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



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Uncle Ray

I remember when I was about ten and I had an uncle named Ray who was what I guess you would call a 'small time criminal'. He did burls, mostly at shops and factories. At the time my dad was out of work and things were pretty tough for the family.

Once around tea time, Uncle Ray, Dad and me were sitting around the kitchen table when there was a loud knock on the front door. I answered it. A big copper pushed past me without a word and marched down the passage towards the kitchen I followed. Uncle Ray saw him coming and ran for the back door. He jerked it open and was confronted by another large copper with a drawn gun.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot yer got me" says Uncle Ray with his hands over his head.

They handcuffed him and loaded him into a waiting Paddy wagon. The house was searched, but nothing found.

Later Ray rang up from the local police station, where he was being held. I answered the phone and he whispered. "Tell yer dad to get rid of the shoes in the oven."

To this day i don't know why the coppers didn't think to look in the oven!

Anyway there were about ten boxes in there containing new footwear for the whole family.

In Australia

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.

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