¡Kalvino Estupendo!

Kalvino Cabezagrande appeared in Alqueria early one sun drenched morning. Immaculately dressed, teeth gleaming he stood straight-backed, one foot resting easily on the brickwork of the town's fountain. Cradled in his arms a small kid-goat which he had courageously rescued from a perilous cliff. On his back a five year-old child whom he had found wandering in the sierra. Kalvino's teeth glinted once more as a ray of sunlight fell upon him. 'Kalvino Estupendo' or 'Super Kalv' had honoured Alqueria with his presence.

No one knows where Kalvino comes from, no one knows where he returns to after his day's toil is done. He is a professional do-gooder or he would be if he accepted payment. The villagers of southern Spain feel blessed when he arrives, unannounced, righting wrongs, protecting the weak and generally making a nuisance of himself. If there were good deeds to be done Super Kalv did them. He was of course universally loathed by the people of Alqueria.

In Alqueria a good deed done invariably meant a bad one for the opposing barrio. The righteousness of Kalvino united Alqueria in their hatred for him. Alqueria is out of step with the rest of humanity and by definition at loggerheads with a humanitarian such as Super Kalv. Kalv's 'good deeds' involved trying to squash Loco Paco's pet Saharan Dung Beetle, Benjy thinking it was a pest. Loco Paco hurled a collapsible oil fired bidet at him causing Kalvino to seek shelter in the Bar La Casa Devante. Here he promptly lectured Antonio Poyato on the evils of drink. Poyato in return acquainted Kalv to the dangers of lecturing random drunks on their alcohol consumption and sent him back into the street swiftly followed by an empty Remitroot bottle.

These occurrences were unfortunate but what followed was ill-advised and fool hardy. Diving for cover as the wayward Remitroot Rum bottle passed safely overhead Kalvino found himself at the feet of Manuela. Now, a more discreet individual would have got up, greeted her and walked on. Not our Super Kalv. Realising who she was

and being familiar with her reputation he began a discourse into her life-style and morality or rather lack of it. Super Kalv was never seen nor heard of from that day on. The people of Alqueria closed ranks behind Manuela and Kalvino Cabezagrande was never mentioned again.

As a matter of record the kid-goat that was cradled in Kalv's arms was tethered to the cliff edge so it could benefit from the morning breeze and help cure a nasty case of croup. It died the next day for want of the healing mountain air. The five year old child on his back was quite happily on a nature ramble before Super Kalv hove into view and 'rescued her'.