**The Realisation**

Manuela's head was clearing from the excesses of the night before. She knew she needed to do something but her head still wasn't functioning properly. The analytical side of her brain seemed to be doing its job but her memory was still malfunctioning. A protection mechanism perhaps but she knew whatever it was she had forgotten shouldn't have been forgotten. She checked her purse, all her credit cards were there, she checked her clothing, all correct, she hadn't left any where she shouldn't have. 'What had she forgotten?'.

A powerful jet of steamy hot water hit Manuela as she showered. She luxuriated in the sensation of water pressure and heat, the ill effects of her 'night out' were being exorcised. As she became 'normal' once more the terrible truth struck her. The monthly Cabinet Meeting, where Rodriquez would table his usual motion. Manuela grabbed a towel and raced to the Cabinet Office. Passers-by paid little attention to her, a semi naked Manuela making near dawn departures was not an uncommon sight in Alqueria. The sight that met Manuela as she opened the Office doors was however a rare sight indeed. The Office was populated by obese balding men, smoking cigars, and belching. Rodriquez and his cronies. Manuela was too late. Her missing vote had allowed Rodriquez to dissolve the Republic and declare himself, perpetual and total dictator of what was the Village Republic of Alqueria.

The first act of the new Dictatorship was to tear up the constitution, fortunately they couldn't find the 'fag' packet on which it was written so had settled for tearing up Rodriquez's parking fines which he never paid anyway. In fact no one in the Pueblo paid them but it kept the Village Policeman, José Cabrasilbido occupied. They then transferred the Remitroot crop into state ownership, a euphemism for Rodriquez´s ownership. Poyato was evicted from his small holding on which the Crop grew and now he wanders the streets of Alqueria swearing vengeance and drinking Flemitcroot Whisky, a cheap alternative to Remitroot distilled in southern Iraq using war surplus napalm.

Manuela lost no time in setting up a provisional government in exile. Somewhere in the backstreets of Vera Pueblo Manuela, Loco Paco and Poyato considered their options. Manuela favoured an all out assault on the town using hired mercenaries. She had contacts with Red John Begone, the soldier-of-fortune who liberated Central Uhandup from the evil dictator Mad Big-belly Maluugy. Poyato wanted to send a strongly worded text message. Loco Paco wanted to play hopscotch with a group of athletic fairies he had recently met.

Will it be all out war, nasty test messages or playing hopscotch with energetic sprites?

We will see.