

CZECH REPUBLIC

DAYS 22-24

PRAGUE

I was pretty sure that I'd killed the bug in me gut but just in case I whacked a cork up me arse. Unfortunately, just as we got into Prague, I bent over to pick up me bag and I went off like a shotgun. They say the Slovenian kid'll make it but the plastic surgery will be extensive. Turns out I was wrong anyway; after a meal of beef and potatoes and a full English breakfast I was back to square one. I ain't sure what them Czechs was yellin' out in the streets of the old city as I yodelled at the pavement but I don't think it was, 'Welcome to Prague.'

We went to the Jewish Museum and I done a refrain from 'The Sound of Music' and added one of me own - 'The Luftwaffe Rock'. I thought they'd love it, but it turns out these fuckers are just like the Krauts – no fucken' sense of humour. They chucked me into the street. I mean, when are these guys gunna let go? Genghis Khan killed between 30 and 90 million people in the 1200s and you can say positive shit about him. It's all about shelf life. Get over it, people!

I hadn't had a fuck for a couple a days and me cock was as hard as getting' me mother-in-law to shut the fuck up. So I went out lookin' for a place where I could put me pheromone wipes to good use. I've always had a thing about fucking 'the help' – you know, you catch room service makin' up your bed and she turns out to be a beautiful twenty year old raver wearin' them black fishnet stockings wif them clip on thingies and you lift up 'er little white dress and bang her like cracker night in the old days. But of course it never worked out like that. I wiped on me pheromone as I entered the door and some huge gorilla of a Slovak shoved me head up 'er minge. I climbed up in there and found an Albanian fella who said if we could find 'is truck we could drive out.

They salt the living shit out of their food over 'ere. I reckon it's 'cos so many of 'em smoke they can't taste nuffin'. I had some salmon last night, which probly wasn't all that wise in a land-locked country: I mean, how can the fish get here? But it turned out pretty good. They had some top sort hookin' in the punters, but of course she fucked off once she hooked ya in and then ya got served by some ugly cunt wif a big nose who smelled of garlic. They used Ipads for menus, which is pretty cool – especially useful for the illiterate – kids and Muslim women.

Prague's a real nice city, but they ain't the brightest. I done a comedy bit in the main plaza. I got up on the Astronomical Clock and yelled: 'Hey! Czech out the time!' but no cunt got it. Then I started singing: 'My Koruna' but no cunt laughed. Dead set, these fuckers wouldn't know a pun from a pretzel.

Seen the changin' off the guard up at the palace overlookin' the city. Big fucken' deal. A bunch of arseholes in military uniform replaced with another bunch of arseholes in military uniform. The only action their rifles see is when they use 'em to bum fuck each other.

I got into a lift in the Yasmin Hotel and I noticed a sign which read: Limit - 1000kg or 13 people and I thought, 'Fuck me! If this lift was in the Hawkesbury that'd read: Limit – 1000 kg or 3 people.'

And that made me think about breakfast over 'ere and how fucken' pushy people get when you're in between them and their food. Jesus, you can feel the bastards breathin' down your neck every time you're usin' the tongs to pick up your bacon. One time, I got the last bit a bacon before they replenished the tray and you'd've thought the bloke behind me'd scored the rough end of a pineapple up 'is clacka. Fair dinkum, more 'tuts' than Tutan-fucken-khamen. As if he woulda left it for me if he'd got there first – the prick. So I waited 'til 'e wasn't lookin' 'n' I turkey slapped 'is scrambled eggs.

Had dinner wif the American couple again. Top night. I had the pork knee and potatoes; he had the pork penis and potatoes and she had the pork vagina and potatoes. Only trouble was, when her meal came – it was just potatoes. I said to the waiter, 'What's the story?' He replied, 'In Prague, sir, we treasure the inside of the vagina,' 'n' I said, 'What? You mean the hole itself?' 'n' he said, 'Exactly, sir,' so I guess ya can't argue wif that.

But wait! Progress! I got another secret note from Hammo. This time she's been captured by a touring German heavy metal band called: 'Auschwitz'. Apparently they're forcing her to rub them down before and after each show. Poor Hammo! They're currently in Berlin.

Here we go again.