

DAYS 13-15

AUSTRIA 1 – INNSBRUCK

Hammo's lost it I reckon; either that or she is truly in love wif me. I can't work it out. When we got to Innsbruck and opened me bag I seen that she'd shat on me luggage! That's beyond kinky and becoming vindictive in my opinion – although there was one segment in Baltic Porn . . .

What do you reckon? On the train trip here through the Alps Hammo had just that second pulled her cock off me johnson and it was fucken' uncanny, 'cos I kid you not, just at that very moment, me fucken' suitcase fell off the rack and onto me head. No kiddin'. I went to the doc and it turns out I was only saved because Hammo pulled out at the moment she did and by the softness of Hammo's stool. I was both repulsed and delighted to find her mashed stool in me suitcase. I had mixed feelin's. On the one hand it represented all that is worf havin' in a relationship: love; passion and the courage to shit when compelled to. On the other hand it meant shit fru me laundry. I didn't bother washin' it: I figured the smell would fade wif time and, for that time, it would remind me of her possible love for me. I still reckon she's lost it but, oh, I dunno, as I said, I've got mixed feelin's on the issue. So I writ Hammo a song based on the incident. It's called: The softness of Hammo's Stool and it goes like this:

I was close to the city of Innsbruck
In the shade of the Austrian Alps
You'd just taken your mouth of me johnson
When me baggage fell onto me scalp

And the doc give the news to me straight he
Said: You were lucky on two counts, it's true
You were seconds from havin' your johnson bit off
And your luggage was softened by stool

I was saved by the softness of old Hammo's stool
She concocted a turd just for me
It was caref'ly positioned and the weight was just right
And of perfect consistency

I ain't washin' me clothes no more, darlin'
I won't let your love's scent ever die
Cos I know that that bag woulda killed me
And I'm certain that certainly I

Was saved by the softness of old Hammo's stool
She concocted a turd just for me
It was carefully positioned and the weight was just right
And of perfect consistency

I ain't wandering no more, me darlin'
And me shenanigan days are no more
If you'll only be true to me, sweetheart
And stop bein' a randy old whore.

I don't mind admittin' it. I been sheddin' a tear while I been writin' this. Hopefully, she really does love me.

THE NEXT MORNING

Oh no! Hammo's gone missin'! Me true love! Gone! I asked the concierge if he knew where she was and it turns out she's been kidnapped. One of them male stripper groups was stayin' in the same hotel and they took 'er by force. I'll never rest 'til I get 'er back!

First, but, I wanna take a look at Innsbruck by cable car.

Fuck me. These fuckers know how to turn a Euro. We was packed into this cable car tighter than junior high school girl's twat. Wall to wall fucken' crouts and they weren't even speakin' in English. I mean, who won the fucken' war? Two and a half thousand metres later we get out and there's more of 'em – fucken crouts or fucken' Austrians or whatever they're fucken' called and there's more fucken' tourists too. Dead set, I reckon Japs have no sense of danger with regards to their kids. There was one three year old at the summit and 'is old man was fifty metres behind puffin' along like an old tug boat and smilin' like Fu Man Chu gettin' a hand job.

I soon got sick of that. I mean what's to see but Alpine peaks of two to three thousand feet towerin' all around the Inn River, which is a tributary of the Danube, surrounded by a picteresque town of mountain chalets with a medieval town at its core? I mean, give me a break.

So I went back down to see what I could find. And what did I find? Fuck me up the arse wif a an apple strudle – some Moslem bitch in a full burqa takin' a selfie! Now, I may be a westie bogun, but even I can see the irony in this. Ya may as well take a picture of a fucken empty space. 'No. No, Ramona. That's not you. That's me. You can tell by my lazy eye. See?' What a fucken' waste of time. It's like: 'I wanna be invisble so I'll take a picture of it.' Sorry, all you defenders of all faiths, but if you can't see the stupidity in coverin' your entire being and then photographin' yourself, you really have been as socialised as those silly cunts.

And from the few discussions I've had so far, Moslems are generally very well regarded in Europe. The common folk here seem to enjoy the fact that they've given succour to a people who take their charity and then start tellin' em how things are gunna be from now on.

I went on a bus to the local Olympic ski jump and this show off Austrian kid was doin' jumps onto a wet grass slope for the tourists. He got applause when he landed but even more applause when the fucker took off 'is shirt. Believe me, judgin' by the reaction of the middle-aged women who were havin' their photgraphs taken' wif 'im, the grass wasn't the only thing that was wet. And he was good lookin' too – of course. No one likes a smart arse.

Lookin' at that bloke's tits made me think of Hammo. If she'd been there she would've sucked those beauties down to her toes and eaten the rest of 'im for breakfast. Hammo. Oh, Hammo. Where art thou, Hammo?

But wait! Now I recall! She always loved 'The Sound of Music'!

Alas, I must leave you, Innsbruck, for the trail will not remain fresh for long! Onward, brave Ferret! Remember Poofter Moth and be brave!