Time For Reflection

Readers will of course remember from last week that Manuela had been accidentally shot in her perfectly shaped, wonderfully rounded and in general perfect bottom. Antonio Poyato did the shooting and is now feverishly packing while clutching a tramp-steamer ticket to Baffin Island. Manuela realised that it was all an accident but that didn't prevent her from trying to hollow Poyato out with a soup spoon. Fortunately for Antonio, Manuela's injuries restricted her mobility and allowed him to evade her thrusts with the spoon which she had specially sharpened. All Manuela could do was to let her injuries heal, I won't say she 'licked her wounds', that would require her to be a contortionist, which, of course some say she is.

Loca Pepa tended Manuela every day, dressing the pellet marks and applying cream after cream. As the scars faded so did much of her anger and Antonio Poyato unpacked and tried to get a refund on his steamer ticket. Manuela however never allowed Poyato to approach her from the rear again, a lesson the majority of the female population of Alqueria had learnt long ago. As tempers quelled it again became possible to start planning the reconquest of Alqueria from the unnamed power which had invaded our village republic.

Using cast-iron logic and keeping Antonio Poyato in view at all times Manuela reasoned the problem out thoroughly. The answer became blazingly obvious and Manuela metaphorically kicked herself for not thinking of it before but having an ounce or so of lead in one's culito does cloud the mental processes somewhat. It was so simple. The unnamed power had invaded Alqueria for a reason, so remove that and they would leave. Control of the Remitroot crop was why the unnamed country had played its 'trump card' and entered Alqueria. The problem now was how to remove the Remitroot crop. Poyato redeemed himself in Manuela's eyes somewhat by pointing out that it was the effects of Remitroot that were prized and not the crop itself.

The catalyst in the maturing process of the plant was the natural spring water which flowed into the Remitroot fields. It was from a direct result of this water that Remitroot produced the potent whisky, wine and beer and why its effect as an aphrodisiac was so sought after. This 'water' started life as a natural spring rising clean, clear and fresh from the sierra but it flowed through Alqueria where it mingled with the bad drainage of the Pueblo. The drainage was so bad that the water became thick, chunky and reeking but it was what was necessary to mature the Remitroot crop.

Manuela outlined the plan of action. Block the stream at the source and the unnamed power will irrigate the crop with fresh water. Remitroot has no tolerance to fresh water or indeed anything that is healthy and clean, in short the crop will fail.

How will the 'Alqueria Four' block the stream?
Will Manuela's culito ever be the same again?
Will Poyato get his refund?
Stay Tuned!