The Brain Shift

Loco Paco was concerned about Benjy his pet Saharan Dung Beetle and his performance for the up and coming season. Benjy was OK over hurdles, on the flat and quick enough out of the stalls but he laboured in wet conditions. Paco took to taking him out during inclement weather to improve his technique in the wet. It was during a thunderstorm of Wagnerian proportions and while Benjy was on his third lap 'IT' happened. A flash of lighting and Loco Paco hit the ground, hair smouldering and eyeballs oscillating in their sockets. He clambered to his feet and 'WHACK' he was hit again. Paco staggered to his feet once more, smoke issued from his ears and his legs appeared to have lost the value of teamwork.

Staggering into the Bar La Casa Devante Paco emitted a strange blue glow. The bar's customers were quick to cash in on Paco's condition. Several warmed there hand over him and Alfonso Delgado used the unfortunate Paco to charge his mobile phone. Just where Alfonso plugged in his charger is something we should perhaps not pursue.

Paco however, after the initial shock started to scribble on pieces of paper, walls and table-tops. The first thing to emerge were the blueprints for a viable fission nuclear reactor. The solution to 'Global Warming' was soon clear as Paco became more and more productive. His fame spread as documents, blueprints and thesis mounted. They soon filled a sizeable briefcase and covered every major ill that presently befell mankind.

Manuela was of course sceptical and went to talk to our electrically induced intellectual giant. Manuela said she didn't believe any of it and asked Paco if he thought she was a 'fool'. Paco replied that he thought she was a narcissist with psychotic delusions of grandeur and a tendency towards nymphomania. Manuela crossed him off her Christmas card list.

The United Nations soon got to hear about not so Loco Paco and duly summoned him to appear before a special committee to present his work. It was while the limousine was negotiating the New York traffic that it swerved to avoid an itinerant Lama. Paco shot forward rendering himself unconscious as his head hit the walnut trim. “You dropped your briefcase Paco” Pepa informed him when he came around. “What's a briefcase, ooooh aren't the buildings tall, Pepa I think your head's on back to front”.

Alqueria and Pepa had their Loco Paco back at his insane best. The world may never know how to build an economical fission reactor or stop the icecaps from melting but Benjy won the Duke of Berksville Cup by three lengths.