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



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A slice of pie anyone, erm maybe not.

A few years back, myself and my girlfriend at the time decided to go visit some friends in New York.

New York had the all the glitz and glamour that it proclaimed to have but there will always be one evening I'll remember when we were out and on our way back to Manhattan where we were living and passing through the Wall Street area at that point I slowly realised that I needed the toilet.

Now if I was in England I would have found an alley way that would have been the end of it but people had told me that the US were very strict on the public urination. On that notion, we went scouting for a place when we stumbled upon a pizzeria and at the back I saw a door that I assumed was a toilet, so I got my girlfriend to order us some slices while I went to the toilet.

I go to the door and opened it up and to my shock there was no visible toilet but all I could see were men in suits being caressed and seduced by ladies in just their knickers. After my initial shock I was determined to pee so I started wading through the ladies and their suggestions. I finally got to the toilets but was foiled by the locked and ROCKING doors, there was absolutely no chance I was getting in there. So I waded again past the ladies returning to my girlfriend where she was still waiting for the pizza slices. Convenient maybe?

I ended up risking it all by having a pee in an alley way narrowly having a police car driving by just after I finished.

We accidentally found a brothel, lucky no?

In New York, NY

Clothes Lined!

When I was about 6 years old, my father got a job with a mining company. On that news we packed our stuff and left Pretoria for the mines of Bulembu, a town right in the middle of a vast forest stretching for miles and miles.

During the long journey I was ready to burst from the boredom and very much eager to escape the monotony of travelling. When we finally arrived I bolted out to see the place. Exploring the my new home in a timely manner, and unsuccessfully claiming my room. Then I boomed outside exploring the garden and as predicted getting in the way of my family and the movers.

My mother encouraged me to make some friends in order to get me away from under her feet, so I did what any boy of that age would do and quickly found a friend to play with.

Til this day I can not remember how and why but we managed to find ourselves on top of a 'T-bar' washing line. Me on one end and my new friend on the other. We were chatting away and throwing a tennis ball at each other.

Now I am sure you can predict what happened next but I am going to tell you anyhow. My friend threw the ball towards me, with his aim just off target. I stretched and tried to reach for the ball, losing my balance and grip from the bar and plummeted to the concrete floor. First smashing my arm and then whacking my face. Resulting in a nice shinning black eye and a broken arm.

My parents quickly found out where the doctors were and made an interesting first impression. Sorry!
:P

In Bulembu, Hhohho, Swaziland

About Author

Pieter Malherbe

Story telling and fun go together... That's it!

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.