The bank robbery

The bank robbery took place, as far as can be established some six hours after the people of Alqueria were put on their honour. Put on trust to uphold the unwritten laws of the Village. Those of a more cynical nature may wonder what caused this delay.

A note left at the scene written in an illegible childish scrawl, which could therefore have been penned by anyone in Alqueria read, “The Hooded Terror Strikes Again”. José Cabrasilbido, the local policeman immediately checked all the shops in the Pueblo to see if any hoods had been sold. He's not the sharpest tool in the box.
It wasn't so much the 'blind leading the blind' but the 'daft leading the intellectually challenged'.

The Raro is the currency of Alqueria and is backed by the Remitroot crop, however foreign debts are settled with Remitroot products and not hard currency. The Raro being exclusively domestic. If this robbery was carried out by outsiders then the authorities must be on the lookout for a group of highly trained idiots. If it was an 'inside job', any individual becoming immediately super rich would naturally attract attention. The idiot scenario again. As Alqueria has more idiots per square metre than anywhere else in western Europe, north America of course is another matter it is a good guess that the culprit is someone local.

The Banco de Bolsillo-Profundo isn't an institution of renown. Investment bankers aren't exactly queuing for the benefit of its manager's advice. Briefcase Frederico, the manager is to banking what Rasputin was to sobriety and clean living. Among his investment advice are such gems as the 'Iberian Banana Straightening Company', the 'Little Ball, Big Ball, Bigger Ball Bearing Factory of Baghdad' and 'The Deep-Water Dredging Company of Addis Ababa'. His advice is universally ignored, he is merely the custodian of Alqueria's printed currency.

Now the bank was devoid of cash, Frederico seemed strangely relaxed.

This didn't last for long as Frederico was the prime suspect and rightly so. He had been using the bank as an extension to his own wallet for years in much the same way as politicians regard public coffers. He appears to have had the sense not to be too extravagant, either that or he lacked the necessary imagination to really enjoy the cash. He staged the robbery to cover his tracks and sold the money to a well known board-game manufacturer

The embarrassment of having the national currency used to buy little plastic hotels and houses prompted the Alquerian authorities to cover up the incident. In an example to all European bankers they simply printed more money and restocked the vault.

Everyone seemed happy with the solution apart from Briefcase Frederico. He left Alqueria and settled in Brussels, where he thought he would be appreciated.