

# The Fourth Prague Defenestration: 3

*by* Jerry Ratch

Then Vladimir asked Ellen if she wanted to try out the dungeon. And she looked at me, and smiled. “Well, yes.”

“What?” I said. “No, Ellen, no! Do not let him lock you in here, whatever you do.”

“Do not worry. Do not worry. I am Janovsky, no? I have sense of humor. Come on, try it, you like it.”

But when he unlocked the grate to let her in, I slipped out and grabbed her hand and ran outside into the bright light. “No more tours,” I said. “It’s a KGB trick.”

But Vladimir was relentless. He followed us outside to the courtyard where groups of tourists were having lunch. “I tell you what. If you come back to dungeon inside, I show you secret stash of Lenin’s paintings.” He winked when he said this. My wife was a painter. So, did he somehow know she’d be interested in this kind of thing? Honestly, the KGB must still be watching everything. They see everything! I decided right then and there that we’d better be more careful what we are doing in our room back at the hotel on the Plaza across from the Astrocomical Clock.

Maybe I’d better start getting used to these large brown rolls of Soviet style toilet paper too, and quit complaining (out loud. Did they overhear me?) I had to start changing my attitude about things, if nothing else. Maybe try some borscht, at the very least. Stay away from the vodka though, what with the history of alcoholics running

in my veins. That could land me right in my own dungeon, if I wasn't careful.

