

◇ Defenestration ◇

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Two Poems
by
Gerald So

Fatalist's Guide to Hygiene

Shower in the morning
and you just
clear a path for
U-V rays to seep in.

Wrong

I know it is,
but can't stop
laughing
as my oldest rival
runs out in his pajamas
dropping f-bombs
as his car gets
repossessed.

Jet Pack Lady
by
Mike Brown

Let's Stop the Charade-y, Jet Pack Lady!



I've seen a million ladies
I've seen a million girls
But there's one lady I know
That really rocks my world

She doesn't have a perfect face
Or the nicest rack.
But there's one thing that she DOES have -
A really sweet jet pack.

Her jet pack's really shiny,
Metallic and smooth.
It glints in the sun.
Everytime she moves

She flies all around with it
Oh so fancy free.
Oh, why, jet pack lady
Won't you frickin be with me?

*Jet pack lady
I need to get laid-y
So I was thinkin' maybe
We'd make a baby
So don't be shady
Let's stop the charade-y
I fuckin love you
Jet pack lady*

She flies through the air with it
All around town
Her jet pack's the best
Transportation around.

I see her strap it on
To her skin, so soft.
And I wish I could mount her
As she's about to take off.

I get so nervous
Every time she is near
I want to ask her
But I'm so filled with fear.

I may never have her;
My free-flyin' baby...
But I'll always adore
My jet pack lady.

*Jet pack lady
I need to get laid-y
So I was thinkin' maybe
We'd make a baby
So don't be shady
Let's stop the charade-y
I fuckin love you
Jet pack lady*

Two Poems
by
Miles J. Bell

Two of a kind

I'd had a little success
getting some poems published
in online journals
so with a swell of ego
entered my name
into the biggest internet
search engine.

There I was, top result.
Top result; although
there was another
with my name
who won first prize
in a bareback
bronco riding contest
in 99.

I can see him now
calling from his bedroom
in Amarillo
"some lousy poet
probably some kinda queer
has taken mah top spot
with that fancy writing and all
an' people might think it's me".

and I can hear the reply

"Don't worry baby
they'll know it ain't you."

Me and my mouth

Some guy I hadn't seen
for years
spotted me in the street.

"How come you're
so fat these days?"
he shouted.

I smiled.

"Because every time
I fuck your mother
she gives me a biscuit."

A Penis Never Lies, or Oh That Doris Day! by **Gnomon**

Bob was having a little trouble. Even on a good night, he reached a maximum cruising height of only three inches. A practical man, Bob consulted Doctor Smits about the matter. With modern science working miracles these days, there had to be a cure.

"ProMax," Doctor Smits said. "But be careful, Bob. The side effects could be serious."

Bob was careful. Before his wife Mary came home, he took a ProMax. They had dinner, a little spritzer then got out the Twister. Spinning the dial, Mary popped the question.

"Did you take it?" she asked.

Bob smiled. "I sure did."

They kicked off their shoes and kissed while on TV, Doris Day was playing hard to get.

- Wow, Bob thought. That Doris Day is quite the woman.

"Ohhh, Bob!" Mary said. "Take me. I'm yours!"

Bob carried her upstairs. He put on Perry Como then crowned his queen, the ProMax making him proud. But Mary wanted more. She just wouldn't stop. She rubbed and rubbed and pulled and pulled and, just like that, it fell off.

"Bob?" she said.

"Yes dear?"

"It fell off."

"It did? Well, how about that."

Bob was a practical man not prone to panic. Yet this was a stumper.

"Now how do you suppose that happened?" he wondered.

"Do you think it was the spermicide?" Mary asked.

"No. It's been clinically tested. Try sticking it back on."

Mary got down on her knees. "It won't go."

Bob studied the situation. "Hmmm. I'll have to talk to Doctor Smits in the morning."

Bob put his penis in a shoe box then they fell asleep in Mary's arms. But he soon woke up.

"Hmmm. I wonder if the ProMax had anything to do with it."

The next morning Bob called on Doctor Smits. Doctor Smits opened the shoe box. Bob's penis lay wrapped in the sports page. Doctor Smits read the headline.

"Jets lose again," he sighed.

He lifted Bob's penis out of the box. "Interesting. Nurse?" he called on the intercom. "Come look at this, please."

Nurse Nancy entered and took the matter in hand.

"What do you make of it?" Doctor Smits asked her.

"It happened to my husband once," Nurse Nancy said. "Whenever we made love, his penis always fell off."

"Why?" Bob asked, taking notes.

"Because he was thinking of other women in bed," Nurse Nancy said.

Bob was shocked. The pen fell from his hand.

"I'd never do that," he said. "Not to Mary. Never."

"The penis never lies," Nurse Nancy said.

"Does this have anything to do with ProMax?" Bob asked.

"Indeed, it does," Doctor Smits said. "ProMax works as a truth serum. One of the side effects. I warned you, Bob. I did."

"Is there a cure?" Bob asked.

"Yes," Nurse Nancy said. "Stop thinking of other women in bed."

"But I don't," Bob said.

"The penis never lies," Nurse Nancy said.

"You're right," Bob confessed. "I have been thinking of another woman in bed. That Doris Day... I just can't get her off my mind."

"It's okay, Bob," Doctor Smits said. "The truth is the best cure. Now come over here and I'll staple it back on."

"Thank you, doctor. Oh, doctor? Did you see that documentary on Pearl Harbor last night?"

"I did. What a war. There you go, Bob. Good as new. And remember, no cheating under the sheets."

"I give you my word."

That night Bob and Mary had a little spritzer, played a little Twister then headed off to bed.

"Well?" Mary asked.

"I love you, Mary," Bob said. "I do. I'd die without you."

"No, I mean... You know."

"Oh, that," Bob said. "Right as rain."

"Are you sure?" Mary asked.

"Oh, yes," Bob said. "I would never lie."

Mary kissed him then slid under the sheets.

"Bob?" she said.

"Yes dear?"

"It fell off again."

It's Not Easy Being A Princess
by
John McDonnell

It had been blazing hot all morning, and Princess Meredith was sweating when she came around a bend on the mountain path and saw the wooden bridge stretching across the gorge. There was a white-bearded old man in a long robe standing near the bridge, and she was not happy about this. He was probably one of those old men who make you answer three questions before they let you cross their bridge, and she wasn't in a mood to answer questions.

"Hello, blind man," she called, as she approached him. She could tell he was blind because his eyes didn't focus on anything. Also, because he was looking at a tree instead of her.

"Hello," he said, bowing to the tree. "Charmed to meet you."

"I'm over here, to your left."

"Where's that? I'm blind, you know."

"Here," she said, grabbing his shoulders and turning him around. "I thought old blind bridgekeepers had a really keen sense of hearing, but you obviously don't."

"Well, I've never had good ears. Nor a good nose, for that matter. But, I can tell everything about a person by touching them. For example," he said, running his hands all over her, "I can tell you're female, you're all wet, you're 19, and you have very big—"

She slapped him across the face. "You cheeky bastard. Get your hands off me."

"Sorry," he said, blushing. "I don't see many young girls around here. Last one must have been two years ago. Princess, she was. On a quest. The dragon ate her, I'm sure."

"Oh, fudge," Princess Meredith said, stamping her foot. "You mean there's a dragon over there?" She pointed at the other end of the bridge.

"Why yes, miss," he said, chuckling. "There's always a dragon, isn't there?"

"Is he big?"

"Oh, he's a roaring big sort of a fellow, with nasty breath. Even I, with my dodgy sense of smell, I can tell his breath is terrible bad."

"Well, that's just great. I have to get over there, because I'm on a quest. An evil witch has put a curse on my father, and turned him into a lampshade, and she won't turn him back until I return with a ring from the treasure cave across that bridge."

"Ah, yes. All the witches like to send people to the dragon's cave. It's a common enough quest. Of course, there are alternatives. You could be sent to a wizard's castle to pluck his beard. Or, you could go down to a dwarf's forge to steal his hammer. Or, perhaps take an ogre's supper from him? Ah, that would be an interesting one. . ."

"Yadda yadda," she said. "I don't have time for this," and she started across the bridge.

"Wait, miss, if you please. I'm the guardian of this bridge. You can't get past unless I let you."

"And how will you stop me? You're blind."

He smiled. "Yes. But I have special powers. What kind of a bridgekeeper would I be without special powers?"

She sighed. "And you probably have three questions for me to answer."

"Three questions?" He stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Hmm. Never thought of that. No, that wouldn't do. I'd have to remember three answers."

"Well, what do I have to do?"

"Yes. Well. You have to, ah. . . well, you see. . . I mean, ah."

"Would you please get to the point," the princess said, tapping her foot. "I don't have all day."

"You have to let me give you a massage."

"What? In your dreams."

His face fell. "Oh, that's what they all say. No massage for us, they say. No. Old George, who has three out of five senses not serviceable, who has to sit out in front of this bridge night and day, with no companionship, year after year, Old George is not allowed the simple pleasure of touching another human being, not allowed to satisfy the basic human need for _"

"Oh all right," the princess said. "Just stop your yammering."

"Would you?" his wrinkled face split into a grin.

"Yes. But make it quick," she said, lying down on her stomach on a nearby flat stone. "And if you go any lower than my third lumbar vertebrae, I'll beat you to within an inch of your life."

"Oh, don't worry, miss, I won't," he said, placing his large hands on her neck. "I'll be a perfect gentleman, I will."

"A little lower, please," the princess said, struggling to get the words out.

"Can't hear you," the old man said.

"Argh, akhl, khash," the princess said, as his grip tightened. He certainly did have a strong grip for such a decrepit old man. However, she was able to loosen his grip by kicking backwards into his groin, and then rolling over and kicking and punching him about the face and upper body. In a matter of seconds she was on top of him with her hands wrapped

around his neck. His lips were turning the most interesting shade of mauve, and his breath – his breath? – was fouler than anything she'd ever smelled.

So it was that just before the old man was able to transform himself into the dragon, the princess strangled him into unconsciousness, then dragged his body to the edge of the cliff and tossed it over, where it fell a great distance and plunged like a stone into the rapids below.

The princess got up and dusted herself off, then made her way across the bridge and to the cave, where she found lots of treasure. She found the ring the witch wanted, but before she left she took a few baubles along with it.

The princess thought of them as her insurance policy. Her father was impulsive, prone to angering witches, and she figured he'd be cursed again one of these days. It was better to have something to placate the next witch than to have to go on another quest like this.

Selfish Suicide
by
M.W. Hamel

I'll never be able to destroy myself at this rate. There are too many things in my way—family, friends, career. I just can't bring myself to walk away from my responsibilities and finalize the ending I crave.

"Dad I'll be late for school."

I looked up from my burnt toast and saw my eleven-year-old daughter standing in front of me.

"When do we have to go again?" I asked, wanting to return to my previous inner monologue.

"At quarter till just like everyday you take me. C'mon, I'll be in the car You better put your plate in the sink or mom will be pissed. She doesn't like it when you leave things on the table."

I dropped the plate in the trash along with the toast. I didn't pick the plate out of the trash, but I did take some solace in the fact that it wasn't on the table anymore. I grabbed my keys off the hook on the wall I had so often thought about ramming my head against and joined my daughter in the car.

I hit the garbage can backing out of the driveway. At least that's what I would tell my wife, because the truth was I had been driving forward.

"You did that on purpose," my daughter commented.

"Maybe."

"Mom's going to be pissed about the trash all over the street," she said, sifting through the sack lunch I had made for her. She pulled out a sandwich?

"What's this?"

"A sandwich."

"Well what kind is it? It's all soaked through. I'm not eating this. You'll have to give me some lunch money now because mom gets pissed when I don't eat lunch."

"How could she tell if you didn't eat lunch?" I asked.

"Because when I get home from school my belly sticks out like those African kids on TV, so she knows I've been starving."

She tried to push her stomach out in a poor imitation. Her shirt didn't even move.

"I think those kids missed more than one lunch and they didn't have a father to give them

lunch money.”

“Well I can’t miss even one lunch and I do have a father who will give me lunch money. If there’s any money left over I’ll call that number on the TV next time and send it to those kids in Africa that don’t have any lunch money.”

She leaned back; satisfied the discussion about the lunch situation was over.

We drove passed the pole I had thought about ramming my car into on numerous occasions. It was perfectly situated so that I could jump the curb and hit it head on at high speed. I couldn’t do it now though, my daughter was in the car and my desire for self-destruction was very personal. I had no desire to share it.

“I only have twenty,” I said.

“Twenty what?” my daughter asked, taking the contents of her lunch out and dropping them on the floor of the car one by one.

“A twenty dollar bill.”

“Oh, well mom gets pissed when I don’t have a little cash on me, you know, for emergencies. So just give me the twenty. I’ll spend a few bucks on lunch and save the rest.”

“What about the starving kids in Africa?”

“That was when I thought you were going to give me a five. Then I could just send them change, you know, coins. I don’t think they take bills.”

“Why not?” I asked, craning my neck to see the gun store pass us by, wondering if my background check had gone through.

“The guy on the commercial says it only costs thirty two cents a day to feed those kids in Africa. He didn’t say anything about dollars.”

“I still think dollars would help.”

“Mom gets pissed when I don’t pay attention to elderly people and that guy on the commercial was pretty old. He just said cents, nothing about dollars.”

We drove on in silence for a few minutes. I spotted a few attractive well-placed poles.

“You sure are boring today,” my daughter said.

“Why don’t you take the bus?” I asked.

“Because our house is one of the last stops and there’s no seats left. Mom gets pissed when I have to stand up on the bus.”

“Won’t some nice boy offer you his seat?”

“This skinny kid with a lisp did once but I didn’t take it.”

"Why not?"

"Mom gets pissed when I take things from strangers."

"But you weren't taking anything from him. He offered you the seat."

"Yeah, well mom gets pissed when I accept dandies."

"I think you mean candies."

"Whatever," she said before kicking the dash in front of her, trying to get the airbag to deploy. We drove on.

"Hey, you missed the turn!" she cried.

"Sorry," I said, looking for someplace to turn around.

I was subconsciously heading toward the chemical plant. I had been planning to sit in the car and inhale fumes for a few hours.

I turned around in the middle of the road, which earned me the finger and violent honking from the car behind us. Hopefully he was into road rage and would follow me with a gun or baseball bat and then shoot or beat me senseless when I got out of the car. I sighed when he kept driving on.

"Mom gets pissed when people honk at her."

"I know."

"So am I going to get that twenty or not?" She punctuated the last word of her question with a swift kick to the dash and then said, 'phooey,' when the air bag didn't smack her in the face.

"Don't know," I said, trying to add up how much cough syrup I could buy at the drugstore with twenty bucks.

I figured I could get at least five, but wasn't sure if chugging them back to back would do the job.

"Mom gets pissed when you don't make up your mind and keep procrastinating."

"Where'd you learn that word?" I asked, making the decision not to speed through the school zone in the hopes that some small child would jump in front of the car and I could aim for the nearest tree.

"Friday's vocab quiz. It's the only one I got right."

"Why's that? Didn't you study?"

"Yeah, mom gets pissed when I don't study. I knew that one because whenever I ask her when you're going to get a new job she always says you're procrastinating. After a few

months I figured out what it meant.”

“Huh.”

“Pull up right here and let me out.”

“But the drop off is up there.”

“I know that, but if I wanted to be seen arriving like a nerd I would’ve taken the bus.”

I pulled over to the side of the street. My daughter kicked the dash one last time in the vain hope that her valiant attempts would be rewarded.

“Maybe you’ll have better luck with the air bag tomorrow,” I said.

“Yeah maybe,” she replied, making sure to step on the food bags on the floor as she exited the vehicle. She poked her head back in and scowled. I took the twenty out of my wallet and handed it to her.

“Thanks dad, I love you. By the way, you left the garage door open and mom gets pissed when you do that. Bye!” She slammed the door and headed toward the school.

I pulled out quickly hoping another vehicle coming from behind would slam into the driver’s side of my car, but no luck. I drove home with my eyes closed most of the way, but made it back unscratched. I realized while driving over the garbage can in the middle of the driveway that by closing my eyes I had missed all the poles, forgotten to go to the drug store, and didn’t make the turn for the chemical plant. And to top it all off, I didn’t stop at the gun store to check on my application.

Sometimes I can be so stupid.

Ask Mr. Bargain, Letter 2
by
Ryan Nemeth

Dear Mister Bargain,

I was just hired at the Cincinnati Zoo, and they gave me a pretty ugly office. The walls aren't even painted—they are rough to the touch. Every time I accidentally brush past one of these walls (which isn't hard in this tiny space) I get scratched. What can I do about this?

Thanks,
Monkeying Around in Cincinnati

Dear Monkeying Around in Cincinnati,

Those rough walls need to be smoothed out. Sandpaper will do the trick. Simply rub a piece of sandpaper vigorously over rough spots on the walls and that should fix your problem. Sandpaper is also good for smoothing out large scabs and dangerously pointy teeth. You can also use sandpaper to clean out hard to reach spots like eyeballs. Be warned, however: when sanding things, a small amount of dust is generated (especially when sanding eyes). If this dust is inhaled you may experience a brief cough.

Happy sanding!
Mister Bargain

The Best Laid Plans
by
Victor Schwartzman

What with families with two working parents and the high cost of raising a child, the country's birth rate was dropping. A forward-looking Government, full of planners with ulcers from worrying they were not planning enough, grew worried about the shrinking population. There was some discussion of allowing in immigrants, but that meant letting in foreigners, and the Government was not that forward-looking. Instead, Government scientists developed a fertility serum.

The Government encouraged all of its families to have more children. It did this by offering the fertility serum for free, cutting taxes for new children, providing bonuses for existing children, and legally reducing the work week and renting hotel rooms and providing baby-sitting services.

Many couples took the Government up on its project.

Many were injected with the fertility serum, even lining up for it. The Government had done a fine job of public relations. By the end of the inoculation campaign, however, disturbing rumours surfaced that the serum had not been properly tested, and that when taken in combination with certain foods it actually made anyone who took it sterile.

In the new society, what there was of it, there were fewer ulcers and, gradually, none at all.

From My Window
by
Deek Skusting, aka Cap'n Skusting
Flying saucer contributed by Andrew Kaye



Vagrant
by
Doohinkus



Gravity Sucks
by
Tania Paquette



Contributor Biographies

Car-less on Long Island, **Gerald So** spices up a pedestrian existence with Tetris and blogging. Random thoughts and links to his work are at <http://geraldso.blogspot.com>.

Mike Brown was born in 1986 to convicted baby thieves. Actually, it's unclear as to whether his parents actually gave birth to him or if they stole him, but they assured him that they'd given up the baby stealing racket long before '86. Anyway, he had a childhood, where he mostly played video games and went to school from time to time. After his childhood was over, he mostly played video games and went to work from time to time. Then, one day, he had to write a biography of himself for *Defenestration* magazine. It wasn't that good.

Miles J. Bell is 34. When it was found he didn't exist, it was erroneously decided to invent him. His father was a boxer, and his mother was a cocker spaniel. He lives in a leaking bivouac underneath a motorway flyover. He would like to thank Grolsch lager for making him the man he is today. His diet consists chiefly of snakes and wool.

Gnomon's stories appear at *Eclectica*, *Opium Magazine*, *Thieves Jargon*, *Twisted Tongue* and *A Cruel World*. Gnomon can be reached at yognomon@yahoo.com or at <http://gnomonclature.blogspot.com>

John McDonnell is a hard-drinking writer in the Hemingway mold, who shoots wildebeest on safari in between writing bestselling novels. No, actually John McDonnell is the pen name of an evil dwarf who writes sex-crazed epistolary novels for an audience of perverts. No, that's not right... John McDonnell is a serial killer who writes romance novels on the side. Sigh. Actually, John McDonnell is a well-adjusted, boring person who has not a single perversion or neurosis or addiction worth noting. He is currently under treatment for this, realizing he will never be a successful writer until he at least develops a facial tic.

M.W. Hamel is a young writer of poetry and prose. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines, as well as several fantasies before sleep. He currently resides somewhere near the Rocky Mountains and takes pride in laughing at the ridiculous state of the world.

Ryan Nemeth is proud to be in *Defenestration Magazine*. He is a current student at Xavier University and a sometimes student at iOChicago. See him perform with the *Barely Legal Teens* longform improv group near XU. Contact him at nemeth.ryan@gmail.com .

Victor Schwartzman says: "I have been writing since I was able to, and at 59 I'm finally sending my stuff out, having recovered from the many literary rejections of my teenaged years (I kept every single one, Freud could tell me why if he'd just get that damned cigar out of his mouth). Frankly, that someone other than myself will have the opportunity to read my stuff is both amazing and a little embarrassing. Normal bio stuff would add that I am married, have two kids, and work as a Human Rights Officer, but I'm not normal, so why should my bio be, and is a bio bee like a honey bee?"

Readers disturbed enough to like Victor's stuff should check out <http://weaklyherald.tripod.com>. The site features ten early chapters of a graphic novel about a community newspaper. Readers can download the chapters for free 'cause no one has said they'll pay for them.

Deek Skusting (aka the Cap'n) started his art career in 2nd Grade Math class. He continued honing his artistic skills in Math, English, and Science classes up until 9th Grade, where he was actually able to take art classes. (Flunking out of Spanish class led to his being able to get into an art class.) Continuing into higher education in the form of an art and design curriculum at Rochester Institute of Technology, he left in there 1978 to "play in a rock band." Eventually he found gainful employment in his hometown of Elmira NY as the house artist at a performing arts center and as an advertising artist for a local ladies clothing store. Moving to New York City in 1984, he continued his rock and roll exploits culminating in Brooklyn's Formaldehyde Blues Train. The all original music by FBT was dubbed "Swamp Rock" by the Daily News. Somehow he wound up in the children's clothing business creating graphics for clothes which feature various Disney licensed characters, and eventually as the graphic artist for a complete line of Harley-Davidson kids clothes, which he has been doing for the past nine years. He is a great procrastinator when it comes to personal work. The Cap'n loves rock and roll, *Futurama*, cats, and beer. He lives in Brooklyn with his lovely wife and two cats.

Doohinkus is currently working undercover. He won't elaborate where, but we think he's hiding under our water cooler.

Tania Paquette says: "Dabbling mainly in the simple cartoonish style since I was able to hold a pencil on my own. When I'm not drawing you can find me writing up a storm with fantasy based stories or the likes. Inspired by short animated cartoons (Doodles, Jack and Marcel, Little tree friends...). I keep to my funny side when it comes to my art, but from time to time I like to show my romantic side."