Arriba Alqueria

Rodriguez was not a happy man. Since the declaration of the Alquerian Republic, the Hill People had risen in importance. The use of their Remitroot Liquor to back the Raro, Alqueria's currency had spiralled them into prominence.

Rodriquez attempted to make an olive oil wine to rival the Remitroot variant. Olives however contain very little sugar. His poor quality olives had to be infused with a glucose solution. An industrial chemist from Murcia agreed to help in exchange for some compromising photographs of himself and an itinerant masseuse from Oslo. The olives were soaked in the glucose solution. Chemicals were added making the whole soluble in olive oil. The result sweet olives. These were then put into nets to give the illusion that they had just been harvested. However with such a new process there were unforeseen side-effects.

The side-effects were not only unforeseen but also unpredictable. The treated olives spontaneously exploded at random intervals. Arián Pérez actually ate several of the olives mistaking them for the conventional variety. Mixed with his stomach acids they exploded simultaneously, cauterising a troublesome peptic ulcer, curing an irritable bowel and causing his hair to stand on end in the latest style.

With this failure Rodriquez became a broken man. He took to eating comfort foods and soon became even more obese than usual. The only garment that fitted him was a home-made kaftan. Unfortunately when he attended village functions people thought he was the refreshment tent. He became a recluse, not washing or shaving, his hair grew long and tangled. He peered at the world as if he were a he-goat gazing up from the bottom of a cave.

The discomfort of this existence soon animated him and he decided on direct action. If he couldn't beat the Hill People and he certainly wasn't joining them, he would usurp the legitimate government of Alqueria. A coup d'état. He enlisted the help of

two sinister characters from the Canary Islands, Señores Forcan and Olam. Two of the foulest and morally vacuous individuals in the western world. Rodriquez had a lot in common with them and felt at home in their company. Rodriquez's second in command at his olive mill, Roberto Robles made up the fourth conspirator. Whether Roberto joined this dark collaboration out of a natural sense of loyalty, plain stupidity or in the hope of financial reward is academic. The die was cast and events in Alqueria were about to take a disturbing turn for the worst.

Lights burned late as the Alquerian Four plotted their dark deeds.