The Riverside Holiday Village, Alqueria

(Part Three)

The mood in the village was ugly. The Rattlebag family of Rotherham had failed to return from a pony trek in the Sierra Alhamilla. Their relations in Yorkshire had received a ransom note from El Tonto, a local petty criminal demanding a ridiculous amount of money for their freedom. True to his name he had put a return address on the envelope. The Guardia Civil swooped on his hideout arresting him and freeing the family. The Rattlebags said they preferred life as a captive rather than in the Riverside Holiday Village and thanked El Tonto as he was led away.

To try and avert an uprising amongst the holiday makers Manuela was ordered to bring some fun into their daily lives. Unfortunately, she took this entirely the wrong way and was arrested for corrupting morals. The Río Verde situation was desperate. Of the eight children that entered the 'Little Dolphins' Fun Race' only two left the water unscathed. Three had to be rescued from the River's evil slow moving slime. Two developed a disgusting foot fungus with the most foul odour and one barely survived a tug-of-war between his Mother and some unidentified amphibious creature unknown to science.

Ambulances ferried the sick, injured and chronically depressed to the *Hospital Santa Maria Magdalena* in Almería thinning out the residents of the Holiday Village. One of the holiday chalets collapsed putting a further four in the casualty department. The weight of a glider they were constructing in the roof space was the cause. Other bids for freedom included a tunnel which accidentally came out under the main drain and four people who almost asphyxiated after climbing inside a vaulting horse. Then the beer ran out. Unable to pay the wholesaler all supplies were stopped. The holiday makers took over the camp driving out the staff. This was counterproductive as the only beer within ten miles was in the bar La Casa Devante and the Golondrina Verde both in Alqueria.

As dawn broke it was obvious that The Riverside Holiday Village, Alqueria was empty, completely deserted. Where the holiday makers went is a complete mystery. No enquiries have ever been made into their fate, no one has complained about missing kith and kin. The SPLAT charter-flight never made the UK bound leg of its journey.

In yet another unusual show of village unity it was decided never to mention the enterprise again. Rodriquez piled kindling against the chalets' walls and set fire to the complex. He successfully claimed the insurance making five Euros and 45 cents profit on the venture.