The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 14

by Jerry Ratch

“Gentlemen, how could I go about attracting the KGB?”

Now *that* got the attention of Boris and Vladimir. Their eyes bulged right out of their heads. They both started huffing and puffing.

“What are you, crazyman or something?” said Boris.

Vladimir said, “I am not hearing this for serious.” He pulled a hearing aide out of his right ear and held it up to the light. “Something ees wrong in my ear, Boris.”

“We need your help,” I said.

“What for?” asked Boris.

“The Fourth Defenestration.”

There was a sudden dead silence. They both looked at each other, then at me, then at each other. Their eyes came to life. “You mean, like out of castle window?”

“Exactly.”

“But how, where?”

“When?” asked Vladimir after a moment.

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I definitely had their interest.

“As soon as we can.”

“How do we get real KGB to come to castle?”

“Easy, we arrange for a show and advertise them as Lenin's Paintings.”

“Ees true, KGB will be there,” Boris said. “Then what?”

“We put something in front of opened window, and get them to rush for the window.”

“But how do we get them to rush the window?”

“Lots of Vodka. Schnapps. Make them think we are making fun of Lenin. Insult the motherland. Maybe a picture of Lenin screwing a bear.”

“Now we are talking!” shouted Vladimir. “That get them enrage, like big mama bears!”

“Maybe a big poster of Lenin smooching with a bear right in front of the open window. Can we arrange for a large amount of haufen mist?”

“Not problem around here,” said Boris. “Place ees full of sheet!” Both men laughed uproariously. “Ees everywhere. Especially at churches!” They had to hold their bellies now.

“Boris, I need drink. Fast,” said Vladimir. “This one, he thinks like one of us!”

They rushed to the nearest beer hall and began quaffing down huge steins of lager, taking us with them. Myself, I did not drink, of course. Not anymore. It made my father sad when I used to really drink. I quit when I met Camille von Footitch. Now we just mostly grope all the time, truth be told.

“How about that Putin, huh?” I said. This was while they were getting pretty soused.

“Putin!” said Boris. “Ees cheese Nazi!”

“Ya,” Vladimir chimed in. “No cheese for you!”

They both roared with laughter. “No cheese for you!” They just kept saying it over and over. They couldn't get over how funny it sounded. But then they took a real good look around the beer hall, just in case. “No cheese for you!” Boris whispered.