El Jefe

Manuela, Antonio Poyato and Loco Paco sweated as they 'burnt the midnight oil' searching for ways to wrest control of Alqueria back from the evil dictator Rodriquez.

Rodriquez had lost no time in stamping his mark on Alqueria. The income from the first quarter's Remitroot crop had been spent of a twice life sized statute of Rodriquez in bronze sculpted by the renowned Catalan artist 'Crazy Chisel' Pepe. Rodriquez is depicted mounted on a large well endowed stallion with raised sword, Rodriquez not the stallion At the horse's feet a plaque simply reads, 'Rodriquez: liberator of Alqueria'.

Street names had been changed. A confused postman tried to cross reference the old names to a mystifying collection of Calle Rodriquez, Avenida Rodriquez, El Plaza Rodriquez and for some inexplicable but fitting reason La Alcantarilla Rodriquez. Rodriquez was becoming more unstable by the hour his delusions of grandeur knew no bounds. He took to wearing a beribboned nineteenth century field marshal's uniform complete with sword and spurs. He even implied that he had spoken to God. When asked to show his telephone bill as proof he replied that God had phoned him.

On hearing that Rodriquez had declared himself to be immortal, Manuela suggested she could prove him wrong very quickly and in a very messy fashion with the aid of a 'Waiters Friend' cork screw. The man had to be stopped and surely only Manuela, Antonio Poyato and Loco Paco could stop the unbalanced tyrant.

Rodriquez was to be his own undoing however. For Rodriquez was not very bright. He thought he was exceedingly clever but in fact he had only one neuron and that had a pronounced limp. His downfall came as he reached the peak of his self obsession. With control of the Remitroot crop and its resultant products Rodriquez had a 'copper bottomed' product. It was known worldwide, only grown in Alqueria and a large proportion of the World's politicians were addicted to it, hence it flowed easily and

freely across borders and trade zones. Rodriquez in his misguided wisdom renamed it 'Roddyroot100', why '100' no one knows but there were precedents. (Those in a certain carpet town of East Devon will understand).

Remitroot had been known since Roman times and Rodriquez had destroyed two thousand years of goodwill overnight. People simply didn't know what Roddyroot100 was nor did they care. Sales slumped. The Alquerian coffers emptied at an alarming rate and Rodriquez failed to keep up the leasing arrangements on his field marshal's uniform, he was last seen wearing a brown paper bag.

Who will save Alqueria?

Wait and see.