Election: The Result

The polling station opened at 10:30 sharp. This was unfortunate as they were supposed to open at 08:00. The vote was to take place at the Bar La Casa Devante which had been doubled booked with the 'Over Eighties Dwarf Hurling Championships'.

A respectable crowd soon gathered. Most however were there only to watch the pitched battle which was inevitable between the followers of the two main parties. They were not to be disappointed as the supporters of the V.I.L.E. party hurled insults and the occasional brick at their B.ON.K. rivals. The B.O.N.K. contingent were more restrained and replied with a massed mooning of their opponents. Supporters of Loco Paco's D.A.F.T. party simply wondered what day it was.

Things soon got out of hand as projectiles and dwarfs filled the air. Both sides hurled abuse and the more tangible at their political opponents while the non-partisan in the crowd offered advice and encouragement to the combatants. To the casual observer it would be difficult to differentiate between this scene and any other event or festival in Alqueria. The outcome was always the same and some wondered if the same script was used for every occasion.

Eventually the votes were cast and the sealed ballot box carried through the rubble, broken glass and general debris which signified the conclusion of another successful day in the Village. The world's press, well a reporter from the 'Ferret Thrutcher's Weekly', who had taken a wrong bus out of Almería conducted an impromptu exit poll. From the answers he received it seemed that an unknown party having something to do with a particularly nasty bodily function had a working majority.

The returning officer 'Briefcase Federico' strode self-importantly to the small platform which had been badly constructed for this very purpose. “I the returning officer for ….....” Federico's words were drowned out by cries of “get on with it” and “Why isn't

the bloody bar open". Eventually the formalities were completed and the result was known. This was greeted with an audible gasp from the gathered multitude. Mostly, however this was down to one particularly agile geriatric hurling his dwarf to an all-comers Alquerian distance record. But back to the election.

Rodriquez's V.I.L.E. party polled forty-eight percent, as did Manuela's B.O.N.K party. Loco Paco's D.A.F.T. party took two percent of the vote. No one knows what happened to the other two percent but Briefcase Federico had trouble counting above ten without taking his socks off.

The situation would have been stalemate if B.O.N.K. and the D.A.F.T. party had not agreed to form a coalition government.

Alqueria was to be governed by and extremely promiscuous and anarchistic young lady in coalition with a clinically insane dung beetle breeder. Perhaps a better combination than in some western European governments.