Paco defrocked?

With the realisation that the travellers adopted him as the Messiah and leader of their sect came understanding. Paco now knew they were saying 'there goes that cult' and not what he first thought they had said. He felt uncomfortable with this new found status. Those more mercenary than Paco would have 'milked' the situation, asked for donations, looked for a gift in the wills of the faithful, but it just worried Paco.

It was the fact that these Travellers from Órgiva had invaded his reality which so concerned Paco. Paco's imaginary five foot rodent which the folk of Alqueria thought was more substantial in the mind of Paco was in fact invisible to him as well. His insanity was all veneer, a veneer perfected over many years. To be free one needs space, something at a premium in the over organised world of today. Paco understood this and had set about making elbow room for himself. Paco suffered from a self-induced balanced type of insanity. Not daft enough to be committed but sufficiently balmy to be tolerated and sheltered by the community as is the Spanish custom.

The last thing Paco wanted was the Travellers legitimising his self-induced and fanciful madness. They had to be discouraged. He had to defrock himself.

The solution was a simple one. The Travellers enjoyed the more hedonistic side of life. They enjoyed smoking substances that made their eyes itch, drinking liquor that numbed their senses and best of all they enjoyed each other. It was a simple matter for Paco to address them and issue a proclamation. “The Children of the Divine Paco will lead a pure existence devoid of all stimulants and will renounce the pleasures of the flesh.”

The Travellers disappeared quicker than a prime minister's promise.

Manuela didn't like this turn of events. To the now departed Travellers Manuela was the 'She Devil', she was evil, she was depravity personified, she was comforted by

this. Now she had to rebuild, to re-establish her credentials. Paco on the other hand was well satisfied with his evening's work. He was once more the same loopy old Paco who was tolerated by the villagers. The same loopy old Paco who could do as he wanted when he wanted. He smiled as he trotted from the Plaza back to the security of his little house.

As he walked, so summer storm clouds gathered over the Sierra. The black anvil clouds cast heavy shadows over Alqueria. With a brilliant flash followed by almost instantaneous thunder Paco was flat on his back, struck by lightning. Twitching and hair smouldering he staggered to his feet.

Loco Paco stared into the vastness of the heavens, it was then he knew the truth. He was the Messiah.