SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA
by Washington Irving (1783-1859)

STRANGERS IN A TANGLED WILDERNESS
I've just never understood it. Why do they begrudge us? What threat do we pose?

We function without authority, so why institute it?

I'm certain the other squatters will want to fight. I guess I want to too... it's just...

What a mindless force, this governance.

This violence.
from one stranger to another

SO I SUPPOSE THERE’S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO BESIDES GET READY AND THEN WAIT UNTIL NIGHTFALL?

SUPPOSE NOT. WANT TO GO GET THE BOYS?

THIS SUCKS. THERE’S NO BEER AND THERE’S NOTHING TO DO AND I’M BORED.

FOR THE RECORD, I’M STILL BORED.

THEY BROUGHT DOWN THE SKY.

OH DARLING! LOOK! SIMPLY EVERYONE IS HERE! WHAT A GREAT PUNK-BASHING WE'LL HAVE TONIGHT!

AHG! DIRTY WASH-WATER IS POURED UPON US!

SO WHAT?

SOUND THE RETREAT!

IT'S FROM THEIR SOCKS!
LIFE CARRIES ON. WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE? SO WE GROW WHAT FOOD WE CAN, HOWEVER WE CAN.

BUT LIFE AFTER THE APOCALYPSE CAN BE PRETTY LONELY.

DOES THIS MEAN WE DON’T EVEN HAVE TO FIGHT THEM?

“HAVE TO”, “GET TO”, ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

THEY’RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE US ALONE. YOU KNOW THAT. WE’VE GOT TO GO ON THE OFFENSIVE.

FIGURE OUT WHO’S BEHIND THIS LATEST ATTACK, BEAT THE HELL OUTTA THEM.

MAKE AN EXAMPLE.

LIKE, WE’RE THE FUCKIN’ SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA. DON’T FUCK WITH US.

MAYBE WE SHOULD STEAL THEIR BEER, TOO.
Hey Edith! You've got to come down here! Marco's so drunk he thinks he's asleep!

Of course, it could always stand to be lonelier...

Sometimes I think, we've got so much to lose. We've got our gardens and we've got each other and we've got the Alhambra. But then I realize there's nothing... there's nothing to lose, nothing to worry about.

So what? We might not win. We've taken on the whole world, or what's left of it, and we're setting out with nothing but piss and vinegar. So what? We might die.

Is death really so different from life?
SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA

WE'RE OUT OF BEER.

I THOUGHT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE ASLEEP?

I AM ASLEEP. WHEN I WAKE UP, THERE WILL BE BEER.

WELL, PROBABLY.

BUT I'M PRETTY SICK OF EATING MOSTLY CARROTS.
ARE WE REALLY OUT AGAIN ALREADY?
I'M AFRAID SO.
WHAT ABOUT THE STASH IN THE CELLAR?
DRANK IT LAST NIGHT. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
NOT VERY CLEARLY.
I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO GO INTO TOWN.
I'LL GO.
NO, IT'S OKAY. YOU WENT LAST TIME.
IT'S MY TURN TO LEAVE.
SO SOON BACK OUT AMONG THE WOLVES...

OKAY, IS EVERYBODY HERE?
CLEARLY NOT. THERE'S ONLY FOUR OF US.
WELL, WHERE'S MARCO?
HE'S STILL DRUNK.
BUT WE RAN OUT OF BOOZE!
HE'S STILL DRUNK FROM YESTERDAY.
THOSE PEOPLE OUT THERE ARE TOTALLY BATSHIT CRAZY.

THEY ELECTED A MARXIST-REAGANITE AS DICCTOR FOR LIFE, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

THAT NIGHT...

HONEY, HONEY, WAKE UP!

HUH? WHAT?

SHH... HONEY, I HEARD SOMETHING COMING FROM THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.

WHAT WAS IT, BABY?

I HEARD THIS CRASH AND THEN SOMEONE SHOUTED "HAVE AT YOU, KNIGHT!" AND THEN "BEFOUL OUR TRANQUILITY NO FURTHER!" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

YOU'RE JUST DREAMING. GO BACK TO SLEEP.

MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR...

CRASH!

BY FORCE OF ARMS AND WITH THE MIGHT OF THIS BROKEN VASE I SHALL VANQUISH YOU, DESPOILER!

THWICK!

AH CRAP! OW! YOU JUST STABBED ME WITH A PIECE OF POTTERY! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
Most of them don’t even know how to grow food.

All they do is work so they can pay rent and buy booze.

Which, sadly, means they have all the beer.

We’ve lost a lot, us squatters. Pretty much anytime we build something up there’s some asshole waiting to try to take it away.

I think that there’s a time for cooperation and there’s a time for compassion and well, there’s a time for shanking people with pottery.
YOU THERE! BOOZE VENDOR!
THE SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA DEMAND THE FRUITS
OF YOUR FERMENTATION!

EVENIN', EDITH.
EVENING. SIX BARRELS,
USUAL PRICE?
PAYIN' IN CARROTS?
YUP.
IT'LL BE THERE
DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

BUT YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THE...

SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA!
...I'll see you tonight, side entrance to the Alhambra.

Need anything special?

Yeah. Remember to bring that axe of yours, the really huge one with all the spikes.

Hmm... probably wasn't supposed to hear that.

Hey Edith! Check it out! Marco's got beer coming out his nostrils!