a smile.

"Oh. Okay. Uh... right here would be fine. Just drop me off here".

So with that, Juvencio stopped the car in the middle of no-where and let the guy out.

Who knows, if we hadn't been thinking fast at that moment, I may not be sharing this story here right now.

In BR-471, Santa Vitória do Palmar - RS, 96230-000, Brazil

Stomach Problems and Psychological Damage

Has anyone ever seen that movie Carrie? Well, I can somewhat relate to her and can't blame her for going psycho....

While I was in middle school, I recall a time being in the bathroom thinking to myself, "Wow, the previous person must have some stomach problems because this place really STINKS".

As I left the bathroom, all of my classmates were staring at me and started laughing out loud (LOL'ing?) and I had no idea why. I quickly gathered that they all thought it was hilarious that I was the one who'd turned the bathroom into a sewage plant. The louder I professed my innocence, the louder their laughing became which hurt me so much that I burst into tears.

One of the head teachers came to "my rescue" and sent me home where Mom she started pumping me full of teas and medications to fix my perfectly-fine belly. She also wasn't buying the fact I hadn't destroyed the toilet.

I sheepishly returned to school the next day and one of my "friends" confided that they'd sneakily thrown in a stink bomb to my bathroom stall.

What a-holes they were....

In Avenida Ipiranga, Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Stiletto trailer

Here is something embarrassing that happened to me at my friend's wedding.

I went along with my husband and was having a great time. It was a nice ceremony, we had a great dinner and the party was really happening on the dance-floor at the reception. After making a quick trip to the ladies to retouch my make up, I returned to my table and noticed a couple of the other guests looking towards my direction and giggling. I thought that maybe they were being friendly so I let it pass - but I was soon to learn the truth.

I then decided to join everyone on the dance floor and noticed that everyone was now looking in my direction and laughing. Oh no. I quickly looked around to see if I was dirty or otherwise then, to my horror, I noticed that about 3 metres of toilet paper was stuck on my stiletto heel and it had been trailing me like an unwelcome stowaway all of this time! The horror.

As soon as I got rid of it, I had to laugh along with everyone - to keep me from crying from complete and utter embarrassment.

In Petrópolis, Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Shot down from up above

One day I was in the elevator at work and I found myself next to this really tall guy. I'm not too tall myself, so I was taken a little bit with the height of this guy. I would have to say he was about 6"4 (192cm).

My way of dealing with this confusion was to blurt out a good natured joke as we did in the lift from time to time. So I said to him, "Hiii. Ummm. What's the weather like up there?" with a smile.

To which he immediately replied, "I don't know, check my thermometer".

In Porto Alegre - Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Scorned in Paris

My friend (Vania) and I were sightseeing in Paris and were trying to locate Notre Dame and we were ready to ask anyone for directions given our lack of situation. We walked passed a group of cafés and I thought of asking one of the waiters whether he could point us in the right direction. He was half way through his explanation and then his colleague walked by and somehow tipped his tray of ice cream onto my lap. At this moment, I kind of froze and then started to slowly walk away, totally unsure about what to do. I then stopped in my tracks, walked around and then thought that these guys should look after me! They have a bathroom! It's the least that they can do in this situation! With this confidence, I walked almost straight into the little café but was stopped by the boss lady. This woman hadn't seen the event but was convinced that we had ulterior motives. You see, in this area, the toilet to tourist ratio is not-quite-right so they're used to people dwindling their way in to save the €1.50 fee for non-clients. She blocked my way to the toilet with her arm and I stretched my French to the limit as I tried to explain what had just happened. She did not budge and I finally lost my cool telling her "que te vajas tomar en el culo" which is widely known even by the French. With that, we left.

In Paris, France

About Author

Maria Santos

I'm a proud mother who enjoys travelling and avoiding embarrassing situations - most of which have been recounted here.

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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