High Noon, (approximately).

Alqueria was a village in despair! Under Rodriguez's careful management the Pueblo went from an idyllic people's society where the gross national product and the national Remitroot product were shared by all to a Dickensian capitalistic ghetto. Rodriquez and his cronies were in high glee while the 'ordinary' people were desperate. Unbeknown to the suffering population however strange forces were at work.

Manuela, during her monthly reconciliation discovered that Atlético Nijar football team was on her list of conquests and therefore Poyato's supposed slander had substance. She put aside the giant turkey baster and Tabasco which she intended to administer to Poyato and forgave him. Poyato, for his part was hiding in a freak show in Mojacar wearing false testicles. During one of his nightly performances a false testicle malfunctioned ending an otherwise promising career on the stage. Poyato headed back to Alqueria still wearing the one good testicle. Meanwhile the last member of the 'democratic trio' Loco Paco who was barricaded in the basement of the town-hall had an in depth discussion with his imaginary five foot rodent friend 'Bert'. Bert assured Paco that Poyato hadn't kicked him and therefore there was no need to be incarcerated in the cellar. He could join Manuela and Poyato in their fight to rid Alqueria of the evil Rodriquez.

The three meet on the Spanish side of the Alquerian border in the Bar El BuenoNosh. Differences were put to one side and the trio reached agreement as to how to get rid of Rodriquez or at least his influence from Alqueria. It was decided to confront him face-to-face. The Calle Horno, being the main street of the Village was chosen as the venue for the fateful confrontation. Manuela drafted a message to be sent to Rodriquez, it read. 'Unless you withdraw your control of Alqueria by eleven o'clock today then a state of undeclared war will exist between us.' The message was duly despatched by special messenger to Rodriquez's home in the Avenida Rica.

The Bar El BuenoNosh was stifling in the Autumn heat. Flies buzzed and the ceiling fan whirred in an unequal struggle against the heat. All was quiet, the nervous silence was almost tangible. The 'tick' of the huge wall clock was, although soothing almost deafening in the torpid atmosphere of the bar.

Manuela checked her watched and then double checked against Poyato's timepiece. She would have liked a third opinion but Loco Paco had lost one of the Micky Mouse hands making his watch only accurate to the hour.

At precisely eleven O'clock, having received no reply, Manuela formally began hostilities against Rodriquez and his cronies.