Residencia

Alqueria has decided to open its doors to immigration. The rationale behind this brainwave is as follows. The Alquerian people are dysfunctional with the result that the two barrios which make up the Pueblo are in a constant state of open warfare. Each blames the other for any misfortune, an unexpected rainfall can bring on the energetic oiling of rifles. If foreign blood is brought into Alqueria it would dilute the original population with a proportional dilution of hostility.

What could go wrong?

Of course the right sort of people would be needed, so some sort of vetting procedure would be required. The immigration requirements of various countries were studied but as Alqueria is a singular country to say the least none of the procedures examined fitted the singular bill. It was therefore decided to put prospective candidates through a series of tests to establish their suitability for 'residencia'.

One would think that the ability to walk and talk simultaneously would be qualification enough for residence in Alqueria. If one could also adequately ride a bike it would suggest an intellect of gigantic proportion when compared to the mental capability of the present incumbent Alquerian population. The Alquerian Government however wanted the 'creme de la creme' of immigrants and 'set the bar high'.

Test number one:

The prospective candidate had to demonstrate that they called a local plumber who attended an emergency within seven hours. Some candidates naively simply phoned, another offered wine and tapas and one enterprising individual offered his wife. None were unsuccessful. One plumber, the one offered wine and tapas did turn up but after consuming the repast suddenly remembered he had left his tool bag at home and was never seen again.

Test number two:

To order a meal at the Restaurante Grasiento Gabino. It isn't the restaurant that is the problem but the waiter Roberto. He talks and talks describing the menu in minute detail, it's what he was born to do. A family of three tried, Mother went into a coma through hunger, husband went into a catatonic trance through boredom and the child missed his fifth birthday. Roberto spends so long in his descriptive oratory that no food has been served for three years, the kitchen is closed and deserted.

Test number three:

To successfully notify the British Pension Office of a change of address. No one even attempted this task.

The bar was indeed too high and no candidates emerged successful. It was then decided to issue residence to those who managed to spell their name correctly on the application form. Two were accepted, two rather strange individuals, more of them later.