Election: Polling day

Campaigning door to door in Alqueria may require persuasion, tact and a strong political platform but some form of military training would also be an advantage. The only really safe way is to canvass on the doorsteps of those already converted to your cause. This may seem a bit pointless, but it is at least safe. Supporters of rival parties and the apathetic majority are likely to greet unannounced political pollsters with verbal and often physical abuse.

Rodriquez only associated with his own followers and consequently thought the whole world was behind him. He became completely out of touch with the feelings and aspirations of the ordinary citizen, a failing common to most of today's politicians.

Manuela and her B.O.N.K. party however were conscious of the need to win voters from opposition parties. Manuela had, using her undoubted charm and expertise in certain areas recruited several of the younger and fitter men from the ranks of Rodriquez's V.I.L.E. Party. A number of older V.I.L.E. supporters had been won over with liberal quantities of Remitroot Whisky. The trick would be to keep them in a state of intoxication until they had polled in favour of B.O.N.K. Then the Whisky supply would dry up and the erstwhile voters left in a state of 'cold turkey'.

Loco Paco, leader of the D.A.F.T. party didn't bother to canvass at all. He didn't quite grasp the situation or the electoral process, in fact he didn't even know what day it was. But he was happy in his own little comfortable world, a world of singing dung beetles and dancing rodents.

Public debates in the Village Square were an interesting spectacle. The three party leaders stood on a makeshift platform staring down at a belligerent partisan crowd. Rodriquez assumed the assembled mass was there to back him and his egotistical arrogant policies. His V.I.L.E. party is nothing more than a personality cult. Manuela

poured forth an erudite and persuasive speech praising the virtues of an anarchistic society. Her vision is a land where sexual freedom and cheap Remitroot Whisky are universal. Universal that is, not compulsory. Loco Paco for his part tried to catch imaginary dragonflies.

Jeers, hoorays and blunt projectiles flew through the rarefied Alqueria air. The 'politicians' dived for cover, all except for Loco Paco. He was totally engrossed in catching one particularly evasive but imaginary dragonfly.

The run up to any election is short in Alqueria. This avoided serious physical damage to the Village and limited civil unrest. Polling day duly arrived and a crowd gathered outside the Bar La Casa Devante where the ballot boxes sat expectantly.

We shall watch the vote closely, analyse the exit poll and wait for the final count.