Los tres fantasmas

Tales of the supernatural abound in country areas and Alqueria is no exception. Hauntings and other manifestations which traditionally go bump in the night have been as a plague to the Pueblo. Many nocturnal rattles and bangs have been traced to Manuela but some still remain unexplained.

Alquerian psychic activity appears to be centred in the Castle to the west of the town Plaza. Its proximity to the Bar La Casa Devante with its stocks of Remitroot Liquor have accounted for quite a number of these apparitions but by no means all. Tradition suggests that three spectres have, over the years taken up residence within the castle battlements.

The first occurred while the castle and village still sat on the hilltop. He was a Moor and how he met his untimely end is not recorded. However while the defunct Moor was out on some ghostly assignment the castle was rebuilt in the valley below. Returning to find his home gone he wanders the Sierra Alhamilla buttonholing terrified travellers and asking about his former residence. A semi-transparent figure can still be seen on summer evenings carrying stones to the hilltop. It is either our long dead Moor or Poyato smuggling Remitroot into Spain.

Our second insubstantial resident, by legend arrived one stormy night. Some misdemeanour led to his demise and caused him to wander abroad, an itinerant manifestation. Finding the Alquerian fortress unoccupied he gratefully moved in. This second occupant was more or less the industrial standard for hauntings. Nightly wanderings, midnight howlings and other ghostly benchmark activity. It did get the reputation for being a good listener though. Locals who had committed some sin or other preferred the castle at midnight rather than Sacerdote del Semblante Lánguido's confessional box. The Ghost was usually both less harsh and less drunk than the Priest. Manuela told the invisible entity all of her secrets, the only person or rather

non-person she could confide in. One day however she asked a Monseñor from Almería to exorcise the spirit. When asked why she said, “He knows too much.”

The third and present incumbent was a priest who died of drunk and debauchery. His presence in the village is still much debated as he would fit seamlessly into Alquerian society passing for one of the more substantial members of the community. On a Saturday night there would be a dozen or so contenders all apparently mimicking the ex-priest's behaviour.

No-one admitted speaking or seeing this wayward vision apart from Loco Paco. He swears he saw and spoke to the supernatural being, but then Paco swears to having had meaningful conversations with Constantine the Great over a Tinto Verano.