The Riverside Holiday Village, Alqueria

(Part Two)

The telephone in the Oficina de Turismo never stopped ringing, well it rang four times in the last week, in itself a record. The advertising campaign had certainly paid off. Over one hundred places out of the two hundred available at the Riverside Holiday Village booked. The consultant Alvaro Spineto had advised them to use a fraudulent approach to their advertising. Promise them everything but get them here. Then get their cash before they realise that as a holiday resort it ranks very close to a wet weekend in Chernobyl. Anselmo Adamso, the village photographer got the interesting commission to photograph the young ladies of the village, perhaps the only viable asset Alqueria has. They posed with lascivious grins and very little else. Anselmo Adamso also had a lascivious grin. The session went on longer than anticipated and the last dozen shots were not fit for publication. Adamso kept these for his own uses however.

The charter-flight operated by Spanish Peninsular Logistical Air Transport or SPLAT which they have blazoned across the fuselage in bright red lettering was booked and filling fast. Their only aircraft is rather old but they are able to operate in European airspace provided it can keep below Air Traffic Control radar. The Riverside Holiday Village itself was as ready as it was going to be. Accommodation for two hundred, two dining halls, a games room and twenty bars. The philosophy being, if they drink enough they will lose all feeling in their lower limbs and won't notice their surroundings. The only problematic area was the Río Verde. Billed as a swimmers' paradise, it was in fact lethal. The strange mutant fish were capable of carrying off anyone under seven and the algae caused an aggressive fungal growth which hasn't as yet been categorised by the World Health Organisation. A powerful poison had been introduced into the water but the river life seemed to thrive on it. The bizarre assortment of waterborne creatures are now even more robust.

Everything has to be ready as today is the Grand Opening of the Riverside Holiday Village, Alqueria. The charter flight had landed safely at Almería Airport, a fact duly celebrated in the airline's office. A fleet of four coaches approached the Comino de Alqueria crossed the old stone and drove into the resort. The disembarked visitors stared in disbelief at the ramshackle accommodation, the steaming malodorous river all surrounded by a black effervescing swamp. Events could have turned nasty if the holiday makers had had time to organise themselves and select a leader. Blythe sensing trouble spoke the only words guaranteed to pacify any British holiday maker. “Free beeah at the boozah bonny lads”.

Will beer be enough?

Are the holiday makers revolting?

We will see.