The Druids of Alqueria

The structures appeared one morning. Loco Paco saw them first while walking his imaginary pet rodent 'Bert'. He raced back to Alqueria spreading the news of the strange manifestations on the waste ground to east of the Village. No one believed Loco Paco. Not surprisingly as most of the people he knew didn't actually exist. Among his pronouncements were that he had visited Valhalla and recently seen the Prime Minister of Britain dressed as Shirley Temple dancing with a cardboard cut-out of Margaret Thatcher. The latter did however turn out to be true.

Confirmation was soon forthcoming and the Village elders raced to the site. There they were, in a circle stretching erect, pointing heavenwards. They looked for all the world like a modern streamlined version of Stonehenge. The similarity was not lost on the worthies of Alqueria and they summoned the local Druid leader 'Pendragon the Daft'. This individual, as well as being a loony was the self-styled high priest of the Iberian Druids. He circled the monoliths did a couple of incomprehensible chants and declared the structures genuine. Alqueria had its very own Druid temple. Pendragon immediately started to look for a virgin to sacrifice, needless to say his search was in vain.

The columns appeared to be made from some synthetic material, fibreglass was the best bet. Inscribed on each of the thirty uprights was the letter 'V'. Pendragon the Daft created the cult of 'V' Druids and set about forming a commune of like-minded Loonies.

Manuela, who had been absent from the Village on some task or other, the details of which should be left heavily veiled, returned and immediately took an interest in the commune. Any group of individuals performing strange and disturbing rights were of keen interest to her. She studied their rituals and the circle of thirty uprights. Manuela immediately recognised them as phallic symbols, her being an expert in such matters.

The structures rose out of the ground like gigantic thingies, well, they brought a tear to Manuel's eyes.

As the purpose of such objects was being discussed a gaggle of be-suited individuals appeared. These gentlemen represented a drug manufacturing company. They needed a suitable place to produce an advertising commercial in privacy. As no-one visited Alqueria on purpose, with it being such an obnoxious place it was perfect.

The product in question was a tablet used in the treatment of Erectile Dysfunction. The uprights now had an obvious meaning.

Pendragon the Daft and his crowd skulked away in silence.

Manuela got a prominent part in the subsequent advertisement.