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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY MICHAEL CONNELL

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What you MUST do if you go to France

I'd just checked into a fancy hotel in Paris. I walked into the ensuite, and there, floating in the toilet bowl was... well, I don't know how to say this in French... but someone had made a faux pas.

I hit the button to flush it but nothing happened. Looking for help, I walked out into the hall and waved at a passing maid.

I opened my mouth to complain, but then remembered... I didn't speak any French! All I knew was "please", "thank you" and a few basic phrases like "I am here on business".

I stood there stammering, trying to explain; "Avec... je suis... um... le poo..."

She stared at me blankly.

"OK, come see the problem." I said, waving her into the room and shooping her over to the ensuite.

"There, you see?" I said, pointing to the problem floating in the bowl.

Then, to show her the toilet wouldn't flush, I hit the button...

...and it did flush.

Suddenly I'm thinking "What does she think has just happened?"

Some weirdo has called her into a bathroom to say "Look what I've done!

Well, now we've both enjoyed my creation... I'll send it on its way..."

I panicked and said my only French phrase; "I am here on business."

"That's his business? Defiling hotel rooms?" She must have wondered.

The moral of the story is... if you ever go to France and you don't want to end up in these kind of embarrassing situations learn French. Or plumbing...

In Paris, France

The secret to landing a job...

On my way to a job interview I caught the train into the city. Of course, the second I got off the train it started bucketing rain.

Covering my head with an old newspaper I dashed from the station to the office. Unfortunately, it was a long walk and by the time I got to the office I was soaked through.

Luckily there were other candidates before me so I had a few minutes to tidy up. I straightened my tie, used the newspaper to clean my shoes, and shook off my jacket.

The interview did not go well. The interviewer seemed really distracted. I thought I was acing all his questions, but he kept giving me this weird look. "Well, um... thanks for coming in..." he said absently.

I couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong.

Walking back to the train I caught my reflection in a window. Suddenly it all made sense.

When I ran to the office, the rain had made ink from the paper smudge off onto my face.

There, right across my forehead, in bold, backwards letters, was the headline; "Saddam Executed!"

I learnt an important lesson that day: While it might help you stand out from the pack, a backwards political face tattoo probably won't land you the job.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Do Not Say This in Japan

I'd just arrived in Japan and was meeting my host family for the first time. After I'd introduced myself, and they'd introduced themselves, we fell into an awkward silence.

It seemed my Japanese was as bad as their English, and we were struggling to find something to say.

Suddenly their dog ran into the room. It was a Shiba Inu. These are small Japanese dogs that are pretty common over there but I'd never seen one before.

"Oh, wow! What kind of dog is that?" I asked, leaping at the chance to make some small talk.

My host mother looked confused and said "Wakarimasen" (Japanese for "I don't understand"). It seemed they didn't know the word kind".

Luckily they had an English to Japanese dictionary and looked it up. Unfortunately it was a concise edition and only had one definition; kind in the sense of kindness.

"Hmmm no..." I said, "What type of dog?"

Again the concise dictionary failed us, giving only type as in typing and my host family started miming keyboards.

Trying again I pointed at the dog and said, "Um...breed?"

They looked it up in the dictionary.

Suddenly they looked shocked.

"With the dog?!"

In Japan

About Author

Michael Connell

Michael is a comedian, writer, motivational speaker and harmonica player. His thoughtful and all inclusive comedy has won praise from critics and makes him constantly in demand as an entertainer.

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.