

DAYS 16-18

## AUSTRIA 2 – SALZBURG

No sign of Hammo and no sign of a fucken' fridge in me hotel room neither. How's a bloke supposed to keep his beer cold? What's wrong wif these European types? They drive on the wrong side of the road and don't always speak English. What sort of a world are we livin' in?

Salzburg looks okay. There's not so many hills around here as there was at Innsbruck, so I dunno what the fuck Julie Andrews was on about. I'm hopin' to find out tomorra, but, 'cos I'm goin' on a Sound of Music tour. Hey, Hammo booked it, alright? So don't call me twee or I'll find out where you live and I'll piss in your shampoo. God I miss Hammo.

Nuffin'much happened today – a few pissed losers and a couple a old churches – the usual shit. What is it about black fellas, alchos and train stations? The Ramada Inn is right next to the station and the plaza outside is full of both. It's the only place you see 'em. Everywhere else is tidy.

I gotta be fair – The Sound of Music tour was pretty good. Seen the gazebo where Rolfe and Liesel jumped around like a couple of randy reindeer. Ya couldn't go inside it 'cos apparently some old sheila got carried away in it a few years back and hurt herself, so they closed it. Sounds less like the sound of music and more like the sound of Australia: one silly cunt does somefing stupid and the government panics and it's fucked up for everyone.

Also went into the church where Julie got hitched. I started singin' 'The Hills are Alive' and got chucked out. Then I done the hoppin' up 'n' down the Frans Joseph Steps Do Re Mi shit in the Mirabella Garden and landed on some Kraut's foot. I said to 'im, 'That's what we done to you cunts in the war 'eh? Squashed yous flat.' He hit me.

They charge ya half a fucken' Euro to shit or piss over here. That'd add up 'eh? - especially on a big night out wif the boys. It'd be easier to piss on the walls, which was the option I took. The locals didn't take too well to it, but, when I pissed off the funicular on the way up to the castle overlookin' the city. Neither did the locals below the funicular.

One of me old mates contacted me over 'ere – Paddo. I didn't realise it but he's got a gay brothel runnin' right here in Salzburg. It's called the Salzburg Sausage Sizzler. I went over to have a peek and got rooted up the arse by a bloke called Bryan. Nice bloke but he's got a major kink in 'is old fella – so much so that instead of cummin' – he goes. But Paddo runs a clean joint. The boys are mainly press ganged from the Hawkesbury. When you're just about to cum they keep repeatin' the words: 'Christopher Plummer, as he looks now. Christopher Plummer, as he looks now,' and that holds you off for a bit.

I chatted up the Chinese breakfast maid. She's got braces. I got pissed on Italian Chianti and fucked 'er, hot and nasty, in the kitchen. At least, I thought I had, but it turned out I'd rooted the toaster. A bunch of Yankee tourists got the shits wif me. They were Right to Lifers 'n' they called me a murderer.

Some kid called Elliot phones me up at 4 am Salzburg time and tells me he needs 500 bucks 'cos me dog's sick. So I sent 'im the money and phoned 'im up the next day at 4am Sydney time and said, 'How the fuck is she?'

News! I got a scribbled postcard from Hammo. She managed to secretly send it wifout her kidnappers knowin'. It's in code. It read: In Vienna. Having a ball. Hans and Rudolf have enormous dicks. I am fucking all six men regularly. Happy as a poofter proctologist. Love Hammo.

I'll decode this later a – get back to yous. For now – I'm off to Vienna.