The Wedding

Loco Paco and Loca Pepe are to be wed.

Pepa wanted a white wedding with all the trimmings, carriages drawn by horses, a retinue of bridesmaids, clouds of confetti and a full church service. Paco wanted to watch the football. Pepa had 'popped' the question, “Do you want to marry me?” But this was a sentence of some six words and Paco lost concentration after the fourth. To his confused and permanently dazed mind the fifth and sixth words were “watch football” something people with diminished intelligence can do, in fact it is a requirement.

The day was set, preparations made and Pepa waiting in anticipation. Loco Paco didn't know if it was his wedding Day, Christmas Day or the anniversary of the Battle of the River Plate, quite frankly he didn't much care as his pet Saharan Dung Beetle, Benjy was in training.

Alqueria's existentialist Priest, Sacerdote del Semblante Lánguido performed the ceremony in front of a packed church. He was patience personified as Paco stopped the proceeding several times to discuss the U.S. Presidential Elections with Bert, his imaginary five foot rodent friend. The worthy Priest did however snigger when he came to the promise of fidelity in the service, thinking it the biggest work of fiction since the Tories promised to properly fund the NHS. But then Sacerdote del Semblante Lánguido had heard Manuela's confession which had driven him into the arms of Sartre and existentialism.

Paco had some vague idea why this woman in white was standing next to him making absurd promises which even in his confused state knew couldn't and wouldn't be kept, but then this applies to most wedding services. The 'happy' or perhaps bewildered couple left the church and began an idyllic honeymoon. Idyllic because Loca Pepa spent two weeks in the Bar La Casa Devante where Remitroot Wine was only at an

arms length away and Paco went to Zamora for a Dung Beetle Race meeting. Anselmo Adamso, the photographer raced to his studio to print and mount the wedding pictures before the couple could file for divorce, seventy-two hours was where the smart money was going.

Pepa finally sobered from her Remitroot induced coma and couldn't remember the wedding, Loco Paco or her name. Paco, flush with success after Bengy his dung beetle won the Duke of Chinless Stakes, although Paco is being investigated for doping, all else then paled into insignificance causing him to totally forget his marital status.

In fact the marriage was never spoken of again.