Rodriquez: El Hombre

Rodriquez was depressed. There are many reasons for depression, money worries, the weather, bereavement, the Tory Party, with Rodriquez however it was lack of respect. Perhaps truer to say he was loathed. When he first took over his Father's olive mill it was a fine concern. He was rich. He was still obnoxious but the redeeming feature of money bought him respect. Sycophants queued to pay him excruciating complements. He strutted the village certain in the knowledge that money was the key to social success.

Under Rodriquez's careful management the olive mill now employed only one third of the people it did during his Father's time. The product is now second rate in an ever more competitive market. His employees fiddle and pilfer while the mill metaphorically burns. Even as the mill faces severe financial crisis he still sidetracks 12,000 Alquerian Raros every month to pay for his Abyssinian Goat Shirling obsession. A total collapse of morale occurred when he stopped all bonuses but still paid himself 30,000 Raros each Christmas. The business is in terminal decline and Rodriquez blames all but himself. A stupid man who believes himself to be clever is a dangerous animal.

His latest attempt to take control of the Alquerian Parliament had been thwarted by Loco Paco, the village idiot. To be the village idiot in Alqueria is no mean feat in view of the stiff competition that exists. Rodriguez pined for his glory days but was too stupid to see that he alone was responsible for their decline.

Rodriquez thought that drinking large quantities of Remitroot Rum was the answer but that only made him forget the question. He thought losing weight may improve his self esteem but his diet was in addition to and not instead of his usual intake. He became fatter. He decided to recover his fortunes by hard work, but then had the better idea of using guile.

His plan was simple, it had to be considering who instigating it. He would falsify the accounts, give the buildings a coat of paint and look for investors. The trick would then be to syphon as much cash as possible out of the firm before the investors twigged. Once he had the cash he could again strut the Village receiving complements from those who consider wealth the greatest of all virtues.

Rodriquez, lacking in confidence consulted an English friend who said this syphoning was common practice and considered by some as legitimate business. In fact the British Prime Minister had said in answer to questions raised in the House that it was 'A good deal for Britain'.

Rodriquez’s English friend introduced him to an accountant who specialised in such matters. This was none other than 'Spreadsheet Sam' the erstwhile chief accountant of the 'Little Ball, Big Ball, Bigger Ball-bearing Company'.