**La Casa Maribel, the menu.**

La Casa Maribel was the brainchild of Maribel Buenanosh, a restaurant which would put Alqueria firmly on the culinary map. It would serve exclusively Alquerian home grown food, the only restaurant to do so. There is of course a reason for this, Alquerian food is foul to say the least. No other restaurant would touch the stuff on taste grounds alone without even considering the health implications. To be fair to the Señora Buenanosh she had lost the use of her taste buds. She failed to follow the instructions with her new electric tongue scraper and paid the price.

It is difficult to categorise Alquerian cuisine, it's certainly unique and not for the faint hearted. Meat dishes prepared from creatures relatively high up the evolutionary scale are scarce. These animals have a certain amount of intelligence and have therefore legged it out of the Pueblo long ago. The Alquerian Lemming is still to be found in the Village which is probably why it has such a propensity for hurling itself from high places.

The pick of the menu would be as follows.

Lemmings are small and preparing them can be complicated. After they have flung themselves off convenient cliffs they are even smaller or at least more compact. Skewering and cooking over charcoal is the preferred Alquerian method. It is imperative to make sure the Lemming isn't conscious prior to skewering, the surprised look is off-putting to the diner. They'll have enough to contend with when they taste the 'delicacy'.

Maribel had to include the singular Alquerian Truffle, not as sought after as the Motovun Forest variety but they are distinctive. Black with variable blue markings they have a pungent aroma slightly reminiscent of the drainage problems associated

with Egyptian port towns. A top French chef described them as having the consistency of Balsa Wood and the taste of hydrocortisone skin cream.

The only source of fish is the stinking green slime of the Río Verde and the only edible fish is the Alquerian Trout. Distinguished from other trout by large dilated eyes and a confused expression they need careful preparation. Nestor Clacketo ate one only partially cooked and had the most terrible side-effects. He was in such a state of mental disorientation he joined the British Tory Party.

The pick of the deserts has to be the traditional Alqueria Pudding. The basis is Remitroot, but pulped into a dough, not unlike suet. The puddings can contain a variety of fillings. Because the dough is an aggressive aphrodisiac, very few are completely consumed. It is advisable to check with one's doctor before eating. It might also be polite to check with one's partner as well.

How will the invited connoisseurs react?

We will see on opening day.