**Rodriquez Takes Over.**

After the ill fated game of 'Stckitupemdoo' at the Bar La Casa Devante, Rodriquez now controlled the Remitroot crop, processing plant and the manufactured products waiting to be shipped. In the two bars of Alqueria, drinkers unaware of the impending shortage consumed the remaining stocks at the usual alarming rate. Disaster was looming.

It was a fine, warm, early Spring morning when the first signs appeared, 'No hay Remitroot'. The heat of the morning became chilled, metaphoric clouds filled the air. Alqueria became a cold and desolate place. Rodriquez was in high glee however and danced an Hispanic version of the 'hornpipe' in the overstocked Remitroot warehouse that was once Poyato's.

Manuela began noticing a change in her men friends, they hadn't been taking their morning Remitroot capsules. These tablets have a similar effect to Viagra, except it is accelerated, extended and certainly reaches the parts that other tablets fail to reach.

More and more Villagers failed to get their daily intake of Remitroot. More and more Villagers became morose, argumentative and started to shake in a strange circular manner as if driving a formula one car around endless chicanes. A contented Alquerian revelled in social unrest, bouts of rioting and the occasional fist-fight. A discontented one didn't bear thinking about.

Crowds gathered outside the town-hall. Windows were broken and graffiti daubed. Men cried openly. The womenfolk, only realising their men drank Remitroot after noticing the change caused by abstinence, especially in the bedroom, weren't happy. Manuela and Loco Paco, the joint Prime Ministers of Alqueria instigated a meeting of the emergency think-tank VINDSCRNVIPER. These meetings are based on and are just as ineffective as the UK's Government's COBRA get togethers. After discussing

various alternatives which ranged from 'doing nothing and perhaps it will sort itself out', a common tactic of all governments to, assassinating Rodriquez.

They finally reached a decision, simply reaching a decision was progress indeed but there was more, the Government of Alqueria was to send a note to Rodriquez.

It read:

'Unless you allow the free-flow of Remitroot and its associated products by eleven o'clock tonight then a state of nationalisation will exist between the Remitroot crop and the Republic of Alqueria'.

As the deadline approached so the atmosphere became more tense. Fights broke out regularly, old ladies were mugging teenagers in search of illegal stimulants. Eleven O'clock came and went. Finally Manuela appeared on the steps of the town-hall, white faced and trembling she carried a crumpled note.

She read aloud, “I have to tell you now that no such undertaking had been received from Rodriquez, therefore a state of nationalisation exists”.

How will Rodriquez react to state intervention?

We shall see.