Envious Eyes

A foreign power, which must remain nameless began casting proprietary glances in Alqueria's direction. The leader of this unnamed power wasn't too bright nor could he be described as stable, in fact he was barking mad. The only way his administration could bear to be within a hundred metres of him was to consume vast quantities of Remitroot alcohol. Under the influence of Remitroot President 'X' became tolerable, still an idiot but a tolerable idiot. As President X became more and more unstable so more and more Remitroot became necessary. Finally President X became so crazy that an entire Remitroot plantation was all that would suffice, it became clear that this unnamed foreign power must have control of the Remitroot crop, hence their proprietary glances.

Manuela threw open her shutters letting the morning sun cleanse her bedroom from the exertions of the night before. She drew a lung full of sweet morning air and almost choked, her eyes watering profusely as she gasped for breath. She stared in horror at the town hall, for the flag fluttering above was not the red, white and green tricolour, with a bottle of Remitroot Whisky rampant but a banner hideously spangled with tiny white stars. Manuela dressed hurriedly, a novelty for her where the reverse is the norm and made her way to Antonio Poyato's small-holding only to find it fenced off with barbed wire.

Alqueria had been invaded and its precious Remitroot in the hands of an unnamed foreign power with a star spangled banner and an insane president!

A clandestine meeting in a back room of the Bar La Casa Devante was hurriedly arranged. All those still loyal to the Republic met to discuss the actions necessary to liberate the Pueblo. It was decided that all members of the People's Front for the Liberation of Alqueria, as it was named were to go underground. Unfortunately Loco Paco took this literally and almost suffocated as he burrowed under his patio herb garden. The PFLA was to be let by Manuela and they moved into the foothills of the

Sierra Alhamilla making themselves at home in Old Matas's cave. Matas was delighted to find Manuela waiting for him when he returned and immediately made a dozen improper suggestions which at his age were wishful thinking and gross exaggeration. Matas wasn't very happy however when Poyato, Loco Paco and score of assorted degenerates, drunkards and malcontents hove into view.

What will become of Alqueria?
Will Manuela lead her people to liberty?
Will Matas keep his promises to Manuela?
Tune in next week.