Once upon a time!

Once upon a time in a land far, far away lived a boy called Jack, which as we all know is short for 'Loco Paco'. He lived with his widowed Mother who, to make ends meet was forced to weld boilerplates in their front parlour. Their only asset was a three toed Brazilian Treehopper. With the downward turn in shipbuilding and the reduced need for boilerplates Paco and his Mum began feeling the pinch. Well, his Mum certainly was but that's another story. She decided the time had come to take Cuthbert, their Brazilian Treehopper to market. Paco was given strict instructions to go straight to market, talk to no one and get a good price for their digitally challenged Treehopper.

It was with heavy heart that Paco adjusted Cuthbert's bridle and led him down the dusty road out of Alqueria. The sun was shining and Paco picked wild flowers as Cuthbert galloped and gambolled along the roadside. On the dusty road Paco met a large wolf, who realising he was in the wrong fairy tale disappeared in search of a morsel of granny or a trio of tasty porkers. Again on the dusty road. This time Paco met José Boilpopo an itinerant carbuncle lancer from Mijas. José had an eye for a bargain. Seeing Paco was an imbecile he exchanged a handful of magic Remitroot beans for the precious three toed Brazilian Treehopper. Loco Paco was delighted, but then Loco Paco was delighted with the Liberal Democratic Party and dehydrated meals.

To say Paco's Mother was impressed with her son's business acumen wouldn't be quite true. She made several references to father being like son, which was slightly unfair as his father was only one possible on a shortlist of five. The beans where duly thrown through the nearest window. Paco was packed off to bed and his Mother began a meaningful relationship with a large bottle of domestic gin.

The morning dawned bright and fresh. Paco, yawning and scratching stared in disbelief at a huge Remitroot stalk reaching into the clouds and beyond. Paco, being

inquisitive and an idiot promptly began climbing the stalk. Higher and higher he went, through the clouds and above until he was aware of a large figure descending. It was Bone Muncher Sanchez the feared giant of the stratosphere.

Paco nimbly reversed his course and was soon back on the ground. Grabbing a conveniently placed axe he swiftly chopped down the Remitroot stalk. Down came the stalk and down came the giant. Stalk and giant lay broken, shattered upon the ground among the rubble and desolation that was once the whitewashed village of Alqueria.

Paco's Mum stared down at the boy, the light of battle still shining bright in his eyes, the axe gleaming in his hand. “Sometimes Paco you really p*** me off”. Said she.