The Thoughts of Loco Paco

Loco Paco put down his copy of 'Alqueria Hoy', Alqueria's daily newspaper and walked to the window. He had been reading about the crisis in the Remitroot Industry and its fiscal implications. He wondered why they didn't save money by cancelling the new year and simply rerunning the old one. It made sense to Paco but then many things made sense to him that didn't to others. While in reality nothing really made sense at all, why should it, there is no logic or rhythm in life. Paco's view of reality is just as valid as anyone else's.

As he looked through his window at the dawn of a what should be a new year he wondered if he should wake Pepa but as he didn't want to die he decided against it. Last night they had celebrated as survivors and today they would remember those who didn't make it into 2017, just to drink a simple toast to those who are no longer. Paco's mind then wondered to the new Saharan Dung Beetle racing season and whether Bengy would perform up to expectations. He had been in intensive training lately and was showing promise even though he was a little slow out of the stalls.

The racing season brought Paco happiness as did Loca Pepa, she understood him, most didn't. Opinions were divided in Alqueria over his sanity but Paco knew what made him happy, something most 'sane' people couldn't grasp. He understood that happiness wasn't a right, it wasn't something he was entitled to, if he could snatch the occasional 'day trip to paradise' he would be happy. Paco's family were a mystery to everyone including Paco. He didn't know who the are or where they could be, they certainly aren't in the Pueblo. He didn't even know which continent he sprung from. He didn't even mind being called 'Loco Paco' it was a better epithet than some and gave people advance warning as to his mental state which made things easier during first encounters. It also gave him a freedom of action not open to 'saner' people who had to conform to an artificial norm.

Living in Alqueria brought Paco comfort and security as did living with Pepa, both were familiar to him, both allowed him leeway, the leeway a mind like his needed. Perhaps Alqueria is nothing but one large institution for the mentally challenged but the question is, who has the problem and who is sane?