

DAY 4 – AUGUST 31ST

LUGANO – FLORENCE

Here's Ferret's Tip of the Day: Make sure you get a head job *before* breakfast. Hammo went nuts on the free continental breakfast and threw up all over me cock on the gravy stroke. At least it was warm.

It cost me 70 fucken' Swiss Francs for two seats on a regional train to Milan Central and when I got on board, some young prick was sittin' in me seat. I grabbed 'im by the balls so tight one of his testicles surfaced in 'is neck. I removed it with a Swiss knife and put it back in for 'im.

We got to Milan and moved on to Florence and when we got there the cash machine wouldn't work and there was about sixteen thousand seedy lookin' black cunts hangin' about like skid marks on the porcelain. I seen stuff about card scammin' so I says to one of these bungs, 'Hey, Sambo! Turn your eyes off a me 'n' me missus or I'll punch ya 'til you're white!' He 'n' 'is mates was gunna beat the shit out of me 'til I offered 'em Hammo. She serviced the lot of 'em 'quicker than a Jew loses 'is wallet when he's presented wif the cheque. I gave 'em a couple of bananas and they fucked off.

I finally made it to the Pitti Palace Hotel in the old city. Fucken' wall to wall wogs and tourists. How these fuckers get things done buggers me. There's fucken people in the road and Vespas 'n' Hondas in amongst 'em and horns honkin' and fucken' European cars dodgin' in and out of 'em like kids playing hide and seek in a Syrian minefield. There's fists being shaken' and wild gestic... gestic... gestic... people wavin' their arms about and others pashin' off and young women in shorts and I'm getting' horny and I'm wonderin' where Hammo got to and when I finally find 'er - fuck me! she's rubbin' her cunt on the concierge's face as if she's tryin' to get a fire goin'. In fact, I think she did, 'cos when I pulled her off 'n' he come up for air, I had to put 'is nose out. 'Sorry,' I explained, 'she's an Australian girl. They'll fuck anything except Australian men – unless it's Friday night. Then they'll fuck just about anyfink. That's why we encourage binge drinkin' in Sydney.' He said, 'You must be very proud of your city,' and I replied, 'It was great – except now they stopped the drinkin'. Ya can't get a takeaway after 10pm and ya get locked in like a kid after 12 so ya can't even score a fuck just 'cos some cunt got decked one night. If they ever reopen it, it'll be great.'

P.S 2023 - They reopened it and now it's about as boring as wanking to a female parliamentarian.

And I'm in Florence and 'Im lookin' at all this passion and watchin' this danger and thinkin', 'At least they take responsibility for their actions and at least they don't get treated like kids over 'ere and the women dress with class and look fucken' great. So I bought a bottle of wine (which was expensive) and a bottle of spirits (which was fucken cheap) went back to the hotel and wacked off to the girl readin' the Italian News. Hammo got the shits 'n' pissed in me shampoo.

DAY 5 – SEPTEMBER 1ST

He's a nice bloke the concierge. In fact, there's two nice blokes behind the desk at the Pitti Palace Hotel – Massimo and Alexandro. I think they're Italian. They're both bass players and they both like Led Zeppelin so they're alright in my book. They said I couldn't miss the Accademia.

So I went down to the Accademia wif me hair smellin' like Hammo's vagina. 'Cos I'm cultured, I wanted to see the statue of David but I left Hammo outside 'cos I figured she'd seen enough cocks in the last few days. Now tell me if I'm wrong, but wasn't David, of David and Goliath fame, supposed to be a Jewish boy? Somefink tells me that ol' Micky Angelo didn't quite have the eye for detail he was supposed to have. 'N' I reckon the hands are too big – either that, or the dick is too small.

One fink I did notice – them Renaissance painters can't draw babies. No shit. Everyfink else is okay but them kids look like they got forty five year old heads plonked on a baby's body, so either they can't draw kids, or kids in the Renaissance where all fucken Mongos. And also why was everyone so fucken' miserable in the 1500's? I know the fuckers didn't live that long but fuck me! What a bunch of miserable cock suckers. Every cunts moping about like a Moslem at a bar mitzvah. And how many times can Jesus cop a gash in the guts and have all manner of fuckwit rollin' their eyes into the back of their heads like me ex missus when I pulled her off the sybian?

And what is it wif these black cunts? They hang about like the turd aroma at an Indian do. I got chased down the via by a gorilla wif a rolled up print of a table and a water view. He dropped 'is price from 25 to 5 Euros quicker than a shit gets sucked down a plane toilet.

I went the whole hog and took Hammo out for dinner. She paid. Hey, I had to draw the line somewhere. But fuck me! We only sat there for ninety minutes and in that time nine black fuckers tried to sell us a rose; three black fuckers tried to scab money; one young girl pretended she was sad and wanted me to pay for her college education and three old bitches threw 'emselves on the ground and grovelled about wif their fat arses in the air and a cup in their hand for donations. One of 'em was wearin' Reeboks. I told 'em all to piss off and on the way back to the hotel I seen exactly the same prints the black guy tried to sell me bein' sold by other darkies. It's a fucken' racket. So I pissed on this nignog's prints and he tossed me in the Arno River. Fortunately, I'm stayin' right next to the Ponte Vecchio so it wasn't far to swim home.

DAY 6 – SEPTEMBER 2ND

Took a look at the Uffizi Museum today – more oil on canvas than in a wog's hair. I finally found a paintin' of a bloke who was actually smilin'. He was at a weddin' but he wasn't the groom, so that told me somefing. No wonder they needed a Reformation after the Renaissance - just to cheer everyone up.

I tell ya somefing else too, them black fuckers who hang around Florence must have a good old laugh if any of 'em ever do make enough commission to take a look around the museum, 'cos fuck me – them white boy Renaissance cocks is smaller 'n' mine and that's a great achievement. Little projecting nodgers dominate European art history and they're proud of 'em too. I passed shop after shop wif little projectin' nodgers in the doorway. Apparently it's all context. See, if I took a picture of my nodger and plastered it in every doorway in Florence I'd get arrested but David's foreskin is somefing to be celebrated. It's a double standard if you ask me.

I come back unexpectedly to the room and found Massimo and Alexandro sniffin' fru Hammo's undies. I yelled, 'What the fuck do yous fink you're doin'!' and they replied, 'Sniffin' fru Hammo's undies,' and I thought, fair enough. I like honesty, so I joined in and Hammo come in and she says, 'What the fuck do yous fink you're doin'?' and we all said, 'Sniffin' fru your undies,' and she said,

'Fair enough,' and joined in. I let the boys bang 'er (I had to – they're Italian) and I videod it and got two hundred likes on Facebook.

I scored some tucker and a bottle of Chianti and got back to me room and settled in for a nosh up wif me bird - but fuck me! They still got corks in the wine over 'ere. And they call us backward. So I bit the top off the bottle and drank me fill. Hammo drank too. She passed out so I fucked 'er. I find it's a lot less complicated when you do it that way.

One fing I will say - I actually got the eye from a couple of birds over 'ere which is better 'n' I do in Australia – unless I drug 'em, or use me pheromone wipes, or sometimes both (just to be sure) but true! And let me tell ya, some of the older birds over here are real good sorts. It's not like back home in the Hawkesbury where ya gotta score 'em before they finish high school and all them chips 'n' energy drinks pack on the beef and sex is more like ridin' a mechanical bull at a rodeo – before the bull's switched on.

I'm off to Venice tomorra. So here's me impression of Firenze: top sheilas (local and imported); ordinary beer; nice friendly people and city full of culture 'n' chaos. (I nearly got taken out by automobiles - twice.) And one last thought: how can these passionate, hand-wavin' people live right next door to the cool Germanic types just to the north? Then again, in Australia we got Tasmanians.