The Great Snowstorm of 17

It snowed in Alqueria for the first time in living memory. If anyone wishes to check the metrological records of our Village Republic they will see that this is so. Normally a cynical temperature inversion keeps Alqueria warm and balmy but covered in a worryingly sticky, green and foul smelling mist while the rest of the Iberian Peninsular freezes. This system however has failed for whatever reason and Alqueria is up to its nether regions in the freezing result of sublimation. Loco Paco put it down to divine intervention aimed at punishing the people of Alqueria for not recognising his imaginary five foot rodent friend 'Bert' as a living entity and worthy of housing benefit and a Winter fuel allowance. Whatever the reason Alqueria was isolated by a wall of snow making a change from it being isolated by apathy and high powered inertia.

Rodriquez who had never stepped foot outside Alqueria, mainly because when he did gentlemen in green uniforms and blue lights on their cars escorted him back again tried to bottle it and sell it. He was very disappointed when he discovered it had no street value and went back to manufacturing counterfeit Remitroot codpieces which sold well among certain members of the British House of Lords.

Manuela knew all about snow and the frost bite it can cause to exposed regions of the body. Suffice it to say Manuela has suffered greatly from this particular malady and has ceased all alfresco pursuits until the milder weather arrives. Antonio Poyato's first though was to test the snow for alcohol content in case it was a competitor for his Remitroot Wine, Whisky and Beer. It was of great relief that the analysis only showed heavy metals, hydrocarbons and a strange strain of bacteria that is usually only present between the toes of Afghan camels drivers over the age of fifty-five.

Communications between Alqueria and the outside world ceased to function and no vehicles could enter of leave the Pueblo. On this news stock markets reached record highs and foreign currencies surged. The Spanish parliament mooted the idea of

keeping Alqueria permanently filled with artificial snow diverted from the Sierra Nevada but a corrupt politician had already sold it to The House of Lords to pack codpieces.

The snow didn't linger long however, by next morning it was gone. The general feeling is that it became depressed by the ambiance of Alqueria and by same strange mechanism elevated it own temperature and melted. Loco Paco spent the rest of the day looking for it, he felt sure it was a case of theft and notified the authorities.