SQUATTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA

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

Written and Illustrated by Washington Irving
(1783-1859)
from one stranger to another

THEY BROUGHT DOWN THE SKY.
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.
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 lonlier...
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.
ARE WE REALLY OUT AGAIN ALREADY?

I'M AFRAID SO.

WHAT ABOUT THE STASH IN THE CELLAR?

I'LL GO.

NO, IT'S OKAY. YOU WENT LAST TIME.

IT'S MY TURN TO LEAVE.

DRANK IT LAST NIGHT. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

NOT VERY CLEARLY.

SO SOON BACK OUT AMONG THE WOLVES...
Those people out there are totally batshit crazy.

They elected a MarxisT-Reaganite as dictator for life, for fuck's sake.
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.
YOU THERE! BOOZE VENDOR!
The squatters of the Alhambra demand the fruits of your fermentation!

EVENING, EDITH.
EVENING. SIX BARRELS, USUAL PRICE?
PAYIN IN CARROTS?
YUP.
IT'LL BE THERE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.
...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.
...have another thing coming if they think they can just ignore our government.

So I'll climb up to that window and let you all in, a'ight?

Ha! But we'll show them tonight, yeah?

A'ight, as long as you leave enough for us to-

If by show you mean injure!

Shut up! Someone's coming!

...uh, leave enough for us to drink! Yeah...

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

SO WHAT?

SOUND THE RETREAT!

AHG! DIRTY WASH-WATER IS POURED UPON US!

IT'S FROM THEIR SOCKS!
They're not going to leave us alone. You know that. We've got to go on the offensive.

Does this mean we don't even have to fight them?

"Have to", "get to", one of those things.

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.
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?
WELL, PROBABLY.

BUT I'M PRETTY SICK OF EATING MOSTLY CARROTS.
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.
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, KNAVE!!" AND THEN "BEFOWL 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?
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.
BUT YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THE...

SQAUTTERS OF THE ALHAMBRA!
HEY EDITH! CHECK IT OUT! MARCO’S GOT BEER COMING OUT HIS NOSTRILS!

SIGH.
Strangers In A Tangled Wilderness