The Experiment

Don Miguel El Sabio carefully loaded the Remitroot seed into the business end of his particle accelerator. Actually it was a modified washing machine. A Little Gem Wonder Wash Model A34/6. A turn of the control dial to 'Quick Spin' and the contraption started to shake. It then produced a low whine rising in frequency to shrill whistle. It then promptly exploded taking half the building with it.

The Don emerged from the wreckage bruised and blooded. By some remarkable stroke of luck the Remitroot seed lay embedded in his left cheek. On examination the seed appeared to pulsate and Sabio was certain it was getting bigger. Finding an undamaged part of the building he put the precious kernel in a pot and added compost. As he sprinkled on water the seed grew before his eyes. Twenty millimetres, fifty, a hundred, until it was the standard height for a fully grown Remitroot plant, just over a metre. Another shoot then appeared. Soon a dozen healthy fully grown plants stood erect in the pot.

Don Miguel El Sabio was astounded “They need more water” he said to himself.
He thought he saw the plants nod.
“Plant food” he said and again they nodded.
“A holiday on the north east coast of England.”
The plants shook their orange petals.
“two plus two.”
The plants nodded fours times in quick succession.

Rational intelligence he thought, about double the IQ of a Cabinet Minister Sabio calculated.

He needed to find someone to keep an eye on the plants while he went to tell Poyato the news. Loco Paco was put in charge. Paco wouldn’t question the plant's odd behaviour. After all he never questions the tangibility of the five foot rodent which is his constant companion.

Poyato was at his usual table in the Bar La Casa Devante. His evening libation was important to him as it was important to all Alquerians. To have it interrupted by an overexcited Don Miguel El Sabio caused Poyato to use some colourful language. The Don was deeply hurt, he hadn't been insulted like that since he was last at the mixed sauna session.

Humouring Sabio, Poyato accompanied him to the now partially destroyed test shed. Poyato expected the plants to be gently swaying in response to some draught or other. As the building now had only two walls instead of the customary four, there was plenty of through air.

Neither of them were prepared for the sight that greeted them. Loco Paco was dancing the Lambada with each plant in turn, thrusting and gyrating like native Brazilians.

One can only wonder what Loco Paco's five foot rodent thought of it all.