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



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Travel to the Inner City

There he was again at 6am crawling on his belly along the ground to the backyard toilet, naked apart from woman's pink dressing gown. His slow unsteady progress extending his arms and pulling himself along indicated that he had had too much to drink for too long a time. We were staying at a B&B in the inner city for a few days and this was the sight that greeted us each day.

He and his partner often stayed up all night drinking, playing loud music, singing and arguing. They tended to lose all sense of time and so day became night, night became day with everything else in between. Today's sight was just one of many sightings in the days we had been next door although the colour of the dressing gowns changed.

Outside toilets had disappeared almost 40 years earlier – this person appeared to have the outside toilet in existence. Maybe he hadn't realized that time had moved on?

Apart from his partner in partying, his other constant companion was a very motley looking cockatoo called Monty without any breast feathers which roamed freely around the neighbourhood picking the fillers out of roofs and windows, unpegging clothing from clotheslines and screeching very loudly from daylight to dark.

Time to go back home and yet somehow those early morning visions and the naked parrot will be missed.

In Australia

Just a misunderstanding - hand to hand combat

Just a misunderstanding - hand to hand combat.

The evening started off quietly enough. It had been a beautiful sunny day, the garden looked wonderful – glowing colours and greenery, lush and enticing. We had had an ordinary enough day, work, school, dinner and settled down to read and watch a little telly often reminiscing how fortunate we were for having found this beautiful house to live in with its bush surrounds.

Suddenly, I saw something out of the corner of my eye but put it down to a trick of the eye that often happens. We all went about our business, laughing and the boys getting ready for bed. After they had settled I went in to watch TV again, alone. There was a movement over my right shoulder and this time I turned quickly enough to see a huge massive spider sitting on the wall right next to me at head level.

This was possibly the most athletic time of my life and I jumped across the room in one bound. Horror. That was the end of sitting in the loungeroom. I soon decided it was time for bed as I had another big day tomorrow. As I walked around the house, I saw two more of the huge hairy beasts on different walls. The last straw was when I entered my bedroom and there was also one in there as well. I was completely freaked out by this time.

I went into the boys room, closed the door tight, stuffing clothing under the door and climbed in with my younger son in the bottom bunk. He drowsily woke and asked why I was there. I told him that the house was full of spiders and that I was going to sleep with him. In the morning I heard whispering and my older son saying “Why is Mum in your bed?” The reply was, “She said the house is full of spiders”. Two very wary sons opened the door slowly expected millions of spiders to be there and naturally the spiders had disappeared come daytime.

In Australia

Mistake - One at a time

Everyone at the clinic says the phrase 'one day at a time' to me day after day, one day at a time, one at a time, once upon a time.

The days are long. Much sitting around mindlessly watching mindless television shows. They won't allow us to watch anything with sex, drugs, rock and roll or violence in them. They believe that certain types of music excites us and makes us want us to re-live our misspent youth which, in turn, one day at a time would lead us back into temptation. This leaves us with practically nothing to watch at all.

In between we have group therapy discussions although those are all about listening to the leader rambling on with his or her own viewpoints on why we should all be clean and sober. It's a bit late for that. Maybe we should have had these heart to hearts when we were fifteen years old and just about to start down the roads to our many and various addictions. That's not to say we didn't have fun along the way but each time the fun led to disappointment and failure, and one day at a time, we had to re-invent ourselves and start all over.

This is my fifth visit to this establishment. Nowadays it takes much longer to be able to be accepted into the programs. They probably think I'm a no hoper and after so many attempts that there is no point in giving me another chance. Naturally this time I am convinced I can overcome the addictions and live the days of my life one at a time clean and sober. The hard part is leaving and having to go back to real life. The arguments start up again, the pressures of work or no work crush in, where to live becomes an issue and those of us with children have the added guilt and pressure. Even thinking about them makes me feel fragile.

One day at a time, one at a time, once upon a time.

In Australia

A Dreadful Affliction

I have an affliction. In some circles it is considered a disability. Nowhere near as serious as being in a wheelchair, or blind, or deaf or intellectually disabled though. It seems that I have a hole in a certain part of my brain, somewhere where the synapses do not meet correctly.

It hasn't been all bad and it has taken me to many places - some interesting and some not. In my explorations, I have driven unknown highways and byways, explored many a fire trail in parts of our wonderful country. It has, over many years, lead to tears, to arguments, to overflowing frustrations, to serious thoughts of murder and divorce.

It does prevent my participating fully in life, as I unable to enter orienteering events or those wonderful around Australia rallies, or 'bashes' as they are called. I have always thought what great fun they would be however they do require navigation and location skills.

People say 'just buy a GPS'. What a great idea. That would lead me exactly where I want to go. Oops, not quite. It tells me too late to get into the correct lane - whoops, missed the turn off again. It leads me to dead ends or strange roads that are not even on paper maps. I do find the GPS soothing though and its voice very calming while I am randomly driving around and carrying out a series of U-turns. After a lifetime, there seems no hope of a cure.

In Australia

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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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