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



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Contents

Story Title	Page
Small Town	2
Taxi Ride	3
Happy Days	4

Small Town

The taxi collected me from the hotel as the blistering sun began to sink below the horizon, bathing Cable Beach in a swathe of orange. The humidity clung to me like glue, visceral and omniscient at this time of year. My clothes were plastered to my perspiring skin, moisture condensing on every glassy surface.

The wet season thickened the air, increased the friction so that even walking required more effort than normal. In this weather, even the beer doesn't get properly cold.

But, six hours later, I couldn't feel a thing. Copious beers and cocktails at the iconic Roebuck Bay Hotel followed by tequila at the Bungalow Bar had rendered me impervious to nature's sadistic taunts that are manifested as humidity and mosquitos.

I staggered out of the club and fell into the first taxi.

"To the bluesh...I mean the Ocean..umm..shumthing..." my drunken slurs were barely discernable to me, I had no idea how the cabbie knew where I wanted to go.

"How 'bout I drop you off where I picked you up from?" He asked.

It was the cabbie from earlier in the evening. That saved me a lot of grief.

Broome sure is a small town indeed.

In Broome, Western Australia, Australia

Taxi Ride

We slump into the rear of the taxi, two drunk Aussies in Dandong in North East China. Our interpreter, just as drunk as us, sits in the front next to the driver. He hands the driver a business card of the hotel we are staying at. The driver says a few words, our interpreter smiles, replies and the two of them laugh.

Then the Toyota Crown lurches off at break-neck speed through the rain.

“What was that about?” I ask Charlie, the interpreter.

I notice that the humidity that has wafted up the Yalu River from the South China Sea has melted the driver’s spray-on hair, a treacle-like brown goo snaking down his sweaty neck.

“He said that he was too drunk to read the card and I’d have to tell him where the hotel is!”

I now notice the driver’s bottle of scotch on the front seat.

“Oh,” Charlie continued, “I also offered him an extra 100 RMB if he gets us there in five minutes!”

I hang on.

In China

Happy Days

Her bare feet dance across the soft green grass, her body poised gracefully like a dancer mid pirouette. The Frisbee hovers towards her and she reaches out to grab it, one long slender arm reaching for the disc whilst she balances in harmony with gravity.

Her summer dress rides up her thigh as she stretches, more of her tanned slim legs are revealed from beneath the floral pattern. The muscles in her calves strain as she stretches, holding her body in place as the plastic disc pauses in mid-air.

She grabs at it, her fingers grasping the curved edge just before it begins its descent.

The woman's body relaxes slightly now that she holds the caught toy. She takes a deep breath, her chest expands and strains against the tight fitting cotton frock. Her long blonde hair is brushed back by the sea breeze, fresh off the Indian Ocean and now blowing through Fremantle on a warm Sunday afternoon.

A pause – her children await the return of their Frisbee. Her eyes crinkle slightly as a smile comes to her lips. Flushed, full of life, she flicks her wrist and sends the disc back towards her kids. The breeze floats past, carrying her happiness with it.

In Fremantle, Western Australia, 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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