

# FERRET'S TRAVEL DIARY

## STAGE ONE - SWITZERLAND

DAY 1 – 27<sup>TH</sup> and 28<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST

PLANE TRAVEL – SYD – HKG - ZUR

Do you like long haul plane travel? Well you're a fuckwit. I got seated next to some fat German cunt called Klaus who farted for 23 hours without a break but kept ordering the cabbage. Apparently he was powering the plane. He talked in broken English for the first four hours until I punched him in the mouth and broke most of his teeth. On second thoughts, maybe that's why he had to order the cabbage.

I thought I'd fucked a fat, knobbly Cathay Pacific hostie en-route in the galley but it turned out to be a sack of potatoes and cabbage Klaus was bringin' back to Germany for the annual let's get pissed and sing stupid fucken folk songs 'Septemberfest'.

Had to spend three hours at Hong Kong airport, watching Chinese people spit and Japanese men suck back snot.

On leg 2 (or lack of legroom 2) having negotiated the piss all over the plane's toilet seat and soggy toilet paper on the floor, I finally reached Zurich Airport. I told the attractive Swiss customs officer that I was a terrorist who had a bomb up me arse in the vicinity of me (what's that bit up your arse that feels nice again? Well, whatever it is – that bit) but she handed me over to a six foot eight, 400 pound gorilla called Svenlatta, who put her hand so far up me arse I got her to get a bit of schnitzel outta me teeth before she pulled out.

Finally got outta there and into Zurich to find a bunch of superior cunts who thought they were better than me 'cos they wore a more expensive brand of shorts. (What's wrong wif stubbies?) It was so fucken hot me balls melted in me undies and the concierge had to get a barbeque scraper and a pair of tongs to unleash 'em. Visited the old time village and had some 45 year old bitch wif a tatt on a shoulder and a smelly cunt look me up 'n' down as if I was a pair of Lowes shorts in a Versace store.

The news about smokin' hasn't reached the Alps yet. Every time I went to eat a mouthful of food some Swiss fucker would light up next to me. Consequently all the food over here tasted smoked. So I ordered the salmon and figured I won on that one.

Off to Lugano in Southern Switzerland tomorra.

DAY 2 - 29<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST

ZURICH - LUGANO

Almost forgot to activate me Eurail pass and it's a long fucken walk over the Alps. The one decent bloke in Zurich helped me out and 'e chucked in a sheila as well. Her name's Jo-Anne but I call her Hammo. She'd bin hangin' around the Information booth for a week or so 'n' he wanted to off load

her. She give me a quick head job as a way of sayin' hello, I reckon. I thought it might be a European thing but it turns out she comes from Pendle Hill – which makes sense.

Anyway, we settled into the first class seats and a nice-lookin' Swiss bloke called Max come up to us 'n' 'e says the Swiss equivalent of G'day, which is 'einacleina fuckyalater', or somefink like that and a half hour later, after I come back from the buffet carriage, I caught 'im up Hammo! The cunt! Hammo reckoned he slipped under 'er accidentally when the train lurched and she happened to land on 'is cock. I didn't believe her but I figured fings was even 'cos I'd just scored a hand job from a good lookin' Swiss sheila named Fritz. Strange name for a Sheila, I thought, and she had the biggest clitoris and distended vulva I'd ever seen. She wanted to rub it on me arse but I settled for the handy. Later I caught 'er usin' the male toilet. They're strange these Swiss birds.

Made it into Lugano. Cute town. Hammo and me walked down to the lake and had a pizza wif a boy from Amsterdam, named Peter. I went to have a piss 'n' when I come back - fuck me! 'es up Hammo! The cunt! Hammo reckoned he slipped under 'er accidentally when the ground lurched and she happened to land on 'is cock. I didn't believe 'er at first but then I remembered that there has been a lot of seismic activity in this area recently. So I give her the benefit of the doubt. Later I caught 'er with her mouth wrapped around the concierge's cock. Nice bloke. His names Joseph. I said, 'What was that - an aftershock?' And she goes, 'No. I was just thankin' 'im for the umbrellas.'

And that's a funny story too 'cos Joseph give us these umbrellas to take down to the lake earlier on in the evenin' and we walked about wif these fucken fings lookin' like a couple of turds on a plate at a cup cake judgin' contest and every fucker looked at us sideways like we was Australian or stupid or somefink but then it fucken' rained and then did they change their fucken' tune or what? And I let the cunts have it too. I stood in the middle in the street under me umbrella as they ducked for cover under the rain. I got me cock out and let Hammo munch on it for a bit and I savoured the moment and I yelled out, as happy as Donald Trump after a terrorist attack, 'Hey! You semi Swiss-Italian cunts! Listen up! Australia is the best country in the world. You think you've got class? Bullshit! You ain't got class! We've got class!' And I dropped a shit in the street to punctuate the point.

Then I had some fondue.

DAY 3 - 30<sup>th</sup> AUGUST

LUGARNO

Hammo slept in, so I snuck out and fucked a midget from the local circus. I was fucking her from behind when me cock got stuck and since I was in a hurry, I left 'er there and put me clothes back on. Everyone thought she was a baby bein' carried around in one of them front loader baby slings. Some middle-aged Swiss woman done the 'coochy-coo' thing but the midget bit 'er finger and told her to fuck off. So I had to have the midget surgically removed. It was either my cock or her cunt had to go and I figured she had a hole there anyway, so . . .

Hammo and me took a quick ferry 'round Lake Lugano. Some Italian fucker with a big nose and a bump behind 'is ear kept tryin' to look up 'er dress but I fixed him. When no one was lookin' I pushed 'im off the boat and the last I seen of 'im he was bobbin' up 'n' down like a hairy man arsehole in a 70's 'R' rated flick. (Thanks Bill Hicks for that one.)

Seen a sign in the middle of the park which looked interestin'. When we reached it, it said: 'Keep off the Grass' and a couple of cops hassled us. One was an old fucker who looked like a dried flower arrangement after a hailstorm and the other was a young chick who was a good sort. I palmed off Hammo onto the flower arrangement, rubbed on one of me secret pheromone wipes and made good use of the good sort's handcuffs. The old cop still tried to ping me for bein' on the grass but I replied, wif some wit, 'I ain't on the grass; I'm on the cop.'

I got pissed on the local house red here at the Continental Park Hotel and it was good shit too. Me 'n' Hammo ended up in a double entendre wif the manager and 'is missus. We fucked all over the breakfast table, which was already set for the following mornin'. All I can say is that some continental fucker is gunna get more than he bargained for when he goes for his café 'n' cream tomorra. Hammo scored the manager's cock up 'er arse and she bucked so hard she knocked over the Rice Bubbles. I laughed and said she was a cereal sex offender. She didn't laugh but, 'cos as I said, she had the manager's cock up 'er arse. Her expression was something between what me little sister looks like when she's watchin' a horror flick and someone who's tryin' to remember where they left their keys.

All in all I've enjoyed Switzerland. It's like a young women: beautiful to look at; a bit hoity toity at times at the top end; full of curves in the middle but when you get down south - it's fucken' beautiful.

I'm off to Italy – where I hope they don't charge ya \$2.85 ASD to take a dump, like they do at Zurich Train Station.

Cop ya later.

To be continued:

**NEXT ENTRY: Lugano-Florence**