The Re-Conquest

The struggle to re-establish democracy in Alqueria began gathering pace. Led by the indefatigable Manuela, the forces of good waged a ceaseless campaign to ruin Rodriquez's standing in the village. His picture was pinned to the information board in the village square under the title 'ENEMY OF DEMOCRACY'. Unfortunately next to a police notice asking for information concerning an overturned garbage truck. Most of the villagers thought it was a 'Spot the difference' competition.

On Christmas Eve Manuela broke into Rodriquez's house dressed in nothing more than a thin sheet and chains. She was hoping to play the old Marley's Ghost ploy. However the sight of Manuela wandering abroad at night partially dressed and fettered was not really that unusual. It did frighten Rodriquez but not for the reason she intended.

Rodriquez was soon to become completely demoralised. He was a broken man. A five-year-old with a balloon on a stick would have him running scared. He looked terrible, unshaven and dull-eyed, his countenance resembled the rear-end of a badger. He turned to drink or at least he fell over more than usual. Seen laying in the gutter one evening, passers-by considered the kiss-of-life but settled for sending a get well card instead.

Paradoxically Manuela and the Hill People needed Rodriquez, without him there would be no opposition. No opposition would mean a one party state, exactly what the 'Alqueria Three' have been struggling to overturn.

They had to open discussions with the man. At midday after an unseasonably warm morning, Manuela, Poyato and Gruntmore walked purposefully down the Avenida del Rico towards Rodriquez's house. They spanned the road. The girl Manuela in the centre. A heavy silence hung in the air. Their footsteps resonated through the hushed streets of Alqueria.

Rodriquez was terrified, he hung white sheets from the windows surrendering unconditionally. Shaking and sweating Rodriquez promised to return the village to democracy and support whatever proposals the Hill People put forward. He promised complete unity in the Alquerian parliament, which of course is very undemocratic.

After a flagon of the best Remitroot Liquor and the most soothing of tones from Manuela, agreement was reached. Rodriquez must remain in opposition and could return to his old rotten ways as long as he did it democratically. He would of course have to relinquish the Remitroot crop.

Rodroot100 was again called Remitroot and sales soon recovered bringing Alqueria back to prosperity.

Matas only lived in Alqueria for a week. Seven days of its dysfunctional population was enough for him and he returned to his dark dank cave.

By mutual agreement the incident was never spoken of again.