The Investors Cometh

Spreadsheet Sam had been burning the midnight oil. Not midnight oil from Rodriquez's Mill, that is such bad quality it doesn't burn, it just emits a foul smelling dense black smoke. Sam had completed the massaging of the Olive Mill's books better than the nimble fingers of the most adroit Thai masseuse. On the strength of these accounts the Olivarera de Alqueria has a turnover equal to that of eBay and a profitability greater than the JPMorgan Chase Banking Group.

Rodriquez felt rather proud as he viewed the Company's accounts. He knew his business acumen would save the day. He knew he was shrewd despite being called a total idiot by anyone who has spent more than two minutes in his company. Spreadsheet Sam had to point out that the figures were in fact fictitious. To Rodriquez however they were in black and white and therefore must be true.

Rodriquez's part in this subterfuge involved making the Mill look less like a public convenience on the outskirts of Port Said and more like a modern efficient, processing facility. A tall order. He opted for camouflage and only painted those parts of the Mill that could be seen from the road. From a distance the buildings looked well maintained and inviting, the closer one gets however the more depressing and dilapidated they appeared. The investors would be steered to Rodriquez's office, the only part of the plant that had money spent on it.

The investors were from Nigeria. Rodriquez had answered one of those emails promising millions for investment. Liberal quantities of Remitroot Wine and Rum softened up the Nigerians prior to the tasting of the all important olive oil. Venta del Baron Extra Virgin Olive Oil had been decanted into Rodriquez's own bottles. The investors were suitably impressed with the quality and the contracts duly signed. Rodriquez sold the mill for the equivalent of fifty million Alquerian Raros to be paid in Nigerian Nairas. Rodriquez forgot about Alqueria's hyper-inflation.

As the ink was drying on the contracts Rodriquez's phone rang. The USA had lifted the ban on Remitroot and its associated products. The Alquerian Raro shot up in value especially against the Nigerian Naira.

Rodriquez hurried to the bank as the Raro rose in value breaking all records for any currency. Spreadsheet Sam made himself scarce, stealing a bicycle he reached Murcia Airport before he realised the chain had fallen off. When the conversion from the Nigerian currency to the Raro was completed the horrible truth became apparent.

Rodriquez had sold the Olive Mill, his birthright and the biggest employer in Alqueria for the equivalent of two Euros and fifty-three cents.