

## ITALY 2

### DAY 7

#### FLORENCE – VENICE

I fell asleep on the fast train to Venezia Mestre. Just as I was closin' me eyes, Hammo was pullin' down the trousers of the train guard. He was as grumpy as all shit when we got on but he had a smile on 'is face just as I was dozin' off. By the time I got off, Hammo had worked her way through First and Second class. All the blokes looked contented, but their wives looked about as happy as a nigger at a Clan rally.

The train station was a fucken' nightmare. More black guys and sub-continental fuckers askin' to help us. Well, we told them where to go in no uncertain terms. I pushed one of 'em into the Grand Canal and elbowed a couple of others before we found out that they was legit. How do you know who to trust when wogs and spades abound?

They jammed so many people in the ferry that the person in front of me was behind me. Hammo give three hand jobs before the ferry man realised what was goin' on and got his.

We got to the Hotel Paganelli. Nice place and so's Venice but fuck me -there's more people here than turn up for a Hancock readin' of the will. Ya can't move for spics 'n' tourists. I gotta admit but, it's got somefink this place – lots of fucken' water. If ya can't swim, you're fucked. Fortunately, we discovered some land and walked all over the place. Alley way after alley way of tiny, crippled streets to get lost in – which we did on numerous occasions.

These Italian blokes are pretty good lookin' and I ain't bein' poofy or nuffin' when I say that. Make no mistake. I don't the show the old fella to the sheets for no fucker. But Hammo! Fuck me. She's gone crazy. She fucked her way through a Ristoranti and café before I could grab a seat.

We made the mistake of listenin' to a spruiker and goin' for a night time meal in a place where they looked so far down their noses at us that the waiter swallowed one of 'is eyes. I asked for the house wine and 'e uncorked a thirty Euro half bottle. Hammo was onto it though and in the end it only cost him twenty Euros. Some American fucker wif a jumper round 'is neck who failed the audition for 'Caddyshack' and his fat fucken' Yankee missus was lookin' at us as if we was the pavement and they was dog shit. And believe me – they was dog shit.

Tourists – what a bunch a cunts. I'd hate to be one of 'em.

#### DAY 8 – VENICE

We explored each other and then went out to explore St Marco's Square. We found an info shop and booked in for a show. Then we got a gelato. Hammo asked a few of the locals what flavour they preferred, grabbed a few and smeared 'em on 'er tits and the locals lapped it up.

We got lost in the back streets again in the thirty two degree heat and wondered why it was so fucken' crowded. Turns out there's a major regatta on here first Sunday in September every year and the Venice Film Festival's on. The pedestrian traffic was so tight every time we went down an alleyway six or seven blokes'd been serviced by Hammo. She's a quick worker that girl.

The highlight of Venice so far, without a doubt, was 'Arlecchino - Servant to Two Masters'. It's a Commedia piece and what a fucken' hoot. This silly cunt fucks up everything and much hilarity prevails. It was in Italian but they had English sub-titles. Well, actually, they weren't sub-titles they were super-titles – not only that but they were well above the action so I had to bob my head up and down through the performance more than Hammo on a Friday night. It was funny but.

We ate next to the Grand Canal and some thirty-odd-year-old fuckers couldn't keep their kid quiet. God help us when that generation is fully in control – not the kid, the thirty-odd-year-old fuckers. What are they called? Generation X-rated or something? Bigger me. This little fucken' kid screamed until the manager had to intervene and the parents gave it some electronic device to shut it up. It turns out the kid was about six fucken' years old and the parents were fucken' hopeless – French cunts. Not that I'm racist.

And, speakin' of Generation X-rated, and whatever comes next, I swear, if I ever see another selfie-stick I'm gonna stick it up someone's arse. Vain dickheads everywhere. 'Look at me! Look at me! Oh, and there's stuff in the background too' but mostly – 'Look at me! Look at me!' There's a fabulous art work or a musical instrument that's four hundred years old and, 'I'm next to it! Look at me! Look at me!' You know what? I'm gonna invent an internal camera that allows a person to observe each turd as it's evacuated through the anus and if one fucker buys it – they'll all buy it. People are sheep.

However, I did eventually buy a selfie stick, but that wasn't through vanity; it was sheer exhaustion. I couldn't get it up and Hammo was as randy as a Venetian in a blind factory.

#### DAY 9 VENICE

The day started off poorly. Hammo jerked me off into the milk jug at breakfast and we got kicked out.

We went on a boat out to Murano to watch the glass blowin' and Hammo scored us a free glass horse by blowin' the blower. I ain't sure whether that makes him or her the blower or the blowee. Maybe they're both both.

We went on to Burano where they make lace and the houses are coloured. Well, wasn't that fucken' rivetin'? I got so excited I needed to find a WC immediately. Have you ever heard the expression, 'As available as an Italian toilet?' No. And you won't neither. You can't find a shitter for love nor money on Burano and your flat out findin' one anywhere in Venice unless you go into a bar or restaurant and buy something. Occasionally, there's a public WC but it'll cost ya over two bucks Australian to use it. I dunno about you, but I resent havin' to pay to piss, shit or wank. Fortunately, I got Hammo to help me pay my way. It's amazin' how quick a bloke'll cough up a Euro fifty when a young bird attaches herself orally to his most sensitive appendage.

Went back to the hotel room where Hammo done a local dance upon me Johnson. She's fit that girl – fitter than a turner.

It's our last night here and we went to a fucken' great restaurant and this top bloke called Francesco gave us a top meal. Hammo tipped 'im in the usual manner and he seemed happy enough with that.

We're off to Slovenia tomorrow. I hope there's not too many Slavic people there.