

# A COLLECTION OF **bytestories**

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



BY LIAM FLEMING

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## **Holiday Illness**

Got told this story last night at football training and had to share it. One of the local lads was recently on holiday with his girlfriend in Tenerife (I think) although this matters little to the story. Anyway it didn't work out as planned as the girlfriend spent most of the holiday unwell and local lad spent the trip getting there severely unwell :O.

On the plane the local lad felt his tummy rumble. You know that deep tremble one may get when they have diarrhoea? Yes, that one. One thing led to another and the poor boy shit his pants on the aeroplane.

The fun doesn't end there. Seeking to save this seemingly unsaveable situation he heads to the toilet hoping to find his dignity amongst a barrel load of aeroplane toilet roll. As he tries to tidy himself up his tummy goes again...

However, this time it's more of an upward heave so he immediately turns round and is sick down the toilet - simultaneously farting and shitting all over the toilet door and rest of the confined space. He spent a long time in there only to leave with his tail firmly between his shitty legs and the toilet cordoned off for the rest of the flight.

When asked about his experience the local lad simply said, "The best thing that could've happened was that the plane crashed. That way no one would have needed to know."

Poor boy.

**In On a plane somewhere**

## Charity case walk

It was a charity event at work - our task; scale Ben Nevis. Simple. In many ways it was (for me) not so much for some others though.

Up at 6 am most were bedded around 10, some rebels staying till 12. Me? I think I made it in around 2. This isn't about me being Billy Big Bollocks but I feel it adds some humour as the story unravels.

There we are, at the base of our Nemesis for the next 6 hours or so, everyone in their new attire, jackets, boots, 'walking trousers' (I thought all trousers were for walking in) you get the picture, there were even walking sticks despite no one having such a support need. Me? In joggers, a T & Nike trainers with a Tesco bag, yes a Tesco bag: filled with milk, ham and anything else leftover from the team's breakfast.

After 15 mins we get our first complaint from a member of our team - sarcastically saying out of breath, "are we there yet..." Oh dear, this could be a long day.

As we go on we realise one individual - (the most prepared with 'new gear') is going to struggle badly, at one point even being overtaken by a man with no legs. Seriously, he had Oscar Pistorius like lower limbs but unlike him seemed a nice man, even congratulating our friend as he re-overtook our differently abled comrade. If I learned anything it was that no matter what, we are all differently abled.

We split as some are faster (ask your Mum about that) and I get strange looks as I descend.

From many I passed, "Didn't know there was a Tesco at the top?"

**In Ben Nevis, United Kingdom**

## **Triple check flight bookings...**

Here's a laugh. Up at 4am to get ready and head to Glasgow Airport to get a 7am flight to Gatwick. I was connecting with a flight to Cyprus where I'll be working for 4 months, exciting times, place I'm going looks amazing. So all was well until I tried to check in (6th July), "Sir, do you realise this boarding pass is for the 20th July?" Fuck! Only went and booked the wrong flight - AGAIN!

You see this wasn't the first time I had done this. Absolute idiot! As I stood there feeling helpless wanting the ground to swallow me up I somehow had to make it from Glasgow to London in time for my flight to Cyprus. I Had to pay £340 for a flight and get four trains to make it on time, it should only have cost £70 if I booked it correctly first time round. I had to laugh or I would probably have went suicidal...

**In Glasgow, United Kingdom**

## **Trip from Hell - Almost (Part III)**

After over one full day of travelling it's safe to say we were not in the best mood for putting up a tent, especially when it's a 24 man one and especially when it's pitch black in the dead of night... We did not do things the easy way.

We woke in morning to participate in canoeing the river Ardeche. We will complete the river over the course of two days allowing us time to do the 'touristy' things such as caving, get the history retold and complete cliff jumps etc. Only one thing mattered though, who had the largest penis. The whole experience was a cock fight orchestrated by Leader of the Dicks. I recall my good friend accidentally gently collide with his canoe to which he said to me, "he's a fucking fat cunt". How rude. I then collide with him a mere two minutes later to which he says to my good friend, "he's a fucking skinny cunt". At least he is consistent...

Instead of a whimsical joyous experience in France we basically paid a lot of money to be with people we have little time for which had a rather negative effect to say the least on everyone else. In many ways my good friend sums the trip up in his ignorance.

Mike: "Why don't they put the tolls on the driver's side?"

Me: "They do Mike, we are driving a British car in France"

**In Ardèche, Ardeche, France**

## **Trip from Hell - Almost (Part II)**

After the arrival of the 'dick heads' (and I say that as they are not my friends, if they were I would call them cunts) and upon arrival at the docks to get our ferry it was only natural my best friend and I sank four beers during the crossing. We did this in not much more than an hour and after staying up all night driving/ co-driving we were pissed. It was evident we were also some light entertainment as the public watched us devour pints for breakfast.

We reach France and leave the docks only to realise we had a small problem. In a rush to make the boat my friend and I, erm, skipped the part when we were meant to refuel... This was of course an ideal opportunity for Captain Dick Head to vent his fury at the two drunks and I'm quite proud of our response. We politely reminded him had we not sped on we may have missed the boat. Oh yes, we also told him to fuck off. In our drunken haze (which we topped up with beers we packed in Scotland) we had little care for the perilous situation. We left the boat with hardly any fuel according to the dial and were now well over 100 km into France! At the 150 km point the others could relax as we luckily reached a station to refuel and refeed.

We continue with a pattern of drive for a few hours - break - drive a few hours and so on until we reach our destination over a day after our journey began. It's dark, our campsite is closed and we had a 24 man - yes 24 - tent to build. It just got better and better.

To be continued...

**In Ardèche, Ardeche, France**

## **Trip from Hell - Almost (Part I)**

Set the scene. We are embarking on a trip of epic proportions, driving from Scotland to the South of France, not the North, the South. Why? 1- because we are fucking mad. 2- to save about 3 pounds instead of flying. 3- to partake in a stag weekend canoeing down the river Ardeche. I know what you're thinking. This doesn't seem like a normal type of stag do and you're right because as it happens it wasn't; what I mean is it wasn't a stag do, the special couple had decided after booking their dream wedding in Vegas that they no longer were the special couple...

Things did not get anymore straightforward.

Yes the drive was epic; but we figured if we share it out it would be a few hours each and since we got in the party bus first we would get it over and done with then get on the beers. Nope, the other drivers we picked up were already wasted so that was us diving all the way to France until they were sober enough to take over. To add to this piss take after we observed all non-smoking rules the boys that joined decided to 'fuck that' and were puffing away quite the thing, shame on them... Nah, shame on us for being gimps in the first place.

To sum up so far we have a 2000 mile round trip for a stag do that is no longer a stag do & Vegas is down the shitter. Oh yes and we are handcuffed to dick heads.

To be continued...

**In Ardèche, Ardeche, France**



## **Big Girl Problems**

"I don't batter stupid wee lassies."

"I never touched her!"

"She's a slag anyway!"

Said what must be a 10 year old on the phone to, I presume, her Mum. Once again... Only in Glasgow. Only in Glasgow.

**In Glasgow, United Kingdom**

## **The Bold Postman**

It was a sunny day as I walked along in central Glasgow doing some light shopping. I passed a postman talking to what I assume must be his friend. He says to his friend on this pleasant summery afternoon, and I quote, "So I just went for a big fucking shite". Emphasis on went for. Casual as you like, loud and proud. Only in Glasgow. Only in Glasgow.

**In Glasgow, United Kingdom**

## About Author

### Liam Fleming

Aspiring comedian

#### Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://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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