It was a cold October night in old Mexico. A thin moon was shining over the Sierra. Near the old hacienda there were five banditos sitting around a fire. Two of them were sleeping. One man was sitting on a stone and cleaning his gun. He was whistling and from time to time he was singing. It was a song about a pretty girl named Carmencita. Another bandit was looking into the flames and thinking about the next day. Pancho, the leader, was leaning against a tree. Nobody was speaking.

Somewhere in the distance, a wolf cried. Suddenly, Pancho shouted: "Juan Gonzales, tell us a story!" The sleeping bandits woke up. The man who was cleaning his gun, stopped his work. He stood up and looked in the eyes of Pancho. Then he looked at his fellows. After a while Juan Gonzales began his story: "It was a cold October night in old Mexico. A thin moon was shining over the Sierra. Near the old hacienda there were five banditos sitting around a fire. Two of them were sleeping. One man was sitting on a stone and cleaning his gun. He was whistling and from time to time he was singing. It was a song about a pretty girl named Carmencita. Another bandit was looking into the flames and thinking about the next day. Pancho, the leader, was leaning against a tree. Nobody was speaking.

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