

At The End Of The Day

by Chris Okum

At The End Of The Day

Ken Mishima just got raped again, and the 20,000 people who paid to see it happen did not come away unsatisfied.

Lech Walesa

Lech Walesa tells this joke about two Polish Diplomats. So the Diplomats get on a plane, and of course, because they are big shots in the Party, they sit in First Class. The plane takes off, everything is fine, the two Diplomats are drinking and laughing and eating peanuts and having a good time, and then suddenly the plane loses power, the engines fail, and the plane is literally falling out of the sky.

Oh God

Right before the movie ended Mom pointed at the screen and said, That man up there is your uncle, but I was young and I didn't know if she meant George Burns or John Denver. On the way home from the movie theater Mom told me that John Denver was my uncle, that his last name was Deutschendorf, just like mine. She said, I haven't seen him since I was a kid. She told me that my grandfather, Henry Deutschendorf, Sr., and my uncle, Henry John Deutschendorf Jr., professionally known as John Denver, had never gotten along, that as soon as John, then known as H.J., or Henry Junior, became a teenager he got a rebellious streak a mile wide and behaved in ways my grandfather could not abide. And so Henry Junior was kicked out of the house when he was sixteen. And on his way out the door he vowed he would never speak to anyone in the family ever again. It was a vow he intended to keep to the bitter end.

At The End Of The Day II

"I definitely got my money's worth. Thank you," said Shinji Aoyama outside the Budokhan, where they were also selling merchandise, including tee shirts with the popular new catchphrase, MISHIMA RAPE #8.

Lech Walesa II

One Diplomat is terrified. The other Diplomat is calm. The plane is falling out of the sky and the calm Diplomat continues to drink and act as if nothing is happening. So the terrified Diplomat looks at the calm Diplomat and says, Oh my God, I can't believe this, we're really going to crash, this is it, the end of my life has arrived, and I am not ready. The calm diplomat looks at the terrified Diplomat and says, Yes, of course we're going to crash, this is the plane that crashes, didn't you know that when you booked your flight?

Oh God II

Mom made me promise to never talk about my Uncle John to anyone. Not to Dad, not to my sister, not to any of my friends, no one, ever, under any circumstance. She told me it was going to be our little secret. She made me shake on it. And for the next twenty years I kept that secret. I never told anyone that John Denver was my uncle. But I did become a huge fan. I bought all his albums and saw all his movies and floated through the world a little more content knowing that I shared blood with someone as extraordinary as John Denver. My mom never mentioned Uncle John again, even when she heard me play his records or when she saw that I had rented *Oh, God!* again. I figured it was too painful for her to think about.

At The End Of The Day III

A reporter from TVV caught up with Ken Mishima after the rape. Mishima said: "How do I feel? Not too good. I'm kind of sore. And I don't think there is any honor in what just happened. I think I'm ashamed. I'm ashamed not only for myself but for my family. I feel a deep sense of loss. What happened out there tonight was a disgrace. I fought for as long as I could, but then I made some costly mistakes. I knew from the beginning that it was going to be a rough night. The crowd was out for blood. You know, I can hear the crowd when I'm getting raped. Some guys can block the crowd out, but I can't, and so I hear everything, and tonight what I heard the most were people screaming for me to be raped. I heard a lot of 'MISHIMA RAPE #8.' You know, what I think about the crowd is that the crowd is the crowd. You can't let the crowd faze you. But they paid to see me get raped, so, you know, they were happy. Was I thinking ahead to Rape #9? Maybe. But honestly, I just try and take it one rape at a time. Tonight was a bad rape, though. Maybe the worst rape yet. But, hey, it's over, so you've just gotta put all that out of your head. I try and stay positive. Don't get too high and don't get too low. What hurts the most right now are my knees, surprisingly. And my jaw. My ass always hurts, so that's nothing new. I can't remember the last time my ass didn't hurt. Am I afraid of an anal prolapse? Yeah, of course, but you can't really think about that, especially not when you're out there trying your hardest not to get raped. What I'd like to do right now is take a shower and clean my face. Then I'd like to wrap my knees in ice. After that I'll sit down, study the film, and see what adjustments I need to make. I think I have some tendencies that are leading me to be unsuccessful on defense. I feel like I'm always backing up, and so I often find myself out of position. That's because I can't really attack, not at my size. But, like I said, I'm going to try and see what I can do so that next time I give myself a better chance of not being raped. Stick to the fundamentals. Tonight, though, I think, I don't know, I think maybe the other guy just wanted it more. He really brought his 'A' game. He was absolutely unstoppable. He would not be denied. I know what I have to do, I just have to go out there and do it, and not get raped. I'm sorry, but can you repeat the

question? What? Uh, no comment. Was that punch to the back of my head the dagger? Yeah, you could say that. It took the wind out of my sails for sure. After that the wheels fell off. I said to myself, this is about to get ugly. And it did. What was that? Do I control my own destiny? I'd like to think so, but based on what keeps happening out there I'd say the answer to your question is no."

Lech Walesa III

Lech Walesa, sitting at the head of a long table, looks at his friends. No one is laughing. They are waiting for Walesa to continue with the joke, but the joke is over, the punch line delivered. Lech says, In order to get the joke you had to be there. One of Lech's friends asks him what he means by this, whether he means that you had to be on the actual plane to get the joke, or whether you had to be there the first time the joke was told to Lech. Lech wipes beer foam from his mustache. You had to be there the first time I heard it, the way it was told to me by my friend Slavoj, says Lech. But now that I tell it I realize I don't get the joke either, says Lech.

Oh God III

On October 12, 1997, John Denver died when the homemade plane he was piloting crashed into the Monterey Bay. I remember exactly where I was when I heard the news: in the kitchen making myself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. As soon as I heard the news I stopped spreading the jelly and called Mom. Mom picked up. I said, Turn on the television. Mom said, Why. I said, Don't freak out. Mom said, What's wrong. I said, Uncle John died. Mom said, What. I said, Uncle John, John Denver. She said, Oh my God, no, he wasn't really your uncle, that was just something I told you when you were a little boy, I don't know why. I said, Really? Mom said, Oh God, you believed me. I said, Yes. Mom said, This whole time? I said, Yes. Mom laughed, said, I have to go, I'll call you right back. I hung up the phone. I went back into the kitchen and finished making my

peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but I didn't eat it because I wasn't hungry. John Denver may not have been my uncle, but I loved him like he was.

