Return to Democracy

The battle lines were drawn. Manuela, Antonio Poyato and Loco Paco for the Republic, Rodriquez with his cronies defending the dictatorship.

The potential for serious and widespread disruption was all too obvious. Manuela knew the people of Alqueria had suffered under Rodriquez so vowed to win back control with the least possible upheaval. She knew she must face him alone, others mustn't take part in the struggle. Alqueria must not be diminished further by conflict.

Rodriquez is a foul mouthed obese bully. Like all bullies he is a coward relying on the herd instinct for courage. Separating him from the hangers-on and sycophants was an easy task however. Poyato and Loco Paco simply let it be known that a feria in a neighbouring village was boasting free beer and dancing girls. The men folk of Alqueria disappeared 'en masse' with prodigious thirsts and twitching loins. Rodriquez alone stayed, drinking beer, free or otherwise was against his bourgeois principles and he wouldn't know what to do with a dancing girl even if one dropped into his hideously distended lap.

The day was hot and the Calle Horno deserted. Manuela made her appearance from the west, walking purposefully toward the Newcomer's Barrio and the lair of the evil Rodriquez, her steps ringing heavily on the empty cobbled street.

Although bent on confrontation Manuela had prepared herself carefully. She was shapely, one of those woman whose every contour was erotically rounded and ripe, she fitted the dress she wore perfectly. Her hair was flowing and of the blackest black. Her hair like the hair of all Spanish women was utilitarian during the day but a weapon used to deadly effect during times of romance and flirtation. Manuela had styled it for maximum impact. Her legs were long excellently turned, evocative of more intimate fruits. She appeared, in short desirable and available. Manuela knew Rodriquez wouldn't know how to handle the situation. She knew her beauty would

dazzle and confuse him, she would never admit it though, conceit was alien to the lovely Manuela.

Rodriquez, having received Manuela's message tried unsuccessfully to summon his cronies. They were by this time either comatose from excess beer or in state of debilitating sexual tension brought on by the erotic display of the over 80s Ex-Patriot Belly (and other bits) Dancing Girls of Garrucha. Rodriquez was alone and he didn't like it.

He waddled, the only means of locomotion for a man of his grotesque stature, into the Calle Horno and towards Manuela. As they approached each other Manuela smiled a smile which could melt the polar icecap. The sweating Rodriquez blinked, coughed, broke wind and disappeared towards the Alquerian border and the high sierra.

Order was restored and the Republic of Alqueria became the anarchic utopia it once was. The people were again free to make nuisances of themselves all over the Peninsular.