

The manager
Hotel Ritz
Birmingham, England

Dear Signore Direttore,
Now I am a-tella you story how I was a-treated at Your hottella.
I am a-comma from Roma as tourist to Birmingham and stay at
your hottella.

When I comma in my room I see there is no shit in my beed, how
can I sleep with no shit in my bed? So I calla down to recetione and
tella "I wanna shit". They tella me "Go to toilet". I say, "No, No, I
wanna shit in my bed". They say "You better not shit in your bed,
you sonnawabitch". What is a sonnawabitch?

I go down for breakfast into ristorante. I order bacon and eggs and
two pissis of toast. I getta only one piss of toast. I tella waitress and
pointa of toast: "I wann piss". She tella me: "Go to toilet." I say: "No,
no. I wanna piss on my plate". She then say to me: "You bloody hella
not piss on the plate, you sonnawabich. "Whats is a sonnawabitch?"

Later I go for dinner in your ristorante. Spoon and knife is laid out,
but no fock. I tella waitress "I wanna fock" and she tella me: "Shure
everyone wanna fock". I tella her: No, no. You don't understand me.
I wanna fock on the table". She tella me: "So you sonnawabich
wanna fock on the table? Get your ass out of here". So I go to
receptione and ask for bill. I no wanna stay in this hotella no more.
When I have paid the billa, the portier say to me: "Thank you and
peace on you". I say: "Piss on you too sonnawabich. I go back to
Italy. I never more comma stay your hotella no more, you
sonnawabich."

Sincerely
Rikardo Lutiano