

GERMANY

BERLIN

DAYS 25 AND 26

I seen the Reichstag. That's the place where that Hitler cunt got a law passed that made him the only one who could pass laws. How fucken' stupid would ya be? Fair dinkum. If some bloke said to you, 'Listen, would you mind if I tied you down and you couldn't move and although you don't know me very well, I promise not to fuck you up the arse wif this fucken' great greased truncheon I just purchased?' Well, would ya? 'Cos those silly cunts did. And now I'm here among 'em.

Hitler was a cunt. He was in Berlin. I am in Berlin. Therefore I am a cunt. Nah, I'm not really, but there was a useless bunch of handicapped cunts wavin' placards about, getting' in the way of me pics of the Brandenburg Gate. Thoughtless bastards. I dunno what that was all about.

And, by the way, I forgot to tell yous this - you've all seen 'The Sound of Music'? Well, unbelievably, that's more than Austrians have done. The bloke on the bus back in Salzburg told us, true, that it only played for three nights in Salzburg and no one went. No one in Austria gives a fuck about it. Top that!

There's two Berlins. I ate some currywurst at Check Point Charlie and shat it out on the American side. I walked along the Berlin Wall - at least, I followed the line on me map until I got to the last bit that's left. They love their graffiti over 'ere. Down by the last bit of wall that's left there's some sort of black ghetto. Some black fucker stood up real quick and looked aggro when he thought I was comin' in. I assuaged his fears. I said, 'It's alright buddy. We got black fellas back 'ome too. They don't work neither. Sit yourself back down. I'm sure the drugs'll be 'ere soon.' I didn't want 'im to think I'd stereotyped 'im.

On the main drags it's clean and well organised and off the mains it's the same in some areas but in others it's like me mum's undies - if the wind blows in the wrong direction, you throw up. I bin stayin' on the old Soviet side, which explains why there's no fucken' Internet; why half the apartments are abandoned and broken down and why there's white-out on the abandoned computer screens. The Old Town Apartments were aptly named - 85 fucken' steps and no elevator. Some smilin' Kraut takes your money in one part of town, tells ya to be considerate to neighbours, sends you to another part of town where the Turkish restaurant downstairs makes more noise than a Harry Krishna wif 'is balls caught in a tumble drier and they empty the garbage nice 'n' early each mornin' wif as much noise as possible. And that's it. The shower nozzle kept comin' off, the floor was dirty and they only had two tv channels that spoke English and both of them was cheery broadcasts about Trump, Clinton, Syria and how fucked we all are.

On the train on the way to Berlin I took another look at Hammo's message. She wrote: 'Having a ball. Hans and Rudolf have enormous dicks. I am fucking all six men regularly. Happy as a poofter proctologist. Love Hammo.' I reckon she's in Amsterdam. So that's where I'm goin'.