The Cunning Plan

To say that the Alquerian Parliament was a hotbed of intellectual excellence would be somewhat of an overstatement. Indeed the collective wisdom of the whole village is rather like a forty watt bulb, when glowing at its best the room gets darker. They had however surpassed themselves this time. Alqueria was going to war.

The cunning plan involves declaring war on Spain, losing and letting Spain rebuild Alqueria, investing millions in its reconstruction. A latter day 'Marshall Plan'. To the casual observer this strategy may seem rather risky but the state of the Alquerian economy demanded desperate action.

Spain had long since closed its borders with Alqueria, fearing the dysfunctionality of its inhabitants may be contagious. They only way an Alquerian could get a visas was to pass straight through Spain and not touch anything on the way. The border closure issue was just the excuse needed. A telephone call was made to the Palace of Monaco in Madrid expressing Alquerian outrage at the closure of its borders. Unfortunately 'expressing outrage' wasn't one of the numbered options of the automatic answering system, the nearest was “Press two if you are the Catalan President requiring independence”. A letter was sent instead.

Intelligence isn't the only Alquerian attribute in short supply, courage is also conspicuous by its absence in the collective breast. It was decided in the interest of discretion to evacuate the Village during hostilities. The entire population took to the road disguised as a touring Abyssinian Goat Shirling extravaganza. Loco Paco was left behind however and told to 'hold the fort', he spent the next two weeks looking for a suitable fort to hold.

The plan appeared to work well with the Spanish Army invading after the Air Force dropped a couple of bombs which resulted in two thousand Euros worth of improvements. All seemed to be going remarkably well, a plan for the rebuilding of

Alqueria was discussed, agreed and duly signed. But it was all going too well. When it came to actually transferring the cash needed for the restoration it was discovered that some enterprising Spanish politician had purloined the funds and diverted them to a certain central American country with a canal running through it.

They say that 'The Devil looks after his own' and this held true. The bombing had destroyed the drainage system of Alqueria which leaked its foul smelling contents into the Alquerian earth producing the conditions ideal for the maturing of the Remitroot crop. The result was a bumper harvest, full Alquerian coffers and the drunks of the Pueblo could once more drink themselves into insensibility.