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



BY DAISY SHEPHERD

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Fat Chinas

So I was at a friends christening and have reached that stage in life where people look at you with sympathy or fear as you sit there on your lonesome!

I am quite happy on my own but people assume that unless you have a man or some brats in tow then you must be unhappy! And if I got lonely someone suggested I could get a cat but I didn't like animals. Well you could always get a man, the unasked for suggestions continued; ok I replied I'll get a cat then. Anyway am sitting at this christening trying to feign interest in babies and words cannot describe my utter boredom (I do have my limits) when this boy about 7 years old decided to grace us with his presence. I was talking to his dad at the time so it made sense that he would come and annoy us. "I know how babies are made" he said, "oh great" I thought, here is a smart arse who thinks he can embarrass me. Listen kid I wanted to say, when you have died on stage trying to be funny, nothing could be more embarrassing!

"OK so tell me," I say, trying to humour him and annoy his dad. "Well boys have a penis", which he acted out pointing to the appropriate part of his body and women have Fat Chinas. Priceless, I couldn't stop laughing. "You have a budding comedian," I said to his father who initially had been shade of red I had not seen for a while but then lost his inhibitions and gave in to the laughter that was infectious. Definitely better than a cat!

In Edinburgh, United Kingdom

Stand up really?

“Hi what’s up mum?”

“I just thought I would speak to my favorite son.”

“What is big brother not free?”

“Yeah so I thought I would speak to my second favorite son but he’s not free either so it had to be you!”

Why do children think something is up when you call them?

Can you not just want to hear their sweet voices?

Well no but you do want to know they are still alive and coping with exam pressure. So I decided to go into stand up the year my mum died 2103, as a distraction for the grieving process, or either that to get back at my children.

I remember my first ever gig, I told no none not even myself. If I was going to die on stage, it would be alone.

Having not read the small print on the comedy course I was doing I found myself, at the height of the Edinburgh fringe festival, doing my first gig. Not a great place to start because if you fail it can be quite a spectacular fall.

So I walk on stage and having practiced lifting the mic from the stand during the course. I lift the mic and the stand collapses, and I get a laugh. Not a bad start I think. And I am addicted. The adrenaline buzz, the fear of failure, the opportunity to meet younger men. No I didn’t say that darling I say to my children. They took my quote out of context.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, United Kingdom

About Author

Daisy Shepherd

A late starter in comedy though some would say that I have been a joker all my life. I like challenges so nothing greater than standing in front of a pleasantly drunk crowd of Scottish people.

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.