The New Order

The Alquerian General Election had failed to return a candidate with an overall majority. Manuela, Alqueria's very own anarchist and femme fatale formed a coalition government with Loco Paco, clinically insane and a dung beetle breeder. The control of the Village was now firmly in the hands of the Hill People leaving the Newcomers with only a sizeable minority in the elected chamber.

Manuela became Prime Minister and Paco her deputy but with the added responsibility of cleaning Alqueria's only public urinal. Manuela, being an anarchist resisted all authority but didn't hold back when exerting her own. The cabinet, apart from Loco Paco consisted entirely of women, strangely all less attractive than Manuela herself. Her private secretary, Rodger Delado stood six feet three in his stockinged feet and rippled with muscles, she consulted with him long and often.

Manuela is an anarchist in the true sense of the word, unfortunately the ordinary people of the Pueblo also possess anarchistic tendencies. Most previous governments only passed those laws which they knew would be obeyed. Consequently there were a mere three laws on the statute book and one of them dealt with a ban on the use of rocket propelled vehicles on every third Sunday of alternate months.

Manuela was however determined to bring peace and harmony to the village or at least mould it into something that reflected her own needs and aspirations. The womenfolk of Alqueria looked forward to a new beginning and the male population started taking steroids. Rodriquez, now leading the opposition planned the overthrow of this 'Wanton Woman' which is how he liked to refer to Manuela. The first and most obvious ploy would be to try an win over Loco Paco, break the coalition and force another election. But how does one win over a loony?

Rodriquez decided he must share a mutual interest with Paco and to this end he ordered a gross of assorted Saharan Dung Beetles. He attempted to train them to beg,

roll over and retrieve sticks but all to no avail. Training Saharan Dung Beetles requires the sort of skill and intelligence only Loco Paco and others of his ilk possess. Rodriquez erred on the side of simplicity and gave his mechanised pets the run of the house. Loco Paco would then be cordially invited to partake of a glass of wine, see the beetles and that would be the start of a beautiful friendship. What could go wrong?

Paco duly arrived and announced his presence with a firm knock on the politician's imposing front door. Rodriquez in his haste to cement the friendship rushed to the door quashing dung beetles underfoot. Paco was not impressed at the sight of the sticky yellow slime of the now defunct and pulverised scarabs.

Rodriguez plotted anew?