The flyover

The weather hadn't yet turned. That magic day when the rain stops and a precipitation free summer is promised was still a week or so away.

A long shadow began to stretch across the village.

Poyato hummed to himself as he walked to the Bar la Casa Devante for his morning coffee. Stopping in his tracks he noticed an iron girder some fifty metres above and coming from the east while another encroached from the west. The outline of giant cranes could be seen busily hoisting elements of the structures into place. Poyato hurried into the bar indignant and extremely verbal.

Spanish drivers had long complained about the diversion around the secure borders of Alqueria. Many kilometres had been added to journeys. Any unwary drivers trying to drive through Alqueria are stopped at the border and their vehicles searched. Anything which isn't bolted to the bodywork is confiscated and auctioned in one of the Alquerian bars during the evening. The situation became intolerable when the Camino de Alqueria, the only unrestricted route south of the village became a toll road over night. Alquerian mobile toll booths appeared along a three kilometre stretch. Individuals from the village with an eye for a profit simply set up their own booths. One unsuspecting driver paid more in tolls than his car was worth, another had to re-mortgage his house simply to get to his place of work.

Questions were asked in the Spanish parliament. Funds put aside for the Distressed Politicians much needed Erotic Dancing and Strong Liquor Fund were re-allocated for the construction of a bridge spanning the whole of Alqueria.

If Alqueria had had an air-force they would have scrambled it but they settled instead for hurling cobblestones and insults at the construction workers. Poyato and his colleagues raised the issue with the United Nations. That illustrious body regarded

Alqueria as one would regard a troublesome verruca and took no action. It was left to the good people of the Pueblo to take the law into their own hands.

Before the Winter weather breaks the strange Alquerian mist usually puts in an appearance and this year was no exception. The foul smelling green fog descended reducing visibility to a few metres. The people of Alqueria seized their moment.

A midnight visit to the road builder's site-offices and a few alterations to critical coordinates was all that was necessary. For the next two weeks the eerie sound of construction work drifted through the dense fog.

When the green haze finally lifted the results of the sabotage became apparent. The two ends of the bridge took a neat ninety degree turn to the north and disappeared into crevices in the sierra's cliff face. The first cars to use the new route thundered past, never to be seen nor heard of again.

The legend of the Alquerian Triangle was born. More of that later.