¡La Crisis!

With the USA banning the import of Remitroot and its associated products Alquerian fortunes fell to an all time low. Rodriquez had already tried and failed in a coup attempt involving the malodorous Pedro. Alqueria was losing its will and momentum leaving itself open to reactionaries. The Alquerian Government should be in crisis but its inertia was almost total, it was suffocating. Alqueria's driving force, Manuela, had been enjoying quality time with her daughter Izar and neglecting affairs of state.

The vultures were gathering. Countries that coveted the Remitroot crop saw Alqueria as a weakened nation. Even the European Union looked with envious eyes towards the crippled Pueblo. Although Alqueria isn't technically in the EU, certain northern European countries pressed for an exception and offered the Village Republic a bailout package. The offer was refused, even the despondent and weary Alquerian establishment didn't fall for that one, even Loco Paco saw through it.

In times of crisis a leader usually comes to the fore and rallies the population. Alqueria waited, and waited.

It was about the time when the weather breaks and rain signifies the coming Winter albeit short and temperate when a lone figure pushed his way into the Town Hall. The Town Hall served as the Parliament building of Alqueria the seat of power. If the Alquerian establishment could really be said to have power that is. Destello Gonzalo, estranged from the village since boyhood now returned as a man. Close cropped raven hair, glistening white teeth and a sparkle in his eyes which suggested action tempered with calmness. Girls swooned and men showed due deference in his presence. Manuela was enchanted and hung on his every word. His impassioned speeches and rousing calls for immediate action earned him the epithet of El Pasionario among the women folk.

He addressed the entire village from a soap box in the Plaza pleading for all Alquerian people to be united. To put their shoulders to the grindstone and through hard work, blood and sweat build a utopia within the borders of Alqueria. The women of the Village cheered and applauded, some fainted, while others threw items of discarded underwear in his direction.

The men hated him on first sight. They opted for the second option to revive the economy. They would simply print money with nothing to back it and let future generations sort out the mess. It had worked in the past so there was no reason why it shouldn't work again.

The presses of the Alquerian mint worked none stop for two whole weeks.