Alqueria: The Wilderness

A fog had descended on Alqueria, not the usual green, malodorous and worryingly sticky thing that manifests itself from time to time but a depressing grey smog, melancholy and suffocating as if in despair. Alqueria has always been an influence on its inhabitants, affecting their moods and rhythms, now it appears the reverse is true, the very fabric of the Pueblo was weeping.

Rodriquez was completely in control. Poyato was hiding behind false genitals at a low-budget freak show in Mojácar attempting to avoid the attentions of Manuela. Manuela was searching the length and breadth of Almería for Poyato intent on ambushing him with a giant turkey baster filled with Tabasco sauce. Loco Paco had barricaded himself in the basement of the town hall with his pet Scarabaeoidea, Benjy and his insubstantial friend Bert. With these three individuals suitably preoccupied the way was open for the evil Rodriquez to mould the Village into his vision of the ideal society.

For many years the Village Republic had enjoyed full employment apart from Alfonso Hagapoco, Alqueria's very own unemployment figure. Just why Alfonso remained unemployed was not clear but it was from choice and it was necessary as the exception that proved the rule. The remaining inhabitants were employed in retail businesses or healthcare with the vast majority involved in the Remitroot industry which is unique to Alqueria. The amount of work any individual did varied according to how they felt on any particular day. The work got done however and Alqueria's much sought after Remitroot products reached the domestic and international markets with reasonable reliability. The revenue was shared out according to need and everyone was contented and happy with the arrangement.

Rodriquez was now in control and the idyllic anarchistic society that was Alqueria changed. He bought the Remitroot business for a one Alquerian Raro, a nominal amount which he paid to himself. He reduced staff, paid miserable wages and

introduced the twelve hour day. He made it a legal obligation for each adult to partake of Remitroot liquor daily after hyping the price of the beverage. He had chimneys built on all public buildings just so he could send twelve year-old boys up to clean them. He built a work-house for those who couldn't afford to feed themselves. The inmates slaved fourteen hours a day weaving Remitroot stalks into none slip matting for Abyssinian Goat Shirling stadiums.

Rodriquez was universally hated, apart from a group of Tory MPs who sent a note of congratulation and support.

Who will lead Alqueria out of the darkness?

What to do?