The Rescue

Benjy sat in his cell, forlorn while nervously checking his watch every few seconds and trying not to arouse the suspicions of his jailers. He was a sad sight and there is no sight sadder than an imprisoned Saharan dung beetle waiting for rescue on a Sunday morning. To make matters worse his rescuers were idiots. He however longed to see his owner Loco Paco again. Benjy's mind went back to the games they played together during those warm summer evenings long ago. Paco would throw a stick and Benjy would scamper after it, grab it and scamper back to Paco with it between his teeth. He often wondered why Paco threw the stick in the first place if he wanted it returned but it appeared to please Paco so Benjy humoured him. Now his freedom rested on this feeble minded cretin and three others of his ilk. Benjy wasn't a happy dung beetle.

Manuela, Antonio Poyato, Loca Pepa and Loco Paco moved stealthily towards the castle and Benjy's cell. They were to perform a frontal assault a speciality of Manuela. They could see the jailer asleep at his desk, a row of keys hanging from hooks above his head. The Alqueria four made their preparations.

Manuela first checked her hair then the magazine on her Mauser, making sure the rounds were clean and sitting properly, she didn't want them to jam when the shooting started. She checked the barrel was clean of oil so the rifle wouldn't 'throw' the first shot. She finally worked the bolt putting a cartridge into the chamber and slipped off the safety catch. Poyato 'broke' his shotgun and slipped a cartridge into each barrel. His gently closed the gun. There was no safety catch which was unfortunate as at that precise moment Paco's fingers slipped on his water pistol sending a stream of water into Poyato's eye. His pulled the trigger of his shotgun peppering Manuela's shapely bottom. She jumped, used to having her culito interfered with but never with 'buck shot', she dropped her Mauser. It discharged making a neat hole in the window of the jailer's office. Loca Pepa opened her first-aid box and tended Manuela's wound while Poyato took photographs with his mobile phone.

The jailer wasn't the bravest of men and made long strides in the direction of away leaving his now stained chair spinning on its axis. Manuela was too concerned with her injuries to notice, next to her hair her culito was her most cherished attribute. Paco in a burst of bravery and stupidity headed towards the office, found it empty and freed Benjy.

“Antonio if you come within three metres of my culito again you die” muttered Manuela through her clenched pearly white teeth as the five made their way back to Matas's cave in the sierra.