Rearmament

After centuries of undeclared warfare between the opposing Barrios of Alqueria the methods of waging war had become staid and predictable. Like a marriage suffering the same malady, spice, zest and excitement needed to be added to stop the whole thing petering out due to boredom and apathy.

Manuela and her Hill People confederates approached Rancid Rafael, a well known black marketeer and spiv. Rancid Rafael was so called because of his habit of styling his hair and moustache with curdled yak's milk and Marmite. He was known to have clandestine dealings with such organisations as the international arms house, Bangs”r”Us.

A meeting was duly arranged on the understanding that all parties would remain incognito. To this end the participants, Manuela, Poyato, Rancid Rafael and the Bangs”r”Us salesman, Incendiary Pete wore Conemmor Supermarket bags on their heads. The smell from Rafael's hair gave his identity away immediately. When Manuela tried to interfere with Incendiary Pete's nether regions her identity became obvious also. Poyato managed to remain anonymous for about five minutes until he produced his Remitroot filled hip-flask lavishly inscribed with his name. They still kept up the pretence of anonymity however, until the imminent prospect of suffocation forced them to abandon their plastic carrier bags.

The Hill People's delegation purchased the (LGRRDS) Little Gem Random Rubble Delivery System manufactured by the British firm Bloemhi and Hyde Co. Ltd. The system arrived flat-packed under cover of darkness. Assembly began immediately, however due to the lateness of the hour a seven your old child was unavailable and construction had to be performed by Alquerian adults. Even the slow witted realised the inevitable outcome.

The first attempt produced a remarkably rigid double wardrobe with louvred doors. The second resulted in a confused mass of struts and bulges which somehow seemed strangely personified, it would have made Damien Hirst proud.

The third attempt resembled a barrel on legs, it was immediately dubbed 'The Thing'. At this point the characteristic truncated attention span of the Alquerians clicked in and they gave up. An alternative plan was hatched. They decided to use the results of the third attempt as a Trojan Horse. All went well as 'The Thing' was wheeled into the Newcomer's territory. At midnight a commando group were to jump out of 'The Thing'. They would then daub pro-Hill People graffiti on the walls and houses of the Newcomers and then make their way back to friendly territory as best they could.

As Manuela and her comrades watched and giggled in the dark a realisation struck them. They had forgotten to actually put anyone into the third attempt. 'The thing' was empty.

As an alternative to the alternative a rather rude letter was sent to Rodriquez, the leader of the Newcomers.