

# The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 19

*by* Jerry Ratch

But when the KGB went out the castle window, what a surprise was waiting for them. Because we had lined the pit with a huge dung heap, and camouflaged it with a colored pink wrapping as if it were feathers, just like Cristo had done. We wrapped the shit pit and they fell for it! Literally! And what a smelly lot of angry Russian KGB bears they were!

That went viral as well. It was a worldwide wonder. It was on Russian TV, and of course was immediately censored. “Wily Bohemians outsmart big bad Russian Bears!” was the headline on the six o'clock news all over Europe.

Even Vladimir Putin got on TV, and he didn't look at all happy. This time he had his shirt on, and a necktie, and a suit. Looking very furious, and official. Like it was going to start a new revolution. “But Mr. Putin, it was all in good fun. It's the new Bohemian Art Form,” they told him. And he just glared. “Like Cristo!”

“Yes, Cristo,” was all he said. Honestly, he looked like he was about to cry. He was such a blubbering child.

But that night the KGB was out looking for us. We went to eat at that café where I spotted the man kissing his girlfriend's hand, with the terrible handiwork of the inexperienced graffiti artist on the wall across the lane. That guy was just not going to make it as a graffiti artist. Better he should try his hand at writing poetry maybe. Or pig hunting, that would be the way.

And then suddenly there they were, right in front of that awful graffiti mess, and I thought, "Oh, oh." The way my grandfather must have felt when he saw the Czar's Army sweeping into his little village, looking for young lads like him. "Oh, crap."

That was when I told Vladimir and Boris to start the cameras and keep them rolling, no matter what happened. And I grabbed Camille by the arm. We went out the door to the graffiti wall across the lane, right under the big noses of the KGB, and I told Camille to lift up her shirt and flash these big galoots. And with the cameras rolling Camille von Footitch grabbed the bottom of her chemise to lift it up, when suddenly a big Bohemian hand reached out, as if to grope her.

