

# A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY NICK O'CONNELL

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## **It's Not A Joke**

Four Mormons walk into a Hungry Jack's...

It's not a joke...

It really happened. That's the problem when you do stand up comedy. When you tell someone about something interesting that happened to you, they think it's a joke.

"And?" "That's it." "Really?" "Yeah..." "Oh..."

You don't have conversations, you do bits now. You're trying out a new routine, not trying to catch up with someone.

Here's the kicker. Often a person's reaction to the ordinary story becomes a bit.

**In Adelaide, South Australia, Australia**

## **My (podcast) friend**

I miss my friend. Well, he's sort of my friend. We've talked once. By talk, I mean we sent one message each via the Internet.

My friend talks. We all do, but when he talks, it's recorded. It's funny and sad at times, but mostly funny. Sometimes he makes my other friend angry, but it's only pretend, much like our friendship.

Recently, my friend stopped talking. I don't really know why, but I do know I miss him. My other friend doesn't know what to do at the moment, apart from continuing with the talking. It's still good, but it's not the same without my other friend.

My friend loves Tim Tams, Australia and Justin Hamilton's story about a clown. This is why we are friends. I miss him very much.

**In Adelaide, South Australia, Australia**

## **Down In Hell**

My work is hell. Sort of.

It's mostly a construction site at the moment and I'm hardly a tradie. I'm a shelf stacker. It's musty, dusty and the air conditioning isn't on and it's very hot. Hotter than Hell.

I'm wearing long black pants, boots and a long sleeve shirt and I'm far from being as cool as a cucumber.

Our only safe haven, or Heaven if you will, is the break room. It's a chilly 16 degrees, but the cool relief doesn't last long once we return to the furnace.

Sure, there are worse places in the world. But I'm upper middle class, and I must suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

**In Adelaide, South Australia, Australia**

## You Had Just One Job

It's sunny. It's party time. For 4 year olds. It's 1998. My sister is turning 4. The party is being held in a huge park near our house. My Mum is flat out, baking a cake, getting snacks and drinks organised and trying to "control" what resembles a black hole of mischievous children. My Mum has a lot on her plate, my Dad does not.

My Dad has only 1 job to do today. He has to go to the park and scout the park for the perfect location to setup the table for the party. 1 job. That's it. Just 1. Mum is flat out and Dad is not that busy. How can he stuff this one up? Majorly, it turns out.

The park near our house is huge. Ovals, playgrounds, tennis courts and a big creek runs through the park; it's more of a suburb than a park. The park has many places to setup a party, many, many idyllic settings. My Dad had an abundance of places to setup the party table. He set the party table next to a stolen car.

Yep. You read that right. A stolen car. Ovals, playgrounds, tennis courts and a big creek runs through the park. My Dad picks literally the worst place imaginable. He could of set it up next to a dumpster and he would have been fine. He chose a stolen car. My Mum was apocalyptically angry. Hell hath no fury like a woman who's super busy and her husband makes a very poor choice.

The icing on the cake was the fact that the fire brigade was called out. The car was leaking petrol and there was a concern that it would blow up. Just what every 4th birthday party needs. Explosions and fear.

## About Author

### Nick O'Connell

Nick O'Connell is an aspiring comedian and writer from Adelaide. He one day hopes to be an inspiring comedian and writer from Adelaide.

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](http://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](http://bytestories.com), Register an account and click on the "Share a Story" button.