The Agreement

The old olive grove to the north of Alqueria is in near total darkness with the moon's reflected light the only illumination. Manuela and Gabriela are still deadlocked. All the villagers had long since given up hope of seeing a good cat-fight. The majority had retired to the Bar La Casa Devante where they were at least guaranteed some form of brawl as the evening's Remitroot liquor took hold.

As the impasse continued neither of the two protagonists would give ground. It was getting late, very late, something had to happen. Simultaneously both said sternly “We need to talk”. The girls were evenly matched in looks, stamina and intelligence both masterpieces of nature. They had looked each other in the eyes and found no fault. It was now time to talk, to establish boundaries.

The population of Alqueria followed these events with curiosity but Sacerdote del Semblante Lánguido, the Village Priest had a particular interest in these two ladies. When the Priest arrived in Alqueria he was young, keen, naïve and full of religious fervour. Then one day Manuela came to confession. After Manuela's revelations the Priest was in shock, he lay in his bed staring at the ceiling, he dribbled, he lost his appetite, finally he became an existentialist. Initially he was scandalised by Manuela's confessions now he looks forward to them with a carnal longing. He keeps notes and intends one day to publish what would perhaps be the best erotic novel since Fifty Shades of Grey. Now there would be two of the same ilk at confession. The priest was beside himself with anticipation. He rushed out and bought more pencils and paper. Before every visit by Manuela the Priest had found it necessary to sweep the confessional for electronic bugs. Recordings of the confession would fetch a good price in the back streets of Almería.

Manuela and Gabriela were deep in conversation, eyes flashed and pearly white teeth gleamed as they became engrossed in their heated debate. While it may be true to say that society has historically pitted woman against women, these two had decided to

put it on a formal footing. The agreement that was thrashed out over numerous glasses of Remitroot Cocktail, the favourite tipple of both girls is as follows.
They would stick to the men of their own barrios, non-partisan men were fair game. Music to Blythe Gruntmore's ears. Never to dress the same and never to make eye contact with each other. Both to assume the other doesn't exist and never never ever comment on the hair of the other. Men, clothes and hair all pretty standard really for the feminine half of any society.

It was to be a balance of female guile, the ultimate weapon system and half as old as time itself.