No Entry

With the democratically elected government once more in control of the Remitroot crop Alquerian affairs settled into their usual dysfunctional state. Manuela's affairs however became more numerous, inventive and exhausting, so much so that she neglected her ministerial duties. The assistant Prime Minister took control of the decision making mechanism, unfortunately Loco Paco was that assistant. To say that Paco was a 'loose cannon' would be an understatement, a loose regiment of heavy artillery would be nearer the mark.

Loco Paco decided unilaterally to design and implement a one-way road system in Alqueria. Manuela was unaware of Paco's attempt to justify his salary by tampering with the Republic's transport system. She was more interested in being tampered with by her retinue of male friends. Alqueria's roads were in need of attention however, a system of loosely connected potholes was how one astute motorist described them. The white lines down the road's centres had long since been worn away. Not that they were of any use as it is necessary to zig-zag across the road's centre to avoid the ever more numerous craters. Some sections of the road system looked as if they had been freshly shelled by some belligerent howitzer battery.

Paco burnt the midnight oil. While poring over maps of the Village he made copious notes on the backs of numerous cigarette packets. Eventually when he was satisfied with his jottings he armed himself with a shovel, loaded a score of one-way signs into a wheelbarrow and set off in the dead of night on his self-styled mission.

As the morning sun rose over Alqueria's terracotta roofs so the extent of Paco's handiwork became obvious. An itinerant guinea pig gelder drove past the first one-way sign and was directed up a narrow thoroughfare where his vehicle became irrevocably wedged. He was a resourceful man however and simply painted his car white and proceeded to live in his now permanently stationary vehicle. The morning Valium delivery van was already on a stretch of road when the signs were erected. He

found it impossible to leave the one-way system and drove in circle after endless circle before running out of petrol. Abandoning his truck he now sits twitching and muttering in the Bar La Casa Devante drinking neat Remitroot whisky through clenched teeth.

Manuela was soon dragged from her bed by numerous complaints, a unique experience for her as she is usually dragged to it. She acted immediately fearing her bed and its occupants would soon cool. She simply set fire to Paco's lovingly erected signs.

Paco was put where he couldn't do any harm as Alqueria's Minister of Defence. What damage could a clinically insane individual who has completely lost his grip on reality do in this job?

After all people with Paco's shortcomings occupy similar posts the world over.