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DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY EVAN HOCKING

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Man up

I like to think of myself as a pretty manly guy. I play AFL football, I'm a tradie and I love having a beer with my mates at the pub.

So when I had to borrow my girlfriends car for a few days which is a 1998 Ford Fes. Well, it's a Ford Festiva but half the badge is missing.

You can imagine the shame I felt driving round in this car which had fluffy pink seat covers and necklaces hanging from the rear view mirror.

I thought "Oh god. What must I look like hooning around in this car, how unmanly".

But then on the weekend while out for breakfast I order a pea and corn fritter with organic goats cheese and smashed avocado whilst wearing a scarf for fashion purposes.

If you told me 10 years ago I would be eating that for breakfast I would have said you are mad and sarcastically chipped in with "oh yeah and I suppose I'll be wearing a scarf as well....."

Driving my girlfriends care is the least of my worries.....

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Let's go for a walk Fluffy

I went to the Anzac Day game at the MCG last Thursday and before the game something I saw really bewildered me. No, I didn't see a Collingwood supporter with teeth. Just outside of the Punt Road Oval I saw a man with a rabbit on his shoulder.

The people in the group and I looked at each other in amazement and I could tell we were all thinking the same thing. "Are we actually seeing this?"

I could understand if he had a top hat and a cape as well. Ok that explains it, he pulled a rabbit out of his hat. He's a magician.

Even if he had a parrot on his shoulder and an eye patch, fair enough. He's a pirate. But this guy had a rabbit on his shoulder and was wearing a camouflage t-shirt, like no one was meant to see him.

As he walked towards me I thought I can't let this slide because this will haunt me later in life if I don't get an explanation. So as he approached, I said "What's the go with the rabbit mate?"

He gives me this look, like I'm the strange one and keeps walking. The group I was with started laughing and I thought, "Did I just get burned by a man with a rabbit on his shoulder?"

As if he was walking away patting his rabbit saying, "What was that weirdo's problem Fluffy"

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

It's my Friday

One of my mates spent the whole weekend wearing earmuffs. I asked him on Monday how his weekend was? He said "Pretty quiet".

It's funny what some people do on the weekend but a lot of people don't get a regular weekend because they have to work. Some of these people think they can change the days to suit themselves though. If they have Wednesday off, on Tuesday they say "It's my Friday". I don't think you can do that.

How about, it's everybodys Tuesday but you have tomorrow off. I can't change the days to suit myself. That's how I lost my last job. My boss called me on a Thursday morning at 7.30 going off his head "where are you mate? You're meant to be at work".

I said "get stuffed, it's my Saturday".

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

3 Guys and a Girl

I hear a lot of people when they talk about marriage, say "it's great, I married my best friend". That's great for them, what about me? My best mates already married.

I'm at an age where all my friends are getting married and having kids. My girlfriend and I aren't at that stage though. But we are looking to take the next step in our relationship because we don't live together. We're doing it a little differently than most people though, because I live in Airport West and my girlfriends moved from Melbourne to Geelong for Uni. So that's a different way of taking the next step. Move further away from each other.

She's actually moved in with 3 guys. That's right her and 3 other guys. So as her boyfriend you can imagine what my first thought is.

Great.

No female housemates to perv on.....

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Give me some kind of sign

I tend to zone out a bit when I drive which is not great and my mind drifts to other places. I've realised there's a few road signs we see every day that confuse me and I wonder what a few of them mean.

The first thing that confuses me are zebra crossings. When I pull up at one, I wait for them but they never come.

I saw a sign the other day that said "ROADWORKS AHEAD", I thought, I hope so! As a road how do you stuff that up? The job description of a road is, lay down and don't move, it's not that hard.

I saw this one "DIP", great who brought the biscuits?

Driving in the country I saw this "ADOPT A HIGHWAY". Has Angelina Jolie enquired about that? She's adopted everything else there is to adopt.

If you ever drive from Cairns to Port Douglas in Queensland you will see a sign that says "FALLING ROCKS". No, it doesn't, it's embarrassing and it hurts.....

So next time you're driving just ask yourself what the road sign is really telling you.

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Money can't buy happiness

I travelled to Vietnam over Christmas with my girlfriend which was amazing. What a great country and lovely people, but the traffic is hectic to say the least. Motorised scooters as far as the eye can see and their cab drivers make ours look like driving instructors.

The other thing that is so great is how cheap everything is. A three course feast with drinks will set you back around \$15 - \$20. But like Bali or Thailand all the clothes are cheap as well, which is great for my girlfriend not so much me. Shopping isn't a favourite past time of mine.

At one stage we were looking at a Polo Ralph Lauren shirt and we were picking out all the faults in the shirt. We noticed the logo wasn't quite right. Then I reminded myself there's a reason these are getting sold on the streets of Vietnam. I can understand if we were in the Polo Ralph Lauren store in New York, you could kick up a bit of a fuss. But when you're paying \$4 for something that's usually \$120 I think you just have to be happy that it has a logo!

You have to remember you go from store to store trying to get the best price. Then you realise you spent 45minutes bartering over \$1.

Life for these people is hard but they seem to be so happy. Wealth for them isn't measured by how much money they have or possessions they own.

I guess all of us can be materialistic at certain times. But memories, relationships and life experiences that's what makes us wealthy.

And I really do believe now, "Money can't buy happiness".

In Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

From Hamilton Island with love

Last week I went to Hamilton Island with my girlfriend for a few nights which was fantastic. When we arrived on the island we realised that there were no cars. The only way to get around was either by bus or by golf buggy.

We thought this was great, so we hired a buggy and started zig-zagging left and right all around the island. Every 60 metres I would get out and just walk through the bushes and the shrubs looking at the ground all the while swearing constantly, because this is what I usually do when I'm in a golf buggy!!!

Early in the trip my girlfriend said to me "Maybe we should buy some postcards and send them to people".

I thought to myself, I don't know if that's such a great idea. If someone sent me a postcard from Hamilton Island I'd be pretty pissed, it's like they were rubbing our noses in it.

Really when you think about it sending someone a postcard, is like saying "While you've been bored shitless at work, we've been doing this, hahahaha"

I think the only time I'd like to receive a postcard is if it came from Canberra, cause I'd open it and think "gee maybe work isn't that bad after all!!!!!!"

So next time you go to a holiday destination and think of sending a postcard, just think how it's going to make the person receiving it feel. Maybe a fridge magnet might be a better option, no real harm done there.....

In Hamilton Island, Queensland, Australia

About Author

Evan Hocking

Got his start in radio in Port Douglas but has brought his punchy delivery and observational style back to Melbourne. A regular at sporting clubs and functions around Victoria.

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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