Don Miguel El Sabio and the Particle Accelerator

At seventy-nine percent the Alquerian unemployment figure was the highest in the western world. Manuela made passionate pleas for a state sponsored project to get the people back to work. Everyone in the Alquerian establishment took it upon themselves to apply to various international bodies for funding. Purely from a sense of community spirit. None thought of personal gain, at least that's what they said publicly. The replies soon came in, all starting with the line 'In the present economic climate …..' One however, from the United Nations Scientific Development Council guaranteed funding for a project put forward by Don Miguel El Sabio. Alqueria's only intellectual, well he had mastered joined-up writing.

The Don's proposal?
Alqueria's very own particle accelerator.

While Sabio had confidence in his abilities, no-one else did. Most thought it was just an elaborate ploy to defraud the UN of vast quantities of cash. A true Alquerian project. The Government applauded in admiration.

As the Alquerian Treasury Minister counted the cash from the UN, the Don marshalled the unemployed of the village. He took over the old television studio off the Calle Generalissimo and closed the steel doors behind. What he was doing was of no interest to the rest of the village. They viewed him with suspicion at the best of times and as he was keeping the rebellious youth of Alqueria occupied they thought it best to leave him alone. He did however seem to be using a great deal of double sided sticky tape and the inners from paper towel rolls which raised a few eyebrows. However in the eyes of the simple villagers intelligence went hand in hand with eccentricity.

Then the fateful day. Representatives from the UN appeared at the border demanding to see the results of their investment. Rodriquez went into hiding and Manuela put on

a false moustache and pretended to be a member of the Women’s Institute on holiday from Britain. Don Miguel El Sabio stood alone to face his inquisitors. The Don didn't seem perturbed in the slightest and joyfully led the team to the old studio where he triumphantly swung open the doors.

Lurking in the shadows was a contraption consisting of an old Remitroot barrel connected via verdigris encrusted copper pipes to an old washing machine. The silence was tangible. To cover their embarrassment the UN team submitted an interim report which simply stated, 'Valuable and ongoing work.'

Don Miguel El Sabio was elated and moved to the next stage. The acceleration of a particle, but he needed a particle to accelerate. To the Don's befuddled mind a particle is a particle and so is a Remitroot seed.

How would the particle accelerator effect the Remitroot seed?
What mutations will occur within its kernel?
We await the result of the first experiment.