The refinancing of Rodriquez

A dishevelled José Cabrasilbido peered from under his bed rather like a mountain-goat squinting from the depths of some dark cave. As the village policeman it was his duty to keep the peace. However, seeing the recent riot in full swing he muttered something which sounded like “Not bloody likely” and dived for sanctuary 'neath his bed. With the streets now quiet, José's courage returned and he ventured out into the sunlight once more.

The unrest had brought the old barrio rivalry to the fore with a vengeance. The Olive Mill had gone into administration and the staff numbers reduced by some seventy-five percent. Rodriquez, the mill owner and leader of the Newcomer's Barrio had in a cynical sectarian act dismissed only workers from the Hill People's Barrio. The riot and siege of the mill followed.

Rodriquez had been running the Mill into the ground ever since he inherited it from his Father. His management style had two simple rules. Rule one. He is always right and rule two. If he is ever found to be wrong then refer to rule one. As a fool who thinks he is clever, he made one disastrous decision after another and blamed the resultant chaos on the innocent.

Recently a replacement snudgegrundling machine arrived and provision was being made for its installation. Rodriquez, complaining about the delay simply paced out the space required. When the machinery was in place the reciprocating arm which operated the skitterywangle sprocket had no room to operate. The solution was to knock a hole in the wall of the men's convenience. This allowed the arm to pass through. Anyone making use of the 'loo', in the standing position had to duck every six and a half seconds which was the operating cycle of the machinery.

Normally the procedure was to ignore Rodriquez and do the opposite. When the scheme turned out to be a success, Rodriquez's selective memory would kick in and

he would claim the glory. This is perhaps the only reason the mill has lasted as long as it has.

With the opposition laid off, the Olive Mill was exclusively populated with sycophants and yes men. A situation which potential buyers were well aware of. Rodriquez had already opened the taps on the olive oil storage tanks and was preparing to torch the Mill when news of a saviour arrived.

The Consorcio de Causas Perdidas of Guadix had come in with an offer of finance. They were however under the impression that the Mill was a working museum. The aged machinery certainly reinforced this view. Rodriquez was ecstatic and promptly ordered a complete set of the latest Abyssinian Goat Shirling equipment out of the new funding.

One wonders how long the new influx of cash will last.