

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA in contemporary English

VOLUMES 1 and 2

by

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A new translation and edition

by

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PART ONE

Prologue

Idle reader, you can believe me when I tell you that I wanted this book, which is the child of reason, to be the most beautiful, the most stylish and the most intelligent that could be imagined, but I have not been able to contravene the laws of Nature which compel things to engender what resembles them. Hence, what could have imagined my barren, uneducated mind but the story of a capricious thin strong creature filled with one-of-a-kind ideas that could have been conceived in a prison inhabited by annoyance and distressing sounds? Quietness, a peaceful place, a pleasant countryside, the serene skies, the whispering springs and inner peace are important things that can lead the most sterile muses to give birth to marvels that will enrapture the world.

At times, the love of a father who begets an ugly, graceless son puts a blindfold over his eyes, which forbids him to see his son's defects. They even become qualities and original traits when he refers to them in front of his male friends. Although I seem to be Don Quixote's father, I am only his stepfather; that's why I don't want to follow the custom of asking you, my dear reader, almost with tears in my eyes, like others do, to forgive and forget the mistakes you may find in this book, all the more so because you are neither a relative nor a friend. Moreover, you are the owner of your soul and free will, which you consider to be outstanding, and you are in your own house where you are the lord of the manor: no king would dare to raise taxes on your estate, for you are your own overlord. Hence, you can do whatever you want and express freely your opinion about this story: you will neither be rewarded nor punished!

In fact, I wanted to tell it to you as simple as it is, without the decorative prologue, the endless sonnets, epigrams and eulogies you commonly find at the beginning of books. Nevertheless, although it was a bit difficult to write the introduction you are reading, it was a very good idea to compose it. Many times, I took up my pen and many times, I laid it down again because I did not know what to write. On one occasion, when I was lost in thought, a paper before me, my quill pen behind my ear, resting an elbow on the desk, holding my chin and pondering on what I had to write, a friend of mine, who is witty and clever, beheld my hesitations. He asked me why I was so pensive. Since I did not want to conceal anything from him, I told him that I was thinking of the prologue I had to write for the history of Don Quixote, which worried me. Actually, I did not want to publish yet the deeds of so noble a knight because...

... But how could I not be confused about what the ancient lawmaker we call the public will say when it discovers that, after a prolonged slumber rocked by silent oblivion, the old man awakens now in order to tell a story that is as dry as esparto, dull, tacky, superficial, unscientific and without footnotes or annotations at the end, although other books that are profane and entertaining are so full of citations from Aristotle, Plato and many other

philosophers, which turn the highly praised writers into well-read, learned and eloquent authors? What should I say about those who refer to the Bible? Some people will say that there are new St. Thomases; other people will regard them as doctors of the Church; the formalism they share allow them to describe a lubricious lover and then compose a short Christian sermon that is a joy and a privilege to hear and read. You won't find this here, for I have nothing to write in the footnotes nor at the end of the book; I don't even know if I have been influenced by authors. There is thus no need to follow the example of all the others by listing them alphabetically at the beginning, starting with Aristotle and closing with Xenophon, or, perhaps, with Zoilus or Zeuxis, although one was a gossip and the other a painter. My book will also lack sonnets at the beginning – I mean sonnets composed by dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, and famous poets. I feel certain that if I were to ask two or three friends who are ordinary poets for help, they would provide me with sonnets that could surpass those of the most celebrated Spanish authors.

In short, my dear friend, I have decided that my book should remain buried in the archives of La Mancha until Heaven sends someone to deck it out with all the ornaments it lacks, for I cannot remedy the situation, since I am incompetent, ignorant and lazy, too lazy to search for authors who will say what I can say without their help. This is the origin of the idleness and lack of interest in which you found me: two very good reasons indeed.

When he heard this, my friend struck his forehead, burst into laughter and said to me: "Good heavens, brother! You have just deprived me of an illusion. I have known you for a long time, and I have always regarded you as being clever and prudent in all your actions, but I now understand that you are as far from all that as the sky from the earth. How trivial details that are so easy to remedy can upset a mind as mature as yours and that is used to overcoming greater difficulties? I swear this does not come from any lack of competence, but from excess of laziness and lack of imagination. Do you want to know whether this is true or not? Then pay attention: in the blink of an eye, I am going to solve all the problems that upset and frighten you in order to publish the history of your famous Don Quixote, the epitome of knight-errantry."

"Tell me, then", I replied, listening to what he was saying to me, "how could you overcome my fear and enlighten me?"

He answered: "At first, you must solve the problem of the introductory sonnets, epigrams, or eulogies that should be written by important people with a title. You should compose them yourself and, then, set any name on it, like Prester John of the Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond, for it is said that they were famous poets. Should this authorship be questioned by a few pedants and students holding a high school diploma, you would not have to be upset, for that kind of thing does not lead the executioner to cut off the hand that put these lies down on paper. As for the footnotes filled with the books that were the source of the maxims and sayings you put in your story, you only have to make the citation written in Latin look natural. So you must know them by heart or, at least, you must find them rapidly. For instance, if you were to deal with liberty and captivity you would write:

Freedom cannot be bought for gold.

And then, in the footnote, you would cite Horace or the person who said it. Should the subject be the power of death, you would declaim:

Pale death comes both to the cabins of the poor and the palaces of the kings.

As for the friendship and love God commands us to show to our enemies, good manners will compel you to open the Bible and repeat what God said:

I tell you to love your enemies.

If you want to speak of evil thoughts, turn to this section of the Gospels: evil thoughts come from the heart. As for the instability of friendship, Cato's couplet states:

So long as you are happy, you will have many friends;
When the skies darken, those friends will vanish into thin air.

Thanks to these short sentences written in Latin, people will consider you to be at least a grammarian, which is a sought-after position nowadays.

With regard to the notes at the end of the book, you can follow this idea: when you speak of a giant, it will have to be Goliath because it won't cause you any trouble. Actually, you will easily find the reference, which will enable you to write a long annotation that may resemble this: the giant Goliath was a Philistine whom the shepherd David killed with a stone thrown by his slingshot in the valley of Terebinth, according to what we read in the *Book of Kings*.

Then, in order to show that you are a learned man, an intellectual, and a cosmographer, you will have to refer to the River Tagus; thus you will soon discover this beautiful annotation: 'The River Tagus was named after a king of Spain. It originates in some place and flows to the ocean, licking the walls of the famous city of Lisbon. It is believed that the sand it carries is made of gold, etc'. If you were to mention thieves, I would tell you the story of Cacus, which I know by heart. As for the prostitutes, the Bishop of Mondoñedo is an authority on this subject; he would certainly lend you Lamia, Lais, and Flora. Should you refer to cruelty, Ovid would supply you with Medea. Of course, you would borrow Calypso and Circe, the witches, from Homer and Vergil, Julius Caesar, the valiant captain, from himself in his *Commentaries*, and a thousand Alexanders from Plutarch. Love and two ounces of Tuscan should lead you to befriend Leon the Hebrew, who is a bottomless source of information. Should you hate journeys, you would have to stop at Fonseca's *Of the Love of God*, which is a beautiful Spanish landscape that summarizes everything that you and the Ingenious Don Quixote might want to know about the subject. In short, all you have to do is to cite those writers or what they published; it is I who will handle the rest: I swear I will fill the footnotes and add four whole sheets at the end of the book.

Now, let's speak of the thing the other authors never forget: the bibliography we don't find in your work yet. The solution is very simple: you only have to find a comprehensive catalog of writers organized alphabetically. Then you will put this catalog in your book. Though the trick is obvious, it doesn't matter, since you will hardly use those references. A simple-minded reader may believe that you have consulted all those books to compose your nice story. If it serves no other purpose, this lengthy catalog will at least make people believe that your work was done in a serious way. It is self-evident that nobody will try to determine whether you used the bibliography or not, for there is nothing to gain from that. Moreover, your *Don Quixote* does not need this erudition, since your work is an attack on the books of chivalry, which did not exist in ancient times. Hence, Aristotle never dreamed of them, St. Basil never spoke of them and Cicero never had to understand them. What they consider to be true does not depend on astrological observations, geometrical measurements, or the refutation of arguments used in rhetoric. One must not mix religion with profane matters and then preach a sermon, for the mixture you will pour into the

chalice is a wine no Christian intelligence should drink. All you have to do is make good use of imitation when you write; the more perfect the imitation, the better the writing. Since you just aim to undermine the authority and prestige that books of chivalry have in the world and among ordinary people, there is no need for you to beg for maxims from philosophers, advice from the Bible, tales from poets, speeches from rhetoricians, or miracles from saints. You need to use meaningful, honest and well-placed words so that your style may become cheerful and musical. As far as it is possible, you must make your ideas clear. Moreover, your story should make depressed people laugh, increase the joy of the cheerful, not irritate the righteous, fill the clever with admiration for its originality, not give the serious reason to scorn it, and enable the prudent to praise it. In fact, you must never forget that you aim to destroy the ill-founded structure made of books of chivalry, which are abhorred by many and admired by many more. Should you do this, it would be a great achievement."

I carefully listened to what my friend told me. His ideas were good; I did not try to question them. So I resolved to compose this prologue. Here, dear reader, you will perceive my friend's intelligence, my good fortune in finding such a good adviser at a time when I needed him so badly, and the relief you will feel when you read the sincere, straightforward story of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha. The inhabitants of the *Campo de Montiel* region say he was the chastest lover and the most valiant knight in the neighborhood when he was alive. I don't want you to thank me for introducing you to so noble and respected a gentleman, but I want you to thank me for enabling you to befriend the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, in my opinion, I have summarized all the funny things said by squires, which are scattered throughout the numerous pages of those stupid books of chivalry. That being said, may God grant you health and not forget me. Take care.

Urganda the unknown.

To the book *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

My dear book, if you want to reach the good readers,
You will have to be careful.
This way, the young guns will not tell you
That you are just an apprentice.
When people are impatient,
Impatience being a stupid thing,
In a short period of time,
Without trying to understand the very meaning of things,
Those people end up reading the whole book
In order to show they are intelligent.

Experience shows
That he who approaches a tree
Can benefit from its shade.
In Béjar, providence
Will offer you a stunning tree
That bears princes.
Once someone saw a duke bloom;
He was the new Alexander the Great.
You should go and stand underneath its shade,

For it brings good fortune.

You will tell the story
Of a gentleman who lived in La Mancha
And whose leisurely reading
Turned him into a lunatic.
Ladies, weapons and knights
Led him to become
A kind of Orlando Furioso,
A chaste lover
Who stubbornly tried
To meet Dulcinea del Toboso.

You will not print on the first page
Those tactless arms
That always defeat the little people
When they play cards.
If you abase yourself in the dedication,
They will not dare to laugh at you.
Did Álvaro de Luna,
Hannibal of Carthage
And King François imprisoned in Spain
Ventured to complain about their fates?

Heaven does not want you
To be as cunning as
Juan Latino, the black man,
Nor does He want you to speak Latin.
Do not patronize me!
Do not speak ill of me!
For the man who can read,
Twisting his mouth,
Will make the palm tree ask you:
Why do we bloom at the same time?

Don't complicate everything!
Hence, you must not pretend to know unknown people
Because it is wise to flee from
What you don't know:
Unknown people, hiding themselves underneath their hats,
Keep playing tricks.
Moreover, you have worked a lot,
Even to be respected;
Those who publish stupid things
Are always mistreated by posterity.

I am telling you that it is stupid
To live beneath a roof of glass,
Pick stones up

And throw them at you neighbor.
Intelligent men,
When they write books,
Do not hurry.
The writers who aim
To entertain maidens
End up writing stupid things for stupid girls.

Amadís of Gaul.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

You imitated the sad life I lived:
Lonely and disdained by man,
On the cliffs of my island,
My joy became despair.
Your eyes poured rivers
Of salted water in your chalice;
Mankind deprived you of your silverware, pewterware and copperware
So that the Earth might be compelled to put your food on the ground.
You believe that fair-haired Apollo,
Illumined by the sun,
Will everlastingly make his horses go faster,
And, thanks to your famed courage,
You fell certain that your country will be the best
And your wise author the most celebrated in the world.

Don Belianís of Greece.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

I broke, I cut, I dented and decided so many things,
More than anybody in knight-errantry.
I was skillful, valiant and arrogant;
I avenged a thousand wrongs and settled 100.000 arguments.
Exploits always force fame to last for ever;
I was a courteous, gentle suitor;
The giants used to become dwarfs
When I dueled.
Fortune bowed to me
And, all of a sudden,
Sanity left my head.
Even though the moon sounds the gold trumpet

That covers my destiny with glory,
I envy you, O great Quixote.

Lady Oriana.
To Dulcinea del Toboso

A sonnet.

Because it is more convenient,
We should, lovely Dulcinea,
Set Miraflores upon El Toboso
And swap London for your hamlet!
Your body clad in your uniform
And inhabited by your desire
And the famous knight you turned into a virtuous man
Should gaze at an outstanding battle.
I would like to escape from
Lord Amadís' embrace
As you did with the gentle Don Quixote.
This way, they would envy the one who used to envy them.
I would thus swap my former sadness for happiness
And could freely enjoy the simplest pleasures.

Gandalín, Squire of Amadís of Gaul.
To Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire.

A sonnet.

Hail, famous man.
Destiny made you become a squire;
It acted smoothly and thoroughly,
Which did not displease you.
You use the hoe and the sickle
To weed the fields.
Your plebeian wisdom counterbalances the pride of the conceited man
Who mocks you as he promises you the moon.
I envy you your donkey,
Your name and your saddlebags.
They reveal your foresight.
Hail once again, Sancho.
Ovid, our Spaniard, bows to you humorously,
For he knows that you are a good man.

Donoso, the messy Poet.
To Sancho Panza and Rocinante.

To Sancho Panza.

I am Sancho Panza, the squire
Of Don Quixote, the Manchegan.
I took to my heels
In order to live according to my desires.
Villadiego, a quiet man,
With his reason of state,
Summarized a book
Called La Celestina,
Which, according to me,
Could have been more religious
If many human characteristics had been removed.

To Rocinante.

I am Rocinante, the famous horse,
Babieca's great grandson;
Because of my weak constitution,
A man called Don Quixote became my master.
I did not run fast.
My hooves used to dig
In order to find barley.
I showed my trick to Lazarillo
As I gave him a straw
To steal wine from the blind man.

Orlando Furioso.
To Don Quixote de la Mancha

A sonnet.

You are not a peer because you were not able to catch him.
Invincible victor, you cannot stand out
From a group of one thousand people who resemble you
If you don't capture him in the place where you are.
Don Quixote, I am Orlando.
Doomed because of Angelica, I saw foreign seas
And, upon the altar of fame,
I laid qualities respected by oblivion.
I cannot be your equal for this decor
Comes from your deeds and fame,
Although, like me, you lost your mind.

Should you tame the haughty Moor and the cruel Scythian,
You would become my equal.
For the time being, we are equal because we are both unhappy lovers.

The Knight of the Sun.

To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Spanish Phoebus, educated courtier,
My sword cannot challenge yours,
Nor can my hand equal your glory,
Which illumines the world.
I despised some empires;
I even ignored the red Orient
That monarchy once offered me
In order to see Claridiana's imperious visage glimmer at daybreak.
My arm tamed this ominous girl
Who can mimic the bees and make honey;
The Devil, absent from his kingdom, started to fear me.
Famous, bright Don Quixote, descendant of the Goths,
And Dulcinea del Toboso, you will be everlastingly
Remembered as good, honest and wise people.

Solisdan.

To Don Quixote de la Mancha.

A sonnet.

Don Quixote, although your diseased brain
Compels you to rave,
Nobody will dare to criticize you
For having done things that are vile and obscene.
The judges will defend you,
For you undid wrongs
While braggarts and rascals
Were mistreating you.
Should your sweet Dulcinea
Be rude to you
And disdain your sorrow,
You would console yourself with the thought that
Sancho Panza was a bad go-between,
That she was mean and that you were not in love.

Dialogue Between *Babieca* and *Rocinante*.

A sonnet.

Rocinante, why are you so thin?
Because I never eat although I work a lot.
What about oats and hay?
My master doesn't allow me to eat a mouthful of food.
Sir, you are really ill-mannered,
For your ass's tongue is insulting your master.
It is he who is the ass;
Do you want proof? Look at him! He is in love.
Is it stupid to love somebody? It's not too smart.
You must be a metaphysician! I just don't eat!
Do you complain about the squire? Not enough!
Although I suffer great pain, I cannot complain,
For master, squire and groom
Are as skinny as I.

CHAPTER I.

The character and occupation of Don Quixote de la Mancha,
the famous gentleman.

Somewhere in La Mancha, a village whose name I do not remember, lived, not so long ago, one of those gentlemen who always have a lance in the rack, a big old leather shield, a skinny nag and a greyhound. A stew with poor-quality beef, chopped meat with vinaigrette for dinner, fried eggs on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon as a special delicacy on Sundays accounted for three-fourths of his income. The rest was spent on a light woolen jacket, velvet trousers for feast days, gaiters and a dark suit he used to wear on weekdays. He had a housekeeper in her forties, a niece who was not yet twenty and a male servant who saddled the nag, pruned the trees and would do a few other things. Our gentleman was almost fifty years old. He had a sound constitution. He was slim; his face was bony. He was an early riser and liked to hunt. It is said that his surname was Quijada or Quesada: there is some difference among the authors who raised this issue. However, according to the most likely conjectures, we are to understand that his surname was really Quijana. But it doesn't matter, since there will be no deviation from the truth in the story I am about to tell.

When the aforesaid gentleman did not work, which happened most of the time, he used to read books of chivalry, which absorbed him and led him to forget hunting and even the administration of his estate. He was so obsessed with this occupation that he had sold many acres of arable land in order to buy those books of chivalry. So he brought as many of them as he could to his house. He thought that none was as fine as the ones that had been composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva: he was bedazzled by the clarity of his arguments and by his lively stories. Besides, he loved to read the chapters dealing with love and chivalry, where he could often find this kind of idea: "The origin of the nonsense that is besieging my reason is weakening my reason, which is the reason why I complain about your beauty". He could also read: "... the empyrean of Your Holiness helped by the stars divinely fortifies you and enables you to *desert the desert Your Highness does not deserve.*"

Because of this nonsense, the poor gentleman lost his mind; he would try to decipher and disentangle oddities Aristotle himself would not understand if he were to come back to life. He did not like to see Don Belianís harm or be wounded by someone because he thought that no surgeon would be able to cure him: his face and body would thus be covered with marks and scars. Nevertheless, he would praise the author when, at the end, he made the readers believe there would be other adventures to come. He often felt like taking up his pen to finish the tale as it had been promised in the prologue; he would have done so if other important thoughts had not obsessed him. He often chatted with the village priest who was a learned man, a graduate of Sigüenza; they talked about who had been the better knight: Palmerín of England or Amadís of Gaul. Master Nicolás, the barber of this village, would say that no one could equal the Knight of Phoebus; he would add that if anyone could be compared to him, it would be Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís of Gaul, because he was competent, more courageous and less ridiculous and sissy than his brother.

In short, he was so absorbed in reading that he did not sleep at night, what worsened his condition: his brain dried up and he lost his mind. He had filled his imagination with what he had read: enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, flirtatious remarks, love affairs, turmoil and all sorts of improbable things. He had come to believe that all these famous tales were true; they were more real to him than anything else in the world. He used to remark that the Cid Ruy Diaz had been a very good knight, but there was no comparison between him and the Knight of the Flaming Sword who, with a single backward stroke, had cut in half two fierce, one-of-a-kind giants. He preferred Bernardo del Carpio because he had killed the enchanted Roland in Roncesvalles by using the stratagem Hercules had employed when he had choked Antaeus, the son of Earth, in his arms. He spoke highly of Morgante, a giant who, although he belonged to a family whose members were haughty and vulgar, was friendly and polite. Most of all, he liked Rinaldo of Montalbán, all the more so because his adventures said that he would emerge from his castle to rob the people he met; he had also crossed the sea and stolen a statue of Muhammad, which was made of gold, according to them. He would have traded his housekeeper and his niece for the pleasure of giving Guenelon a hiding, for he was a traitor.

When he completely lost his mind, he came to conceive the strangest idea that ever occurred to any madman in the world. He started to believe that, in order to become more famous and serve his country, he had to become a knight-errant and roam the world on horseback, in a suit of armor; he would thus seek adventures and engage in what he had read in his books; he would right all types of wrongs: this would imperil his life, but the resolution of the disputes would win him eternal glory. The poor man already pictured his head wearing, at least, the crown, won by the might of his arm, of the empire of Trebizond. These heavenly thoughts, a rapturous feeling, led him to make his dream become a reality swiftly.

The first thing he did was to clean some forgotten old pieces of armor which had belonged to his great-grandfather; they had been lying on the floor, in a corner, for ages; they were covered with rust and mould. He polished and adjusted them as best he could. He then noticed there was a big problem: there was no close helm, but only a helmet. So, his ingenuity led him to use cardboard in order to fashion a kind of half-helmet, which, when attached to the helmet, looked like a close helm. Then he tested it to see if it was strong enough to withstand a blow; he drew his sword and struck it twice: the first blow destroyed a whole week's labor. The ease with which he had broken it to pieces disturbed him. Since he did not want to end up being crushed like his helmet, he decided to make it over. This time, he placed a few strips of iron on the inside. Convinced that it was strong enough, he did not put it to the test again: he considered that it was a high-quality helmet now.

Then he went to look at his nag. Though its hooves had more cracks than a worn-out penny and it was skinnier than Gonela's horse, it seemed to him that Alexander's Bucephalus and El Cid's Babieca could not surpass it. He spent four days thinking about the name he would give it, for, as he said to himself, the great horse of a great knight had to bear a famous name. The kind of name he wanted was one that would indicate what the nag had been before it came to belong to a knight-errant and what its present status was, for it stood to reason that both the master and the horse had to change names at the same time: a person of quality could only ride a horse with a high-sounding sobriquet, one that mirrored his master's new position, which he had already taken up. Hence, his imagination invented, erased, added, discarded and reinvented a lot of names. He finally called it "Rocinante," a name he found sophisticated and melodious. It also showed what the horse was before [ante], when it was just a poor nag [rocín]; before, it was the best nag in the world.

Having given a name he adored to his horse, he wanted to find one for himself, which took another eight days. By the end of that period, he resolved to call himself Don Quixote, which, as has been stated, has led the authors of this true history to assume that his real name was Quijada, not Quesada as others have said. He remembered that the valiant Amadís did not like to be called by his first name, which is why he had added the name of his kingdom and fatherland in order to make it famous. He assumed a new name: Amadís of Gaul. So this good knight chose to add his birthplace to his first name and became "Don Quixote de la Mancha"; he linked his lineage to his fatherland, which, according to him, was a way to pay homage to his country.

He had cleaned his armor, turned his helmet into a close helm, and given himself and his horse names, but one thing was missing: a lady to love, for a knight-errant without a love quest is a tree without leaves or fruit, a body without a soul. He said to himself: "Should I, luckily or unluckily for me, meet a giant somewhere, a thing that commonly happens to knights-errant, Should I beat him up, or defeat him, I would have to force him to fall upon his knees in front of my sweet lady and say in a humble, submissive tone of voice: 'Madam, I am Caraculiambro, the giant who is the lord of the Isle of Malindrania. I was defeated in a combat by Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight never sufficiently praised who sent me to present myself before Your Ladyship so that I might serve Your Highness'".

This speech entranced our good knight. He was even more overjoyed when he found the lady whom he would call his sweetheart. It is believed that there was a very attractive peasant girl who lived nearby, with whom he had once been in love, although she apparently never knew or noticed it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo: he thought it was a good idea to bestow the title of Lady Paramour upon her. He wanted a name that would not differ significantly from his, a name inlaid with royal or baronial pride. He thus decided to call her Dulcinea del Toboso because she came from El Toboso, a name he regarded as musical, original and meaningful, as were all the others he had given to himself and the things that belonged to his world.

CHAPTER II.

The first journey of the ingenious Don Quixote.

Having completed these preparations, he did not want to wait any longer to implement his plan, for it was an emergency: there were many grievances to undo, wrongs to right, injustices to settle, superstitions to amend and debts to pay. Accordingly, without informing anyone of his intention and hiding from everybody, one morning before

daybreak, on one of those scorching days of July, he donned his armor, mounted Rocinante, put on his poorly constructed helmet, grasped his shield and took his lance; he opened the gate of the courtyard and left his house, happy to see that it was an easy task to give birth to the fulfillment of his dream.

As soon as he was out on the plain, a terrible thought assailed him, one that could have made him give up his mission. Actually, he suddenly remembered that he had never been knighted: according to the laws of chivalry, he was not allowed to fight with a knight. Even if he had been knighted, as a novice knight, he would have been compelled to use a blank shield: the motto depends on the effort made to win it. He hesitated. Madness prevailing over everything, he resolved to have himself knighted by the first person he would meet, as many others had done, if what is written in the books that influenced him is to be believed. As for his blank armor, he planned to clean it as soon as possible so that it might become whiter than ermine. His anxiety quietened. He continued on his way, following the path his horse wanted to take, believing that this would enable him to live breathtaking adventures.

As our new adventurer traveled along the road, he said to himself: "In times to come, when the book about my famous exploits is published, the knowledgeable author will certainly recount the beginning of my journey, so early in the morning, in this way: 'No sooner had the rubicund Apollo spread over the face of the broad, spacious Earth the gilded filaments of his beautiful mane and no sooner had the little colorfully-feathered birds greeted, with their melodious tongues sounding the gentle trumpet of harmony, the arrival of the rosy Dawn, who, leaving the soft bed of her jealous husband, displayed her beauty to mortals through the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, than the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, abandoning his lazy couch and mounting his famous horse, Rocinante, started to cross the famous ancient fields of Montiel.'"

This was true: he was crossing the region of Montiel; he added: "O happy time, O happy century that will witness the publication of that book! My exploits deserve to be carved in bronze, shaped out of marble and painted on canvas so that the future generations may remember them. O wise magician, whoever you may be, you will have to record this exceptional history. I beg you not to forget my good Rocinante, my faithful traveling companion."

Then he resumed speaking as if he truly were in love: "O Princess Dulcinea, owner of this captive heart! You disdained me, scolded me and commanded me not to bother your virginal beauty: you almost broke my heart! Please, madam, remember it, for it is bleeding for the love of you."

He kept stringing pieces of nonsense together; he followed what his books had taught him, imitating their language as much as he could. The pace of his horse was very slow. The sun was so hot that it would have melted his brain if he had had any.

He rode almost the entire day and nothing interesting happened. He was on the verge of despair because he wanted to meet someone at once in order to put his strong arm to the test. Some authors say his first adventure was the one in the mountain pass of Lapice, others say it was the adventure of the windmills, but I have checked the information in the annals of La Mancha and I have discovered that he rode all that day until nightfall, when he and his hack got tired and very hungry. He scanned the place in order to find a castle or shepherd's hut where he might take shelter, eat and sleep. He caught sight of an inn located near the road he was following; it was as if he had seen a star guiding him not to the gates of a city, but to the fortress of redemption. Quickening his pace, he came up to it just as the night was falling.

Two young women were standing in the doorway; people call them cocottes. They were on their way to Seville and were accompanied by mule drivers who were spending the night at the inn. Since everything our adventurer imagined, saw, or pictured seemed to happen according to what he had read, when he caught sight of the inn, it turned into a castle with four towers and spires of gleaming silver, with a drawbridge, a moat and all the other features of a castle. He rode toward what he had mistaken for a fortress and, when he was a short distance away, he reined in Rocinante and waited for a dwarf to appear upon the battlements to blow his trumpet and announce the arrival of a knight. The dwarf was slow to come and Rocinante was anxious to reach the stable: Don Quixote rode toward the door of the inn and saw the two absent-minded girls who were standing there. He thought they were two beautiful damsels or gracious ladies getting some fresh air in front of the castle gate. At that moment, a swineherd who was driving his swine (an ugly word for an ugly creature) away from a field where they used to find food, blew his horn to bring them together. Don Quixote heard what he wanted to hear: a dwarf sounding a horn to announce his arrival; strangely happy, he presented himself at the door. The two ladies beheld a man in full armor, carrying a lance and a shield: they panicked and started to head for the entrance hall. Don Quixote realized that they were afraid; he raised his cardboard visor, revealed his dirty bony face, and, in a low voice, he courteously said to them:

"Do not flee, Your Ladyships; there is no need to fear an outrage, for the laws of chivalry, which I follow, prevent knights from behaving badly, especially in the presence of highborn maidens such as yourselves."

The girls looked at him; they tried to distinguish his face, which was concealed by his ill-made visor. No one had ever called women of their profession damsels; they were unable to restrain their laughter, which offended Don Quixote and led him to say:

"Pretty ladies cultivate good manners, which is stupid. Moreover, laughter comes from trifles. I do not say this to hurt your feelings; my only desire is to serve you."

The weird language and the accoutrements of our knight intensified their laughter, which increased his annoyance. If the innkeeper had not come out, Don Quixote would have become very upset. Although he was very fat, he was very peaceful. When he saw this toy soldier clad in bits of armor including a bridle, a lance, a shield and a corselet, he desperately tried to refrain from laughing. Fearing what was hidden behind this paraphernalia, he decided to be very polite and said to him:

"Your Lordship, if you are looking for accommodation, you will find what you need and even more, but I cannot provide you with a bed because there is none in this inn".

When Don Quixote saw how humble the lord of the manor was, for he took the innkeeper for a sort of governor, he replied:

"For me, Castilian warden, anything will do:

My weapons are my clothes,
War is my slumber..."

The landlord thought that the knight had called him a Castilian warden because he took him for an inhabitant of Castile, but he was an Andalusian from the beach of Sanlucar, no less a thief than Cacus himself and as unkind as a young male servant who can read and write. He responded:

"In that case, Your Lordship's bed will be made of solid rock: you will keep watch all night. You can dismount and sleep here, for you will find, tonight and all year round, a good reason not to sleep here!"

Having said this, he went to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote; he dismounted with extreme difficulty, like a man who had not broken his fast all day long. Then the knight told his host to take care of his horse since it was the best barley eater in the world. The innkeeper looked at it; he was not impressed: it was not even half as good as Don Quixote had said it was. He led it to the stable and came back to see what his guest was ordering. The girls were reconciled with Don Quixote by now; they were relieving him of his armor. They had already removed his breastplate and back-piece, but they did not know how they were going to unfasten his gorget or take his counterfeit helmet off. That piece of armor had been tied with green ribbons; they had to cut them because it was impossible to untie them. Since he refused to consent to this, he spent the rest of that night with his helmet on his head, which gave him the weirdest and funniest appearance that could be imagined. Don Quixote believed that the worn-out virgins who were assisting him were the ladies of the manor. Hence, his beguiling voice declaimed:

"Never was a knight
So well-served by ladies
As was Don Quixote
When he came from his village.
The damsels took care of him
While the princesses tended his horse.

Dear ladies, its name is Rocinante; mine is Don Quixote de la Mancha. I did not want to disclose my name until my exploits done to serve you would reveal it, but the necessity of adapting the old ballad of Lanzarote to present circumstances has led you to know it ahead of time. However, a day will come when Your Ladyships will be in charge: I will thus obey you. My strong arm will discover how eager I am to serve you."

The young women were not used to listening to flowery speeches; they did not utter a word; they only asked him whether he desired to eat anything.

"Yes, a bite of something", replied Don Quixote. "I think that some food would suit me."

It was Friday: there was nothing to eat in the inn but a few portions of cod, which is called abadejo in Castile, bacalao in Andalusia, curadillo in some places and truchuella elsewhere. They asked if the Gentleman wanted to eat pieces of cod, for there was no other fish to serve him.

"Little pieces or a big one," replied Don Quixote, "it is the same to me: a big coin of eight reales equals eight small coins of one real each. Moreover, these pieces of cod may taste like veal, which is better than beef... and kid tastes better than goat. That being said, bring me the food at once, for military affairs rely on full stomachs."

They set the table at the door of the inn to benefit from cooler air; the host brought Don Quixote a portion of cod that was badly soaked and cooked even worse; the bread was as black and dirty as his armor. It was a funny scene: since he was wearing his helmet and holding up the visor with his hands, he could not put anything in his mouth unless someone helped him; one of the girls fed him! As for giving him something to drink, it would have been impossible if the innkeeper had not drilled a hole in a reed; he placed one end in Don Quixote's mouth and poured the wine in the other end. The gentleman accepted this patiently because he did not want the cords of his helmet to be cut.

At this moment, a pig gelder approached the inn. He sounded his reed pipe four or five times, which confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that this was a famous castle, for they were entertaining him with music. The cod was trout, the pumpnickel was white bread, the

prostitutes were ladies, and the innkeeper was a Castilian warden: he had made a very good decision indeed. Nonetheless, something distressed him: he was not a genuine knight. Hence, he could not legitimately engage in any adventure if he was not knighted.

CHAPTER III.

The funny way
Don Quixote was knighted.

Upset by this thought, Don Quixote hurried to finish off his frugal meal. Then he summoned the landlord, took him to the stable, closed the door, kneeled before him and said:

"Valiant knight, I will never rise up from this place unless you do me a favor for your glory and the sake of the human race."

The innkeeper saw his guest at his feet and heard his words; he looked puzzled and did not know what to answer. He entreated him to rise, but Don Quixote refused to do so until his request had been granted.

"I expected nothing less of your great generosity, my lord", replied Don Quixote. "The boon I asked and which you have so generously conceded to me consists in dubbing me a knight tomorrow. Until that time, wearing my armor, I will pray in the chapel of your castle. When morning comes, as I have said, what I do desire will be done so that I may lawfully go to the four corners of the Earth in search of adventures on behalf of those in need, which is the duty of all knights-errant such as I who long to follow chivalric ideals."

The innkeeper, as I have said, was a joker. He already had an inkling of his guest's derangement, which was confirmed when he heard him say these words. In order to have something to laugh about that night, he decided to humor him. Hence, he told him he was convinced that his desire and purpose were genuine, that distinguished gentlemen like him used to share the same ideals, and that it was evidenced by his presence and elegance. The landlord added that he had followed the same honorable path when he was a young man. He had traveled the world seeking adventures; he had visited the Percheles of Málaga, the Isles of Riarán, the Compás of Seville, the Azoguejo of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the beaches of Sanlúcar, the Potro of Córdoba, the Ventillas of Toledo and many other places where his light feet and subtle fingers had exercised. He had committed many offences, amused himself with widows, seduced a few maidens and deceived several orphans. Almost all the courts of Spain knew him. At last, he had retired to his castle where he earned money thanks to his work and the work of his employees. He received all knights-errant of whatever quality and condition simply because he liked them and the money they gave him for his hospitality. He also told him that he could not pray in the chapel because it had been demolished in order to rebuild it, but it was not a major issue, since, in urgent cases, he knew that vigils could be kept anywhere; this night he could pray in a courtyard of the castle; in the morning, please God, the requisite ceremony could be performed and his guest would be dubbed a knight. His knighthood could not be questioned by anybody in the world.

He then inquired if Don Quixote had any money; the latter replied that he did not carry copper coins because, in all the books he had read about knights-errant, none of them carried money. According to the innkeeper, he was mistaken on this point. Actually, it was not written in the books because it was not necessary to speak of things as indispensable as money and clean shirts. Hence, all the knights-errant who fill so many books carried purses that were replete with gold so that they might handle any situation. They also carried shirts

and a small box filled with ointments to cure the wounds they received, for, in the isolated places where they used to fight their enemies and were wounded, there was not always someone at hand to treat them, unless they had some knowledgeable enchanter for a friend, who would rescue them, bringing to them, through the air, upon a cloud, some damsel or a dwarf bearing a flask of magic water. In that case, they would swallow a single drop and, at once, their wounds would heal. They would be as healthy as if they had never been wounded. Moreover, everybody knows that their squires were well provided with money and other necessities such as bandages and ointments to heal their wound. If they had no squires, which happened very rarely, they themselves used to carry these objects in a pair of saddlebags so finely made that they could barely be seen on the haunches of their horses, as if they were something of greater significance, for, among the knights-errant, carrying saddlebags was not a habit, except in cases like these. Since Don Quixote would become the innkeeper's godson soon, the latter dared to advise him to always carry money and the aforementioned supplies, for he would always find them useful.

Don Quixote promised to follow his host's advice punctiliously. Then he decided to keep vigil in a large farmyard facing one side of the inn. He gathered all the pieces of his armor together, placed them in a trough that stood near a well, grasped his shield, took up his lance and proudly started to pace up and down in front of the trough.

Night was closing in. The innkeeper told everyone in the inn about his guest's madness, the vigil and the ceremony. They marveled at this strange kind of madness. They turned their heads: in the distance, they saw a quiet figure walk up and down and then lean on a lance in order to stare at pieces of armor.

It was night now, but the moon was so bright that it could compete with the sun; everything the new knight did was seen clearly by everybody. One of the mule drivers who were accommodated in the inn exited from the entrance hall to water his animals. In order to do this, it was necessary to remove the armor from the trough. As he saw the man approaching, Don Quixote thundered:

"Impertinent knight, whoever you are, how dare you lay your hands upon the armor of the most valiant knight-errant that ever grasped a sword? You'd better think twice and not touch it if you don't want to pay for your insolence and die!"

The muleteer ignored this imprecation, which was a fairly bad idea. He picked up the armor by the straps and threw it a good distance away. When he beheld this, Don Quixote looked up, apparently remembered Dulcinea and exclaimed:

"Help me, my lady! I offer this first combat to your submissive heart. Your love and protection must sustain me in this critical situation."

He uttered these phrases and others of the same kind, dropped his shield, raised his lance in both hands and gave the muleteer a heavy blow on the head that made him fall down. The man was so wounded that if the first blow had been followed by a second, a physician would have been unable to save him. Having done this, Don Quixote picked up his armor and began to calmly pace again. A short while later, unaware of what had happened, for the man was still lying there unconscious, another muleteer approached with the same intention of watering the mules. He was about to remove the armor from the trough when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or referring to anybody, once more dropped his shield and raised his lance. He did not smash the second mule driver's head to smithereens, but he made more than three pieces of it since he divided it into quarters! When they heard the noise, the innkeeper and his guests rushed out of the entrance hall. Don Quixote beheld them, grasped his shield, laid his hand on his sword and said:

"O beautiful lady, strength and vigor of my crippled heart! I am going to compel Your Highness' eyes to gaze at your captive knight, who is waiting for a great adventure to happen."

This cheered him up. If all the mule drivers in the world had attacked him, he wouldn't have taken a single step backward. The friends of the wounded men, seeing their friends on the ground, started to hurl stones at Don Quixote from afar. He tried to protect himself with his shield; he did not dare to move away from the trough and leave his armor unprotected. The landlord told them to stop. He had already revealed his madness: since he was crazy, he would be absolved even if he killed them all. Don Quixote shouted louder; he called them cheaters and traitors. He said that the lord of the manor, who allowed knights-errant to be mistreated, was a fraud and a villain; if he had been a genuine knight, he would have made him pay for his treachery.

"As for you, obscene, vile rabble, I don't care about you. Should you stone me, attack me or offend me, you would have to pay dearly for your insolence."

He said this with so much verve and courage that he frightened his attackers. His fierce determination along with the compelling arguments of the innkeeper led them to stop throwing stones at him. He then allowed them to carry away the wounded and resumed his vigil with the same tranquility and detachment as before.

The landlord did not like his guest's jokes. So he determined to bestow the accursed knighthood upon him before something else happened. He approached Don Quixote and apologized for the insolence shown by the rabble; he added that he did not know their intentions and concluded by saying that they had been rightfully punished for their audacity. As he had said, there was no chapel in this castle, but it was not necessary to have one, since, according to what he had read, the ceremony consisted in being struck on the neck and shoulders, which could be performed anywhere. With regard to praying, the applicant had to pray for two hours to satisfy the requirements, and he had spent more than four hours. Don Quixote believed everything. He was ready to obey him and receive the knighthood as soon as possible because, if he were to be attacked again, as a genuine knight, he would not leave a single person alive in the castle except the people the lord of the manor would ask him not to kill, which he would respectfully do.

Thus warned, the fearful overlord brought the book in which he kept a record of the hay and barley he sold to the mule drivers. Accompanied by a lad holding the butt of a candle and the two aforesaid damsels, he came up to where Don Quixote stood and commanded him to kneel. Reading from this handbook as if he were chanting, he raised his hand in the middle of the prayer, slapped him on the neck, grasped his guest's sword and, murmuring between his teeth as if he were praying, he gently struck him on the shoulders. He then ordered one of the ladies to gird Don Quixote with his sword, which she did with competence and diplomacy, for she had to concentrate on each point of the ceremony in order to avoid laughing, but the new knight's exploits prevented them from laughing. As she fastened the sword, the good lady said:

"May God bestow good fortune upon Your Lordship so that you may become a victorious knight."

Don Quixote asked her name so that he might know the identity of the lady to whom he was indebted for her help. He wanted to offer her a part of the honor he would gain by the strength of his sword. She replied very humbly that her name was Tolosa and that she was the daughter of a cobbler, a native of Toledo who lived next to the market of Sancho Bienaya; she added that, wherever she might be, she would serve him and regard him as her master. Don Quixote replied that he wanted her to change her name and call herself Lady Tolosa. She promised to do so. Then the other girl attached his spurs to his heels. He had almost the

same conversation with her as with the one who had fastened his sword. When he asked her name, she answered that it was Molinera. She was the daughter of a respectable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote also asked her to call herself Lady Molinera; he offered to help her in the future.

This uncommon ceremony had been performed in less than an hour. Don Quixote could hardly wait to look for adventure. He saddled and mounted Rocinante. He said goodbye to his host, thanking him for having dubbed him a knight. He said such strange things that it would be impossible to tell them here. The innkeeper, in order to get rid of him, replied with short but flowery sentences, without asking him to pay for the accommodation. He allowed him to leave and was pleased not to see him any longer.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what happened to our knight
when he left the inn.

Day was dawning when Don Quixote left the inn. He was so happy, so proud, so overjoyed to be a knight that the girths of his horse almost broke. Remembering the advice of his host regarding the important items he had to carry with him, especially money and shirts, he resolved to return to his house in order to take what he needed, including a squire. According to him, one of his neighbors, a poor peasant who had children, could become a very good squire. With this thought in mind, he led Rocinante to its hamlet. The horse, happy to go back home, started to trot: its hooves did not seem to touch the ground.

He had not gone very far when it seemed to him that, from a wood on his right, emerged the sound of faint moans resembling those of a person in distress. At once he exclaimed:

"Merciful Heaven, thank you for giving me an opportunity to fulfill the obligations I owe to my profession, which will enable me to pick the fruit of my legitimate wishes on the spot. Those, undoubtedly, are the cries of a man or a woman who requires my help."

Pulling on the reins, he directed Rocinante to the place where he thought the cries were coming from. He took a few steps into the wood; he saw a mare attached to an oak and a boy about fifteen years old who was tied to another tree; he was naked from the waist up. It was he who was crying out, which was logical since a lusty farmer was whipping him with a buckled belt. Each lash was accompanied by a reprimand and a piece of advice. He said:

"Hold your tongue and keep your eyes open."

The lad replied:

"I won't do it again, sir; by God's Passion, I won't do it again. I promise that I'll take better care of the flock now."

When he saw what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice:

"Discourteous knight, how dare you fight an unarmed boy? Mount your horse and take your lance in hand (there was a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied); I am going to make you understand that what you are doing is just a cowardly act of violence."

The peasant saw a threatening figure raising a lance that hid a part of his face. Fearing for his life, he gently replied:

"My lord, the lad I am punishing here is my servant. His job is to watch over a flock of sheep that are used to grazing in this area. He is so careless that I lose one every day. When I punish him for his carelessness or his wickedness, he says it is just because I am a miser and I

do not want to give him the money that I owe him, but I swear to God and upon my soul that he is a liar."

"Rude miser, you are telling me he is a liar," retorted Don Quixote. "By the sun that gives us light, I am going to run you through with this lance. Pay him and shut up! By the God who governs us, should you disobey me, I would slay you at once. Free him!"

The peasant lowered his head and, without uttering a word, he untied his servant. Don Quixote asked the boy how much his master owed him. He said wages for nine months, at seven reales a month. The knight did a little reckoning and found that it amounted to sixty-three reales. He ordered the farmer to pay off his debt immediately unless he wanted to die. The fearful villager replied that, according to the dreadful circumstances and the oath he had taken (so far he had not sworn to do anything), it was not a big amount of money, since he had to deduct three pairs of shoes that he had given to the lad and a real for the two blood-lettings done by the barber when he was sick.

"Fair enough", said Don Quixote, "but if he has damaged the leather shoes you paid for, you have damaged his skin, and if the barber has drawn blood when he was sick, you have drawn some when he was healthy. Hence, you can forget the amount of money paid for the shoes and the blood-lettings: he doesn't owe you anything!"

"My lord, the trouble is that I have no money with me. Come with me to my house, Andres, I will give you the sixty-three reales."

"I can't go with him", said the boy. "I am doomed! No, sir, don't even think of it; as soon as we are alone he will skin me alive like St. Bartholomew."

"No, he won't, for he is a knight", replied Don Quixote. "I just have to command him to do it so that he may obey me out of sheer respect. Were he to swear to do something, the laws of chivalry would forbid him to break his promise. So I am going to let him go: I feel certain that you will be paid."

"But look, Your Lordship", said the lad, "my master is not a knight; he has never been knighted. His name is Juan Haldudo; he is a wealthy man and lives in Quintanar."

"That makes little difference", replied Don Quixote, "for knights are allowed to be called Haldudo, all the more so because every man is the fruit of his deeds."

"That's true", said Andres, "but my master is no fruit: he refuses to pay my wages and he keeps saying that I am lazy."

"I don't refuse to pay your wages, dear Andres", answered the farmer. "Please, come with me. I swear by all the orders of chivalry in the world that I'll pay what I owe you. As I have said, I will give you all the money at the same time and even a bit more."

"I don't care about the extra bits", said Don Quixote, "just give him all the silver coins and I will be satisfied. Make sure that you keep your promise. Should you break it, I swear on the same holy rules of chivalry that I would return to find and punish you; should you hide yourself in a cracked wall like a lizard, I would find you. If you want to know the identity of the man who commands you to do this, so that you may believe me, allow me to introduce myself: I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, righter of wrongs and injustices. God be with you! Do not forget what you have promised; do not forget the penalty that I have mentioned either."

Having said this, he spurred Rocinante and left them behind. The farmer watched him go. When he saw that Don Quixote was out of the wood and out of sight, he turned to Andres, his servant, and said to him:

"Come here, my son, I want to give you the sum of money I owe you, as that righter of wrongs has ordered me to do."

"I think", said Andres, "that Your Lordship should obey the commands of that good knight, may he live a thousand years, for, Heaven be praised, he is a valiant man and a fair judge: if you don't pay your debt, he will come back and do what he said!"

"I agree with you", said the farmer, "but I love you so much that I want to increase the debt so that I may increase the wages."

He caught the arm of the lad, tied him to the oak again and hit him so many times that he almost killed him.

"Now, Mr. Andres", said the farmer, "you can call the righter of wrongs; you will see that he cannot undo this one. Besides, I don't think it's over yet, for, as you feared it, I feel like skinning you alive!"

Finally, he untied the ropes and allowed him to fetch his judge so that he might carry out the sentence. Andres was a bit sad. He swore that he would find the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha in order to tell him, in minute detail, what had happened. He added that his master would have to pay a big fine. That being said, the boy began to cry and went away; his master started to laugh.

The valiant Don Quixote righted this particular wrong in this manner. He was overjoyed to see what had happened. It seemed to him that, thanks to him, the beginning of his chivalric life was happy and grand. Full of pride, he headed to his village. He said to himself in a low voice:

"O Dulcinea del Toboso, epitome of beauty! You can consider yourself to be the most fortunate lady in the world. You must be delighted to have a servant who bows to your willpower. This valiant, famous knight will be everlastingly known as Don Quixote de la Mancha. He was knighted yesterday and today he righted the greatest wrong and grievance that injustice ever conceived or cruelty ever perpetrated: he removed a belt from the hand of a merciless enemy who, without reason, was whipping a sensitive child."

He reached a road that forked in four directions. He thought of those crossroads where knights-errant pause in order to consider which path they should follow. He imitated them and froze. He ruminated on the issue for a while. Then he loosened Rocinante's reins and yielded to his horse's volition. The animal pursued its first motive, which was to return to its stable.

After two miles or so, Don Quixote caught sight of a group of people composed of merchants from Toledo on their way to Murcia to purchase silk, as he discovered afterwards. Six of them were holding parasols. They were accompanied by four servants on horseback and three mule drivers on foot. No sooner had he seen them than he thought that he was on the brink of a new adventure. He was eager to imitate the exploits he had read in his books; it seemed clear that he had to perform one he had in mind. Hence, with bold and aristocratic bearing, he set his feet firmly in the stirrups, grasped his lance, brought the shield up to his chest and, standing in the middle of the road, began to wait for the arrival of those knights-errant, for he considered them to be noble warriors. When they had come close enough to see and hear him, Don Quixote made a haughty gesture and cried:

"Don't move! Unless all of you confess that there is no fairest damsel in the world than the empress of La Mancha: the magnificent Dulcinea del Toboso."

The merchants stopped when they heard these words and saw the strange appearance of the one who said them. His weird mien and speech made them realize that this man was mad, but they were curious about the nature of the confession he was demanding. One of them, who was a clown, said:

"Your Lordship, we do not know the good lady you have mentioned. You should show her to us, for if she is as beautiful as you say, we will be happy to freely confess what you are asking us!"

"If I were to show her to you", replied Don Quixote, "what merit would there be in your confessing something so obvious? Actually, without seeing her, you must believe, confess, ascertain, swear and defend something; otherwise, threatening and arrogant creatures, you would have to fight with me. Should you come one by one, as the order of chivalry prescribes, or all at once, in the malicious manner of the people of your kind, you would find a man who would be waiting for you and who would believe in the fairness of his claim."

"Your Lordship", responded the merchant, "we are Spanish princes. So that our consciences may not bear the burden of confessing a thing we have neither seen nor heard, something so prejudicial to the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, I beg you to show us a portrait of this lady, even if it is no larger than a grain of wheat, for a detail is always a part of the truth. This way, we would be happy and convinced that everything is true. As for you, you would be happy and satisfied with the result. I believe that we almost believe you. Should her portrait show us that she is blind in one eye and that blood and sulfur flow from the other, we would praise her, just to please you."

"Nothing flows from her, infamous rabble", growled Don Quixote. "Nothing flows from her, nothing but amber and musk, and she is neither blind nor humpbacked but as upright as a beech tree of the Guadarrama mountains. You are going to pay dearly for this blasphemy which belittles the extraordinary beauty of my beloved lady."

Having said this, he lowered his lance and started to gallop toward the man who had spoken. He was so furious that if fortune had not made Rocinante stumble and fall in the middle of the race, the merchant would have regretted his insolence. When Rocinante fell, his master rolled some distance on the field. When the latter tried to get up, he was unable to do so: he was too encumbered by his lance, shield, spurs, helmet and the weight of his old armor. As he struggled to stand up, he said:

"Do not flee, cowards. Stay here, enemies; I am lying on the ground because of my horse, not because of me!"

One of the muleteers, who was not really kind, heard the insolent statements of the poor man who was lying on the ground. He could not refrain from answering him with knocks in the ribs. He walked up to him, seized the lance, broke it into pieces and, with one of them, he started to beat him so furiously that, although Don Quixote was wearing his armor, he turned him into flour. His masters shouted and asked him to stop. He was so upset that he did not want to leave the game until he had vented his anger. He gathered the broken pieces of the lance together and began to hurl them at the poor victim. Sticks were raining on him, but he did not hold his tongue: he kept threatening Heaven, all the creatures on Earth and these ruffians who were mistreating him.

The lad grew tired and the merchants continued on their way with a good story about a beaten man, which they would tell to the people they would meet during their journey. When he was alone, the knight endeavored to rise. Since it was a risky enterprise when he was healthy, how could he achieve this when he had been crushed? Nonetheless, he considered himself fortunate, for it seemed to him that knight-errantry was characterized by misfortunes such as this. He put all the blame on his horse. He was not able to rise because his body was painful.

CHAPTER V.

The rest of the story
about our knight's misfortune.

He realized that he could not move, which is why he resolved to use his favorite remedy: think of a passage from one of his books. His madness made him recall the story of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him in the highlands, although he was wounded, a story known to children, acknowledged by youngsters and celebrated and believed by old people, but not truer than the miracles of Muhammad. He thought it was well suited to the current situation. Accordingly, he started to roll theatrically on the ground. Remembering what people think that the wounded knight of the wood is supposed to have said, he declaimed in a low voice:

Where are you, my lady?
Why don't you pity me?
Perhaps you are ignorant of my misfortune;
Perhaps you are a liar and a cheat.

He went on reciting the old ballad until the following verse:

"O noble Marquis of Mantua,
My uncle and my overlord!"

Fortunately, when he reached this line, a farmer who lived in the same village came down the road. He was a neighbor of his. He had been to the mill with a load of wheat. Seeing a man lying there, he approached him and inquired about his identity and the origin of the trouble that made him groan with pain. Don Quixote mistook the man for his uncle, the Marquis of Mantua. He did not answer; he just went on with his recitation, giving an account of his misfortunes and the love affair of the emperor's son for his wife, as it is told in the ballad.

The farmer was surprised to hear this nonsense. He removed the knight's visor, which had been smashed to smithereens by the blows it had received. Then he wiped the victim's face, which was covered with dust, and discovered that he knew him very well.

"Mr. Quijana", said he, for they used to call him Quijana when he was a sane, peaceful gentleman, not a knight-errant, "who has done this to you?"

Don Quixote went on reciting his ballad in response to every question. Seeing this, the good man carefully relieved him of his breastplate and backpiece to see if he was wounded, but there were no grazes or cuts. He tried to lift him from the ground. With a great deal of effort, he put him on a donkey, which appeared to be the safest mount for him. He gathered the weapons, the armor and the broken pieces of the lance together. Then he tied them together to set them on Rocinante's back. He grasped the reins of the horse and the halter of the donkey and began to walk toward his village. Don Quixote's talkative madness was getting on his nerves.

Because of his bruises and soreness, our knight-errant was unable to sit upright on the donkey. He kept sighing to heaven, which led the farmer to ask him again to tell him what was wrong. It seems that the Devil himself enabled him to remember the tales that mirrored his own case, for, at this point, he forgot all about Baldwin and recalled the Moor Abindarráez, when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez, captured him and took him to his castle, where he was imprisoned. Hence, when the farmer asked him again how he felt and what was wrong, Don Quixote used the words and arguments that a prisoner, a certain Lord Abencerraje, used when he answered Don Rodrigo. In fact, he quoted what he had read in *La Diana* by Jorge de Montemayor. His accurate citations and all this nonsense upset him very much. Realizing that his neighbor was mad, he hastened his pace in order to

control his anger, which was provoked by Don Quixote's endless quotation. Don Quixote finished it and added:

"Lord Rodrigo de Narváez, you must know that the beautiful Jarifa whom I mentioned is now the adorable Dulcinea del Toboso. In order to honor her, I have performed, I am performing and I will perform the greatest military exploits the world has seen, sees now and will ever see."

"But, sir", replied the farmer, "I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narváez nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor. Besides, you are neither Valdovinos nor Abindarráez, but a respectable gentleman named Quijana."

"I know who I am", said Don Quixote, "and who I may be. I could be the people I have mentioned, the Twelve Peers of France and the Nine Famous Grandees, for my exploits will surpass what each of them and all of them performed."

They kept talking like that and reached their destination just as night was falling. The farmer decided to wait until it was a little darker so that the exhausted, dirty gentleman might not be seen by his neighbors. When he thought the proper time had come, they entered the village and proceeded to Don Quixote's house, which was in disarray. The priest and the barber were there, for they were good friends; the house-keeper was saying to them in a loud voice:

"Father Pero Pérez", this was the priest's name, "what's your opinion about my master's misfortune? Three days and no information about him, or his horse, or his shield, or his lance, or his armor. Ah, poor me! I think, and this is as true as the obviousness that states that I was born to die, that it is those cursed books of chivalry he keeps reading that have driven him crazy. I remember that I have often heard him say to himself, in a low voice, that he wanted to become a knight-errant in order to travel the world and seek adventures. Those books should be sent to Satan and Barabbas, for they have destroyed the most refined mind in all of La Mancha."

The niece shared her opinion. She added:

"I must say, Master Nicolás", this was the barber's name, "that, many times, I saw my uncle read those cruel tales full of misadventure for two whole days and nights at a stretch. When he was finished, he used to lay his book aside, grasp his sword and slash at the walls. When he was completely exhausted, he would tell us that he had just killed four giants as big as towers. He considered his sweat to be blood from the wounds that he had received in battle. Then he would drink a big jug of cold water, which calmed his nerves. He said that this liquid was the most precious one: a gift from Esquife the Wise, a great magician and his friend. I blame myself for everything. I should have advised you of my uncle's idiosyncrasies. You would have done something about it. It would not have gone this far. You would have burned those heathen books. He possesses so many of that kind. All of them should be burned like those that are written by heretics."

"I agree with you", said the priest. "I can assure you that tomorrow there will be a public ceremony: those books will be burned so that they may not lead the people who read them to follow the example of my good friend."

Don Quixote and the farmer were listening to them; the latter fully understood the nature of his neighbor's disease. The good man cried:

"Open the door! Here are Lord Valdovinos, the Marquis of Mantua, who is badly wounded, and Lord Abindarráez, the Moor, who has been captured by Rodrigo de Narváez, governor of Antequera."

At the sound of his voice, they all came out. Some recognized their friend; others recognized their master and uncle. He had not dismounted from the donkey because he could not. They ran to embrace him. He said:

"Hold on! I have been seriously wounded because of my horse. Take me to my bed and call Uganda the Wise if possible. She will treat my injuries."

"Disgraceful time!", exclaimed the housekeeper. "I would like to know the very nature of my master's disease. Your Lordship, one day, without the help of Urganda, we will know how to cure you. Those books of chivalry are wicked, for they have mistreated you dearly."

They led him to his bed. When they examined his body, they did not find any wound. He told them that the pain came from a bad fall from Rocinante's back while he was fighting with ten giants, the biggest and most daring giants in the world.

"Tut, tut", said the priest. "So giants are involved in your adventure! I swear that I will have them burned before nightfall tomorrow."

They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions. He only answered that he wanted to eat and sleep, which were the most important things at this moment. They gave him what he asked for. Then the priest questioned the farmer at length regarding how he had found Don Quixote. The peasant told him everything, including his ravings, which made the priest more anxious than ever to do what he did the following day, when he summoned Master Nicolás and went with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

The extensive and amusing inquiry
that the priest and the barber carried out
in the library of our ingenious gentleman.

Don Quixote was still sleeping. The priest asked the niece for the keys to the room where those books responsible for all the trouble were. She was happy to give them to him. The housekeeper and the others went in. They found more than a hundred large-sized volumes, very well bound, and a number of smaller ones. When the housekeeper caught sight of them, she left the room to return shortly with a basin of holy water and a sprinkling-pot.

"Here, Father", said she, "take this and don't be mean with the holy water! We don't want the enchanters who haunt the pages of these books to put a spell on us in order to take revenge on us because we want to defeat them."

Her simplicity made the priest laugh. He asked the barber to hand him the volumes, one by one, in order to check what they contained, for he might find a few that did not deserve to be burned.

"No", said the niece, "you mustn't save any of them because they are all dangerous. We should toss them out the window into the courtyard, make a heap of them and set fire to it. We could also take them to the corral and light the fire there: the smoke would not bother anybody."

The housekeeper said the same thing; the two women were eager to witness the death of these innocents. Nevertheless, the priest did not want to do that without even reading the titles first. Master Nicolás handed him *The Four Books of Amadís of Gaul*.

"There's something weird here", said the priest. "Look, according to what I have heard, this volume was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain; all the others are inspired by it. So I think that we must condemn it to the flames because it is the false prophet of a wicked sect."

"No, Father", said the barber, "because I have also heard that it is the best of all the books of this kind: we should save it since it is a masterpiece."

"That's true", said the priest. "For this reason, we will spare its life for now. Let's see the one next to it."

"It's", said the barber, "*The good deeds of Esplandián*; he was the legitimate son of Amadís of Gaul."

"Actually", replied the priest, "his father's kindness will not help him. Madam Housekeeper, open that window and throw it into the courtyard; it will be the first element of our pile of books."

The housekeeper was happy to comply: the worthy Esplandián went flying into the courtyard, where he began to patiently await the fire that would threaten him.

"Let's have some more", said the priest.

"This one", said the barber, "is Amadís of Greece. I believe that all these on this side belong to Amadís of Greece's lineage."

"Fling them all into the courtyard", uttered the priest; "I am going to burn Queen Pintiquiniestra, the shepherd Darinel, his poems and the author's devilish and mixed-up ideas. Should the man who fathered me appear in front of me dressed as a knight-errant, I would also burn him!"

"I agree with you", said the barber.

"I agree with you too", added the niece.

"So give me these books", said the housekeeper, "I am going to pile up that rubbish in the courtyard".

They handed them to her; there were a good many of them. Instead of going downstairs, she dumped them out the window into the courtyard below.

"What is that big thing?", inquired the priest.

"That big thing is *Don Olivante de Laura*", replied the barber.

"The author of this book", observed the priest, "also composed *The Garden of Flowers*. In truth, I can't decide which of the two is truer, or rather, less filled with lies. I can only say that this one is going out into the courtyard, for it is stupid and arrogant."

"The next", announced the barber, "is Florimorte of Hircania."

"So Lord Florimorte of Hircania honors us with his presence!", exclaimed the priest. "Although he was born in a foreign country and had various famous adventures, take him to the courtyard immediately. The stiffness and dryness of his style deserve nothing better. To the courtyard with him and this other one, Madam Housekeeper."

"With pleasure, Father", she replied, and she carried out the order cheerfully.

"This one is *The Knight Platir*", said the barber.

"It's an old book", added the priest. "I don't find anything in it that could save it. Let it join the others right now."

That's what happened. They opened another volume and saw that its title was *The Knight of the Cross*. The priest went on:

"This holy title could compel us to excuse the author's stupidity, but, as the saying goes: 'the Devil always hide behind the cross.' Into the fire!"

"And this one", said the barber, taking up another volume, "is *The Mirror of Chivalry*".

"I am acquainted with His Lordship!", said the priest. "Here you will meet Lord Reinaldos of Montalbá, his friends, who are bigger thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers of France who are accompanied by Turpin, a good historian. To tell you the truth, I feel like sentencing them to perpetual banishment. A part of their adventures comes from the famous writer Mateo Boyardo, who also influenced Ludovico Ariosto, the Christian poet. Should Ariosto's book be written in any tongue other than his own, I would become quite unpleasant. Should it be written in his native tongue, I would treat it well."

"Well, I have a copy written in Italian", said the barber, "but I don't understand Italian."

"Fortunately, you can't read it", said the priest, "which is why we pardon the captain who did not bring it to Spain in order to publish it in Spanish, which would have taken away

a good deal of its original value. The writers who translate poetry into a foreign language, even the skilled ones, can never achieve the quality of the original version. In short, this book and all those that deal with these French heroes should be thrown into a dry well and kept there until we can agree on what should be done with them, with the exception of *Bernardo del Carpio* and *Roncesvalles*. Should I find them, I would give them to the housekeeper who would immediately set them on the pile."

The barber thoroughly approved of everything, being convinced that the priest was a good Christian and an ardent defender of the truth. Opening another book, he saw that it was *Palmerín de Oliva*. Next to it, there was one entitled *Palmerín of England*. He gazed at them and said:

"Let this olive tree be cut up and burned until there's nothing left but ashes. As for the English palm tree, it should be kept and preserved as something unique. A chest should be made for it, like the one Alexander found among the spoils of Darius and which he used to protect the works of Homer, the poet. This book, my good friend, is important for two reasons. Firstly, because it is very good. Secondly, because we know that it was composed by an intelligent man who was king of Portugal. All the adventures that take place in the castle of Miraguarda are very good and well-composed. The dialogue is clear, intelligent, appropriate and polished, for the person who speaks is treated with respect and decorum. Well, Master Nicolás, you may disagree with me, but I believe that this book and *Amadís of Gaul* should not be burned and that all the others, without further investigation, should perish."

"No, my friend", replied the barber, "not the one I am holding: it is the famous *Don Belianís*."

"Well", said the priest, "the second, third and fourth parts need a bit of rhubarb to purge them of an excess of anger. We should also remove the chapters about the Castle of Fame and the ones that are even stupider. We could give them a lot of time to erase those passages. Should they mend their ways, we would be merciful. Meanwhile, my friend, keep them in your house and forbid everybody to read them."

"I will be glad to do so", replied the barber.

Reading those books of chivalry tired him, which is why he told the housekeeper to take the big ones in order to throw them into the courtyard. This woman was neither deaf nor stupid. In fact, she preferred book burning to embroidery. She seized eight books and headed toward the window; one of them fell at the barber's feet. He picked it up. It was *The History of Tirante el Blanco, the Famous Knight*.

"God help me!", exclaimed the priest. "Here is *Tirante el Blanco*! Give it to me, my friend. I must confess I have found a treasure of contentment and a mine of recreation in it. Here we have Don Quirieleisón de Montalbán, a valiant knight, his brother, Tomas de Montalbán, the knight Fonseca, the fight between the brave Tirante and the mastiff, miss Joyofmylife's witticisms, the love affairs and lies of the widow Reposada, and the story of the Empress who was in love with Hipólito, her squire. My friend, I tell you the truth when I say that because of its style, this is the best book in the world. Here knights eat food, sleep and die in their beds and write their wills before they die. Since the author did not put the oddities all the other books of this kind like to display, his book does not deserve to die. Let us sentence the author to the galleys for the rest of his life. Take this book home and read it; you will notice that what I have said is true."

"I will do so", answered the barber; "but what are we going to do with these smaller books?"

"Those ones", replied the priest, "are not chivalry novels; they must be poetry books."

He opened one of them and saw that it was *Diana* by Jorge de Montemayor. Believing that all the others were of the same kind, he added:

"These do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they have never done harm to anybody: they are entertaining, which is not a dangerous characteristic."

"Ah, sir!", exclaimed the niece. "You should burn them like the others, for, if my uncle recovered his sanity, he could read one of these books and feel like becoming a shepherd. So he would want to wander through the woods and meadows; he would sing and play... the castanets! To be a poet is a bad situation: it is an incurable disease, and it is contagious!"

"The young lady is right", said the priest. "It would be a good idea to remove this tempting mistake that keeps winking at him. Let's begin with Montemayor's *Diana*. I think that it should not be burned. I'd rather take some passages out: the scenes dealing with the enchantress Felicia and her magic potion and almost all the long verses. It would keep its prose and the honor of being the best book of its kind."

"The next one", said the barber, "is *The Second Part of La Diana* by Salmantino; here is another one with the same name, whose author is Gil Polo."

"The book by Salmantino", said the priest, "must join those condemned in the courtyard; the one by Gil Polo should be kept as if it were by Apollo himself. Move on, my friend; let's hurry: it's growing late."

"This book", said the barber as he opened another volume, "is entitled *The Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love*. It was written by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."

"By the holy orders that I have received", exclaimed the priest, "since Apollo, the Muses and the first poets were born, no book as funny or crazy as this one has ever been written. In its own way, it is a one-of-a-kind volume that surpasses all the others: he who has not read it does not know what he has missed. My friend, give it to me, for I am happy to have found it. I prefer this to a cassock made of Florentine cloth."

He was happy to set the book aside. The barber went on:

"The following books are: *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Henares* and *The Disenchantment of Jealousy*".

"Well", said the priest, "there is nothing to do but turn them over to the housekeeper's secular arm. Don't ask me why, for there's an ocean of good reasons."

"This one is *The Shepherd of Filida*."

"He isn't a shepherd", said the priest, "but a polished courtier. Keep it as if it were a precious jewel."

"The big one that I am handing over to you now is called *Treasury of Various Poem*."

"If there were not so many of them", remarked the priest, "they would be held in greater esteem. We must weed and wash this book, which is full of trivialities, so that the best passages may stand out. We are going to keep it because its author is my friend and because he has published lofty, heroic volumes that deserve to be respected."

"This one", went on the barber, "is López Maldonado's *Songbook*."

"Another great friend of mine", replied the priest; "when he declaims the verses, people are bedazzled; when his gentle voice sings them, people are mesmerized. His eclogues are a bit lengthy: what is good is always rare! Put it with the others we have laid aside. What's that one next to it?"

"*La Galatea* by Miguel de Cervantes", replied the barber.

"Cervantes has been a good friend of mine for many years. I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses. His book has a fairly good plot; it displays arguments and never draws a conclusion. We will have to wait for the second part he has promised us; perhaps the corrections will grant it the mercy we don't want to show now. In the meantime, keep it in our house, and don't forget to lock it up, my friend."

"That's a very good idea", replied the barber. "Here is a set of novels: *La Araucana*, by Don Alonso de Ercilla, *La Austríada*, by Juan Rufo, a civil servant from Cordoba, and *El Monserrate*, by Cristóbal de Virués, a poet from Valencia."

"These volumes", said the priest, "are the best examples of heroic literature written in the Castilian language; they compare favorably with the most famous Italian books. Keep them, for they are the jewel in the crown of Spanish poetry."

The priest felt tired: there were so many books. Accordingly, he resolved to burn the rest. However, the barber had already opened one called *The Tears of Angelica*.

"It is I who would have shed tears", murmured the priest when he heard the title, "if I had burned it, for its author was one of the most famous poets in the world and not in Spain alone. Besides, his translation of some fables by Ovid is a masterpiece."

CHAPTER VII.

The second journey of our good knight
Don Quixote de la Mancha.

At this point, Don Quixote began to shout:

"look! Look, valiant knights. Look, you must show the strength of your mighty arms, for the courtiers are in the lead!"

Don Quixote called them out this way. Hence, they could not continue to examine the remaining books, which is why I think that, without being seen or heard, *La Carolea* and *The lion of Spain* went to the fire, along with *The Deeds of the Emperor*, written by Don Luis de Ávila, which were certainly among the remaining books. Perhaps they would not have been punished so severely if the priest had seen them.

When they came up to Don Quixote, he had already risen from his bed. After a good night's sleep, he was as fresh as a daisy. He was shouting, raving and slashing the air with his sword. They seized him and pushed him onto his bed. After he had calmed down, he started to speak again and said to the priest:

"Most certainly, Monsignor Turpín, it is a great pity that we, the Twelve Peers of France, carelessly allow the knights of the court win this tournament, all the more so because we, adventurers, have carried off the prize for three days running."

"Be quiet, my friend", said the priest. "God commands luck to change sides: what is lost today will be won tomorrow. For the present, Your Lordship, you should look after your health, for you must be very tired or badly wounded, maybe."

"I am not wounded", said Don Quixote, "but exhausted, there is no doubt about that. I was given a beating with the branch of an oak tree by the wicked Don Orlando because he envies me: he knows that I am the only person who can compete with him in terms of courage. I would not dare to say that I am Reinaldos de Montalbán if, upon rising from this bed, I did not try to take revenge on him in spite of all his magic spells. For now, bring me something to eat: I think that it will help me to recover. I will avenge myself later."

Hence, they gave him food, and he went back to sleep. They marveled at his madness.

That night, the housekeeper burned all the books that were in the courtyard and in the house. I guess that some that should have been kept everlastingly in the archives went up in flames because of the laziness of the censor and bad luck. The fate foreseen by the old saying happened: the innocent paid for the sins of the guilty.

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber figured out was to seal off the room where the books were stored so that, when he got up, he would not find them: they thought they would destroy the effect by removing the cause. They would explain this by

telling him that an enchanter had taken the books and the room away! They hurried to implement their plan. Two days later, when Don Quixote rose from his bed, the first thing he did was to go and see his books. Since he did not find the room, he started to search the house. He reached the place where the door had been; he felt the wall and rolled his eyes without saying a word. After a while, he inquired about the location of his study. The housekeeper knew what to tell him; she said:

"What a weird question! What are you looking for? There's no more study and no more books in this house: the Devil took them away!"

"It was not the Devil", said the niece, "but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, the day after Your Lordship left the house. He dismounted from the serpent he was riding and entered your study. I don't know what he did there, but, after a while, he flew through the roof and left the house full of smoke. Then we resolved to take a look: the books and the room had disappeared! We do remember that as the wicked old fellow was leaving, he shouted: 'I hate the person who owns those books and that study, which is why I have just destroyed them; you will soon discover the damage.' He added that his name was Muñatón the Wise."

"He must have said Frestón", remarked Don Quixote.

"I don't know", replied the housekeeper, "if it was Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in tón."

"Yes, it does", said Don Quixote. "He is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine. He hates me because, thanks to magic, he has foreseen that one day I will fight a knight he favors and that he won't be able to prevent me from winning. For this reason, he keeps annoying me, but I can assure you that he won't be able to oppose or avoid what Heaven has ordained."

"Who can doubt it?", said the niece. "But who has involved you in those quarrels? Wouldn't it be better to remain peacefully in your house and not travel the world in search of fantasies? Many people go looking for wool and come back shorn!"

"My dear niece", replied Don Quixote, "how little you understand! Before I am shorn, I will have shaved those who think that they can touch even a single hair of mine."

The niece and the housekeeper did not wish to continue talking, for they saw that he was becoming furious.

After that, he spent two weeks at home: he was very quiet and did not show that he wanted to resume his crazy quest. During that time, he had the most pleasant conversations with his two old friends: the priest and the barber. He used to tell them that the world needed knights-errant in order to establish knight-errantry again. At times, the priest contradicted him; at times, he nodded in agreement, for if he had not done so, he would not have been able to communicate with him.

In the meantime, Don Quixote sought his neighbor's help. He was a farmer and a person of quality: not an aristocrat, just a man who had qualities. Unfortunately, he was not very intelligent. In short, Don Quixote made him believe that the grass is greener elsewhere: the poor peasant resolved to go with him and become his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote said that his neighbor had made a very good choice because, one day, he would certainly have an adventure that would lead him to discover an island effortlessly; thus he would become its governor. With these promises and others like them, Sancho Panza (that was the farmer's name) left his wife and children and agreed to become his neighbor's squire.

Then Don Quixote tried to find some money. He sold one thing; he pawned another; he lowered the price of everything; he ended up gathering a significant amount of money. A friend of his lent him a small round shield. He repaired his broken helmet as best he could. Then he informed his squire of the day and time he wanted to set off so that Sancho might

supply himself with what he needed. He insisted on bringing along the saddlebags. Sancho replied that he would not forget them; he added that he had planned to bring along a good donkey that belonged to him, for he wasn't used to walking a lot. As for the donkey, Don Quixote was dubious about it at first; he tried to recall if any knight-errant had ever had a squire who rode on an ass. None came to mind. Nevertheless, he decided to allow Sancho and his ass to come with him. He would provide him with a nobler animal as soon as possible: he would appropriate the horse of the first discourteous knight he would meet.

Following the innkeeper's advice, he took some shirts and a few other things and packed his bag. One night, he and Panza set off. Nobody saw them. Sancho did not say goodbye to his wife or his children; Don Quixote did not say goodbye to the housekeeper or his niece. They went so far that by dawn they were certain they would not be found even if all the villagers searched for them.

Sancho Panza rode on his donkey like a patriarch, with his saddlebags, his flask and his dreams. He kept thinking of what his master had promised him: the governorship of a promised island. Don Quixote followed the same road he had followed on his first journey, which was the one through the countryside of Montiel. It was less difficult than the last time because, at that hour of the morning, the sun's rays fell obliquely and did not tire them. Sancho Panza said to his master:

"Look, Your Lordship. You must not forget the island you promised me; no matter how big it is, I will be able to govern."

"You must know, my dear friend", replied Don Quixote, "that, back then, the knights-errant used to make their squires governors of the Islands or the kingdoms they won. I have decided to follow this very good custom. I plan to improve on it. In fact, very often, perhaps most of the time, the knights waited until their squires were old men. After years of hard work, bad days and worse nights, they granted them a title of count, or marquis at most, with the ownership of a valley or a very small province. However, should we live, within a week, I would conquer a kingdom with its dependencies, which would enable me to crown you king of one of these countries. But don't be amazed: all sorts of exceptional things happen to knights like me. You see, I could give you even more than I have promised."

"In that case", said Sancho Panza, "if by one of those miracles of which Your Lordship was speaking I became king, Juana Gutiérrez, my Consort, would become a queen and my children would become princes."

"There is no doubt about it", Don Quixote assured him confidently.

"Well, I doubt it", said Sancho, "for I think that even if God rained kingdoms on the Earth's surface, no crown would fit Mari Gutiérrez. You see, she is not worth two maravedis as a queen. In contrast, she would be a decent countess with God's help."

"Sancho, you must rely on God", said Don Quixote, "he will give her the most appropriate things. Don't lower your expectations; I don't want you to be less than a viceroy."

"But I don't want to be a viceroy", said Sancho Panza, "all the more so because a powerful master like you will give me all that is good for me and all that I can manage."

CHAPTER VIII.

The good fortune which the valorous Don Quixote had in the terrifying, exceptional
adventure of the windmills,
along with other events that deserve to be remembered.

They caught sight of thirty or forty windmills which were standing on the plain. The knight turned to his squire and said:

"Good fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have wished, for, my dear friend, you are facing thirty or more vociferous giants with whom I want to do battle. I am going to kill them. The spoils of the battle will be the beginning of our fortune. That kind of war is fair: it is God who compels us to remove so evil a breed from the Earth's surface."

"What giants?", inquired Sancho Panza.

"Those you see over there", replied his master, "with the long arms; some are almost two leagues long."

"Take a closer look, sir", responded Sancho; "those are not giants but windmills, and what resemble arms are their wings. The wind whirls them around, which makes the grindstone move."

"Obviously", said Don Quixote, "you are not a dedicated adventurer. They are giants. If you are afraid, move aside and say your prayers while I am preparing to fight in an unprecedented war."

Having said this, he spurred his horse, paying no attention to the shouts of his squire, who tried to tell him that the things he was about to attack were windmills and not giants. He was so convinced they were giants that he did not hear the shouts of his squire, nor did he try to find out what they really were, though he was very close. He charged and shouted:

"Don't flee, cowards and vile creatures, for it is a single knight who challenges you to a fight."

The breeze started to blow; the big wings began to turn. Don Quixote saw this and said:

You are going to pay for your insolence though you move more arms than Briareus, the giant."

Saying this, he entrusted his safety to his lady Dulcinea. Protected by his shield and his lance at rest, he bore down on them at a full gallop and attacked the first mill that stood in his way. As he ran his lance through the sail, the wind moved it with so much force that it broke the lance into pieces. The horse and the horseman went rolling over the plain. They were not able to rise from the ground. Sancho hurried his donkey to this spot. When he reached it, the knight was unable to move, so great was the shock with which he and Rocinante had hit the ground.

"God, help me!", exclaimed Sancho, "didn't I tell you to watch out? Those things are nothing but windmills. Nobody can deny this, except a man with a head filled with windmills."

"Be quiet, Sancho", said Don Quixote. "Such are the fortunes of war: more than anything else, they keep changing directions. The more I think of it, the more I believe that it is the magician Frestón, the one who stole my study and my books, who has turned the giants into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of defeating them. He hates me. In the end, his monkey tricks will not prevail over the kindness of my sword."

"May God's will be done", answered Sancho Panza.

He helped him to stand. Don Quixote remounted Rocinante, whose back was painful. Talking about their recent adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for, according to Don Quixote, they could not fail to be involved in lots of different adventures, since this was a busy road. However, our knight was a bit sad because he did not have his lance, which is why he said to his squire:

"I once read that a Spanish knight named Diego Pérez de Vargas, who had broken his sword in battle, tore a heavy bough or branch from an oak tree, made a lance, accomplished great things thanks to it, and, that day, crushed so many Moorish platoons that he was

nicknamed The Crusher. From that day onward, he and his descendants were called De Vargas The Crusher. I am telling you this because I am trying to find an oak tree in order to rip out a bough as good as the one I have in mind. With it, I will accomplish miracles. You will soon understand that I have granted you an outstanding privilege: the right to come with me to see and witness things that can hardly be believed."

"It's in God's hands", said Sancho. "I believe everything Your Lordship said, but you should straighten up, for it seems that you are slipping down on one side, owing, no doubt, to the bruises you got in your fall."

"Ah, that's true", replied Don Quixote; "if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound, even when the flesh spills out."

"If that is true, I have nothing to say", responded Sancho, "but God knows I would be happy if you complained of the pain. As for me, I can say that I complain of the smallest pain, although what you said about the knights may apply to their squires."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at Sancho's naivety. He told him that he could complain as much as he liked, even for no reason, for he had read nothing in the laws of chivalry that prohibited this.

Then Sancho said that it was time to eat. His master replied that he did not feel like eating at the moment, but Sancho could eat whenever he wished. Hence, Sancho made himself as comfortable as he could on his donkey. He opened the saddlebags and took what he had put into them. He rode behind his master at a leisurely pace, eating and, from time to time, sipping from the flask with gusto: the tavern-keeper with the most extensive wine cellar of Málaga might have envied him. The sips of wine made him forget the appealing promises of his master. Besides, he considered his current occupations to be amusements rather than work, although seeking adventures was dangerous.

In short, they spent the night in a wood. Don Quixote tore a dry branch from a tree in order to turn it into a lance: he placed on it the iron head he had taken from the one that had been broken. Don Quixote did not sleep at all that night. He thought of his lady Dulcinea in order to conform to what he had read in his books, which said that knights-errant spent many sleepless nights in forests and meadows, dreaming of their beloved ladies. Sancho's night was different since his stomach had been filled with food, not with digestive chicory water. He fell into a dreamless slumber. If his master had not called him, he would not have been awakened either by the rays of the sun in his face or by the many birds who greeted the coming of the new day with their merry song. When he woke up, he took another sip of wine and discovered that his flask was emptier than it had been the night before, a circumstance which annoyed him because they were not likely to remedy the situation very soon. Don Quixote did not want to have breakfast because, as has been stated, he lived on sweet memories. They continued on the road to Puerto Lápite, and, around three in the afternoon, they beheld this mountain pass.

"Here, my brother", said Don Quixote when he saw it, "we can embrace what they call adventures. I must tell you that you are not allowed to help me anymore: if the greatest danger in the world threatened me, you would not draw your sword to defend me. Of course, you can rescue me when the attackers are scoundrels and ordinary people. As for the gentlemen, the laws of chivalry stipulate that people like you cannot help people like me until they are knighted."

"This must be true, sir", replied Sancho. "Your Lordship will be obeyed without question, all the more so because I am a peaceful man: I don't argue with people. However, when it comes to protecting myself, I won't pay much attention to those laws, since laws, both human and divine, allow each man to protect himself against anyone who tries to offend him."

"You are right", responded Don Quixote, "but as for helping me when a gentleman defies me, you will have to restrain your impulses."

"I will do so", said Sancho. "I will observe this precept as faithfully as I keep the Sabbath holy."

As they were speaking, two Benedictine friars appeared on the road. They were riding two tall mules; Don Quixote mistook them for dromedaries! They wore traveling spectacles and carried parasols. Behind them came a coach followed by four or five men on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach, as was discovered later, was a lady from Biscay on her way to Seville in order to bid farewell to her husband, who was preparing to journey to the Indies in order to take up an important post. The friars were not traveling with her, although their route was the same. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire:

"Either I am mistaken or this is going to be the most famous adventure ever seen, for those black figures you see over there must be, without a doubt, enchanters who are traveling in a coach with a princess they have captured. I must do all I can to right this wrong."

"This will be worse than the windmills", murmured Sancho. "Sir, those people are Benedictine friars and the coach must belong to a traveler. You must believe me, for the Devil is about to fool you."

"Sancho, I have already told you", replied Don Quixote, "that you're just an apprentice in the field of adventures. What I say is true; you are going to see it."

Having said this, he rode forward and stopped in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming. When they were close enough to be almost heard, he shouted:

"You devilish, monstrous creatures, release at once the highborn princesses whom you detain in that coach, or else prepare to get the punishment your evil deeds imply: immediate death."

The friars pulled on the reins. They were surprised at Don Quixote's appearance and statement. One of them said:

"Sir, we are neither devilish nor monstrous; we are two holy men belonging to the Benedictine order of monks; we are traveling. We don't know whether there are captive princesses in that coach or not."

"I don't believe your honeyed words", said Don Quixote. "I know who you are, perfidious scoundrels!"

Without waiting for any further reply, he spurred Rocinante, lowered his lance, and attacked the first friar with so much ferocity and courage that if he had not jumped from the mule above the ground, he would have been thrown to the ground and seriously injured or even killed. The second religious, seeing how his companion had been treated, pressed his legs against the flanks of his tall mule and began to gallop across the fields: the animal, lighter than the wind, seemed to fly.

Sancho Panza, who saw the man on the ground, dismounted nimbly, rushed over to the friar and began to remove his habit. The two mule drivers who accompanied the holy men came over and asked why he was taking off the monk's garments. Sancho replied that the friar's garments belonged to him as legitimate spoils of the battle that his master Don Quixote had just won. However, the muleteers had no sense of humor, nor did they know anything about spoils or battles. Seeing that Don Quixote had moved away and was talking to the occupants of the coach, they pounced on Sancho, threw him to the ground and, without allowing him to justify himself to them, they hit him many times. Sancho found himself lying on the ground; he had passed out. All of a sudden, the friar remounted. He looked pale and was trembling with fear. He soon reached the place where his companion was. The latter was waiting for him a good distance away, wondering what the outcome of

the attack would be. They did not want to wait for the end of the fray; they resumed their journey, crossing themselves more than if the Devil was chasing them.

Don Quixote, as has been said, was talking to a lady in the coach. He said:

"Madam, your beauty can now allow you to do whatever you want, for the arrogance of your abductors lies on the ground, overthrown by my strong arm. In order that you may not have trouble finding the name of your liberator, I am going to introduce myself to you: I am don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer and captive of the peerless Lady Toboso. As a reward for my help, I only ask you to return to El Toboso so that, on my behalf, you may pay your respects to Her Ladyship and tell her that it was I who set you free."

One of the squires of the caravan, a Biscayan, was listening to Don Quixote's words. When he understood that he would not allow the coach to move forward, since he had said it would have to go to El Toboso, he approached Don Quixote, rose his lance, and, in bad Castilian and even worse Basque, he said:

"Move apart, wicked knight, for, by the God who raised me, I swear that if you do not let this coach pass, this Biscayan will kill you. This is as sure as you are here."

Don Quixote understood him very well and quietly replied:

"You are not a knight, but if you had been one, I would already have punished your foolishness and audacity, vicious creature."

To which the Biscayan replied:

"I am not a knight? As a Christian, I swear to God that you lie like the Devil. The Biscayan is a lord on earth and at sea; the one who would dare to say the opposite would be a liar. Throw away the lance and draw the sword so that we may establish the truth."

"You are going to see it", said Agraes!", declaimed Don Quixote.

He threw his lance to the ground, drew his sword, grasped his shield and attacked the Biscayan in order to slay him. The latter saw his adversary approach. He would have liked to dismount from his mule, for he mistrusted it since it was a low-quality animal for hire. There was no time for this. So he had no choice but to draw his sword. Fortunately, he was next to the coach: he snatched a cushion and used it as a shield. Then they began to duel as if they were arch-enemies. The rest of the people tried to settle the dispute between the two warriors, but could not, for the Biscayan said in his patois that if they did not let him finish his fight, he would kill his own servant and everyone else who would get in his way. The lady in the coach, amazed and fearful, had the coachman drive some distance away. From there, she watched the deadly duel, in the course of which the Biscayan stabbed Don Quixote in the shoulder, over the top of the latter's shield. If the knight had not been clad in armor, the blow would have split him to the waist.

Don Quixote felt the pain of that big blow and cried:

"O Dulcinea, owner of my soul, flower of beauty, come and help your champion, who finds himself in this perilous situation because he wants to fulfill all your wishes!"

He uttered this; then he grasped his sword, protected himself with his shield and attacked the Biscayan. He was determined to risk everything on a single stroke. The Biscayan saw Don Quixote approach. He knew that this man was really courageous, which led him to imitate him. He waited for him, shielded by his cushion. He could not ride his mule anymore because the beast was exhausted and did not stand this childish demeanor. It was just unable to take a single step.

As has been stated, Don Quixote was charging towards the wary Biscayan, his sword raised, with the firm resolve to cut him in half. The Biscayan, hiding behind his pillow, his sword also raised, was waiting for him. All the onlookers were trembling with fear. They were wondering what would happen as a result of the terrible blows they threatened to deliver to each other. The lady in the coach and her maids were making a thousand vows and

offerings to all the holy images and shrines in Spain so that God might save them all, including the squire, from the great danger that was threatening them.

Unfortunately, at this very point, the author of this book breaks off and leaves the battle pending. He apologizes because he has found nothing else written about the adventures of Don Quixote other than what he has already recounted. Obviously, the second author of this book does not want to believe that so unusual a chronicle should respect the laws of oblivion. He believes that the scholars of La Mancha are thorough: they hold in their archives or writing tables documents that substantiate the story of this famous knight. Hence, with this thought in mind, he does not despair of discovering the end of this interesting story. With Heaven's help, he will find it and will recount it in the second part of this book.

PART TWO

CHAPTER IX.

The end of the stupendous battle between
the courageous Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan.

In the first part of this story we left the valorous Biscayan and the famous Don Quixote with their swords unsheathed and raised. They were about to deliver two furious blows which would have split the opponents in two and opened them from top to bottom like pomegranates if they had been delivered. At that moment, which was full of uncertainty, this interesting story stopped, and the author did not inform us of the place where the rest was hiding.

I felt very upset; the pleasure of having read a small part of his charming adventures was turning into disgust since I knew how difficult it would be to come upon the larger part which, in my opinion, was missing. It seemed that it was impossible and unorthodox. A worthy knight like him deserved to have his exceptional deeds recorded by an historian, for that was something that had happened to none of the knights-errant who, as people say, look for adventure. Each of them had one or two chroniclers who not only recorded their deeds, but depicted their most trivial thoughts and childish actions, no matter how secret they might be; so good a knight could not be so unfortunate as to lack what Platir and others like him had in abundance. So I did not dare to believe that this interesting story could have remained incomplete. I blamed the malignity of Time: an ogre who devours all things and who had either hidden it away or consumed it.

On the other hand, I thought that since they had found in his house books as modern as *The Disenchantment of Jealousy* and *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, his history also had to be modern so that, although it was not written down, the people from his village and from other villages nearby might remember it. This confusing thought led me to search for the true story, the whole story of the life and miracles of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, light and mirror of the chivalry of La Mancha, the first in our age and in these calamitous times to devote himself to knight-errantry in order to right wrongs, help widows and protect virgins who, on horseback and with a riding whip in hand, used to go from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley. Of course, at times, an idler, or a peasant, or a gigantic giant used to rape them. However, in times past, there were maidens who never

slept under a roof and who, aged eighty, were buried in the state of purity they possessed when their mothers had given birth to them.

For these and many other reasons, I say that our gallant don Quixote is deserving of endless praise. I invested a lot of time and energy in the discovery of the other parts of this pleasing story. However, if Heaven, good fortune and circumstances had not helped me, the attentive readers would have been deprived of almost two hours of entertainment and pleasure. I discovered the rest of this story as follows...

One day when I was walking along the street of Alcaná in Toledo, a lad came up to sell some big old folders and other papers to a silk merchant who was there. As I like to read anything, including pieces of paper I find on the ground, I followed my natural inclination and grasped one of the big folders the boy was selling. At once I noticed it contained a book written in Arabic. I recognized the letters, but I was unable to read them. So I looked around to see if there was any Spanish-speaking Morisco who would be able to read them. It was not very difficult to find this kind of interpreter here. If I had needed a Hebrew translator, it would have been very easy to find one too. In short, fortune provided me with an Arabic-speaking convert to Roman Catholicism. I told him what I wanted and placed the book in his hands. He opened it in the middle, read a few pages and started to laugh. I asked him why he was laughing; he replied that there was something funny written in a footnote. I asked him to tell me what it was, and, still laughing, he said:

"As I told you, it is something written in this footnote: 'It is said that Dulcinea del Toboso, a name that appears a lot in this book, is the woman who makes the best ham in La Mancha; no other woman can surpass her.'"

When I heard him say Dulcinea del Toboso, I stopped breathing: those folders contained the history of Don Quixote! With this thought in mind, I urged him to read the beginning, which he did, translating from Arabic into Castilian with ease. He thus said: *History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, Arab historian.

I hid the joy I felt when I heard the title. Acting more quickly than the silk merchant, I bought all the papers and folders from the boy for half a real. If he had been cleverer and had known how much I wanted them, he certainly would have asked and received more than six reales for the lot. Then I went with the lad to the cloister of the cathedral and asked him to translate the papers that were in these big folders, especially the pages that dealt with Don Quixote. I stipulated that I did not want him to change the original text. I offered him whatever payment he might desire. He was satisfied with 11 kg of raisins and 100 kg of wheat. He promised to translate them well, faithfully and quickly. However, in order to facilitate the process and keep an eye on him, I took the lad home with me, where, in a little more than a month and a half, he translated the entire story just as it is recounted here.

In the first folder, there was a realistic description of the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan, the two being in the same posture as recounted in the story: their swords raised, one protected by his shield, the other hiding behind his cushion. The description of the Biscayan's mule was so accurate that everybody could understand it was an animal for hire. There was a picture of the Biscayan at the bottom of which his name appeared: Don Sancho de Azpeitia. Underneath the picture of Rocinante was another inscription: "Don Quixote". The horse was well painted; one could see its short stature, its thinness, its prominent backbone and its weak constitution. Everybody could understand why it had been named Rocinante. Next to him was the picture of Sancho Panza. He was holding the halter of his ass. Below was a caption that said: "Sancho Zancas [shanks]". The image showed that he had a big belly, a short body and long shanks, which is why he was named Panza and Zancas. From time to time, this story calls him by both these surnames. There are other small details

that could be mentioned, but they are of little importance and have nothing to do with the veracity of the story; no story is bad so long as it is true.

If any objection can be raised regarding its veracity, it can only be that its author was an Arab: the people who belongs to that nation are liars. Since they are great enemies of ours, we can assume that he removed details rather than add ones. Hence, I think that where he should have detailed the exploits performed by our good knights, he maliciously passed over them, which is stupid since what historians write must be accurate, true and serene. Neither interest, nor fear, no rancor, nor passion should make them deviate from the truth, whose mother is history, the enemy of time, repository of great deeds, witness to the past, example and adviser to the present and a warning given to the future. In the second part of this book, I know you will find what you want to find in a pleasant tale. Should there be an omission, it would be the fault of the wicked author rather than that of the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began as follows.

The two valiant, sulky warriors had raised their sharp swords; they seemed to threaten the sky, the earth and the abyss: such was their boldness and bearing. The first to strike a blow was the angry Biscayan. It was delivered with so much force and fury that if his sword had not been deflected in mid-air, that single movement would have put an end to this fierce combat and all the adventures of our knight. However, good fortune, which wanted him to achieve greater goals, twisted the sword of his adversary: it struck his left shoulder, but it only crushed the armor, broke a part of the helmet and cut half an ear. All this fell to the ground; this amazing fall revealed a pitiful warrior.

Lord Jesus, please help me! Who could accurately describe the rage that streamed into the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself so mistreated? I shouldn't tell you this, but he stood again in the stirrups, grabbed hold of his sword with both hands and struck his opponent with ire. He hit the cushion and his head. The parry was useless; it was as if a mountain had fallen upon him. The Biscayan began to bleed from the nose, mouth and ears. It seemed that he was about to fall from his mule. He would have undoubtedly fallen if he had not seized the animal's neck. Nonetheless, his feet slipped out of the stirrups, his grip loosened and the mule, frightened by the terrible blow, started to run across the fields, bucked a few times and threw his rider to the ground.

Don Quixote watched the scene very calmly. When he saw his enemy fall, he jumped from his horse above the ground, ran over to him and pointed his sword at his face. He ordered him to surrender, or else he would cut his head off. The Biscayan was so bewildered that he was unable to utter a word. Don Quixote's uncontrolled ire would have led to a catastrophe if the ladies in the coach, who had watched the battle and were filled with horror, had not approached him and begged him with many blandishments to spare their squire's life. To which Don Quixote replied with haughtiness and gravity:

"Of course, lovely ladies, I will be very happy to do as you ask, but on condition that this man promise to go to El Toboso in order to present himself, on my behalf, before the peerless Dulcinea so that he may be at her disposal."

The frightened, distressed ladies did not understand what he was talking about. Without asking who Dulcinea was, they promised that the squire would do everything she would ask him to do.

"Since I believe what you said, I will do him no more harm, although he does deserve it", concluded don Quixote.

CHAPTER X.

The amusing conversation between
Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire.

By this time Sancho Panza had regained consciousness; he had been slightly beaten by the servants of the friars. He had watched the battle attentively and said prayers so that God might allow his master to win, which would win him an island where he would become a governor, as our knight had promised. Seeing that the combat was over and the knight was about to remount Rocinante, he came to hold the stirrups for him, but before Don Quixote mounted, Sancho fell to his knees before him, grasped his hand, kissed it and said:

"May it please Your Lordship to grant me the governorship of the island you have won in this fierce combat. Its size won't be a problem, for I know I am strong enough to govern it as well as anyone else who has ever governed islands in this world."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"I can tell you, Sancho, that this adventure and other similar ones have nothing to do with islands: they deal with crossroads! Here you gain nothing but a broken head or a missing ear. Be patient, for there will be other adventures in the course of which you will become a governor and even more!"

Sancho thanked him profusely. After kissing his hand again and the skirt of his armor, he helped him to mount Rocinante. Then he mounted his donkey and began to follow his master, who neither spoke nor said goodbye to the people in the coach. Our knight trotted across the fields and went into a nearby wood. Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could, but Rocinante moved so quickly that the ass and its rider were left behind. Sancho shouted across to Don Quixote to tell him to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, pulling on Rocinante's reins until his weary squire had reached him.

"Sir, I think", said Sancho, "that we should take refuge in some church. In fact, your opponent was so badly injured that it won't be long before they tell the Holy Brotherhood what happened. They might arrest us. Should they do this, we would have to sweat blood to get out of prison."

"Be quiet", said Don Quixote. "I don't know where you have heard or read such nonsense, but I can assure you that knights-errant are never brought to justice no matter how many *homicides* they have committed?"

"I don't know anything about *mycids*", replied Sancho. "You see, I have never hated anybody. All I know is that the Holy Brotherhood takes care of people who fight in the countryside, which is not my cup of tea."

"Don't panic!", exclaimed Don Quixote, "for I will free you from the Chaldeans and the policemen of the Holy Brotherhood. By the way, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I anywhere on Earth? Have you read in books of chivalry the story of any other knight who was more spirited when he attacked, more inflexible when he attacked again, more dexterous when he injured opponents, or more skilled when he crushed them?"

"In truth", replied Sancho, "I have never read any book of chivalry whatsoever, for I do not know how to read or write, but I swear that, in all the days of my life, I have never served a more courageous master than Your Lordship. I only hope that your courage will not land you in prison. Allow me to do something for that ear, for there is a lot of blood coming out of it. In my saddlebags, there are bandages and a bit of white ointment."

"We don't need that", said Don Quixote. "It's a pity that I have forgotten to bring along a vial of Fierabrás' balm: one drop saves both time and medicines."

"What vial and what balm?", inquired Sancho Panza.

"It's a medicine", replied Don Quixote. "I know the recipe by heart. Thanks to it, there's no need to fear death or injuries. I am going to make some of it and give it to you. When you see, in any battle, my body cut in two, which often happens, you will have to take the part that will be lying on the ground, before the blood dries up, and fit it very neatly and with great care to the other part that will remain in the saddle; you will have to adjust it evenly and exactly. Then you will give me only two mouthfuls of the balm I have mentioned, and I will be as healthy as an apple."

"In that case", said Sancho, "I renounce my claim to the governorship of the island you promised me. I want nothing else in payment for my many good services but the recipe for the great liquor of Your Lordship. I think that an ounce of it will bring more than two reales anywhere, and I don't need more than that to live an easy, honorable life. May I ask you how much it costs to make it?"

Don Quixote said to him: "for less than three reales you can make two liters."

"Sinner that I am!", exclaimed Sancho. "Your Lordship, why don't you make some at once and show me how you make it?"

"Hush, my friend", responded don Quixote, "I will tell you greater secrets that will be more useful. For now, let us treat these wounds, for my ear hurts a lot."

Sancho took the bandages and the ointment from his saddlebags. When Don Quixote saw that his helmet had been broken, he almost had hysterics. He grasped his sword and, looking up, he cried:

"I promise to the Creator of all things and to the four holy Gospels where the events are recorded in minute detail that I will live the life of the great Marquis of Mantua. He wanted to avenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos and swore that he would stop eating meals around a table, lying with his wife and doing a few other things I don't remember, but which are included in my statement. I swear I will behave in this way until this great wrong is righted."

When he heard these words, Sancho said:

"May I remind Your Lordship that if the knight fulfills what you commanded him to do, which is to present himself before lady Dulcinea del Toboso, then the dispute will be settled. He won't deserve to be punished unless he commits another crime."

"You have made your point!", exclaimed Don Quixote. "Thus, I revoke the part of the vow that deals with punishing him more. Nonetheless, I confirm what I said about living the life of the Marquis of Mantua until I take by force the helmet of a knight, which will be as good as this one. You know, I do this on purpose. I want to imitate someone: the same thing happened, in the same way, to Mambrino, which cost Sacripante dearly."

"Send your vows to Hell!", said Sancho. "They endanger health and conscience. Tell me, what will we do if, for many days, we don't meet a man wearing a helmet? Will we have to keep our vow and stand all the inconveniences and discomforts, like sleeping in our clothes in the open air and a thousand other acts of penance contained in the vow of that crazy old man the Marquis of Mantua, which you want to renew now? You see, no armed men travel along these roads. They are only mule drivers and wagon drivers. They don't wear helmets; they don't even know what a helmet is."

"You are mistaken", said Don Quixote, "for, in less than two hours' time at these crossroads, we will see more armed men than those who witnessed the siege of Albraca, when Angelica the Fair was defeated."

"Very well, then", said Sancho. "I hope God will bless us so that I may, at last, win that island that is costing me dearly. It would be a great relief."

"Sancho, I have already told you not to worry about that. Should there be no island, you would get the kingdom of Denmark or that of Sobradisa, which would fit like a glove. Besides, you should be happy to be on terra firma. But let us forget this for now. Open the saddlebags to see if there is something to eat. After dinner, we will go in search of some castle where we may spend the night and prepare the balm I mentioned, for I swear to God that my ear hurts a lot."

"I have found an onion, a bit of cheese and a few crusts of bread", said Sancho, "but this kind of food cannot suit a knight as valiant as Your Lordship."

"You are so ignorant!", replied Don Quixote. "Sancho, allow me to tell you that pride compels knights-errant to fast for a month. When they stop fasting, they eat whatever they find near at hand. You would certainly know that if you had read as many books of chivalry as I. However, in many of them, I haven't found any mention of knights eating unless it was by chance or at some sumptuous banquet offered in their honor; the rest of the time they did not eat a lot. Obviously, they had to eat and follow the laws of nature because they were people like us. Most of the time, they were outdoors, in isolated areas, without a cook. Hence, they would eat simple food, like what you offer me now. Sancho, my friend, you don't have to worry about my taste. You must not try to make the world over again or change the nature of knight-errantry."

"I beg your pardon", said Sancho. "Since I don't know how to read or write, as I told you before, I therefore pay no attention to the rules of the chivalric profession. From now on, I will stuff my saddlebags with all types of dried fruit for Your Lordship, because you are a knight. Since I am not a gentleman, I'll fill them with poultry and more substantial food."

"Sancho, I am not saying", replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant must eat only the food you mentioned; what I am saying is that their ordinary sustenance must include dried fruit and a few plants that grow in the fields and with which they are well acquainted, as am I myself."

"It is a good idea", said Sancho, "to know those plants, for I think that one day we will have to use that knowledge."

He took out the things he had mentioned, and the two friends ate peacefully. They still wanted to find accommodation for the night; they quickly finished their humble dry meal. They then mounted and hurried to reach a village before nightfall. Unfortunately, the sun failed them: the hope of achieving their goal dissolved in sunset. As the day ended, they found themselves beside some goatherds' huts. So they decided to spend the night there. Sancho was disappointed not to reach a town; his master was happy to sleep outdoors, for it seemed to him that each time this occurred, it was another certificate that helped to prove his claim to knighthood.

CHAPTER XI.

What happened to Don Quixote
when he met a few goatherds.

He was welcomed cheerfully by the goatherds. Sancho did his best to tend to the needs of Rocinante and his donkey. He followed the aroma coming from the pieces of goat meat that were cooking in a pot set in the fireplace. He would have liked to see if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to a stomach. He did not try to taste the food because the goatherds removed the pot from the fire, spread a few sheepskins on the ground, hastily laid their rustic table and, in a friendly manner, invited them both to share what they had.

After they had urged Don Quixote, with rustic politeness, to seat himself upon a small trough which they had turned upside down for the purpose, the six men who composed this flock sat down around the skins. Then Don Quixote sat down. Sancho remained standing to serve him and fill his cup, which was made of horn. His master saw him standing. He said:

"So that you may see, Sancho, the qualities of knight-errantry and how its members, no matter what they do, are highly respected after a short period of time, I want you to sit beside me and these good people. You will resemble I, who am your master and natural lord. You will use my plate and my glass because knight-errantry looks like love: it makes all things equal."

"Thank you very much", said Sancho, "but I can tell Your Lordship that if I ate something good, I would eat just as well or better standing up and alone as I would seated beside an emperor. In truth, what I eat, even if it's bread and onion, tastes better when I eat it in my bedroom, without decorum. I prefer this to a delicious turkey served in a banquet where I would have to chew slowly, not drink too much, wipe my mouth a lot, not sneeze or cough, or do other things solitude and freedom permit. So, my lord, the privilege you want to grant me for being a servant and a member of knight-errantry, which I am since I am your squire, should turn into other things that would be more convenient and enjoyable. Consequently, I thank you for this privilege, but I renounce it now and forever."

"Despite all that", said Don Quixote, "you must sit down, for God praises the man who humbles himself."

Seizing his squire's arm, he compelled him to sit beside him.

The goatherds did not understand all this chivalric jargon. They ate, kept silent and look at their guests, who, with elegance and appetite, were devouring pieces of goat meat as big as their fists. When the meat course was finished, they laid out, upon the sheepskins, a great quantity of dried acorns and half a cheese, which was as hard as mortar. The drinking horn was not asleep: it kept going round, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the bucket of a water wheel. In the blink of an eye, they emptied one of the two wineskins that were next to them. After Don Quixote had filled his stomach, he picked up a handful of acorns and, gazing at them, declaimed:

"Happy the age and happy those centuries called golden by the ancients, not because gold, which, in our age of iron, is so highly esteemed, could be found with no effort, but because those who lived in that time did not know these two words: yours and mine! In that blessed age, all things belonged to the community. No man, for his daily sustenance, needed to do more than raise his hand and touch the oak tree that beckoned him to pick its delicious sweet acorns. The transparent springs and rushing streams used to offer him palatable crystal-clear water in abundance. The diligent, clever bees established their colonies in the cracks of the rocks and the hollows of the trees. They freely offered to any hand the fertile harvest of their sweet labor. The strong cork trees undressed of their own volition to cover the villagers' dwellings with their rags and protect them from the inclement skies. Peace, concord and friendship reigned over the Earth. The crooked plow had not yet dared to open or violate the pious bowels of our primeval mother, for, without being forced to do it, she opened the gates of her wide fertile garden in order to feed, water and delight the sons who possessed her. Back then, the simple beautiful young ladies, with their plain coiffure, would roam from valley to valley and hillock to hillock. They wore the garments fashioned by chastity, which chastely covered what had to be covered. Their adornments were not those that are used today: silk fabric tortured by imperial dye. They wore a few green burdock leaves and entwined ivy vines. Nonetheless, they were as sophisticated and elegant as our female courtiers, who favor rare exotic clothes designed by idle curiosity. In those days, the amorous thoughts of the simple souls expressed themselves in the manner that they had

been conceived: without verbose trickery that is aimed at increasing their value. Fraud, deceit, and malice had not yet come to mingle with truth and frankness. Justice stood on her own ground: favor and self-interest did not dare to disturb or offend her. Subjectivity had not yet bewildered the mind of the judges, for there was nothing to judge, and nobody was judged. Young ladies and chastity, as I have said, would go wherever they wanted to go. They were alone and free to do whatever they wished to do. They did not have to fear dishonor because of men's boldness and lascivious conduct. It was their volition and desires that led them to be on the road to perdition. In our detestable age, no girl is safe, even if she hides and shuts herself in a new labyrinth looking like the one in Crete. Actually, her prison does not protect her from the amorous pestilence and its accursed love affairs, which enter this fortress through the cracks in the walls or thanks to the wind. Then she falls from grace. As time went on and wickedness increased, knight-errantry was instituted in order to protect those girls, all the damsels, the widows, the orphans and the needy. Brothers, this is the order to which I belong, and my squire and I thank you for your kindness and hospitality. Natural law compels all men to help knights-errant, but I know that you did not know this rule. However, you received and entertained me, which is why my volition wants to thank your volition."

This useless long speech was delivered by our knight because the acorns they had given him made him remember the Golden Age. Hence, he felt like making it. Stupefied and perplexed, the goatherds listened without uttering a word. Sancho was silent too. He was eating acorns and kept drinking from the second wineskin, which had been hung from a cork tree to cool the wine.

Don Quixote spent more time speaking than it took to finish supper, but when it was finished, one of the goatherds said:

"So that you may insistently say that we welcomed you with unquestioning goodwill, we would like to please you and introduce you to one of our friends, a singer who will be here soon. He is a smart young fellow who is very much in love. Moreover, he knows how to read and write, and he can play the rebec, which is the cherry on the cake."

No sooner had the goatherd said this than the sound of the rebec reached their ears; a short while later, the musician appeared: he was a good-looking boy around twenty-two years of age. His companions asked him if he had eaten; when he replied that he had, the one who had spoken to Don Quixote said to him:

"That means, Antonio, that you are going to delight us with a few songs so that this gentleman, who is our guest, may see that in the forests and on the mountains there are people who can play music. We told him that you are an educated boy; now we want you to show him that we told the truth. So I beg you to sit down and sing the ballad about your love affair, the one the villagers like so much and which was composed for you by your uncle, the priest.

"With great pleasure", replied the lad.

He did not wait to be asked a second time; he sat on the trunk of a fallen oak tree, tuned his instrument and happily began to sing.

ANTONIO'S SONG.

I know, Olalla, that you adore me,
Although you haven't told it to me,
Not even with your eyes
Which speak the language of love.

I know that you are discreet
And that you adore me;
When love shows
It is never unhappy.

It is true that, at times, Olalla,
You revealed that
Your soul was made of bronze
And that your heart was a white boulder.

Behind your reproaches
And your honest indifference,
Hope hardly conceals
The edge of her gown.

My faith lunges at the bait.
Yet it has not been able to decrease,
For it has never been called;
It has not been able to grow, for it has never been noticed.

I guess that
If Love is courteous,
The conclusion of my hopes
Will resemble what I had imagined.

If devotion can tame
A heart of stone,
Mine will
Plead my cause.

For, if you have examined it,
More than once you have noticed that
What illumines my Sundays
Clothes my Mondays:

Love and clothes
Follow the same pathway;
I always wanted to be well-dressed
Each time I met you.

Let's forget the dances
I have danced before you
And the serenades I have sung
Until daybreak.

I am not going to repeat the good things
I said about your beauty;
Although they are true,
They led many girls to hate me.

Once I praise you and
Teresa del Berrocal said to me:
"You think you love an angel,
But she is just a she-monkey.

Thanks to all her trinkets,
Her wigs
And her deceitful beauty tricks,
She fools love."

I said she lied; she grew angry;
Her cousin came to help her.
Then he provoked me:
You know what he and I did.

I do love you,
Which is why I don't want you
To become my paramour;
My goal is nobler:

The chains of marriage
Are everlasting bonds;
Place your head underneath this yoke,
For I want to place mine.

Should you reject my proposal,
I would leave these mountains
To become a Capuchin friar.
I swear on the holiest saint that I would do this.

The goatherd ended his song here. Although Don Quixote asked him to sing something else, Sancho Panza did not accept it because he wanted to sleep, not to hear songs. So he said to his master:

"Your Lordship, you ought to decide now where you're going to spend the night; the work these good men do all day doesn't allow them to spend their nights singing."

"I understand, Sancho", replied Don Quixote. "I know that the visits you paid to the wineskin call for sleep rather than music."

"For God's sake, we all need to sleep", exclaimed Sancho.

"Which is true", said his master. "Settle yourself wherever you want; knights-errant prefer to keep vigil rather than sleep. Anyway, Sancho, you should have a look at my ear, for it hurts more than it should."

Sancho obeyed. When he saw the wound, one of the goatherds told him not to worry, for he would give him a remedy that would heal it right away. He picked some rosemary leaves, which grew there in abundance. He chewed them, mixed them with a bit of salt, applied them to Don Quixote's ear and bandaged the wound carefully. Then he assured him that no other medicine was needed, which was true.

CHAPTER XII.

The story that one of the goatherds told to Don Quixote and the others.

At this moment, another young man joined them. He had brought the goatherds supplies from the village. He inquired:

"My friends, do you know what has happened in the village?"

"How could we know?", answered one of the men.

"In that case", the lad went on, "I must tell you that the famous student and shepherd named Grisóstomo died this morning. It is said that he died because of his love affair with Marcela, the wicked girl who is the daughter of Guillermo, a wealthy man; she dresses up as a shepherdess and wanders these deserted places."

"A love affair with Marcela!", repeated one of them.

"That's what I'm telling you", replied the goatherd. "I must say that there is something strange about this: he wrote a will in which he said that he wanted to be buried in the countryside, as if he were a Moor. His grave should be at the foot of the massive boulder where the Spring Of The Cork Tree is located. People know, because he told it to them, that this is where he saw her for the first time. He also asked for some other things, but the clergymen of the village say they must not be carried out because they look like pagan practices. Grisóstomo's good friend, Ambrosio, a student who also dresses up as a shepherd, says that Grisóstomo's instructions must be obeyed to the letter. The village is in uproar over this. Nevertheless, people are saying that, in the end, they will do what Ambrosio and his shepherd friends want: tomorrow, they will bury him with pomp and circumstance in the place that I have mentioned. I think it will be something worth seeing. I will go and see it, even though I'm supposed to go back to the village tomorrow."

"We will all do the same", said the other goatherds. "We will flip the coin to see who will have to stay to watch the goats."

"That's a good idea, Pedro", said one of them, "but you won't have to flip the coin: I will stay here to take care of your flocks. Don't think it's because I'm good or not very curious, it's just because the sharp branch I stepped on the other day makes it hard for me to walk."

"It doesn't matter; we all thank you", said Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him more about the dead man and the shepherdess. Pedro replied that all he knew was that Grisóstomo was a wealthy gentleman, an inhabitant of a nearby village. He had studied for many years at the university of Salamanca. Then he had returned to his birthplace. He had a reputation for being learned and well-read.

Pedro went on:

"People used to say that he knew about the science of the stars, which deals with the orbit of the sun and the moon. For instance, he predicted their *clips*..."

"Eclipse, my friend, not clips", said Don Quixote, "is the name applied to those big lights when they darken."

Pedro did not pay attention to this trifle and went on:

"He could also tell when the land would be productive and when it would be *stylish*..."

"My friend, you mean sterile", said Don Quixote.

"Sterile or stylish", said Pedro, "it's all the same in the end. I just want to say that his father and his friends, who believed in him, used to take his advice, which is why they became rich, for he would say to them: 'This year, sow barley and not wheat; now, sow chickpeas and

not barley; next year there will be a good production of oil, but the three following years you will not get a drop.”

“This science is called astrology”, explained Don Quixote.

“I don’t know its name”, replied Pedro, “but I can tell you that he knew all this and even more. Finally, not many months after he returned from Salamanca, one day, he appeared dressed as a shepherd, with a crook and a sheepskin jacket instead of the long gown he wore when he was a student. A close friend of his named Ambrosio, who had studied with him in Salamanca, also dressed as a shepherd. I forgot to tell you that Grisóstomo, the deceased, used to compose beautiful verses; he even wrote the carols for Christmas Eve and the plays that were performed at Corpus Christi by the lads of our village. Everybody said they were well composed. When the villagers saw the two ex-students dressed like that, they were surprised and couldn’t figure out why they had changed their minds so drastically. It was about that time that Grisóstomo’s father died. He inherited a large fortune composed of furniture, fields, houses, lots of flocks, and a considerable sum of money; the young man was the sole owner of all this. To tell you the truth, he deserved it, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man and a friend of good people: his face was illumined by God’s kindness. Later on, people discovered that if he had changed the way he dressed, it was due to his love for Marcela: he could wander through these isolated places in order to chase up the shepherdess whose identity had been disclosed by him before. Now I’d like to tell you something because you must know it. You may have heard or you may not have heard of something like this. Should you live longer than *scabies*, you would not hear of anything as weird as this.”

“You mean Sarah”, replied Don Quixote, who did not tolerate the goatherd’s confusion of words.

“Scabies lasts long”, said Pedro. “Sir, if you keep correcting every word I say, I will never finish my story.”

“Pardon me, my friend”, said Don Quixote, “I mentioned it only because there is a huge difference between scabies and Sarah; but your answer is very good, for the itch lives longer than Sarah. Go on with your story: I will not contradict you anymore.”

“Well, sir, I was about to say”, the goatherd went on, “that in our hamlet there was a farmer who was richer than Grisóstomo’s father. His name was Guillermo. God gave him not only great wealth but also a daughter whose mother died when she gave birth to her; that good woman was the most virtuous woman in this area. I remember her shining visage, which rivaled the sun and the moon. She was a hardworking housewife who used to help the poor. For this reason, I believe that her soul, at this very moment, must be enjoying God’s presence in Paradise. Sorrow killed Guillermo; he left his daughter Marcela behind. Now she was a wealthy girl whose guardian was her uncle: the parish priest. The girl grew up; her beauty reminded us of her mother’s, which was great; people thought the daughter would be even prettier. When she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, no man could look at her without thanking God, for he had made her really beautiful; most of them fell madly in love with her. Her uncle kept her in most of the time. However, everybody knew she was pretty and rich: the young men of our village, and the best of those who lived in this area, kept asking her uncle to allow them to marry her. He, a good Christian, which is not an overstatement, wanted her to get married when she would be of age. He wished to ask for her consent. He did not care about the money he would earn from the girl’s estate if he delayed her marriage. There were murmurings of disapproval in the village. Sir, I can tell you that, in these isolated places, people talk and gossip about everything. So you can be sure, as I am, that a priest is exceptional when his parishioners, especially those who live in villages, speak highly of him.

"That is true", said Don Quixote, "but go on: I like your story very much. Pedro, you are a good storyteller."

"Thanks to Lord's grace, which never fails me. As for the rest, it is said that the uncle suggested names to his niece and described the qualities of each of the many men who wanted to marry her. He kept telling her to choose and marry the man she preferred, but she never said anything except that she didn't want to get married because she was too young and overwhelmed by the implications of matrimony. These reasons seemed fair; her uncle stopped bothering her; he thought that when she would get older she would be able to choose a man she liked. He used to say, and rightly so, that parents had to allow their children to make their own decisions. One day, to everybody's surprise, the finicky Marcela turned shepherdess; without paying any attention to her uncle or to the villagers who advised against it, she decided to imitate the other girls: watch over the flocks and wander through the fields. She started to appear in public: her beauty was not hidden anymore. I can tell you that many wealthy bachelors, either noblemen or farmers, began to dress like Grisóstomo in order to flirt with her in the fields. One of them, as I have said, was the deceased. His love had turned into adulation. Although Marcela was free and almost never stayed at home, neither her demureness nor her virtue had been questioned. In fact, she was so prudish that none of her suitors could truly say that she had made him believe that she would fulfill his hope. This girl doesn't flee from the company or conversation of the shepherds; she treats them with courtesy and friendship. When one of them reveals his intentions, even the ones that are as honest and holy as matrimony, she adamantly rejects them. Her demeanor does more harm in this area than the plague: her beauty and affability attract the hearts of those who want to serve and love her, but her disdain and opposition lead them to despair. They don't know what to say to her; they just call her cruel and ungrateful, along with other similar epithets that reveal their point of view. Sir, if you were to stay a few days here, you would hear these fields and valleys echo with the laments of the disappointed men who accompany her. Not very far from here is a place where there are almost twenty-four tall beech trees, and there is not one that doesn't have the name of Marcela carved on its smooth bark; sometimes, a crown has been carved above her name, as if the lover were saying even more clearly that she wears and deserves the crown more than any other beauty. Here a shepherd sighs; there, another complains; over there, love songs are muttered; laments disappear in the distance. Somebody spends the whole night sitting at the foot of an oak tree or a crag; he will not sleep; in the morning, the sun will find him obsessed by her and lost in thought. Another, sighing and lying on the burning sand, in the midst of the most scorching summer evening, will complain to merciful Heaven. This one, that one and all of them will surrender to the beautiful Marcela, who will remain free and uncaring. All the people who know her are waiting to see when her haughtiness will end and who will be the fortunate man who will tame her wild nature in order to enjoy her breathtaking beauty. Since everything I've told you is true, I am compelled to admit that what the lad said about people's gossips about the reason for Grisóstomo's death is also true. So, I advise you to be present at his burial, tomorrow; it will be something worth seeing, for he has many friends, and the place where he wanted to be buried is located not half a league from here."

"I will do so", said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for this delightful tale, which filled me with joy."

"Oh!", exclaimed the goatherd, "I do not know the half of what has happened to Marcela's lovers, but tomorrow we may meet some shepherd, along the way, who will tell us more. For now, you should find a spot under a roof because humidity is not good for your

wound. However, the medicine you've put on it is so good that there is no reason to fear any trouble.

Sancho Panza, who was getting bored with the goatherd's endless story, asked his master to go into Pedro's hut to sleep. Don Quixote did so and spent the rest of the night thinking of Dulcinea, copying the behavior of Marcela's lovers. As for Sancho, he settled himself between Rocinante and the donkey. Then, he slept, not like an unloved lover, but like a man who had been beaten.

CHAPTER XIII.

The end of the story about the shepherdess Marcela,
along with other events.

The sun started to rise and illumine the eastern mountains; five or six goatherds got up; they went to wake Don Quixote and to ask him if he still wanted to attend Grisóstomo's famous burial. If he were to go there, they would accompany him. The knight, who longed to attend it, got up and ordered Sancho to saddle the animals and fasten the bags to the saddles immediately. The squire promptly obeyed the order, and they all set out.

They had not gone more than a quarter of a league when, at a crossing, they saw six shepherds coming toward them. They were wearing black sheepskin jackets and wreaths of cypress and bitter oleander. Each carried a staff made of holly in his hand. They were followed by two gentlemen on horseback, wearing fancy suits and accompanied by three lads on foot. As the two groups approached, they exchanged courteous greetings. They inquired about people's destination; they learned that they were all going to the burial. So they began to travel together.

One of the men on horseback, speaking to his companion, said:

"I think, Mr. Vivaldo, that the time spent going to this famous funeral is not a waste of time, for it most certainly will be famous, judging by the strange things these shepherds have told us about the dead man and the murderess."

"I think so, too", responded Vivaldo. "I would be willing to linger not one day but four in order to attend it."

Don Quixote asked what they had heard about Marcela and Grisóstomo. The traveler replied that on that very morning they met up with those shepherds; they noticed that they were wearing mourning clothes and asked why they were dressed like that. One of the fellows described the beauty and strange demeanor of a shepherdess named Marcela, the behavior of her many suitors and the death of Grisóstomo, to whose burial they were going. In fact, he recounted in minute detail what Pedro had told Don Quixote.

Changing the subject, Mr. Vivaldo asked what led don Quixote to go armed in that manner in a land that was so peaceful.

"The rules of my profession", replied Don Quixote, "do not allow me to do otherwise. Comfort, pleasure and repose were invented for sissy courtiers; work, anxiety, and weapons were invented and created only for those whom the world calls knights-errant; I am one of them, though I am the least experienced knight."

As soon as they heard this, they regarded him as a lunatic. To learn more and see what sort of madness this was, Vivaldo asked him the meaning of knights-errant.

"Your Lordship, haven't you read", responded Don Quixote, "the annals or histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom, in our Castilian ballads, we always call King Artus? According to a well-known ancient grimoire of the kingdom of Great Britain, this king did not die but was turned into a raven by magic. One day

he will return to recover his kingdom and scepter in order to rule over Britain again. You understand why since then no Englishman has killed a raven. It was in the days of this good king that the famous chivalric order of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted. You can find the details of the love story between lord Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinevere in this book. Their messenger and accomplice was the highly respected maid Quinaña. Here was born the famous ballad the Spaniards know very well and in which we can read:

A knight named Lancelot
Came from Britain;
He was well-treated
By women.

This is followed by his sweet love stories and noble deeds.

"From that time onward, from one generation to the next, the order of chivalry has developed and spread across the world. Among its famous members known for their exploits were the valiant Amadís of Gaul with all his sons and grandsons unto the fifth generation, the brave Felixmarte of Hircania and the never-sufficiently-praised Tirante el Blanco; today, we can see, talk with and hear from the invincible, valiant knight Don Belianís of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what it means to be a knight-errant, and what I described is the order of chivalry. Although I am a sinner, this is my occupation; I have followed in those knights' footsteps. So I wander these solitudes in search of adventures. I am determined to protect the weak and the needy: my arm and my person will fight against the dangerous challenges that fate will impose on me."

The last sentences made the travelers fully understand that Don Quixote was crazy. They also perceived the nature of the madness that controlled him; they were as surprised as the people who had dealt with it for the first time. Vivaldo, who was an intelligent and cheerful fellow, wanted to enable Don Quixote to continue raving so that he might entertain them for the short distance that remained before they reached the mountain where the deceased would be buried. So he said:

"Mr. knight-errant, I think that you pursue one of the most challenging careers in the world; in my opinion, it is even more challenging than that of the Carthusian friars."

"It is very challenging indeed", replied Don Quixote, "but I doubt that it is useful, for, to tell you the truth, the soldier who carries out his captain's order is not less important than the captain who gives him the order. I mean that the holy men, in absolute peace and quietness, ask Heaven to establish the good on Earth, but we, soldiers and knights, implement what they ask: we defend the good with the strength of our arms and the edge of our swords, in the open, not protected by a roof. We stand the hot rays of the summer sun and the biting cold of winter. Hence, we become the ministers of God on Earth; our arms execute His decrees. Since war and all the things that have to do with it depend on passion, work and sweat, those who have chosen this profession must work harder than those who, in peace and quietness, pray to God so that He may help the feeble. I don't mean to say, it has not even crossed my mind, that knight-errantry is as holy as monastic life; I just want to say, given what I must suffer, that our work is undoubtedly more laborious and difficult. It is characterized by hunger, thirst, poverty, accidents and dirtiness. There can be no doubt that, in the past, knights-errant endured many misfortunes in the course of their lives. Although it cost them dearly, some of them became emperors thanks to their strength. If these successful knights had not been helped by wise enchanters, their dreams would have been broken."