The Illustrious Career of Anselmo Adamso

After an easy walk west from Alqueria's Castle square one arrives at the home of Anselmo Adamso in the Calle Mirador. A house in the old style with living quarters above and a stable below. The stable has long been converted into a photographic studio where Adamso practises his art and regales his clients with stories of his glory days as a photojournalist.

Jostling for space on the studio walls is a collection of framed photographs. These depict explosions, burning military vehicles and men running, crouched as invisible projectiles fly menacingly overhead. By contrast a series of portraits showing young ladies with unlikely blemish free skin and even more unlikely hairdos stand on side tables. These serve to demonstrate his present area of photographic interest.

A close study of Adamso's career and his photographs of conflict show that the first is fake and the second plagiarised from more courageous individuals. He has lived the lie for so long that he is now unable to distinguish reality from the veil of fantasy he has wrapped around himself. He now sees himself as some latter day Robert Capa who risked life and limb in order to portray the truth in support of a noble cause.

He did however visit a theatre of war, by accident. It was during a holiday to central Africa. Leaving the hotel to go on a day trip to the Uppyourz Game Park he got on the wrong bus. A bus full of mercenaries. He thought their Armalites and AK47s were protection from the more vicious residents of the game reserves. When he realised his mistake he had a bowel movement and broke the four minute mile getting back to the hotel.

His mind has become so befuddled he sometimes forgets just why his clients are there. Recently he greeted the Village matriarch who wanted a photograph to remember her eightieth birthday with the words “Just pop your clothes on the chair

and lay on the rug". The lady being equally befuddled obliged and Adamso got some rather disturbing shots, in fact he is still having nightmares.

Last year he found himself in the middle of one of the many Alquerian riots. He thought his chance had come for a real action shot. Unfortunately the result was a blurred confusion of figures. Although his camera had been on F5.6 Adamso had been on Remitroot Whisky.

Anselmo Adamso was never a great photojournalist he spent most of his time photographing lampposts. He however is humoured by the dysfunctional folk of Alqueria. Adamso is simply an untalented amiable buffoon and fits snugly into the Alquerian order of things.