In a village of La Mancha, name I don't want to remember, lately a gentleman of the kind of lance in the sheath, old shield, the lean horse and the hound runner lived. The cattle on the most nights, the mourning and the take away on the Saturdays, the boiled lentils on Fridays, some diners on the Sundays, and the rest of the stuff with the gabardine ones, the fine pants for the holidays and the Saturdays with the fine gabardine, and the days of the week with the slippers of the same stuff. In his house lived an old woman over the forty and the niece of the twenty ones.

And a farmhand and a worker who saddled the runner as well as he took the scythe. The age of the gentleman had about fifty years. He was of robust complexion, thick skin, lean face, and he was the man of the early riser and the hunt. They say that he had the nickname of "Quijada" or "Quesada", but in this there is some difference of the authors who wrote on this subject, although it should be understood that he called himself "Quijana", but this is not important for our topic.

What is important is that in the narration it does not go beyond the truth.