La Ventana Trasera

Dolores Cocermucho's barrow rumbled over the cobbles signalling the arrival of the morning's freshly baked bread. The tantalizing aroma pervading the square as she hung the plastic bags containing the succulent 'bollos' on the door handles of her customer's dwellings. Antonio Poyato watched mournfully, he felt sorry for himself. His leg was broken, in fact it was broken in numerous places. Poyato found that breaking his leg was surprisingly easy. A combination of Remitroot Whisky, chronic stupidity and an inflated belief in his own athletic prowess did the trick. He had moved into the Bar La Casa Devante, occupying a room at the rear and overlooking the Town's Plaza. He wanted to be looked after and the unlimited supply of various alcoholic beverages an added bonus.

Poyato watched the children on their way to school. Laughing loudly, their mothers chirping to each other on their high pitched musical way. He remembered his own childhood days. The tables and chairs in the Plaza doubled for space rockets, pirate ships and cavalry forts. The memory so vivid he still felt the excitement of those far off days.

After his lunch Poyato dozed until the early drinkers arrived. The wise seeking inspiration, the not so wise seeking inebriation while others just wanted to avoid chattering wives. Antonio Poyato finished a large glass of large Remitroot Whisky before trying to insert a straightened coathanger into his cast to counter a very irritating itch.

A gaggle of exited children passed under the rear window of the Bar La Casa Devante, it was their 'home time' and they were bent on disruptive enjoyment. Their mothers were not so happy, their joy of dropping their children off at school isn't matched at their collection.

The evening began.

The bar below Poyato's window filled with the serious evening drinkers. Discussing Alquerian politics, putting the world to rights or telling their woes to the long-suffering barmen. The cacophony of sound increases as the evening progresses. Poyato watched as the square below filled with the villagers, some sober, some drunk and one or two unconscious. Fistfights break out regularly, known as the 'Alquerian Pastime' as Remitroot based alcohol precipitates belligerence.

The Bar eventually closes and all is quiet. A fleeting shadow of a female form closely followed by two male forms cross the square. Manuela, Poyato thought although he felt he was better off not knowing the details of the particular triangular tryst.

Poyato dozed.

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