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



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What if

Recently I had this great trip to America, which was REALLY AWESOME except for one moment where I was kind of crapping myself. I was standing on the platform, in the New York underground Subway, when I noticed a very tall African American guy holding a guitar case with something concealed in it. I was trying not to look at him, but at the same time I was thinking 'What if it's a gun? Are we all about to be shot?!'

So of all the people on the platform to chat to, he decides to come and chat to ME. 'Oh great' I'm thinking 'I'm gonna be shot for sure now'. He starts with the usual small talk, but then he asks if I am married, and I panic. I feel that if I say yes, it might upset him, and therefore if it is a gun in the case, I'll be shot for sure. But then, if I say I'm not married, well then that's a lie. 'jeeppers, just answer him Mel. Say SOMETHING, at least'. So I say "Yeah, I'm married. Been married for 11 years now." He seems okay with that answer. Good, no sign of being shot yet.

We continue with the small talk for a bit, and then after a few minutes he says "Oh by the way, in case you're wondering, I'm hiding a beer in this guitar case, because it's illegal to drink alcohol on the Subway."

Oh my goodness, let me tell you that NEVER, in my ENTIRE LIFE have I been SO GLAD to see someone DRINKING!!!

What if it really had been a gun though? I mean, it's entirely possible. You hear about it all the time. Anyway, it wasn't and I'm okay. Thank God!

In New York, NY, United States

Crunchie Girl.

I got called 'Crunchie' a little while ago. See, hubby and I were driving along (hubby was driving) and it was winter, and I saw the weirdest rain I had ever seen in my life; like it was coming straight at the windscreen. It was so strange!! And then when we got to our destination, someone asked me if had seen the snow on the way up, and I said "No, but I saw the weirdest rain I have ever seen in my life!!" and he said "That was SNOW, Melinda!"

Unfortunately though, my embarrassment doesn't end there, because when I got out of the car, I then said, out loud, that the 'ice' in the ground was the weirdest ice I had ever seen, it was so soft and so white and again, someone said "MEL, IT'S CALLED SNOW!! S-N-O-W, SNOW, it happens sometimes in winter, you know!!"

And that is how I got called a crunchie - blonde on the inside!

Obviously I don't see snow often enough to know what the hell it is! Hate it when I embarrass myself out loud like that, you know, like in public and everything!

I hurt myself

i don't mean to. Hurt myself, that is. It's just one of those unusual talents. For example, one time I gave myself a fat lip AND a blood nose with (thankfully) the wrong end of a gun. See, apparently when you shoot (which I DON'T normally do, for reasons which will very soon become obvious as to why) you have a dominant eye or shoulder or something, yeah? Well, I had this boyfriend who was into shooting and insisted that I have a go at it. Only the once. He never insisted again.

Anyway, so there I was holding this gun in what felt like the most awkward grasp I could possibly muster when all of a sudden I thought 'bugger it, I'm just gonna hold it right in the middle . . . of my face! . . . I know, I know, I can hear you laughing and gasping. It's just that it all happened so fast that my boyfriend didn't get a chance to say 'NO, DON'T DO IT!!!' and milliseconds later, there I was with the gun firmly against my nose. I pulled the trigger and the thing kicked back into my face with this 'WHAMMO' and seconds later there is blood coming out of my nose, my eyes are watering madly and my lip was swelling to ridiculous proportions. All my boyfriend could do was stand there doubled over with laughter.

To this day, I am so glad it was only a 22 and not some big powerful shotgun or whatever. I could have smashed my whole jaw. See guns really are dangerous . . . especially to unco's like me!

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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