The Holiday Season

There is a huge movement of holiday hungry people during July and August fanning out from central Spain, heading in all directions looking for seas to swim, mountains to climb and rivers to fish. Parking in Madrid suddenly becomes not only free but possible while coastal towns fill to bursting.

But what of Alqueria?

Not many people come to Alqueria on purpose. The total income from tourism last year was 2,897,434 Raros which at today's exchange rate equates to 9.25 Euros. This was due to one unfortunate individual who somehow accidentally crossed the border into Alqueria, an enterprising local sold him the directions back to Spain. The individual concerned would however have paid ten times the asking price. Those that live in Alqueria attempt to get away en masse. A sign at the Alquerian side of the border crossing with Spain simply says 'Last one to leave turn the lights out'. The foul green and worryingly sticky mist which makes unwelcome visits does so more frequently in July and August while the infernal heat and resultant pong from the overstretched drainage makes continuous habitation undesirable to say the least. Those that can leave Alqueria do so. Spain refuses to issue visas to Alquerian citizens judging them to be persona non grata however they can pass through Spain to other destinations as long as they do so quickly and don't touch anything on the way.

So where and what do prominent Alquerians do on their holidays?

Loco Paco spent three glorious weeks with the International Saharan Dung Beetle Breeders Club. Just how one breeds with a dung beetle remained a mystery to Paco even after three weeks.

Antonio Poyato spent his time unconscious after perfecting a new blend of Remitroot Whisky. His masterpiece was a potent liquor with an alcohol content of over one

hundred per cent by volume which of course is impossible unless you you are a very skilled idiot living in Alqueria and have a extremely questionable narrator.

No one knows what Manuela did on vacation or where she went. On her return however it took a team of highly trained plastic surgeons especially flown in from New York three weeks to get the smile off her face.

The evil Rodriquez travelled to Nuremberg to attend the bi-annual Cads, Bounders and the Emotionally Retarded Seminar. He was unanimously elected the 'man of the conference'.

But what of the ordinary folk of the Pueblo. One group booked a two week package tour to Lowestoft but returned after three days suffering from profound depression. Another group went to the backstreets and dives of Cairo, however the authorities deported them as being unreliable.

After the most exciting and invigorating holiday there is nothing like returning home, honest.