

The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 16

by Jerry Ratch

I still wake up with a start to this day, remembering the sound of that squish. And the cheer from above of all the brutes hanging out the open castle window. And of course the roar of approval and delight from the hordes of Chinese, Russian, and German tourists who were surrounding the enormous pile of haufen mist with the clothespins fitted neatly on their noses. They sounded suspiciously as though they were squealing with delight, like piglets.

The headlines that day read: “Bohemian-American Poet Thrown Into Pile of Crap From Castle Window in Prague.” It became an internet sensation overnight. I was famous at last! I knew I would be famous for something one day, but I never suspected it would be for something like the Fourth Defenestration. My fortune was assured. I would go on TV talk shows. Our family would be rich once again. We'd go from rags to riches to rags, and back to riches, all because of a little shit in our lives! Maybe I could even afford to buy back my family castle one day.

Well, a man could dream, couldn't he?

Camille von Footitch, also known as Ellen, of Troy, ran down the stairs and found a long hose. She began hosing me down as soon as I stood up in the pile of crap. Finally my original form emerged from all the shit. And I could walk out of the pile of shit into the bright day. I was sort of born again, I guess you could say. But that smell! Oh, man! One of the tourist guides handed me a clothespin and I attached it to my nose. I managed to snag one for Camille as well,

and we were ready to face the world again. Immediately, a news crew showed up with the cameras, and the media swirl began. You would have thought I was a rock star. "Haufen mist, haufen mist!" the German tourists kept chanting. It was vile, and it went viral, that's all I can say about the whole thing.

I had to admit, I did not see that coming at all. The whole damn show. I didn't know whether to be ashamed or proud. But, I ask you, why be ashamed of survival? Even if it takes a whole lot of crap to be saved.

