The trade agreement

The SS Founder lay hove-to twenty miles off the Spanish coast. Her rust streaked hull pitching and rolling in the heavy swell. The journey from Harwich had been a tedious one, three weeks of mechanical failures and navigation errors. A permanent list to starboard meant the vessel had a tenancy to sail in a great arc if the helm wasn't corrected regularly. Registered in Turkmenistan, the craft is no more than a perambulating shipping hazard. By some miracle however it arrived off the coast of southern Spain and with it the trade delegation from the Republic of Uggaby.

With the Alquerian borders with Spain closed the sea-bound Uggabian representatives have to be smuggled up the Río Verde to the village. A dilapidated twenty four foot rived cruiser 'La Arruinada' came alongside with Antonio Poyato at the helm. To say Poyato is brave would be an overstatement, he wore goggles and a crash helmet to play Ludo, but here he was piloting the flimsy craft back to Alqueria. The explanation is simple, Poyato had been drinking his own Remitroot liquor. Who he imagined himself to be and what he though he was doing is something only someone else under the influence of Remitroot would appreciate.

The massed bands of Alqueria, well two guitars, a trumpet and Arián Pérez doing strange things with a tea-chest which seemed to have no musical connections whatever welcomed the guests as they steeped ashore in the old olive grove. The Uggabians seemed pleased with their reception, it made a change from being welcomed with bricks and insults which was their norm.

This was essentially a trade mission. The Alquerian government wanted to sell Remitroot products to northern Europe. If things went well Uggaby would be the centre of their sales drive in Britain. To this end the premier chef of Uggaby, Salmonella Sid accompanied the group.

The day was spent at Antonio Poyato's smallholding sampling the famous Remitroot wine and liquor. Faircourt, the delegation's leader overindulged and was found sitting bolt upright under Poyato's Adelfa Tree with a confused expression. He was signing a song about a naval vessel named after a Roman goddess and with a figurehead of a rather sporting you lady. Gruntmore tried to translate the lyrics which Manuela found particularly interesting.

The appeal of the plant soon became obvious, Remitroot Real Ale and Remitroot Scrumpy were just two liquid variations suggested. It was left to the imagination and expertise of Salmonella Sid to fully realise its potential.

The next time you are in a restaurant in Britain look out for the choicest of dishes. Remitroot in a basket, fried Remitroot and chips and that old favourite Remitroot Roly Poly.