Los Terribles

Alqueria was fast becoming known as a bikers' paradise. The lack of laws and only José Cabrasilbido, the local policeman to maintain peace meant freedom for these leather jacketed latter day rebels. Alqueria even boasted its very own motorcycle gang, 'Los Terribles'. Among its members were 'Petrol-Vapour Pedro' high on gasoline fumes even before he leaves the house. 'Long-Stroke Jake' so named because, well perhaps it´s better not knowing. Even Loco Paco joined but was drummed out for fitting stabilisers to his 50cc Derbi moped.

Motoring events are rare in Alqueria, although the 'Google Street View' camera car did come into the pueblo. It arrived one Sunday morning and was never seen again. Coincidently the Village now has a security camera installed in the Plaza and Arián Pérez has a new car with a strange hole in the roof.

Los Terribles raced back and forth on their machines scattering the old and infirm. They made the Bar La Casa Devante their headquarters turning the quaint Spanish taberna into an oily, greasy dive. When Manuela heard there was a huge Yamaha outside the Bar she hurried to the hostelry. She was however under the illusion that a Yamaha was an organ.

Rival gangs thundered into the Pueblo and fought pitched battles with Los Terribles, other gangs and even themselves. Civil strife was being hijacked by outsiders. The Alquerian pastime was being usurped by foreigners and that would never do. The people of the Village were forced to live in peace while they witnessed imported anarchy.

Something had to be done. Loco Paco was still smarting from his blackballing by Los Terribles and vowed revenge. Manuela was disappointed to discover that a huge Yamaha was in fact only a motorcycle and Poyato was losing money as the bikers drank bourbon and not Remitroot based booze.

The now defunct Alquerian Space Program had left as its legacy several hundred litres of Remitroot rocket fuel. In the dead of night the disgruntled Alquerians drained the tanks on the motorbikes and refilled them with the potent liquid.

The massed ranks of bikers turned their ignition switches as one. It was an awe inspiring sight. Some bikes disintegrated immediately. One Electra Glide spanned the Río Verde before breaking up. The rider left clutching the machine's handlebars now detached from the smouldering wreck which was once his pride and joy.

Petrol-Vapour Pedro, as was his custom partook of the fuel orally. He still wanders the Village, a glazed look, permanent grin and speaking a rare Mandarin dialect only spoken by a handful of survivors from the Great Wampee Disaster of 89. Poyato made a mental note to exploit the linguistic capability of Remitroot overindulgence.

Alqueria was now free to engage in much loved domestic civil unrest, restoring the status quo and bringing stability back to the Pueblo.