

DAYS 10 – 12 LJUBLJANA

I'm getting' sick of writing this fucken' thing so I'm combinin' some days together. I reckon that'll suit most of yous who are probly readin' this shit out of a sense of duty or sympathy but mostly, I'm guessin', lots of yous ain't readin' this at all -in which case - fuck off, you cunts! (The rest of yous, don't tell 'em I said that.)

We come in to Villach by coach in the arvo and had a couple of hours to wait for a train. Hammo wanted to have a preliminary root in Austria so she humped the kebab guy but I reckon she got done. I reckon she scored a foreigner. For one, he had a Turkish football shirt on the wall and for second he yelled out: **Ben sağladım ediyorum!** which is Turkish for I'm cumming (I looked it up.)

Incidentally, you can scroll down and find out what every nationality yells out on the gravy stroke. In Afrikans, for example, it's 'Ek is cumming! I dunno who Ek is, but I'm happy for 'im. The Arabs yell out: 'Ana Kumingh! Although, in all probability, Anna isn't cumming 'coz she's probly had 'er clit cut out. I did notice though that no matter what the nationality or culture, the words: 'I'm cumming!' are always followed by an exclamation mark. So at least all humans have one thing in common. All except the Jews who yell out: 'This feels good but I wish I still had my foreskin to rub against the underside of my cock!' But they do, at least, yell that out.

They say that the Internet is dominated by sex and not by general knowledge but I proved 'em wrong, eh?

But I'm gettin' off the point. Except to add that Australia wasn't mentioned on the: 'I'm cumming' list which is because, in the case of blokes, we're either alone at the time, or, when with a woman, we're too drunk to say it, or in the case of women, well, no one's ever heard an Australian woman say it yet and who gives a fuck anyway?

Ljubljana is a nice clean place and the natives are very friendly, except for one taxi driver who looked like Jeff Feneck on ice. The beer is cold and the food is hearty. We took a trip on a funicular to a castle which was 400 metres above sea level. Hammo had paid for her ticket in kind by just above sea level.

We had a look at the Nikola Tesla Exhibition which was great and we had a private guide called 'Tchurch' and he to go t'church too after Hammo finished wif 'im. In a freak accident I got me old fella caught in one of them fucken' lightning fings. They reckoned that shit don't hurt but fuck me! I scored a bolt up me rectum and it burnt all me anal hair off. It smelt like a Persian dish.

Seen a bicycle stack in the town square. Some old cunt hit the cobblestones. Met a bloke who makes honey beer; met a taxi driver who loves fly fishin' and bought some nice toe clippers at the chemist. All in all, it was huge.

Ljubljana is clean and safe but in an attempt to liven things up a bit I walked into the town square and rubbed on a pheromone wipe. Me timin' was out and an Italian Football team was passin' at the time. They went crazy and attacked me and unfortunately me arse was already tender, havin' just bein' assaulted in the aforementioned Tesla attack. Afterwards, they complimented me on my anal non-hursuitness.

I lost Hammo in the mall and the only way I could find her was to follow the cries up ahead of -'Sem cumming!' (See paragraph three above.)

Oh, and I forgot to mention, they are civilised over here. They got seven cable tv stations with porn on - non-stop. It's mostly standard: undress; bloke goes down; head job; various positions; sometimes anal and then your regulation cream pie or cum on face. I noticed that the blokes go down first, which is very gallant of 'em, but there is one channel called Baltic Porn and fuck me! They make Hammo look like a Goddess. I mean, she's a good sort 'n' all but Jesus – these women gobble like starvin' turkeys and some of 'em have more flubber than Moby Dick. It's like the San Andreas Fault on reckonin' day. There's tits swingin' 'n' takin' out the giprock and more flabby arse than a Windsor brothel. I'm surprised they can have any kids over there. I reckon that sort of activity'd scare the sperm to death: either that or the seamen takes refuge in the nearest egg – so maybe it helps. I dunno. I ain't a doctor but I don't reckon the human body was made for that much stress.

I had a quick one off the wrist anyway, in the mornin' before checkin' out, and Hammo pissed in me shampoo again.

We're off to Austria tomorra.