

# ◊ Defenestration ◊

## Volume III, Issue VII

### Table of Contents

Christina M. Rau, "Able Was I"	2
Pete Lee, "Short Poems"	3
Robert Connal, "Castle Gloaming..."	4
Margaret Andrews, "Prologue and Acknowledgements"	5
Ravi Mangla, "Dreaming of Harvard"	6
Ryan Nemeth, "Dear Mr. Bargain: Exasperated in Minnesota"	7
Susan Major, "The Precise Moment Dominick Temporarily Became a Vegetarian"	8
Tom Barlow, "Character Notes for 'When Gods Collide and Conflict'"	10
Trebor Nehoc, "Go Navy"	12
Peter Funk, "Art Debate"	13
Tania Paquette, "Fun Balloons"	14
Contributor Biographies	15

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**Able Was I**  
by  
**Christina M. Rau**

A three cornered hat,  
A single red-cheeked tear:  
That's how I remember Napoleon.  
A small man of great character  
With a big nose and  
An arm that ended at his  
Wrist: a brass-buttoned jacket  
Clearly defining the end of his  
Slinged limb.  
His other hand held up next to his  
Elephant ear, fingers curled forwards,  
Wriggling slightly up and down,  
Open and closed, his palm and  
Forearm ever-so-slightly  
Swaying side to side in rhythm  
With palm fronds behind him.  
His toes wetter with every wave,  
Two ashy eyes squinting  
In relentless sun, failing to hold  
The blip on the horizon as it  
Goes over the edge.

**Short Poems**  
by  
**Pete Lee**

**#1:**

blood bank wastebasket  
overflowing with empty  
tomato juice cans

**#2:**

the cat person  
and the dog person:  
feuding again

**#3:**

cold front  
I turn around  
cold back

## **Castle Gloaming...**

**by**

**Robert Connal**

Castle Gloaming, time of fall unsure,  
has crumbled in its wooded park (wood rotted).  
Pigs munch within its noble halls--obscure,  
de-ceilinged -- while its keeper (drink besotted,  
wine endrenched) among the wreck of bare,  
un-mullioned windows (Burp!) recalls: "There be a  
tomb..." perched dainty as a rabbit where  
untended water falls. Zenobia,  
since thou art (Sewage!) lovely as a sky  
of burning timbers, sweetly I retrieve  
(smoke-twined with breezy tongs) thy dreams, and I  
do hang upon thy speckle-patterned sleeve:  
dust upon dust (Damnation!), flesh on silk.  
A cow moans in thy bedroom, wet with milk.

## **Prologue and Acknowledgments**

**by**  
**Margaret Andrews**

### **Prologue:**

This is a story about a dinner party with some friends. It is about a man only partially eaten and left on the dining room table while everyone moved to the living room for cards and smoking. It's about a man who was eventually scraped into a Tupperware bowl intended as leftovers for lunch the next day with a Dr. Pepper or something.

This story will describe the man's unfortunate marriage to a woman with little tolerance to his harrowing work schedule, his grueling hours behind his desk. How in a fit of impatience, decides to run off to Spain with her friends for a few days. She simply cannot wait for him to finagle some time for a vacation.

Halfway through this story, the man will say to his wife, "I'm dying Mona and you are so cold to me. The least you could do is pick out a decent coffin and see to a proper burial."

The story will end a few months after the dinner party. The housewife will have left the man in the refrigerator for too long, staining the plastic with his mold and other poisonous bacteria. She finds the Tupperware bowl stashed in the back of the third shelf behind the milk and underneath the baking soda and throws what's left of him in the trash.

### **Acknowledgements:**

I would like to thank the Academy, except that they haven't done shit for me, so I probably shouldn't have brought them up in the first place, actually, now that I think about it.

And my life wouldn't be the same if it weren't for my sister Alice, who begrudgingly stole my husband five years ago during a freak accident involving two anvils and a bungee cord, which I did not give to her, I only loaned it to her, the bungee cord, so I just wanted to mention THAT one more time.

I do want to thank Barney Ditz for having a more dysfunctional family than my own. I mean his Dad is a real piece of work. Get this: he's a closet homosexual, AND a Grand Poobah of the KKK. How's THAT for a Fortune 500 CEO? Thanks, Barney. It's people like you that make me realize that my life isn't so bad. And that money doesn't always buy happiness.

Someday I will thank both my editor and my agent, but not now. I'm just not ready yet. And don't wait for me, I'll let you know.

**Dreaming of Harvard**  
by  
**Ravi Mangla**

My most salient preschool memory came in the form of adulation.

"Ravi, I wouldn't be surprised if you went to Harvard!" my teacher exclaimed. I, propped atop the jungle gym like a spider monkey, sensed the sheer verve and ebullience in her tone. I was uncertain, however, what I did to merit such a kind compliment, maybe it was my macaroni artwork. I did excel in macaroni art. Or possibly my block building, I showed promise as a burgeoning young architect.

In time, I came to realize she probably said that to all the children, or at least all the Asian children, but nevertheless it filled with a distinct sense of pride and perhaps even a slight air of conceit. As for the next few weeks I could be seen parading around the playground assailing classmates with such embittered remarks as, "Hey, Stanford, the glue's for pasting, buddy," or "Dartmouth, Ivy League my ass!"

I made few friends during my preschool years and as it turns out, many of the kids I showered with ridicule and vilification ended up at Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Brown, or Harvard. And as for me, things didn't quite pan out.

**Dear Mister Bargain: Exasperated in Minnesota**  
by  
**Ryan Nemeth**

Dear Mister Bargain,

I'm hosting a Thanksgiving Day mixer at my cottage. One of my friends, sadly, is Jewish. I say 'sadly' because my husband told me an invitation to my Turkey Day mixer may offend her. Do Jewish Americans celebrate Thanksgiving?

Thanks,

Exasperated in Minnesota

Dear Exasperated in Minnesota,

All year round I get questions from readers who don't quite understand the Jewish faith. Yes, Jewish Americans celebrate Thanksgiving. But there are many things that our Jewish loved ones don't celebrate, and that makes dealing with these people very tricky. I've compiled something that might help all my regular (non-Jewish) readers understand the intricacies of Judaism. Here is a list of every single thing that the Torah forbids:

Giving Christmas gifts  
Opening Christmas gifts  
Writing thank-you notes for Christmas gifts  
Returning Christmas gifts that didn't fit right  
Cheating in 'Secret Santa'-style gift exchanges so you always get the same person  
Saving time by going to Christmas Mass early (on Christmas Eve)  
Eating (or smelling) Christmas cookies  
Living in a city that permits the sale of eggnog  
Believing in Snowmen (more specifically: constructing false idols out of Christmas snow)  
Mourning the death of a loved one by singing Christmas carols  
Getting a flat tire on the way to your godparents' house on Easter  
Keeping unorganized bathroom cabinets  
Experiencing tooth decay  
Awkwardly sharpening a pencil with a knife because the pencil sharpener is misplaced and the writing of a Christmas list with that pencil  
Excessive pride  
Living in a house with unsanded walls  
Loud gum-chewing while wrapping Christmas gifts\*

\*There are some exceptions to this one

I encourage my readers to invite people of all different races, religions, and body types to Thanksgiving Day mixers.

Happy Holidays.  
Mister Bargain

## **The Precise Moment Dominick Temporarily Became a Vegetarian**

**by**  
**Susan Major**

At the Stop & Go deli counter, Dominick grabs a bright red ticket that sticks out like a brat's tongue. Number 37.

It's like getting a losing lottery ticket. The deli clerks are only on number 28.

"29."

The customers glance from ticket to monitor each time the chain is pulled, as though their numbers might have somehow transformed. Dominick revisits his familiar internal conflict: to wait patiently, obedient to the system, or to rebel -- leave the deli counter to scout other supplies and try to accurately estimate the correct return time.

Time estimates involve knowing something about your competition. Dominick eyeballs two young mothers with toddlers in tow. They are the most unpredictable -- prone to bolting when the whining starts. Mom #1 hovers close to the sloping glass of the deli counter, tucking a stray hair behind her ear when she catches her reflection. To Dominick, her strategic location indicates that she's just one or two numbers away.

Mom #2 is attempting to quiet her skittish children with overly polite, New-Age-parent negotiating. Dominick predicts her first deli request will be a pound of cheese. She'll peel off slices as plugs and playthings for uncontrollable mouths and mischievous hands.

Deli Clerk #1 is serving the bearers of ticket #29, a couple in their mid-fifties. The woman wears an expensive-looking blazer and slim wool pants. The man wears his hair longish, an aging hipster cocooned in a rich, brown leather jacket that hangs perfectly on his body. They order the most expensive meats and cheeses in ridiculously small amounts, delivering their requests so awkwardly they seem like language-challenged visitors to a foreign country. Every decision requires deep discussion, punctuated with insightful comments about something they heard that morning on NPR.

A middle-aged woman is hogging Deli Clerk #2. Like a lucky gambler cashing in her chips, she's exchanged her ticket for a jackpot stream of plastic wrapped packages. Maybe she takes lunch to the office every day. Maybe she has teenaged boys at home. They eat like pigs.

Dominick turns his attention to the deli men. Their skill and speed will also affect his waiting time. He is mesmerized by Deli Clerk #1, a thin man with stringy gray hair and a great, beaklike nose, who clutches the red meats and yellow cheeses too tightly in his plastic-gloved hands. Dressed in a paper hat and white coat lightly streaked with brown, it strikes Dominick that the man looks like a cross between a malevolent ice-cream man and Doctor Death.

"30."

Starry-eyed love couple, holding hands. Newlyweds? Or maybe they just slept together for the first time. She kisses her companion -- with tongue -- after the guy orders cheese. Like

he's done something brilliant asking for provolone.

"31."

Dominick mentally inventories his refrigerator and cabinets. He has bread. Spicy German mustard. American cheese -- white, not orange. He plots the architecture of his sandwich, mentally constructing cold meat towers while watching Doctor Death's rhythmic slicing. If he makes a four-decker sandwich, can he fit it in his mouth for a clean bite, or will he have to flatten it a little with his hand?

Doctor Death has real showbiz flair. He cuts a slice of meat with a dramatic flourish and displays it on waxed paper atop his sanitary plastic palm.

"Bloody enough?"

Mom #1, deli ticket #31, has asked for rare meat, but this indelicate reference to the meat's appearance is quickly categorized by her eyes and slight step backward as distasteful. With clipped precision she machine-guns her answer.

"Fine thanks just one pound."

Doctor Death smirks and turns back to his slicing. Almost instantly he erupts in a groan and a curse, pulling his left hand to his coat, covering it with his right.

"You want a band aid?" asks Deli Clerk #2.

Doctor Death turns his back to the customers. Dominick can't see what's happening, so he shifts position to the end of the deli counter for a better view. Dr. Death has peeled off his plastic glove and is sucking his finger, a trace of blood flaring out at the corner of his lips. His white coat has a new stain, a bright red streak. He notices Dominick and smiles, but it's a smile Dominick can't quite interpret. Dominick stares at Doctor Death's tongue as it begins a slow, continuous circle around the tip of his finger to pick up more blood.

A thought flowers slowly for Dominick, eventually creating a time-lapse bloom of uneasy observation. This is not some poorly attempted first aid. This is, in fact, nothing medically based at all.

Dominick unknowingly rubs deli ticket # 37 between his fingers until it becomes a tight cylinder that he drops on the floor. He feels bewildered for just a moment, then abandons his cart and strides toward the exit like a man with a purpose. He drives home well over the speed limit, perplexed by the intensity of his sudden craving for a grilled cheese sandwich, a desire that will stay with him for nearly a week.

## **Character Notes for "When Gods Collide and Conflict"**

**by  
Tom Barlow**

Gordon Van Gelder, Editor  
The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
P.O. Box 3447  
Hoboken, NJ 07030

Dear Mr. Van Gelder:

I recently submitted my short story "When Gods Collide and Conflict," to The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction (Fed-ex tracking number 00130444266, delivered to your office at 4:46 p.m. on February 5th; a J.J. Adams signed for it?). In retrospect, I wonder if some readers might find the characters a tad confusing, as they are quite advanced.

I am confident that you will choose to print my story, and leave it to your best judgment whether to append the following.

"When Gods Collide and Conflict" main characters:

Gordon d'Shaft- fortune hunter, raconteur, agent provocateur. Wears a beat-up fedora and a zyzzmian pelt vest. Penis was cut off in an attack by Weiβ Obsidian's voluptuous henchwoman Suzu Tagnacht, but reattached near his breastbone to take advantage of the increased blood flow. He is hired by Suzzi b'Flamé to recover the kidnapped crown prince, Zussa t'Biskt.

Suzzi b'Flamé- Voluptuous genius and queen of the Dakota tribe, who live in the orbiting encampments of the 'true humans' around Jupiter. Controls the gaming industry of the Jupiter alliance. Secretly a priestess in the Plexus, a mystical all-female society bent on ruling the Jupiter system through the ancient feminine principles of the Amazons.

Weiβ Obsidian- a half black, half white (divided down the middle, head to foot, like Neapolitan ice cream without the strawberry) man whose family once ruled the equatorial country of Bongo on the now uninhabitable planet of Tierra. Head of the Pain and Persuasion (P&P) Guild, henchman and henchwomen who work for the highest bidder.

Hizzanr d'Wolf- Chief of the Dakota Tribe, famous as the warrior who killed the thaumaturge Aha Ink in the Battle of the Europa Sea. Hizzanr is also known as Four-ear, since he had the ears of slain Aha Ink grafted onto his head to intimidate his enemies. During the course of the story Hizzanr learns he was adopted, and is really the illegitimate son of Weiβ Obsidian and Suzu Tagnacht.

Aha Ink- Began life as human, but through a human-animal hybridization process, gained deadly attributes such as lion claws, the gills of a halibut, the teeth of a grizzly, and the eyes of a Titian seeker lizard. He is (was) a member of the P&P Guild, hired by Drake Drake Drake, pretender to the throne of Ganymede, to kill Hizzanr d'Wolf and Zussa d'Biskt.

Drake Drake Drake- Duc O'Io, plots to rule the outer planets. His is a giant among the microhumans, a race genetically altered to minimize resource depletion, standing a full 75

centimeters tall. His son, Drake Drake Drake Drake, appears destined to grow even taller.

Drake Drake Drake Drake- Teenager with sexual identity problems, he has taken to secretly dressing as a woman in hopes of joining the Plexus conspiracy. Resents his father. Self-conscious about his height. When he is kidnapped by Gordon d'Shaft, who hopes to swap him for Suzza d'Biskt, he falls in love with the penis-chested scallywag.

Eyieeyiyo McDonald- D4's servant, dwarf, wears eye patch. Always accompanied by his parrot, Verbatim.

Peas Porrauge- Voluptuous servant in the d'Wolf castle, she is secretly the high priestess of Plexus, on a mission to seduce Drake Drake Drake and bear a child with mixed DNA that would pollute the genetic purity of the microhumans, whom the Plexus consider perversions. She conspires with Zuzzia d'd'dimand to kidnap Zussa d'Biskt in hopes of swapping the prince for the unholy child Drake Drake Drake Drake.

Zuzzia d'd'dimand- Representative of the Holy C to the outer planets, she is a voluptuous sexual predator with a taste for edged weapons and things that go boom. She and Gordon d'Shaft once shared an on again, off again love/hate relationship. He is unaware of her Plexus involvement, and she is unaware that the bulge in his breast pocket means he's happy to see her.

Drake Drake- Drake Drake Drake's father and Drake Drake Drake's grandfather, now senile, he waxes D3's diamond floor, causing D3's wife Guse's deadly fall.

Pupu Milkkoal- An unhappy member of the P&P guild, he plots the assassination of Weiβ Obsidian, hoping to replace him with the bloodthirsty but voluptuous Bianco Nero.

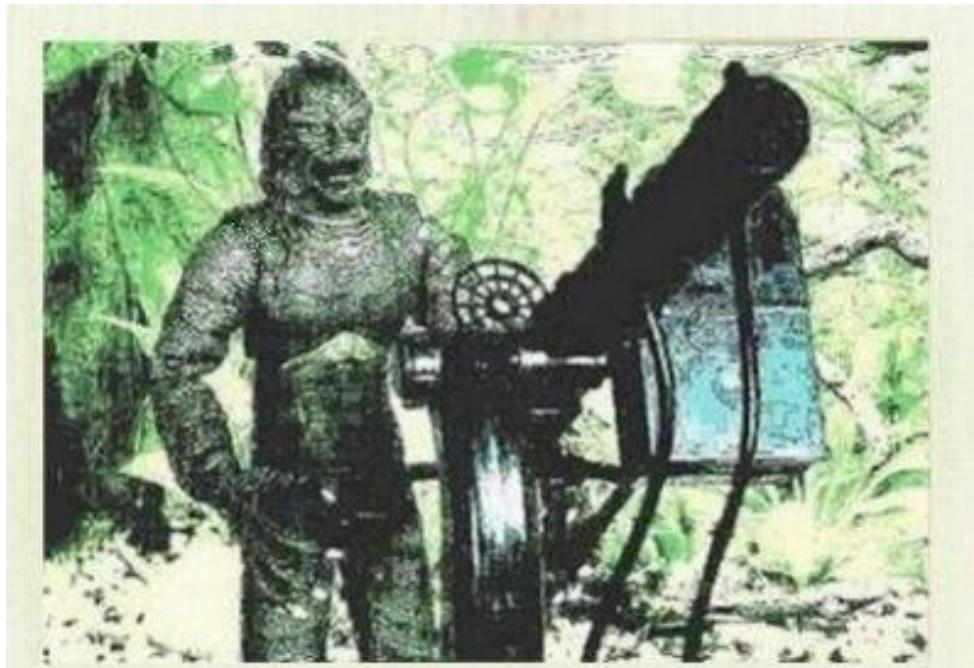
Bianco Nero- A product of Weiβ Obsidian's rape of a microwoman. With her long arms but very short legs, she specializes in attacking dinner guests from under the table. Actually responsible for the dismemberment of Gordon d'Shaft, which he blames on Suzu Tagnacht.

Suzu Tagnacht- She joins Plexus in order to spy on them for the P&P Guild, which she has joined in order to spy on them for the Dakota tribe, which she has joined in order to spy on them for her former soulmate, Gordon d'Shaft, in hopes of regaining his love. Unbeknownst to her, Gordon is spying on her for the Duc O'Io. Unbeknownst to Gordon, she is also spying on him for the Holy C, under the threat that they will otherwise harm her twin sister, Zusu.

I hope this clarifies the characters for my short story. Thanks for your understanding.

Tom d'Barlow

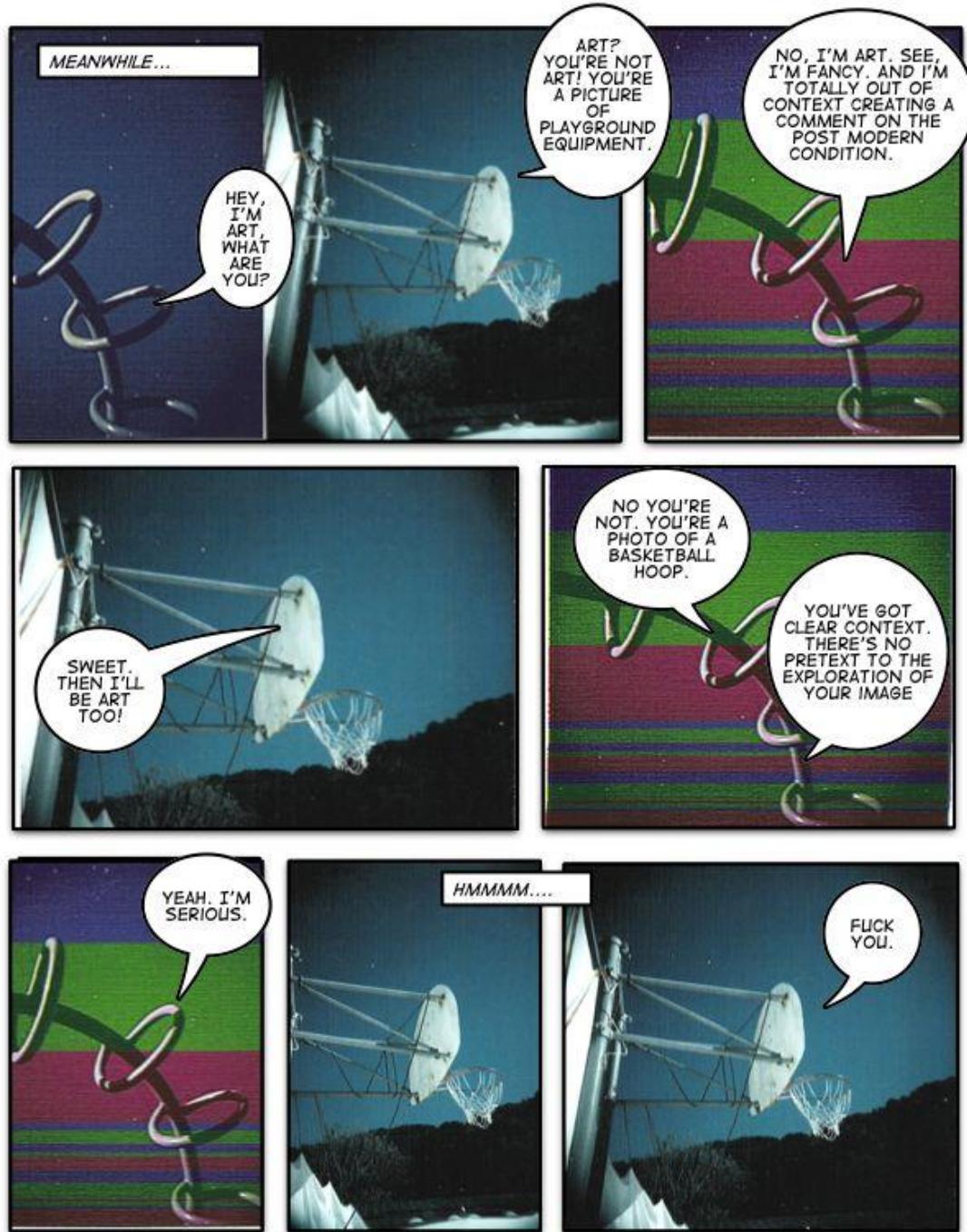
**Go Navy**  
by  
**Trebور Nehoc**



**Man the GUNS**  
*Join the NAVY*

## Art Debate

by  
Peter Funk



See more here: <http://homepage.mac.com/jetsetpete/comiclife/>

**Fun Balloons**  
by  
**Tania Paquette**



## Contributor Biographies

At the tender age of 6, **Christina M. Rau** was a tightrope walker. She left the circus when she realized that it didn't really pay any money. Instead, she became a poet, realizing too late that poetry offered even less of a living. Because she is masochistic and needs to supplement her income, she is a full time English professor at a college on Long Island in New York. She has been published in several magazines, most of which are now defunct, and received her MFA from Southampton College, LIU, which is also now defunct.

**Pete Lee**'s former occupations include army sergeant/counterintelligence agent, federal intelligence operations specialist, private investigator, newspaper reporter, and social worker. He now lives in relatively blissful semi-retirement in a small town in the Mojave Desert. His poetry has appeared in numerous print publications and e-journals.

**Robert Connal** lives in Scandinavia with a beard, a forged Estonian passport, and twenty-three cats. He has often said that he was born in the wrong century. Everyone who knows him agrees that he belongs in any century but theirs.

**Margaret Andrews** currently resides in Duzzinmadda, Phoenicia, where she works as a switchboard operator for the world's largest rabbit. Her hobbies include rescuing babies hurled down from the roofs of burning high-rise buildings, battling copyright infringement on her cure for the common cold, donating millions of dollars to impoverished countries, and knitting.

**Ravi Mangla** is happily unemployed, lost, drifting aimlessly through time and space. His foremost life ambition is to write a novel selected for Oprah's book club. Try [Rhm0165@gmail.com](mailto:Rhm0165@gmail.com) for comments, suggestions, donations and all else.

**Ryan Nemeth** is very happy to be in *Defenestration Magazine* again. He is a native of Cleveland. He studies at Xavier University and sometimes studies at iOChicago. Contact him at [nemeth.ryan@gmail.com](mailto:nemeth.ryan@gmail.com).

**Susan Major** still dreams of a day when she will discover irrefutable evidence that she is an alien replacement left on earth by a visiting pod. It would explain so much. You can find her landing coordinates at [www.majordevelopments.com](http://www.majordevelopments.com).

**Tom Barlow** anagrams to:

Bloat worm- So glad no one in my high school figured this one out.

Bloom wart- A Victorian STD?

Bawl motor- She done me wrong.

Trawl boom- Tried sailing once. My forehead is still dimpled.

Low art mob- Great name for a magazine that runs my stuff.

Lamb or two- Rural threesome fantasy.

Two arm lob- Jumpshot-impaired.

Arm to bowl- Butt to sit, nose to pick.

Law or tomb- Illusory choice.

Blat or mow- I hate yard work, so I usually blat.

Navy vet **Trebor Nehoc** is a writer living in New York. His latest book, The Electric Sewer: War Stories of the NYC Transit Police (Oak Tree Press, 2004) is available through Barnes & Noble and Amazon.

**Peter Funk**, currently clean shaven though previously accused of having both a) a hipster beard and b) a semi-nautical beard, lives in the San Francisco Bay Area where he juggles a messenger business, an unhealthy interest in America's most unappreciated astronaut Virgil "Gus" Grissom, and flirting with a 200 bowling score. While not a comic artist by training Peter is well versed in the intricacies of Family Circus and Dilbert. He is both fascinated and confused by the long cancelled TV show *Manimal*.

**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."