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Enrique and I were sitting at a table in Felipe's, sipping Pernod from porcelain cups. The morning was young and cool. The coolness felt good on my face, but it was not a bracing coolness and the Pernod burned my throat. At Harry's Bar we always drank white capri for breakfast and it never burned. That was long ago, before the war.

Suddenly in the distance there was a crash. "Didn't you hear that?" Enrique said.

"Sure. Sure, I heard it."

"Well?"

"Well what? Pernod got you on edge?"

"Never mind about the Pernod. Just never mind about that. What about the noise?"

"Don't play *juegos* with me, *amigo*. You know what it is very well."

Enrique grunted. The crash was quickly followed in the distance by the sounds of a large crowd. Peasants, I thought. Bathless bastards. We paid the bill and went outside. Enrique and I walked across the plaza and pushed through the crowd of sweating peasants gathered near the seawall. We soon found what we were looking for.

"*Dios mío*," Enrique said. "*El huevo grande*." The egg lay on the ground, badly shattered. Yolk was seeping out and staining the wheat-colored dust.

We met Garcia there, who was talking with three mustachioed officers of the Guardia Civil. Garcia was wearing a white linen suit, but already the perspiration had darkened his armpits. "Weak-livered bastards," Garcia said. "Who would push an innocent egg from a 20-foot wall?"

"Without doubt it was an anarchist," one of the officers said. "A man without *cojones*—one who would kill only when there is no risk of being killed. *Cobardes!* I obscenity in the milk of your ancestors!" Meanwhile, the other officers were at work, slapping the egg and pouring cold water on his cracked shell to revive him. But anyone could see he was dead. The poor bastard had had it.

"*Vamos*," I said to Enrique.

"*Vengo*," he said. "I come."