

# A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



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## **Sub of the Day**

Having spent the first few months of my time in London drinking my savings away it was time to get real, get a job and find a real house. After paying rent and deposit my funds were seriously lacking and as such my diet changed from beer and curries to water and pasta, then I came across the winning combo.

Subway's sub of the day. Two quid for a 6" sub of the day, twice a day served its purpose. A different sub every day, and sometimes if I had the extra cash I'd splurge and get the foot long. Always had to make sure I got all the toppings so it was as big as possible.

This might be why I managed to avoid catching the "London bug" and blowing up in size whilst there.

**In London, United Kingdom**

## **Not my boat!**

After a few days sailing around the Croatian islands with beautiful blue skies the weather deteriorated ever so slightly and a slight gusting wind started barraging our boat.

Unfortunately all our blow-up boats - for floating in the water off the Dalmation Coast - were haphazardly tied down to the boat, mine less than others as after one large gust while we were anchored it flew off the boat.

I asked our host if I could swim after it, he said it was OK as we were stopped for a swim break anyway, but one of the deck hands warned me that there's a fairly strong current.

Throwing caution to the wind I jumped off the side of the boat chasing after my little boat, every time I would come within 5 metres of it another gust would come and blow it another 5 metres away.

When I finally decided to stop and take note of the situation I realised I was quite some distance away from our boat and the current was ever-so-slightly pulling me further away.

Looking at my small boat, and the big boat, and back again, I decided it was time to give up and swim back to safety. I'm a fairly competent swimmer but with the current against me and having already swum half the total distance to say it was a struggle would be an understatement.

I managed to back-stroke, breath-stroke, free-style it back to the boat and climbed up on deck, sat down with a towel around me and a nice big glass of water.

Upon reflection, jumping off the boat in the first place wasn't such a good idea.

## **In Croatia**

## **We missed the bus**

In the hostel I had been staying at for a week or so I got used to various people coming through, some liked to go out partying, some didn't, whatever the case may be everyone was happy there. Myself and another "long-termer" (someone who had been there longer than a couple of nights) had become friends and were used to going out with new groups of people coming through.

One day a group of 3 yanks fresh out of army training school were passing through, so we went out for a heavy night of drinking. During the night we decided that we'd join them on the bus they had booked for Amsterdam the next morning.

Unfortunately one too many beers were had that night and my friend and I didn't manage to get ourselves out of bed the next morning, the yanks (apparently) tried to wake us but we weren't budging. So the next morning I get a note handed to me from the bar tender written by one of the yanks telling us they had to leave without us and to hit them up on Facebook for when they came back through.

Unfortunately I put that in the pocket of my jacket that happened to have a hole in it and I lost their details, we never saw those yanks again. Some friendships just aren't meant to last.

**In London, United Kingdom**

## **Are you starting this visa?**

After quickly visiting my cousins engagement party, being driven in an entourage with my family to the airport and a teary farewell with my nearest and dearest in the bar at Melbourne airport I was starting my adventure.

I had a few days stop through Singapore visiting my cousins then continued the journey on to the motherland.

After countless hours trying to sleep in airports in Singapore and Malaysia, then the dreaded 14 hour flight I was there. Stansted airport "London."

The Air Asia flight didn't have too many EU citizens so the line up for immigration was quite long, the anticipation building and finally I arrive and greet the officer. He flips through my passport, locates my visa, looks up and says "Are you starting this visa?" I smile and say "Yes;" walk through the gates, collect my bags and my adventure has begun.

**In London, United Kingdom**

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