Alqueria. The climatic aberrations

The Alquerian micro climate has baffled scientists for decades if not hundreds of years. A group of three learned men from the *Potsdam Institute for Climate Impact Research* spent some days in the village interviewing the population. It offered a unique opportunity to study a singular climate and the resultant dysfunctional population. Their research was sadly never finished. Two of the researchers suffered severe depression brought about by stress in turn caused by the constant bickering of the two population groups in Alqueria. The third became enamoured with Manuela. He still lives in the village stalking and worshipping her dark soul.

There are three aspects to the climate of Alqueria. Temperature inversion, the omnipresent strange green mist and the pong.

The cold air racing down from the Sierra Alhamilla pushes below the warm air of the valley causing the ground temperature to drop significantly. Strange weather conditions can occur including super cooled rain. Below freezing but still a liquid it solidifies by contact with the ground and the unfortunate inhabitants of the village. This phenomenon is so cold and unpleasant that in 1978 the Russian Embassy in Madrid asked if the Kremlin could send political prisoners to Alqueria.

The green mist which occasionally and without any particular reason obscures Alqueria is extremely puzzling. It is not damp as any self-respecting mist should be but is powdery, dry and worryingly clammy. On one particularly dense day it was visible from the International Space Station. The *Ejército del Aire* flew a helicopter through it, it didn't emerge the other side and no amount of investigation has thrown light on its fate. The town's wind turbine does have a strangely aerodynamic blade however.

Alqueria is famous for its unique odour, offensive to some, fragrant almost sensual to others. It is a whiff of all smells to all men. During the Roman Occupation

Alqueria was known as *Foetor Colossaeus* reflecting its municipal body odour. It doesn't remind one of the drains, although they are in need of overhaul. It is more reminiscent of a roof space into which an Indian restaurant vents, mixed with diesel fuel. Oriental spices tinged with a processed carbohydron.

The Tourist Office in Alqueria has tried various ways of turning these perverse atmospheric conditions to their advantage with variable success. There is only a limited number of people who want to be bombarded by freezing water droplets, while stumbling blindly in a green mist and having their nostril assaulted by an unidentifiable stench. However the people of Alqueria manage to live with it. Perhaps herein lies a clue.