The space programme
(cohete de combustible)

Life was boring for Antonio Poyato. The premium prices his Remitroot products brought kept him in the height of luxury. He employed most people of working age in the village and had a robust management structure in place. He had everything he needed. Even his new solid gold combined back scratcher and ravioli cutter failed to hold his interest for long. His leisure time became taken up with finding new uses for Remitroot. He had eaten it, drunk it and smoked it, put it on cuts and abrasions and rubbed it into his scalp. It seemed to be efficacious in most cases but he was forced to discontinue its use as a suppository.

Woven into cloth it was indestructible and as fine as the best silk. Unfortunately it emitted an odour indistinguishable from the pheromone of the male Iberian Mountain Goat. This led to some interesting but expensive compensation claims. A thinner woven fabric with random fibre direction made a durable and tear resistant paper. The Minister of Finance, Briefcase Fred decided to print Alqueria's twenty Raro note on this type of paper. Among Remitroot's many qualities, that of an aphrodisiac is perhaps the most prized. The Alquerian twenty Raro note, when chewed enhanced this effect. Clandestine twenty Raro note chewing parties took place at the dead of night. The bank note was soon in short supply and still much sought after. It was changing hands for a hundred Raros. Monetary confusion followed and the note had to be withdrawn.

In his laboratory Poyato subjected the root to every possible test. Remitroot Liquor failed to freeze at -114 Celsius the temperature at which ethanol alcohol should freeze. Even liquid hydrogen failed to turn it into a solid. Finally Poyato passed an electric current through it. The result was impressive. It burnt at a rate proportional to the applied current. Two, five, ten and then twenty metres a second. With the full electrical potential applied a brilliant orange and yellow flash filled the room. After a

deafening explosion Poyato lost his eyebrows along with most of his laboratory equipment. He knew there must be a use for this attribute of his Remitroot.

Still smoking and singed he made his way to the Bar La Casa Devante. Horacio the landlord looked at him in alarm, then poured him a shot of his strongest liquor. “Go easy with that it's like rocket fuel” he said.

Poyato took his drink into the plaza and looked up at the heavens. His eyes glazed over and with a lopsided grin stood motionless. 'Where can I get hold of a good second hand rocket?' he thought.