Volcano

The day was strangely quiet. A fundamental calm hung in the air. No-one hurried, life was in slow motion. The windless heat of late morning had a soporific effect, enhanced by a certain mystery which seemed omnipresent, something unsaid, or yet to be done.

Loco Paco was seemingly in a trance most of the time but today he was more vacant, more confused, more preoccupied. His pet Saharan Dung Beetle, Benjy hadn't been watered or fed and 'chirped' noisily in its enclosure. Paco was deaf to the protests as he stared absent-mindedly towards the distant and pollution shrouded horizon.

Manuela, sleep deprived and fatigued after an adventurous night with the brass section of a visiting philharmonic orchestra wondered at the serenity of the morning. The stillness was almost tangible. Manuela felt at peace yet a certain excitement ran through her every fibre. She knew the day would be different, she knew something momentous was brewing.

Rodriquez, who would usually be pulling the wings off butterflies stared at the wonders of his garden. He smelt the flowers instead of treading them under foot. He spread bread for the birds instead of removing the bell from the cat's collar. He was euphoric. He even kissed his wife before setting off for his day's work. His wife was of course immediately suspicious and engaged a firm of private investigators to follow him, but we digress.

For the first time in living memory the Village was at peace. Bonhomie was everywhere. If it wasn't such a novelty it would have been rather sickening. A black cloud was however on the horizon. A actual black cloud on an actual horizon rather than the metaphoric variety. First, the cloud appeared then the earth shook and banged. Manuela noticed it first, any sort of banging and her ears, as well as other strategic bits, pricked up.

Loco Paco shook himself from his daydreams as his pet beetle picked up the first of the vibrations before hiding in the darkest recess of its kennel. Paco watched the approaching cloud with awe, he was transfixed.

Rodriquez, apart from wondering why two men in trilbies and trench-coats were shadowing him mouthed the word 'volcano' as a white dust precipitated out from the cloud which now completely covered Alqueria.

Manuela remembered her visit to Pompeii, of the bodies petrified by hot ash while copulating. 'What a way to go' she thought and immediately propositioned a extremely grateful passer-by. Paco was still transfixed, in fact he was transfixed three weeks after the events which prompted this tale. Rodriquez, ever the hero hid in the cellar of the Olive Mill until hunger and thirst drove him to the surface.

So, what mountain had erupted so suddenly and unexpectedly?

After some investigation it was found that a blocked condensation tube in Poyato's illicit Remitroot still caused a blow back and flash-fire which resulted in the volcano-like eruption.

Poyato emerged smouldering and blackened but somehow elated after being covered from head to foot in Remitroot-the-explosion.