

The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 13

by Jerry Ratch

The next thing we knew, the KGB started tailing us everywhere we went. They must have heard about Lenin's Paintings, was all we could figure. Because, what if they were real?

That night we went out to a pizza place where we saw the worst graffiti in the world on the wall across from the café. And we saw a man kissing the hand of the woman at their table, but she was resisting his advances. After we ate, we walked into one of those infamous shops the Russians ran and bought two sweatshirts that read "The KGB is watching us, still."

Now we felt like real Bohemians. We took a stroll among the crowds of people in the warm night air of Prague, and passed quite a few people wearing the same sweatshirt we had on, and it made us feel right at home. But every once in awhile you would see these real big thick-necked brutes watching us from a doorway, or on a corner, and you could just sense that they were KGB.

Another Defenestration seemed in order to us. How could we arrange such a thing? And where? We walked to the Charles Bridge and looked out over the water, and we rubbed the Good Luck figurine on the bridge at the exact spot that some saint or whatever was thrown into the water. Then we walked over to the Wall of Gropers and rubbed that plaque as well. These were my people, the Gropers. It was in my blood. I felt up my wife right then and there. I groped her real good. That's right, Camille von Footitch was groped here. And at my family castle as well, of course. And in front of the dungeon, looking through the bars.

But now we needed the help of Boris and Vladimir to get these paintings out of the country. Also, I wondered if they would be interested in assisting us in arranging for a Fourth Defenestration. Maybe out of my family castle's tower. That would be one for the history and guidebooks of the future. I could just picture the headlines: "KGB mysteriously thrown out of castle tower near Prague, only surviving the fall by an enormous pile of haufen mist. No one knows where all the crap came from. But there's a sudden lack of poets in the surrounding countryside. As well as pigs."

It was the Running of the Pigs. Also known as the Running of the KGB.

