'**Los Dias de Las Dos Chicas**'

With Alqueria and its Remitroot crop back in Alquerian hands and Manuela and Pepa back in, well we're not sure in whose hands they are in, celebrations were defiantly in order. The day was to be remembered and celebrated annually as 'Los Dias de Las Dos Chicas' to commemorate Manuela and Pepa leading the invaders away from Alqueria.

The town plaza waited in anticipation of the night's festivities, resplendent in bunting, coloured lights and portraits of the duo. Statues of Manuela and Pepa were to be paraded through the streets, the highest of all honours, as the high-spot of the night. The Fissile Ensemble of Palomares supplied the music and started the evening's entertainment by playing a 'Paso Doble'. Unfortunately it was unrecognisable as a Paso Doble but succeeded in starting the Town's dogs barking and bringing death threats from music lovers. They were eventually silenced by waves of airborne Remitroot bottles, empty of course and the 'musicians' had to be smuggled out of the Pueblo.

The night continued in true Alquerian style. Remitroot, consumed at an alarming rate led to fist-fights and copulating couples vying for position in the crowded Plaza. At midnight the church bells rang, echoing through Alqueria, they signalled the opening of the church's heavy wooden doors and the first glimpses of the statues of Manuela and Pepa. Lines of straining youths slowly manoeuvred them into the moonlit streets.

First Pepa's effigy emerged, lifelike and complete with the inane grin that led to her epithet 'Loca'. The crowd were subdued however as they waited for Manuela's likeness. As it emerged a cry shattered the night air, 'Manuela, Manuela, Manuela'. Unfortunately the effigy was pornographic, the sculptor used his imagination to the full. The story of Manuela's accidental shooting by Antonio Poyato had led to an interesting interpretation showing a worryingly detailed and hideously cratered bottom. The crowd went silent at the sight of this abomination, and an abomination it

was to the minds of Alquerians, Manuela's bottom was sacred. At the sight of this disfigurement the collective morale of the Village hung in the balance, Manuela had to act.

Unknown to everyone Manuela had been applying a Remitroot poultice to her culito with the result that it was now back in pristine condition and again ready to be the pride of the Hill People's barrio.

She mounted the statue, that is she climbed on the plinth on which the statue stood she didn't actually engage in.....Oh dear, enough of that. Once on the plinth she bared he culito to all revealing it's smooth textured roundness. 'Vive Manuela, Vive Manuela' the crowd chanted and she was carried bodily through the jubilant streets.

“Antonio, will you please shoot me in the culito?” said an envious Pepa.