

A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY DANIEL NEST

Contents

Story Title	Page
"Show Me The Poop!"	2
Fresh milk in Vietnam? Good luck!	3
3D Logic	4
Don't bike without scissors	5
"I don't know!"	6
About Author	7

"Show Me The Poop!"

As parents, we often do things purely on autopilot.

Our kids ask us for something, and we act. Only later, in hindsight, does it dawn upon us just how crazy some of this stuff is and how much crap we deal with.

Literally.

Case in point:

The other day, my son Nathan went to the toilet. When he was done, he called for me to help wipe his butt.

I obliged.

As I was wiping, I took a peek into the toilet.

"Wow, that's a lot of poop!" I exclaimed, like an idiot.

Now, let's stop for a moment to enjoy the mindset of someone yelling excitedly about the amount of excrement coming out of another human being. That's what parenting does to you.

But we're not done yet.

Immediately after my exclamation, Nathan says, "But don't flush it, daddy! I also want to see!"

Problem: By that point, I'd have already thrown the toilet paper in, so that it fully covered everything Nathan wanted to appreciate about his efforts.

Solution: Without a second thought, I casually reached for the toilet brush, thrust it into the toilet, and used it to gently move the toilet paper to the side to give Nathan unimpeded visual access to his accomplishments.

No son of mine will have to suffer the injustice of being unable to see his own poop when he wants to!

In Copenhagen, Denmark

Fresh milk in Vietnam? Good luck!

Regular milk is a rarity in Vietnam. They usually drink sweet condensed milk in their tea or coffee. Sometimes this results in awkward scenes.

Hotel in Hue. Breakfast. We are served coffee with sweet milk. My girlfriend doesn't like sugar, so I ask the waiter for another cup, without sugar. I use several variations: "no sugar", "without sugar", "just milk", "regular milk". The waiter looks at me like I'm playing some odd thesaurus game. Then he nods, says "OK, OK" and leaves.

He comes back with two more cups of coffee, both with the same sweet milk.

Time to change strategy. A lady at the next table suggests asking for black coffee with "fresh milk" on the side. I do so, while also pantomiming milking a cow for good measure. I'm a natural born performer, what can I say.

The waiter says "OK" even more times, smiles wider and leaves. He returns with a tray that has two cups of black coffee and two separate glasses of...wait for it...condensed sweet milk!

At this stage we have eight cups on our table and a very confused waiter attempting to act like he's in control of the situation. He sees that this wasn't what we're looking for, but he doesn't quite know what to do next.

Luckily, before he runs off to bring us 10 more cups of coffee and a banana, his colleague passes by our table and comes to the rescue. She asks "fresh milk?" to which we enthusiastically nod "yes".

We get TWO more cups of coffee, PLUS two cups of fresh milk.

Oh well, close enough!

In Hué, Vietnam

3D Logic

Back in Ukraine, when we were kids, my friend and I always came up with dubious ideas to keep ourselves entertained.

One such idea was inspired by a short documentary on shadow theatre we saw together. Immediately after watching it we decided to set up a makeshift shadow theatre at home. I'll let you make your own jokes about two guys finding shadow theatre exciting.

It didn't take us long to move from concept to implementation. Within minutes we were busy setting up a cardboard box to serve as the stage, finding a lamp to provide a source of light and gluing together sheets of paper to act as a projection screen.

Finally we moved on to cutting out the shadow puppets themselves. After an hour or so of cutting the shapes out of paper we had a pretty decent assortment of various 2D figures of humans, animals and inanimate objects. We were almost ready.

Looking over our collection of paper figures my friend shook his head and said, thoughtfully:

"Looks good, but now we'll have to make the 'side-view' versions of most of these."

I gave my friend a long stare and, in a patronising tone of voice, said the following:

"Dude, why the hell would we bother making 'side-view' versions when we can just turn these ones sideways instead?!"

Yeah...I'm not proud of myself.

In Kharkov, Kharkiv Oblast, Ukraine

Don't bike without scissors

During the early stages of dating, my fiancée used to come over to my place often. We lived quite close to each other, so she was able to bike from hers to mine.

One day she left my place on her bike. About 5 minutes she called me with panic in her voice:

"I hope you haven't left yet. I need help. I am stuck to my bike. Bring scissors or something."

Up to that point in my life I'd never encountered a situation where somebody would get stuck to their bike. Especially one that required scissors to "unstick" them.

Driven partially by the desire to rescue my girlfriend, but mostly by curiosity, I grabbed a pair of scissors and headed out the house.

I found her parked by the side of the road. She was holding the bike up with one leg, while the second one was still firmly planted on the pedal.

"Strange," I thought, "she doesn't appear to be stuck to the bike seat like I'd imagined it".

As I got closer I realised what had happened. When she had begun to bike one of her shoelaces wrapped itself around the pedal. Oblivious to this fact, she continued until her shoelace was so tightly wound around the pedal that she was neither able to untie it, nor remove her foot from the shoe. She was, for all intents and purposes, stuck.

After a few futile attempts to release her without resorting to drastic measures, I was forced to cut the shoelace to set her free.

Now we're getting married. Going through such an ordeal together really brings people closer, doesn't it?

In Copenhagen, Denmark

"I don't know!"

I moved to Denmark from Ukraine at the age of 14. I spoke no Danish at the time, because Russian and Danish languages are a bit different. Shocking, I know.

I did learn one phrase though. That phrase was "Det ved jeg ikke", Danish for "I don't know". From that point on I used that phrase liberally to get out of all conversations. I was exactly 4% more eloquent than Hodor from "Game Of Thrones", who only ever says "Hodor".

One day I was on a bus, when a kindergarten teacher with 10 children in tow got on. She took all the kids to the back of the bus where I sat and started talking to me.

I countered with my perfectly rehearsed "Det ved jeg ikke".

Suddenly, the woman looked very upset and, in an angry voice, said "Det VED du ikke?!" ("du" = "you").

I shook my head "no", puzzled by her violent reaction to my poor Danish skills. How could I have upset her so much with my limited vocabulary?

Then she grabbed one of the kids, sat down sulkily next to me, and plopped the kid onto her lap. She kept glancing at me and shaking her head in frustration.

It was only after a few stops that I'd managed to piece the puzzle together in my head. She must have asked me whether I could move to another seat, so that she could sit down together with all the kids. When I said "I don't know" she heard "I WILL not".

Fun fact: "vil" (will) and "ved" (know) sound remarkably similar.

So I have effectively told her and the kids to go screw themselves.

Class act, Daniel.

In Copenhagen, Denmark

About Author

Daniel Nest

A Ukrainian guy who lives in Denmark and runs an English humour blog: Nest-Expressed.com.

I also freelance. You can find my work on Cracked.com, Listverse.com, TopTenz.net and other places online.

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.