

The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 15

by Jerry Ratch

The Fourth Defenestration took place in September of that year, and it became an instant internet sensation. Mostly because of the fall from great heights into an enormous pile of haufen mist, arranged by a bunch of henchmen pals of Boris and Vladimir. But what a surprise it was for us! It became so famous overnight that hordes of Chinese, Russian, and German tourists gathered at the site every day thereafter expecting there to be a daily repeat, as if it were indeed Disneyland. In fact it became so profitable for the Prague Castle, where the Defenestration took place, that they swung the window wide open every day at noontime, and a large-headed Mickey Mouse stuck his enormous head out the window and waved his big white mitts at the cheering crowd, though no further Defenestrations into a pile of manure ever took place again. But the very thought of it delighted the expectant crowds to no end.

But here is what took place on that eventful day in September in my homeland of Prague, though not at my actual family castle, as I said. That would have been too hard to arrange, what with all the haufen mist that needed to be gathered. I wouldn't have thought that the logistics of this little project could have been so complicated. But I was wrong, dead wrong. And that's not all I was wrong about either.

Boris drove us all up to the castle. You could smell the enormous pile of crap from halfway up the hill the castle was perched on. "Whew," Vladimir said. "Ist das nicht ein haufen mist?"

“Ya,” said Boris, “das ist ein haufen mist.”

We were all gagging though. I looked at Camille, rolling my eyes.

When we got to the castle there were a whole bunch of huge Russian brutes standing about, and there was a big poster advertising a showing of “Lenin's Paintings,” to open at noon inside the meeting hall upstairs in the castle, where the famous Defenestrations took place in the past. And all the Russians were keenly aware of it too. Vladimir and Boris included. It made them nervous just to be in that room. Well, I would be too, if someone had heaved them out that open window. We glanced up at the window and sure enough, it was swung wide open. And sure enough there was the enormous head of Mickey Mouse sticking out the window, waving at us with his huge white mitts at the hordes of tourists standing down below, though not obviously right in the huge pile of haufen mist. Their tour guides had supplied everybody with clothespins for their noses, so that in itself took on this whole strange other dimension. I don't know where or how they came up with so many clothespins, in a pinch, so to speak. But tourists are known to have many and widely diverse, sometimes odd needs.

We were hustled into the castle by Boris and Vladimir past a whole line of ugly brutes who looked for all the world like a bunch of thugs and murderers to me. Up to the large meeting hall we went. And there before the opened window was a very large poster of Lenin, just as I had requested, smooching a big Russian bear standing up on its hindquarters, wearing a bandana with a red hammer and sickle, no less! I couldn't have done it better myself, I must admit. They had obviously gone all out after quaffing down enough steins of lager, to dream up this one. It was great. I roared my approval, until all of a sudden I was swept up in a crowd of the big brutes who were standing around and they rushed me toward the open window, and for one moment my life rushed before my eyes

as I was pushed out that window, and fell for what seemed like an eternity.

But I did survive my great fall, because of the softness of the haufen mist, of course. And oh, the horror, the horror. And the overwhelming nature of that smell!

