The Dastardly Plan.

Rodriquez aimed to put Remitroot in all its forms out of the reach of Alquerians, thereby causing deep discontent. This would, he hoped reflect on the government, cause a vote of 'no confidence' and result in another election which this time he would take the trouble to 'rig'.

The question was how? Antonio Poyato owned the smallholding where Remitroot grew and he wasn't about to relinquish control of his precious crop. Rodriquez searched for Poyato's weakness. Everyone knew Poyato was addicted to his own crop. He not only consumed Remitroot Whisky, wine and beer but also ate the stuff, wore it and used it to fill the cracks in his fast decaying farmhouse. Rodriquez decided to 'hoist him with his own petard ' an act guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of all but the hardiest. Rodriquez would get the crop by guile while Poyato was in his 'cups' during his Friday night Remitroot drinking bout at the Bar La Casa Devante.

His ploy was to disguise himself as an itinerant Venezuelan Hamster Stuffer and engage Poyato in conversation. Poyato would be too far gone to see through the plasticine and cling-film disguise and would probably think the overall effect was due to some nasty skin complaint. Rodriquez was an aficionado of the ancient Alquerian board game of 'Stckitupemdoo' and could cheat like a politician filing an expenses claim. Poyato however thought the game was something to do with charting hormonal cycles. Rodriquez alias the Venezuelan Hamster Stuffer suggested a game and the board was duly laid out.

During the boom years of the eighties fortunes had been won and lost at the Stckitupemdoo tables. Rodriquez was a master but to be on the safe side he used a weighted dice and applied honey to the base of his counters, an old but effective ploy. As the game progressed the green Alquerian bank notes piled up in the centre of the table. Spectators and players alike spoke only in hushed tones. Beads of perspiration ran down Poyato's forehead. He soon had to sign promissory notes or forfeit the

game. Poyato had staked all on the outcome of a single game. He had pledged the precious deeds to the Remitroot fields and processing plant against Rodriquez's crisp bank notes.

A slimy smile crossed the evil countenance of Rodriquez. He played his hand, a 'Stuffittoemall' the unbeatable one. Poyato was broken, Rodriquez jubilant.

Those who watched the game and its outcome were oblivious to the awful truth. Remitroot and therefore Alqueria was in the hands of the most hated man in the Village, Rodriquez.