Spring in the Village

An Alquerian winter is not an event for the faint hearted. Perverse weather conditions ensure it's a long gloomy affair. As Enjoyable as curling up under a damp cold army blanket. Some areas of the Carpathian Mountains have unique weather systems and a history of longevity within their native populations. Alqueria's unique weather system doesn't make the lives of the inhabitants longer it just feels that way. The despondency felt during these cheerless weeks is almost tangible. It is with heavy hearts and bowed heads that the ordeal is endured.

The pink Almond blossom was now exploding over the countryside heralding warmer weather. Spring was well and truly announcing its imminent arrival. The time of renewal was approaching. Flora and fauna of the Sierra Alhamilla no longer have to fight for survival, the easy days of summer beckon. A marked change among the people of Alqueria began to show itself, the crazy days of Spring had a lot to answer for.

Manuela, the unofficial leader of El Gente del Cerro and Alquerian temptress may not have had her thoughts turned, but they had certainly become more focused. Her dark intense eyes which can melt a man's heart at fifty paces had taken on a predatory gleam. She had a spring in her well turned step. She could be seen each day with an impressive specimen of Spanish manhood. The next day he would barely have the strength to button his shirt. She decimated the male population of the village, so much so that neighbouring towns bussed young men into Alqueria as reserves became necessary.

Rodriquez the olive mill owner and the most hated man in the pueblo was not exempt from this seasonal bonhomie. This loathsome man was actually seen to smile at passers-by and playfully tap a small boy on his curly haired head. The boy is still receiving counselling and should regain his powers of speech before the summer proper.

To welcome the change of seasons Horacio Stranglardeganso, landlord of the Bar La Casa Devante thought of offering free drinks for an evening. After much thought however, he decided on ten drinks for the price of eight. Between nine and nine-fifteen on the evening of the day that the clocks change.

The church congregation sang with a new found vigour and a visiting priest was taken aback by the rude responses to his prayers. It turned out that Antonio Poyato had spiked the Communion wine with Remitroot liquor. The hallucinogenic effect of Remitroot caused two members of the flock to take vows at a convent outside Fernán Pérez.

Spring in the village is almost magical in its heartiness. However, as temperatures soar towards the summer the goodwill of the folk of Alqueria will surely be in inverse proportion.