The Maquis

Now Rodriquez had absolute sovereignty over Alqueria he set about making his stupidity absolute. With Antonio Poyato securely locked away in the castle dungeon he controlled Alqueria's only source of wealth. The Remitroot crop. It has been known as Remitroot since Roman times and sold internationally under that name. It has become a cult beverage with Remitroot Wine singularly the best known high potency fermented beverage.

With inspired insight, well Rodriquez thought it was inspired he renamed it Rodroot100. Why 100 no one seemed to know. This single act of idiocy reduced the sale of the root and it derivatives by eighty percent. Rodriquez of course blamed the drop in sales on others, after all it could not possibly be his fault.

He had taken to wearing his gaudy over-medalled uniform night and day. The impressive row of medals clinked as he strutted about the village. Just what his medals represented and who awarded them is a mystery. One was made of cardboard covered in tin-foil and another inscribed 'Second place, under 12 Alicante Junior Golf Tournament'. Rodriquez even carried a sword, a replica scimitar bought from ebay.

Manuela looked down from her vantage point outside Matas's cave. The lights of Alqueria twinkled in the early evening. She and Matas comprised the Maquis. The resistance movement bent on undermining Rodriquez and restoring the rightful government of Alqueria. The first aim was to sabotage the Remitroot crop, however Rodriquez had managed that pretty well on his own. Direct action was now called for and Manuela prepared for a sortie into the village.

With a smoothed-bore Mauser slung over her shoulder she mounted Matas's old and faithful pony. She sat erect and bareback, hair flowing in the breeze, if ever an animal smiled it was surely that old nag.

As she entered Alqueria she saw Rodriquez swaggering about the village square. A purple mist rose as her hatred for the man came to the fore. She charged, stopping a metre or so from him. Her pony reared, legs kicking in free-air, a good trick Manuela thought. The sight of Manuela at her most belligerent, hair flying, eyes flashing and nostrils flared is awe inspiring. Now armed as well it was too much for Rodriquez. He dropped his scimitar and had a bowel movement.

With Rodriquez trembling in an untidy heap it was a simple matter to release Poyato and Gruntmore from their confinement in the castle's dungeon. The Maquis's numbers were now doubled and Matas's cave became very cramped. Manuela, however was overjoyed to be hemmed in by the three men, even if one was a geriatric. She eyed them with a proprietorial stare and thought to herself, 'It will soon be Christmas'.