

DAYS 19 - 21

AUSTRIA 3 – VIENNA

I made the mistake of eating Maccas in Salzburg and I've been crooker than an Amsterdam hooker for the last thirty hours. I slept all the way to Vienna and I haven't eaten since. It fucked up me first night in Vienna: that, plus the cunt who drove me here in a taxi. All smiles he was - even showed us the sights of the town. Turns out he charged me twenty six Euros for a twelve Euro trip. I give 'im a forty and he was gunna keep it all, the Heidi-fucker. You can't trust these European cunts – 'specially the wogs and the Krauts (don't forget the war, eh?)

Day two was no better. I slept for half the fucken' day. Jesus – these northern European bugs are tough bastards. Oh maybe I'm more susceptible 'cos I come from unadulterated stock – like the Abos wif smallpox. Either way, I made it outside in the arvo. Nice town, everyone dresses nice – apart from the useless cunts beggin' for money. Fuck me! At least do somefink for your money. I mean, get your cock out and wave it about and sing a song or somefink. Jesus. Don't just fucken'' lay there wif your arse in the air and your head on the ground, sing a song; yodel; tell a couple of bad jokes – somefing! And half these fuckers've got their dogs wif 'em, lying there lookin' as a sad as a bloke who thinks 'es on a root and then finds out he's datin' a virgin. What would the dog say if he could speak? 'I never fucken' signed up for this shit. The other pups scored decent owners who do stuff. Barry scored a Baron or some such shit. I scored cunt face here wif his arse in the air; he never walks me, he never washes me - and food? This cunts workin' on a Euro fifty a day. How much of that do you reckon I get? See me ribs? Lazy cunt.'

Went out to dinner wif a couple from Florida I met on 'The Sound of Music' tour. Nice pair. He said I could fuck his wife if I liked (apparently it's a custom in Florida) but I declined. She was an ugly bitch. She was so ugly when the food saw her it jumped down 'er throat so it didn't have to look at 'er. I made the fatal mistake of eatin' a meal (see next paragraph).

I've even been too tired to use me pheromone wipes or look for Hammo. Although I have achieved a new first here in Vienna – I shat me bed big time. Musta bin the spare ribs from last night. I squirted out more than a porn star after a piss up. That's when I come up a name for me next album – 'Liquid Stool'. Song # 1 – 'Better Buy a New Mattress'.

Out near St Stephen's Church met a real nice young fella yesterday. He was a likeable dark, swarthy fella of about twenty or so. He sold me a ticket to a concert – front row seats. You beauty! But guess what? Shanghaied once a fucken'gen. The seats he promised me were already taken and it turns out he'd sold the same tickets to four other people. What is it wif these fucken' Europeans? Do they wake up each mornin' and think, 'You know what, I think I'll fuck up a bunch of people today, but just a little bit.' I ended up sittiin' at the back wif the four other schmucks he sold tickets to. The show was good, but just the same we all went back to St Stephen's Square, found the dark-skinned fucker and jammed a viola up 'is arse. I wanted to use a cello but a more moderate consensus prevailed.

This is a shorter entry 'cos I spent half me time in Vienna shittin' and sleepin' (at the same time). But, I have got one lead on the whereabouts of my dearest Hammo. In the news last night I heard that every member of the Vienna Boys' Choir was too tired to perform last night and that when they woke up the balls'd dropped on six of 'em. Several of the younger ones were comatose and mumbling

incoherently about an Aussie raver and an upcoming Czech rootathon in the capital. It's gotta be Hammo!

I'm off to Prague.