

Don Quixote de la Mancha  
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First Part

CHAPTER 1: About the condition and exercise of the famous gentleman, Don...

Don Quixote of La Mancha

In a place of La Mancha, of whose name I don't want to speak, not long ago lived a gentleman of the lance-bearing-in-shipyard type, an old adarga, a lean rocín, and a running greyhound.

A pot of more cattle than sheep, splashes of sorrow on most nights, aches and laments on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, some palomino (a type of horse) on Sundays, consumed three-quarters of their estate.

The rest of the concluyían sayo of Velarte, with velvet slippers for the festivities and their finest velvet for weekdays.

She had a housekeeper in her house who was over forty, and a niece who was not yet twenty, and a farmhand and stableman, who saddled the mare as he took the bit.

His age was advancing with him towards fifty; he was of sturdy build, lean of flesh, with a gaunt face; a great early riser and a friend of the hunt.

They mean that he had the nickname of Quijada or Quesada (there is some difference among the authors who treat this case), although by plausible conjecture it is understood that he was called Quijana; but this matters little to our story; it is enough that in the narration he does not deviate a point from the truth.

Therefore, it is to be known that this aforementioned noble gentleman, during the times he was idle (which were the most of the year), would read books of chivalry with so much zeal and pleasure, that he almost forgot every other point, including the exercise of hunting, and even the administration of his estate; and his curiosity and folly reached such a point that he sold many estates for cultivation to buy books of chivalry in which to read; and thus he brought to his house all that he could obtain; and of all of them, none seemed so well to him as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva: because the clarity of his prose, and those intricate reasons of his, seemed to him like pearls; and more so when he came to read those epistles and letters of challenge, where he often found written: the reason of the absurdity that is made against my reason, so that my reason weakens to such an extent that with reason I complain of your firmness, and even when he read: the high heavens that fortify you with the stars with your divinity, and make you deserving of the merit that your greatness deserves.

With these and similar reasons, the poor knight lost his reason, and he became bewildered trying to understand them, and to extract their meaning, which no one could take from him, nor would even Aristotle understand them if he were resurrected for only that purpose.

I wasn't feeling too well with the wounds that Don Belianis inflicted and received, because I imagined that for great masters who had healed him, he wouldn't continue to have his face and whole body full of scars and signs; but with all his praise for that author for ending his book with the promise of that endless adventure, and many times a desire would come to me to take up the pen and end it exactly as promised; and without a doubt he would do it, and even if others and continuous thoughts didn't hinder him.

He often competed with the curate of his place (who was a learned man graduated from Segovia), as to which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaula; but Master Nicolas, the barber of the same town, said that none came up to the knight of the Febo, and that if anyone could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaula, because he had a very comfortable condition for everything; he was not a timid knight, nor so melancholy as his brother, and in matters of courage he did not lag behind.

In the resolution, he became so engrossed in his reading, that he read night after night, line after line, and day after day, in murky obscurity, and thus, from lack of sleep and excessive reading, his brain dried up, to the point that he lost his judgment.

It filled him with fantasy of everything he read in books, so enchanting, like pendencias, battles, challenges, wounds, reversals, loves, storms, and impossible follies, and it settled so deeply in his imagination that it was true all that machine of those dreamed inventions he read, which for him there was nothing other

The most true story in the world.

The boy, who had been a very good knight by Cid Ruy Díaz; but it had nothing to do with the knight of the fiery sword, who had with just one pass parted through two fierce and colossal giants.

I was better off with Bernardo the Carpenter, because at Roncesvalle, Roland had killed the enchanted one, taking advantage of Hercules' industry, when he drowned Anteo, the son of the Earth, in his arms. He was greatly liked by the giant Morgante, because among that giant generation, everyone was proud and coarse, but he alone was affable and well-bred; but above all, he was liked by Reinaldos of Montalbán, and especially when he saw him emerge from his castle and steal all he encountered, and when he stole that idol of Mahomet in Allende, which was all gold, according to his story.

He gave, to give a hand to the traitor of Galo■n, to the wife that he had and even to his page girl.

Indeed, having concluded his trial, it occurred to him the most strange thought he had ever had in the world, and it seemed to him advisable and necessary, both for the increase of his honor and for the service of his republic, to become a wandering knight and go throughout the world with his arms and horse to seek adventures, and to practice all that he had read about what wandering knights practiced, undoing all kinds of wrongs and placing himself in occasions and dangers, where, having them overcome, he would earn eternal name and fame.

He imagined the poor man already crowned by the value of his arm, at least for the empire of Trapisonde; and so, with these so pleasant thoughts, carried by this strange pleasure he felt in them, he hurried to put into effect what he desired.

And the first thing he did was clean some weapons that had belonged to his great-grandparents, which, taken from their origins and full of mold, had been lying down and forgotten in a corner for centuries.

He cleaned and varnished them as best he could; but he saw that they had a great lack, and that was that he didn't have enough crossbanding, but they were plain; however, he compensated for this with his industry, because from cardboard he made a method of half crossbanding, which fitted with the plain, creating the appearance of full crossbanding.

It is true that in order to test if he was strong, and might be at risk of a stab, he drew his sword and struck him twice, and with the first blow he ruined what he had done in a week: and he didn't seem to him to find it bad the ease with which he had shattered it, and to ensure himself of this danger, he made it again, putting iron bars inside in such a way that he was satisfied with his strength; and, without wanting to make new experience of it, he examined it and considered it a very fine piece of workmanship.

He then went to see his rocín, and though he had more quarters than a real, and more tacks than Gonela's horse, that much flesh and bone, he thought neither Bucephalus of Alexander, nor Babieca of the Cid with him, could compare.

For four days he spent himself in imagining what name he might give him: because, as he told himself, it was unreasonable that such a famous and good horse of a knight should be without a known name; and so he tried to accommodate him, so that he declared who he had been, before he became a knight errant, and what he was then: for he was very well informed, that changing his noble state, he would also change his name; and he would impose on him a famous and sudden one, as was fitting to the new order and the new exercise that he already practiced: and so, after many names that he formed, canceled and removed, added, unmade and made again in his memory and imagination, he finally called him Rocinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous and significant of what he had been when he was a roan, before what he now was, which was before and first of all roans in the world.

He took his name and set it to his liking, and in this thought, which lasted for eight days, he began to call himself Don Quixote, from where, as has been said, the authors of this so true story took occasion, which undoubtedly should have been called Quijada, and not Quesada as others had wanted to say. But remembering that the valiant Amadis, not only had contented himself with simply calling himself Amadis, but had added the name of his kingdom and homeland, to make it famous, and he called himself Amadis of Gaul, as a good knight, he wished to add the name of his own to his, and to call himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, by which he believed he declared very lively his lineage and homeland, and he honored it by taking its surname.

Therefore, he cleaned his weapons, concealed with the color of the morion, named his spray, and confirming himself, he made it understood that his only lack was to find a lady to fall in love with, for a

knight errant without loves is a tree without leaves and without fruit, and a body without a soul.

He said: "If I, by my bad deeds and by my good fortune, happen to find some giant, as usually happens to traveling knights, I knock him down with a single encounter, or I cut him in half, or finally, I overcome him and make him surrender, shall it not be good to send someone to him as a messenger, and have him come in and kneel before my sweet lady, and say with humble and surrendered voice: 'Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, whom the knight D. vanquished in a singular battle, as is always to be praised.'"

Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I sent to appear before you, so that your greatness may determine my fate? Oh, how did our good knight swallow this speech, especially when he found someone to name as his lady! And it is believed that in a place near his own, there was a country girl of very good appearance, whom he had been in love with for a time, although, as is understood, she never knew it or realized it.

She was named Aldonza Lorenzo, and she thought it was fitting to give her the title of mistress of her thoughts; and seeking a name that didn't much detract from her own, and that guided her to the title of princess and great lady, she came to call her Dulcinea of the Toboso, because she was a native of the Toboso, a name to her opinion musical and peregrine and significant, as all the others that she had put on her and her things.

Chapter 2: About the first journey that the ingenious Don made from his land.

Don Quixote

Therefore, these precautions taken, he refused to wait longer to put his thought into effect, the delay causing him the fault he believed existed in the world, to rectify the wrongs he thought he was correcting, to straighten the absurdities, to amend the abuses, and to satisfy the debts; and so, without informing anyone of his intention, and without anyone seeing him, one morning, on one of the hottest days of July, he armed himself with all his weapons, mounted Rocinante, with his poorly arranged helmet, drew his lance, and, through a false doorway of a courtyard, he went out into the fields with great joy and delight at having given such ease to the fulfillment of his good wish.

No sooner had he seen him in the field, when a terrible thought assailed him, such that it almost made him abandon his begun enterprise: and it occurred to him that he was not a knight armed, and that, according to the law of knighthood, neither could nor should he take arms with any knight; and since he was, he must carry white arms, as a novice knight, without enterprise on his shield, until he won it by his efforts.

These thoughts made him waver in his purpose; but, possessing more madness than reason, he proposed to have himself knighted by the first he encountered, in imitation of many others who had done so, as he had read in books.

Regarding white arms, I thought to clean them in a way, considering that they were more than a mere weapon: and with this he stilled himself and continued on his path, following only the course his horse wished, believing that this was the essence of the force of adventures.

Thus, walking, our new adventurer was talking to himself, and saying: "Who doubts that in the coming times, when the true story of my famous deeds is written, the wise one who writes it will not, when he comes to tell this my first outing so plainly, in this manner? Hardly had the corpulent Apollo laid down upon the face of the wide and spacious earth his golden locks, and hardly had the small and painted songbirds with their sharp tongues greeted with sweet and melodious harmony the arrival of the rosy dawn, leaving the soft bed of the jealous husband, through the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, to mortals it appeared, when the famous knight..."

Don Quixote de la Mancha, leaving the idle feathers, mounted on his famous horse Rocinante, and began to walk through the old and familiar field of Montiel.

(And it was the truth that he walked for it) and he added: "Blessed age, and blessed century, that where my famous hazañas will emerge, worthy of being carved in bronze, sculpted in marble, and painted on tablets for memory in the future."

Oh you, charming wise one, whoever you may be, to whom the destiny of this pilgrim story is to fall!

Pray that you do not forget my good Rocinante, my eternal companion on all my paths and journeys.

Then he would return saying, as if he were truly in love: "Oh, Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart! Many offenses have been done to me in my farewell, and he reproaches me with his strict refusal

to appear before your beauty.”

Please, fold up your heart, which so much suffers for your love.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

He was stringing together more absurdities, all in the style of those his books had taught him, imitating as best he could his language; and with this he walked so nonchalantly, and the sun entered so readily and with such intensity, that it was enough to melt one's wits, if some had them.

Almost every day passed without anything happening that would be worth recounting, which he despaired of, because he wanted to later encounter someone with whom to experience the value of his strong arm.

Authors say that the first adventure he undertook was the one at Puerto Lápice; others say it was the one with the windmills; but, as I have been able to ascertain in this case, and what I have found written in the annals of the Mancha, is that he walked all that day, and at dusk, his donkey and he were tired, starving to death; and, looking around everywhere to see if anyone would discover a castle or a shepherd's hut where they could take refuge, and where they might remedy their great need, he saw not far from the road he was following, a wayside inn, which was as if it were a star, guiding him to the gates, if not to the palaces of his salvation.

He gained speed to walk, and arrived at her in time for nightfall.

There were two young women at the door, belonging to the party, who had come to Seville with some muleteers, who, at that inn that night, managed to have a successful day's work; and as to our adventurer, everything he thought, saw, or imagined seemed to be happening and passing as he had read about, once he saw the inn with its four towers and roofs of shining silver, without it lacking its drawbridge and deep wine cellar, with all those followers who depict such castles.

He was approaching the inn (which seemed to him a castle), and after a short distance he reined in Rocinante, waiting for some dwarf to appear at the ramparts to signal with a trumpet that a knight was arriving at the castle; but as he saw that they were taking their time, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stables, he arrived at the door of the inn and saw the two girls who were there, who seemed to him to be two beautiful maidens, or two graceful ladies, who were amusing themselves in front of the door of the castle.

It happened in this way with a pig farmer, who was gathering a herd of pigs (that is how they are called) on some stubble, who sounded a horn, to which they responded, and immediately D. was shown to him.

Quijote obtained what he desired, that someone of diminutive stature should make signal of his coming, and so, with strange contentment, he arrived at the shop and the ladies, who, as they saw a man of that sort armed, with lance and buckler, and with fear, were going to enter the shop; but Don Quijote, gathering from their flight their fear, raised his paper visor and uncovered his dry and dusty face, with courteous bearing and a calm voice, and said to them: “Do not flee your mercies, nor fear any offense, for to the order of chivalry that I profess it does not touch nor shame to do it to anyone, much less to so high maidens, as your presence demonstrates.”

They looked at the maidens and walked about with their eyes searching for the face that the evil fate concealed in them; but as the maidens were called, a thing so foreign to their profession, they could not find laughter, and it was so that Don Quixote came running to them and said: It seems reasonable in the beautiful, and it is much foolishness besides the laughter which lightly arises; but I do not tell you because you are not accustomed to it nor do you show a bad disposition, for mine is not of one who is to serve you.

The ladies' incomprehensible speech, and the poor fit of our knight, increased their laughter and his anger; and it would pass very far on, if that point were not occupied by the tavern keeper, a man who, being very fat, was very patient, who, seeing that distorted figure, armed with such unequal weapons—namely, the bridle, lance, javelin, and mace—was not in the least inclined to share in the expressions of their joy; but, indeed, fearing the machine of so many arms, he determined to speak to him moderately, and so he said to him: if your lordship, knight, seeks lodging, take it (for there is none here), all the rest would be found in abundance within it.

Watching Don Quixote, the humility of the governor of the fortress (what did he think of the innkeeper and the inn), he replied: for me, my lord Castilian, anything is enough, because my weapons are my oxen, my rest is to fight, etc.

The guest thought that having called him "Castilian" had been because he'd seemed to him like the breasts of Castile, although he was Andalusian and from the Sanlúcar beach, no less of a thief than Caco, nor less of a scoundrel than a student or page.

And he replied to her: according to you, your beds will be hard punishments, and your sleeping will always watch over you; and being so, it is quite safe to expect to find in this hut occasions and occasions for not sleeping throughout an entire year, much more on one night.

And saying this, he went to enlist D.

Quijote, who saddled with great difficulty and effort, like someone who hadn't had breakfast that day.

He then told the guest to take very good care of his horse.

because it was the best piece that ate bread in the world.

I looked at the jester, and it did not seem half so good as Don Quixote said, not even a half; and arranging him in the stable, he returned to obey what his host commanded; and the maids were taking him apart (who had already reconciled themselves with him), who, though they had taken off his waistcoat and shoulder-piece, never knew how to undo his gorget, nor to unpick the double flap which was fastened with green ribbons, and it was necessary to cut them, for they could not unloose the knots; but he refused to allow it in any way; and so he remained all that night with the flap put on, which was the most comical and singular figure that one could imagine; and when they took him apart (as he imagined that those straps and bindings that were taking him apart were some principal ladies and dames of that castle), he said to them with great agility:

Never has a knight been so well served as he has been served by D.

Quijote when he came from his village; maidens cured him, princesses from his Rocinante.

O Rocinante, that is the name, ladies mine, of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha mine; seeing that I would not reveal myself until the appointed dates in your service and when you discover me, the force of arranging this old romance of Lanzarote for the purpose has been the cause that you know my name before all seasons; but time will come when your lordships will send for me, and I will obey, and the strength of my arm will reveal the desire I have to serve you.

The girls, who weren't made of similar rhetoric, didn't respond at all; they only asked if they wanted to eat something.

Anyone would have helped me, replied Mr. D.

Quijote, because, to what I understand, it would be very important to me.

That chance made it Friday that day, and there was only a few portions of fish for sale throughout the whole shop, which in Castile is called sprat, and in Andalusia, cod, and in other places, hake, and in others, trout.

They asked him if, perhaps, he would eat his generous trout, as there was no other fish to give him to eat.

As there were so many shenanigans, Mr. D. replied.

Quijote, I can serve a pair; because that's what I'm used to getting eight reales in simple pieces, a piece of eight.

How much worse could it be that things like this happen, like beef, which is better than goat, and kid.

Whatever it may be, let it come then, for the work and weight of arms cannot be carried without the government of the belly.

They set the table at the door of the shop for the coolness, and the guest brought him a portion of soaked and poorly cooked cod, and a bread as black and filthy as his weapons.

But it was a matter of great laughter to see him eating, because with the visor raised and the faceguard on, he couldn't put anything in his mouth with his hands, unless another gave it to him and put it there; and so one of those ladies would be required for this service; but giving him to drink was not possible, nor would it have been possible if the waiter hadn't bored a reed, and with one end in his mouth, the other would be throwing the wine at him.

And all of this I received with patience, like not breaking the strings of the trap.

While immersed in this, a pig castrator happened to arrive, and as it did, I heard his cane whistle four or five times, with which Don Quixote was able to confirm that he was in some famous castle, where they served him with music, and that the abbess was trout, the cardinal bread, and the randy ladies, and the Spanish innkeeper of the castle; and with this he considered his determination and purpose well spent.

What exhausted him most was not seeing himself as a knight, as it seemed to him that he could not legitimately embark on any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

Chapter 3: Where it recounts the amusing way that Mr. D.

Quixote, arm yourself, knight.

And so, tired of that thought, he drained his wine and finished his meager dinner, calling the waiter, and, retiring with him in the stables, he knelt before him on his knees, saying to him, "I will never rise from where I am, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me a gift I wish to ask of you, which will be praise for you and for the benefit of mankind."

The waiter who saw his guest at his feet and heard such reasons, was confused, looking at him, not knowing what to do or what to say, and he urged him to rise; and he never did, until he had told him that he granted him the gift he asked for.

"I did not expect less than your great magnificence, my lord," he replied.

Quixote; and I tell you that the gift you have asked for, and which has been granted you through your generosity, is that tomorrow, on that day, you will equip me as a knight, and tonight I will guard the arms in this castle of yours; and tomorrow, as I have said, what I so desire will be fulfilled, so that I can, as it should be, go through all four corners of the world seeking adventures for the benefit of the needy, as this is under the charge of chivalry and of wandering knights, as I am, whose desire for such deeds is inclined.

The merchant, as he had said, was a bit presumptuous, and already had some inkling of his guest's lack of judgment when he just finished hearing such reasons, and in order to have to laugh that night, he decided to follow his mood; thus he told him that he was very astute in what he wished and requested, and that such a proposal was proper and natural for such principal knights as he appeared to be, and as his noble presence showed, and that he himself, in the years of his youth, had given himself to that honorable occupation, traveling through various parts of the world seeking his adventures, without having left the pleasures of Malaga, the islands of Riaren, the company of Seville, the azoguejo of Segovia, the olive grove of Valencia, the roundel of Granada, the beach of Sanlúcar, the colt of Cordoba, and the springs of Toledo, and other various places where he had practiced the lightness of his feet and the subtlety of his hands, making many crooked men, reclaiming many widows, undoing some maidens, and deceiving many pupils, and finally, becoming known by almost all the audiences and tribunals that are almost throughout Spain; and that in the end he had come to gather himself in that castle, where he lived with all his possessions and with the affairs of others, gathering in him all the traveling knights of any quality and condition that they were, only for the great affection that he had for them, and because they departed with him of their finery in payment of his good wish.

Tell him also that in that castle there was no chapel where arms could be guarded, because it had been demolished to rebuild it; but in case of need, he knew that they could be guarded anywhere, and that he could guard them that night in a courtyard of the castle; that in the morning, God willing, the proper ceremonies would be carried out so that he would be armed as a knight, and such a knight that he could be in the world.

I asked him if it included money: Don Quixote replied that it didn't come in white, because he had never read in the stories of knights-errant that none of them had ever come with it.

"That is what the innkeeper who was deceiving them said: that it was of no need to write about things, as it seemed to the authors of those stories that it was not necessary to write about such a clear and necessary matter as money and clean shirts, but that one should not believe that they did not bring them; and thus he was certain and had ascertained that all the wandering knights (of which so many books are full and crammed) carried their bags badly, and that consequently things could happen to them, and that they also carried shirts and a small pouch full of unguents to heal the wounds they received, because not all times in the fields and deserts, where they fought and emerged wounded, there was someone to heal them, if it wasn't that they had some wise sorcerer as a friend who then

helped them, bringing by the air, in some cloud, a maiden or dwarf with a small globe of such virtue, that by tasting a drop of it, they were immediately cured."

They remained healthy from their wounds and injuries, as if none had ever had any; but as long as this was not the case, the past knights considered it a wise thing that their squires were provided with money and other necessities, such as linen and unguents for healing; and when such knights did not have squires (which were few and rare times), they themselves carried everything in very subtle panniers, which hardly resembled a horse's panniers, as it was considered something of greater importance; for, not being by that occasion, this of carrying panniers was not very accepted among riding knights; and therefore he gave it as advice (since he could still command it as to his ward, who soon it would be), that he did not walk thereafter without money and without the aforementioned precautions, and that he would see how well he was with them when least thought of.

I promised him Don Quixote to obey all his advice with utmost punctuality; and so it was ordered that he should see his arms in a large yard, which was at the side of the inn, and that he should collect them all, and place them upon a pile which was beside a well, and, having braced his lance, and with courteous bearing, he began to stroll before the pile; and as the stroll began, the night was closing in. The merchant told everyone present at the fair about his guest, the candle of arms, and the knightly armor waiting.

Admiring such a strange kind of madness, they watched it from afar, and saw that, with a calm demeanor, it would sometimes stroll, other times leaning against its lance, keeping its eyes on the weapons without removing them for a good space of time.

I have just finished the night; but with so much clarity of the moon, that it could compete with the one it was given, so that whatever the young knight did was well seen by everyone.

One of the pack-carriers at the inn decided to go fetch water for his party, and it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's weapons, which were on the pillar; seeing him approach, he said aloud: "Oh you, whoever you may be, bold knight, who come to touch the arms of the most valiant knight who ever held a sword, look to what you are doing, and do not touch them, or you will pay with your life for your audacity!" The pack-carrier was not persuaded by these reasons (and it would have been better had he been persuaded, as it is better to be cured in health); instead, he grabbed the straps, throwing himself far away, which Don Quixote, seeing this, raised his eyes to heaven, and, putting his thought (as it seemed to him) in his lady Dulcinea, said: "Come to me, my lady, in this first affront offered to this your vanquished breast; do not fail me in this first struggle in your favor and protection: and saying these and other similar reasons, releasing the lance, he raised it with both hands and gave it such a mighty blow to the pack-carrier's head that it threw him to the ground so badly that, had he been able to receive another, he would not have needed a physician to cure him."

Having done this, he collected his weapons, and walked around with the same composure as before. From there on, and without knowing what had happened (because the shepherd was still dazed), another arrived with the same intention of giving water to his mules; and upon reaching to remove the weapons to clear the pile, Don Quixote spoke no word, nor did he ask for favor from anyone, he once again unfurled his lance, and with it he broke more than four heads of the second shepherd, having split it open four times.

All the people from the market came to the noise, and among them the vendor.

Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his lance, and putting his hand to his sword, he said: "Oh, lady of beauty, of strength and vigor of my weakened heart, now is the time that your eyes of greatness return to this your captive knight, who so much adventure you are attending!" With this, he seemed to gain so much spirit that if all the carriers of the world attacked him, he would not turn back his foot.

The companions of those who saw him such as they did began to rain stones on Don Quixote, who did as best he could repair himself with his lance and did not dare to move away from the stand by not abandoning the weapons.

The waiter was saying that they let him go, because he had already told them how crazy he was, and that he would be freed by being crazy, even if he killed them all.

Don Quixote also called them mischievous and traitorous, and that the lord of the castle was a fool and a bad-born knight, as he consented in such a way that the wayfarers were treated, and that if he

I would have received the order of knighthood, that he make me understand his impudence; but I pay you no heed, you vile and low dog; attack me, come, come and offend me as soon as you can, for you will see the payment you owe for your insolence and too much.

He said it with such vigor and earnestness that it instilled a terrible fear in those who attacked him; and thus, both because of this and because of the persuasive words of the tavern keeper, they ceased to throw at him, and he allowed the wounded to withdraw, and returned to the use of his arms with the same composure and calm as before.

The merchant didn't take kindly to his guest's taunts, and he decided to cut things short and give him the order of knighthood immediately, before another misfortune occurred; and so, upon approaching him, he apologized for the insolence that that low company had shown with him, without the man knowing anything; but he was well punished for his audacity.

Listen, as I had already told him, that there wasn't a chapel in that castle, and for what remained to be done, it wasn't necessary; that the whole business of becoming a knight consisted of the fishing and the backing, according to what he knew of the order's ceremony, and that it could be done in the middle of a field; and that he had already fulfilled what concerned the equipping of arms, which was accomplished in just two hours of prayer, more than he himself had spent four.

Don Quijote believed everything, and said that he would be there soon to obey him, and that he would conclude it with as much brevity as possible; for if he were attacked again and saw himself armed as a knight, he did not intend to leave any living person in the castle, except those whom he ordered.

Warned and fearful of this, the Castilian brought later a book where straw and barley given to the muleteers was settled, and with a jib that would bring a boy, and with the two already mentioned maidens, he came to where Don Quixote was, ordering him to kneel, and reading from his manual as if it contained some devout prayer, in the midst of the story he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and after that with his own sword a courteous nudge, always muttering between his teeth as if praying.

Having done this, I sent one of those ladies who cut him with his sword, and she did so with much skill and discretion, for it was not necessary, as they had already seen the feats performed by the young knight, to prevent them from being struck dumb with laughter at every point of the ceremonies.

As he drew his sword, the good lady said: "May God make your most noble knight very fortunate, and grant him luck in battles."

Don Quixote asked him his name, because he would thenceforth know who was bound by the grace received, because he thought he would give some part of the honor that he attained by the valor of his arm.

She replied with much humility that her name was Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a mendicant, native to Toledo, who lived at the workshops of Sancho Bienaya, and that wherever she was, she would serve him and hold him as her lord.

Don Quixote replied that for his love he would make him a knight, that from that moment on he would be called Donoña Tolosa.

She promised it to him; and the other fitted the spur to him, with which he endured almost the same vicissitudes as with the sword's.

I asked him her name, and he said it was Molinera, that she was the daughter of an honest miller from Antequera; to whom Don Quixote also begged her to call herself Don, and to be called Doña Molinera, offering her new services and favours.

Therefore, made of gallop and haste, the ceremonies there never before seen, Don Quixote did not notice the time to see himself on horseback and go seeking adventures; and after saddling Rocinante, he mounted him, and embracing his squire, he said to him such strange things, thanking him for the grace of having knighted him, which is impossible to describe accurately.

The vendor, seeing him already outside the stall, responded to his questions with no less rhetorical language, though with briefer words, and without asking for the cost of the inn, let him go at a good hour.

Chapter 4: Of what happened to our knight when he left the inn

As it was at dawn when Don Quixote left the inn, so happy, so gallant, so delighted to be already armed as a knight, that joy burst out from under his horse's saddle.



Having in his memory the advice of his master concerning the precautions so necessary that he must carry with him, especially regarding money and shirts, he determined to return to his home and settle down completely, and of a squire, taking it as a matter of receiving a neighboring peasant farmer who was poor and had children, but very suitable for the squire's work in the service of chivalry.

Guided by this thought, Rocinante headed towards his village, which, almost knowing the pull of home, began to walk with such eagerness that it seemed as if he were not putting his feet on the ground.

I hadn't traveled much, when it seemed to me that, at his right hand, from the thickness of a forest that was there, came some delicate voices, like those of someone complaining; and as soon as he had heard them, he said: "Thanks to heaven for the grace that makes me, for it so quickly gives me occasions where I can fulfill what I owe to my profession, and where I can reap the fruit of my good wishes: these voices are certainly those of someone in need, who needs my favor and help; and returning the reins towards Rocinante as it seemed to him that the voices came from; and a few steps he entered the forest, he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a naked boy halfway up his body tied to another, about fifteen years old, who was giving the voices and not without cause, because he was giving a farmer of good stature many lashes with a switch, and each lash was accompanied by a reprimand and advice, saying: "The tongue remains and the eyes are ready."

And the boy replied: I won't do it again, my Lord; by the Passion of God, I won't do it again, and I promise from now on to be more careful with the flock.

And seeing Don Quixote what was happening, with an angry voice he said: "Hold, sir knight, it ill behooves you to attack those whom you cannot defend; get upon your horse and take your lance, (for he also had a lance fixed to the rein of the mare, where she was hired) and I shall make you know what cowardice you are doing."

The hound, who saw that figure upon him full of weapons, brandishing his lance over his face, believed him dead, and with good words replied: "Sir knight, this young man I am punishing is my servant, who serves me in guarding a flock of sheep I have in these surroundings; and because he punishes my carelessness or extortion, he says I make him miserable, for not paying him the debt I owe him, and in God and my soul, he lies.

"Do you lie to me, vile villain?" said Don Quixote.

Because the sun that illuminates us, I intend to pass you this spear, part by part: pay him later without more; if not, by the God who governs us, let him conclude and annihilate you at this point: then release you.

The dog lowered his head, and without answering with a word, he released his retainer, whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him.

He said that nine months, at seven reales each month.

Don Quixote counted the money, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reales, and told the peasant that he would pay for it at once if he didn't want to die for it.

The cowardly villain replied, that, considering the situation he was in and the oath he hadn't yet sworn (and hadn't been many, as three pairs of shoes he'd been given and two blood sacrifices made while he was ill had to be taken into account).

"Well, all that's that," Don Quixote retorted; but let the boots and the blood from the whips remain, which you have given him without fault, and if he broke the leather of the boots you paid for, you have broken the one of his body, and if the barber drew blood from him while he was sick, you have drawn it from him in health; so, on this point you owe him nothing."

The damage is, sir, that I don't have money here; come with Andrés to my house, and I will pay you one real for another.

"Should I go with him," the boy said, "more?" What a disaster! No, sir, not for all the gold in the world, because he would cut me to ribbons like Saint Bartholomew."

"No, not at all," replied Don

Quijote; it's enough that I send him for that he should have my respect, and with him swearing it by the code of chivalry he has received, I will let him go free and ensure the payment.

Your Lordships, hear what the boy says, that this my lord is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood, that he is John Haldudo the rich, resident of Quintanar.

"It matters little," replied Don Quixote, "that Haldudos may have knights, much more that each one is the son of their deeds."

"That is true, said Andrés; but this my lord, of what deeds is he the son, since he denies my wage and my sweat and labor? I deny, brother Andrés, replied the farmer, and make my pleasure to come with you, that I swear, by all the orders of knighthood there are in the world, to pay you, as I have said, one real for another, and even cigars."

I find amusement in your incense burners," said Don Quixote, "give them to me in reals, for with these I am content; and see that you fulfill them as you swore; if not, by the very oath I swear to return and punish you, and that I find you even if you hide yourself more than a lizard.

And if you want to know who sends this to you, so you are obliged to fulfill it, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, the troublemaker of grievances and nonsense; and to God you are bound, and do not let what is promised and sworn break you, under the penalty of the sentence pronounced.

And saying this, he spurred his Rocinante, and in a short space of time, he withdrew from them.

The Labrador followed with his eyes, and when he saw that he had crossed the forest and no longer seemed, he returned to his servant Andrés and told him: Come here, my son, I want to pay you back what you owe me, like that man who untangled grievances left me to send for.

"I swear it, said Andrés, and it seems your grace is correct in fulfilling the command of that good knight, that he may live a thousand years, according to which he is valiant and a good judge, lives Roque, and if he doesn't pay me, I'll return and carry out what I said."

I swear it too, said the labrador; but because I love you so much, I want to increase the debt to increase the payment.

And doing so with his arm, he turned to tie him to the oak, where he gave him so many lashes that I left him for dead.

Call me, Mr. Andrés," the peasant said to the mischief-maker, "you'll see how I won't ruin this one, although I don't think it's quite finished yet, because I get a craving for slaughtering live animals, as you feared.

Laughing.

And in this way, the valiant Don Quixote dispelled the offense, who, delighted by what had happened, seemed to have given a most felicitous and noble beginning to his chivalries, going with great satisfaction to himself towards his village, saying in a low voice: "You may well call yourselves blessed, those who live today on earth, oh, especially the beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso, for you had the good fortune to have under your control and submitting to all your will and manner of thinking, such a valiant and renowned knight as he is and will be, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, as the whole world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and today has remedied the greatest blunder and offense that foolishness and cruelty had formed; he has taken the whip from the hand of that merciless enemy who had beaten up that delicate infant without cause.

Here, he came to a road that divided into four, and then the crossroads where knights-errant began to think which of those roads they would take came to his imagination; and to imitate them, he stayed a while, and after having considered them very well, he let go of Rocinante's reins, leaving the roan's will his own, which followed his first attempt, which was to go along the road to his chivalry, and having walked about two miles, Don Quijote discovered a great throng of people who, as was later learned, were some merchants from Toledo, who were going to buy in Murcia.

There were six of them, and they came with their retainers, along with another four riders on horseback and three muleteers on foot.

As soon as I had parted with Don Quixote, he immediately imagined himself ready for a new adventure, and to imitate him in everything that seemed possible to him, the steps he had read in his books seemed to come to life there; and so, with confident demeanor and enthusiasm, he firmly mounted his stirrups, gripped his lance, brought his shield to his chest, and, having reached the middle of the road, he waited for those knight-errant to arrive (whom he already considered such); and when they reached a stretch that they could see and hear, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with arrogant disdain he said: let the whole world be as it may, if the whole world does not confess that there is no more beautiful lady in the world than the Empress of La Mancha, the unparalleled Dulcinea of Toboso.

The merchants, hearing these reasons, and seeing the strange figure who spoke them, and by that figure and by the fact that they soon saw the madness of their owner, but wanting to see slowly what confession was being asked of them; and one of them, who was a bit of a jester and very discreet, said to him: "Sir, we don't know who that good lady is that you speak of; show us her, if she is of such beauty as you claim, and we will freely and without pressure confess the truth that is asked of us on your behalf."

"If I were to show it to you," Don Quixote retorted, "what would you do confessing such a notorious truth? The importance lies in the fact that without seeing it, you would believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it; where you don't, with me you are in battle, colossal and arrogant people: now one after another you come, as the order of chivalry demands, instead of all together, as is the custom and bad manners of your band; here I wait and expect, confident in the reason I have offered you."

My lord, replied the merchant, I beg you in the name of all these princes who are here, that, so we may not burden our consciences, confessing a thing never seen or heard by us, and moreover, considering it is to the detriment of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Extremadura, that your lordship be shown some portrait of that lady, even if it is the size of a grain of wheat, from which the skein could be drawn, and with this we shall be satisfied and reassured, and your lordship will be content and paid; and I even believe that we are already so on her part, that even if her portrait shows her to be blind in one eye, and that from the other comes pitch and sulfur stone, with all that, to please your lordship, we shall say in her favor whatever he wishes.

"You're mistaken, you infamous scoundrel," Don Quixote retorted, consumed with rage, "I say, what you say is not amber and cotton wool, but rather a fault and a bruise, but you are more right than a Guadarrama axle; but you will pay for the great blasphemy you have uttered against such beauty, namely, against my lady."

And saying this, he charged with the lowered lance against him, with so much fury and anger, that if good fortune hadn't caused Rocinante to stumble halfway there, the bold merchant would have suffered greatly.

The Cayo Rocinante rolled on, and its master, a good piece of ground, across the field, and never could rise; such heaviness caused by the lance, spurs, and saddle, with the weight of the ancient arms.

And meanwhile, while struggling to rise and unable to, he was saying: "Don't run away, cowardly people, captive people, pay attention, not by my fault, but by my horse, I am here lying down."

A mule driver of the kind who came from there, who shouldn't have been very well-intentioned, hearing the poor fellow utter so many arrogant boasts, couldn't bear it without receiving the answer in his ribs.

And approaching him, he took the lance, and after having broken it into pieces, with one of them he began to beat our Don Quixote so many blows, that despite his arms and to his dismay and regret, he shattered him like a giant.

Tell his masters to not make him suffer so, and to let him have some; but the boy was already stung, and he refused to end the game by sending out the rest of his anger; and going after the other pieces of the spear, he finished destroying them over the miserable fellow, who, with all that storm of blows that was falling upon him, wouldn't shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth and the ruffians, as he found them to be.

The youth fell, and the merchants continued on their way, carrying with them the misfortune of the poor, beaten man, who, once alone, tried to see if he could rise; but if he could not do it when he was healthy and well, how would he do it when crushed and nearly destroyed? And he still considered himself fortunate, believing that it was a proper misfortune of knights errant, and he attributed it all to the lack of his horse; and it was impossible to rise, as he felt his whole body crushed.

Chapter 5: Where the narration of our knight's misfortune continues.

Seeing, then, that he could not move, I decided to resort to his usual remedy, which was to think about some passage from his books, and I brought his anger to mind that of Baldovinos and of the Marquis of Mantua, when Charles left him wounded in the mountains.

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Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate.

A well-known story of children, not ignored by youths, celebrated and even believed to be of old, and with all this no more true than the miracles of Muhammad.

It seemed to him that he was molded for the circumstance in which he found himself, and so, with much feeling, he began to sink into the earth, and to say with a weakened breath the same as the wounded knight of the forest said.

Where are you, my love, that my pain doesn't bother you?

Or you don't know, ma'am.

You are false and disloyal.

And in this way the romance proceeded until those verses that say:

Oh noble marquês of Mantua, my uncle and lord consort.

It happened that fortune brought a farmer from his own place and a neighbor of his, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing that man there lying, went to him and asked him who he was and what evil he was so sadly complaining about.

Don Quixote certainly believed that man was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so he did nothing else but continue in his romance, where he recounted his misfortunes and the Emperor's son's love for his wife, all in the same way that the romance sings it.

The dog was astonished while listening to those absurdities, and removing his visor, which was already shattered from the sticks, he cleaned his face which was covered in dust; and as soon as he had cleaned it, he recognized him and said to him: "Sir Quijada" (that was his name when he had reason, and he had gone from a quiet gentleman to a knight-errant); "who has placed you here in such a state?" But he continued with his romance, answering anyone who asked him.

Seeing this, the good man, the best he could do was to take off his jacket and shoulder pads, to see if he had any wounds; but he didn't see any blood or sign of it.

I tried to lift him from the ground, and it didn't take much effort to get him up on his donkey, in order to make it seem like more sedate cavalry.

I gathered the arms to splinters, and scattered them over Rocinante, whom I took by the reins, and from the corporal to the donkey, and set off towards his village, deeply thoughtful of hearing the foolish talk that Don Quixote was saying; and no less was Don Quixote, who, utterly flattened and broken, could not be kept upon the little horse, and from time to time he gave a sigh that sent them up to the heavens, so that once again it compelled the peasant to ask him what pain he felt; and it seems that the devil was bringing to his memory the stories adapted to his events, because at that point, forgetting Baldovinos, he recalled the Moor Abindarraez when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez, took him captive to his castle.

Luckily, when the squire asked him again how he was and how he felt, he answered with the same words and reasons that the captive Abencerraje answered Rodrigo de Narváez, just as he had read the story in the Diana of Jorge de Montemayor, where it is written; taking advantage of it so deliberately that the squire was getting increasingly caught up in the absurdity of so much foolishness; by which he learned that his neighbor was mad, and he hastened to reach the town, to excuse the anger that Don Quixote caused him with his long speech.

After which he said, "Your Majesties, Lord Don Rodrigo de Narváez, that beautiful Jarifa I have spoken of is now the lovely Dulcinea of Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that have ever been seen, seen, or will be seen." in the world.

The peasant replied: "Your grace, my lord, sinner that I am! I am not Don Rodrigo de Narváez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor; nor your grace are Baldovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the honorable gentleman of Señor Quijada; I know who I am," replied Don Quixote, "and I know that I can be, not only those that I have said, but all the twelve Peers of France, and even all nine of the fame, for all the pranks that they all together and each one by himself did, would benefit mine."

In these conversations and others like them, they arrived at the place at nightfall; but the farmer waited until it was somewhat darker, because they didn't see the noble miller so badly behaved.

Thus arrived the hour that seemed to her, she entered the town and to the house of Don Quixote, which she found all in a commotion, and in it were the priest and barber of the place, who were great friends of Don Quixote, who was telling them his lady at full voice: "What do you think, learned sir, of the

misfortune of my lord?" Six days it has been since he does not seem to him, nor the rocín, nor the adarga, nor the lance, nor the weapons.

What a fool I am! I understand, and that's the truth, born to die, all this cursed stuff about chivalry he has, and reads so commonplace.

The trial has resumed; and now I remember him saying many times to himself that he wanted to become a caballero andante and go in search of adventures in those worlds.

Let these books be entrusted to Satan and Barabas, which have corrupted the most delicate understanding throughout all of Castile.

The niece said the same, and still said more: "Know, Master Nicholas, that this was the name of the barber, that many times it happened to my uncle to be reading in these miserable books of adventures for two days with his nights; and after which he would throw the book from his hands, and take up his sword, and fight with daggers against the walls; and when he was very tired, he would say that he had died fighting four giants as if they were four towers, and the sweat he sweated from the exhaustion said that it was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; and he would then drink a jug of cold water, and he would be healthy and calm, saying that that water was a most precious drink that had come to him from the wise Esquife, a great charmer and friend of his."

But I am to blame for everything, that I didn't warn your Highnesses about my uncle's folly, so that they could remedy it before it came to pass, and burn all these confounded books (which he has many of), which rightly deserve to be consumed as if they were those of heretics.

I say that too, said the priest, and be sure that they don't pass the next day without it being made public about them, and they will be condemned to fire, because they give occasion for whoever reads about what my good friend must have done.

The farmer and Don Quixote were hearing all this, and just now the farmer understood his neighbor's illness, and so he began to shout: "I beg your mercies, to Don Baldovinos and Don Marquis de Mantua, he is badly wounded, and to Moor Abindarraez, who brings captive the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera."

All of them came out to those voices, and since they recognized each other as friend to their master and uncle, who still hadn't dismounted from the donkey, because he couldn't, they ran to embrace him. He said: "Everyone, come, I've been badly wounded by my horse's fault; take me to my bed, and if it's possible, call Urganda the wise, who will heal and care for my wounds."

"See, in a bad hour," said the slave at this point, "if my lord told me well about my aching foot."

Your Lordship, please come up quickly, for without Urganda we shall not be able to cure him here.

Damned fools, I say, let them be done again and another hundred such books of chivalry what your grace have done.

They then took him to bed, and examining the wounds, they found none; and he said it was all a mere delusion, due to having taken a great fall with Rocinante, his horse, while fighting with ten jays, the most outrageous and daring that could be found throughout much of the land.

"Ta, ta, said the priest; are there Japanese in the dance? For my holy one, I will burn them tomorrow before nightfall."

They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he refused to answer anything except that he let him eat and let him sleep, that's what mattered most to him.

It happened like that, and the priest learned about Don Quixote through the farmer, in the same way he had found him.

He told him everything about the absurd things he had said upon finding him and bringing him over, in order to put more desire into the licenciado to do what the other day he did, which was to take his friend Master Barber Nicola with him, to Don Quijote's house.

Chapter 6: Of the Punctual and Great Examination Which the Priest and the Barber Made of Our Ingenious Gentleman's Library

Which still slept.

He handed the keys to the niece of the room where the authors' books were, and she gave them to him with a good heart.

They all entered, and the maid with them, and they found more than a hundred bodies of large, very well-bound books, and others small; and as the maid saw them, she returned from the room with great

haste, and then returned with a dish of holy water and a cotton bud, and said, "Take your grace, learned sir; spray this room, and not be here any sorcerers of the many who have these books, and let us cause them pain by casting them out of the world."

It amused the magistrate with the simplicity of the maid, and he ordered the barber to give him those books one by one, to see what they were about, as it might be found that some did not deserve to be burned.

No, said the niece, there's no reason to forgive anyone, because everyone has been the troublemakers, it would be better to throw them out the windows into the courtyard, and burn some of them, and if not, take them to the pen, and there they'll make the bonfire, and the smoke won't offend. The old woman said the same: that was the story they both had of the death of those innocent people; however, the priest did not engage in it without first reading the titles.

And the first that Master Nicolás gave him in his hands was the four by Amadís of Gaula, and the priest said: this seems a matter of mystery, because, according to what I have heard, this was the first of chivalric books that was printed in Spain, and all the others have taken their beginning and origin from this; and so I think, as a dogmatizer of such a bad sect, we owe him without excuse to condemn to fire. No, sir, the barber said, I have also heard that it is the best of all books of this genre, and thus, as a unique work in his art, he deserves forgiveness.

That is true, the priest said, and for that reason he is given life for now.

Let's look at that one over there next to him.

"It is," said the barber, "the adventures of Esplandián, the legitimate son of Amadís of Gaul."

"It is true," said the priest, "that the son will not be worth the father's kindness; take, madam, open that window and throw him to the pen, and begin the mutton for the fire that must be made."

That's how the love one did it, with much contentment, and the good of Esplandián flew to the corral, waiting with all patience for the fire that threatened him.

Go ahead, said the priest.

"The next one," the barber said, "is Amadis of Greece, and even all of these on this side, as far as I can tell, are of the same lineage of Amadis."

"Go, all of you, to the pen," the priest said, referring to the burning of Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel, and his epigrams, and the devilish and rebellious reasons of its author, who would burn with them the father who begat me, if he were in the guise of a wandering knight."

"From that opinion, I'm of that mind," the barber said.

And me, too, added the niece.

That's right, said the master, come, and with them to the pen.

He showed them to her, that there were many of them, and she saved the ladder, and gave them to them through the window below.

"Who is that barrel?" the priest said.

This is, replied the barber, Don Olicante of Laura.

The author of that book, said the priest, was the same who composed Jardín de Flores, and in truth, I cannot determine which of the two books is more true, or, better to say, less lying; I can only say that he will go to the corral for being outlandish and arrogant.

"This is Florismarte of Hircania," the barber said.

"Is Mr. Florismarte here?" the priest replied.

Well, as for what must soon stop in the yard despite his strange birth and dreamed adventures, which does not lead to anything other than the hardness and dryness of his style; that yard with him, and with that other one, my dear lady.

"That's what you say, my lord," she replied.

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Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text to complete your request.

and with much joy he carried out what was ordered.

This is Platir the knight, the barber said.

That's the old book, said the priest, and I find nothing in it worthy of attention; accompany the others without comment.

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Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

And that's how it was done.

Another book opened, and they saw that it had "The Knight of the Cross" as its title.

Given such a holy name as this book has, one could forgive his ignorance; but one also commonly says behind the cross stands the devil: go to the fire.

Taking the barber another book, he said, "This is Espejo de Caballeries."

"I already know your lordship," said the priest: "there he is, Mr. Reinaldos del Montalban with his friends and companions, more thieves than..."

Caco, and the Twelve Peers with the true historian Turpin; and truly, I am determined to condemn them no more than to perpetual exile, even because they have part in the invention of the famous Mato Boyardo, from where the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto also wove his tapestry; and if here I find him, since he speaks in a language other than his own, I will show him no respect; but if he speaks in his language, I will place him upon my head.

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

Even if it were not well that you understood him, the priest replied; and here we forgive the captain, that he had not brought him to Spain, and made him a Castilian; for he had taken much from his natural value, and the same would happen to all those who should wish to return them in another language, however much care and skill they might show, they would never reach the point that they have in their first birth.

I say, in fact, that this book and all those that are found which treat of these matters of France, should be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until it is seen with more agreement what should be done with them, except for a Bernardo del Carpio, who is about there, and another called Roncesvalles, that these, upon reaching my hands, shall be of the soul, and of them in the fire, without remission whatsoever.

The barber confirmed it, and he considered it a very good and well-judged thing, believing that it was the priest so good a Christian and so friend of the truth that he would not say anything else for all the world.

And opening another book, he saw it was Palmerín de Oliva, and beside it was another that was called Palmerín de Inglaterra, which, as the licenciado saw, that olive should be made into pickles and burned, for not even its ashes should remain, and that palm of England should be kept and preserved as a unique thing, and for it should be made another box like the one Alexander found in the spoils of Darius, in which he kept the works of the poet Homer.

This book, sir cousin, has authority for two things: the one because he is very good in himself, and the other, because it is a fame composed by a discreet king of Portugal.

All the adventures of Miraguarda Castle are exquisitely delightful and of great artifice, with courtly and clear reasons that they keep and observe, respecting the decorum of the speaker, with much propriety and understanding.

Therefore, I save your good opinion, Master Nicolás, that this and Amadís of Gaula be spared from the fire, and all the rest, without making more fuss and bother, perish.

No, sir, I replied the Barber, this is the renowned Don Belianís.

"Well," the priest replied, "with the second, third, and fourth parts, they need a bit of rhubarb to purge your excessive anger, and it is necessary to take away from them all that belongs to the castle of fame, and other more important impertinences, for which they are given definitive terms overseas, and as they amend themselves, so shall they be used with them of mercy or of justice; and while you have them in your house, companion, do not let anyone read it."

"Let me," replied the barber, and without wanting to tire himself out reading books of chivalry, he ordered the maid to take all the large ones and place them in the courtyard."

He didn't say it to a fool nor to a deaf person, without someone who had more desire to burn them than to throw out a fabric as large and thin as it was; and making almost eight at once, he threw them out the window.

He dropped one while they were taking many together, which the barber took a chance to see from whom it was, and he saw that it said: History of the famous knight Tirante the White.

"May God bless you," the priest said with a great voice; "let Tirante Blanco be here! Give him here, friend, because I see in him a treasure of contentment and a mine of amusements."

Here is Don Kirieleison de Montalvan, valiant knight, and his brother Tomás de Montalvan and the knight Fonseca, with the battle that the brave Tirante made with Alano, and the wit of the maiden Placerdemivida, with the loves and deceptions of the widow Reposada, and the empress lady in love with Hipólito her squire.

Indeed, sir friend, it is, by his style, the best book in the world; here do the knights eat, and sleep and die in their beds, and make their wills before their death, with other things of which all other books of this genre lack.

With all that, I tell you that he deserved the one who composed him, because he didn't make so many industrial follies, that they threw him overboard for all the days of his life.

Take him home with you and see, and you'll see that everything I told you about him is true.

That's how it will be.

The barber responded; but what shall we do with these small books that remain? "These," said the priest, "must not be of chivalry, but of poetry; and opening one, he saw that it was Diana, by Jorge de Montemayor, and said (believing that all the others were of the same genre:) these do not deserve to be burned as the others, because they do not cause or will cause the harm that chivalric books have done, which are books of entertainment, without prejudice to a third."

Oh, dear!, said the niece.

You may, however, command them to be burned like the others, because having cured my lord uncle of the knightly illness, reading these it seemed to him desirable to become a shepherd, and to wander through the forests and meadows singing and dancing, and what would be worst, to become a poet, for, as they say, it is an incurable and contagious disease.

The maiden says this, the priest said, and it shall be so, to remove from our friend this stumble and this occasion before.

And so we begin with the Diana of Montemayor, it seems that it will not burn, but that everything about the wise Felicia and the enchanted water is removed, and almost all the greater verses are taken away, and it remains in a good hour with prose and the honor of being first in such books.

Here is the English translation:

The following, said the barber, is the Diana called Second of Salamanca; and this other one, which has the same name, by Gil Polo.

"As for the Salmantino," the priest replied, "supplement and increase the number of those condemned to the corral, and the one belonging to Gil Polo should be kept as if it were Apollo's own; and hurry on, my friend, and let's make haste, for it's getting late."

This book is, said the barber opening another, the ten books of Fortune of Love, compiled by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet.

"According to the orders I have received," the priest said, "ever since Apollo was Apollo, and the muses muses, and the poets poets, such a graceful and so absurd a book has not been composed, and by its path it is the best and the most unique of all those that have appeared to the light of the world; and he who has not read it can imagine that he has never read anything of pleasure."

Give it to me here, buddy, what's the highest offer you've found, even if you gave me a robe from Florence.

I entrust them to you with great pleasure, and the Barber continued saying: These that follow are the Shepherd of Iberia, Nymphs of Henares, and Disappointment of Zelos.

"There's nothing more to be done," the priest said, "but to hand them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper, and don't ask me why, there's no end to it."

This is Filida's Shepherd.



"That's not the shepherd," the priest said, "but a very discreet courtier; guard yourself like a precious jewel."

This great one who is coming over is called, the barber said, Treasury of Various Poems.

"Since there weren't so many like them," the priest said, "they should be more esteemed; it is necessary that this book be scraped and cleaned of some petty vanities that it possesses among its grandities; look at it, because its author is my friend, and out of respect for other more heroic and elevated works that he has written."

Then followed the barber, the Songbook of López Maldonado.

"And also the author of that book," the priest replied, "is a great friend of mine, and his verses in his mouth admire whoever hears them, and such is the softness of the voice with which he sings them, that it charms; it's a bit long in the odes, but never was he good much, watch yourself with the chosen ones."

But what book is that one that's next to him? "The Galatea by Miguel de Cervantes," said the barber. Many years ago he was my great friend, that Cervantes, and I know he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses.

His book has some good invention; it proposes something but doesn't conclude anything.

It is necessary to await the second part which promises; perhaps with the amendment it will fully attain the mercy that is now denied to it; and meanwhile, keep him confined in your inn, kind sir.

"Let me place them," replied the barber; and here are three, all together: the Araucana by Don Alonso de Ercilla; the Austriada by Don Juan Rufo, judge of Córdoba; and the Montserrat by Cristóbal de Virues, Valencian poet.

"All three of these books," the priest said, "are the best that have been written in heroic verse, in the Castilian language, and they can compete with the most famous ones from Italy; guard them as the richest treasures of poetry that Spain possesses."

The priest saw more books, and, with a heavy heart, wanted all the others to be burned; but one had already been opened, a barber's book called "The Tears of Angelica."

I cried them, the priest said upon hearing the name, if such a book.

I would have ordered it burned, because its author was one of the famous poets of the world, not just of Spain, and he was very happy with the translation of some fables of Ovidius.

Chapter 7: Of the Second Departure of Our Good Knight, Don...

Don Quixote of La Mancha

While in this, Don Quixote began to shout, "Here, here, valiant knights, here is where you must show the strength of your valiant arms, for the courtiers bring the best of the tournament."

By attending to this noise and commotion, they didn't proceed with the scrutiny of the remaining books, and thus they were burned unseen and unheard, Carolea and León de España, with the Deeds of the Emperor, composed by Don Luis de Avila, who undoubtedly should have been among those remaining, and perhaps, if the priest saw them, they wouldn't have suffered such a rigorous sentence.

When they arrived at Don Quixote, he was already out of bed, continuing in his voices and his follies, giving slashes and reverses everywhere, as alert as if he had never slept.

They embraced him, and by force they turned him back to the bed; and after he had calmed himself a little, turning to speak with the priest, he said: of course, Archbishop Turpin, it is a great pity of those who call ourselves the Twelve Peers to leave so much to nothing the victory of this tournament to the courtly knights, having we adventurers won the prize, in the three preceding days.

"Good Sir, the priest said, that God will be served that fortune should shift, and that what is lost today should be won tomorrow; and you, sir, pay attention to his health for now, as I think he must be excessively tired, if not already seriously wounded."

"Not wounded, said Don Quixote; but crushed and broken there is no doubt of it, because that stroke of Don Rohan has crushed me like a beech tree trunk, and all out of envy, because he sees that I am only the opposite of his valor; but I would not call myself Reinaldos of Montalban, if I did not pay for it when rising from this bed, despite all his enchantments; and in the meantime bring me some victuals, that I know is what will do me the most good, and let the matter of my revenge rest with itself."

They did it that way, told him to eat, and he fell asleep again, and they were amazed by his madness.

That night I burned and consumed all the books that were in the courtyard and throughout the house, and such should have burned, as they deserved to be kept in perpetual archives; however, his fate and the indolence of the examiner prevented it, and thus the saying was fulfilled in them, that they sometimes pay just men for sinners.

One of the remedies the priest and the barber offered at the time for their friend's illness was that he should die and have the room of books sealed up, because when he awoke he would not find them (perhaps removing the cause Caesar would remove the effect), and that they said a sorcerer had taken them away, and the room and everything.

And it was done with great speed.

Two days later, Don Quixote rose, and the first thing he did was go to see his books; and since he couldn't find the room where he had left him, he wandered from one place to another searching for it. He arrived where he was wont to have the door, and he tried it with his hands, and turned and turned his eyes without saying a word; but after a good space of time, he asked his maidservant what part of the room the chamber of his books occupied.

The housekeeper, who had already been warned of what she was to say, said: "What room do you seek, or what do you seek, my lords?" There are no rooms or books left in this house, for the devil himself has taken everything.

"It wasn't the devil," she retorted, "but a charming man who came upon a cloud the night after the day your grace was lost, and clinging to a serpent on which he came as a knight, he entered the room; and I don't know what he did within, for in a short while he flew out over the roof, and left the house filled with smoke; and when we agreed to look at what he had done, we saw no books nor room, but it very well remembers to me and the maid that at the time of the loss of that bad old man, he said in loud voices that because of a secret enmity he had with the owner of those books and room, he was doing harm in that house that would later be seen; he also said it was called Munaton the wise."

Fritón diría, dijo Don Quijote.

I don't know, the cook replied, whether it was Fiston or Frito■n; I only know that it ended with that sound in his name.

"That's right," said Don Quixote, "that is a wise and charming sorcerer, my great enemy, who makes me take a fancy to him because he knows, by his arts and letters, that I am coming, as the times go, to fight a single battle with a knight whom he favors, and whom I am destined to defeat without him."

if he can obstruct it, and for this he tries to cause me all the misfortunes he can; and I tell him, what evil can he contradict or avoid what is ordained by heaven.

Who doubts that? she said.

But who, my lord, gets you involved in these troubles? Wouldn't it be better to remain peaceful in your home, and not go out into the world to seek bread of deception, without considering that many go after a woolly advantage and return ruffled? Oh, my dear niece, replied Don Quixote, and how badly you are calculating! Before they ruffle me, I will have the beards shaved and the hair pulled from the heads of those who imagine touching me with the tip of a single hair.

They didn't want to repeat it to him more, because they saw that it was making him angry.

Therefore, it was the case that he spent fifteen days at home, very tranquil, without showing any desire to follow his first fantasies, during which days he listened with a most charming and amusing account to his two uncles, the priest and the barber, about which he said that the most the world needed was of knights errant, and that in him the knight errantry would be resurrected.

The priest sometimes contradicted him and sometimes conceded, because if he didn't maintain this trick, it would not be possible to find out about him.

At this time, I asked Don Quixote to solicit the help of a neighboring farmer, a good man (if such a title can be given to the poor), but one with very little salt in his bones.

In the resolution, he told him, he persuaded him, and he promised him, that the poor villain determined to go out with him and serve him as a squire.

Tell him, among other things, Don Quixote, that he should agree to go with him willingly, because perhaps he might find adventure in which he would win that straw-laden windmill, some island, and leave him as its governor.

With these promises and others like them, Sancho Panza (that was the name of the peasant) left his wife and children, and became a servant to his neighbor.

Then Don Quixote ordered himself to seek money; and selling one thing, and pledging another, and ruining them all, he gathered a reasonable amount.

He also took a slice which he had borrowed from a friend, and, equipping his hidden camp as well as he could, he informed his squire, Sancho, of the day and hour he intended to set out, so that he might arrange himself according to what he needed most, especially instructing him to carry on them sacks. He said that if he were to go, and that he also thought he would bring a donkey that he had, because he wasn't accustomed to walking a lot on foot.

Regarding the donkey, Don Quixote somewhat recovered himself, imagining whether he remembered if any knight-errant had brought him an ass-knightly squire; but none came to his mind; however, with all this, he determined to take him one, with a plan to accommodate him in the most honorable knighthood, should the opportunity arise, taking the horse at the first passing knight he encountered. Supplies were provided of shirts and of the rest of the things he was able to obtain, according to the advice the innkeeper had given him.

All of which was done and accomplished, without saying goodbye. Belly to his children and woman, nor Don Quixote to his mistress and niece, one night they left their place without anyone seeing them, in which they walked so much that at dawn they were sure they would not be found, even if they were searched for.

Sancho Panza was riding on his donkey as a patriarch, with his bags and his boot, and with a great desire to already be governor of the island that his master had promised him.

Don Quixote accepted the same defeat and path that he had taken on his first journey, which was through the Field of Montiel, and he walked along it with less heaviness than the previous time, because it was the hour of tomorrow and the sunbeams did not weary them.

"Said Sancho Panza to his lord: 'See, your grace, master knight-errant, do not forget what is promised to me concerning the island, I shall know how to govern it, however large it may be.'"

To which Don Quixote replied: You must know, my friend Sancho Panza, that it was a very common custom among the ancient knights to appoint lieutenants to their escorts in the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that this grateful custom shall not be wanting for me; indeed, I intend to surpass it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most often, would wait until their escorts were old, and then, after having endured a great deal of service, and bad days and worse nights, they would bestow upon them some title of count; or at least, that of marquis of some valley or province of little more or less; but if you and I live, it might well be that before six days I should win such a kingdom.

If he had other adherents, who were molded for to crown you king of one of them.

And don't count on it too much, for such things and cases happen to such knights, by ways so never seen or thought of, that they could so easily give you more than I promise you.

"In that way," replied Sancho Panza, "if I were to be king by some miracle of those your mercy speaks of, at least Juana Gutierrez, my maidservant, would become queen and my infant children."

Well, who doubts it? replied Don Quixote.

I doubt it," Sancho Panza replied, "because as far as I'm concerned, even if God rained down kingdoms upon the earth, none would fit properly over the head of Mari Gutierrez."

Sir, know that it is not worth two maravedis for a queen; a countess would be much better, and God and help.

Entrust it to God, Sancho, Quijote replied, that he will give you what you most desire; but do not exhaust your spirit so much that you come to content yourself with less than being a knight-errant.

"I will not, my lord, reply," Sancho responded, "and besides, having such a principal lord under your grace, I shall know how to give you all that is good for me and that I can carry."

Chapter 8: Of the Good Fortune of the Valiant Don Quixote in the Terrible and Never Imagined Adventure of the Windmills, with Other Events Worthy of Happy Remembrance

In this, they discovered thirty or forty windmills in that field, and just as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire: Fortune guides our affairs better than we ever dared to wish; for there you see it, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or so mad giants are discovered with whom I intend to fight and take all their lives, from whose spoils we shall begin to grow rich; for this is a good war, and it is a great service

of God to remove such bad seed from the face of the earth.

What giants? Sancho Panza said.

"Those you see there," his master replied, with arms long, that some have from almost two leagues away."

Your grace, replied Sancho, those who are there resemble not giants, but windmills, and what appears to be arms in them are the blades, which, when turned by the wind, make the millstone turn.

"It seems well, replied Don Quixote, that you are not versed in this business of adventures; they are giants, and if you are afraid, get away from there, and put yourself in prayer in the space that I shall enter with them in fierce and unequal battle."

And saying this, he spurred his horse, Rocinante, without paying attention to the voices that his squire, Sancho, gave him, warning him that they were undoubtedly windmills, and not giants he was about to confront.

But he was so intent on them being giants that he didn't hear the voices of his squire Sancho, nor did he notice, even though he was already quite close, what they were; he continued to say in loud voices: "Do not flee, cowardly and vile creatures, for it is a single knight who attacks you."

Let a little wind rise in this, and the great blades began to move, which, as seen by Don Quixote, he said: though you move more arms than those of Briareus, you will pay me for it.

And saying this, and with all his heart addressing his lady Dulcinea, he begged her to assist him in such a state, well armored with his plate, with the lance at the ready, he charged at a gallop after Rocinante, and struck the first mill that was before him; and giving him a thrust in the wing, the wind carried him with such fury, that it shattered the lance, carrying after him both the horse and the knight, who was badly bruised and battered by the field.

Sancho hurried to assist him at all speed, and when he arrived, he found that it was impossible to move him, such was the blow he had given Rocinante.

"Spare me, God!" said Sancho; "didn't I tell you, in your own persons, to look well at what he was doing, that they were only windmills, and that one couldn't ignore them but whoever carried such in his head?" Silence, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote, for things of war are, more than other things, subject to continual change, much more than I think; and it is so true, that wise Festejo, who robbed me of the room and the books, has turned these giants into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of their defeat: such is the enmity that holds me; but in the end, their bad arts will be of little power against the will of my sword."

God do it as he can, replied Sancho Panza.

And helping him to rise, he once more mounted Rocinante, which was rather dilapidated; and speaking of the previous adventure, they followed the road to the port of La Pice, because, as Don Quijote had said, it was not possible to avoid encountering many and diverse adventures, owing to its being a very transient place; but he found it very heavy that he had been deprived of his lance, and saying this to his squire, he said: "I remember having read that a Spanish knight, named Diego Pérez de Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle, split off a heavy bough or trunk from an oak, and with it he did such things that day, and he beat down so many Moors that he was left by nickname Machuca, and thus he, and his descendants, were called from that day forward Vargas and Machuca."

I have told you this, because as soon as I encounter the first oak or beech tree, I intend to cut off a trunk just as large as that one, with which I imagine and intend to make such ingenious things, that you might consider yourself fortunate to have come to see them, and to witness things that will scarcely be believed.

"At God's hand, said Sancho, I believe everything as you command me; but straighten yourself a bit, as it seems you're leaning to one side, and it must be due to the fall."

That's right.

Truthfully, replied Don Quixote; and if I don't complain of the pain, it's because it's not customary for knights-errant to complain about any wound, even if it makes their guts churn within them.

If that is so, I don't need to repeat it, Sancho replied; but God knows if I would allow myself to complain when something hurt me.

Let me say, I complain about the smallest pain I have, if I can't even understand the silence of those who don't complain.

Don Quixote couldn't stop laughing at the simplicity of his squire; and so he declared that he could very well complain, as he pleased, without gain or with it, that until then he hadn't read anything to the contrary in the code of chivalry.

Tell Sancho to look, it's time to eat.

He told his master that he didn't need it at that time; that he would eat when he felt like it.

With this license, Sancho arranged himself as best he could upon his donkey, and taking out of the saddlebags what he had put inside, he walked and ate behind his master very slowly, and from time to time he kicked up his boot with so much pleasure that he could envy the most lavish wine merchant of Malaga.

As he went that way, habitually taking drinks, he didn't remember any promises his master had made him, nor did he consider it any work, but rather much rest, wandering in search of adventures as dangerous as they might be.

In the resolution, that night they spent it among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote cut a dry bouquet, which could almost have served as a lance, and he put the iron from the one that had broken off onto it.

That night, Don Quixote did not sleep, thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in an attempt to adapt himself to what he had read in his books, when knights passed without sleep many nights in the forests and desolate places, entertained by the memories of their ladies.

Poor Sancho Panza didn't fare so, for as he had a full stomach, and not of chicory water, he was carried away entirely by a dream, and if the rays of the sun shining on his face, or the song of the birds, welcoming the arrival of the new day with their joyful voices, were not to rouse him, at the call of his master.

As he awoke, he felt a twinge in his boot, and found it thinner than the previous night, and his heart was troubled to think that it would soon be remedied.

Don Quijote didn't have breakfast because, as he said, he sustained himself with savory memories.

They returned to their journey from the port of La■pice, and at three o'clock in the afternoon they discovered him.

Here, said Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, brother, we can, in this that they call adventures, get our hands deep into it, but he warns you that, although you may see me in the greatest dangers in the world, you must not put your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that those who offend me are mere brutes and low company, in which case you may certainly help me; but if they are knights, in no way is it permitted to you nor granted by the laws of chivalry that you assist me, until you are knighted.

Indeed, my lord, replied Sancho, your grace will be very well obeyed in this matter, and more than you know I am patient and averse from getting involved in noise and troubles. It is true that concerning defending my person, I have little hope with those laws, for divine and human laws allow each one to defend himself from whoever may trouble him.

"I am no less so," replied Don Quixote; "but in this of helping me against knights, you must curb your natural impetuosity."

"I'll do it," Sancho replied, "and I'll keep that precept as well as Sunday itself."

In light of these circumstances, two monks of the order of Saint Benedict, knights upon two dromedaries, emerged from the path, who were not at all smaller than two mules they had come in.

He took off his glasses and his sunglasses.

Behind them came a carriage with four or five on horseback, accompanying them, and two muleteers on foot.

She arrived in the car, as was later known, a Basque woman who had come to Seville, where her husband was passing to the Indies on a very honorable post.

The friars did not come with her, though they went the same road; but as soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire: either I am deceived, or this must be the most famous adventure ever seen, because those black bundles that are there, must be, and are without a doubt, some enchanters they carry.

No princess was harmed in that car, and I will use all my power to rectify this injustice.

This will be worse than the windmills, said Sancho.

Look, sir, those are Franciscans of Saint Benedict, and that carriage must belong to some passing travelers; look, I'm saying look well at what he's doing, lest the devil trick him.

"You have already been told, Sancho," Quijote replied, "that you know little of the troubles of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it now."

And saying this, he hurried on, and put himself in the middle of the road where the friars were coming from, and arriving so close that it seemed to him that they could hear what he said, in a loud voice he said: damned and enormous people, then leave at once the high princesses that you carry in that carriage, forced, if not, join them to receive a deserved death as just punishment for your bad deeds. The monks took the reins, and they were astonished, just as much by the figure of Don Quixote as by his reasons; to which they replied: "Sir knight, we are not demons nor madmen, but two religious men of Saint Benedict, who are going on our way, and we do not know whether any forced princesses come or do not come in this carriage."

"With me there are no soft words, you already know me, you wretched boy," said Don Quixote.

And without waiting for more response, he spurred Rocinante, and the lance descended with so much fury and violence that if the friar did not let himself fall from the donkey, he would bring him to the ground beyond his ability, and even badly wounded if he did not fall dead.

The second religious man, seeing the way his companion was treated, took flight from the castle of his good mule, and began to run across that field lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the friar leaning slightly from his donkey, charged at him and began to strip him of his habits.

Two boys from the friars arrived and asked him why he was undressing him.

He told them Sancho that it rightly belonged to him, as spoils of battle that his lord, Don Quixote, had won.

The servants, who were ignorant of mockery, nor understood the talk of spoils and battles, seeing that Don Quixote was already far from there, talking with those who had come in the carriage, they attacked Sancho, and threw him to the ground; and without leaving him hair on his beard, they beat him mercilessly and left him lying on the ground without breath or sense; and without pausing a bit, he turned to rise again the friar, all fearful and cowed and pale on his face, and when he saw him on horseback he pursued his companion, who was waiting for him a good distance off, and waiting to see where that sudden start stopped; and without wanting to wait for the end of that whole begun event, they followed his path, becoming even more reckless as if the devil were walking by their side.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, talking with the lady of the coach, telling her: "Your beauty, my lady, is such that you may make of your person whatever came most into your mind, because the arrogance of your thieves lies upon the ground overthrown by this my strong arm; and do not think to know the name of your liberator, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive of the unparalleled and beautiful Lady Dulcinea of Toboso; and in payment for the benefit you have received from me, I only desire that you return to Toboso, and that before this lady you tell me what I have done for your freedom."

The squire, who accompanied the coach, a Basque man, heard all that Don Quixote was saying.

Seeing that he would not allow the coach to pass ahead, but insisted on turning back to Toboso, he went to Don Quixote and, with a bad Basque-Spanish tongue, and even worse Spanish, said to him in this manner: "Come now, sir, you are going badly; by the God who begot me, if you do not let the coach pass, you will die as you are, vizcaino."

He understood Don Quixote very well, and with great composure he replied to him: if you were a knight, as you are not, I would have already punished your insolence and audacity, captive creature.

To which the Basque replied: "Me, a knight?" I swear to God as much as any Christian; if you throw stones and draw your sword, you'll see how quickly the cat gets you; Basque on land, gentleman at sea, gentleman by the devil; and lie, look and say another thing.

"Now you'll see it," said Agraves; "and Don Quixote, replying, threw his lance upon the ground, drew his sword, and embraced the Basque with the determination to take his life."

The Basque, seeing him come that way, though he wished to distance himself from the cart, which, being of the cheapest kind, could not be trusted, had nothing left to do but draw his sword; but he quickly realized that he had found himself beside the carriage, from where he could take a pillow that

served him as a shield, and then they went at each other like two mortal enemies.

Everyone else would have wanted to make peace with them; but they couldn't, because the Basque man kept saying that if they didn't let him finish his battle, he himself would kill his wife and all those who were bothering him.

The lady in the carriage, admiring and fearful of what she saw, ordered the coachman to turn away from there a little, and from afar she began to watch the rigorous dispute, in which the viceroy delivered a mighty blow to Don Quixote on the shoulder above the splint, giving him open until the waist, defenseless.

Don Quixote, who felt the weight of that maddening blow, let out a mighty shout, saying: "Oh, lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this your knight, who, in order to satisfy your great kindness, is trapped in this rigorous state! Saying this, and gripping his sword, and covering himself with his shield, and attacking the viceroy, it was all done in a moment, with the determination to risk everything in a single blow."

The vizcaino, who saw him coming against him in that way, well understood his courage through his audacity, and determined to do the same as Don Quixote; and so he awaited him, well covered with his pillow, unable to circle the donkey on either side, who, tired simply from the exertion and not put to such ridiculous tricks, couldn't take a step.

Therefore, as has been said, Don Quixote against the cautious Basque with the sword raised, determined to open him that way, and the Basque awaited him likewise, with the sword raised and padded with his pillow, and all the bystanders were fearful and hanging on what was about to happen of those mighty blows with which they threatened, and the lady of the coach and her other maids were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, because God might deliver their squire and them from that great danger in which they were.

But the damage of all this, with this point and term, the author of this story leaves this battle, apologizing that he finds no more written about Don Quixote's pranks, as he leaves them referred.

It is true that the second author of this work did not want to believe that such a curious story was entrusted to the laws of oblivion, nor that the minds of La Mancha had been so little curious as not to have in their archives or on their desks some papers that dealt with this famous knight; and so, with this idea, he did not despair of finding the end of this peaceful story, which, with the heavens being favorable to him, found it in the way it was to be told in the following chapter.

Chapter 9: Where it concludes and brings an end to the splendid battle that the valiant Biscayan and the brave Manchegan had

We left in the previous chapter the valiant Basque and the famous Don Quixote with his high and naked swords, in the guise of discharging two furious fencers, such that if in full they hit, at the very least they would split and fall apart from top to bottom, and open like a pomegranate, and that in that so doubtful pause and that ended, that savory story was overthrown, without giving us any news from its author as to where one could find what was lacking from it.

This causes me much gloom, because the pleasure of having read so little turned into disgust when considering the wrong path offered to find out how much, as it seemed to me, was lacking from such a savory story.

It seemed an impossible and unseemly thing, and a bad habit for such a good knight to have lacked – someone wise to take charge of writing his unprecedented exploits. This was lacking in none of the wandering knights, as the people say those who go on their adventures; for each of them had one or two wise men molded in that way, who not only wrote down their deeds but also painted their most hidden thoughts and childhoods, however concealed they might be; and it would be a most unfortunate thing for such a good knight to have lacked what was left to him from Plato and others like him.

And thus he could not bring himself to believe that such a proud story had been ruined and damaged, and blamed on the wickedness of time, a devourer and consumer of all things, which had hidden or consumed it.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that among his books one might find as modern as Disappointment of Envy and Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares, and that its story too should be modern, and since it wasn't written, it would be in the memory of the people of its village and of those surrounding it.

This imagination brings me confused and eager to know in reality and truly the whole life and miracles of our famous Spanish Don Quixote de la Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who, in our age and in these so calamitous times, set to work and exercised the wandering arms, and the act of undoing wrongs, helping widows, sheltering maidens, those who rode with their whips and palfreys, and with all their virginity on their backs, from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley; that if it were not for some squire, or some peasant with an axe and cap, or some monstrous giant forcing them, there had been maidens in past times who, after eighty years, in all of which they had not slept a day under a roof, went to the grave as completely as the mother who had brought them forth. Therefore, I say that, for these and many other respects, our richly rewarded Don Quixote is worthy of continuous and memorable praise, and even I am not to be denied, for the work and diligence I put into seeking the end of this pleasant story; although I do know that if heaven, the case, and fortune do not help me, the world will be lacking and without the pastime and pleasure that one can almost two hours have, who reads with attention.

So, the affair was thus discovered: I was one day at the Alcázar of Toledo when a boy came to sell some cartulae and old papers at a scriptorium; and as I am fond of reading, even the broken papers from the streets, led by this natural inclination of mine, I took one of the cartulae that the boy was selling; I found characters that I recognized as Arabic, and since, although I knew them, I did not know how to read them, I went about looking to see if someone like a Moorish aljamiado was there who could read them; and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter, since, although I searched for a better and more ancient language, I found him.

In the end, luck presented one to me, who told him my wish, and putting the book in his hands he opened it in the middle, and after reading a little in it he began to laugh: I asked him what he was laughing at, and he replied that it was something that was written in the margin of that book as an annotation.

I told him to tell me, and without stopping to laugh he said: "Here, as I've said, written in the margin here: this Dulcinea of Toboso, so many times in this story referred to, is said to have had the best hand for salting pigs that any woman in all of La Mancha."

When I heard Dulcinea of Toboso, I was astonished and suspended, because afterward I pictured those index cards contained the story of Don Quixote.

With this imagination, I gave him speed to read the principle; and doing so, returning unexpectedly from Arabic to Castilian, he said that

Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, an Arab historian.

Much discretion was needed to conceal the joy I received when the title of the book reached my ears; and skipping ahead to the evening, he bought the boy all the papers and card files for a real, and if he had discretion, and knew that I desired them, he could certainly promise and take more than six reales from the purchase.

I then corresponded with the Moor about the cloister of the main church, and requested that he return those manuscripts, all those dealing with Don Quixote, in Castilian Spanish, without altering or adding anything to them, offering him whatever payment he wished.

He settled for two arrobas of raisins and two fanegas of wheat, and promised to translate them well and faithfully, and with much brevity, but I, to facilitate the business and not to relinquish such a good find, brought him to my house, where he translated the whole thing in just over six months in the same way as it is referred to here.

I was in the first cart painted very realistically, depicting the battle of Don Quixote with the Basque, placed in the same posture as the story describes, with the swords raised, one covered with his cushion, the other with the pillow, and the Basque's donkey so lifelike that it was showing itself to be for hire with a crossbow.

The Basque donkey had at its feet a title that read: Don Sancho of Azpeitia, which must undoubtedly have been his name, and at the feet of Rocinante was another, which read: Don Quixote. Rocinante was wonderfully painted, so long and stretched, so attenuated and thin, with so much spine, so stiffly confirmed, that it revealed very clearly with what warning and propriety he had been named Rocinante. Alongside him was Sancho Panza, who was the squire to his master, at the foot of whom stood another placard, which read: "Sancho Zancas"; and it must be that he had a large belly, a short waist, and long



legs, as the painting showed, and for this reason he must have been given the names of Panza and Zancas, with which he is sometimes called by the story.

There were also some minor details to be noted; but they are of little importance and do not affect the true relation of the story, as none are bad as they are true.

If any objection can be raised regarding its truth, it can only be that it was written by its Arab author, being very proper of that nation to be liars, although because we are so much our enemies, it is more understandable that it is lacking in it, which is too much: and so it seems to me, because when it could and should have extended the pen in the praise of such a good knight, it seems that it passes it by in silence out of industry; a badly done thing and worse conceived, and historians should be precise, true and not overly passionate, and that neither interest nor fear, nor hatred nor affection, should make them deviate from the path of truth, whose mother is history, a model of time, a repository of actions, a witness of the past, an example and warning for the present, a warning for the future.

In this I expect to find everything I could most peacefully desire; and if anything good were to be lacking in it, it must be due to the fault of its owner's hound, rather than a lack of the subject itself.

In short, their second part following the translation continued in this way: with their swords raised high, the two valiant and enraged combatants appeared to be threatening the sky, the earth, and the abyss: that was the strength and boldness they possessed.

And the first to take the brunt was the Basque fury, which was delivered with so much force and such rage that a single blow would have been enough to end his rigorous contest, and all the adventures of our knight; but good fortune, which he kept in reserve for greater things, deflected his opponent's sword, so that although he hit him in the left shoulder, he did no further damage than to disarm him entirely, carrying away with it half of the ear, and all that with terrifying ruin fell to the ground, leaving him very badly hurt.

Have mercy on me, and who will be able to now tell of the fury that entered the heart of our Manchego, seeing him fall in that way! Let it not be said further, but it was such that he rose again on his flanks, and gripped the sword more tightly in both hands, with such...

Fury discharged upon the Biscayan, hitting him squarely on the pillow and on the head, which, though not such a good defense, as if a mountain fell upon him, began to spew blood from his nostrils, and his mouth, and his ears, and to show signs of falling off the back, from where he undoubtedly would have fallen if not for being embraced around the neck; but with all that, he dislodged his stirrups, and then loosened his arms, and the frightened mule, startled by the terrible blow, bolted across the field, and in a few moments found its owner on the ground.

You approached him with great composure, watching Don Quixote, and as he saw him fall, you leapt from your horse and arrived at him with great agility, and, placing the point of your sword to his eyes, you told him to surrender; if not, you would cut off his head.

The Basque was so agitated that he couldn't answer a word, and he suffered, as Don Quixote, blind, believed, if the ladies of the carriage, who until then had looked at the slope with great dismay, were not to go to where he was and to earnestly request of him that he grant him such great mercy and favor as to forgive the life of his squire; to which Don Quixote replied with much intonation and gravity: of course, beautiful ladies, I am very pleased to fulfill your request; but it must be with a condition and agreement, and that is because this knight must promise to go to the place of Toboso, and to present himself on my behalf before the incomparable Lady Dulcinea, so that she makes of him what she wishes most.

The fearful and distraught ladies, without regard for what Don Quixote requested, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that his squire would do everything that was asked of him; for in faith of that word, I would not do him further harm, since he deserved it well.

Chapter 10: Of the amusing arguments that passed between Mr.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire.

At this time, Sancho Panza had been somewhat maltreated by the monks' boys, and he had been attentive to his lord Don Quixote's battle, and he prayed to God in his heart that he might be served to give him victory and that he might win some island where he would be made governor, as had been promised to him.

Seeing, therefore, that the dispute was already finished and that his master was returning upon Rocinante, he reached the saddle, and before he ascended he knelt before him, and bending his knee to him, he kissed his hand and said: "Your service is served, my lord Don Quixote mine, in giving me the government of the island that has been won in this rigorous dispute, however great it may be, I feel myself strong enough to govern it as well as any who has governed islands in the world."

To which Don Quixote replied: "Beware, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and those similar to it, are not adventures of islands, but of crossroads, in which one gains nothing but a fractured head or a less ear; be patient, for adventures will offer themselves where you shall not only be made governor, but much later."

"Thank you very much, Sancho, and kissing him again on the hand and skirt of the little lizard, he helped him to climb onto Rocinante, and he climbed onto his donkey, and began to follow his master, who at a slow pace, without saying goodbye or speaking more with those in the wagon, entered a forest that was nearby."

Sancho followed Rocinante everywhere on his donkey; but Rocinante walked so much that he was forced to call out to his master, who was waiting.

"Well, that's how Don Quixote does it, holding Rocinante's reins until his tired squire arrived, who upon arriving said to him: it seems to me, sir, that it would be wise for us to withdraw to some church, as, according to what that fellow with whom you fought, it wouldn't be much that they would report the case to the Holy Brotherhood, and arrest us; and believe me, that before we get out of prison, we'll have to sweat it out."

Hush, said Don Quixote.

And where have you seen or read that such a knight errant has ever been brought before the justice, for more homicides he has committed? I don't know anything about little acorns, Sancho replied, nor have I ever given one to anyone in my life; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood has something to do with those who fight in the fields, and I don't interfere in others.

"Don't be troubled, my friend," replied Don Quixote, "I will take you from the clutches of the Caldanes, much more than from those of the Brotherhood."

But tell me, by your life, have you seen a more valiant knight than I, in all the world revealed? Have you read of another who has had more boldness to undertake, more spirit to persevere, more skill to wound, or more cunning to overthrow? The truth be, Sancho replied, that I have never read any story, for I neither know how to read nor to write; but what I dare to wager is that I have served a bolder master than your grace in all the days of my life, and may God grant that these temerities are not paid where I have said so.

I beg you, sir, to heal him, he is losing a great deal of blood from that ear, and I have here yarn and a little white ointment in my saddlebags.

All this is excused, replied Don Quixote, if I were to remember to make a small sphere of Fierabras' balm, with which one drop would save time and medicine.

What kind of ointment and what balm is that? said Sancho Panza.

"From a balm," replied Don Quixote, of whom I have the recipe in my memory, with which one need not fear death, nor think of dying from any wound; and thus, when I make it and give it to you, you have nothing left to do but that when you see that in a battle they have parted me in twain, as often happens, you neatly lay the part of the body that has fallen to the ground, and with great subtlety, before the blood congeals, you will place it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, warning it firmly and rightly."

Then you'll give me to drink just two sips of the balm I've mentioned, and you'll see me feel healthier than an apple.

"If that's the case," Panza said, "I resign from here, the government of the Promised Island, and I don't want anything else in payment for my many and good services, but rather would you grant me the recipe for that troubled liqueur, which for me must be worth an ounce wherever it's most valued, and I haven't..."

I need myself more to pass this honest and peaceful life; but it is to know now if it has a high cost to do so.

With less than three reales, you can make three braids," Quijote replied.

"Wretch!" Sancho retorted.

"Well, to what do you wish me to attend to and to teach him? Silence, friend, replied Don Quixote, for I have greater secrets to impart to you, and greater favors to bestow; and for now, let us rest, for my ear aches more than I would wish."

Sancho Panza took out the unrolled canvas and ointment; but when Don Quixote saw his tent collapsed, he thought he was losing his mind, and putting his hand on his sword and raising his eyes to heaven, he said: "I swear an oath to the creator of all things, and to the four Evangelists, where they are most largely written, to do the life that was made by the great Marquis of Mantua, when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldovinos, who was not allowed to eat at a table, nor to spend his days with his wife, and other things, although I do not remember them all, I declare them here expressed, until I have taken full revenge on whoever committed such outrage against me."

Hearing this, Sancho said: "Warn your grace, Lord Don Quixote, that if the knight fulfilled what was ordered of him to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea of Toboso, he would have fulfilled what he ought to have done, and he does not deserve another punishment if he does not commit another offense."

"You have spoken and noted very well," replied Don Quixote; and thus he annulled the oath concerning taking new vengeance from him; but he bade him and confirmed him again to lead the life I have told him, until he, by force alone, dispels another such sighting as this for a knight; and do not think, Sancho, that thus, with a mere handful of straw, I do this, for I have a very person to imitate in it, for this very thing happened word for word about the Mambrino's helmet, which so dearly cost Sacripant."

"So many oaths, my lord, that you demand of me, are very harmful to your health and very detrimental to your conscience," Sancho replied.

If not, tell me now, or in many days, if we should encounter a armed man with suspicion, what are we to do? Are you to fulfill the oath in spite of so many inconveniences and discomforts, such as sleeping dressed, and not sleeping in a populated place, and other thousand penances contained in the oath of that crazy old Marquis of Mantua, whom your lordship wishes to revalidate now? Look well, your lordship, that no men armed walk these roads, but rather carriers and wagoners, who not only don't carry suspicions, but perhaps have never heard them named in all the days of their lives.

You've been deceived in that, said Don Quixote, because we haven't spent two hours in these crossroads, when we see more armed than those who came to conquer Angelica the Beautiful on Albraca.

Well then; let it be so, said Sancho, and pray God it may be well with us, and that the time may already arrive for winning that island, which so dearly costs me, and I will move on then.

I've told you, Sancho, that you shouldn't give that any thought at all, for when the island of Dinamarca, or Sobradisa, come to you like the palm of your hand, and more so, because it's on solid ground, you should be rejoicing.

But let's leave that for your time, and see if you bring something in those saddlebags for us to eat, because we're going later in search of some castle where we'll lodge tonight, and make the balm I told you about, because I swear to God, my ear is going to hurt a lot.

Here I brought an onion and a little cheese, and I don't know how many crumbs of bread, said Sancho; but they are not delicacies belonging to so valiant a knight as your lordship.

"You understand it badly," replied Don Quixote: "let me tell you, Sancho, that it is not the custom of knights-errant to eat in a month, and when they do eat, it is of what they find most readily at hand: and this would be assured to you, if you had read as many stories as I have, though they have been many, in all of them I have not found any account of knights-errant eating, unless it was in some magnificent banquets that were made for them, and the rest of the days they spent in flowers."

And though it is understood that they could not go without eating and without fulfilling all the natural necessities, because in truth they were men like us, you must also understand that, having spent most of their lives in the forests and uninhabited areas, and without a cook, their ordinary food would have been of rustic provisions, such as those you now offer me: so, Sancho friend, do not be ashamed by what gives me pleasure, nor do you want to make a new world.

to bring the walking cavalry out of its delusions

Forgive me, my lord, said Sancho, as I neither know how to read nor write, as I have said before, nor have I fallen in with the rules of the knightly profession; and from now on I will provide the saddlebags of all kinds of dried fruit for your lordship, as a knight should, and for myself I will provide for them, since I am not one.

"I don't say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant should eat nothing but the fruits you speak of; but their usual sustenance should be of them, and of some herbs that they found in the fields, which I also know."

Virtue is, Sancho replied, to know those herbs, that according to me I am imagining, some day will be necessary to use that knowledge.

And in this, they did what he said was treachery, they ate together in good peace and company; but eager to find where to lodge that night, they finished their poor and dry food with great brevity.

They then rode on horseback, and urged themselves to reach a settlement before nightfall; but the sun failed them and the hope of reaching what they desired, beside a few cottages of shepherds, and thus they resolved to spend that night there, which was of gloom to Sancho not reaching the settlement, was of contentment for his master, sleeping it under the open sky, for it seemed to him that every time this happened he was performing an act of possession that facilitated the proof of his chivalry.

#### Chapter 11: Of What Happened to Don Quixote and Some Sheep

He was taken from the goat herds with good spirits, and having arranged it as best he could for Rocinante and his donkey, he set off following the scent of certain goat cheeses that, once boiled in a pot, were emitting a smell; and although he wished to see at that very spot if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to the stomach, he refrained from doing so because the shepherds had removed them from the fire, and spreading some sheepskins on the ground, they quickly and rustic fashion set up their table, and invited the two of them, with much good will, with what they had.

They sat in a circle of hides, six of them, who were those in the stable, having first with rude ceremonies asked Don Quixote to sit on a stool that had been turned upside down for him.

Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho stood by to serve him the cup, which was made of horn.

Seeing him standing, his master said: so that you may see, Sancho, the good that is contained within the walking chivalry, and how keenly those who exercise themselves in any ministry of it are eager to be briefly honored and esteemed by the world, I want you here at my side, and in company with this good company, to feel yourself one thing with me, who am your master and natural lord, to eat from my plate and drink as I drink; for one may say of walking chivalry the same as of love, that all things are equalized.

"Great mercy!" said Sancho; but I beg your pardon, that if I had good food, I would eat it much better standing alone, as I do, than seated at the side of an emperor."

And even if he's going to tell the truth, it tastes much better to me what I eat in my corner without fuss or formality, even if it's just bread and onions, than the extravagance of other tables, where I'm forced to eat slowly, drink little, constantly clean myself, not to sneeze or cough if it comes to me, nor to do other things that solitude and freedom bring with them.

So, my lord, these honors that your lordship wishes to bestow upon me, as minister and adherent of the walking chivalry, as I am being squire to your lordship, transform them into other things that are more comfortable and beneficial for me; for though I accept them with pleasure, I renounce them to this very end of the world.

With all that, you must sit, because God elevates those who humble themselves.

And pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit beside him.

The shepherds didn't understand that jargon of scoundrels and wandering knights, and they did nothing but eat and keep silent and stare at their guests, who, with much flair and pleasure, embellished boasting as a mark.

After the meat service was finished, they spread a large quantity of shelled hazelnuts over the moss, and together they placed a half-cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar.

The horn was not idle in this, for it went round so often, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like a weasel of Norcia, which easily emptied a sack of two that were evident.

After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took a handful of hazelnuts in his hand, and, looking at them attentively, he exclaimed for such reasons:

Blessed age and blessed centuries those to whom the ancients named golden, and not because in them the gold, which in this our iron age is so highly esteemed, was attained in that fortunate age without any fatigue, but because those who lived in it ignored those two words of yours and mine! In that holy age, all common things were sufficient; no one needed to take another job than to raise his hand and reach for the sturdy mulberries, which were generously inviting them with their sweet and seasoned rut.

The clear springs and streams offered them magnificent abundance, savory and transparent waters. In the bankrupt hives and in the hollows of the trees, their republic formed—the solicitous and discreet bees, offering to anyone a fertile harvest of their sweetly-worked labor, without interest.

The valiant alcornoques said farewell to themselves, with nothing but the courtesy of their broad, light-colored bark, with which they began to cover the houses on rustic stakes, supported only for defense against the inclemencies of the sky.

Then there was peace, then friendship, then harmony: the heavy bars of the plowed raven had not yet dared to open nor to visit the compassionate depths.

Our first mother, who, without being forced, offered from all the fullness of her fertile and spacious breast whatever might satisfy, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her.

So they went, those simple and beautiful shepherdesses, from valley to valley, and from shepherd to shepherd, in braids and in hair, with no more garments than those necessary to honestly cover what honesty has always wanted and wished to cover; and their adornments were not those now used, which make purple from Tyre and so many modes of fashion ennoble silk, but rather of some patches of green leaves and ivy interwoven, with which perhaps they went as pompous and composed as our courtesans do now with the rare and peregrine inventions that idle curiosity has shown them.

Then the love concepts of the simple soul were decorated and simply adorned, in the same way and manner as she conceived them, without seeking artificial circumlocutions to emphasize them.

There was no fraud, deception, or malice mixed with the truth and straightforwardness.

Justice was, in its own terms, undisturbed by those driven by favor and interest, who so greatly diminished it, confused it, and pursued it.

The matching law had not yet been understood by the judge, because at that time there was no one to judge or who was to be judged.

The maidens and honesty went wherever one might, alone and ladies, without fear that the foreign awkwardness and lascivious attempt would diminish them, and their ruin stemmed from their taste and own will.

And now in these our detestable centuries, none is secure, though it hides another new labyrinth like that of Crete; because through the fissures or the air, with the zeal of the cursed eagerness, one enters them with all their carefulness, and is thrown to ruin.

For whose safety, with ever increasing times and growing malice, the Order of the Knights Errant was established, to defend maidens, protect widows, and aid orphans and the needy.

From this order, I, brothers-in-arms, thank you for the hospitality and feast you offer me and my squire; although by natural law all those living are obliged to favor knights errant, nevertheless, it is known that you, without knowing this obligation, received and gave to me, and it is reasonable that, with the possibility that I may wish it, I thank you for your generosity.

“All this long speech,” our knight said, “which could very well be excused, because the acorns he had been given brought the golden age back to his memory, and he suddenly felt compelled to make that useless reasoning known to the sheep, who, without replying a word, fascinated and suspended in attention, listened to him.”

Sancho also spoke, and he ate hazelnuts and often visited the second Zacchaeus, who had him hanging from an oak tree because the wine had gone sour.

It took Don Quixote longer to speak than to finish the dinner, at the end of which one of the shepherds said: “So that your lordships may say what they wish, sir caballero andante, we bestow upon him refreshment and contentment by having one of our companions sing, who will not be long in arriving, he is a very learned young man and deeply enamored, and above all he knows how to read and write, and is a musician of a rabble; there is nothing more to desire.”

As soon as the shepherd had finished saying this, the sound of the bell reached his ears, and shortly after, the one who was tending it arrived, a young man of twenty-five years old, with very good manners.

They asked his companions if he had dined, and answering that he had, the one who had made the offerings said: "In that way, Antonio, you might well give us pleasure in singing a little, because this honored guest, who also knows of music from the mountains and forests..."

We have told you of your good abilities, and we desire that you show them and truly impress us; and for your life, we beg you to sit and sing the romance of your loves, which was composed for you by your blessed uncle, and which has seemed very well in the town.

"Sit yourself down, my friend," said the boy; and without making too much of a fuss, he sat on the trunk of a young oak, and, with very good grace, began to sing, saying in this way:

ANTONIO

I know, Olalla, that you adore me, since you haven't even told me with your eyes, mute tongues of lovers.

Because I know you're wise.

In whatever way you want me, you affirm that it was never a miserable love that was known.

It is true that perhaps, Olalla, you have given me the hint that you have a bronze soul and a scarred breast.

Beyond that, amidst his accusations and honest deviations.

Maybe hope shows the hem of her dress.

Dive at the bait.

My faith, which has never waned nor grown through election.

If love is courteous.

of which you have plenty

at last, it will be as I imagine it.

And if they are services, part of it.

to make a benign chest, some of those I've made strengthen my game.

Because, if you've looked into it, you've probably seen more than once that I wear what honored me on Sunday.

As love and the gala walk the same path, at all times I wanted to show myself polished in your eyes.

I give up dancing for your sake.

Neither the music paints you.

what you've heard out of time and at the crow of the rooster.

I don't count praises.

How much of your beauty I've spoken of, though true, makes me seem a fool.

Teresa del Berrocal

I was praising you, he said:

She thinks she loves an angel, and comes to adore a pig.

A multitude of relics

and the false hair

hypocritical beauties

that ensnares love itself.

Deny it, and she got angry.

His cousin came back for her, he challenged me, and you know,

what I did and what he did.

I don't want you, little one.

I don't expect you and I serve you.

about Barragani■a

How good is my design.

Coyundas has the church.

What are "lazadas de sirgo," put your neck in the shell, you'll see how I do mine.

Where not, from here I swear by the most blessed saint, of not leaving these lands except for cappuccino.

With this, the shepherd ended his song, and although Don Quixote asked him to sing something more, Sancho Panza refused him, because he was more inclined to sleep than to listen to songs.

And he said to his master: Your Grace may rest immediately where he is to spend this night, for the work of these good men does not allow them to spend the nights singing all day long.

"Now I understand you, Sancho," Don Quixote replied, "it's clear to me that the visits of Zacheus demand more reward of dreams than of music."

Blessed be God, Sancho replied.

"I don't deny it," retorted Don Quixote; but make yourself comfortable where you wish, for those of my profession seem to be watching more than sleeping; but with all that, it would be well, Sancho, that you cure this ear of mine, for it pains me more than is necessary."

Sancho did as he was ordered, and seeing one of the shepherds notice the wound, he said he need not be concerned, that he would remedy it and it would easily heal; and taking some leaves of rosemary, which were plentiful there, he mashed them and mixed them with a little salt, and applying them to the ear, he bandaged it very well, assuring him that no other medicine was needed.

That's how it was, really.

Chapter 12: Of What a Shepherd Told Don Quixote and Those Who Were With Him

As I was in this, another lad from the village arrived, bringing the supplies, and said, "Do you know what's happening in the place, comrades? How can we know?" One of them replied.

Now listen, continued the youth, that this morning died Grisotomo, the famous student shepherd, and it is murmured that he died of love for that wicked maiden of the village, the daughter of William the rich, that one who is in the habit of being a shepherdess during those storms.

By Marcela you'll say, one said.

"That's why I say so," replied the shepherd; and it's a good thing that he stipulated in his will that he be buried in the field as if he were a Moor, and at the foot of the shale where the yew tree spring is, because according to rumor (and they say he said it) that place is where he first saw her.

And I also send other things, such as what the abbots of the town say should not be fulfilled, nor are they well that they should be fulfilled, because they seem of the gentiles.

All of which responds that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who also dressed as a shepherd with him, that everything must be done without lacking anything as Grisotomo left it ordered, and about this the people are agitated, but to what is said, in the end, what Ambrosio and all the shepherds who are his friends want will be done, and tomorrow they are coming to bury him with great pomp where I have said; and I have for myself that it will be a very thing to see, at least I will not refrain from going to see it, if I knew I would not return tomorrow to that place.

"Everyone will do the same," the shepherds replied, "and we'll see who has to stay and guard the goats of all."

"You speak rightly, Pedro," one of them said, "although it will not be necessary to use that diligence, that I will stay by all; and don't attribute it to my virtue and little curiosity, but to the fact that it doesn't allow me to walk the cart that I had this foot passed me the other day."

With all that, we thank you, Pedro replied.

And Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him that he was dead and that she was a shepherdess.

To which Pedro replied that what he knew was that the deceased was a wealthy young man, a resident of a place in those mountains, who had been a student for many years in Salamanca, after which he had returned to his place with the opinion of a very wise and well-read man.

They mainly said he knew the science of the stars, and of what happened there in the sky, the sun and the moon, because he precisely told us the rising and setting of the sun and the moon.

Eclipse is its name, friend, don't shout, as those two great lights are darkening, said Don Quixote.

"More Pedro, without paying attention to trivialities, continued his story, saying: he also guessed when the year would be abundant or plentiful."

Sterile are you wanting to say, friend, said Don Quixote.

Steril, or estil, replied Pedro, everything falls apart there.

And I tell you that, with what I was saying, his father and his friends gave him very rich credit, because they did what he advised them, telling him: sow barley this year, not wheat; in this you can sow lentils, not barley; the next one will be of wheat for oil; the three following ones won't yield a drop.

That science is called Astrology, said Don Quixote.

I don't know what his name is," Pedro replied, "but I do know that I knew all of this and even more. Finally, not many months after he had arrived from Salamanca, one day he remained, dressed as a shepherd with his staff and pelisse, having removed the long school clothes he had brought with him, and together he dressed with him, his great friend Ambrosio, who had been his companion in his studies.

You would have forgotten to tell me how Grisotomo, the late gentleman, was a great man for composing verses, to the point that he wrote the carols for the night of the Lord's Nativity, and the plays for the day of God, which were performed by the youths of our town, and everyone said they were excellent.

When the locals saw the two schoolchildren dressed as shepherds so suddenly, they were astonished and couldn't guess the reason that had prompted such an unusual move.

At that time, his father had died, and he had inherited a great quantity of land, as well as furniture and livestock—both large and small—and a considerable amount of money. As a result, the young master was utterly desolate; and truly, he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, charitable, and a friend of good people, and he had a face like a blessing.

After that, he came to understand that having moved his suit wasn't for anything other than wandering around these

abandoned in pursuit of that shepherdess Marcela whom our youth named beforehand, of whom the deceased from Grisostomo had fallen in love.

And I want to tell you now, because it's important that you all know this; perhaps and even without perhaps you haven't heard anything like this in all your lives, even if you've lived longer than mange.\*\*

"Decide, Sarra," replied Don Quixote, "not being able to endure the swapping of words by the shepherd."

"The scabies lives long," Pedro replied; and if, sir, you are to be going about interrupting me with words at every step, we will not finish in a year."

Forgive me, friend," said Don Quixote, "that because there is so much more mange than Sarra, I told you; but you answered very well, because you live more mange than Sarra, and you continued your story, and I will not reply to it further in anything."

Therefore, Lord of my soul, said the shepherd, that in our village there was a farmer richer than the father of Grisotomo, who was called Guillermo, and whom God, Amen, had granted of many and great riches, a daughter, from whose birth his mother died, who was the most honored woman that there was in all these surroundings; it seems to me that now I see her with that face, that from one end had the sun and from the other the moon, and above all industrious and friendly to the poor, therefore I believe she must be at the hour of hour enjoying God in the other world.

Despite the death of such a good woman, her husband Guillermo died, leaving his daughter Marcela, a young woman and rich in power from her uncle, a priest, and benefited in our place.

The girl grew up with so much beauty that it reminded us of her mother's, which was very large, and with all that, it was thought that she would end up like her daughter; and so it was, that when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years, no one looked at her who didn't bless God, who had raised her so beautifully, and the most were left falling in love and lost by her.

His uncle kept her with great reserve and seclusion, but nonetheless, her great beauty spread so far that because of her, and her many riches, not only among our people, but among those many leagues away, and the best of them, his uncle was begged, solicited, and harassed to give her away in marriage.

And him, who is a good Christian on the right side, though he wished to marry her later, as a young woman, he did not want to do so without her consent, without considering the profit and farming that he offered him by having the girl's estate, delaying her marriage.

And you know that this was said in more than one tavern in the town in praise of the good priest.

What I want you to know, Mr. Wanderer, is that in these short places everything is about and everything is murmured; and you have, as I have for my own, that the cleric must be excessively good, forcing his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in the villages.



That's the truth, said Don Quixote, and he continued on, saying the story is very good, and you, good Pedro, told it with much grace.

The Lord will not fail me, for he is the one who makes the case.

And as for the rest, you know that although the uncle would propose to the niece, and would tell her about the qualities of each one, especially of the many who wanted her as a wife, begging her to marry and choose the one she liked, she never said anything other than that she didn't want to get married at that time, and that as a young girl she didn't feel capable of carrying the burden of marriage.

With these excuses he seemed to let his uncle ignore her, and he hoped she would enter a more mature age and know how to choose company to her liking.

Because he said, and he said it very well, that parents should not give their children a state against their will.

But let me tell you, when I'm not being fanciful, that Marcela, the fussy young woman, remained a shepherdess; and without her uncle or all the people of the town advising against it, she ended up going to the countryside with the other shepherdesses of the area, and she ended up taking care of her own livestock.

And just as she appeared publicly, and her beauty was revealed, you won't be wise enough to say how many wealthy gentlemen, nobles, and landowners have taken the guise of Grisostomo, and are now swindling people in these fields.

One of whom, as has already been said, was our late husband, of whom they said she had stopped loving him and adored him.

And do not think that because Marcela put herself in that freedom and so loose a life, and of so little or no restraint, that this is a sign, nor by any means, that it comes to the detriment of her honesty and good manners; rather, it is so and so much the vigilance.

With what does he look, regarding his honor, that of so many who serve and request him, none has praised him, nor can he truly be praised for having given him any small hope of achieving his desire. Since they do not flee nor evade the company and conversation of the shepherds, and treat them courteously and amiably, and in arriving to discover their intention, however just and holy as that of marriage, they cast them out as with a catapult.

And with this manner of condition causes more damage to this land than if she were to enter the pestilence, because her kindness and beauty attract the hearts of those who treat her to serve her and to love her; but her disdain and disappointment lead them to terms of despairing, and thus they know not what to say to her but to call her out loud in a cruel and ungrateful manner, with other titles similar to these, which well manifest the quality of her condition; and if here you are, sirs, one day you will hear these mountains and these valleys resound with the laments of the disappointed who follow her.

Not far from here is a place where there are almost two dozen tall beeches, and none of them have their smooth bark engraved and written with the name of Marcela on it, and on top of some, a crown engraved directly into the tree, as if her lover were saying with more clarity that Marcela is carried and deserved by all human beauty.

Here a shepherd sighs, there another complains, yonder sweet songs are heard, here despairing praises.

What happens during all the hours of the night sitting at the foot of an oak or rock, and there, without blinking their tearful eyes, absorbed and transported by their thoughts, the sun finds her in the morning; and what happens about those hours, without giving passage or respite to their sighs, in the midst of the heat of the most furious summer nap spread over the burning sand, they send their complaints to the merciful sky; and from that one and from that one and from those and from those, free and carefree, triumphs the beautiful Marcela.

And all those who know her are waiting for her pride to cease, and who will be the fortunate one to come and subdue such a terrible condition, and enjoy such extreme beauty.

Because all that I have told as such a proven truth, I understand that the same is true of what our young man said about the cause of Grisotomo's death.

And that is my advice, sir, that you do not fail to find yourselves tomorrow at his funeral, which will be a great spectacle, because Grisóstomo has many friends, and he is not from this place to that where he wants to be buried, a league and a half away.

"I hold it dear," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me with the narration of such a savory tale."

"Oh!" I replied the chief.

I still don't know half of the cases that happened to Marcela's lovers; but it might be that tomorrow we'll run into some shepherd who will tell us about it; and for now you'll be well rested under a roof, because the watchman could harm the wound, since the medicine that has been put on it is so strong that you need not fear any other accident.

Sancho Panza, who was already exasperated from talking about the sheep farmer, requested that his master go to sleep in Pedro's hut.

He did it that way and spent the whole night in his Señora Dulcinea's memories, imitating Marcela's lovers.

Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his donkey, and slept, not as a thwarted lover, but as a man ground fine.

Chapter 13: Where the story of shepherdess Marcela comes to an end, with other events

As soon as he began to be discovered by the day through the balconies of the East, when the five of the six oxen rose and went to wake Don Quixote, and to tell him if he still had the purpose of going to see the famous funeral of Grisóstomo, and that they would accompany him.

Don Quixote, who desired nothing else, rose and ordered Sancho to saddle and mount his horse immediately, which he did with great diligence, and with it they set off at once.

And they had not walked a quarter of a league when, crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, dressed in black felts and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter oleander.

Each one carried a thick holly stick in their hand; they came with them as well two fine gentlemen on horseback, as well-equipped for the road, with three footmen accompanying them.

As they were meeting, they greeted each other politely, and asking each other where they were going, they learned that everyone was heading to the burial place, and so they began to walk together.

One of the horsemen, speaking to his companion, said: – It seems to me, Senhor Vivaldo, that we shall find a good use for the delay we make in seeing this famous burial, which will not fail to be famous, according to what these shepherds have told us of the dead shepherd and the homicidal shepherdess. That's how it seems to me," replied Vivaldo, "and I don't mean to take a day for it, but four I'd make it into rope seeing as it is."

I asked Don Quixote what they had heard about Marcela and Grisóstomo.

The traveler said that in that early morning they had found those shepherds, and that because they had seen them in such a sad suit, they had asked about the reason they were going in that way; that one of them told them about the beautiful face and loveliness of a shepherdess named Marcela, and about the many suitors who sought her, with the death of that Grisotomo, whose funeral they were attending.

Finally, he told him what Pedro had told Don Quixote.

Let's end this conversation and another began, with Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what motivated him to go around armed in such a peaceful land.

To which Don Quixote replied: - The profession of my business does not allow nor permit me to walk in any other way; the good pace, the gift, and the rest there were invented for soft courtiers; but work, restlessness, and arms were only invented and made for those whom the world calls wandering knights, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least of all.

As soon as they heard this, everyone considered him mad, and in order to find out what kind of madness he possessed, Vivaldo asked again what the gallant knights wished to say.

"Have your Highnesses read, replied Don Quixote, the annals and histories of England, where the famous exploits of King Arthur are treated, which we continuously call King Arthur in our Spanish romance, from whom there is ancient and common tradition in that entire kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but by the art of enchantment became a raven, and that with the passing of times he will return to reign and claim his kingdom and scepter; and to what cause will it be proven that from that time to this no English man has ever died as a raven? For in the time of this good king that famous order of knighthood of the knights of the Round Table was instituted, and passing without a single lapse, the loves that are counted there of Don Quixote de la Mancha with the queen Ginebra, being mediator between them and knowing dame Quintana, from where was born that famous romance, and

so exquisitely told in our Spain of:"

Never a knight

as well served for ladies as Lanzarote was when it came from Brittany;

with that sweet and so strong making of their loving deeds.

Since then, that order of knighthood has extended and dilated to many and diverse parts of the world; and in it were famous and known by their deeds the valiant Amadis of Gaula with all his sons and grandchildren up to the fifth generation, and the valiant Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never properly praised Tirante the White, and almost in our days we saw and communicated and heard of the invincible and valiant knight Don Belianys of Greece.

Therefore, gentlemen, this is what it means to be a wandering knight, and what I have said is the order of knighthood, in which, as I have said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession, and just as the aforementioned knights professed, I profess; and thus I go through these desolate and sparsely populated places seeking adventures, with a deliberate intention of offering my arm and my person to the most dangerous that fortune may present, in aid of the weak and needy.

Because of these reasons he stated, the walkers just learned that Don Quixote was lacking in judgment, and afflicted by a madness that they received with the same admiration as all those who again came to know of it.

And Vivaldo, who was a very discreet and cheerful man, wanting to give himself an opportunity to pass further ahead with his foolishness, considering the little path they were told they lacked to reach the burial mountains.

And he said to him: it seems to me, my lord adventurer, that your lordship has professed one of the most narrow professions in the world, and for me, even the profession of the Carthusian monks is not so narrow.

It could have been so narrow, replied our Don Quixote; but so necessary in the world, I have no doubt about it.

Because if he's going to tell the truth, he doesn't make the soldier any less responsible for carrying out what his captain orders, the same captain who orders it.

I mean, that the religious, with all peace and composure, ask the heavens for the good of the earth; but the soldiers and nobles put into execution what they ask, defending it with the valor of our arms and the sharpness of our swords; not under cover, but in the open sky, laid out as a target for the unbearable rays of the sun in the summer, and the prickly ice of the winter.

So we are ministers of God on earth, and arms by whom His justice is carried out.

And as with matters of war, and those pertaining to it, nothing can be executed save by excessive sweating, toil, and labor; it follows that those who profess it undoubtedly have more work than those who, in tranquil peace and rest, pray that God may favor those who have little.

I don't want to say, nor does it occur to me, that the state of the wandering knight is so good as that of a religious prisoner; I only want to infer, by what I suffer, that without doubt it is more laborious and beaten, and more hungry and thirsty, miserable, broken and infested with lice, because there is no doubt that wandering knights in the past suffered much misfortune in the course of their lives.

And if some rose to be emperors by the valor of their arm, by the faith that cost them so much blood and sweat; and that thus those who rose to such a degree lacked courtiers and wise men to help them, they would be sorely disappointed in their desires and greatly deceived in their hopes.

"From that opinion I am, I replied the traveler; but one thing among many, it seems to me very bad of the wandering knights, and that is that when they are in a position to undertake a great and dangerous adventure, in which the danger of losing life is evident, they never in that instant of embarking, remember to entrust themselves to God, as every Christian is obliged to do in such dangers; instead, they entrust themselves to their ladies with such eagerness and devotion, as if they were their God: a thing that, in my opinion, smells a bit of gentility."

Sir, Don Quixote replied, that cannot be less in any way, and it would fall upon the knight-errant's worse fortune to do anything else; for it is already in use and custom among knight-errants that the knight-errant, when he undertakes some great feat of arms, should return to his lady before him, with gentle and affectionate eyes, as if he were asking her to favor and protect him in the doubtful predicament he finds himself in; and even if no one hears him, he is obliged to say some words.

bit by bit, in whatever measure it is entrusted to it, and from this we have countless examples in the stories.

And it must not be understood from this that they should cease to rely on God, that they have enough time and place for it in the discourse of the work.

With all that, the walker replied, it remains with me one scruple, and it is that many times I have read that words get tangled between two walking gentlemen, and from one time to another they come to set each other's anger alight, and the horses turn, and they take a good portion of the field, and then no more or less, throughout their entire run they find themselves meeting again, and in the midst of the run they entrust themselves to their ladies; and what usually happens with the encounter is that one falls down along the flanks of the past horse with the lance of the opposite party from side to side, and the other also happens to not being able to keep hold of the manes of his own horse, he couldn't help but come to the ground; and I don't know how the deceased came to entrust himself to God in the discourse of this so celebrated work; it would be better that the words he spent in the race entrusting himself to his lady, he spent them on what he should, and he was obliged as a Christian; much more than I have for myself that not all walking gentlemen have ladies to entrust themselves to, because not all are lovers.

"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote: "I say it is impossible that there should be a knight-errant without a lady, for it is as proper and natural for such persons to fall in love as it is for the heavens to have stars, and, without question, there is no record of a history where a knight-errant is found without loves, and by the same reason he would not be considered a legitimate knight, but a bastard, if he were without them; he entered into the fortress of chivalry that way, not through the gate, but through the railings, like a thief and a rogue."

As he said all that, the traveler remarked, if I recall correctly, that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadís de Gaula, never had a lady designated to whom he could entrust himself, and despite all this, he was not overlooked, and he was a very valiant and famous knight.

To which our Don Quixote replied: Sir, a single swallow does not make summer; as I know as well that that knight was very much in love with secrets; it was a natural condition for one who could not go to the hand of anyone, beyond desiring all that seemed good to him.

But in his resolution, it was clearly ascertained that he had one to whom he had made his will; to whom he frequently and very secretly confided, because he valued himself as a secret knight.

"It is of vital importance that every wandering knight should be in love," the traveler said, "you may very well believe yourselves to be, since, by profession, and if your Lordships do not pride yourselves on being as secret as Don Galaor, I, with all my earnestness, beg of you, on behalf of this entire company and my own, to tell us the name, homeland, qualities, and beauty of your lady, that she will be considered fortunate that the whole world knows she is loved and served by such a knight as your Lordships appear to be."

Here, Don Quixote sighed deeply and said: I shall not be able to affirm whether my sweet enemy delights or not in that the world may know that I serve her; I can only say, answering to what is asked of me with so much circumspection, that her name is Dulcinea, her native land the Toboso, a place in La Mancha; her quality at least must be that of a princess, since she is my queen and mistress; her beauty superhuman, for in her are made true all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty that poets give to their ladies; that her hair is gold, her brow Elysian fields, her eyebrows arches of heaven, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips corals, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, marble her breast, ivory her hands, her whiteness snow; and the parts that, according to my judgment and understanding, the honesty conceals from human sight are such that alone discreet consideration can appreciate and not compare them.

The lineage, prosopesis, and quirky surname, Vivaldo replied.

And he replied, Don Quixote: it is not of the ancient Curcios, Gayos and Cipiones of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinos, nor of the Moncadas and Requesens of Catalonia, or less of the Rebellas and Villenovas of Valencia, and Palafoxes Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces and Gurreas of Aragon; Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas and Guzmanes of Castile; Alencastros, Pallas and Meneses of Portugal; but it is of the people of Toboso in the Manche region, a lineage, though modern, so noble that it can give a generous beginning to the most illustrious

families of the coming centuries; and let me not be refuted in this, unless it be with the conditions that Cerbino put at the foot of Orlando's trophy of arms, which read:  
Don't move them.

I can't handle Roldán under pressure.

Although mine is of the Cachopines of Laredo, the wanderer replied, I will not dare to put it beside the one from Toboso, in the Manche, because, to be honest, that surname has not yet reached my ears.

"That one wouldn't have arrived," Don Quixote retorted.

With great attention, everyone was listening to the two's conversation, and even the shepherds and farmers recognized the excessive lack of judgment of our Don Quixote.

Sancho Panza thought that everything his master said was true, knowing who he was, having known him since his birth; and when he doubted something, he believed it concerning the lovely Dulcinea of Toboso, because he had never heard of such a name or such a princess, although she lived so close to Toboso.

In these talks, they observed that due to the bankruptcy of two high mountains, down to twenty shepherds descended, all with coats of black wool, dressed and crowned with garlands that, apparently, were of heather and of cypress.

Among six of them, some carried handcarts, covered with a great variety of flowers and garlands.

Which, seen by one of the shepherds, said: those who come there are the ones who bring the body of Grisostomo, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered to be buried him.

That's why they hurried to arrive, and they arrived just in time for those who were coming had already laid the planks on the ground, and four of them with sharp beaks were digging a grave on one side of a hard rock.

They exchanged greetings politely, and then Don Quixote and those who came with him began to examine the stalls, and in them they saw a dead body covered with flowers, and dressed as a shepherd, appearing to be thirty years old; and although dead, he showed that he had been alive with a beautiful face and a valiant disposition.

Around him there were some books and many open and closed papers; and so those who were looking at him, as well as those who were opening the grave, and all the others who were there, kept a wonderful silence, until one of those who had brought the dead man said to another: "Look closely, Ambrosio, if this is the place that Grisostomo said it was, since you want it to be fulfilled with such precision what he ordered in his will."

"This is," Ambrosio replied, "that many times my unfortunate friend told me the story of his misfortune." He told me that was the first time he saw that mortal enemy of humankind, and it was also there that he first declared his thoughts so honest and enamored, and it was the last time he managed to disillusion and scorn Marcela; so he brought an end to the tragedy of his miserable life and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he wished for her to be deposited in the depths of eternal oblivion.

And continuing as with Don Quixote and the pilgrims, he went on to say: that body, gentlemen, which you are looking at with such tender eyes, was the repository of a soul in whom heaven placed infinite parts of its riches.

That is the body of Grisotomo, unique in ingenuity, only in courtesy, extreme in kindness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without boasting, grave without presumption, joyful without vulgarity, and finally, first in all that is good, and without equal in all that was unfortunate.

He done well, he was despised; he adored, he was scorned; he begged a beast, harassed a marble, ran after the wind, spoke to solitude, served ingratitude, from whom he reached as a prize to be dispossessed by death in the middle of his life, which he ended with a shepherd, to whom he endeavored to immortalize so that they might live in the memory of the people, as these papers you are looking at could show, if he had not commanded me to set them on fire, having given his body to the earth.

"You will treat them with greater rigor and cruelty, said Vivaldo, his own owner, for it is not fair nor it is well that his will be fulfilled, without any reasonable argument, and it was not good Augustus Caesar, if he had consented that what the divine Mantua left in his will be put into execution.

So, Mr. Ambrosio, since you give your friend's body to the earth, you don't wish to give his writings to oblivion; and since he ordered as wronged, it is not well that you fulfill it as indiscreet, rather, do this,

giving these papers life, that they may always retain the cruelty of Marcela, so that it serves as an example in the times to come for the living, so that they may turn away and flee from falling into such deplorable circumstances; and I, and those who are here, know the story of your enamored and desperate friend, and we know your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what was ordered to be done at the end of his life: from which lamentable story you can draw out all the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Grisostomo, the faith of your friendship, with the whereabouts of those who, unleashed, run along the path that the misguided love puts before their eyes.

Last night we learned of Grisotomo's death, and that he was to be buried in this place, and out of curiosity and pity we abandoned our journey, and agreed to come and see with our own eyes what had so wounded us in word; and in payment for this pity and the desire that had been born in us to see Remedios if we could, we beg you, oh discreet Ambrosio, at least I beg you on my part, to leave aside burning these papers, let me take some of them.

And without waiting for the shepherd to respond, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were closest.

Seeing what Ambrosio said: for courtesy, I will allow you to remain with those you have already taken; but to think that I will cease to burn those who remain is a vain thought.

Vivaldo, who wanted to see what the papers said, then opened one of them, and saw that it had for a title: Desperate Song.

Oyoñlo Ambrosio and said: "That is the last paper written by the unfortunate man, and because you see, sir, due to the way his misfortunes ended, listen carefully so you may hear, that the time it takes to open the tomb will give you cause for it."

I'll do it willingly, said Vivaldo.

And as everyone present shared the same desire, they formed a circle, and he, reading clearly, saw that it said so.

Chapter 14: Where the desperate verses of the deceased shepherd are placed, with other unexpected events.

Grigostom's Song

Since you want, cruel, it to be published.

From tongue to tongue, and from person to person, the force of your harsh rigor.

Let the very hell itself proclaim.

To my sad, aching breast,

with which the common use of my voice twists.

And as a pair of my desire that strives to say my pain and your mischiefs.

of the terrible voice will the accent go

and in it mixed pieces of the miserable entrails.

Listen, then, and give attentive ear not to the reasoned sound, but to the noise from the depths of my bitter breast, driven by a forced wandering.

for my pleasure and your chest.

The roar of the lion, of the fierce wolf

the fearful howl, the dreadful screech of scaled snake, the horrifying

Monster's bed, the croaking heraldry of the skylark, and the thunder of wind contrasted against unstable sea:

From the long-past bull's relentless bellow, and of the sorrowful coquettress' widow

the sensitive mewling, the sad song of the widowed owl, with the weeping of the whole infernal black gang

They emerge with the aching spirit abroad, mingled in a son such that all the senses are confused, since the cruel sorrow within me demands new modes to tell it.

From so much confusion, not the sands

The father Tajo will hear the sad echoes.

not even from famous Betis (football club) with olives.

There, my harsh sorrows will be scattered in high cliffs and deep hollows, with a mute tongue and with living words.

Either in dark valleys or in evasive, naked beaches of human contract,

where the sun never showed its light, or among the poisonous throng  
 of beasts that feed the Nislo plain:  
 Let the dull echoes of my uncertain woes sound with your strictness, for the privilege of my brief  
 moments will be carried by the wide world.  
 Kill a suspicion, a terrified patience, or a true or false suspicion; kill jealousy with such fierce rigor.  
 Long absence disconcerts life; against a fear of oblivion, it does not seize firm hope of felicitous fortune.  
 In everything there is a certain, inevitable death; but I, a miracle never seen! live jealously, absent,  
 scornful, and certain.  
 of the suspicions that have killed me: and in oblivion, whom I ignite with my fire.  
 And among so many torments, hope never reaches my sight, nor do I, in despair, seek it.  
 before I pushed my lawsuit to extremes, I curse being without her eternally.  
 Could one perhaps wait and fear in an instant, or is it truly done, being the most certain causes of fear?  
 Do I have, if the strict watch is before me,  
 Should I close my eyes, if I must die  
 For a thousand wounds in the soul opened? Who doesn't open wide the doors to distrust, when seeing  
 the traitor revealed, and the suspicions! Oh, bitter conversion! Established truths turned into lies?  
 Oh, in the kingdom of love, fierce tyrants, jealousy! Put iron in these hands.  
 Damn, dude, a tangled rope.  
 Woe to me! Your cruel victory drowns out suffering.  
 I die, in short, and because I never expected a good success in life or in death, I will remain persistently  
 in my fantasy.  
 He says wisely the one who loves well, and that the soul is most free when most yielded to the ancient  
 tyranny of love.  
 I say that the enemy always entices, beautiful in soul as in body, and that her forgetting of my fault is  
 born.  
 and that in proof of the evils that love makes us suffer, its empire maintains in just peace.  
 And with this opinion and a tight deadline, accelerating the miserable timeframe.  
 To what have I been led by your scorn, I offer to the winds my body and soul without a laurel or palm of  
 future rewards.  
 You, with all your nonsense, show me the reason that forces me to do it.  
 to the weary life I loathe;  
 Well, you see that this of the heart gives notorious samples, a deep wound.  
 Of how joyful I offer myself to your rigor;  
 If by that you know that I deserve that the clear sky of your beautiful eyes should darken in my death,  
 do not do it, I don't want you to in any way satisfy [him] by giving me the spoils of my soul.  
 Before laughter at the fateful occasion, I discover that my end was your party.  
 It is such a simple thing to tell you this, since I know your glory is well-known.  
 in my life ending so soon.  
 Come on, it's time now, with the deep Tantalus's thirst, Sisyphus comes  
 with the terrible weight of his song.  
 Ticio, bring a vulture, and likewise with Egion, don't stop, nor the sisters who work so much.  
 And all of us together, our mortal sorrow, transfer to my breast, and in a low voice.  
 (if there is a desperate son due)  
 they sing sad, painful gifts  
 to the body that even death refuses.  
 And the infernal goalkeeper of the three faces, with a thousand chimera and a thousand monsters,  
 carry in painful counterpoint.  
 no finer pomp seems fitting for a deceased amateur.  
 Desperate song, don't complain when you leave my sad company; rather, let the cause of your birth  
 with my misfortune increase his fortune, even in the grave do not be sad.  
 It seemed to those who had heard the song by Grisotomo that the one who read it said it didn't seem to  
 fit with the relationship he had heard of Marcela's reserve and kindness, because Grisotomo  
 complained in it of jealousy, suspicions, and absence, all to the detriment of Marcela's good credit and

good reputation, to which Ambrosio responded as someone who well knew the most hidden thoughts of his friend; so that, sir, you may satisfy yourself with this doubt, it is well that you know that when this unfortunate writer wrote this song, he was absent from Marcela, of whom he had been absent at her own will, in order to see if she used with him the absence of her ordinary duties; and as to the absent lover there is nothing that does not fatigue him, nor fear that does not reach him, so the jealousies imagined and the fears dreaded fatigued Grisostomo as if they were true; and with this the truth is settled that the fame proclaims of the goodness of Marcela; who, besides being cruel and a little arrogant, and very disdainful, envy should not and cannot lack her of anything.

"That is the truth," replied Vivaldo; and wanting to read another paper from those he had saved from the fire, a wonderful vision (how she appeared) unexpectedly offered itself to his eyes, and it was that, on top of the pile where the grave was being dug, the shepherdess Marcela seemed so beautiful, that she passed to fame in beauty."

Those who had not seen her before stared at her in admiration and silence, and those who were already accustomed to seeing her were no less amazed than those who had never seen her before. As soon as Ambrosio had seen her, with an air of indignant spirit, he said to her: "Do you come to see, oh fierce basilisk from these mountains, whether it is through your presence that blood is poured upon the wounds of this miserable man to whom your cruelty took his life; or do you come to boast in the cruel halls of your condition, or to see from that height, like another Nero, the burning of his blazed Rome, or to tread arrogantly upon this unfortunate corpse, like the ungrateful daughter to that of her father Tarquin? Tell us quickly what you come for, or what is it that you most delight in, for know that the thoughts of Grisostomo never ceased to obey you while he was alive, I will make sure that even dead, the thoughts of all those who called themselves his friends obey you."

"I do not come, oh Ambrosio, to any of the things you have said," replied Marcela, "but to return for myself, and to make it clear how unreasonable those are who blame me and the death of Grisotomo for their sorrows."

And so I beg all those who are here, that you attend me closely, that it will not be necessary much time nor to spend many words to persuade a truth to the discreet.

It seems like the sky, as you say, beautiful, and in such a way that, without being powerful in anything else, it is your love of my beauty that moves you, and because of the love you show me, you say and even want me to be forced to love you.

With the natural understanding that God has given me, I know that all that is beautiful is kind; yet I cannot grasp that, because of this beloved, he is obligated to love what is loved for its beauty, and more than could happen that the lover of beauty would be ugly, and being ugly worthy of being hated, it falls very badly to say "I love you, beautiful," "make me love you, even if you are ugly."

But, considering that beauties may also run, it does not follow that the same desires must run, for not all beauties inspire love, some merely delight the eye and do not yield the will; and if all beauties inspired love and yielded, it would be a wandering of wills, confused and misled, without knowing where to stop, because being infinite the subjects of beauty, infinite would be the desires; and as I have heard said, true love is not divided, and must be voluntary and not forced.

Considering this is so, as I believe it is, why do you want me to surrender my will by force, compelled no further than you say you love me? Instead, tell me: if the heavens made me beautiful, should they make me ugly, is it just that I complain of you because you didn't love me? The more you have to consider that I did not choose the beauty I have, just as it is, the heavens gave it to me freely without me asking for it or choosing it; and just as the viper does not deserve to be blamed for the venom it has, since nature gave it to it, neither do I deserve to be reprimanded for being beautiful; for beauty in a virtuous woman is like a fire extinguished, or like a sharp sword, which neither burns nor cuts those who do not approach them.

Honor and virtues are adornments of the soul, without which the body, even if it be, must not appear beautiful; for if honesty is one of the virtues that most adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why would one have

How can I lose the one loved by a beautiful woman, in order to correspond to the intention of that one who, with all his strength and industry, strives to make her lose her? I was born free, and I chose the solitude of the fields to be free; the trees of these mountains are my companions, the clear waters of



these streams my mirrors; with the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts and beauty. Fire is kept away, and the sword is far from me.

To those I have enchanted with my looks, I have disillusioned with my words; and if desires are sustained by hopes, and I have given none to Grisostomo, nor to any other, of them, the end of none of them, it may well be said that it is not my doing that first broke his stubbornness, nor my cruelty; and if I am accused that their thoughts were honest, and that for this I was obliged to correspond with them, I say that when in that very place where now their grave is dug, it was discovered to me the kindness of their intention, I told him that my purpose was to live in perpetual solitude, and that alone the earth should enjoy the fruit of my seclusion and the spoils of my beauty; and if he, with all this disillusionment, insisted against hope and sailed against the wind, what more did he do than drown in the middle of the gulf of his folly? If I entertained him, I was being false; if he was content, it would go against my best intentions and my plans.

Portio, disillusioned, despairing without being abhorred: now see if it will be reasonable that I be blamed for his sorrow.

Let the deceived complain, let the disillusioned lament what was lost to them, let the one I call confess, let the one I admit boast; but do not call me cruel or murderer, for I make no promises, deceive, call, or admit.

The sky still hasn't wanted me to call it fate, and the thought that I have to love by choice is unacceptable.

May this general rejoicing serve to each of those who request it for their particular benefit, and understand henceforth that if anyone should die of me, they will not die of jealousy or misfortune, because to whom no one wants, none should give jealousy, for rejoicing should not be taken as disdain.

Let him who calls me fierce and basilisk, leave me as a harmful and bad thing; let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; let him who is unknown, not know me; let him who is cruel, not follow me; let this fierce thing, this basilisk, this ungrateful one, this cruel one, and this unknown one, neither seek him, serve him, know him, nor follow him, in any way.

If Grisotomo killed his impatience and his rash desire, why should my honest conduct and restraint be blamed? If I maintain my purity in the company of trees, why should he want me to lose it, he who wants to have it with men? As you know, I have my own wealth, and I do not covet others'—I have free will, and I do not care to be subjected to anyone; nor do I want or dislike anyone; I do not deceive one, nor do I request another, nor do I mock one, nor do I indulge another.

The honest conversation of the women from these villages, and the care of my goats, occupies me; I wish for this mountain to be my end, and if I leave from here, it is to contemplate the beauty of the sky, the path with which the soul walks to its first home.

And saying this, without wanting to hear any answer, he turned his back and went by the most closed-off of a thicket that was nearby, leaving all those who were there amazed, both by his discretion and his beauty.

And some showed signs (of those who had been wounded by the powerful rays of their beautiful eyes) wanting to follow her, without taking advantage of the manifest disappointment they had heard.

Seeing this by Don Quixote, it seemed to him that it was well to use his chivalry in rescuing the distressed maidens, placing his hand on the pommel of his sword, in high and unintelligible voices, he said: no person, of any state or condition whatsoever, should dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, under penalty of falling into the furious indignation of the swan.

She has clearly demonstrated the little or no fault she had in the death of Grisotomo, and how indifferent she is to condoning the desires of any of her lovers, for which it is just that, instead of being pursued and harassed, she be honored and esteemed by all the good people in the world, since she shows that in him she is the only one who lives with such honest intent.

Or since it was due to Don Quixote's threats, or because...

Ambrosio told them to finish with what their good friend deserved, and none of the shepherds moved or departed from there, until, after the burial and the burning of Grisotomo's papers, they placed his body in it, not without many tears from the bystanders.

They closed the tomb with a thick stone slab, while Ambrosio was finishing a paving stone he intended to have used for an epitaph, which would read as follows:

Lies here, you amateur.

the miserable frozen body

he was a cattle herder, lost by heartbreak.

Died due to rigor mortis

of an elusive, beautiful, ungrateful one, with whom his empire delays  
tyranny of love

They scattered many flowers and garlands over the tomb, and everyone, with Ambrosio, said farewell. Vivaldo and his companion did the same, and Don Quixote bade farewell to his guests and the walkers, who begged him to come with them to Seville, as it was a place so well-suited to finding adventures, more than in any other place, offering them on every street and around every corner.

Don Quixote thanked the warning and encouragement shown towards him in offering him alms, and said that he did not wish nor ought to go to Seville until he had stripped all those sierras of ruffians, of whom it was a notorious reputation that they were all full.

Seeing their good determination, they didn't want to disturb the walkers any further, so they turned to say goodbye once more, let them go, and continued on their way, which wasn't lacking anything to address, whether it was the story of Marcela and Grisostomo, or the follies of Don Quixote; who determined to go and seek out the shepherdess Marcela, and offer her everything he could in his service.

But it didn't turn out as he had thought, according to what is told in the discourse of this true story.

Chapter 15: Where the unfortunate adventure that Don Quixote encountered upon meeting some miserable Yankees is recounted.

The wise Cide Hamete Benengeli recounted that, just as Don Quixote bade farewell to his guests and all those present at the burial of Pastor Grisostomo, he and his squire entered the same forest where they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and having walked more than two hours within it, searching for her in every direction without finding her, they came to a pasture full of fresh grass, beside which ran a peaceful and cool stream, so refreshing that it invited and compelled them to spend the hours of afternoon rest there, as they were already beginning strictly.

Don Quixote and Sancho appeared, leaving the donkey and Rocinante to graze at their leisure in the abundant grass, they loaded the panniers, and without any ceremony, in good peace and company, master and squire ate what they found within them.

Sancho hadn't been cured of pulling at Rocinante, certain that he knew him for being so docile and so little spirited that all the mares of the Cordoba estate wouldn't make him take offense.

Therefore, I order fortune and the devil, who do not always sleep, and those who were grazing a herd of Galician jackals for some Yangüese shepherds, of whom it is customary to forage with their flock in places and sites of herbs and water; and that place where Don Quixote happened to find himself was very appropriate for the Yangüese.

It happened, therefore, that Rocinante, desiring to refresh himself with the jacks (or mares), departed, as he did, following his natural pace and custom, without asking permission of his owner, he took a leisurely trot, and went to communicate his need with them; but they, it seemed, must have had more desire to gallop than with him, received him with kicks and teeth, so that, little by little, his stirrups broke, and he was left without a saddle; but what he felt most keenly was seeing the pack drivers the strength that their horses were developing, they came with stakes and so many sticks gave him, that he fell badly on the ground.

Now, in this, Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the beating of Rocinante, were limping along, and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "To what I see, my friend Sancho, these are not knights, but rude and low-born people; say so, because you can certainly help me to take the proper revenge for the offense that has been done to Rocinante before our very eyes."

"What devil's vengeance should we take," replied Sancho, "if these are more than twenty, and we no more than two, and even perhaps no more than one and a half?" "I am worth a hundred," replied Don Quixote.

And without making more speeches, I took up his sword and charged at the yangu■eses, and Sancho Panza did the same, incited and moved by the example of his master; and to the first he gave Don Quijote a slash that opened a leather jerkin from which he was dressed with a large part of his back. The people of that village, who had seen those two men maltreating them, despite their numbers, rushed to their stakes; and seizing the two men in the middle, they began to beat them with great fury and vehemence; it is true that the second struck Sancho on the ground, and the same happened to Don Quixote, without his skill and good humor being of any use; it was his fortune that he should fall at the feet of Rocinante, who had not yet risen: where one sees the fury with which they hammer stakes placed in the hands of rustic and enraged people.

Seeing, then, the trick the yangu■eses had pulled, with all the haste they could muster, they loaded up their caravan and followed their path, leaving behind the two ill-disposed adventurers and of even worse temper.

The first to suffer was Sancho Panza, and, being beside his lord, with a sick and wounded voice, he said: "Sir Don Quijote, oh, Sir Don Quijote! What do you want, Sancho brother?" replied Don Quijote with the same effeminate and plaintive tone as Sancho.

"I would like, if it were possible," Sancho Panza replied, "that your grace would give me two drinks of that drink of ugly Blas, if your grace has it at hand; perhaps it will be useful for the breaking of bones, as it is for the wounds."

Well, to have me here, this unfortunate me, what else did we lack? Don Quijote replied.

But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, by the honor of a traveling knight, that before...

It will be two days, if fortune does not order otherwise, I will have it in my power, or I shall be in for trouble.

"Well, your Majesty," Sancho Panza replied, "in how many feet do you think we shall be able to move?"

"As for what I say," muttered the battered knight Don Quixote, "I cannot put a stop to those days; but I am not to blame for all of it, for I would not lay my hand on a sword against men who were not armed knights like myself; and so I believe that, by divine permission of the god of battles, this punishment has been allowed me; therefore, brother Sancho, it is wise that you be warned in what I am now about to tell you, for it is of great importance to both our health; and it is that, when you see that such a scoundrel makes us some grievance, you do not wait for me to lay my hand on the sword for them, for I will not do it in any way, but you put your hand to your sword and chastise them to your liking, and if knights come to their aid and defense, I will know how to defend you and offend them with all my power, for you have already seen by a thousand signs and experiences to what extent the valor of this my strong arm extends."

The poor gentleman had become so arrogant with the victory of the valiant Biscayan.

But it did not seem so good to Sancho Panza his master's warning, that he should cease answering, saying: "Sir, I am a patient, gentle, tranquil man, and I will conceal any insult, because I have a wife and children to support and raise; therefore, I also beg you to be informed, for it cannot be a command, that in no way will I lay my hand on the sword, nor against a villain, nor against a knight, and from here on forward before witnesses I forgive all offenses that have been done to me and that have been done or will be done to me, whether by a high or low person, rich or poor, nobleman or commoner, excluding status or condition whatsoever."

"Which I heard from my master, replied: I wish I had breath to speak a little more calmly, and that the pain I have in this rib would disappear as much as possible, to make you understand, Belly, in the error you are in."

Come here, sinner: if the wind of fortune, until now so contrary, turns in our favor, filling our sails of desire so that we certainly and without contrast take harbor in one of the islands that I have promised you, what would become of you if, winning them, I made you lord thereof? You would come to prevent it by not being a knight, nor wanting to be one, nor having the courage or intention to avenge your insults and defend your sovereignty; because you must know that in the kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the spirits of their inhabitants are never so quiet, nor so on the part of the new lord, that fear is not felt that they will make some novelty to alter again the things and return, as they say, to try fortune; and thus it is necessary that the new possessor has understanding to know how to govern, and courage to offend and defend oneself in any event.

"In this that has now befallen me," Sancho replied, "I wish I had the understanding and the courage that your grace says; but I swear to a poor man's faith that I am more fit for nonsense than for platitudes." Your Majesties, if you could rise and help Rocinante, even though he does not deserve it, because he was the main cause of all this trouble; I never thought of Rocinante as being a noble horse, as I had always considered him as being a steady and patient creature like myself. In short, as they say, it takes a great deal of time to get to know people, and there's nothing certain in life.

Who would say that after such great wounds as yours, my lord, fate has brought to that unfortunate walker this such great tempest of blows that it has discharged upon our backs? Even yours, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, must have been made like such clouded skies; but mine, bred among Saracens and outlandish folk, clearly will feel more the pain of this misfortune; and if it were not because I imagine, that's what I imagine; it is very certain that all these inconveniences are very remote from the practice of arms, here I would die of pure anger.

I replied to him thus: "Sir, since these misfortunes are the harvest of the chivalry, tell me if they occur very often, or if they have their limited times in which they happen; because it seems to me that if we remain with two harvests useless, should God not assist us with his infinite mercy."

Go on, friend Sancho, replied Don

Quixote, given that the life of itinerant knights is subject to a thousand perils and misfortunes, and it is in potential propinquity to be itinerant knights as kings and emperors, as experience has shown in many and diverse knights of whose stories I have complete knowledge.

And you might now be able to tell, if pain allowed it, of some who, solely by the value of their arm, have risen to the high degrees that I have recounted, and these very ones were previously and afterward in various calamities and miseries, because the valiant Amadis of Gaula was in the power of his mortal enemy Arcaláus the enchanter, of whom it is believed to have been ascertained that he gave him, having him imprisoned, more than two hundred lashes on the reins of his horse, tied to a column of a courtyard; and there is even a secret author and of no little credit who says, that having caught the knight of the Febo with a certain trap, he fell beneath his feet into a certain castle, upon falling he found himself in a deep pit beneath the earth, tied hand and foot, and there they threw upon him one of those that they call melecinas of snow water and sand, of which he was very weakened, and if not rescued in that great plight by a great wise friend of his, the poor knight would have passed very badly.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Chapter 16: Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman at the inn that he imagined to be a castle. The squire who saw Don Quixote on the ass asked Sancho what trouble he was in.

Sancho replied that it was nothing, but that he had fallen from a stone ledge, and that he had a headache.

The vendor treated her as a woman, not as those are usually treated of such dealings, because naturally she was charitable and grieved at the misfortunes of her neighbors, and thus he went then to cure Don Quixote, and had one of his daughters, a maidservant, a young woman and of very good appearance, help him cure his guest.

Also for sale was a maid from Asturias, broad-faced, flat-nosed, with a hooked nose, with one eye crooked and the other not very healthy; it is true that the clumsiness of the body compensated for the other defects; she did not have seven palms from her feet to her head, and the backs, which they loaded her so heavily, made her look at the ground more than she wished.

Thus, that gentle maiden helped the damsel, and the two made a very bad bed for Don Quixote in a carrasco's wagon, which in former times had given manifest signs that it had served as a pigeon coop for many years, in which a stableman also lodged, with his bed made a little further off than that of our Don Quixote, and though it was of the blankets and coverings of his stallions, it made much advantage of his Don Quixote's, which consisted only of four poorly-fitted boards on two unequal benches, and a bolster that, in its fineness, appeared to be quilted, full of threadbare cushions, which, by the touch, resembled pebbles for their hardness, and two sheets made of horse-skin, and a coverlet whose

threads, if counted, would not be lost in the count.

In this cursed bed lay Don Quixote; then the washerwoman and her daughter plastered him from top to bottom, with Maritornes illuminating him, that was the name of the Asturian woman, and as the old woman saw him so richly dressed upon Don Quixote, she said that they seemed more like blows than a fall.

It wasn't blows, Sancho said, but the penalty had many spikes and bumps, and each of them had done their part.

And he also said to her: "Your grace, madam, so that some bundles remain, that someone might need them, they also ache a little in my back."

"In that way," replied the water carrier, "must you also fall? I did not fall," said Sancho Panza, "but from the startle I took at seeing my lord fall, such pain does my body feel, it seems as if they've given me a thousand blows."

That might be so, the maid said, which has happened to me many times – dreaming that I was falling from a tower and that I never did reach the ground, and when I awoke from the dream I would find myself so bruised and shattered as if I had truly fallen.

Here's the translation:

"That's the touch, madam," Sancho Panza replied, "for I, without dreaming of anything, but being as alert as I am now, find myself with fewer cardinals than my lord Don Quixote."

"What is this gentleman's name?" asked the Asturian Maritornes.

Don Quixote de la Mancha, replied Sancho Panza, is a knight-errant and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the world for long times.

"What is a knight errant?" the maid replied.

"You are so new to the world that you don't know it, you do?" Sancho Panza replied. "Know, sister, that a knight-errant is a thing that is beaten and made emperor; today is the most miserable creature in the world and the most needy, and tomorrow he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"Well, how can you, being such a fine gentleman, not have even a county to which to aspire," the vendor said. "It is still early," Sancho replied, "because we have only been searching for adventures for a month, and until now we haven't encountered any that are such. Perhaps one seeks a thing and finds another; it is true that if my lord Don Quixote recovers from this wound or fall, and I am thrown against it, I would not exchange my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All these plastics he was listening to very attentively; Don Quixote, sitting on the bed as best he could, taking the hand of the squire, he said: Believe me, beautiful lady, that you may call yourselves fortunate for having lodged in your castle my person, which is such that if I do not praise it, it is for what is commonly said, that self-praise does debase, but my squire will tell you who I am; I only tell you that I will have eternally written in my memory the service you have done me to thank you while life lasts; and I pray to the high heavens that love does not have me so submissive and so subject to its laws, and the eyes of that beautiful ungrateful one I say between my teeth, that the eyes of this beautiful lady are lords of my freedom.

Confused were the ventera and her daughter, and the good woman of Maritornes, hearing the reasons of the wandering knight, as they understood him as if he spoke in Greek; although they well understood that all were headed toward offerings and pleasantries; and as they were unused to such language, they looked at him and were amazed, and it seemed to them another man of those who used it; and thanking him with ventriloquist-like reasons for their offerings, they left him, and the Asturian Maritornes cured Sancho, who needed him even more than his master.

He had arranged with her that on that night they would indulge together, and she had given him her word that, while the guests were at rest and their masters were sleeping, she would go to find her and satisfy her desire as soon as he commanded it.

And it is told of that good woman, who never gave such words, nor fulfilled them, though she gave them in a mountain and without any witness, because she was very proud of her noble birth, and did not consider it an affront to be in that service at the stall; because she said that misfortunes and bad events had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, narrow, cramped, and fetid bed was first in the midst of that starry stable; and then beside it was Sancho's, which contained only a straw mat and a blanket, which had previously appeared to be of down from an angel; following these two beds was that of the muleteer, made as has been said from the enjalmes and all the adornments of the two best mules he brought, though they were twelve, sleek, very fat and famous, because he was one of the wealthy muleteers of Arevalo, according to the author of this story, who makes particular mention of this muleteer, because he knew him very well, and they still say that he was somewhat related to him.

Apart from the fact that Cide Hamete Benengeli was a very curious and meticulous historian in all things, it is well worth seeing, since those that remain referred to are so minimal and so strange, he did not want them to pass unnoticed, from where they can take an example serious historians who tell us the actions so briefly and succinctly, that they barely reach our lips, leaving them in the inkpot, either through carelessness, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work.

May a thousand times the author of "Tablante," of "Ricamonte," and that one from the other book where the events of "Count Tomillas" are recounted, and with what punctuality everything is described! I say, therefore, that after having visited the rancher and his crew and giving him the second feed, she was laid down in her stalls and waited for her exceedingly punctual Maritornes.

Sancho was already drowsy and lying down, and although he tried to sleep, the pain in his ribs wouldn't allow it; and Don Quixote, with the pain in his own ribs, had his eyes open like a hare.

The entire sale was silent, and in it there was no other light than that given by a lamp, hanging in the middle of the portal.

This wonderful quiet, and the thoughts that our knight always drew from the events that were constantly recounted in the books, authors of his misfortune, brought one of the strange follies that could be well imagined to his mind; and it was that he imagined having arrived at a famous castle (which, as has been said, castles were in his opinion all the inns where he lodged), and that the innkeeper's daughter was the lady of the castle, who, overcome by her kindness, had fallen in love with him and promised that on that night, secretly, she would come to lie with him a good piece.

Having all this chimera that he had fabricated, so firm and valiant, he began to fret and think about the dangerous predicament his honesty was to find itself in, and he proposed within his heart not to commit any deceitful acts to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, although even the queen Ginebra with her lady Quintona were placed before him.

Thinking, therefore, about these absurdities, time and hour passed (which for him was diminished), of the arrival of the Asturian woman, who, in shirt and bare feet, with her hair gathered in a gherkin, with silent and attentive steps, entered the room where the three were staying in search of the rider; but as soon as she reached the door, Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting on the bed despite his pains and his ribs aching, he stretched out his arms to receive his beautiful maiden, the Asturian woman, who, being carefully arranged and silent, went forward with her hands before her, seeking her beloved.

I came across Don Quixote's arms, who strongly embraced a doll, pulling her towards him, so that she didn't dare utter a word, he made her sit on the bed, buttoned her shirt, which was of burlap, and it seemed to him to be of very fine and thin fabric.

He was bringing in some glass beads; but he was given glimpses of precious oriental stones; the hair, which somehow tended to horsehair, he framed it with strands of most luminous Arabian gold, whose brilliance darkened that of the sun itself; and the breath that, without a doubt, smelled of pickle and late hours, he seemed to throw from his mouth a soft and aromatic scent; and finally, he painted her in his imagination with the same trace and manner as he had read in his books about the other princess who came to see the badly wounded knight vanquished of her loves, with all the adornments that here are set forth; and it was so much the blindness of the poor gentleman that the touch, the breath, and other things that she carried within her, would not disabuse him, which could make another vomit who was not a stablehand; rather, it seemed to him that he had in his arms the goddess of beauty; and having her well in his grasp, with a loving and low voice he began to say: I would like to find myself in terms, fair and tall lady, to be able to pay such grace as you have made me with the sight of your great beauty; but fortune has wanted, that does not tire of pursuing the good, to put me in this bed, where I lie so crushed and broken, that even if I would like to satisfy yours, it would be impossible; and more is added to this impossibility, which is the promised faith that I have given to the unparalleled Dulcinea of the

Toboso, the only lady of my most hidden thoughts; that if this were not to be taken into account, I would not be so sane knight to let pass in white the fortunate occasion that your great kindness has placed me.

Maritornés was overjoyed and brimming with delight at being so bewitched by Don Quixote, and without understanding or paying attention to the reasons he was saying, she tried to disengage herself without uttering a word.

The good fellow of the shepherd, to whom their bad wishes were aroused, from the spot where he entered his bribe through the door, he felt it, attentively listening to everything Don Quixote said, and jealous that the Asturian woman had broken her word with another, he was getting closer and closer to Don Quixote's bed, and he stayed until he saw where those reasons were stopping that he couldn't understand; but as he saw the maiden struggling to lose her balance, and Don Quixote working to have her, it seemed to him a bad jest, he raised his arm high and inflicted such a terrible blow on the narrow jaws of the enamored knight, that it flooded his entire mouth with blood, and not content with this, he climbed onto his ribs, and with his feet at a gallop, he walked them end to end.

The bed, which was somewhat weak and of unsteady foundations, could not bear the addition of the mule driver, resulting in the floor, which a great noise awakened the wind, and then he imagined they must be debts of Maritornes, because when he called her out loud she did not respond.

With that suspicion, he raised a candle and went towards where he had heard the fight.

The maid, seeing that her master was approaching and that he was of a terrible condition, being timid and agitated, took refuge in the bed of Sancho Panza, who was still asleep, and there she huddled and made herself

ball of yarn

The vendor walked in saying: "Where is my whore?" Of course they're your things, these ones.

Sancho awoke in this way, and feeling that lump almost on top of him, he thought he was having a nightmare, and he began to twitch and jerk repeatedly, and among others, he reached with no one counting, Maritornes, who, feeling the pain, rolling about with so much honesty, returned Sancho with so many, to his dismay, taking away the dream; which, seeing himself treated in that way and not knowing who, rising as best he could, embraced Maritornes, and between the two of them began the most bitter and amusing skirmish in the world.

Seeing, then, the shepherd by the light of the shepherd's lantern as his lady was going, and seeing Don Quixote, he hastened to offer the necessary assistance.

The waiter did the same; but with a different intention, because he went to punish the maidservant, believing without a doubt that she alone was the cause of all that harmony.

And as is often said, the cat to the corner, the corner to the stick, the stick to the stickman, the stickman gave the rider to Sancho, Sancho to the maid, the maid to him, the stickman to the maid, and everyone rushed so hastily that they didn't allow for a moment's rest; and it was a good thing that the stickman's lantern went out, and as they were left in darkness, all of them, with such lack of compassion, threw their belongings about, and wherever they put their hand, they left nothing sound.

Did he lodge that night at the inn a quadrille player of those known as the Old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who, hearing also the strange noise of the fight, drew his halberd and his box of titles, and entered in the dark saying: "Submit to justice, submit to the Holy Brotherhood."

And the first one he encountered was with the fallen bed of Don Quixote, lying on his back, without any sense; and, feeling his way with his hand to his beard, he kept saying: "Justice! Justice!"

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to fulfill your request.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

But seeing that the one who had been there wasn't moving, it was understood he was dead, and that those inside were his murderers, and with this suspicion he reinforced the voice, saying: Close the stall's door, make sure no one leaves, a man has died here.

This sudden voice startled everyone, and each one left the matter at the point where the voice took them.

The stableman went to his room, the rider to his stalls, the maid to her loft; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not move from where they were.

The swindler, in this matter, shaved Don Quixote's beard, and set out to seek light in order to search for and capture the criminals; but he did not find it, because the chimney-corner's lamp had been extinguished when he withdrew to his dwelling, and he had to resort to the fireplace, where the swindler kindled another lamp with much work and time.

Chapter 17: Where they continued the innumerable works that the valiant Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza had carried out at the inn, which he, through a bad thought, had believed to be a castle.

"Don Quijote had already returned in this time of his parasitism, and with the same tone of voice that he had called to his squire the day before when he was lying in the valley of the stakes, he began to call him, saying: 'Sancho, friend, are you sleeping? Are you sleeping, friend Sancho? What is there to sleep, heavy with me, replied Sancho, full of gloom and resentment, that it seems that all the devils have been with me tonight.'"

"You can believe it, without a doubt," replied Don Quixote, "for either I know little, or this castle is enchanted, as you must know."

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

But this that I now want to tell you, make me swear that you will keep it secret until after my death.

I swear, Sancho replied.

"Don Quixote replied, because I am an enemy of anyone having their honor taken away."

I say that yes, as Sancho says, I will keep silent until after your grace, and pray that he may discover it tomorrow.

"Such bad deeds do you do me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that you would have me dead with so little haste?" "It is not for that reason," replied Sancho, "but because I am an enemy of keeping things too long, and I didn't want them to spoil from being kept."

"Whatever it may be," said Don Quixote, "being so distrustful of your love and your courtesy; and you must know that this night one of the strangest adventures has happened to me that I have ever experienced, and to recount it briefly, you will know that little came to me of the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most beautiful and courageous maiden that can be found in great part of the world."

What could I tell you of his person! What of his gallant understanding! What of other things hidden, that, by keeping the faith I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall let pass untouched and silent! I only want to tell you, that the envious heavens, from so much good and fortune that had been placed in my hands, or perhaps (and this is the most certain thing) that, as I have said, this castle is enchanted, at the same time as I was with her in deliciously and amorously sweet conversations, without me seeing her, nor knowing where she came from, a hand stuck to some arm of some colossal giant came, and bumping me on the jaw, such that I have all of them bathed in blood, and afterwards he molted me so well, that I am worse than yesterday when the muleteers, due to too much of Rocinante, made us the offense that you know; by which I conjecture: that the treasure of the beauty of this maiden must be kept by some enchanted Moor, and it should not be for me.

"Not even for me, replied Sancho, because more than four hundred Moors have attacked me such that the splitting of the stakes was of planks and painted bread; but tell me, sir, what do you call this good and rare adventure, having ended as it did?" "Still, your lordship is less harmed, for he had that incomparable beauty that he spoke of; but I had nothing but the greatest blows I ever expect to receive in my life? Wretched of me and of the mother who bore me, that I am not a knight errant and never shall be, and of all the misfortunes falls most heavily upon me."

Are you also beaten up? Quixote replied.

"Don't I tell you that yes, despite my lineage?" Sancho said.

Don't be sorrowful, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I shall now make the precious balm with which we shall heal in the blink of an eye."



I ended up in this business of lighting the lantern with the quadrille player, and he entered to see the one who had been thought dead, and as Sancho saw him enter in a shirt and with his kerchief on his head and a lantern in his hand and with a very bad face, he asked his master: Sir, is this the Moor bewitched who is returning to punish us if we left something in the inkwell? It cannot be the Moor, Don Quixote replied, because the

They don't want to be seen by anyone.

If they aren't seen, let them be felt," said Sancho; "if they don't say it, let my back be."

"You might say the same about me," Don Quixote replied; but that is not enough evidence to believe that this one we see is the enchanted Moor."

The quadrille player arrived, and he found them in such a quiet conversation that he hesitated.

It is true that Don Quixote was lying on his back, completely paralyzed with stiffness and plaster.

I arrived at him, the squire, and said to him: Well, how goes it, good man? I spoke more refinedly,

replied Don Quixote, if it were to be used in this land to speak so coarsely to knights-errant, you boor?

The cuadrilleros, having seen a man treated so badly, and seeing such a sorry figure, could not bear it, and raising the lantern with all its oil, he gave Don Quixote, with it in his head, until he left him very badly stunned; and as everything was left in darkness, he then rose, and Sancho Panza said: "Without a doubt, my lord, this is the Moor, and he must be guarding the treasure for others, and for us he only gives us bruises and lantern blows."

That's right," replied Don Quixote, "and there's no need to pay any heed to such things of enchantments, nor to take anger or annoyance with them, for since they are invisible and fantastic, we shall find no one to avenge us, however much we may try.

Wake up, Sancho, if you can, and call to the captain of this fortress, and see that he gives me a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the salutation balm, because I truly believe I need it greatly now, as a great deal of blood is draining from the wound that this ghost has given me.

Sancho rose with great pain in his bones, and went into the darkness where the innkeeper was, and encountering the cuadrillero, who was listening to what his enemy was saying, he said: "Sir, whoever you may be, grant us mercy and benefit by giving us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, for it is necessary to cure one of the best traveling knights in the land, who lies on that bed badly wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn."

When the captain heard it, the sailor acted like a man lacking sense; and because it was already beginning to dawn, he opened the shop's door, and telling the waiter what that good man wished.

The serving-man supplied him with everything he wished, and Sancho took it to Don Quixote, who was with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the candlestick blow, which had not done him more harm than to have made his testicles somewhat swollen, and what he thought was blood was nothing more than sweat that he had sweated from the anguish of the recent storm.

In the resolution, he took his simples, of which he made a compound by mixing them all together and cooking them for a good space of time until he thought they were at their point.

He then made a little basin for it, and since one wasn't available at the sale, he resolved to put it in a leaf-lined tin can or oil container, for whom the vendor made a gracious donation; and then he said about the container more than eighty Pater Nosters and so many Ave Marias, Salves and Credos, and each word accompanied by a cross as a form of blessing; to which Sancho, the vendor and the quadrille leader were present, who the driver was now calmly understanding in the benefit of his males. Having done this, he himself wished to experience the virtue of that precious balm he imagined; and so he drank from what would not fit into the sack, and it remained in the pot where it had been cooked with almost half a pint of wormwood, and scarcely had he finished drinking it when he began to vomit so that nothing remained in his stomach, and with the urges and agitation of the vomiting he gave off a copious sweat, whereupon he ordered him to wrap him up and leave him alone.

They did it that way, and he remained asleep for more than three hours, after which he awoke, feeling incredibly relieved from his ailment, and in such a way better from his injury that he was considered healthy, and truly he believed he had succeeded with Fierabras' balm, and that with that remedy he could undertake from that point forward without any fear whatsoever.

rims, battles, and worries, no matter how dangerous they were.

Sancho Panza, who also had a miracle in the improvement of his master, asked him to give him what was left in the pot, which wasn't a small amount.

He granted it to Don Quixote, and he, taking it with both hands with good faith and a better disposition, thrust it to his breasts, and bottled him almost as well as his master.

Therefore, it is the case that the poor Sancho's stomach should not have been so delicate as that of his master, and so, before he vomited, he was given so many spasms and convulsions with so many sweats and fainting spells, that he truly thought it was his last hour, and seeing himself so afflicted and agitated, he cursed the balsam and the thief who had given it to him.

Looking at it like that, Don Quixote said to Sancho: I believe, Sancho, that all this ill comes from your not being a knight, because this liquor must not benefit those who are not.

If your Grace had known it, I, Sancho, cursed be I and my whole family, why did I consent that he should like it?

In this he performed his operation, and the poor squire began to drain himself through both canals with such haste that Enea's covering, upon whom he had been re-laid, nor Angelo's blanket with which he was covered, were of any use; he perspired and streamed with such spasms and misfortunes that not only he, but everyone thought his life was ending.

The pain lasted almost two hours due to this storm and bad fortune, after which he was no longer master, but so crushed and broken that he could not be possessed; however, Don Quixote, as has been said, felt relieved and restored, and immediately wished to set out in search of adventures, deeming that all the time he spent there was being taken away from the world and those in need of his favor and protection, and especially because of the security and confidence he carried in his balm; and thus, forced by this desire, he himself saddled Rocinante, and adorned the squire's donkey, whom he also helped to dress and mount on the ass; he then mounted his horse, and arrived at a corner of the inn, and took a lance that was there for him to use as a lance.

They were all looking at everything in the stall, passing over twenty people; he also didn't take his eyes off the vendor's daughter; and he also didn't remove his gaze from her, and he would occasionally throw a sigh, that seemed to tear from the depths of his entrails, and everyone thought it must be from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who had seen him thrashing the night before.

Since you were both on horseback, upon arriving at the inn's door I called to the innkeeper, and with a very calm and grave voice I said: "Many and very great are your mercies, sir alguacil, that I have received in your castle, and I remain obliged to thank you every day of my life; if I can pay you by avenging you against any arrogant person who has done you an injury, know that my purpose is none other than to aid those who have little, to avenge those who receive wrongs, and punish insolence; review your memory, and if you find anything of this kind to entrust to me, there is only one way, I promise you by the code of chivalry that I received, to make you satisfied and paid according to your will."

The vendor replied with the same composure: Sir, I have no need of your vengeance, for I am capable of taking the revenge that is due to me when it is offered; I only require that you pay me for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as well as for the dinner and beds.

"Then is this the sale?" Don Quixote replied.

And he replied, with great honor.

"I have been deceived this far," Don Quixote replied, "for I truly believed it was a castle, and not a sale, but since it is so, it is not a castle but a shop, what can be done for the time being is that you forgive it for the price, as I cannot go against the orders of the knights-errant, of whom I am certain (without having read anything to the contrary so far) that they never paid for lodging, nor anything for sale where they were received, because they are due courtesy and right for any good reception they receive, in payment for the unbearable toil they endure seeking adventures night and day."

In winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of the sky, and all the discomforts of the earth.

"I have very little to do with that," the bartender replied: "Pay me what you owe me, and let's not talk of stories or knightly virtues, because I have no account with anything other than collecting my dues."

You are a silly and bad innkeeper, Quijote replied.

And, having put legs on Rocinante, and sharpened his lance, he left the inn without anyone stopping him; and he, without looking to see if his squire followed him, rode off a good distance.

The innkeeper, who saw him go and who didn't pay him, went to collect from Sancho Panza, who said that since his lord had not wished to pay, he himself would not pay, because as he was the squire of the knight-errant, the same rule and reason applied to him as it did to his master in not paying for anything in inns and shops.

Don't bother with that merchant much, and he threatens you that if he doesn't pay you, he'll collect it in such a way that it will weigh heavily on you.

To which Sancho replied that, by the code of chivalry his master had received, he would not pay a single penny even if it cost him his life, because he would not lose for him the good and ancient custom of knights errant, nor would he complain of the squires who were yet to come into the world, reproachfully pointing out the violation of such a just rule.

The misfortune of the hapless Sancho, that among the folk at the inn there were four horse traders from Segovia, three holes from a colt from Cordoba, and two residents of Seville, cheerful, well-intentioned, mischievous, and playful people; who, almost as if instigated and moved by a single spirit, came to Sancho, and dismounted him from the donkey, one of them entered through the blanket of the guest's bed, and raising their eyes in it, they saw that the ceiling was somewhat lower than they needed for their work and determined to leave to the courtyard, which they considered as a boundary the sky, and there, placing Sancho in the middle of the blanket, they began to raise it high and to revel in it like a dog on a leash.

The voices that the miserable mixture gave were so many, that they reached the ears of his master, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was coming to him, until he clearly recognized that the one shouting was his squire, and returning the reins, with a stinging blow, arrived at the market, and finding it closed, he circled it to see if he could find a way to enter; but there was no entrance to the walls of the corral, which were not very high, when he realized the trick being played on his squire.

I saw her go up and down in the air with so much grace and agility that, if anger left her, I had to laugh for my own sake.

I tried to climb from the horse to the stakes; but he was so beaten and broken, that he could not even dismount, and thus from on top of the horse he began to utter so many complaints and grumbles to which Sancho used to offer consolation, it is impossible to hit the right notes; but by no means did they cease their laughter and their work, nor did the flying Sancho abandon his complaints, now mixed with threats, now with pleas; but little served it, until from sheer exhaustion they left him.

They brought him there with their donkey, and climbed upon him, covered him with their cloak, and seeing him so weary, it seemed to Maritornes that it would do him good with a jug of water, and so they brought him from the well because it was cooler.

Take Sancho, and, bringing him to his master's mouth, he obeyed the voices his master gave him, saying, "Son, Sancho, do not drink water, son, do not drink it, for it will kill you; see, here I have the most holy balm, and teach him the measure of the tincture, for with two drops of it you will surely be cured."

Sancho returned to these voices with eyes as if looking through them, and said to them with greater insistence: "Has forgotten your grace, as I am not a knight, or do you want me to finish vomiting the entrails that remain from last night?" Guard his liquor with all the devils, and let me have it; and the finishing of saying this and the beginning of drinking it all was one; but as with the first sip he saw that it was water, he didn't want to proceed, and he asked Maritornes to bring him more wine; and so she did good will, and I paid him with his own money, because it is indeed said of her that, although she was in that agreement, she had certain shadows and was far from Christian.

Just as Sancho drank, he gave the donkey a share of the turnips, and opening the shop wide open, he left it very pleased that he hadn't paid anything, and that he had succeeded in carrying out his intention, although at the cost of his usual creditors, his back.

The truth is that the vendor kept his bags in payment for what was owed to him; however, Sancho did not miss them, according to how he had left in a troubled state.

The vendor tried to shut the door properly as he had seen it open; but the porters refused him, for they were men who, though Don Quixote were truly one of the knights of the Round Table, did not esteem him in the slightest.

Chapter 18: Where the reasons are recounted for Sancho Panza's departure from his lord Don Quixote with other adventures worthy of being told.

Sancho arrived at his master, withered and faint, so much so that he couldn't manage his donkey.

When he saw Sancho like that, Don Quijote said: "Now I've just begun to believe, Sancho, that that castle or inn is haunted without a doubt, because those who so atrociously took your pastime with you, what could they be but ghosts and folk from the other world? And I confirm this, because I've seen that when I was by the fences of the yard watching the acts of your sad tragedy, I was unable to climb them, and still less could I dismount Rocinante, because they must have enchanted me; I swear to you by the faith of who I am, that if I could climb or dismount, I would have avenged you so thoroughly that those ruffians and scoundrels would remember the jest forever, although in doing so I knew I would contravene the laws of chivalry, as I have already told you many times, which do not permit a knight to lay hands on anyone who is not one, unless it be in defense of his own life and person in case of urgent and great need."

"I would have avenged myself too, if I could, said Sancho, whether or not he was armed as a knight; but I couldn't, and I have to say that those who frolicked with me were not ghosts or enchanted men, as your lordship says, but men of flesh and bone like ourselves and all, as I heard them named when they turned me over; they had their names, one was called Pedro Martinez, the other Tenorio Hernandez, and the waiter I heard was called Juan Palomeque the Left-handed; so, sir, the not being able to jump the fences of the corral, nor to dismount from the horse, he was in enchantments; and what I take away from all this, is that these adventures we are seeking, in the end, will bring us to so many misfortunes, that we will not know which is our right foot; and what would be better and more accurate, according to my little understanding, would be to return to our place, now that it is time for the harvest, and to understand in the estate, letting ourselves off wandering from one place to another like they say."

"You know so little, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "of chivalry: be silent and patient, for a day will come when, with eyes open, you will see how honorable it is to go about in this profession."

Tell me: what greater joy can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be equaled with winning a battle, and with triumphing over one's enemy? None, without a doubt.

"That's how it must be," Sancho replied, "since I don't know it; I only know that after we have been traveling as knights, or your grace are (for I haven't the strength to be counted in such an honorable number), we have never won a battle, except for that of the Biscayan, and even then your grace came out with half an ear and half a welt less; that after this it has been all sticks and more sticks, stabs and more stabs, with me bearing the expense, and having been subjected to enchanted persons, from whom I cannot take revenge, to know how far the pleasure of defeating the enemy extends, as your grace says."

"That is the punishment I have, and the one you must have, Sancho," replied Don Quijote; but from this point forward I shall endeavor to have at my hands some sword made with such mastery, that whoever carried it with him shall not be able to make against him any enchantment; and even fortune might yet befall me like that of Amadis, when he was called the "Knight of the Burning Sword," which was one of the best swords that any knight had ever possessed in the world; for, besides having the virtue said, it cut like a knife, and there was no armor, however strong and enchanted, that could stand before it."

I am such a lucky man, said Sancho.

When that were done, and your grace should come to find such a sword, it would only come to serve and profit the armed knights like balm, and to the squires who would be offered duels.

"Don't fear that, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that's better left to heaven with you."

In these talks went Don Quixote and his squire, when Don Quixote saw that, on the road they were following, a large and dense dust cloud was coming towards them, and as he saw it he turned to Sancho and said: "This is the day, oh Sancho, in which I shall see the good that my fortune has in store for me; this is the day, I say, in which so much will be shown as in no other day the value of my arm, and in which I shall accomplish deeds that will be written in the book of fame for all posterity."

Do you see that dust rising there, Sancho? It's all made up of a prodigious army, composed of diverse and innumerable people, that's marching from there.

To that account, two must be, said Sancho, because that opposing part also rises up with such dust. Don Quixote looked at her again, and saw that it was the truth; and overjoyed, he was sure that they were two armies come to clash and meet in the middle of that spacious plain, for he was constantly and at all hours filled with the fancy of those battles, enchantments, events, follies, loves, challenges, that are told in books of chivalry; and everything he spoke, thought, or did, was directed towards things like those, and the dust that he had seen raised by two great flocks of sheep and lambs, which came from two different parts along the same road, until they were close, when with so much agitation Don Quixote insisted that they were an army, and Sancho came to believe it and to say to him, "Sir, then what shall we do? What?" said Don Quixote.

Favor the indigent and the helpless; and you must know, Sancho, that this one approaching before our face is led and guided by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana; this other one, marching at my heels, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the bared arm, because he always enters into battles with his right arm bare.

"Well, why do those two gentlemen hate each other so much?" Sancho asked.

"They hate him badly," replied Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and he is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and moreover, graceful lady, and she is Christian, and her father will not give her to the pagan king unless he first abandons the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and returns to himself."

To tell you the truth, Sancho said, if Pentapolin doesn't do very well, and that I have to help him as much as I can.

"Do what you must, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "because to enter battles such as these does not require being a knight."

"That's quite enough of that, he replied; but where shall we put this donkey, since we are certain of finding him after passing the Relegation, for I don't believe he is in use yet when we enter it in such chivalry? It is true, said Don Quixote; what you can do is leave him to his adventures, now he loses himself or not, for there will be so many horses we shall have after we emerge victorious, that even Rocinante is in danger of being exchanged for another; but keep me informed and watch, for I want to make you aware of the principal knights who come in these two armies, and in order that you may see and note them better, let us retire to that small rise that is made there, from which the two armies must be discovered."

They did it that way and set themselves upon a rise from which both herds were clearly visible to Don Quixote, which herds he made the axis of his army, if the dust clouds they raised did not disturb and blind his sight; but with all this, seeing in his imagination what he did not see or have, he began to say with raised voice: That knight whom you see there with drawn arms, who carries on his shield a crowned lion kneeling at the feet of a damsel, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge.

The other of the arms of the Golden Flowers, which bears on its shield three silver crowns on a blue field, is the feared Micocolemba, Grand Duke of Quirocia.

The other

Of the giant members that are at his right hand, is Brandabarbaran of Boliche, never-fearful, lord of the three Arabias, who comes armed with that serpent leather, and has for a shield a door, which, according to fame, is one of those that Samson brought down when he fell with his enemies.

But his eyes return to another part, and you will see before and on the forehead of the other army Timonel of Carcajon, prince of New Vizcaya, who comes armed with weapons cut to blue, green, white, and yellow quarters, and carries on the shield a golden cat on a leonated field with the word "Miau," which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, according to what is said, is unparalleled Miaulina, daughter of the Duke of Alfeniquen del Algarbe.

The other, who burdens and oppresses the flanks of that powerful alchemist, who brings forth weapons like white snow, and the white shield without any enterprise, is a young knight, of French nation, named Pierre Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique.

The other, who beats the maidens with the hardened carcanillos to that painted and light zebra, and brings the weapons of the blue veros, is the powerful Duke of Nervia, Spartafileardo of the Forest, who

brings on his shield a sparraguera with a letter in Castilian, which says thus: "Track my fortune." And in this way he was naming many knights from both squadrons that he imagined, and he gave them all their arms, colors, enterprises, and nicknames spontaneously, driven by the madness of his never-seen imagination, and without stopping he continued saying: To this border squadron they form and make people of diverse nations; here are those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Janto, the mountainous ones who tread the massilic fields, those who sift the finest and smallest gold in the fortunate Arabia, those who enjoy the famous and fresh banks of the clear Termodonte, those who bleed for many and diverse routes to the golden Pactolo, the dubious mumis, the Persians in famous bows and arrows, the Parthians, the Medes, who fight fleeing, the Arabs with changeable houses, the Cites so cruel as white, the Ethiopians with perforated lips, and other infinite nations whose faces I know and see, although I do not remember their names.

From that squadron come those who drink the crystalline currents of the Betis olive grove, those who polish and brighten with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus, those who enjoy the fruitful waters of the divine Guadalquivir, those who tread the tartessian fields of abundant pastures, those who delight in Jerez's blissful meadows, the rich Manchegan wheat, crowned with golden ears, those clad in iron, ancient relics of the Goth blood, those who bathe in the Pisuerga, famous for the meekness of its current, those who graze their cattle in the sprawling dehesas of the tortuous Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden course, those who tremble with the cold of the murmuring Pyrenees and with the white flakes of the uplifted Apennines; finally, all that entire Europe contains and encloses.

God keep me, and how many provinces he said, how many nations he named, giving to each one all the attributes that belonged to them, completely absorbed and steeped in what he had read in their lying books! Sancho Panza was hanging on his words without saying a word, and from time to time he turned his head to see if he saw the knights and giants that his master named, and since he didn't discover any of them he said: "Sir, I entrust the devil himself, if man, or giant, or knight of whatever your mercy says appears, for all this, at least I don't see them; perhaps all this must be enchantment like the ghosts of last night."

"How do you say that?" replied Don Quixote, "Don't you hear the horses' neighing, the pipes of the clarinets, the noise of the drums? I hear nothing else," replied Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and calves, and that was the truth, because the two herds were approaching close."

"The fear you have," said Don Quixote, "makes you, Sancho, that you don't see or hear properly, because one of the effects of fear is to cloud the senses, and make things appear not as they are; and if you really fear so much, withdraw to one side and leave me alone, for only a small part is enough to give the victory to the side I order my help to."

And saying this, he saddled Rocinante, and with him shot in the flank beneath the spine like a flash.

"Voices spoke to him, Sancho said, "Turn back, my lord Don Quixote, that by God's will they are sheep that you are about to charge: turn back, wretched son of the father who begot me: what madness is this! See that there is no giant nor knight, nor cats, nor weapons, nor shields divided nor whole, nor blue giants nor devils."

What are you doing? The guilty one is me, God.

Sir Quixote didn't return that way, previously speaking in loud voices: "Hark, knights, those who follow and fight under the banners of the powerful Emperor Pentapolin with the brawny arm, follow me all, you will see how easily I deliver vengeance upon his enemy, Alifanfaron of the Trapobana."

With that said, they entered through the ranks of the sheep, and began to attack with such courage and fervor, as if they were truly attacking their mortal enemies.

The shepherds and ranchers who came with the flock, gave it voices that it didn't do that; but seeing that it wasn't working, they threw the waves, and the ears began to greet it with stones like a point.

Don Quixote wasn't recovering from the stones; before setting off in all directions, he said, "Where are you, haughty Alifanfaron? Come to me, for I am a solitary knight who desires to test your strength and take your life in punishment for what you give to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

I arrive here like a stream iron, and hitting it on one side, I buried two ribs in the body.

Seeing it so battered, he surely thought he was dead or badly wounded, and, recovering his liquor, he took his flask and poured it into his mouth, and began to drink liquor into his stomach; but before he had

finished swallowing what seemed enough to him, another almond came, and he gave it to him in the hand and in the flask so full, that he broke it, carrying three or four teeth and molars from his mouth, and badly bruised two fingers of his hand.

That was the first blow, and such the second, that it forced the poor knight to lose his horse.

The shepherds came to him, and believing that he had been killed, and so they gathered his cattle with haste, and loaded the dead oxen, which numbered seven or more, and without investigating further, they departed.

All this time Sancho had been on the hillside, watching his master's follies, and he would tear his beard out, cursing the hour and the moment when fortune had revealed itself to him.

Seeing him, therefore, fallen to the ground, and that the shepherds had already gone, he descended from the slope and they reached him, finding him in a very poor state of affairs, although he had not lost his senses, and he said to him: "Didn't I tell you, Sir Knight Don Quixote, that you should turn back, that the things you were going to attack were not armies, but herds of sheep?"

"You see, Sancho," Don Quixote replied, "it is very easy for such people to make us appear what they wish, and this wicked man who pursues me, envious of the glory I see I am about to attain from this battle, has turned squadrons of enemies into flocks of sheep."

If you don't do it, Sancho, by my life, because you'll be disappointed and see it's true what I'm telling you: get on your donkey and follow them nicely, and you'll see how, as they move away from here, they return to their original selves, and ceasing to be sheep, they become men made and done, as I painted them to you first, but don't go now, as I need your favor and help; come to me, and see how many teeth and gums I'm missing, as it seems to me that none are left in my mouth.

Sancho got so close that he was about to put his eyes in Quijote's mouth, and he was just in time because the balm had already been administered to Quijote's stomach, and as Sancho was going to look at his mouth, he flung out of him, more robust than a rifle, everything he had within him, and he gave it all in Sancho's beard.

Saint Mary!

said Sancho.

And what is this that has happened to me? Without a doubt, this sinner is mortally wounded, for he is vomiting blood from his mouth.

But reflecting on it a little more, I realized in the color, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balm of the aloe that he had seen him drink; and the disgust was so great that, with his stomach churning, he vomited his entrails upon his own lord, and they remained entangled like pearls.

Sancho went to his donkey to draw out of the panniers what to use for wiping himself and to cure his master, and since he didn't find them, he was on the point of losing his mind; he cursed him again; and he proposed in his heart to abandon his master and return to his homeland, even if he lost the pay for his service and the hopes of the government of the promised island.

Don Quixote rose up in this way, putting his left hand to his mouth to prevent his teeth from falling out, and with the other hand he took the reins of Rocinante, who had never moved from beside his master (such was his loyalty and training), and followed wherever his squire was, with his back against his donkey, with his hand on his cheek as if he were a thoughtful man, besides, and seeing Don Quixote in this manner, with signs of so much sadness, he said to him: "Know, Sancho, that every man is different if he doesn't do what every other man does; all these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon be calm, and that good things will happen to us, because it is impossible for evil and good to last forever, and from this it follows that, having lasted so long with evil, good is already near, so you shouldn't worry about the misfortunes that befall me, since they don't concern you."

"How not?" Sancho replied; "Is it perhaps that the one you were speaking with yesterday was another than my father's son? And are the sacks that are missing me today those of another than my own? Do you lack sacks, Sancho?" said Don Quijote.

"That's true, they're still lacking," Sancho replied.

"That way, we don't have to eat today," Quixote replied.

"That's so," Sancho replied, "when the herbs your lordship says you know are still missing from these meadows, with which such unfortunate knights as your lordship are accustomed to supply such shortages."

With all that, replied Don Quixote, I would take more than a quarter of bread, or a loaf and two heads of sardines, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even by the enlightened doctor Laguna; but with all that, climb on your donkey, Sancho the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and as much walking as we do in his service, since he does not fail the mosquitoes in the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and he is so merciful that he makes his sun shine on the good and bad, and rain on the unjust and just.

"It was better, your lordships, said Sancho, for a preacher than a knight errant."

"Knights errant, Sancho said Don Quixote, know of everything, and they must know it, for there have been knight errants in past centuries who stood in the same way to deliver a sermon or discourse on a royal road, as if they were graduates of the University of Paris, from which it can be inferred that the quill never broke the lance, nor did the lance break the quill."

Now, as your grace says, replied Sancho; let us go away from here and seek where to lodge tonight, and may God grant it to be in a place where there are no blankets, no servants, no ghosts, nor enchanted Moors, for if there are, I'll give my hat and my boots to the devil.

"Ask God for it," said Don Quixote, "guide yourself wherever you wish, that this time I want to leave your choice as to where we lodge; but give me my hand here, and tie me with a finger, and look well at how many teeth and molars are missing on this right side of the upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."

Metio Sancho his fingers, and, attending to him, he asked: "How many teeth did your grace formerly have in this part? Four," replied Don Quixote, "out of the gum whole and very sound."

Your Lordship hears you well, sir, Sancho replied.

I say four, unless they were five," replied Don Quixote, "for in all my life no tooth, nor molar, has ever been pulled from my mouth, nor has any fallen out, nor have I been eaten by rheumatics or any other ailment."

Well, in

"This lower part," said Sancho, "doesn't belong to you more than two and a half teeth, nor any, for this is as flat as the palm of the hand."

"Woe is me!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news that his squire gave him, "more would I wish that I had been maimed an arm, as it was not the arm of the sword; for I tell you, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without stone, and in much more ought a tooth to be valued than a diamond; but all this notwithstanding, we who profess the strict order of chivalry are subject to it."

Come on, friend, and guide me, and I will follow you as you wish.

"Then Sancho did so, and he set off in the direction he thought he might find shelter, without leaving the main road, which was very frequently traveled there."

So, little by little, he was recovering, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaw did not allow him to rest or hasten, he wanted to entertain and amuse him by saying things to him, and among the things he said, is what will be said in the following chapter.

Chapter 19: Of the subtle reasons which Don Quixote gave his squire, and of the adventure which befell him with a dead body, and other famous events.

It seems to me, my lord, that all these misfortunes that have befallen us these days, without a doubt, have been due to the sin committed by your grace against the order of knighthood, having not fulfilled the oath he made of not eating bread at tables nor with the queen Folgar, with all that which follows and your grace swore to fulfill, until that alms from Malandrino, or as the Moor is called, which I don't recall well.

You are very right, Sancho," said Don Quijote; but to tell you truth, it had passed me by from memory, and you may also be sure that because of the fault of your not having remembered it in time, it happened to you about the cloak; but I will make amends, for there are so many modes of composition in the order of chivalry for everything.

Well, I swore an oath about that, did I not? Sancho replied.

"It doesn't matter that you haven't sworn it, said Don Quixote; it's enough that I understand you're not very sure of the participants, and just in case, it wouldn't hurt to provide a remedy."

Well, if that's the case, said Sancho, "look, my lords, do not forget this, like the matter of the oath; perhaps it will again give you the desire to comfort yourselves with me, and even with your lords, if you see him so persistent."



In these and other conversations, I took the night in the middle of the road with them, without knowing or discovering where they would be gathered that night, and what was not good about it was that they starved, as the lack of their saddlebags deprived them of their entire pantry and baggage, and to finish confirming this misfortune, they had an adventure, which, without any artifice, truly seemed so, and it was that the night ended with some obscurity; but with all this, they continued to walk, believing that, since that road was real, they would find a tavern on it within one or two leagues of reason.

Thus, in this way, the dark night, the hungry squire, and the master eager to eat saw that along the same path they were taking, a great multitude of lights were coming towards them, which did not seem to be but moving stars.

Sancho rambled among the reeds, and Don Quixote did not have all his wits about him: he threw one of the ropes from the cart to his donkey, and the other from the reins to his poney, and they stood motionless, staring intently at what it might be, and they saw the flares approaching them, and as they got closer, they seemed larger, causing Sancho to tremble like a shiver and Don Quixote's hair to stand on end, who, encouraged a little, said: "This, without a doubt, Sancho, must be a very great and perilous adventure, where it will be necessary for me to show all my valor and effort."

Alas de mí!

If this adventure were of ghosts as it seems to be, where would ribs suffer from it? Quijote said, even if there were as many ghosts as there might be, I would not allow them to touch you in your clothes' hair, because if they mocked you the other day, it was because I couldn't jump the walls of the courtyard, but now we are in open country, where I can wield my sword as I please.

And if they delight and entertain you as they did the other time, said Sancho, what good would it be to be in open country or not? With all that, replied Don Quixote, I beg you, Sancho, to keep a good spirit, that experience will make you understand that which I have.

Yes, I will, if God wills, he replied, and the two of them moved to one side of the road, they turned to look intently at what it could be that those lights walking, and from there to very little they discovered many people dressed in cloaks, whose

Fearful was the vision of every point, which overwhelmed the spirit of Sancho Panza, who began to grind his teeth like someone suffering from a toothache; and the grinding and clicking increased as they saw what it was, because they discovered twenty armed men, all on horseback, with their swords burning in their hands, behind whom came a litter draped in mourning, which was followed by six more on horseback, dressed in mourning from head to foot, and they clearly saw that they were not horses moving in the quiet way they did; the armed men were murmuring to each other in a low, compassionate voice.

This strange vision at such hours and in a deserted area was enough to frighten Sancho's heart, and even that of his master, and so it was, as far as Don Quixote was concerned, whom Sancho had already exhausted with all his efforts; the contrary suited his master, whom in that point he represented to himself as the living creature that it was one of his books' adventures; he pictured it as if the litter were passages where some wounded or dead knight must have passed, whose vengeance was reserved for him alone, and without uttering another word he drew his lance, settled himself in the saddle, and with noble courage and composure he placed himself in the middle of the road by which the travelers were forced to pass, and when he saw them approaching, he raised his voice and said:

"Stop, gentlemen, whoever you may be, and tell me who you are, from where you come, where you are going, what it is you carry in those passages, for, according to the evidence, either you have done it yourselves, or someone has done it to you, and it is necessary and advisable that I know it, either to punish you for the evil you have committed, or to avenge you against the one who has wronged you."

"Let's go ahead," one of the men in uniform replied, "and it's for sale far off, and we can't stop to give such notice as you've asked."

Moving forward step by step.

I felt this response greatly resembled Don Quixote, and stopping the donkey from the brake he said:

"Stop and be more civil, and give me an account of what you have asked me; otherwise, you are all in battle with me."

It was a startled beast, and when you took the brake from it, it frightened so much that, rising on its feet, it came to rest against its owner on the flanks on the ground.

A young man walking on foot, witnessing the fall of the knight in armor, began to denounce Don Quixote, who, already enraged and without expecting more, with a furious thrust of his lance struck one of the knaves, suffering a serious wound as he fell upon him, and, revolving around the others, it was a sight to behold with the speed and effectiveness with which they attacked and thwarted them, as if at that very instant wings had sprouted for Rocinante, as he rode lightly and proudly.

All the hooded men were fearful and unarmed, and so easily, in a moment, they abandoned the fray and began to run across that field with the torches lit, which seemed only like those of the masked men, who on a night of rejoicing and celebration run.

The mourners, also disheveled and wrapped up in their shawls and cloaks, could not be moved; so, to their own safety, Don Quixote beat them all, and made them abandon their place, for they all thought that he was not a man, but a devil from hell, who was coming to take away the corpse they carried on the litter.

Sancho gazed at his lord, filled with admiration for his bravery and energy, and would say to himself: "Undoubtedly, my lord is as valiant and determined as he claims."

There was a burning axe on the ground beside the one that had felled the donkey, by whose light Don Quixote saw, and, approaching it, he thrust the point of his lance into its face, telling it to surrender, or that he would kill him; to which the fallen one replied: "I am weary of surrendering, since I cannot move, for I have a broken leg; I beg you, if you are a Christian knight, do not kill me, for I would commit a great sacrilege, as I am a licensed scholar and possess the first orders."

"Well, who the devil brought you here, said Don Quixote, being a man of the church? Who, sir?" he replied, fallen.

My misfortune.

"Well, another greater one threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all things that I first ask you."

"It shall be readily accomplished to your satisfaction," replied the licentiate; and thus you shall know, your majesty, that I previously said I was...

I am a bachelor, no more than a scholar, and my name is Alonso Lopez; I am from Alcovendas, I come from the city of Baeza with other eleven priests, who fled with the axes, we are going to the city of Segovia, accompanying a dead body that is on that litter, belonging to a knight who died in Baeza, where it was deposited, and now, as I say, we were taking his bones to his grave, which is in Segovia, where he was originally from.

"And who killed him?" Don Quixote asked.

God, through some pestilent fevers that he had, replied the bachelor.

"May good fortune, said Don Quixote, our Lord of that employment has taken from us who was to avenge his death if anyone else had perished: but having perished he who killed him, there is only silence and shrug of the shoulders, for I would do the same if he were to kill me himself; and I want you to know, your reverence, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, and it is my business and occupation to wander through the world, righting wrongs and patching up the misfortunes of others."

"I don't know how you can straighten a crooked person," the bachelor said; since by right you have become crooked to me, leaving me with a broken leg, which will not be straight in all the days of my life, and the grievance you have caused me has been to leave me aggrieved so that I will remain aggrieved forever, and what a wretched misfortune it has been to encounter you, who are seeking adventures."

"Not all things, replied Don Quixote, happen in the same way: the damage, Sir Bachelor Alonso López, was in coming as they came in the night, dressed with those cloaks, with the swords drawn, praying, covered in mourning, a thing that truly resembled a wicked thing from the other world, and thus I cannot help but fulfill my obligation by attacking you, and you will attack me, although truly I knew you were the very same devils from hell, that I judged you for such things, and always have."

"As it has pleased my fortune," the bachelor said, "I beg of your grace, good sir caballero andante, to give me aid in getting out from under this mule, which has my leg caught between the saddle and the seat."

"You shall speak for me tomorrow," said Don Quixote; "and how long do you intend to wait to tell me your desire?" He then called out to Sancho Panza to come; but he refused to relinquish his intention of

coming, as he was occupied looting a spare windmill that those good lords were carrying along with provisions.

Sancho carried a sackful of his own stuff, and gathering up everything he could and that fit in the donkey's load, he loaded his donkey, and then he went following the voices of his lord and helped to take the bachelor out of the mule's oppression, and putting the axe on him, Don Quixote told him to follow the defeat of his companions, and to whom he should ask for forgiveness of the offense from them, which he had not been able to prevent from being done to them.

Sancho also said to him: "If your lords should wish to know who it was that put them in such a state, tell them, in your lordships' name, that it is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, who is also known as the 'Knight of the Tragic Figure'."

With this, the squire left, and Don Quixote asked Sancho, what had prompted him to call him the "Knight of the Tragic Figure," more so than ever before.

I will tell you, Sancho replied, because I have been watching him a while in the light of that axe that the rogue was carrying, and truly, he has the worst figure I have ever seen in my life; and it must be due to either the fatigue of this fight, or the lack of teeth or molars.

"No, that's not it," replied Don Quixote, "but the wise man whose duty it is to write the story of my exploits – he would have thought it well that I should take some appellative name, as the old knights did: some called him 'the Man of the Flaming Sword,' some 'the Unicorn's Knight,' one 'the Knight of the Damsels,' another 'the Knight of the Phoenix,' another 'the Knight of the Griffin,' another 'the Knight of Death,' and by these names and emblems they were known throughout the whole world; and so I say that the wise man already mentioned will have put it into your tongue and in your thoughts now that I call myself 'the Knight of the Sad Appearance.'"

From this day forward, and to make the name fit better, I determine to have a very sad figure painted on my shield, whenever possible.

"There's no point, sir, in wasting time and money on making this figure," said Sancho, "but what must be done is for your Lordship to discover his, and give a face to those who looked at him, and, for no more nor less, and without another image or shield, they would call him 'the Man of the Sad Aspect,' and believe me when I tell you the truth, because I promise you, sir (and this is said in jest), that hunger and the lack of teeth make him such a miserable appearance that, as I've already said, his sad look can very well be excused."

Go, Don Quixote of the good-natured Sancho; but, in spite of everything, he proposed to call himself by that name, and could paint his shield or escutcheon as he had imagined.

"Forget to say, as the bachelor departed to Don Quixote, that you are warned that you remain aggrieved for having violently put your hands on a sacred thing, a just illusion: sit, he urged a persuasive devil, etc."

"I don't understand this Latin," replied Don Quixote: "but I know well that it was not my hands that threw it, but this lance; the more that I did not think of offending priests, nor things of the Church, to whom I respect and adore as a Catholic and faithful Christian, but to ghosts and spectres of the other world; and when that were so, in my memory I have what happened to the good Sir Rui Diaz when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador before his holiness the Pope, for which I denounced him, and that day the good Rodrigo de Vivar walked as a very honored and valiant knight."

Hearing this, the bachelor left, as was said, without replying a word.

I would like to see Don Quixote if the body that had come on the bed was bones or not; but Sancho refused me, saying, "My Lord, your grace has ended this dangerous adventure in the safest way of all that I have seen; this people, though defeated and ruined, might realize that only one person has defeated them, and, ashamed and humiliated by it, would return to their senses and seek us out, and greatly assist us in understanding."

The donkey is as it comes, the mountain near, hunger weighs heavily, we must do nothing but retreat with a dignified stance, and as they say, let the dead go to their graves and the living to their bread. Foreseeing his donkey, he begged his lord to follow him, who, finding it seemed that Sancho was right, did not reply to him again but followed him.

And after a good stretch they were walking between two small hills, they found themselves in a spacious and hidden valley, where they dismounted, and Sancho relieved the donkey; and lying down

on the green grass, they ate, had lunch, and supper at the same point, satisfying their stomachs with more than one hamper that the clerics of the deceased (who rarely let things go by unheeded) had brought in their supply, but another misfortune occurred, which Sancho considered the worst of all, and it was that they had no wine to drink, nor water to reach their mouths, and harassed by thirst, said Sancho, seeing that the meadow where they were was full of green and fine grass, which will be said in the following chapter.

Chapter 20: Of the never-before-heard adventure which was most famous among the most valiant knight in the world, as it was concluded by D.

Don Quixote of La Mancha

It's impossible, my love, but these herbs testify that there must be a spring or stream somewhere around here that moistens the ground, and so we must go a little further on, because we will surely find where we can mitigate this terrible thirst that exhausts us, which undoubtedly causes greater sorrow than hunger.

It seemed well to Don Quixote the advice, and taking Rocinante's rein and Sancho from the saddle of his ass after having placed upon it the cushions that remained from the dinner, they began to walk across the meadow above, step by step, because the darkness of the night did not allow them to see anything; but they had not walked two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, as if it were coming from some large and elevated rocks.

It delighted them greatly with the noise, and stopping to listen to where it came from, they heard, out of season, another crash that quenched their joy, especially Sancho, who was naturally fearful and of little spirit: I say that they heard someone striking in a measured manner, with a certain creaking of iron and chains, accompanied by the furious roar of the water, which terrified any other heart that was not Don Quixote's.

It was night, as has been said, dark, and they had wisely chosen to be among tall trees, whose leaves, moved by the gentle wind, made a fearful and gentle noise; so that the solitude, the place, the darkness, the sound of the water with its whisper of leaves, everything caused horror and fright, and especially when they saw that the blows did not cease, nor did the wind sleep, nor did the morning arrive, adding to all this their ignorance of the place where they were; but Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped onto Rocinante, and embracing his lance, he braced his throw, and said, "Sancho, friend, you must know that I was born, by the will of heaven, in our age of iron, to resurrect in it the golden one or the gilded one, as it is commonly called; I am he for whom the dangers are preserved, the great tricks, the valiant deeds; I say again, I am he who must resurrect those of the Round Table, the twelve of France and the nine of Fame, and he who must put the Platirs, the Talkers, the Olivantes and Tirantes, Febos and Belianises, and all the gang of famous walking knights of the past time, to such greatness, strangeness and feats of arms in this in which I find myself, that they frighten the clearest that they made.

Pay close attention, faithful and loyal squire, to the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused crashing of these trees, the fearful noise of that water, whose pursuit we have made, which seems to break free and collapse from the high mountains of the moon, and that incessant hammering that wounds and hurts your ears; all these things together, and each one separately, are sufficient to instill fear, apprehension, and terror in the breast of even Mars himself, much more in one who is not accustomed to such events and adventures; for all that I paint to you are incentives and awakers of my spirit, which now causes my heart to burst in my chest with the desire to undertake this adventure, however difficult it may appear; so tighten Rocinante's girth a little and wait for God, and stay here for no more than three days, during which, if I do not return, you can go back to our village, and from there, for mercy and good deeds, go to Toboso, where you will tell the incomparable lady mine, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died for accomplishing things that would make him worthy of calling himself her own.

When Sancho heard his master's words, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: "My Lord, I do not know why your grace undertakes this so dark adventure; it is now night, no one sees us here, we can easily deviate from the path and avoid danger, even if we do not drink for three days; and since no one sees us, there will be no one to notice us as cowards: as I have heard so many times preached by the priest of our place, who your grace very well knows, that whoever seeks

danger perishes in it; therefore, it is not good to tempt God by undertaking such a foolish deed, where one cannot escape except by miracle; and enough has the heavens done with your grace in freeing him from being fed like I was, and in taking him out victorious, free and unharmed among so many enemies who accompanied the deceased; and when all this does not move or soften that hard heart, move the thought that barely your grace will have departed from here, when I, from fear, would give my soul to whoever wished to take it."

I left my homeland, and left my sons and wife to come and serve your grace, believing I was worth more, and not less; but as greed breaks the sack, it has torn my hopes from me, for when I have lived the longest to attain that black and miserable island which your grace has so many times promised me, I see now that in payment and truecanto thereof, you wish to leave me in a place so far removed from human contact: by one God, my Lord, that you do not treat me in such a disrespectful manner; and since your grace does not at all wish to desist from carrying out this deed, grant it at least until tomorrow, for as the knowledge that I learned when I was a shepherd shows me, there should not be three hours from here to dawn.

"How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where that line is, nor where that mouth or that petticoat you speak of is, if the night is so dark that it seems there isn't a star in all the sky? Yes, said Sancho; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, the more so in the sky, since, by good reasoning, it can be understood that there is little of this here during the day."

"What is lacking, will lack," Quixote replied, which need not be said for me now, nor in any time, that tears and entreaties kept me from doing what I ought to have done like a knight; and so I beg you, Sancho, be silent, that God who has put me in heart to undertake this so unseen and so beautiful adventure, will take care to watch over my health, and to console your sadness; what you must do is tighten Rocinante's girth and stay here, while I will turn soon, either alive or dead."

Seeing, therefore, Sancho the final resolution of his master, and how little his tears, advice, and pleas were worth, he resolved to take advantage of his industry and make him wait until the day if he could; and so, when he tightened the horses' girths, beautifully and without being noticed, he tied both feet of Rocinante to the donkey's cart, so that when Don Quixote wished to depart he could not, for the horse could not move except by leaps.

Seeing Sancho Panza the good result of his trick, he said: "Egad, my lord, that the heavens moved with my tears and prayers have ordained that Rocinante cannot be moved; and if you wish to spur and whip him and give him rein, it will anger fortune, as they say, against the hook."

Don Quixote despaired at this, and no matter how much he urged the horse with his legs, he couldn't move him; and without realizing the restraint, he thought it best to lie down and rest, and wait for dawn to break, or for Rocinante to fidget, believing without a doubt that it was due to some other cause than Sancho's industry, and so he said to him: "That's how it is, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait for the dawn to smile, even if she delays in coming."

Don't cry," Sancho replied, "I shall entertain you by telling you stories from here to the day, if you don't mind it being peeled, and lying down a little on the green grass, for the use of traveling knights, to find himself more rested."

when the day arrives to undertake this unparalleled adventure that awaits him.

"What do you call an ape, or what do you call sleep?" said Don Quixote.

Am I perhaps those knights who rest in danger? Sleep, you who were born to sleep, or do as you wish, for I will do what I see best serves my purpose.

"Don't get angry, my lord," Sancho replied, "I didn't say it for that."

As he drew near to him, he placed one hand on the front bolster and the other on the other, so that he was embraced by the left thigh of his master, not daring to move a finger; that was the fear he had of blows, that he still alternately heard.

"Listen, Don Quixote, let me tell you a story to entertain you, as I had promised, to which Sancho said that if I did, he would let him go of his fear of what he heard: But with all that, I will strive to tell a story, that if I succeed in telling it and they don't interrupt me, it is the best of stories, and listen to me, my lords, I'm starting now."

Let it be erased that one must be, that the good may come for all, and the evil for whoever seeks it; and your Lordship be warned that the principle the ancients gave to their councils was not so, it was a

judgment by Caton Zonzorino Roman, which says: "and the evil for whoever seeks it," which comes here like a ring on the finger, so that your Lordship may stay as it is, and not seek the evil anywhere else, but let us turn to another path, since no one forces us to follow this where so many fears startle us.

"Follow your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave to me the care of the road we are to follow." "Therefore," Sancho continued, "in a place in Extremadura there was a shepherd who raised goats, I mean, he kept goats, this shepherd, or goat-raiser, as I say in my story, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess named Torralva, this shepherdess named Torralva was the daughter of a rich rancher, and this rich rancher."

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If you wish to recount your story, Sancho, said Don Quixote, repeating twice what you are saying, you won't finish it in two days; say it immediately and tell it like a man of understanding, and if not, say nothing.

Just as I tell it, Sancho replied, all the counsels are counted in my land, and I do not know how to tell it another way, nor is it well that your lordships ask me to make new uses of it.

"Do as you please," replied Don Quixote, "since fortune wills that you should not cease to hear me."

So, my dear, continued Sancho, as I have already said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a pretty young woman, from Zahara, and she was a bit rough around the edges, because she had a few whiskers, which now I see.

Did you meet her then?" Don Quixote said.

I didn't know her, Sancho replied, but whoever told me this story said it was so true and certain that I could well swear and affirm that I had seen it all: so going and coming days and nights, the devil, who doesn't sleep and encompasses everything, made it so that the shepherd's love for the shepherdess turned into spite and ill will; and the cause, according to malicious tongues, was a certain amount of flirtation she gave him, such that it exceeded the bounds and reached the forbidden. And so much did the shepherd hate her from that point on, that he wanted to absent himself from that land so that his eyes would never see her again.

The Torralva who was rejected from the Lope, later wanted the best for her, more than she had ever wanted for her before.

That is the natural condition of women," said Don Quixote, "to scorn those who love them, and to love those who despise them: come on, Sancho.

"It happened," said Sancho, "that the shepherd put his determination into action, and, leading his goats, set off through the fields of Extremadura to cross over into the kingdoms of Portugal: the Torralva, who heard of this, followed him, and followed after him."

foot and barefoot from afar, with a broom in his hand and with a pair of knapsacks on his neck, where he carried, according to fame, a piece of mirror and another of a comb, and I don't know what little pouch of rags for the face; but he carried what he carried, which I don't want to get involved in investigating now, I will only say that they say the shepherd arrived with his livestock to cross the Guadiana River, and in that stretch it was grown and almost out of control, and along the part he arrived at there was no boat or ship, nor anyone to take him or his livestock across to the other side, which caused him much concern, because he saw that Torralva was already very close, and he was to give her much trouble with her pleas and tears, but he walked around looking so much, that he saw a fisherman who had beside him a boat so small, that only one person and a goat could fit inside it, and with all that, he spoke to him and arranged with him to take him and three hundred goats that he carried.

As the fisherman entered the boat and passed a goat, he returned and passed another, turned to return and passed another still: you may count the goats that the fisherman is passing, for if one is lost from memory, the story will end, and it will not be possible to say another word of it: I continue, then, and say that the landing place on the other side was full of goats and slippery, and the fisherman took a long time to go and return: with all this he returned for another goat, and another and another.

"Pretend you've gone through them all," said Don Quixote; "don't keep going back and forth like that, or you'll never get through them in a year."

How many have passed by so far? said Sancho.

What the devil do I know?, Quixote replied.

Here's the translation:

That's what I said I'd have a good account of it; for God's sake, it's over, there's no moving forward.

How can that be? Quixote replied.

Is it so essential to the story to know the goats that have passed by, that if one misses one of the number you cannot continue with the story? No, sir, in no way, replied Sancho, because just as I asked your graciousness that they tell me how many goats had passed, and they replied that they didn't know, in that very instant my memory fled me concerning what remained to be said, and to tell the truth, it was of much virtue and pleasure.

"So, said Don Quixote, that the story is finished?" "As finished as my mother," said Sancho.

"Truly, replied Don Quixote, you have told one of the newest counsels, tales, or stories that no one could have thought of in the world, and what a way of telling it, nor leaving it, would ever be seen or have been seen in a lifetime, though I did not expect another thing from your good speech; but I am not astonished, for perhaps these blows, which do not cease, have disturbed your understanding."

"Anything can be, Sancho replied; but I know that in my story there is nothing more to say, that there it ends where it begins the error of the account of the goats' passage."

"I'll finish the good horse however you wish, and let's see if Rocinante can move."

Let him move his legs, and he started to jump and to stay tied: he was so well bound.

In this appears to be, or that the cold of the morning that had been coming, or that Sancho had eaten some leisurely things, or that it was a natural thing (which is what one should most believe), it came to him in will and desire to do what another could not do for him; but there was so much fear that had entered his heart, that he dared not move a finger of his master's; for thinking of not doing what he desired was impossible, and so what he did for the good of peace was to loosen the right hand, which was gripped to the rear bolster, with which the sliding breeches were released smoothly and without any noise, and when removing them, they hung down below, like crickets.

After this, I raised my shirt as high as I could, and tossed both positions in the air, and they weren't small at all.

Having done that (which he thought was all he had to do to get out of that terrible predicament and anguish), another greater one befell him, which seemed to him that he could not move without making a fuss and noise, and he began to grind his teeth and hunch his shoulders, gathering in himself all that he could; but with all these efforts he was so unfortunate, that at the end

He came to make a little noise, quite different from the one he used to be so afraid of.

Hark, Don Quixote, and he said: "What rumour is that, Sancho? I don't know, my lord, he replied.

Something new must be, that adventures and misadventures never begin for little.

I turned to try fortune again, and it fared him so well that, with no more noise or commotion than in the past, he was free from the burden that had given him so much trouble; but as Don Quixote had the sense of smell as keen as that of the ears, and Sancho was so close and bound to him that vapors almost rose in a straight line, it could not be excused that some did not reach his nostrils, and as soon as they had arrived, he went to their rescue, pressing them between his two fingers, and with a somewhat awkward tone, said: "It seems to me, Sancho, that you are very afraid."

"Yes, I have," Sancho replied: "But in what do you now more than ever? In that you now more than ever smell, and not of amber," replied Don Quixote.

That may be so, said Sancho; but it is not my fault, but yours, that you have brought me at such an inconvenient time and on such unfitting steps.

"Withdraw three or four paces there, my friend," said Don Quixote, "doing all this without taking your nose off your face; and from here on out, pay more attention to yourself, and to what you owe to Dulcinea, since this lack of respect has been engendered by all our conversations."

I wager," Sancho replied, "that I have done nothing of what I ought not to have done."

"It's worse to be messing about," Don Quixote replied, "my friend Sancho."

In these conversations and similar ones, they spent the night master and servant; but seeing Sancho that he was coming with the morning, he unfastened Rocinante and tied up his breeches.

As Rocinante saw himself free, although he was by no means proud, it seemed he was affected and began to slap with his hands, because he didn't know how to deliver kicks, with his owner's forgiveness.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote as Rocinante moved, he took it as a good sign, and believed it was the signal to undertake that fearful adventure.

I came to discover the dawn, and to see things distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, which were chestnut-brown, that made the shadow very dark, he also felt that the beating did not cease, but he did not see who was causing it, and so, without stopping any further, he fastened his spurs to Rocinante, and turning to bid farewell to Sancho, he ordered him to wait there three days at most, as he had already told him once again, and that if he had not returned after that, he would consider that God had been served, that in that dangerous adventure his days were ended.

Return to referring the matter and embassy that he was to send on his part to his lady Dulcinea, and that regarding the payment of her services he had no reluctance, because he had made his will before he left his place, where he would be satisfied with everything pertaining to his salary, rate by quantity of time he had served; but that if God took him from that danger safe and sound and without precaution, the promised island could be considered very certain.

Once again, Sancho wept, hearing once more his good lord's pitiful reasons, and resolved not to abandon him until the very end of that business.

These tears and Sancho Panza's determination draw the author of this story out, who should have been a good man, and at the very least a Christian old man: whose feeling touched his master somewhat, but not so much that he showed any weakness, instead, he concealed it as well as he could, and began to walk towards the part where he thought the noise of the water and the beating came from.

Followed Sancho on foot, carrying, as he had the habit of doing, from the captain of horses to his donkey, his perpetual companion in his prosperous and adverse fortunes; and having walked a good portion through those chestnut trees and gloomy trees, they came upon a small meadow that at the foot of some tall pine trees, from which a very large splash of water fell.

At the foot of the cliffs were some poorly built houses, that seemed more like the ruins of buildings than houses, from which the noise and crashing of that striking continued to issue, and had not yet ceased.

Rocinante was agitated by the roar of the water and the crashes, and Don Quijote, calming him, gradually approached the houses; he entrusted everything with his lady, begging her to favor him on that fearful day and undertaking, and along the way he also entrusted himself to God that he would not forget him.

Sancho did not take his eyes off the side, which he stretched as far as his neck and sight would allow through Rocinante's legs, trying to see what so suspenseful and fearful it had.

Another hundred steps would have been taken, when, upon turning a corner, it appeared discovered and patent the same cause, without it being another, of that horrifying and for them appalling noise that had so kept them suspended and fearful all night; and these were (if you haven't, oh reader! due to bewilderment and anger) six heavy blows of a mallet that, with their alternating strikes, formed that uproar.

When Don Quixote saw what it was, he fell silent and was stunned from head to toe.

Miró le Sancho, and saw that she had her head tilted over her chest with signs of being flushed.

I also looked at Don Quixote and Sancho, and I saw that he had his cheeks puffed up, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of wanting to burst with it, and his melancholy could not with him so that, at the sight of Sancho, he could stop laughing, and as Sancho saw that his master had begun, he released the prey so that he needed to clutch the little ones with his fingers so that they wouldn't burst laughing.

Four times calm, and as many times returned to his laughter with the same impetuosity as before, of which Don Quixote was already giving the devil, and more when he heard him say as a matter of fact: "You must know, oh Sancho friend! that I was not born by the will of heaven in this our age of iron to resurrect in it the golden or of gold; I am he for whom the dangers are preserved, the great jokes, the



valiant deeds.”

And he kept repeating all or most of the reasons that Don Quixote had said the first time the fearful blows heard them.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote that Sancho made sport of him, he was enraged in so many ways that he threw his lance and struck him two paces, such that if he had received them on his back as he received them on his head, he would be free from paying his wages, if not to his heirs.

Seeing Sancho observe that his master was drawing such bad jests from his mockery, fearing that his lord would not advance in them, with great humility he said: “Please, your lordship, you are mocking me, God willing.”

Why are you laughing at me? Don Quixote replied.

Come here, my lord, cheerful: do you seem to me that these were dangerous adventures like I showed the spirit that suited a brave adventurer and a conqueror? Am I obliged to such a thing, being as I am a knight, to know and distinguish the sounds, and to know which are those of the batanes or not? And more than could be, as is true, that I have not seen them in my life, as you have seen them, as a wicked villain that you are, brought up and born among them; if not, make yourselves so that these six decks become six jayanes.

Give them to me one by one, or all at once, and when I don’t knock all their legs off, be my ridicule.

“There is no more, my lord,” Sancho replied, “and I confess that I have wandered too much in merriment; but tell me, my lord, now that we are at peace, as God deliver us from all the adventures that may befall me as soundly and safely as he has delivered me from this: was it not a thing for laughing, and it is a thing for telling, the great fear we have had? At least, I know that you, my lord, do not know it, nor do you know that it was fear or terror.”

“I deny it,” replied Don Quixote, “that what has happened to us is not something worthy of laughter; but it is not worthy of being told that not all people are so discreet as to know how to put things in their proper perspective.”

At least, replied Sancho, you have put the lance in its proper place, aiming it at my head and striking me on the back: thanks to God and the diligence I put into turning aside; but mark my words, everything will turn out in the wash, as I’ve heard said: he likes you well, he makes you cry; and more, that the principal lords often give a kick to a servant after saying a bad word to him, though I don’t know what they usually give him after having struck him, if indeed the mounted knights still strike islands or kingdoms on solid ground with blows.

“Indeed, the die could be rolled,” said Don Quixote, “that everything you say might become true, and forgive the past, for you are discreet and know that the first movements are not in man’s hands, and warned from this time forward not to overspeak with me, for in all the books of chivalry I have read, which are infinite, I have never found that any squire spoke so much with his lord as you do with yours, and truly I feel you lack it sorely, yours, in that you undervalue me; and yours, in that you do not allow me to be valued to a greater extent: thus Galadín, squire of Amadís of Gaul, Count, was of the Firm Island, and he was always given to speaking to his lord with his cap in his hand, his head inclined, and his body folded in a turquoise posture.”

So, what shall we say of Gasabal, Galaor’s squire, who was so silent that his name was only mentioned once in that wonderful and marvelous history? From all that I have said, you must infer, Sancho, that it is necessary to make a distinction between master and boy, between lord and servant, and between knight and squire; so from this day forward we must treat each other with more respect, without being overly familiar, because however I may be angered with you, it will be bad for the pot.

The graces and benefits that I have promised to you will come in their time, and if they do not come, the wage at least must not be lost, as I have already told you.

“It is all that your grace says,” said Sancho; but I wanted to know [just in case the time of grace did not arrive, and it became necessary to resort to the wages] how much a squire of a wandering knight earned in those times, and whether it was agreed for months or for days, like laborers for a bricklayer.

“I don’t believe it,” replied Don Quixote, “that such squires ever were on wages, but at the mercy of whoever found them; and if I have now pointed you out to you in the sealed will that I leave in my house, it was for what might happen, I don’t yet know how to prove it in these so disastrous times of chivalry, and I didn’t want you to punish my soul in the other world for trifling matters; because you must

know, Sancho, that there is no greater danger there than that of adventurers.”

“That is true,” said Sancho, “for only the noise of a wooden mallet could stir and unsettle the heart of a man as valiant and adventurous as your lordship; better he can be sure that from now on he will not display his lips to do

My lord, if it is not to honor you as my natural master.

In that way, replied Don Quixote, you will live upon the back of the earth, because after parents, lords must be respected as if they were them.

Chapter 21: Concerning the High Adventure and Rich Gain of Mambrino’s Helmet, with Other Things That Happened to Our Invincible Knight

As it was then that a little rain began to fall, and I would have liked Sancho to enter the windmill of the Batanes; but because Don Quijote had given him such a great aversion due to the heavy mockery, he refused to enter in any way; and so, turning the road to the right, they found another one like the one they had taken the day before.

Just then, Don Quixote saw a man on horseback carrying something on his head that shone as if it were gold, and he had barely seen him when he turned to Sancho and said:

It seems to me, Sancho, that there is no proverb that is not true, because they are all sentences drawn from the same experience, the mother of all sciences, especially that which says: “Where one door closes, another opens.”

“Let it be, because if last night he shut the door to the fortune we sought, deceiving us with the batanes, now it opens fully, for another, better and more certain adventure; if I fail to enter through it, let the blame be on me, without giving it to the little news of the batanes nor to the darkness of the night.”

I say that because, if I’m not mistaken, one is coming towards us who has Brutus’s helmet on his head, about how I made the oath you know.

“Observe your lordship what he says, and better what he does –said Sancho–, he didn’t want others to finish beating us down and beating our senses.”

—Go to hell the devil for a man!—Quixote retorted—

What’s going from helmet to batanes?

“I know nothing,” Sancho replied; “but, as I could speak as much as I used to, perhaps I would give such reasons that your mercy would see that they were mistaken in what they say.”

—How can I deceive myself in what I say, meticulous traitor? –said Don Quixote—.

Tell me, don’t you see that knight who is coming towards us, upon a dappled grey horse, wearing a golden helmet on his head?

—What I see and hear – Sancho replied – is merely a man on a brown donkey, like mine, carrying something that glitters above his head.

—That’s Mambrino’s helmet—said Don Quixote—.

Move to one side and leave me alone with him: you will see, without a word spoken, to save time, this adventure ends and the helmet I so desired is mine.

—I am taking care to withdraw, I reply – Sancho said – but God willing, I repeat, let it be oregano, and not bay leaves.

—I’ve told you, brother, that you mustn’t lie to me, not for anything, but that business about the moors

—said Don Quixote—; I refuse.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

and don’t say more, let your soul be free.

Callo Sancho, filled with fear that his master would not fulfill the vow he had made, round as a ball.

Therefore, the case is that the helmet, and the horse and knight that Don Quixote beheld, was this: that in that outline there were two places, one so small that it had neither apothecary nor barber, and the other, which was next to [him], yes; and thus, the barber of the larger served the smaller, in which a sick man needed to be bled and another to have his beard cut, for which the barber came, and brought a box for dyeing; and fortune favored it that, at the same time that he came, it began to rain, and, because his hat was not stained, which must have been new, he put the box on his head; and, as it was

clean, it shone from half a league away.

He came on a brown donkey, as Sancho said, and this was the occasion that seemed to Don Quixote to be a dappled grey horse, a knight, and a helmet of gold; for he accommodated all the things he saw with great ease to his various knightly fantasies and wicked thoughts.

And when he saw the poor knight approaching near, without reasoning with him, Rocinante, with all his might, started to throw at him from below, intending to pass him on the part; but when he reached him, without stopping the fury of his run, he said to him:

Defy me, captive creature, or I will deliver to you, by your own will, what is justly owed to me!

The barber, who, without a second thought or fear, saw that ghost coming over him, had no other recourse to protect himself from the blow of the spear; otherwise, it would have been to fall off the donkey; and as soon as he hit the ground, he rose lighter than a fawn and began to run across that plain, and the wind couldn't catch up to him.

He left the saddle on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said that the pagan had been discreet and had imitated the beaver, who, seeing himself harassed by the hunters, splashed and gnawed at them with his teeth, for which he, by reason of his different nature, knows that he is being pursued.

I sent Sancho to raise his helmet, who, taking it in his hands, said:

—Oh my God, what a delicious bite and worth eight reales like a maravedi.

And giving it to his master, he then placed it on her head, encircling it on one side and the other, searching for the fastening; and, since it was not found, he said:

Without a doubt, the pagan, for whom this famous ambush was first forged, must have had a very large head, and the worst of it is that he lacked half of it.

When Sancho heard the coveted call, he could not have laughter; but anger from his master seized his mind, and he fell silent in the midst of it.

—What are you laughing at, Sancho?—said Don Quixote.

—“I don't consider,” he replied – “that the pagan owner of this estate has such a large head, it doesn't seem [not] a barber's block.”

—Do you know what I imagine, Sancho? That this famous piece from this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have come into the hands of someone who didn't know how to recognize or estimate its value, and, not knowing what he was doing, seeing it as pure gold, he must have melted the other half to take advantage of the price, and from the other half he made this one, which seems to be a barber's kiss, as you say.

But whatever it is; let it be for me

I know that her transmutation does not matter; I will season her in the first place where there is a blacksmith, and so that she does not gain an advantage, even if she reaches it, the one that the god of smithies made for the god of battles; and, in this meantime, I will bring her as I can, for it is better something that does not float; the more, the better it will be enough to defend me from some stones.

—That's how it will be—said Sancho— if it's not pierced with a spear, like it was done in the fight between the two armies, when you were consecrated the molars and they broke the container that came with that blessed potion that made me vomit up the sores.

along

—It doesn't give me much sorrow about having lost him, you know, Sancho —said Don Quixote—, that I have the recipe in my memory.

—I have one too — Sancho replied — but if I should even taste it again in my life, here is my hour.

The more, that I don't think of having the occasion to need him, because I plan to keep myself with all my five senses from being hurt or hurting anyone.

About being in that situation again, I say nothing, because such misfortunes cannot be prevented, and if they come, the only thing to do is shrug one's shoulders, stop breathing, close one's eyes, and let fate and the blanket carry us wherever it may.

“You are a bad Christian, Sancho,” he said, hearing this, Don Quixote, “because you never forget the insult that has been done to you; for you know it is not the custom of noble and generous breasts to heed childish pranks.”

What foot did you drag, what broken ribs, what broken head, so you wouldn't forget that mockery? Well, quickly about it, mockery was a pastime; and, if I hadn't misunderstood it so much, I would have returned there and inflicted more damage on you in your revenge than the Greeks did for stealing Helen.

If it were in that time, or my Dulcinea in that period, I could be sure she wouldn't have such a great reputation for beauty as she does.

And he sighed, and put it in the clouds.

And Sancho said:

—It's all through mockery, since revenge cannot be achieved in a moment; but I know the quality of the mockery and the taunts, and I also know they will never leave my memory, unlike they never will leave yours.

But, setting that aside, tell me, your majesties, what shall we do with this wretched, grey horse, which looks like a brown donkey, that I left here abandoned after those of you knocked him down; and, according to him, who put his feet on the dusty road and took the ones from Villadiego, he never will return for you.

—I never do that —said Don Quixote— deprive those I have defeated, nor is it the custom of chivalry to take their horses and leave them on foot, if it were not that the victor had lost his own in the fray; for, in that case, it is lawful to take the defeated's horse, as in a lawful war.

So, Sancho, leave that horse, or donkey, or whatever you want it to be, because if the owner sees us stretched out like this, he'll take it back.

"God knows if I would take it — replied Sancho — or, at least, I wouldn't bother him with mine, which doesn't seem so good to me."

Truly, the laws of chivalry are narrow, for they do not extend to exchanging a donkey for another; and I wanted to know if one could even exchange the equipment itself.

"I'm not very sure about that," replied Don Quixote; and, in case of doubt, until I'm better informed, I say that barbers, if you even need them, are of little use."

—It's so extreme — Sancho replied — that if it were for myself, I wouldn't need it more.

And then, enabled with that license, he made changes to the stakes and put his donkey on all sorts of bets, leaving it improved at a third and fifth.

Having done this, they ate of the remnants of the royal provisions that they had seized, drank from the water of the Arroyo de los Batanes, without turning their faces to mirrors: such was the aversion that they had for them, due to the fear that had been placed upon them.

Therefore, the anger was cut off, and even the melancholy rose on horseback, and, without taking a definite road, as they were so accustomed to be travelers that they did not take any certain path, they set off walking wherever the will of Rocinante desired, which carried after it that of its master, and even that of the donkey, who always followed him wherever he led, in love and companionship.

With all this, they returned to the main road and followed it for adventure, with no other design in mind.

"So, walking like this," said Sancho to his master.

My Lord, would you grant me leave to speak with him a little? For since that harsh command of silence he imposed upon me, more than four things have soured in my stomach, and a single one that I now have on the tip of my tongue did not wish to be misconstrued.

—Dila—said Don Quixote—, and be brief in your arguments, for none are pleasing if they are long.

I tell you, my lord — Sancho replied —, that, from a few days past, I have considered how little one earns and harvests by pursuing these adventures that your lordship seeks in these deserts and crossroads of paths, where, as the most choice and desirable things are vanquished and ended, there is no one to see or know them; and thus, they must remain in perpetual silence, and to the detriment of your lordship's intention and of what they deserve.

And so, it seems to me that it would be better, save your Lordship's opinion, that we go to serve some emperor, or other great prince who has a war, in whose service your Lordship may show the value of his person, his great forces and greater understanding; for, seeing the lord to whom we serve, by force he must reward each one according to their merits, and there will not be anyone who puts in writing your Lordship's follies, for perpetual memory.

I say nothing of the mastiffs, for they will not leave the stable limits; although I do say that, if used in cavalry, they should make the antics of squires, and I do not think they will remain confined to the lines. "You don't speak badly of me, Sancho – replied Don Quixote; but, before that term is reached, it is necessary to wander through the world, as in approval, seeking adventures, so that, when some are finished, one may earn a name and fame such that, when he goes to the court of some great monarch, whether the knight is known by his deeds; and that, as soon as they have seen him enter through the city gate, when all follow and surround him, shouting: 'This is the Knight of the Sun,' or of the Serpent, or of some other emblem beneath which great deeds have been accomplished."

This is –they will say – the one who won a singular battle against the giant Brocabruno of the Great Force; the one who disillusioned the Great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment in which it had been for almost nine hundred years.

So, one by one, they will be proclaiming your deeds, and then, amidst the commotion of the boys and the rest of the people, the king of that kingdom will stand at the windows of his royal palace, and as he sees the knight, recognizing him by his arms or by the shield's undertaking, he must inevitably say: "Come, sir! Come out!"

"Sirs, how many of my knights are waiting to receive the flower of the chivalry, as it comes! To all their command, they will come out, and he will reach the middle of the staircase, and embrace him closely, and give him peace by kissing him on the face; and then he will take him by the hand to the lady queen's chamber, where the knight will find her with the princess, her daughter, who will be one of the most beautiful and accomplished maidens that, in great part of the discovered world, can scarcely be found."

After this, it would happen, then on the continent, that she would set her eyes on the knight and he on hers, and each would appear to the other a more divine thing than human; and, without knowing how or how [not], they would find themselves trapped and bound in the intricate web of love, and with great pain in their hearts for not knowing how to speak so as to discover their desires and feelings.

From there, he will be taken, without a doubt, to some chamber of the palace, richly adorned, where, having had his weapons removed, he will be given a rich scarlet cloak to cover himself; and though he seemed armed, he will surely look much better dressed in a fine suit of clothes.

As night fell, I would dine with the king, queen, and princess, never taking my eyes off her, watching her as the others watched her, and she would do the same with equal cleverness, because, as I've said, she is a very discreet maid.

The tables are rising, and a ugly, small dwarf with a beautiful lady enters early through the hall door, accompanied by a very ancient and wise man, who, once the work is finished, will be considered the best knight in the world.

The king then ordered that everyone present should taste it, and none would finish and crown it except the guest knight, to much credit for his fame, of which the princess was exceedingly pleased, and it would be considered pleasing and paid, furthermore, for having placed and set his thoughts in such a high position.

And the good thing is that this king, or prince, or whatever he may be, has a very fierce war with another as powerful as he, and the knight-errant asks (after a few days he has spent in his court) permission to go and serve him in that said war.

The king, of very good disposition, and the knight would courteously kiss his hands in gratitude.

And that night he would say goodbye to his lady, the Infanta, through the bars of a garden, which falls into the chamber where she slept, for which she had already spoken many times, being a confidante and knowing everything, a young woman of whom the Infanta greatly trusted.

He would sigh, she would faint, the maidservant would bring water, he would be greatly angered because she was coming tomorrow, and he didn't want them to be discovered, for the honor of her lady.

Finally, the princess would return to herself and offer her white hands to the knight through the bars, who would kiss them a thousand times and bathe them in tears.

It shall be arranged between them in the manner they must let each other know of their good or bad fortunes, and the princess will beg him to stop as little as possible; he promises it to her with many oaths; he will again kiss her hands, and awaken her with such feeling that she will be scarcely finished

with her life.

Look from there to his chamber, lie down on his bed, he cannot sleep from the pain of the departure, he wakes up very early in the morning, go to say goodbye to the king and the queen and the princess; having said goodbye to the two of them, tell the infant princess that she is unwell and cannot receive a visit; the knight thinks it is pity of her departure, he transfixes his heart, and it is almost a manifest sign of his sorrow.

The middlemaid stood before, observing everything, she would tell it to her lady, who received her with tears and said that one of the greatest pains she had was not knowing who her knight was, nor whether he was of lineage of kings or not; the maid assured her that she could not contain such courtesy, gentleness and valor as that of her knight, unless in a royal and serious subject; she comforted her in this way; she endeavored to comfort herself, in order not to give a bad indication to her parents, and, after two days, she went out in public.

The knight is now gone: he fought in the war, defeated the king's enemy, won many cities, triumphed in many battles, returned to the court, went to see his lady where she usually was, and she was contracted to him by her father in marriage in payment for his services.

The king refuses to give her, because he doesn't know who she is; but, despite all this, whether stolen or of any other kind, the princess comes to be his wife and his father is overjoyed, because she came to find out that the said knight is the son of a valiant king from an unknown kingdom, because I believe he shouldn't be on the map.

Show the father, the infant inherits the title, the knight becomes king in two words.

Here, he then entered by granting favors to his squire and to all those who helped him rise to such a high station: he gave his squire a bride, a maiden of the infant's, who will undoubtedly have been the third in his affections, that is, the daughter of a very prominent duke.

—That is what I ask for, and right-wingers —said Sancho; —I hold myself to that, because everything, down to the letter, must happen by your grace, calling himself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.

—Don't hesitate, Sancho —Quixote replied—, because by the same and through the same steps that I have recounted, knights-errant have risen to be kings and emperors.

Now we only need to see which Christian or pagan king has war and has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think about this, since, as I have told you, first one must earn fame by attending the court elsewhere.

I also lack one other thing; namely, that, supposing a king to be in war with a beautiful daughter, and supposing that I had gained incredible fame throughout the entire universe, I would not know how to find that I was of royal lineage, or at least, a second cousin to an emperor; because the king would not give his daughter to me to be his wife if he were not first very well informed about this, although my famous deeds deserve it more than anyone.

So, because of this lack, I fear losing what my arm has rightfully earned.

It is true that I am a worthless son of a known solar, of possession and property, and earning five hundred salaries; and the wise man who wrote my story might disentangle my lineage and descent so that I would be found fifth or sixth grandson of a king.

Because I want to make you know, Sancho, that there are two ways of lineages in the world: some that bring and overthrow their descendants from princes and monarchs, to whom time has gradually destroyed and have ended up at the point, like an inverted pyramid; others had a beginning of low people, and they are rising step by step until they become great lords.

So the difference is that some were, and they are no longer, and others are, who are no longer; and it might be of me that, after having been discovered, I had been my great and famous beginning, with which my father-in-law, the king, should have been satisfied.

And if not, the infanta must love me in such a way that, despite her father, although she clearly knows I am the son of a Moor, she must admit me as lord and husband; and if not, then the rumballas and gullies will come where she gives me most pleasure; for time or death must end the anger of her parents.

—That fits well too — Sancho said — what some callous people say: "Don't ask for what you can take by force that you can get by strength"; although it's better to say: "A jump from a bush is better than begging from good men."

Tell him because if the lord king, your husband's father, does not wish to make her surrender to my lady the infant, there is only to rob her and carry her off.

But the damage that, while peace is made and peacefully enjoyed in the kingdom, the poor squire may be forced into this of favors.

If it isn't that the third maid, who is to be his wife, runs off with the princess, and he passes with her his misfortune, until the heavens order otherwise; for surely, I think, he can immediately make her his legitimate wife.

—You can't take him out of Don Quixote—he said.

—Well, since that is the case—Sancho replied—there's nothing for us but to entrust ourselves to God, and let fortune take us where it will best lead.

“Do you command it, God,” replied Don Quixote, “as I desire, and you, Sancho, need; and may ruin befall whoever finds it so.”

—May God be my judge—said Sancho—, I am an old Christian, and to be a count is enough for me.

—And yet you'd still have some left over—said Don Quixote—; and even if you didn't, you'd do nothing of value, because, being myself the king, I could bestow upon you nobility, without you paying me or serving me in any way.

Because, when you become count, pay no mind to that knight there, and let them say whatever they will; that, whatever ill will they may have, they shall call you sir.

—And you don't even know I should have authorized the transaction!—Sancho said.

—The dictation must be done correctly—said his master.

—Be as you please—Sancho Panza replied.

I tell you that he would suit the position very well, because, by my life, I used to be a warden of a brotherhood, and the warden's clothes fit me so well that everyone said I had the presence to be master of the same brotherhood.

Well, what will become of me when I put on a ducal robe, or dress in gold and pearls, for a foreign count? I must have them come to see me from a hundred leagues.

“It would seem so,” said Don Quixote, “but it is necessary that you shave your beard often; for, as it is thick, disheveled, and ill-placed, if you do not shave it with a razor, at least every two days, you will see what you are, as if you were shot with a gun.”

—What more—said Sancho—, than to have a barber and valet hired in the house? And even, if it were necessary, I will make him walk after me, as a squire of great importance.

—Well, how do you know that the great ones have their squires behind them—Don Quixote asked—

“I'll tell you,” Sancho replied: “During the past years I was a month at court, and there I saw that, as a small gentleman was walking about, who was said to be very large, a man followed him on horseback around every turn he made, that he didn't seem to be but was his tail.”

He asked how that man didn't associate with the other, but was always trailing behind him.

They replied to me that he was his stablemaster and that it was his duty to follow them.

I've known him so well that I've never forgotten him.

—I say you are right—said Don Quixote—, and that therefore you may take your barber with you; that customs did not come all at once, nor were they invented at once, and you may be the first count who carries his barber behind him; and it is even more trustworthy to shave one's face than to saddle a horse.

“Leave that barber to my care,” said Sancho, “and let your lordship take care of trying to become king and me with the title of count.”

“That shall be so,” Quijote replied.

And, raising his eyes, he saw what would be said in the next chapter.

Chapter 22: Of the freedom that Don Quixote gave to many unfortunate souls who, to their shame, led them where they did not wish to go.

Cide Hamete Benengeli, an Arab and Manchegan author, recounts in this grave, resounding, minimal, sweet, and imagined story that, after the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, they passed those reasons that at the end of chapter twenty-one are referred to, Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw that on the road leading there were twelve men on foot, strung together like beads on a great iron chain around their necks, and all with handcuffs on their hands.

They were approaching with those two men on horseback and two on foot; the ones on horseback, with revolving shotguns, and the ones on foot, with darts and swords; and as Sancho Panza had seen them, he said:

This is a chain of galley slaves, forced people of the king, going to the galleys.

—How about forced people? —asked Don Quixote—.

Is it possible for the king to force anyone?

—I don't say that — Sancho replied — but that it's people who, because of their crimes, are condemned to serve the king on the galleys against their will.

—In resolution, as it may be, these people, though they carry them, go of their own free will, and not by force.

“That's so — Sancho said.”

—That's how it works—his master said—here is where I carry out my business: to weaken forces and to aid and come to the aid of the miserable.

“Warn your Majesties,” said Sancho, “that justice, which is the very King, does not exert force or injustice upon such people, but rather punishes them in accordance with the penalty of their crimes.” I arrived, in this, by means of the chain of galeotes, and Don Quixote, with very courteous reasons, requested those who were in his custody to be served with information and tell him the cause, or causes, by which that people behaved in that way.

One of the cavalry guards replied that they were galeotes, people of His Majesty who traveled in galleys, and that there was nothing more to say, nor did he have anything more to know.

—With all that — retorted Don Quixote — I wanted to know, in particular, the cause of their misfortune. He added to these other similar and so measured reasons, to move them to say what he wished, that the other keeper on horseback told him:

—Although we have here the record and faith of the sentences of each of these unfortunate souls, this is not the time to stop and extract them nor to read them; your mercy may approach and ask them themselves, that they will say if they wish, if yes, because it is people who take pleasure in making and saying fine words.

With this license, which Don Quixote took even though it wasn't given to him, he ended up in chains, and the first one asked him why he was in such a bad state.

He replied that he was acting that way because he was in love.

—That's why not, then?— he replied, Don Quixote—.

Well, if because of being in love they end up fighting like crazy, I wish I could be sailing with them.

“They are not loves like those you esteem—said the gibbet maker—; mine were those I loved so much a basket of linen, crammed with white clothes, that I embraced it with such force that, if I hadn't taken justice by force, I still wouldn't have let it go against my will.”

It was fragrant, there was no place for torment; the cause was concluded, they accommodated my back with one hundred, and three precise shillings added, and the work was finished.

—What are galeotes? —Quixote asked.

— Prostitutes are rowboats — replied the hangman.

He was a young man up to twenty-four years old, and said he was from Pitches.

Don Quixote asked the second in the same way, who did not answer a word, as he was sad and melancholy; but the first one answered for him, and said:

Sir, he's after a canary; I mean, a musician and singer.

—Yes, sir — replied the hangman —, there's nothing worse than singing in desperation.

—Before, I had heard —Quixote said— that whoever sings scares away their sorrows.

—Here it's the reverse —said the hangman—, that whoever sings once cries for the rest of their life.

—I don't understand — said Don Quixote.

And one of the guards said:

Sir, it is said among this unholy folk that singing in longing is confessing, and that suffering is torment.

To this sinner was given torment, and he confessed his crime, which was being a cattle thief, that is, a thief of beasts, and, because he confessed, he was sentenced to six years of galley slavery, along with two hundred lashes that he already carried on his back.



He always goes around thinking and sad, because the other thieves who are still there treat him badly and destroy him, they mock him and think little of him, because he confesses and doesn't have the spirit to talk nonsense.

Because they say that so many letters make a no as a yes, and that a criminal has too much fortune, that he is in his tongue his life or his death, and not in the of the witnesses and evidence; and for me, it doesn't go too far astray.

—And I understand it like this — replied Don Quixote.

And he, passing to the third, asked them what the others had said; and he, quickly and with much haste, replied and said:

I'm going to spend five years paying the Gurapas ten ducats for insulting me.

—I'd give twenty good denarios for you to be freed from that trouble —said Don Quixote.

"That seems to me," replied the shark, "like someone with money in the middle of the gulf and dying of hunger, without knowing where to buy what they need."

"If at my time I had those twenty ducats that your lordship now offers me, I would have oiled the clockmaker's pendulum and stimulated the wit of the procurator, so that you would see me today in the middle of the Plaza de Zocodover in Toledo, and not on this road, hunted like a hare; but God is great: patience and that's enough."

Sir Quixote went up to the fourth room, which was a man of venerable appearance with a white beard that reached his chest; hearing him asked the reason for his coming there, he began to weep and answered nothing; but the fifth condemned man acted as his interpreter, and said:

This honest man has gone to the galleys for four years, having walked in customary splendor and on horseback.

—That's the way it is —said Sancho Panza—, to my mind, it's a shameful thing.

"That's right — replied the hangman — and the blame for giving him this sentence is because he was a snitch, and even of the whole body."

Indeed, I mean that this gentleman is a dandy, and he also has his tassels and sorcerer's collar.

—If only I hadn't added those tips and collars —said Don Quixote—, merely for a clean informer, he did not deserve to row in the galleys, but to command them and be their general; for that is not how the office of an informer is, which is an office of discreet and necessary people in a well-ordered republic, and which should only be exercised by people very well born; and there should even be a supervisor and examiner of such people, as there is for other professions, with a sufficient and known number, like those in the marketplace; and in this way many evils would be avoided that are caused by this office and exercise among foolish and unintelligent people, such as silly women of little more than nothing, boy servants and young scoundrels with little experience, who, at the most necessary occasion and when it is necessary to give a hint that matters, they swallow the crumbs between their mouth and hand and do not know which is their right hand.

I would like to move forward and give the reasons why it was appropriate to elect those in the republic who were to have such a necessary office, but this is not the suitable place for it: some day I will tell someone who can provide and remedy it.

I now only say that the pain caused me to see these white grays and this venerable face in so much weariness, by pimping, was taken away by the adjutant of a sorcerer; although I well know that there are no spells in the world that can move and force the will, as some simple people think; that our free will is free, and that no herb or charm can force it.

What some simple girls and shrewd fellows often do is concoctions and poisons with which they drive men mad, making it seem as if they have the power to make them desire good, which, as I say, is an impossible thing to force a will.

"That's right — said the good old man — and, truly, sir, as for the wizarding matter, I had no fault; and as for the pimping business, I couldn't deny it."

But I never thought I was doing wrong.

I was trying to make it so that everyone would be content and live in peace and tranquility, without worries or sorrows; but this good intention hasn't served me to stop going where I don't expect to return, as the years and a bladder problem I have, which doesn't allow me to rest for a while, burden me.

And here I return to his weeping, as at first; and your Sancho showed so much compassion that he took a real of four, from the bosom, and was given as alms.

Sir Quixote stepped forward and asked another man about his crime, who answered with even less, but much more gallantry than before:

I came here because they mocked me excessively with two of my cousins, and with two other women who weren't related to me; ultimately, they mocked me so much with everyone that the family grew through mockery, so intricately that no devil could declare it.

I tried everything, failed in every way, I had no money, I saw myself on the verge of losing everything, they condemned me to six years in chains, I consented: my fault is the punishment; I am young: let life be long, for with it everything is attainable.

If it pleases you, noble sir, if you happen to have anything with which to aid these poor souls, God will repay you in heaven, and we shall have in this world the care to pray to God in our prayers for your life and health, which may be as long and as good as your good presence deserves.

He was a student by habit, and one of the guards said he was a very large, talkative, and very kind Latino.

After all that, a man of very good sense arrived, thirty years of age, though upon looking he seemed to be taking an eye in the other.

He was differently bound than the others, because he carried a chain around his foot, so large that it wrapped around his entire body, and two bracelets around his neck, one on the chain, and the other of those they called guardaamigos or piedeamigos, of which they said two irons reached his waist, in which were fitted two handcuffs, where he kept his hands, closed with a thick padlock, so that neither with his hands could reach his mouth, nor could he lower his head to reach his hands.

I ask Don Quixote how that man went with so many prisons more than others.

He entrusted her with the watch because she possessed that single rogue with more crimes than all the others combined, and he was so audacious and so large a scoundrel that, even when taken that way, they weren't safe with him, but feared he would flee.

—What crimes could he have —said Don Quixote—, if they haven't deserved more than being thrown overboard from the galleys?

—That's ten years —he replied — which is like a quiet death.

I don't want to know more, but that good man is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, who by another name is called Ginesillo de Parapilla.

—Mr. Commissioner —said the convict—, withdraw a little, and let's not now be going around naming and nicknames.

My name is Gines, and not Ginesillo, and Pasamonte is my surname, and not Parapilla, as he says; and each of you go around the circle, and not long ago.

"Speak with less tone," the commissioner retorted, "Mr. Thief of More Than a Mark, or you'll find yourself silenced, no matter how unpleasant it may be for you."

—It seems, sir, that man goes as God demands, but one day someone will know whether I am Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.

—Well, don't you call you, scoundrel? —the guard said.

—If they call —Gines replied—, but I'll make sure they don't call me, or I'll fight it out where I say so between my teeth.

Sir, if you have anything to give us, give it to us now, and may God go with you, you're already angry with so much wanting to know other people's lives; and if the lady wants to know, let her know that I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers.

"Says you," the commissioner said: "that he himself wrote his story, that there's nothing more, and leaves the book lodged in prison for two hundred reales."

—And I'd take him off —she said—, if he were worth two hundred ducats.

—Is it so good? —said Don Quixote.

—It's so good —Gines replied— that it's a bad year for Lazarillo de Tormes and for all those of that genre who have been written or will be written.

What I want to tell Vance is that he deals in truths, and that they are so beautiful and so painful that they cannot be matched by any lies.

—And what is the title of the book?—asked Don Quixote.

—The life of Ginebras de Pasamonte —he replied.

—And is it finished? —asked Don Quixote.

—How can it be finished —he replied—, if my life is not yet finished? What is written is from my birth until the last time they threw me out of galleys.

—Have you been there again? —said Don Quixote.

“To serve God and the king, I have spent four years again, and I know what the sponge cake and the cornbread know — replied Géne —; and it doesn't weigh heavily on me to go to them, because there I will have a place to finish my book, for I have many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is more peace than would be necessary, although it is not much more for what I have to write, because I know it by heart.”

—You seem skilled—said Don Quixote.

—And unfortunate, he replied — because misfortune always pursues good wit.

—They're chasing the young boys —said the commissioner.

—I've told you that, Commissioner — Pasamonte replied —, you should withdraw gradually, that those gentlemen didn't give you that stick to mistreat the poor souls who are here, but to guide us and lead us wherever His Majesty commands.

If not, for life.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate from Spanish to English. I need the Spanish text to complete your request.

Enough! Some day they might come out in the wash those stains that were made at the market; and everyone just shuts up, lives well, and talks better, and let's walk, because this revelry is already too much.

I raised my standards against the high commissioner to give Pasamonte a reply to his threats, but Don Quixote intervened and asked him not to ill-treat him, since

He didn't have much loose tongue for someone who kept their hands so tightly tied.

And turning to all in the chain, he said:

From all that you have told me, dear brothers, I have distilled that, even though you have been punished for your faults, the pains you will suffer do not please you much, and you will go through them with great reluctance and against your will; and it may be that the little spirit that he had in the torment, the lack of money this year, the small favor of the other, and finally, the twisted judgment of the judge, would have been the cause of your destruction and of not having emerged with the justice you possessed.

All of which is now presented to me in my memory so that it is telling me, persuading me, and even forcing me to show it to you so that the heavens cast me into the world, and made me profess in it the order of knighthood that I profess, and the vow that I made in it to favor the needy and oppressed of the elders.

But, because I know that one part of prudence is that what can be done for good should not be done for evil, I beg these guardians and commissioner to be served by allowing you to depart and go in peace, for others will serve the king in better circumstances; because it seems a harsh case to make slaves of those who were made free by God and nature.

The more, sirs guards —added Don Quixote—, that these poor fellows have committed nothing against you.

Each one has his sin before him; God is in heaven, who does not neglect to punish the wicked nor to reward the good, and it is not right that honorable men be executioners of other men, nor to do it at all. I ask for this with such gentleness and composure, because if you fulfill it, I will have something to thank you for; and, if you do not, then this spear and this sword, with the strength of my arm, will make you do it by force.

“Old fool!” the commissioner retorted. “Well, here he comes, with all that brazen audacity! The King's men want us to let him go, as if we had the authority to release him or he has the authority to send us for him! Begone, my lord, good day, take your way ahead, and straighten out that pout you're carrying

on your head, and don't go looking for trouble where there isn't any."

—You are the cat, the fool, and the ass! —Quijote replied.

And saying and doing, he attacked him so fiercely that, without having time to defend himself, he brought him to the ground, wounded from a shot; and he tended him, for he was the one with the shotgun.

The other guards were astonished and suspended by the unexpected event; but, reflecting on it, they took hold of their swords those on horseback, and those on foot their darts, and charged against Don Quixote, who awaited them with great composure; and without doubt, he would suffer greatly if the convicts, seeing the opportunity offered to them of attaining freedom, did not seek it, seeking to break the chain from which they had come entangled.

The revolt went so badly that the guards, already due to the galleys being unleashed, already due to attacking Don Quixote, who was attacking them, did nothing that was of benefit.

I helped Sancho, for his part, to the liberation of Ginés de Pasamonte, who was the first to jump into the free campaign and without bonds, and, attacking the fallen commissioner, he took away his sword and shotgun, with which, aiming at one and pointing at the other, never wasting a shot, there was no longer any guard in the entire field, because they fled, both from Pasamonte's shotgun and from the many stones that the now free convicts threw at them.

Sancho was very saddened by this event, because it was represented to him that those who were fleeing would give notice of the case to the Holy Brotherhood, which, with its bell...

wound, he would go to look for the criminals, and he told his master that, and he begged him to leave from there and ambush them in the sierra, which was nearby.

—That's fine —said Don Quixote —but I know what now needs to be done.

And calling all the scoundrels, who were in a frenzy and had stripped the commissioner down to his last shirt, they all gathered around to see what he ordered, and he told them:

It is proper for those of good birth to be grateful for the benefits they receive, and one of the sins that most offends God is ingratitude.

I tell you, because you have seen, gentlemen, with manifest experience, what has been received from me; and as payment for which I wish, and it is my will, that, having removed from your necks that chain that I took off, you set out and go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea of Toboso and tell her that her knight, the Knight of the Sad Figure, sends her to entrust, and tell her, point by point, all that she has had in this famous adventure until you reach the desired freedom; and, having done this, you can go wherever you wish for good fortune.

He replied on behalf of all of Ginés de Pasamonte, and said:

What your lord and liberator commands us is impossible to fulfill in any way, because we cannot go together along the paths, but alone and divided, and each in his own part, in order not to be found by the Holy Brotherhood, who, without a doubt, will emerge in our search.

What your lordships can, and it is just that they should do, is to transfer that service and toll of the lady Dulcinea of Toboso to some number of masses and prayers, which we shall state for your lordships' intention; and this is a thing that can be accomplished day or night, fleeing or resting, in peace or in war; but to think that we must now return to the pots of Egypt, I mean, to take our chains and set out from Toboso, is to think that it is now night, that it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning, and to ask for that is to ask for pears from an elm tree.

—Well, I vote for such a thing! —said Don Quixote, already in a rage —you, son of a bitch, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever you may call yourselves, you'll go alone, with your tail between your legs, carrying the whole chain on your back.

Poor Don Quixote, who hadn't suffered much, having already learned that he wasn't very sane, and seeing how absurd things he had done, like trying to give them freedom, were treated in that way, he turned on his companions, and, separating himself from them, they began to pelt him with stones so fiercely that it was impossible to cover his head with his shield; and poor Rocinante paid no heed to his spur as if it were made of bronze.

Sancho followed his donkey, and with him he defended himself against the cloud and pebbles that fell upon both of them.

Don Quixote was not able to shield himself so well that he wasn't hit by so many stones in the body, with such force that he fell to the ground; and scarcely had he fallen when the student was upon him and he took away the helmet from his head, and struck him with it three or four times on the back, and as many times on the ground, with which he shattered it.

They took away a strap that was hanging over the weapons, and they wanted to take away the half-boots if the straps weren't hindering him.

Sancho had lost his cunning, and, leaving the spoils of the battle for others to divide, they each went their own way, more concerned with escaping the Brotherhood, fearing that they would be caught and brought before the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso.

Only the donkey and Rocinante remained; the donkey, with his head bowed and thoughtful, shaking his ears occasionally, thinking that the storm of stones had not yet ceased, which his ears were pursuing; Rocinante, lying beside his master, who had also fallen to the ground from another stone; Sancho, in a ball and fearful of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote, utterly exhausted from looking so badly injured by those to whom he had done so much good.

Chapter 23: Of What Happened to the Famous Don Quixote in Sierra Morena, Which Was One of the Most Rare Adventures Told in This True Story

Seeing himself so badly in need, he said to his squire:

—Always, Sancho, I have heard it said, that doing good for villains is like throwing water into the sea. If I had believed what you told me, I would have avoided this trouble; but it is done now: patience, and learn from this for the future.

“As frightening as it is for you to hear,” Sancho replied, “that I am a Turk; but, since he says that if I had believed him he would have excused this damage, I now believe him and he will excuse another greater; because I make him know that there is no need to use chivalries with the Holy Brotherhood, that it is not given to them for as many knights as there are two maravedís; and he should know that I already think that his arrows are buzzing in my ears.”

“Naturally you are a coward, Sancho—said Don Quixote—, but why don't you say that I am accustomed to it and never do what you advise me? For this time I want to take your counsel and avoid the fury that you so much fear; but it must be with a condition: that never, in life nor in death, you shall tell anyone that I withdrew and avoided this danger of fear, unless to please your requests; if you say anything else, you will lie, and from now until then, and from then until now, I disavow you, and I say you lie every time you think it or say it.”

And do not reply to me more, for merely thinking that I withdraw and retire from some danger, especially this one, which seems to carry no shadow of fear, I am already ready to stay, and to wait here alone, not only for the Holy Brotherhood that you say and fear, but for the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and for the seven Maccabees, and for Castor and Pollux, and even for all the brothers and brotherhoods that exist in the world.

—Sir— Sancho replied, —retiring is not fleeing, and waiting is wisdom, when danger overwhelms hope, and it is wise to conserve oneself for tomorrow and not to risk everything in a single day.

And know that, though coarse and villainous, something still reaches me from within that they call good government; so, do not regret having taken my advice, but if he can, let him ride Rocinante, or if not, I will help him, and follow him, for the Caletre tells me that we now need feet more than hands.

Don Quixote, without replying with more than a word, and, guiding Sancho on his donkey, entered a part of Sierra Morena, which thereabouts was, carrying Sancho's intention of traversing it entirely and going out to the Viso, or Almodóvar del Campo.

to hide for a few days from those difficulties, so they would not be found if the Brotherhood sought them.

Encourage him to have seen that the chest, which had come from the scullery cart on his donkey, had escaped unharmed from the galeotes' fray, a thing which I judge to be a miracle, as that is what the galeotes carried and sought.

Just as Don Quixote entered those mountains, his heart rejoiced, seeming to him those places to be suitable for the adventures he sought.

He reduced to memory the wonderful events that had occurred to wandering knights in such solitude and hardships.

I was so absorbed in these things, so carried away by them, that I couldn't think of anything else. Neither Sancho took another care – seeing that he thought he was walking on safe ground – but of satisfying his stomach with the remnants that had been left from the clerical spoils; and so he went after his master, sitting on the donkey's rump, taking out of a sack and stuffing into his belly; and he did not consider it a good fortune, while he continued in that way.

He raised his eyes and saw that his master was standing, trying with the point of the lance to raise some sort of bundle that had fallen to the ground. He hastened to come and help him if needed; and when he arrived, he was in time to raise with the point of the lance a cushion and a bag, rotten or completely rotten and ruined; but it weighed so much that it was necessary for Sancho to dismount to take them, and his master ordered him to see what came in the bag.

Sancho quickly seized it, and, although the suitcase was closed with a chain and its lock, he saw what was inside, which were four shirts of fine Holland and other things of linen, no less curious than clean, and in a linen sack he found a good heap of gold escudos; and, as he saw them, he said:

Blessed be all the heavens, that it has dealt us an adventure that will be profitable!

And searching further, I found a little memory book, richly adorned.

He asked Don Quixote to do that, and ordered him to keep the money and take it for himself.

Sancho clasped his hands in prayer for mercy, and, ransacking his chest, he placed the bag within the hamper of the pantry.

All of which, seen by Don Quixote, said:

"It seems to me, Sancho, and it is not possible that it is anything else, that some lost traveler must have passed through this sierra, and, stumbling upon bandits, they must have killed him, and brought him here to bury him in this so hidden part."

–That can't be – Sancho replied – because if they were thieves, they wouldn't leave this money here.

"You speak the truth," said Don Quixote, "and so, I don't predict nor do I know what this may be; however, wait: we shall see if in this book of memory there is anything written by which we can trace and come to know what we desire."

Abrió, and the first thing he found in the manuscript, as in a draft, though in very good handwriting, was a sonnet, which, having read it aloud because Sancho also heard it, saw that it said in this way:

Love lacks knowledge.

He's either too cruel, or he's not my sorrow.

just as it condemns me

to the most tormented gender.

But if Love is God, it's an argument.

nothing is ignored, and that's a very good reason

a god should not be cruel

Well, who orders the terrible pain that I adore and feel?

If I say that you are you, Fili, I miss.

So much bad in so much good doesn't fit.

This ruin doesn't come to me from the sky.

Quickly, I'm about to die, which is the most certain thing; that to the evil caused, no miracle is known, but to cure the cause.

–Because of that song –said Sancho– you can't learn anything, if it's not that thread there that pulls the whole yarn out.

–What thread is here? –said Don Quixote.

—It seems to me, sir—said Sancho—that you have named that thread there.

"All I said was Fili," replied Don Quixote, "and he, without a doubt, is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and, I swear, it must be reasonable for a poet to use it, or I know very little of the art."

–Then, you mean you understand him, gentlemen?

–And more than you think," Don Quixote replied – "and you will see it when you carry a letter, written from top to bottom, to my lady Dulcinea of Toboso.

Because I want you to know, Sancho, that all the greatest wandering knights of the past were great troubadours and great musicians; that these two skills, or rather, these are attached to wandering

lovers.

The truth is that the verses of past knights have more spirit than elegance.

—Your Majesties—said Sancho—that I have found something to satisfy you.

Don Quixote returned and said:

This is prose, and it seems like a letter.

—Do you want a letter, sir? — asked Sancho.

—In the beginning, it seems nothing but love—Quixote replied.

—Well, read your lordship high —said Sancho—, what a great pleasure it is to hear about these matters of love.

—Let me place it— said Don Quixote.

And reading it aloud, as Sancho had begged him to do, he saw that it said this way:

Your false promise and my certain misfortune lead me to part where your ears will once again hear news of my death and the reasons for my complaints.

Cast me off, you ungrateful one, for whom you have more than for whom I am worth; but if virtue were riches that were valued, I would not envy the possessions of others nor weep over my own misfortunes. What raises your beauty has destroyed your works; by them I understood you were an angel, and by them I know you are a woman.

Stay at peace, instigator of my war, and make the heavens conceal the deceptions of your husband, because you will not regret what you have done and I will not take revenge on what I do not desire.

Having just finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said:

Less from this than from verses can be drawn—it's the scornful lover who wrote it.

And, browsing through almost the whole book, I found other verses and letters, which some read and others did not; but what all contained were complaints, laments, distrusts, tastes and tastelessness, favors and disdain, some solemnized and others wept.

While Don Quixote was reading the book, Sancho carried the trunk, leaving no corner in it, nor in the cushion, which he did not search, examine, or inquire about, nor seam that he did not unpick, nor wool that he did not sort, because he left nothing undone through carelessness or a bad report; such a treasure had awakened in him the found shields, which amounted to over a hundred.

And, though he found no more than he had found, he considered the flights of the blanket, the vomiting of the potion, the blessings of the stakes, the stitches of the herder, the absence of the sacks, the theft of the thief, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had endured in service to his good lord, to be more than adequately compensated by the grace received from the delivery of the finding.

With great desire remained the Knight of the Sad Figure to know who the owner of the suitcase was, conjecturing, by the sonnet and letter, by the gold money, and by the so good shirts, that he must be of some principal lover, to whom scorn and bad treatments by his lady must have led to some desperate end.

But, as there was no one to be found in that uninhabitable and thorny place from whom to obtain information, he resolved to press on, without taking any other path than that which Rocinante wished him to follow, which was the way he could walk, always with imagination which could not be lacking in those thickets some strange adventure.

Going with this thought, he saw that, above a small rock, a man was leaping from ledge to ledge and from bush to bush, with strange lightness.

He saw himself naked, with a black and thick beard, many and unruly hairs, bare feet and legs without anything on them; his thighs were covered by some leon colored velvet trousers, but so torn that in many places his flesh was exposed.

He was riding with his head uncovered, and, though he passed with the lightness that has been said, he looked and noticed the Knight of the Sad Figure; and, though he tried, he couldn't follow him, because he was not given to the weakness of Rocinante's gait in those places.

difficulties, and he was already short-tempered and irritable.

Then I imagine Don Quixote that it was the owner of the cushion and the suitcase, and he proposed to himself as a searcher for it, though he knew he would ride a year through those mountains to find it; and so he ordered Sancho to dismount from the donkey and to hurry along one part of the mountain, while he would go along the other, and it might be that they would meet him in this diligence, with that

man who had been so quickly taken away from before them.

—I cannot do that — Sancho replied — because, departing from your grace, fear then comes upon me, assailing me with a thousand kinds of surprises and visions.

And serve him this warning, so that from now on he doesn't stray a finger from my presence.

"That's how it will be," said the Man in the Tragic Figure, "and I'm very pleased you want to draw on my spirit, which will be there for you, though it may lack the spirit of the body."

And come now slowly after me, as much as you can, and make your eyes lanterns; we will overcome this difficulty: perhaps we will encounter that man we saw, who, without a doubt, is none other than the owner of our discovery.

Sancho replied:

It would be far better not to look for him, because if we find him and by chance he is the owner of the money, of course I would have to reimburse him; and so, it would be better, without making this useless diligence, to possess him in good faith until, through a less curious and diligent route, he appeared to be his true lord; and perhaps it would be in time for him to have spent it, and then the king would exonerate me.

"You've engaged in that, Sancho—replied Don Quixote—; for, since we have fallen under suspicion as to who his master is, almost before, we are obliged to seek him out and confront him; and, if we did not seek him out, the vehement suspicion we have that he is his master puts us already in so much guilt as if he were."

So, Sancho my friend, don't worry about the handkerchief, which will be taken away from me if I find it. And so, Don Quixote struck Rocinante, and Sancho followed him with his accustomed donkey; and, having circled part of the mountain, they found in a stream, dead and half eaten by dogs and ravens, a saddled and bridled mule; all of which confirmed in them more the suspicion that he who fled was the owner of the mule and the cushion.

Looking at her, they heard a bleating like a shepherd tending his flock, and at a late hour, at her left hand, there appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on top of the mountain, appeared the shepherd who was guarding them, an old man.

I called him Don Quixote, and begged him to come down where they were.

He responded to the screams of those who had dragged them through that place, which they had rarely stepped foot in, only like goats or wolves and other beasts that roamed there.

Sancho replied that he should descend, that they would give him good accounts of everything.

Under the sheep, and, upon arriving where Don Quixote was, he said:

I bet it's looking at the hired mule that's dead in that ravine.

Well, he's been in that place for six months now.

Tell me: have you seen its owner around there?

—We haven't encountered anyone — replied Don Quixote — but only a cushion and a small suitcase which we found not far from here.

—I saw her too — the shepherd replied —, but I never wanted to raise her or reach her, fearing some theft and that she wouldn't be asked for it as stolen; that is the subtle devil, and beneath his feet rises that shadowy thing where he stumbled and fell, without knowing how or why.

"That's exactly what I say — replied Sancho —: I found it too, and I didn't want to reach it with a stone; I left it there and it stays as it is, I don't want a dog with a bell."

—Tell me, good man —said Don Quixote—, do you know who owns these garments?

"All that I know to say," the shepherd said, "is that 'there will be a flock of shepherds, little more than six months, unless they reached a pasture of shepherds, three leagues from this place, a young nobleman of noble bearing and appearance, a knight on that very mule that is now dead, and with the same cushion and suitcase that you say you found and didn't touch.'"

Let us ask you which part of this mountain was the most rugged and hidden; we told you it was this one where we are now; and it is true, because if you enter half a league further in, you might not be able to get out; and I am amazed at how you have been able to get here, because there is no path or trail that leads to this place.



Therefore, I say that, upon hearing the boy's response, he took the reins and headed to the place where we indicated, leaving us all pleased with his good pace, and amazed by his speed and the way we saw him walk and turn towards the mountains; and from that time on, we never saw him again, until one day, from there, a few days later, a shepherd of ours came out onto the path, and without saying anything, he reached him and gave him many kicks and slaps, and then he went to the herd's goat and took out all the bread and cheese it carried; and, with strange lightness, having done this, he returned to ambush in the mountains.

As some shepherds told us, we looked for him for almost two days in this most closed-off of the mountains. After which we found him wedged in the hollow of a thick and sturdy alcornoque tree. He came to us with great meekness, already having torn the dress and with the sun-scorched, disfigured face, to such an extent that we barely recognized him, but rather the garments, with the news they conveyed to us, indicated that he was the one we were looking for.

We were politely greeted, and he told us in a few very good reasons not to be surprised to see him walking in that way, because that suited him to fulfill a penance that had been imposed on him for his many sins.

We asked him who he was, but we never managed to finish him off.

We also asked him that, when need arose, without which he could not pass, he should tell us where we would find him, because we would take him away with much love and care; and that if this was not to his liking, at least he should go out and ask for it, and not take it from the shepherds.

He thanked our offer, asked for forgiveness for the past assaults, and promised to leave there from now on for the love of God, without causing anyone any trouble.

As for the arrangement of his room, he said that it was the only one that offered him the opportunity to spend the night; and he ended his talk with such tender weeping, that we who had listened to him would have been stone if we hadn't accompanied him, considering how we had seen him the first time, and what we had then seen in him.

Because, as I have said, he was a very gentle and graceful young man, and in his courteous and well-concerted arguments he showed himself to be a well-bred and very courteous person; that, since we were rustic listeners, his gentleness was so great that it was enough to be known to share the same rustic nature.

And, being at the height of his narration, he stopped and became speechless; he fixed his eyes on the ground for a good space of time, during which we were all frozen and suspended, waiting to see what that bewilderment would say, with no little pity for seeing him so; because, from the way he opened his eyes, remained fixed staring at the ground for a long time without moving his eyelids, and other times closed them, pressing his lips and raising his eyebrows, we easily knew that some accident of madness had befallen him.

He also quickly made us understand that what we were thinking was true, because he rose with great fury from the ground where he had fallen, and attacked the first one he found.

Alongside this, with such fervor and rage that, if it were not taken from him, it would kill him by fits and starts; and all this he said, saying, "Ah, wretched Fernando! Here, here you will repay me for the foolishness you did to me: these hands will take out your heart, where together they harbor and hold all the evils, primarily fraud and deceit!" And he added to these other reasons, all of which were aimed at speaking ill of that Fernando and accusing him of being a traitor and a fool.

Therefore, with no small sadness, he, without saying more, withdrew from us and fled into the thickets and brush, making it impossible for us to follow him.

Therefore, we conjecture that madness came to him in fits, and that someone named Fernando must have committed some grave offense, as heavy as the term to which it had led him.

All of which has been confirmed here with the times, which have been many, that he has gone out onto the path, some to ask the shepherds give him of what they have to eat, and others to take it away by force; because when he is with the accident of madness, although the shepherds offer it to him with good will, he does not admit it, but takes it in jabs; and when he is in his reason, he asks for it out of love of God, courteously and modestly, and gives thanks for it with many tears, and not without them.

And truly I tell you, gentlemen – he continued, the shepherd – that yesterday I and four shepherds, the two servants, and the two of my friends, decided to search for him until we found him, and, after finding

him, whether by force or by degree, we will take him to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from here, and there we will cure him, if his illness has a cure, or we will know who he is when he is sober, and if he has relatives to whom to give notice of his misfortune.”

This is, gentlemen, all that I can tell you about what you have asked me; and understand that the owner of the garments you found is the very same man you saw passing by with such lightness as nakedness – that Don Quixote had already told me how he had seen that man jumping through the sierra.

He was astonished by what the shepherd had heard, and he was filled with a greater desire to know who the unfortunate madman was; and he resolved to search the whole mountain, without leaving nook or cave unexamined, until he found him.

But luck was better for him than he thought or expected, because at that very instant, as it appeared between a crack in a saw that was emerging where they were, was the boy they were looking for, who had been talking amongst themselves in things that could not be understood closely, let alone from afar.

His suit was as if it had been painted, but as he got closer, he saw Don Quixote wearing a tunic made of shattered amber; from which I had just understood that a person with such habits should not be of the lowest quality.

As the waiter approached them, I greeted him with an out-of-tune voice and annoyance, but with much courtesy.

Don Quixote returned his salutations with no less composure, and, mounting Rocinante with gentle grace and good humor, he went to embrace him and held him closely between his arms as if he had known him from long years.

The other one, whom we can call the “Rupture of the Bad Figure” – like Don Quixote of the Sad One – after having allowed himself to be embraced, stepped back a little from him, and, with his hands on Don Quixote’s shoulders, he stared at him, as if he wanted to see if he recognized him; perhaps no less amazed at seeing Don Quixote’s figure, stature, and weapons, than Don Quixote was at seeing him. In the resolution, the first to speak after the embrace was Roto, and he said what will be said going forward.

Chapter 24: Where the adventure in the Sierra Morena continues

The story goes that Don Quixote listened to the star-gazing knight of the Sierra with immense attention, who, continuing his talk, said:

Indeed, sir, whoever you may be, though I do not know you, I thank you for the attentions and courtesy you have shown me, and I would wish to say that, with more than the will you have shown in having me, in the good welcome you have given me; however, my fortune does not allow me to have anything with which to correspond to the good deeds you do for me with such good wishes to fulfill them.

“Those I have – replied Don Quixote – are meant to serve you; so much so that I had determined not to leave these mountains until I found you and learned of your life, if you suffered from a pain so strange that some remedy could be found; and if it were necessary to seek it, to seek it with all possible diligence.”

And when your misfortune should be of the kind that closes the doors to all kinds of comfort, I would think to help you lament it and to plan it as best I could; for it is still a comfort to find someone who grieves with you.

And if, indeed, my good man deserves to be grateful to some genre of courtesy, I beg you, sir, for all that I see enclosed within you, and jointly I conjure you by the thing that you have loved or love most in this life, that you tell me who you are and the cause that has brought you to live and die among these solitudes like a brute animal, since you dwell among them so foreign to yourself like your attire and person.

And I swear—added Don Quixote—by the order of knighthood I received, though unworthy and sinful, and by the profession of knight-errant, if you please, sir, I shall serve you with all my might to that extent to which it is obliged by being who I am, either by remedying your misfortune if there is a remedy, or by helping you to lament it as I have promised.

The Knight of the Forest, having so much heard of the man of the Sad Figure, did nothing but stare at him, and make him stare up and down; and after he had well looked at him, he said to him:

If you have anything to give me to eat, for God's sake, give it to me; after I have eaten, I will do everything that is asked of me, in gratitude for such good wishes that have been shown to me here. Then they took out Sancho from his sack and the lamb from its leash, with which the Broken satisfied his hunger, eating what was given to him like a bewildered person, so eagerly that he didn't allow space for another bite, swallowing them before he could even take them in; and while he was eating, neither he nor those who looked at him spoke a word.

Just as I had just eaten, he made them follow the signs that he had made, and he led them to a small green meadow that was just around a slightly deviated rock from there.

As he arrived, he lay on the ground, on top of the grass, and the others did the same, and everyone This without anyone speaking, until the Roto, having settled into his seat, said:

If you are willing, gentlemen, I shall tell you briefly of the immensity of my misfortunes, but I promise you, without interruption, nor any other thing, that I will not break the thread of my sad story; for at the moment you wish it, that is when it will cease to be told.

These reasons about the Dis appointment brought to mind the tale that Sancho Panza had told him, when he could not remember the number of goats that had crossed the river, and the story remained unfinished.

But, returning to the Roto, he continued saying:

This precaution I take is because I wanted to briefly go over the tale of my misfortunes; that bringing them to memory serves no other purpose than to add others, and the less you question me, the sooner I will finish telling them, since I will not leave out anything of importance to completely satisfy your desire.

Don Quixote promised it on behalf of others, and he began this way with this insurance:

My name is Cardenio: my homeland, a city of the finest in Andalusia; my lineage, noble; my parents, rich; my misfortune, so great that my parents must have wept it, and felt my lineage, unable to alleviate it with their wealth; for to remedy the misfortunes of heaven, fortune's goods seldom suffice.

I live in this same earth a sky, where love put all the glory that I succeeded in wishing for myself; such is the beauty of Luscinda, a maiden as noble and rich as myself, but more fortunate, and of less steadfastness to which my honored thoughts should have been due.

I loved Lucinda, wished for and adored her since my tender and early years, and she loved me in the way her young age allowed, with that simplicity and good humor.

Our parents knew our intentions, and it didn't trouble them about it, because they saw very well that, when we advanced, we could have no other end than to marry us, something that almost finalized the equality of our lineage and wealth.

As I grew older, and with it the love of both, it seemed to the father of Luscinda that, out of good respect, he was obliged to deny me entrance to his house, almost imitating in this the parents of that Tisbe so much praised by poets.

And this denial, adding flame to flame and desire to desire; because, although they put silence to the tongues, they could not put it to the feathers, which with more freedom than the tongues usually give to understand to whom they want to convey what is enclosed within the soul; for many times the presence of the beloved thing confuses and silences the most determined intention and the most bold tongue.

Oh, heavens, and how many bills I wrote to her! How generous and honest replies I had! How many songs I composed and how many enamored verses, where the soul declared and transported its feelings, painted its ardent desires, entertained its memories, and recreated its will! Indeed, seeing her hurried, and my soul consumed with the desire to see her, I determined to put into effect and finish at a point what seemed most convenient to me to come out with my desired and deserved prize, and it was to ask her for her father as a legitimate wife, as I did; to which he responded to me that he thanked me for the willingness I showed in honoring him, and in wanting to honor me with his possessions; but since my father was alive, it was his rightful thing to make that demand; because if it were with much willingness and his own pleasure, it was not Luscinda a woman to take or give herself away.

I thanked him for his good intention, as it seemed he was right in what he was saying, and that my father agreed with him as I told him; and with that intention, immediately afterward I went to tell my father what I wanted.

And as I entered a room where he was, I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I had a chance to speak to him, he gave me, and

He said: "By this true letter, Cardenio, the will of the Duke Ricardo has to grant you favor."

This Duke Ricardo, as you, sirs, must know, is a great man of Spain, whose state is in the finest part of Andalusia.

I took and read the letter, which had been so costly, that it seemed to me wrong if my father ceased to fulfill what was asked of him in it, namely that he send me to where he was; that he wanted me to be companion, not ward, of his eldest son, and that he would take charge of placing me in the state that corresponded to the estimation in which he held me.

Read the letter and I became mute while reading it, and more when I heard my father saying to me:

"From here in two days you will depart, Cardenio, to fulfill the duke's will, and give thanks to God, who is opening a path for you to achieve what I know you deserve."

He added these other reasons as a counselor.

The agreement was reached on the end of my journey; I spoke one night with Luscinda, telling her everything that happened, and I did the same to her father, pleading with him to remain occupied for some days and delay giving me my status until I saw what Ricardo wanted; he promised me this, and she confirmed it to me with a thousand oaths and a thousand fainting spells.

I ended up where Duke Ricardo was.

I was so well received and treated that I immediately began to feel envy, as the old servants did, believing that the favors the duke showed me were to be his own detriment.

But the one who most indulged in my idea was a second son of the duke, named Fernando, a gallard gentleman, a liberal and a lover, who, in a short time, wanted me to be so much his friend, that he would give everyone something to say about it; and although the eldest brother liked me well and showed me some favor, he didn't go to the extent that Don Fernando liked and treated me.

Therefore, it was the case that, as among friends there is no secret that is not communicated, and the favor I enjoyed with Don Fernando ceased to be so, being merely friendship, all his thoughts were revealed to me, especially one smitten with love, which he brought with him with a certain disquiet.

I wanted a farmer's daughter, a ward of her father, and she had them very rich, and she was so beautiful, modest, discreet, and honest that none who knew her could decide in which of those things she had more excellence, nor could anyone surpass her.

These were so good parts of the beautiful labradora that they reduced Don Fernando's desires to such a term that he determined, in order to achieve them and conquer the labradora's integrity, to speak words of being her husband; for otherwise it was to seek the impossible.

Being bound by his friendship, with the best reasons I knew, and with the most vivid examples I could muster, I strived to thwart him and keep him from such a design; but seeing that it was of no use, I resolved to tell the case to Duke Ricardo, his father; however, Don Fernando, being astute and discreet, was wary and fearful of it, as it seemed to him that I was obligated, instead of a loyal servant, not to have anything concealed that was so detrimental to the honor of my lord, the Duke; and thus, to amuse and deceive myself, he told me that there was no better remedy to be able to remove from memory the beauty that held him so captive, that the absence for some months, and that he wished that our absence should be such that we both come to our father's house, at a time when they would say to the Duke that came to see and to breed some very good horses that were in my city, which is the mother of the best in the world.

As soon as I heard him say this, moved by my inclination, though his determination wasn't so good, I approved him as one of the most successful that could be imagined, to see what good opportunity and circumstance was offered to me to see my Luscinda again.

With this thought and wish, I ask for your approval and will strive to fulfill your purpose, telling you to put it into effect as soon as possible, because, in fact, his absence was hindering his work, despite the most steadfast thoughts.

Yes, when he came to tell me this, according to what was later known, he had enjoyed the estate mistress with the title of husband, and he awaited an opportunity to discover himself safe, fearful of what his father, the duke, would do when he knew his folly.

It happened, therefore, that, as love in young men, for the most part, is not love, but appetite, which, as it has as its ultimate end delight, upon reaching it, it ends (and must return backwards what seemed love, because it cannot pass beyond the term that nature set for it), I mean, as Don Fernando enjoyed the peasant woman, his desires were appeased and his passions cooled off.

There was bustling; and if first he feigned wanting to absent himself to remedy them, now truly he strived to leave, in order not to have them executed. The duke granted the young man license, and ordered me to accompany him.

We came to my city; my father received him as he was, and I then saw Luscinda, they returned to live, though they had not been dead, nor softened, my desires, of which I informed my father, don Fernando, because I seemed to him, in the law of such great friendship that he showed, that I should not conceal anything from him.

Praise the beauty, grace, and discretion of Luscinda, so that my praises stirred in them the desire to see a maiden of such fine parts adorned.

I will fulfill them, by my poor luck, teaching it to him one night, by the light of a candle, through a window where we used to talk to each other.

Viola in sayo, such that all the beauties he had previously seen were forgotten.

He became stunned, lost his senses, became absorbed, and finally, so in love, as you will see in the discourse of the tale of my misfortune.

And to ignite my desire even more, which chilled me, and to the heavens, alone, I discovered, fortune wished that one day he found a ticket belonging to him, asking me to ask for her as his wife, so discreet, so honest, and so enamored, that when reading him, he told me that all the graces of beauty and of understanding that were distributed among the women of the world were enclosed in only Luscinda.

It is true that I now confess that, seeing with what just causes Fernando praised Luscinda, it weighed upon me to hear those praises from her mouth, and I began to fear, and to mistrust him, because there was no moment where he did not wish that we should speak of Luscinda, and he led the conversation, even if he dragged it by the hair; a thing that aroused in me some sort of jealousy, not because I feared any reversal of the goodness and faith of Luscinda; but, with all that, it made me fear my fate just as she assured me.

He always tried to make "Don Fernando read the papers that I sent to Luscinda, and those she replied to me, as a matter of the discretion of the two of us liked very much."

Therefore, Luscinda had asked me for a book of chivalry in which to read, one by Amadis of Gaula.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to complete your request.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

When he heard a book of chivalry.

With what your grace said at the beginning of his story that his grace, the lady Luscinda, was fond of books of chivalry, it was not necessary any further exaggeration to make me understand the height of his understanding; because you haven't painted him as good as you have me, sir, that if he lacked the taste of such savory legend; so with me it is not necessary to spend more words declaring his beauty, valor and understanding; that, with merely having understood his fondness, I confirm him as the most beautiful and most discreet woman in the world.

And I would also, sir, wish that your grace had sent him along with Amadis of Gaula, the good Don Rugel of Greece; I know that the lady Luscinda greatly liked Daraida and Garaya, and the counsel of the shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his bucolic songs, sung and performed by him with all his skill, counsel, and dexterity.

But time may come in which that fault will be corrected, and it will not longer be made to be corrected as you wish to be served by coming with me to my village; for there I could give you more than three hundred books, which are the gift of my soul and the entertainment of my life; although I have for myself that I no longer have any, thanks to the malice of bad and envious sorcerers.

Forgive me, sirs, for having violated what we promised of not interrupting your conversation, for hearing tales of chivalry and wandering knights is in my power to cease speaking of them as it is in the power of

the sun's rays to cease warming, nor to moisten those of the moon.

So, forgive me, and let us proceed, which is now what is most pertinent.

While Don Quixote was saying what was to be said, his head had fallen onto his chest, giving the impression of deep thought.

And, since Don Quixote had told him twice to continue his story,

He didn't lift his head, nor did he utter a word; but after a good space of time, she raised it and said:

It's stuck in my mind, and there's no one in the world who could take it out of my head, and no one who would tell me anything different, and it would be a terrible thing for anyone to understand or believe the opposite, but that magnificent master Elisabat was having an affair with Queen Madísima.

"That's not so, I vote for such!" Quijote replied with great anger, and pushed him aside, as he had often done; and that is a very great wickedness, or, better said, the Queen Madama was a very principal lady, and it cannot be boasted that such a high princess was to be betrothed to a coxcomb; and whoever understands otherwise lies like a great scoundrel."

And I will make him understand it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, day or night, or however he likes.

Estabele was looking at Cardenio very attentively, to whom the accident of his madness had already come and who was not in a state to continue his story; nor was Don Quixote hearing it, according to what he had disliked hearing from Madrider.

Strange case; it returned to her as if she were truly her true and natural mistress: such were her bewildered books! I say, then.

as he already said, Cardenio was mad, and he had heard them speak of lies and nonsense, with other absurdities like that, it seemed to him bad to laugh, and he picked up a pebble that he found beside him, and he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the chest that it made him fall on his back.

Sancho Panza, seeing his lord stop in such a way, rushed at the madman with a closed fist, and the Roto received him so forcefully, that with a single blow he brought him down to his feet, and then he climbed upon him and bruised his ribs to his liking.

The shepherd, who wanted to defend himself, ran into the same danger.

And after having them all subdued and crushed, he left them, and she went off to ambush herself in the mountains.

Sancho rose up, and with the rage he felt at having been so unjustly beaten, he went to take revenge on the shepherd, saying that he was to blame for not having warned him that that man was taking him for a fool; that if they had known, they would have been on guard to be able to protect themselves.

The shepherd who had already said it, and who insisted that if he hadn't heard it, it wasn't his fault, responded.

Replied Sancho Panza, and took it upon himself to retort to the shepherd, and it was the end of the replies to grasp at beards and give themselves such pinches that if Don Quixote did not put them at ease, they would be torn to pieces.

Sancho was held by the shepherd.

Allow me, my lord Knight of the Sad Figure; for in this, who is as vile as I am and is not armored, I can safely satisfy myself of the offense he has done me, fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honor.

"That's right," said Don Quixote; "but I know he has no fault in what happened."

With this, I pacified him, and Don Quixote asked the shepherd again if it was possible to find Cardenio, because he still longed greatly to know the end of his story.

The shepherd told him what he had first told him, that it was not certain of his incessant obsession; but if he walked much through those surroundings, he wouldn't stop finding him, either sane or mad.

Chapter 25: About the strange and peculiar things that happened in Sierra Morena to the valiant knight of the Mancha, and of the imitation he made of the penance of Beltenebros.

He said farewell to the shepherd Don Quixote and, mounting Rocinante again, ordered Sancho to follow him, who did so, with great reluctance.

They began to slowly enter the most rugged part of the mountain, and Sancho was dying of reason with his master and wished that he would start the conversation, in order not to contradict what he had been ordered to do; but, unable to endure so much silence, he said:

My Lord Don Quixote, I beg your mercy and ask for your blessing and permission; that from here I wish to return to my home, to my wife, and to my children, with whom, at least, I will speak and converse about everything I desire; because your Lordship's desire that I go with him day and night through these solitudes, and that I not speak to him when I am pleased, is to bury myself alive.

If only I had the luck that animals speak, as they did in the time of Guisopete, it would be less bad, because I would converse with my donkey about whatever came into my head, and with this I would pass through my misfortunes; for it is a harsh thing, and that cannot be borne with patience, spending one's life searching for adventures and finding nothing but nonsense and insults, and brickbats and stabs, and, with all this, we must keep our mouths shut, without daring to say what is in a man's heart. "Now I understand you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "you die because of the charge I have put in your mouth."

Let loose and say what you want, with a condition that won't last once we're moving through these mountains.

"Sea as it is—said Sancho; let me speak now, that afterward God knows what will be; and beginning to enjoy this pass," he said, "what do you good in returning so much for that Queen Magimasa, or whatever her name is? Or what was the matter that that abbot was her friend or not? For if your good men were so concerned with it, well I believe the madman would have gone forward with his story, and they would have saved the blow of the pebbles, and the coes, and even more than six turnscoons." Faith, Sancho—replied Don Quixote—if you knew, as I do, what an honorable and principal lady the Queen of Madness was, I know you would say that I had much patience, since I did not break my teeth where such blasphemies came out.

It is a very great blasphemy to even think that a queen is infatuated with a surgeon.

The truth of the story is that that teacher Elisabat whom the madman said was a very prudent man and gave very sound advice, and he served as a mentor and physician to the queen; but to think that she was his friend is foolishness, worthy of very great punishment.

And because you see that Cardenio didn't know what he said, you must warn that when he said it, he was already without judgment.

"That's what I say," Sancho said, "that there was no point in counting the words of a madman; for if good fortune didn't assist your lordships, and guide the pebble to the head as it has guided to the chest, we would be ruined for having returned to that my lady, God preserve her."

Well, he's riding it so that Cardenio wouldn't go mad!

Against scoundrels and fools, any wandering knight is bound to return for the honor of women, however they may be, especially for the queens in such high rank and manner as Queen Madísima, for whom I have particular affection for her good qualities; because besides having been beautiful, she was also very prudent and very much pitied in her misfortunes, which she had many; and the advice and companionship of Mistress Elisabet was and remained to her much benefit and relief to be able to bear her labors with prudence and patience.

And from here I took occasion the ignorant and malicious crowd to say and think that she was his mistress; and they lie, I say, again, and they will lie hundreds more, all those who thought and said so. "Neither do I say it nor do I think it," Sancho replied; "let them have it there; they'll eat it with their bread; if they were courtesans, or not, God will have judged them; I come from my vineyards, I know nothing; I'm not fond of knowing other people's lives; whoever buys and lies feels it in their purse."

The more that I am, naked as I was born, naked I find myself: I neither lose nor gain; but if I were, what is to me? And many think there are hams, and there are no stakes.

But who can shut the field? As much as God wills.

"Spare me, God," said Don Quixote, "and what foolishness are you weaving, Sancho? What is it about the sayings you string together? For your life, Sancho, be silent, and from now on don't bother spurring your donkey and cease meddling in things that don't concern you."

And understand with all your five senses that everything I have done, do, and will do, is very well reasoned and entirely in accordance with the rules of chivalry, which I know better than many knights who have professed them in the world.

Sir replied to Sancho, and it is good rule of chivalry that we should wander lost in these mountains, without a path or road, seeking a madman, who, once found, perhaps will intend to finish what I have

begun, not his own story, but by the head of your lordship and my ribs, breaking them entirely?

"Quiet, I tell you again, Sancho –said Don Quixote; because I make you know that not only do I bring you to these parts with the desire to find the madman, but also with the one I have of accomplishing a feat here, with which I must gain perpetual name and fame in all that is discovered of the earth; and it will be such that I shall with it stamp the seal upon all that can make a traveling knight perfect and famous."

-And is that deed very dangerous?—asked Sancho Panza.

"No," replied the Tragic Figure; "since in that way the die could be cast, that we might play chance instead of encounter, but everything must be in your diligence."

-In my coach?— Sancho said.

"Yes," said Don Quixote; "for if you return quickly from where I intend to send you, my sorrow will soon end, and my glory will soon begin."

And because it's not well that I have you more suspense, waiting while my reasons are settled, I want you to know that the famous Amadis of Gaula was one of the most perfect.

wandering knights

I didn't say well, it was he: he was the only one, the first, the unique, the lord of all who existed in the world in his time.

A bad year and a bad month for Don Belianís and for all those who said he was equal to something, because they are mistaken, I swear to God.

I also say that when any painter wishes to become famous in his art, he strives to imitate the originals of the most unique painters that he knows; and this same rule applies to all the most skilled trades or professions that serve to adorn the republics, and thus it must be and do the one who wishes to attain the name of prudent and patient, imitating Ulysses, in whose person and labors Homer paints a living portrait of prudence and suffering, as also Virgil did, in the person of Aeneas, the courage of a pious son and the shrewdness of a valiant and knowledgeable captain, not painting them nor describing them as they were, but as they were to be, to serve as an example to future generations of their virtues.

Just as that same fortune, Amadis was the north, the lucerner, the sun of the brave and enamored knights, to whom we must imitate all those who, beneath the banner of love and chivalry, served.

Therefore, being thus, I find, Sancho, that the knight errant most worthy of imitation would be furthest from attaining the perfection of knighthood.

And one of the things in which that gentleman most showed his prudence, courage, resilience, suffering, firmness, and love was when he withdrew, rejected by Lady Oriana, to make penance in the Penitence of the Poor, changing his name to Beltenebros, a name, of course, significant and proper for the life that his will had chosen.

So it's easier for me to imitate him in this – in decapitating serpents, slaughtering hydras, disbanding armies, ruining fleets, and breaking spells – than in dealing with giants.

And these places are so comfortable for such effects, there's no point in letting the occasion pass, especially now that they offer me so much comfort.

"Indeed," said Sancho, "what is it that your lordship wishes to do in such a remote place?"

"You haven't told me – replied Don Quixote – that I desire to imitate Amadis, making here of the despairing, the melancholic, and the furious, in order to imitate jointly with the valiant Don Roland, when I found in a fountain the signs that Angelica the Beautiful had committed wickedness with Medoro; from whose misery he became mad, and tore up the trees, muddied the waters of the clear fountains, killed shepherds, destroyed cattle, set fire to cottages, pulled down houses, dragged mares, and did other a hundred thousand insolences, worthy of eternal name and writing? And, since I do not intend to imitate Roland, or Orlando, or Rotolando (that all these three names I had), part by part, in all the follies that he did and thought, I will make the sketch, as best I can, in those that seem to me to be most essential."

And it may be that he came to satisfy me with only the imitation of Amadis, which, without causing harm with madness, but with cries and feelings, achieved as much fame as the greatest of them all.

"It seems to me," Sancho said, "that the knights who did that were provoked and had cause to commit those follies and penances; but your lordship, what cause have you to go mad? What lady has scorned you, or what signs has he found that lead him to understand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has made some foolery with a Moor or a Christian?"



Here's the translation:

"That's the point," replied Don Quixote, "and that's the cunning of my business: to make a knight-errant become mad with cause, without offense or thanks; the trick is to act impudently without reason and make it appear to my lady that if I do this when short of water, what would I have done when wet? As much as possible, I have plenty of occasion in the long absence I've made of my always lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, as you already heard that shepherd of before, Ambrosio, who is absent all evils have and fear."

So, Sancho, my friend, don't waste time advising me to abandon such strange, such joyful, and such an uncommon imitation.

Crazy, I have to be so much for you.

Should you return with the answer of a letter that I intend to send to my lady Dulcinea: and if it be just as it should be, it will end my folly and my penance; and if it be otherwise, I shall truly go mad, and, being so, I will feel nothing.

No matter what way you answer, I will escape from the conflict and work you leave me in, enjoying the good you bring, whether sane or not feeling the bad you bring, whatever you may be.

But tell me, Sancho, do you have Mambrino's helmet safe, which I saw you raise from the ground when he tried to smash it? But he couldn't; where one can see the sharpness of his temper.

To which Sancho replied:

Let God live, Lord Knight of the Sad Figure, that I cannot endure nor patiently bear some things that your lordship says, and for which I come to imagine that all you tell me of chivalries, and of reaching kingdoms and empires, of granting islands, and of making other mercies and glories, as is the custom of wandering knights, must be mere empty words and falsehoods, and all deceit, or trickery, or whatever we may call it.

Because whoever hears your lordships that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that it should not escape such error in more than four days, what else should they think but that whoever says and affirms such a thing must have a foolish mind? I carry the basin in my sack, completely dented, and I carry it to adorn it in my house and to shave myself with it, if God grants me such grace, that someone sees me with my wife and children one day.

Look, Sancho, by the same that you previously swore, I swear to you – said Don Quixote – that you have the shortest understanding that any squire has had or has ever possessed in the world.

It is possible that as soon as you accompany me, you have not noticed that all the affairs of the knights errant seem like illusions, foolishness, and excesses, and that they are all done in reverse. And not because it is so, but because there is always a gang of charming individuals among us who change and barter all our things, turning them according to their taste, and as they feel like favoring or destroying us: and so.

That what seems to you a barber's shave, seems to me the Mambrino's helmet, and to another it would seem another thing.

And it was a strange providence of the wise man that I should make it seem as if he kissed everyone who was truly and genuinely himself, like Mambrino's helmet, because, being he of such esteem, everyone would pursue me to deprive him of it; but as you see that it's no more than a barber's kiss, they don't recover from seeking to take it from him, as was well shown in the one who wanted to break him and left him on the ground without carrying him; for truly if he had known him, he would never have let him.

Watch out, friend, that I do not need it for now; that before I have to take off all these weapons, and be naked as when I was born, if it is my will to continue in my most Roldán penance rather than Amadis. They arrived at the foot of a high mountain, which, like a sharp rock outcrop, stood alone among many others surrounding it.

A gentle brook was running along her skirt, and it made a meadow so green and pleasing to the eye, a delight to those who looked upon it.

There were many wild trees and some plants and flowers there, which made the place peaceful.

This site chose the Knight of Sorrowful Figure to undergo his penance; and so, while watching him, he began to say aloud, as if without reason:

This is the place, oh heavens, where I lament and choose to weep over the misfortune you yourselves have put me in.

This is the place where the humor of my eyes will heighten the waters of this small stream, and my constant and profound sighs will continuously move the leaves of these bramble trees, as a testament and signal of the sorrow that my aged heart suffers.

Oh you, whoever you may be, rustic gods who have your dwelling in this uninhabitable place, heed the complaints of this miserable lover, who has suffered a long absence and imagined...

Jealousy has come to lament itself among these harshnesses, and to complain about the cruel condition of that ungrateful and beautiful woman, the end and conclusion of all human beauty! Oh you nymphs, fairies, and dryads, who have a habit of dwelling in the thickets of the mountains, let the light-hearted and lascivious satyrs, of whom you are, though in vain, loved, never disturb your sweet tranquility, let me lament my misfortune, or, at least, do not tire of me! Oh, Dulcinea of Toboso, day of my night, glory of my sorrow.

north of my paths, star of my fortune, thus the sky gave you a good one as soon as you dared to ask, considering the place and state to which my absence has led me, and that with good terms you correspond to what is due to my faith! Oh solitary trees, from now on you shall be companions to my solitude, give me an indication with the gentle movement of your branches, do not disdain my presence! Oh my squire, pleasant companion in my prosperous and adverse events, take well to memory what you here see me do, so that you recount and recite it to the entire cause of all this!

And saying this, he dismounted from Rocinante, and in a moment he took away the brake and the saddle; and, giving him a slap on the flanks, he said;

Freedom gives you what remains when it's gone, oh horse so tormented by your deeds, so unfortunate by your fate! Go wherever you wish; for on your brow is written that you surpass in lightness the Hippogriff of Astolfo, nor even Frontino, who so dearly cost Bradamante.

Seeing this, Sancho said:

May whoever has taken us out of the job of disarming the rooster now, that as sure as there were palm touches he gave, and things he said in his boasting; but if he were here, I would not allow anyone to disarm him, because there was no need for it; he didn't receive affectionate missives about love or despair, because my lord, who was I, when God willed it.

And truly, Sir Caballero of the Sad Figure, if my departure and your gracious madness are truly genuine, it will be well to really saddle Rocinante again, to replace the lack of a horse, because it will save me time on my round trips; if I make it on foot, I don't know when I'll arrive, nor when I'll return, because, in resolution, I am a bad walker.

"I tell you, Sancho – replied Don Quixote – that it may be as you wish, it does not seem to me a bad design; and I say that you will depart from here within three days, because I want you to see what I do for her and what I say, so that you may tell her."

-Well, what more have I to see – said Sancho – than what I've seen?

"You're just in a story!" Quixote replied.

Now I lack only to tear the garments, scatter the weapons, and give you a fright with other things of that sort, which you will admire.

"For God's sake," said Sancho, "let your lordship see how those mortars are operated; for such a toil might end with the first, and it would appear that, since it seems to your lordship that they are necessary here and that this work cannot be done without them, you would be content, I say, that this is all a sham and the very opposite."

to manage in the water, or in something soft, like cotton; and let me have the charge, that I would tell my lady that your majesty gave them in a point of faith, harder than that of a diamond.

"I appreciate your good intentions, friend Sancho," Don Quixote replied; "but I wish to make you know that all these things I do are not for mockery, but..."

very truly; because otherwise, it would be to contravene the orders of chivalry, which tell us not to tell any falsehoods, under penalty of disgrace, and doing a thing for another is the same as lying.

Therefore, my turtles must be true, firm, and valid, without carrying anything from sophistry or fantasy.

And it will be necessary that you leave me some strands to heal, since fortune willed that we were lacking the balm we lost.

-It was a greater loss to lose the donkey—Sancho replied—because all the ropes and everything were lost in him.

Pray that your mercy may forget that cursed potion; that even hearing it mentioned turns my soul over, not just my stomach.

And I beg you further: that he takes it as though the three days for seeing his follies have already passed, that they are considered viewed and concluded in a legal judgment, and that I will tell marvelous things to my lady; and that he writes the letter and sends it to me then, because I have a great desire to return to your esteemed mercy from this purgatory where I leave him.

-Do you call that purgatory, Sancho? -said Don Quixote-

You'd be better off calling it hell, and even worse if there's anything else that is.

-Who has hell—answered Sancho—no holds back, according to what I've heard said.

-I don't understand what you mean by 'retención,' said Don Quixote.

-Sancho replied- that whoever is in hell never leaves it, nor can they.

And, as you wish, it would be the reverse, at your service, or my feet would be wronged if I carry spurs to excite Rocinante; and I'll put myself for one in Toboso, and before my lady Dulcinea; I'll tell her such things of foolishness and madness, that all is one, that your grace does and continues to do, that you'll make her more soft than a glove, though you find her harder than a cork oak; with such sweet and mellified response I will return through the air like a sorcerer, and rescue you from this purgatory, which seems hell and is not, since there is hope of escaping it, as I have said, which the ones in hell do not have, and I don't believe your grace will say anything else.

"That's true," said the Sad Figure; "but what shall we do to write the letter?"

-And the pollen of the Iberian bee too? -added Sancho.

"Everything will go through," said Don Quixote; "and good silk, since there is no paper, that we might write it, as the ancients did, on leaves of trees, or on wax tablets; although now it will be as difficult to find that.

But it has just come to my memory where it will be well, and even more than well, I write it; that is in the book of memory that belonged to Cardenio, and you will take care to have it transferred to paper, in good handwriting, in the first place you find, where there is a schoolmaster for boys, or if not, any sacristan will transfer it to you; and do not give it to be transferred to any scribe, who makes processed handwriting, which Satan will not understand.

—What should be done with the firm?—Sancho said.

-Never were Amadis' letters signed – replied Don Quixote.

"That's all right," Sancho replied; but the bond must be signed, and that one is transferable, and they will say the signature is false, and I will be left without payment."

The receipt will be in the same book, signed; my niece, Yolanda, will not cause any trouble in fulfilling it. And as for the love letters, you will sign them: "Your until death, the Knight of the Sad Figure."

"And just recently, the case arose concerning an involuntary touch, because, as I recall, Dulcinea doesn't know how to write or read, and in all her life she has never seen a letter or a written word, for our loves and hers have always been Platonic, limited to an honest gaze."

And even this, so from time to time, that I dare to swear with truth that in twelve years, as one must, I have loved her more than the light of these eyes which shall devour the earth, I have not seen her four times; and even it may be that of those four times there had not been one in which she had seen me looking at her: this is the reserve and enclosure with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have raised her.

"Ta, ta!" he said Sancho.

Is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, known by another name Aldonza Lorenzo?

– That is so –said Don Quixote–, and it is the one that deserves to be mistress of the whole universe.

-I know her very well – he said – and I can tell you she fights as well as the strongest young man in the whole town.

Live the Giver, who is a magnificent young woman, perfectly formed and with hair on her chest, and who can make any wandering knight, or anyone who considers her his lady, pluck the beard from the mud! Oh, you wretched hag, what a voice she has! Let her one day climb onto the bell tower of the

village to call for her own lads riding in their father's cart, and though they were there more than a league away, she heard them as if they were at the foot of the tower.

And the best thing about her is that she's not fussy at all, because she's very much a courtesan: she makes fun of everyone, scowls at everything, and displays a great deal of charm.

Now I say, my Lord of the Sad Figure, that your grace may not only do follies for her, but may despair and hang himself with just title; that no one who knows it should say he did too much good, since the devil takes him.

And I wanted to be on my way, just for a while; it's been many days since I've seen her, and she must already be decayed; because a woman's face, spending so much time in the fields, in the sun, and in the air, causes it to age quickly.

And I confess to you, my lord Don Quixote: that until now I have been in great ignorance; that I thought well and faithfully that the lady Dulcinea must have been some princess of whom you were in love, or some person like that, who deserved the rich presents that you have sent you, namely the count of Vizcaíno and the galeotes, and many others who ought to be, as they ought to be, many victories that you have won and have won in the time that I was still your squire.

But, considering the matter, what is to be given to Señora Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean, Señora Dulcinea del Toboso, namely, that the vanquished whom your grace sends and will send kneel before her?

Because it might be that while they arrived she was scouring linen or threshing in the flints, and they would flee from seeing her, and she would laugh and be angry at the present.

"I have told you many times before, Sancho –said Don Quixote– that you are a very talkative fellow and that, though you possess ingenuity, you often make sharp remarks; but in order that you may see how foolish you are and how discreet I am, I want you to hear a brief story."

You must know that a beautiful, young, free, and wealthy widow, and above all, carefree, fell in love with a lively, stout, and good-natured young man. He achieved it by knowing her best, and one day said to the good widow, in the way of fraternal reprimand: "I am astonished, madam, and not without good reason, that a woman so distinguished, so beautiful, and so rich as you have fallen in love with a man so boorish, so low, and so foolish as that fellow, when there are so many masters, so many presented, and so many theologians in this house, whom your grace could choose, like pears, and say: "I want this one, I don't want that one"." But she responded to him with much cleverness and ease: "Your grace, sir mine, is very mistaken, and thinks too much like in the old days if he thinks that I

I've made a mistake with that guy, because he thinks I'm an idiot; after all, for what I want from him, he knows so much philosophy, and more, than Aristotle.

So, Sancho, for what I love Dulcinea of Toboso, she is worth as much as the most high princess in the land.

Yes, not all poets who praise ladies under a name they freely choose are actually true to their word.

Do you think that the daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, dianthus, galanthus, lilies, and others like them, concerning books, romances, the shops of barbers, comedy theaters, are truly ladies of flesh and bone, and those who celebrate and celebrated them? No, of course not, but they make them most so to give subject to their verses, and because they consider them enamored and men who have the value to be so.

And so, it suffices for me to think and believe that the goodness of Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and honest; and as for her lineage, it matters little; that they will not go to provide her with any habit, and I come to realize that she is the most beautiful princess in the world.

You must know, Sancho, if you do not know this, that two things alone incite love, more than others; these are great beauty and good fame, and these two things are found supremely in Dulcinea, because in being beautiful, no one equals her; and in good fame, few come close to her.

And to conclude with everything, I imagine that everything I say is like that, without anything being excessive or lacking, and I paint it in my imagination as I desire it, just as in beauty as in primacy, and neither Elena reaches it, nor does Lucrecia, nor any other of the famous women of the past, Greek, barbarian, or Latin.

And each one will say what he wishes; that if he is rebuked by the ignorant, he will not be punished by the strict.

"I tell you that there is reason in everything, you two have it all," Sancho replied, "and I am a donkey."

But I don't know why I name donkey in my mouth, for it is not to be mentioned the rope in the hanged man's house.

But here comes the letter, and God, I'm moving.

I took the book of memory, Don Quixote, and, stepping aside to one side, began to write the letter with great composure, and when he finished, he called Sancho and told him he wanted him to read it, because he would memorize it, in case he lost it on the way, because of his misfortune, everything could be feared.

To whom Sancho replied:

Write it down for me, my lord, two or three times there in the book, and give it to him, that I will take it well guarded; because thinking that I am to take it in my memory is foolishness; I have such a bad memory that I often forget my own name.

But, with all that, your Majesties, I will greatly loosen myself from there; it must go as it should.

Listen, that's what he says – said Don Quixote:

Letter of Don Quixote to Dulcinea del Toboso, Sovereign and High Lady:

The wounded with the point of absence and the fraying of the heart's fabrics, sweet Dulcinea of Toboso, sends you the health he does not possess.

If your beauty despises me, if your worth is not for my benefit, if your disdain takes root in my heart, though I may be quite suffering, I will not be able to sustain myself in this situation, which, besides being strong, is very prolonged.

My good squire Sancho, he will give you in full detail, oh beautiful ungrateful, beloved enemy of mine, of the manner in which, for your sake, I have been left; if you wish to hasten my demise, you are mine; and if not, do as you please; for by ending my life I have fulfilled your cruelty and my desire.

Yours until death.

The Knight of Sorrowful Figure

-For the life of my father—said Sancho upon hearing the letter—that is the most high thing I have ever heard.

Challenge me, and how does your lordship want everything he desires there, and how well he fits the signature "The Knight of Sorrowful Figure"! I tell you truly, he is your lordship the very devil himself, and there's nothing he doesn't know.

—Everything is needed —Quixote replied— for the trade I carry out.

"Well, then," said Sancho, "please return the document of the three scoundrels, and sign it very clearly, so that they recognize it when they see it."

-Let me place it—said Don Quixote.

And having written it, she read it, which said so earnestly:

Your Majesty, for this first of seedlings, lady niece, I give to Sancho Panza, my squire, three of the five that I left at home and are under your grace.

He ordered the three Pollos to fight and pay for as many as were received in cash; that with this and their payment letter will be well taken care of.

Date within the depths of Sierra Morena, August 22nd of this present year.

-That's good—said Sancho—take it, your grace.

"It is not necessary to sign," said Don Quixote, "but only to put my signature, which is the same as a signature, and for three donkeys, and even for three hundred, it would be enough."

"I trust in your grace," Sancho replied.

Let me, I'm going to saddle Rocinante, and you set yourselves to offer me their blessing; for I intend to depart, without seeing the nonsense they are to do, which I will say I saw them do so much, that I won't want any more.

At least, I want, Sancho, and because it is so necessary, I say, that you see me in leather, and do one or two dozen follies, which I will do in less than half an hour, because having you see them with your eyes, you can swear to your liking in the others you want to add; and I assure you that you will not say so many as I think I will do.

Oh my Lord, please don't make me see your magnificence in rags, it would cause me great pity, and I would never cease to weep; and I have such a head, from the weeping I did last night about the frost, that I'm not in a state to get into new tears; and if it pleases your grace that I see some follies, let them

be brief and those that come most to hand.

The more, which was not necessary for me, and as I have already said, it is best to save the way back, which must be with the new ones you wish and deserve.

And if not, let Mrs. Dulcinea appear; for if she doesn't respond as is reasonable, I solemnly swear to anyone I can to get a good answer out of her, with words and blows.

Where is one to suffer that such a famous wandering knight as you become mad, without reason, for one thing.

Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text to be able to translate it for you.

Don't let Mrs. [her name] start, because, for God's sake, she'll rant and rave about everything, even if it never sells.

Look at me, I'm good for that! You don't know me at all! Well, if you really knew me, you'd fast!

-Faith, Sancho—said Don Quixote—, which, as it seems, is more sound in you than in me.

"I'm not so crazy," Sancho replied; "but I'm much more choleric."

But, setting that aside, what shall your grace eat while I return? Shall he go out onto the road, to take it from the shepherds, as Cardenio did?

"Don't be ashamed of that care," Quixote replied, "because, even if I had it, I wouldn't eat anything other than the herbs and fruits that this meadow and these trees would give me; the subtlety of my business lies in not eating and in doing other hardships equivalent to it."

Oh well.

But tell me, do you know that I fear? That I have no way to return to this place where I now leave you, hidden like this?

"Take the signs well; I will endeavor not to stray from these outlines – said Don Quixote –, and I will even take care to climb these higher cliffs, in order to discover you when you return."

The more, the better it will be, so that you don't get lost and I miss you, cut some strands from the many that are here, and lay them out in a line, until you reach the surface, which will serve as markers and signals so that you can find me when you return, in imitation of the thread of the labyrinth of Perseus.

"Así lo haré," he replied.

And cutting some, he asked for the blessing of his lord, and, without many tears from both of them, they said goodbye.

Climbing onto Rocinante, whom Don Quixote entrusted so much, and who regarded him as if he were his own person, he set off across the plains, scattering branches of heather here and there, as his master had advised.

And that's how it ended, although Don Quixote still bothered him even to make two follies.

But he hadn't taken a hundred steps when he returned and said:

I tell you, sir, that your grace has spoken well: that I may swear without a charge of conscience that I have seen you do foolish things, it will be well if I even see one, though I have seen a very large one at your grace's workshop.

-Didn't I tell you so? -said Don Quixote-.

Hold on, Sancho, I will do it in one faith.

Stripping herself with all haste, she removed her trousers, becoming flesh and pantyhose, and then, and that was it, she threw two pairs of stockings in the air and two skulls upside down with the feet pointing upwards, discovering things that, so as not to see them again, Sancho took Rocinante's reins and was content and satisfied that he could swear his master was mad.

And so, we'll let you go your way, until the return, which was brief.

Chapter 26: Where the offenses are continued that Don Quixote committed out of love in Sierra Morena.

And returning to what he did after he found himself alone, the story goes that, just as Don Quixote had just knocked over the tombs or was halfway down the stairs naked and halfway dressed, and had seen that Sancho had gone off without intending to wait and see more nonsense, he climbed onto the point of a high crag, and there he began to think as he had done on many other occasions, without ever having resolved to do so; and it was that which would be better and would be more pertinent: to imitate

Roldán in his wild, reckless follies, or Amadís in his malicious ones; and talking to himself, he said: If Roldán was so good a knight and so valiant as everyone says, what wonder was he, after all, a charmed man, and no one could kill him unless he were to stick a needle into his foot, and he always carried his shoes with seven iron soles? Although it didn't help against Bernardo del Carpio, who understood him, and drowned him between his arms in Roncesvalles.

But leaving to him the matter of courage to a part, let us come to the matter of losing one's mind, which is true that he made him lose it, by the signs he found in Fortuna and by the news given him by the shepherd that Angelica had slept more than two naps with Medoro, a Moor with braided hair and page of Agramante, and if he understood that this was true and that his lady had committed wrongdoing with him, he did not do much in becoming mad; but I, how can I imitate him in his follies, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of them? Because I, Dulcinea of Toboso, dare I swear that I have not seen in all the days of my life a Moor any, as he is, in his very attire.

and that he is today like the mother who bore him; and I would do him a manifest wrong, if, imagining another thing of her, I were driven mad by that kind of madness of Roldán the furious.

On the other hand, I see that Amadís de Gaula, without losing his judgment and without making foolish acts, achieved as much fame as a lover as the greatest, because what he did, according to his story, was no more than that, because seeing himself rejected by his lady Oriana, who had commanded him not to appear before her until it was her will, he withdrew to the Poor Peña, in company with a hermit, and there he grew tired of crying and of entrusting himself to God, until the heavens came to him, in the midst of his greatest affliction and need.

And if this is true, as it is, what need have I to take employment now to completely undress myself, nor to give sorrow to these trees, who have done me no harm, nor do I have the means to cloud the clear water of these streams, which would give me to drink when I please? Live the memory of Amadís, and may Don Quixote of La Mancha be imitated in all things to which I can; of whom it will be said as was said of the other: that if I do not accomplish great things, he died from fleas; and if I am not rejected or scorned by Dulcinea of Toboso, it is enough for me, as I have said, to be absent from her.

Therefore, hands to work: come to my memory, things of Amadís, and teach me where I should begin to imitate you.

But he's only prayed and entrusted himself to God; but what am I to do with a rosary, since I don't have one?

In it, it came to his mind how he would do it, and it was that he tore a large strip from the sleeves of the shirt, which were hanging down, and tied them in eleven knots, the largest of the others, and this served as a rosary for the time he was there, where he prayed a Million of Ave Marias

And what fatigued him greatly was not finding another hermit there to confess to him and with whom to seek comfort; and so he occupied himself by walking about the little meadow, writing and engraving many verses on the bark of the trees and on the fine sand, all arranged to his sadness, and some in praise of Dulcinea.

But those that could be found whole and that could be read after they found him there were only these that follow here:

Trees, herbs, and plants that are in this place, so tall, green, and so many,

If you do not relent over my sorrows, listen to my holy complaints.

My pain will not trouble you, though it be more terrible; for, to repay you, here, Don Quixote weeps for Dulcinea's absences.

From Toboso.

This is the place where  
the most devoted admirer

He hides from his lady.

and it has gotten so bad  
without knowing how or where.

Give the rope some love.

that's a terrible shame;

and so, until a gourd bursts, here Quixote weeps for Dulcinea's absences

From Toboso.

Seeking adventures

Amidst the harsh penises, cursing hard fissures, (that among rocks and among glaciers finds the sad misfortunes), he wounded love with his lash.

not with his soft strap;

and petting his calf

Here, Don Quixote wept.

Dulcinea's absences

From Toboso.

It caused little laughter among those who found the verses referring to the anniversary of Toboso attached to the name of Dulcinea, because they imagined that it must have made Don Quixote imagine that if when naming Dulcinea he didn't also say Toboso, the couplet couldn't be understood; and that was the truth, as he confessed afterward.

Many others wrote; but, as has been said, they could not be fully cleaned up or completed, more than these three verses.

In this, and in sighing, and in calling to the fauns and silvans of those forests, to the nymphs of the rivers, to the painful and humid Echo, who would respond, console, and listen to him, he amused himself, and in searching for some herbs with which to sustain himself while Sancho returned; for if, as he took three days, he took three weeks, the Knight of the Sad Figure would be so disfigured that his mother, who had given birth to him, would not recognize him.

And he would be very much wrapped up in sighs and verses, to tell what happened to Sancho Panza in his management; and it happened that when going on the royal road, he set out in search of the one from Toboso, and one day he arrived at the inn where what had happened to him was, and how he carried the letter when he had seen it well, when it seemed to him that he was once again in the air, and he didn't want to enter it, even though he arrived at a time when he could and should have done it, because it was the day to eat and carry it in the desire to please something hot, that there were great days when everything was cold cuts.

This necessity forced him to arrive at the stall, still doubtful whether he would enter or not; and while he was in this, two people came out of the stall who later recognized him.

He said to each other.

Tell me, licensed gentleman, that one on the horse, isn't he Sancho Panza, the squire that our adventurer's lady said had gone out with her lord?

-That is so -said the lawyer-; and that is the horse of our Don Quixote.

And they knew him so well, as did those who were the priest and barber of his own place, and those who made the examination and general record of the books.

As they had just met Sancho Panza and Rocinante, eager to learn about Don Quixote, they went to him, and the priest called him by name, saying:

My friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?

I then met Sancho Panza and determined to conceal the place and fortune where and how his master remained; and so he replied to them that his master remained occupied in a certain place and in a certain thing which was of much importance to him, which he could not discover, by the eyes which he had in his face.

-No, no -said the barber-, Sancho Panza, if you don't tell us where it is, we'll imagine, as we've already imagined, that you've killed and robbed him, since you come on top of his horse.

Truly, what are you giving me the owner of the spray, or about that, brown-haired woman?

There's no need for threats with me, I'm not a man who steals or kills anyone; each one finds their own fortune, or God, who made them.

My master is undergoing penance on the middle of this mountain, to his liking.

And then, without stopping, he told them about the luck that remained, the adventures that had happened to him, and how he was sending the letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whom he was in love with completely.

The two were amazed by what Sancho Panza told them; and although they already knew the madness of Don Quixote and his kind, they were always amazed anew whenever they heard it.



They ordered Sancho Panza to show them the letter he carried to Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. He said that it was to be written in a book of memories, and that his lord commanded him to put it down in writing in the first place he arrived; to which the priest asked him to show it to him; he would transcribe it in very good handwriting.

I patted Sancho Panza's hand, looking for the book, but I couldn't find it, nor could I find it if I searched until now, because Don Quixote had left it with him, and he hadn't given it to him, nor had he remembered to ask for it.

When Sancho saw that he could not find the book, his face grew mortally pale; and seizing himself to torment himself with all his body, he began to search frantically, and he could not find it, and, without more or less, he tore both his wrists with his beards, and pulled out half of them, and then, in a frenzy and without ceasing, he gave himself a dozen stabs in the face and in the noses, which he bathed all in blood.

Having seen what the priest and the barber had seen, they told him what had happened to him, how badly he was doing.

"What must happen to me," Sancho replied, "but to have lost one in exchange for another, on a shelf, three pollos, each one like a castle?"

"How is that?" the barber replied.

"I've lost the book of memory," Sancho replied, "where the letter for Dulcinea and a decree signed by my lord, ordering her niece to give me three young roosters from the house, was."

And with that, I told them about the loss of the rye.

Comfort the priest, and tell him that by finding his lord he would have him validate the mandate and that he should return to making the ledger in paper, as was the custom and practice, because those made in memory books were never accepted nor fulfilled.

With this, Sancho was comforted, and said that if this were the case, he didn't feel much sorrow about the loss of Dulcinea's letter, because he knew it almost by heart, from which they could go to wherever and whenever they wished.

—Decilda, Sancho, then—said the barber;—we will take her away shortly.

Parotejo scratched his head to try and remember the letter, and he was already on one foot, then the other; sometimes he stared at the ground, other times at the sky, and after having turned the tip of a finger halfway around, while those who were waiting for him to say it waited, after a very long time, he said:

Oh my God, sir, may devils take it, whatever it is that I remember from the letter; although it originally said: "High and low, madam."

Please provide the text you would like me to translate from Spanish to English. I need the text itself to be able to complete your request.

"I wouldn't – he said the barber – say it was a secret, but rather superhuman, or sovereign lady."

"That's so," said Sancho.

Then, if I recall correctly, I continued.

Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

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"He arrived and lacking sleep, and the wounded kisses your hands, ungrateful and very unfamiliar beauty," and I don't know what he said about health and illness that he sent him, and he would gradually drain away, until he ended in "Your until death, the Knight of the Sad Figure."

They were very pleased to see the good memory of Sancho Panza, and they praised him greatly, and they asked him to say the letter twice, so that they themselves might memorize it for their own time.

Tell Sancho to say it three times again, and he did it three thousand times more, saying foolish things each time.

Following that, I recounted to him the things of his master; but I did not speak about the misfortune that had befallen him in that inn where he had refused to enter.

He also said that his lord, when bringing him a good report from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set out to seek how to become emperor, or at least a monarch; that this was what they had arranged

between the two of them, and it was a very easy thing to become so, according to the worth of his person and the strength of his arm; and that in becoming so, he would marry him, because he would already be a widower, which could not be avoided, and he would give him as wife a maiden of the empress, heiress of a rich and great territory, without isles or islands, which he no longer desired.

"Thus did Sancho, with such composure, cleaning his nose from time to time, and with so little judgment, that both were astonished once more, considering how vehement had been the madness of Don Quixote, for he had carried after him the judgment of that poor man."

They didn't want to tire themselves out by getting him out of his mistake, it seemed to them that, since it didn't harm him, it was better to leave him in that state, and they would much prefer to hear his foolishness.

And so, they told him to pray to God for the health of his lord; it was a contingent and very achievable thing to come with the discourse of the time to be emperor, as he said, or at least, archbishop, or another equivalent dignity.

To which Sancho replied:

Gentlemen, if fortune were to arrange things so that my lord should will to be a bishop instead of an emperor, I would now like to know: what do bishops usually give their attendants?

"They are usually given—the priest replied—some benefit, simple or cured, or some sacristy, which is worth them a considerable income, plus the altar boy's allowance, which is usually valued at the same amount."

"For that, it will be necessary," Sancho replied, "that the squire not be married, and that he know how to help at church, at least; and if this is so, woe to me, for I am married and do not know the first letter of the priest! What will become of me if my lord takes a fancy to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the custom and practice of wandering knights?"

"Don't be offended, Sancho, my friend," said the barber; "here we shall beg your master to advise him to be emperor, and not archbishop, because it will be easier for him, as he is braver than a student."

"That's how it seemed to me," Sancho replied; "though I must say he has skill for everything."

What I intend to do on my part is to pray to our Lord that He cast you to those places where He is most pleased and where He may grant me the greatest mercies.

You say it as discreetly as you can – said the priest – and you will do it as a good Christian would.

Now what must be done is to give order, to take your master out of that useless penance you say he is still undergoing; and to think about the way we should have, and to eat, which is now time, let us enter this shop.

Sancho said they should enter, that he would wait outside, and that afterward he would tell them the cause because it did not enter him nor did it behoove him to enter it; but that he begged them to give him something to eat there, something hot, and also seasoned for Rocinante.

They went in and left him, and from there the barber got him to eat.

Then, having well considered between the two the manner in which they wished to achieve what they desired, the priest came up with a plan very much to the liking of Don Quixote, and suitable for what they sought; and it was that he told the barber that the idea they had had was that he should don the habit of a wandering damsel, and that he would endeavor to appear as a squire as best he could, and that thus they would go wherever Don Quixote was, feigning her to be a sorrowful and needy maiden, and he would ask her a favor, which he could not refuse to grant, as a valiant knight-errant.

And that the gift he thought to ask for was that she come with her wherever she led him, to set right an offense that a bad knight had done to him; and that he implored her with all his soul not to order her to remove her blindfold, nor to ask her for anything of her business, until he had made good his right against that bad knight, and that he believed, without a doubt, that Don Quixote would come to fulfill whatever she asked him for during that term, and that in this way he would be taken out of there and taken to his place, where they would try to see if he had any remedy for his strange madness.

Chapter 27: Of how the priest and the barber came out with their intention, with other things worthy of being told in this great story.

The barber didn't seem to dislike the priest's invention, but rather liked it so much that they later adopted it as their own.

She had a mantle made for the washerwoman, and a tunic, leaving her in a new robe for the priest.

The barber shaved a magnificent Russian or ox-drawn beard, with the comb hanging from the waiter. I asked them what it was that they were asking for.

The priest told him in brief words the madness of Don Quixote, and how it was convenient to disguise him in order to get him out of the mountains, where he was at a loss.

Then the waiter and the waitress in whom the madman was a guest, the one of the balm, and the master of the groomed servant, told the priest everything that had happened to them with him, without withholding what Sancho so much kept silent about.

In the resolution, the seamstress saw the priest in such a way that there was nothing more to see: she put upon him a skirt of cloth, full of stays of black velvet, an inch wide each, all trimmed, and some corsets of green velvet garnished with white satin borders, which must have been made, them and the skirt, in the time of King Wamba.

The priest refused to allow them to touch him, putting a linen-padded bonnet on his head, and a black taffeta tie around his forehead, and with another tie he made a mask with which he covered his beard and face very well. He fixed his hat, which was so large it could serve as a parasol, and, covering his shoulder cape, he mounted his donkey with the women, and the barber on his, with his beard reaching his waist, between red and white, like that which, as has been said, was made from the tail of a wild ox. They said goodbye to everyone, and to the good Maritornes, who promised to recite a rosary, though a sinner, because God would give them a good outcome in such a hard and Christian undertaking as the one they had embarked upon.

But, as soon as he had emerged from the sale, a thought came to the priest that was evil for him to have put himself in that way, as it was an indecent thing for a priest to be in such a state, although he greatly desired it; and telling it to the barber, he begged him to exchange clothes, for it was more just that the maiden in need should be clothed by him, and that he should be the squire, and that in this way his dignity was less profaned; and if he did not want to do it, he determined not to proceed, even if the devil carried Don Quixote away.

Sancho arrived there, and seeing the two of them in that outfit, couldn't contain his laughter.

In effect, the barber came to do whatever the priest wished, and, exchanging the invention, the priest was informing him of the way he should have, and the words he should say to Don Quixote to move him and force him to come with him, and leave the fondness for the place that he had chosen for his vain penance.

The barber replied that, without being told, he would get him exactly where he wanted to be.

He wouldn't get dressed until they were by where Don Quixote was, and so he folded his clothes, and the cleric adjusted his beard, and they continued on their way, guided by Sancho Panza; who was telling them what had happened to him with the madman he'd found in the sierra, while concealing, however, the discovery of the chest and everything it contained; for, surely, the young man was a little greedy.

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had left the markers of branches to determine the spot where he had left his master; and, recognizing it, he told them that this was the entrance, and that they could dress themselves, if it was suitable for their master's freedom; for they had told him before that going in this way and dressing in this fashion was of all importance to get their master out of that bad life he had chosen, and that they charged him not to tell his master who they were, nor that they knew them; and that if he asked them, as he should ask him, whether he had given the letter to Dulcinea, he should say yes, and that, because he did not know how to read, he had answered him verbally, telling him that he sent him, under penalty of his misfortune, that he should immediately come to see her, which was something that mattered to him greatly; because with this and with what they thought to tell him, they considered it a sure thing to reduce him to a better life, and to make with him that he would then set out to become emperor or monarch; that in the matter of being a bishop, he had nothing to fear.

Sancho heard all of it and took it very well to memory, and he thanked them greatly for the intention they had of advising their lord to become emperor, and not archbishop, because he had men who could bestow favors on his most loyal knights more readily than archbishops could while traveling.

He also told him that it would be well for him to go ahead and get it from her and give her her lady's reply; that she would be quite enough to get him out of that place, without them having to put

themselves to so much trouble.

They agreed with what Sancho Panza was saying, and so they decided to wait for him until he returned with news of his master's discovery.

Sancho crept into those ravines of the sierra, leaving the two of them in a place where a small and gentle stream flowed, offering them pleasant and cool shade from other rocks and some trees that were there.

The heat, and the day that arrived there, was of those of the month of August, which in those parts is usually very intense; the hour, three in the afternoon: all of which made the place most pleasant, and that invited one to wait there for Sancho's return, as they had done.

Therefore, being both there, calm and in the shade, a voice arrived at their ears, which, without accompanying it with any other instrument, sounded sweet and beautifully, and they were greatly astonished, as if it were not a place where someone could sing so well.

Although it is often said that shepherds with extreme voices dwell in the forests and fields, they are more often embellishments of poets than truths; and especially when they noticed that what they heard singing were verses, not of rustic shepherds, but of discreet courtiers.

And I confirm this truth to have been the verses they heard: Who diminished my possessions?

Misery

And who increases my sorrows?

Jealousy

And who's testing my patience? Absence.

In that way, in my ailment

No remedy is found, for contempt, envy, and absence kill me.

Who causes me this pain? Love.

And who will restore my glory?

Fortune

And who condoles with my grief?

The sky.

In that way, I hesitate.

to die from this strange illness

it increases in my harm

love, fortune, and heaven.

Who will improve my luck?

Death.

And the good of love, who can reach it? Moving.

And his ills, who cures them? Madness.

That's not sane.

to cure passion

when remedies are

Death, move, and madness.

The hour, the time, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the singer caused admiration and joy in the two listeners, who remained motionless, waiting to hear if anything else would be heard; but seeing that it lasted so long, they decided to go out to find the musician who was singing with such a good voice.

And wanting to put it into effect, he made the same voice that wouldn't move, which came again to his ears, singing this sonnet:

Sonnet

Dear friendship, with gentle wings,

Your appearance remaining on the ground, among blessed souls, in the heavens.

You climbed joyfully to the imperial halls.

From there, whenever you want, they will point out the just peace covered with a veil.

which sometimes reveals passion

of good deeds that, in the end, are bad.

Leave the sky, oh friendship, or do not allow deception to adorn your livery.

With which it destroys sincere intention; that if you don't remove your appearances, the world soon will be seen in the light of the first discordant confusion.

The singing ended with a deep sigh, and the two, with attention, waited to see if more was sung; but seeing that the music had turned into sobs and miserable wails, they agreed to find out who was so miserably sad in voice as in the groans; and they did not walk far when, upon returning from the end of a point of a rock, they saw a man of the same size and figure that Sancho Panza had painted for them when he told them the story of Cardenio; that man, when he saw them, was speechless, with his head bent over his chest, as a thoughtful man, without raising his eyes to look at them more than once, when they arrived suddenly.

The priest, who was a well-spoken man, like one who already knew of his misfortune, since he had recognized him by his signs, approached him, and with brief but very discreet reasons, he begged and persuaded him to abandon that so miserable life, because there he would not lose it, which was the greatest of misfortunes.

Then Cardenio was in his full capacity, free from that furious accident that so often took him out of himself; and so, seeing the two in such unused attire of those who wandered in those solitudes, someone was greatly astonished, and more when he heard that they had spoken to him about his business, as if it were a known matter (because the reasons the priest said so led him to understand it); and thus he replied in this way:

I see clearly, gentlemen, whoever you may be, that the heavens, which cares to rescue both good and bad people many times, even though I do not deserve it, sends me to these so remote and secluded places beyond the common contact of people, with some individuals who, placing themselves before my eyes with lively and various reasons...

I have been trying to make the life I make, and they have striven to take me away from the best part; but since they don't know that by leaving this damage I must fall into a greater one, perhaps they should consider me a man of weak words, and even, worst of all, according to no one's judgment.

And it is no wonder it were so, because it is clear to me that the force of the imagination of my misfortunes is so intense and can so much in my ruin, that, without me being able to be part to hinder it, I come to be left as stone, lacking all good sense and knowledge; and I come to realize this truth when some tell me and show signs of the things I have done while that terrible accident dominates me, and I know nothing more than to grieve in vain and curse, without profit, my fortune, and give as excuse for my madnesses the saying of the cause of them to all who wish to hear it; because seeing the foolish what is the cause, they will not be surprised by the effects, and if they were not given remedy, at least, they will not give me blame, converting their anger at my awkwardness into pity for my misfortunes. And if you, gentlemen, come with the same intention as others have come, before you proceed with your discreet persuasions, I beg you to listen to my story of my misfortunes, because perhaps, after understanding, you will save yourselves from the work that I will take in comforting a malady that is incapable of solace.

The two, who desired nothing more than to learn of the matter from her own lips, begged her to tell it to them, offering her to do nothing other than what he wished, in her remedy or comfort; and with this, the sad knight began his miserable story, almost using the same words and steps that he had told to Don Quixote and the shepherd just a few days before, when, on the occasion of Mistress Elisabet and Don Quixote's punctuality in maintaining the decorum of chivalry, the tale remained incomplete, as the story left it told.

But now came the good luck that stopped the madness accident and gave him the chance to tell it all to the end; and so, arriving at the ticket passage that Don Fernando had found between Amadís's book from Gaula, Cardenio said he remembered it well and it said this way:

Luscina Cardonio

Each day I discover in you values that force and compel me to esteem you, and thus, if you wished to free me from this debt without executing it in honor, you could do so very well.

Father, you know him and he loves me well, who, without forcing my will, would fulfill the one that is just what you wish for me, if you esteem me as you say, and as I believe.

Because of this ticket, I moved to ask Luscinda to be my wife, as I've told you, and she was considered by Don Fernando to be one of the most discreet and astute women of his time; and this ticket was the

one that made her desire to destroy me, before mine was carried out.

He told me to offer it to Don Fernando in the workshop of Luscinda's father, where my father would have asked for it, which I did not dare to say, fearful of the consequence, not because I didn't know well the quality, kindness, virtue, and beauty of Luscinda, and that she had enough qualities to enhance any other lineage in Spain, but because I understood that he wished me not to marry so soon, until I saw what the Duke Ricardo did for me.

In a resolution, he told me that I wasn't daring to tell my father about it, nor about many others that deterred me, without knowing what they were; but it seemed to me that what I desired never would come to pass.

To all of that, Don Fernando replied that he would take care of speaking to my father and getting him to speak to Luscinda's.

Oh ambitious Mario, oh cruel Catiline, oh facinorous Sila, oh deceitful Gallo, oh traitorous Vellido, oh vengeful Julian, oh greedy Judas! Traitor, cruel, vengeful, and deceitful, what wrongs had this sad one done to you, with such plainness?

Did I discover the secrets and joys of your heart? What offense did I commit? What words did I say, or what advice did I give, that were not all aimed at enhancing your honor and your profit? But what am I complaining about, you unfortunate man, because it is a certain thing that when misfortunes come, the current of the stars, as they come from high to low, hanging down with fury and violence, there is no force on earth that can stop them, nor human industry that can prevent them? Who could have imagined that Don Fernando, a noble knight, discreet, bound by my services, powerful to achieve whatever loving desire he asked for wherever he found himself, would have become embroiled, as is often said, in taking me, a single sheep, that I still did not possess? But let these considerations be set aside, as useless and unprofitable, and let us tighten the broken thread of my unfortunate story.

Therefore, I say that it seemed to him, like Don Fernando, that my presence was inconvenient for him to execute his false and bad thought, he determined to send his older brother, with the occasion of asking him for some money to pay six horses, and solely for this effect that I would absent myself (in order to better carry out his damaged attempt), on the same day that he offered to speak to my father, he bought him, and he wanted me to come for the money.

Could I have prevented this betrayal? Could I, perhaps, have fallen into imagining it? No, of course; before with great pleasure I offered to proceed, delighted with the good purchase made.

That night I spoke with Luscinda, and I told her what had been arranged with Don Fernando, and that we had firm hope that our good and just wishes would take effect.

She told me, as sure as I am of Don Fernando's treachery, that she was trying to return soon, because she believed it would not take longer for the conclusion of our wills to be reached than for my father to speak his own.

I don't know what happened, that as I was just telling him this, tears filled his eyes and a knot formed in his throat, preventing him from saying many words that seemed to him he was trying to tell me.

I was astonished by this new accident, something I had never seen there, because we always spoke, as good fortune and my diligence allowed us, with all joy and contentment, without mixing tears, sighs, jealousy, suspicions, or fears into our conversations.

I was only enlarging my fortune, because the heavens had given me the honor of being their mistress: I exaggerated her beauty, admired her worth and understanding.

She returned to me as the spare part, praising in Milos, as if she were in love, finding it worthy of praise. With this we counted on one hundred children and events from our neighbors and acquaintances, and what most extended my ease was to take, almost by force, one of their beautiful and white hands, and it would reach my mouth, according to the tightness of a low grate that divided us.

But the night that preceded the sad day of my departure, she wept, moaned, and sighed, and she went away, and left me full of confusion and fright, horrified at having seen such new and so sad displays of pain and feeling in Luscinda; but in order not to destroy my hopes, I attributed everything to the force of the love that held me and to the pain that usually accompanies the sorrow caused by absence in those who are well loved.

In the end, I left sad and thoughtful, filled with imaginings and suspicions, without knowing what I suspected or imagined; clear indications that showed me the sad event and misfortune that awaited

me.

I arrived at the place where I was sent; I delivered the letters to Fernando's brother; I was received well, but not dispatched well, because he ordered me to wait, to my great displeasure, eight days, and in a place where the duke did not see his father, because his brother was writing to him that he should send him a certain sum without his knowledge; and all of it was the invention of the false Fernando, for his brother had plenty of money to dispatch me immediately.

Here is the English translation:

The order and command I received put me in a position where I couldn't disobey him, because it seemed impossible for me to sustain so many days with the life of Luscinda, and especially since she had been left with the sadness you have told me; but, with all this, I obeyed, like a good servant, although I saw that it would be at the cost of my health.

But four days after I arrived, a man came in search of me with a letter, which he gave me, which was written in the envelope by Luscinda, because the writing on it it was yours.

Startled and apprehensive, she believed that something big must have been the one that had moved her while I was away, as she rarely did so when I was present.

Ask the man, before reading it, who had given it to him and how long he had been on the road; tell me that as he was passing by a street in the city at midday, a very beautiful lady called him from a window, with her eyes full of tears, and that with great haste she said to him: "-Brother, if you are Christian, as it seems, for love of God, I beg you to immediately direct this letter to the place and the person written on the envelope, as everything is well known, and you will do a great service to our Lord; and in order that you may have comfort to do so, take what is in this handkerchief."

"And saying this, I threw a handkerchief at them, where the hundred reales had been tied and this gold ring that I'm carrying with me, along with that letter I gave you."

And then, without waiting for a reply, I got up from the window; although first I saw her take the letter and the handkerchief, and by gestures, I told her I would do as she commanded.

And so, seeing myself so well paid from the work that I could take them, and knowing by the note that you were to whom it was sent, because I, sir, know you very well, and also obliged by the tears of that beautiful lady, I decided not to trust another person, but to come myself to give it to you, and in ten and sixteen hours that must be traveled, I have made the journey, which you know is of ten and eight leagues.

Please provide the Spanish text you want me to translate. I need the text itself to complete your request.

As this grateful and new email told me, I was hanging on their words, trembling in my legs, to the point that I could hardly hold myself up.

Actually, I opened the letter and saw that it contained these mice:

The word that Don Fernando gave you to say to your father has pleased him more than it has benefited you.

Know, sir, that he has asked for me as his wife, and my father, influenced by the advantage he thinks you grant to Don Fernando, has come to do as he wishes, with so many tricks that the betrothal will be made in two days, so secret and so private that only the heavens and some people from the house will be witnesses.

As for what I imagine, if you are to come, be assured; and if you think well of me or not, the outcome of this business will make it clear.

I beg of God that this may reach your hands before mine is seen in a condition to join with the one who so poorly keeps the faith that promises it.

In sum, these were the reasons that contained her, and the ones that made me set out, without expecting any further response or money; well clear then that it was not the purchase of the horses, but the purchase of her liking, that had prompted Don Fernando to send me his brother.

The anger I felt towards Don Fernando, along with the fear of losing the garment I had earned with so many years of service and desire, gave me wings, for, as if in flight, on another day I took my place at the exact time that was convenient for speaking to Luscinda.

I entered secretly and left a mule that I came to in the good man's house that had taken me away, and fortune wanted it so good that I found Luscinda at the gate, witness to our loves.

I met Luscinda afterward, and I had known her, but not as she should have known me, and I should have known her.

But who in the world can be praised who has penetrated and understood the confused thoughts and changeable condition of a woman? None, indeed.

Therefore, just as Luscinda saw me, she said:

Cardenio is dressed for the wedding; Fernando the traitor and my father the greedy one are already waiting for me in the hall, along with other witnesses who would sooner wish me dead than see me married.

Don't trouble yourself, friend, but try to be present to this sacrifice, which if I couldn't hinder it with my reasons, I carry a dagger hidden that could obstruct more determined forces, bringing an end to my life and a beginning to you knowing the will that I have and have.

I replied to him startled and agitated, fearful that I wouldn't have a place to respond to her.

Do this, madam, your true works, your words; if you carry a dagger to prove your worth, here I carry a sword to defend you with it, or to kill me if fortune is against us.

I don't believe she heard all of those reasons, because I felt she was being called aside, because the groom was waiting.

Let this darkness settle upon the night of my sadness; let the sun of my joy set; let there be no light in my eyes and no discourse in my understanding.

I couldn't get into his house, nor could I move an inch; but considering how important my presence might be for what might happen in that case, I mustered all my courage and entered his house; and as I already knew very well all his entrances and exits, and more with the commotion he was keeping secret within it, no one turned me out to see; so, without being seen, I found a place to set myself in the recess that a window of the same room made, which with the tips and trims of the two tapestries covered, through which I could see, without being seen, everything that was done in the room.

Who could now tell you the startle that my heart experienced while I was there, the thoughts that occurred to me, the considerations I made, which were so many and so various that they cannot even be described, let alone that it is good that they are said? Just know that the groom entered the room, without any other adornment than his usual ordinary clothes that he used to wear.

He was the godfather, a brother-in-law of Luscinda, and in the whole room there wasn't a soul outside, only the household staff.

From there, Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two maids of hers, as well-dressed and composed as her quality and beauty deserved, and as she was the perfection of the gala and bizarre courtly style.

My suspension and enchantment did not allow me to look and perceive in particular what he wore; I could only notice the colors, which were crimson and white, and in the glimpses that the stones and jewels of the headdress and the dress made, to which the singular beauty of his lovely and blond hair predominated, such that, in comparison with the precious stones and the lights of four axes that were in the room, his offered the most brilliant appearance to the eyes.

Oh memory, hostile to my rest! What good is it for you to now represent to me the incomparable beauty of that adored enemy, my love? Is it not better, cruel memory, that you remind me and represent what it then did, so that, moved by such manifest wrong, procure, though not vengeance, at least, to lose my life? Do not tire yourselves, lords, of hearing these digressions I make; for it is not my grief that can be briefly told and passed over, for each circumstance of it seems to me worthy of a long discourse.

The priest responded that he wasn't getting tired of hearing him.

but they were very pleased with the details I told, as they were, that deserved not to be passed over in silence, and the same attention as the main part of the story.

"I say, –Cardenio continued–, that as they were all in the room, the parish priest entered, and, taking both by the hand to do what is required in such an act, he said, 'Do you, Mistress Luscinda, wish the Lord Don Fernando, who is present, to be your legitimate husband as commanded by the Holy Mother Church?' I straightened up my whole head and neck from among the tapestries, and with attentive ears and a troubled soul, I listened to what Luscinda was answering, expecting from her answer the



sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life.”

Oh, who would dare to come out then, saying aloud: “Ah, Luscinda, Luscinda! Look what you do; consider what you owe me; look, you are my love, and you cannot be of another! Warn me that saying yes to you and my life will end all at once.”

Oh, traitor Don Fernando, thief of my glory, death of my life! What do you want?

Do you dare to try? Consider that you cannot reach the end of your desires in a Christian way, because Luscinda is my wife, and I am her husband.

“Oh, you fool of mine! Now that I’m absent and far from danger, I say I should have done what I didn’t do! Now that let them take my face as security, I curse the thief, for whom I might have avenged myself if I had the courage to do so, as I have to complain! Well, then I was a cowardly and foolish man, it’s not much that I die now, repentant and mad.”

I was waiting for the priest for Luscinda’s answer, which was given with a good space of hesitation, and when I thought I was drawing the dagger to attest to it or cutting her tongue short to utter some truth or advantage that might benefit me, I heard her say with a faint and thin voice: “Yes, I want,” and Don Fernando said the same; and, giving her the ring, they were tied together in an unbreakable knot. The groom arrived to embrace his wife, and she, placing her hand over her heart, fainted in her mother’s arms.

Now, let me state what I was seeing, namely the jeers I had heard, the false words and promises of Luscinda, and my inability to collect the good I had lost at that very moment.

I was lacking counsel, abandoned, it seemed, of all the heavens, made an enemy of the earth that sustained me, denying me air and breath for my sighs, and water for the humor of my eyes; only the fire intensified, so that everything burned with rage and jealousy.

Everyone was in a flurry over Luscinda’s faint, and her mother, opening her chest to give her air, discovered a folded paper within, which Don Fernando then took and read by the light of one of the axes; and upon finishing reading it to her, he sat in a chair and placed his hand on his cheek, with signs of a man very thoughtful, without attending to the remedies being made for his wife in order for her to recover from the faint.

I, seeing all the commotion in the house, I ventured out, whether I was seen or not, with a determination to do such a foolish thing that everyone would understand the just indignation of my heart in the punishment of the false Don Fernando, and even in the fickle state of the fainting traitor; but my luck, which for greater evils, if possible, is reserved for me, ordered that at that point I should lack the understanding that afterwards here has been lacking to me; and thus, without wanting to take revenge on my greatest enemies (which, because my thought was so lacking in consideration, it was easy to take), I wanted to take it in my own hand, and execute on me the punishment they deserved, and perhaps even with more rigor than they used on them, if then I gave them death, since the sudden one that is received quickly ends the punishment; but the one that is prolonged with torments always kills, without ending life.

In short, I left that house and came to the one where I had left the mule; I had her saddled, without saying goodbye to her, I got on her and left the city, without daring, like another Lot, to turn back and look at the mirror; and when I saw myself alone in the field, and that the darkness of the night covered me and its silence invited me to complain, without respect or fear of being heard or known, I released my voice and unleashed my tongue in so many curses of Luscinda and Don Fernando, as if with them I satisfied the offense they had done to me.

Let him title her cruel, ungrateful, false, and unthankful; but above all, greedy, for the wealth of my enemy had closed the eyes of will, to take it from me and give it to him with whom fortune had shown itself most liberal and frank; and in the midst of these curses and complaints, she excused herself, saying that it was not much for a maiden sheltered in her parents’ house, accustomed always to obey them, to have wished to honor him with her favor, since he was considered a principal knight, rich and a gentleman, and that if he did not wish to receive him, one could think that he lacked judgment, or that he had the will in another place, which was so detrimental to his good opinion and fame.

Then he kept saying that, since she said that I was her husband, they would see that I hadn’t made such a bad choice, that they wouldn’t forgive her, because before offering her Don Fernando,

They themselves might manage to wish, if they were reasonable in measuring their desire, another man better than me to be their daughter's husband; and she might well, before putting herself in that forced and final trance of giving her hand, say that I had already given her mine; that I should come and grant with all that she might feign in this case.

In the end, I realized that little love, little judgment, a lot of ambition, and desires for greatness made him forget the words with which he had seduced me, entertained me, and sustained me with his firm hopes and honest desires.

With these voices and with this anxiety, I walked what remained of that night, and delivered it at dawn in an entrance to these mountains, for which I walked another three days, without a path or road, until I arrived at some meadows, that I do not know which hand of these mountains they fall, and from there I asked some ranchers where the most rugged of these mountains were.

I was told to come here.

Then I made my way to her, with the intention of ending my life here, and upon entering these hardships, due to exhaustion and hunger, my dead donkey fell, or, as I most believe, because she discarded so useless a burden that she carried for me.

I remained, defeated by nature, starved, without having or thinking to seek anyone who might rescue me.

In that way I stayed, I don't know how long, lying on the ground, after which I got up without hunger, and I found beside me some herds of goats, who, without a doubt, must have been those that remedied my need, because they told me in the way they had found me, and how I was saying so many absurdities and excesses, that it gave clear indications that I had lost my mind; and I have felt since then that not all times I have clearly, but so excessive and thin, that I do a thousand follies, tearing my clothes, shouting in these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and repeating in vain the beloved name of my enemy, without having another speech or intent then to seek to end life voicing; and when I return, I find myself so tired and worn that I can hardly move.

My most common room is the hollow of an oak, capable of covering this miserable body.

The cowboys and shepherds who wander through these mountains, moved by charity, sustain me, placing food for me on the paths and on the rocks where they understand I might pass and find it; and thus, even then when I lack judgment, the natural necessity reveals my sustenance to me, and awakens in me the desire to crave it and the will to take it.

Other times they tell me, when they find me with judgment, that I go out to the paths, and that I take it by force, even if they offer it to me willingly, to the shepherds who come with it from the place to the pastures.

Thus passes my miserable and extreme life, until the heavens provide for its last conduct, or place it in my memory, so that I do not remember the beauty and treachery of Luscinda and the offense of Don Fernando; that if he does this without taking my life, I will better my thoughts; where not, I beg him to absolutely have mercy on my soul; that I do not feel in my strength or forces to extract the body from this tightness that I have wanted to put it in for my pleasure.

This is, oh sirs!, the bitter tale of my misfortune: tell me if it is so, that it may be celebrated with less feeling than you have seen in me, and do not tire yourselves in persuading or advising me what reason tells you may be good for my remedy, because it must take effect with me as it takes effect with the medicine prescribed for the sick patient who does not wish to receive it.

I don't want health without Luscinda; and since she liked being another, being, or ought to be, my love, I would gladly be of misfortune, having been able to be of good fortune.

She wanted, with her move, to establish my ruin; I wanted, with striving to lose myself, to make her will happy, and it will be an example to the future that to me alone what was lacking was what was abundant to all the wretched, to whom the impossibility of having it is often consolation, and in me it is cause of greater feelings and evils, because even now I think they cannot be ended with death.

Cardenio ended his long, unhappy and loving conversation there; and as the priest was preparing to offer him some comforting words, a voice arrived in his ears that he heard in anguished accents saying what would be said in the fourth part of this narration; that in this point Cide Hamete Benengeli ended the third part, the wise and attentive historian.

Chapter 28: About the new and pleasant adventure that befell the priest and barber in the same sierra.

Delighted and fortunate were the times when the audacious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was introduced to the world, for having had such a noble determination as was to revive and return to the world the already lost and almost dead order of chivalry, we now enjoy in our age, needing joyful amusements, not only of the sweetness of his true story, but also of the tales and episodes of it, which, in part, are no less pleasant and ingenious and true than the story itself; which, continuing to follow its tangled, twisted, and rough thread, recounts that just as the priest began to warn himself to comfort Cardenio, he was stopped by a voice that reached his ears, saying in sad tones:

Oh, God! If it's possible that I've already found a place that could serve as a hidden burial for this heavy burden of my body, which I hold against my will! Yes, it will be, if the solitude promised by these mountains doesn't lie to me.

Alas, wretched one, and how pleasant company these rocks and thickets will be to my intention, since they will give me a place where, with complaints, I can communicate my misfortune to the heavens, not that of any human man, for there is none on earth from whom one can expect counsel in doubts, relief in complaints, or remedy in ills!

The priest and those with him heard and perceived all these reasons, and it seemed to them, as it was, that together they said, they rose to seek the owner, and they had not walked twenty steps when, behind a rock, they saw seated at the foot of an ash tree a young man dressed as a peasant, whom, because of having inclined his face, due to washing his feet in the stream that ran through there, they could not see at that time; and they arrived with such silence that he was not sensed, nor was he otherwise attentive than to washing his feet, which were such that they seemed like only two pieces of white crystal that had been born among the other stones of the stream.

He deprived them of their whiteness and beauty of feet, making them seem unfit for treading clods of earth, or walking behind the plow and oxen, as was the custom of their owner, and seeing that they had not been used, the priest, who was leading the way, gave signals to the other two to crouch or hide behind some stones that were there, and they did so, watching closely what the boy was doing; he was wearing a dark brown cap with two folds, very tight against his body with a white towel.

He was wearing a pair of woolen trousers and leggings, and on his head a grey hat.

He had his pantaloons raised to mid-calf, which, without a doubt, looked like white marble.

I had just washed the beautiful feet, and then, with a towel I took from under my hat, I wiped them; and when I tried to remove it, I raised my face, and people were seeing an incomparable beauty, such that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice:

This, since it is not Luscinda, it is not a human person, but divine.

The waiter removed his kepi and, shaking his head from side to side, began to brush and scatter his hair, as if the sun could have given it to them.

envy

With this they realized that the one who appeared as a farmer was a woman, delicate, and even the most beautiful that their eyes had ever seen, and even Cardenio's eyes, had they not looked and known Luscinda; for afterward she affirmed that only the beauty of Luscinda could contend with her. Their long, blond hair not only covered her back, but it hid everything around her, for if they were not her feet, nothing else of her body resembled them; such and so many they were.

In this, some hands proved a nuisance, since the feet in the water had appeared like pieces of crystal, and the hands in her hair resembled packed snow; all of which, in greater admiration, and greater desire to know who she was, captivated the three who were watching her.

For this reason they resolved to show themselves; and as they made the movement to rise from their seats, the beautiful girl raised her head and, parting her hair from before her eyes with both hands, she looked at those who made the noise; and as soon as she had seen them, she rose to her feet and, without waiting to put on her shoes, nor to gather her hair, she quickly made a bundle, like that of clothing that she had beside her, and wished to flee, full of confusion and startle; but she had not taken six steps when, unable to endure the delicate feet the roughness of the stones, she fell to the ground.

And seeing this by the three, they went out to her, and the priest was the first to say to her:

Ladies, stop, whoever you may be; those who are here only intend to serve you: there's no point in your fleeing so impudently, for neither your feet nor we can endure it.

Amid all of this, she wasn't saying a word, stunned and confused.

And so they came to her, and with the hand of the priest supporting her, he continued to say: What your attire, madam, denies us, your hair reveals: clear signs that should not be disregarded, nor should the causes that have disguised your beauty in such an unworthy guise, nor betray you into such solitude as this, in which it has been chance to find you, if not to remedy your ills, at least to offer counsel, for no evil can weary so much, nor reach such an extreme of being, unless the life is not finished, that it avoids not listening, even, to the counsel that is given to those who suffer it with good intention.

So, my dear sir or madam, whatever you wish to be, don't be startled by our sight, and tell us your good or bad luck; for together in us, or in each of us, you will find someone who will help you feel your misfortunes.

As the priest was saying these reasons, the disguised girl was spellbound, looking at all of them, without moving her lips or saying a word, just like a rustic villager who is suddenly shown strange things and never before seen things.

As he returned to tell her other reasons of the same effect, she let out a deep sigh, breaking the silence and saying:

So that the loneliness of these mountains hasn't been part of a cover-up, and the looseness of my dilapidated hair hasn't allowed my tongue to be deceitful; in vain would it be to feign once more what I now believe would be more out of courtesy than any other reason.

Let me tell you, gentlemen, that I thank you for the offer you've made, which has placed me in obligation to satisfy you in everything you've requested, since I fear that the relationship I create from my misfortunes will cause you, along with compassion, gloom, because you won't find a remedy to fix them, nor comfort to distract you.

But, with all this, because I have not been wavering my honor in your intentions, having already known me as a woman and seen me as a young girl, alone and in this attire, things, all together, and each one separately, which could destroy any honest credit, I shall tell you what I would wish to keep silent about, if I could.

He said all of this without stopping, such a beautiful woman he seemed to be, with such a loose tongue, with such a soft voice, that I admired his discretion just as much as his beauty.

And he made new offers and new pleas for him to fulfill his promise, she, without doing more begging, seated herself with all honesty on a stone seat, and, with the three of them seated around her, striving to stop some tears that were coming to her eyes, began the story of her life in this way:

In this Andalusia, there is a place where a duke takes title, making him one of those called great in Spain; he has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate and, apparently, to his good customs, and the younger, I do not know of what he is heir, but of the betrayals of Vellido and the deceits of Galalon. From these lords you are vassals, my parents, humble in lineage, but so rich that if the goods of their nature equaled those of their fortune, neither they would have more to desire nor would I fear or be plunged into the misfortune in which I see myself; because perhaps my little misfortune comes from the fact that they did not have it in not being born illustrious.

It is true that they are not so low, that they can insult their own state, nor so high, that they take away from me the imagination that I have that their humility comes from my misfortune.

They, in short, are Labrador people, plain in character, without any unsound mix of breeds, and, as is often said, old rancorous Christians; but so rich that their wealth and magnificent treatment are gradually acquiring the name of gentry, and even of knights.

Since the greatest wealth and nobility they valued was to consider me their daughter; and so, because they had no other daughter or son to inherit from them as heirs, and because they were fond of them, I was one of the most gifted daughters that parents ever gifted.

It was the mirror of their gaze, the badge of their age, and the object to which they directed themselves, measuring them against the sky, all their desires; of which, being so good, mine didn't come out a point. And just as I was mistress of his spirits, so was I of his estate: for me he received and bade farewell to the servants; the reason and account of what was sown and gathered passed through my hands; the oil mills, the wine presses, the number of the cattle, both great and small, and of the beehives.

Finally, of all that a landowner as rich as my father could have and did have, I possessed the account, and it was the housekeeper and mistress, with so much my own solicitude and so much his own

pleasure, that I could not rightly manage to inflate the price.

The moments of the day that remained to me, after having given what was due to the elders, the overseers, and other laborers, I spent in exercises that are as legitimate and necessary for young women as they are for me, such as those offered by the needle and the mat, and the comb many times; and if, to revive my spirits, I abandoned these exercises, I would take up the entertainment of reading some devotional book, or of playing the harp, because experience showed me that music composes broken spirits and alleviates the pains that arise from the soul.

This, then, was the life I had at my parents' house, which I have recounted so particularly not for ostentation, nor to suggest that I am rich, but to show how guiltlessly I came from that good state that I told the unhappy man I am now in.

Therefore, it is the case that, having spent my life in so many occupations and such confinement, that a monastery could be compared to it, without being seen, in my opinion, to any of the servants of the house, because the days that I went to mass were so in the morning, and so accompanied by my mother and other servants, and I so covered and restrained, that they hardly saw my eyes more than from the place where I put my feet, and, with all this, those of love, or those of idleness, if you like to call them, could not be equaled by those of the discerning.

There was no properly naming Don Fernando when the story was being told, when Cardenio's color changed in his face, and he began to perspire, with such great disturbance that the priest and the barber, who looked at it, feared that this accident of madness was coming to him, as they had heard it said that it would come to him from time to time.

Cardenio did nothing but stare and remain, step by step, contemplating the peasant woman, wondering who she was; and she, without noticing Cardenio's movements, continued her story.

And they hadn't seen me favorably, when, as he said later, I had become so caught up in my loves as they had clearly understood my demonstrations.

To finish with the story, let's end it, as he doesn't care for my misfortunes, I want to carry out his errands in silence: he bribed everyone in my house; he gave and offered gifts and favors to my relatives; the days were all festivals and rejoicing in my street; the nights didn't let anyone sleep due to the music; the bills that, without knowing how, came into my hands were infinite, full of passionate reasons and offers, with fewer letters than promises and oaths.

Which did not only not soften me, but hardened me as if it were my own enemy, and all the works I did to reduce myself to its will, I did to the contrary effect; not because I found anything wrong with the kindness of Don Fernando, nor did I have too much of his solicitations; because it gave me a certain something to be so loved and esteemed by such a principal knight, and it did not bother me to see in his papers my praises; for in this, as foul as women may be.

To me, it always seems nice to hear that we're called beautiful.

But all this aside, my honesty was opposing me, and the continuous advice that my parents gave me, who already knew Don Fernando's will, because he already wanted everyone to know it.

My parents told me that my sole virtue and goodness left and deposited their honor and fame, and that I should consider the inequality between myself and Don Fernando, and that they wished me to see that their thoughts, though he might say otherwise, were more directed to their liking than to my benefit; and that if I wished to put some inconvenience in the way for him to cease his unjust claim, they would immediately marry me to whom I most liked, among the most important of our place and of all the neighboring ones, since everything could be expected from his great fortune and my good reputation. With these certain promises, and with the truth they told me, I fortified my steadfastness, and I never intended to answer Don Fernando in any way that might, even from afar, fulfill his wish.

All these attentions I received, which he had intended as scorn, must have served to further fuel his lascivious appetite, which I wish to name the will he showed me; and which, had she been as she should have been, you would not now know it, because the opportunity to tell you would have been lost.

Finally, Don Fernando realized that my parents were arranging for me to receive a status, to take away from him the hope of possessing me, or, at the least, because I had more guards to protect myself, and this new suspicion was the cause for what you now hear.

And it happened that one night, while I was in my room with only the company of a young woman who served me, with the doors well closed, out of fear that, through carelessness, my honesty would not be in danger, without knowing or imagining how, among these cautions and warnings, and in the solitude of this silence and confinement, I found him before me, whose sight startled me so greatly that I took my eyes from mine and silenced my tongue; and thus, I was not powerful enough to speak, nor even he believed that I would be allowed to speak them, because then he came to me, and taking me in his arms (because, as I said, I had no strength to defend myself, as I was agitated), he began to tell me such reasons, that I do not know how it is possible that lies can have so much skill to compose them in such a way that they seem so true.

Let's do it

traitor whose credulous tears attested to your words, and your sighs to your intention.

I, poor thing, alone among my own, ill-trained in such cases, began, I don't know how, to believe so many falsehoods to be true, but not so as to move me to compassion less than good tears and sighs; and thus, passing that first shock, I began to recover some of my lost spirits, and with more spirit than I had thought possible, I said:

"If I were, sir, in your arms, to be in the arms of a fierce lion, and escaping from them would be assured to me by whatever I did or said that was detrimental to my honesty, if that were possible, to cease to have been what I was."

So, if you've tied up my horn with your arms, I have tied up my soul with my good wishes, which are as different from yours as you'll see, if you want to move forward in them with force.

You are my vassal, but not my slave; nor does your noble blood have the right to dishonor or the little humility of a lady; and as long as I esteem myself, a peasant and farmer, like you, lord and knight.

Your forces shall not affect me, nor shall your riches have any value, nor shall your words deceive me, nor your sighs and tears move me.

If any of these things I have said, should my parents agree to my marriage, at their will, the bridal gift would adjust itself, and my will would not be different from theirs, so that, as it was arranged with honor, even if I remained without pleasure, I would willingly give you what you, sir, now so strongly strive for. I have said all of this because it is not for me to think that no legitimate husband of mine could accomplish anything.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text to be able to translate it into English.

"If you don't understand that much, beautiful Dorotea (for this is the name of this unfortunate woman)," said the traitorous knight, "here I give you my hand as your servant, and the heavens are witnesses to this truth, and this image of Our Lady that you have here."

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to complete the translation.

When Cardenio heard her say her name was Dorothea, he was startled again and just confirmed his first opinion; but he didn't want to interrupt the story, to see where it was going, as he already almost knew it; he only said:

What is your name, madam? I have also heard that he may be pairing with your misfortunes.

Move forward, because there will be a time when I tell you things that will frighten you just as much as they hurt you.

Dorotea repaired Cardenio's arguments and his strange and disordered attire, and she asked him if he knew anything about his estate, and told him to tell her; for if fortune had left him anything good, it was his spirit for enduring any misfortune that might befall him, certain that, in her opinion, none could worsen what he already possessed.

"I wouldn't lose patience, madam," Cardenio replied, "if it were true what I imagine; and until now, no alliance is broken, nor does it matter to you at all that you know it."

"Whatever it may be," Dorotea replied, "what happened in my story was that Don Fernando, taking the image that was in that room, made it a witness to our betrothal; with very effective words and extraordinary oaths, he gave me the word to be my husband, because as soon as he had finished saying them, I told him to look closely at what he was doing, and to consider the anger that his father would receive for seeing him married to a scullion, his vassal; that my beauty was not enough to blind

him, as it was not sufficient to find in it an excuse for his error, and that if I still have anything to do, by the love he had for me, it would be to let my fate run its course."

Just as with the quality I requested, because such unequal marriages are never enjoyed or last long with the taste with which they begin.

All these reasons that I told him, and many others of which I don't recall; but they weren't grounds for him to cease his attempt, as well as the one who doesn't intend to pay, who, when the deal is struck, doesn't consider any inconveniences.

I, at this season, gave myself a brief speech, and I told myself: "Yes, I will not be the first to have risen from humble to great state through the path of marriage, nor will Don Fernando be the first to whom beauty, or blinding affection, which is most certain, has made take unequal companionship to his greatness."

Well, if I don't make the world or use a new thing, it is good to attend this honor that fortune offers me, since in this it will not last longer than the will that it shows me, as much as the fulfillment of its desire; that, in short, I will be his wife with God.

And if I want to tear apart with scorn, I see that he won't use the one he should, he'll use the one of the force, and I'll end up disgraced and without excuse for the guilt that he could give me, not knowing how without her I've come to this point.

"What reasons will be sufficient to persuade my parents and others that this gentleman entered my room without my consent?"

All these demands and responses swirled instantly into my imagination, and, above all, they began to force me to accept what it was, without me thinking about it, my perdition, Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses he put forth, the tears I shed, and finally, his disposition and gentleness, which, accompanied by so many displays of true love, could sway another so free and reserved heart like mine.

Call for my maid to accompany the heavenly witnesses on earth; Don Fernando was made to reiterate and confirm his oaths; the first new saints were added as witnesses; I threatened a thousand future curses if I did not fulfill what I promised; he moistened his eyes again and increased his sighs; he gripped me tighter in his arms, of which I had never been left, and with this, and with my lady returning from the chamber, I ceased to be and the end was that I was traitor and wretched.

The day following the night of my misfortune was still far from what Don Fernando wished; for after satisfying what appetite demands, the greatest pleasure that can come is to withdraw from where it reached him.

I say this because Don Fernando hastened to depart from me, and by the industry of my maidservant, who was the same one who had betrayed him there before it dawned, he was seen in the street.

And as he said goodbye to me, though not with such eagerness and vehemence as when he came, he told me to be sure of my faith, and that if his oaths were firm and true; and, for further confirmation of his word, he took a rich ring from his finger and put it on mine.

Indeed, he left, and I remained unsure whether sad or joyful; it was well to say that I remained confused and thoughtful, almost detached from myself due to this new occurrence, and I had no inclination, or it had not occurred to me, to thank my maid for the betrayal of having imprisoned Don Fernando in my very room, because I had not yet determined whether what had happened to me was good or bad.

I told him, as he was leaving, that Don Fernando could have other nights because he was already his, until he wished that the fact should be made public.

But no other came, unless it was the following one, and I couldn't see him in the street or in the church for more than a month; for in vain I tired myself in seeking him, since I knew he was in the villa and that he went hunting most days, a pastime he was very fond of.

These days and these hours I knew so well were bitter and meager, and I knew well that I began to doubt during them, and even to disbelieve in the faith of Don Fernando.

I also know that my maid heard then the words in condemnation of your boldness which she had not before heard; and I know that it was forced upon me to keep account of my tears and with the composure of my face, so as not to give occasion for my parents to ask me what I was discontented about, and to compel me to seek out lies you tell.

But all of this ended at some point, reaching a place where respect was trampled and honorable speeches ended, and where patience was lost and my secret thoughts came out into the open.

And this was because, from there, a few days later, it was said in the place that Don Fernando had married a beautiful maiden in all respects, and of very important parents, although not so rich, who, by their dowry, could aspire to such a noble marriage.

He said that her name was Luscinda, with other things that happened at her betrothals, worthy of admiration.

Oyo■ Cardenio the name of Luscinda, and did nothing else than to shrug her shoulders, bite her lips, raise her eyebrows, and let fall from her eyes two fountains of tears; but nevertheless Dorotea did not cease to follow her story, saying:

This sad news fell into my ears, and instead of breaking his heart entirely, so much anger and fury flared within him that he was close to bursting out of his skin, shouting and proclaiming the audacity and treachery that had taken hold of him.

This fury was then suppressed by thinking of carrying out that very night what I had set in motion; that is, by adopting this habit, which was given to me by one of those who call themselves laborers in the farmers' house, who was a servant of my father, to whom I discovered all my misfortune, and I begged him to accompany me to the city where I understood my enemy was.

After he had rebuked my audacity and thwarted my determination, seeing me resolute as he believed, he offered to accompany me until the end of the world, as he said.

Then, at the moment, I enclosed in a canvas pillow a woman's dress, and some jewelry and money, in case something might happen, and in the silence of that night, without realizing my traitorous maid, I left my house, accompanied by my valet, and by many imaginations, and set off toward the city on foot, carried by the flight of desire to reach it, not to obstruct what I had already done, at least, to tell Don Fernando with what soul he had done it.

I arrived in two and a half days at wherever I wanted, and upon entering the city I asked for the house of Luscinda's parents, and the first person I asked responded to me with more than I wanted to hear. He told me about the house, and all that had happened at his daughter's wedding, something so public in the city that gossip circles were formed to tell it throughout it.

He told me that the night Don Fernando married Luscinda, after she had given him her answer to be his wife, he had taken a fierce fainting spell, and that when his husband arrived to unbutton his chest so that he might have air, he found a paper written in the same handwriting as Luscinda's, in which it said and declared that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was of Cardenio, to whom the man said, was a very noble gentleman of the same city; and that if she had given her answer to Don Fernando, it was because she did not wish to leave the obedience of her parents.

In the resolution, such reasons were said to contain the paper, which gave the impression that she had intended to commit suicide while just recently married, and provided the reasons for her having taken her own life; all of which they say confirms a dagger that was found not in what part of her garments. All of which, seen by Don Fernando, seemed to him that Luscinda had mocked and scorned him, and treated him with little respect, so he attacked her before her swoon, and with the same dagger that was found to have pierced her with stabs, and would do so if her parents and those who were present didn't hinder him.

They said moreover that Don Fernando had subsequently left, and that Luscinda had not returned from her dissipation until the following day, which she recounted to her parents as being the true wife of that Cardenio I have said.

I knew more: that the Cardinal, according to what was said, was present at the wedding, and that, having been invited to the bride's house, he never would have believed it, he left the city in a desperate manner, leaving first a written letter, in which he indicated the offense.

Luscinda had been making him, and of how he was going wherever people didn't see him.

All of this was public and notorious throughout the city, and everyone was talking about it, and they talked even more when they learned that Luscinda had gone missing from her parents' house, and from the city, because she was not to be found anywhere, and her parents were losing their minds, and did not know what means to take to find her.

What I learned dashed my hopes, and I thought it better not to have found Don Fernando married, believing that the door to my suit was still not entirely closed, leading me to understand that heaven might have placed that impediment in his second marriage to make him know what he should have



known in the first, and realizing that he was a Christian, and that he was more obligated to his soul than to human respects.

All these things swirled in my fantasy, and I comforted myself without comfort, feigning long and fading hopes, to entertain the life I already loathe.

Thus, being in the city not knowing what to do, since I couldn't find Don Fernando, a public announcement reached my ears, promising a great discovery to whoever found me, giving the signs of the age and the same attire that I wore; and I heard that it was said that the boy who came with me had been taken from my parents' house, which reached my soul, to see how far my credit was falling, since it wasn't enough to lose him with my arrival, but also to add with whom, being such a low and unworthy subject of my good thoughts.

As soon as I heard the pregon, I left the city with my valet, who was already beginning to show signs of hesitation in the faith that he was promised to me in fidelity, and that night we entered through the thicket of this mountain, with the fear of not being found.

But as is often said that a bad thing calls to another, and that the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of another greater, so it happened to me, because my good servant, until then faithful and sure, as he saw me in this solitude, incited by his own passion before my beauty, wanted to take advantage of the occasion that these desolate places offered him, and, with little shame and less fear of God or my respect, he demanded of me love; and, seeing that I responded with harsh and just words to his shamelessness, he abandoned the pleas of the first person who thought to take advantage, and began to use force.

But the just sky, which rarely ceases to watch and favor righteous intentions, favored mine, to such an extent that, with my few forces and little work, I found him in a junk yard, where I left him, nor did I know if he was dead or alive; and then, with more lightness than my fright and exhaustion demanded, I entered these mountains, without carrying another thought or another design than to hide in them and flee from my father and those who were seeking me on his behalf.

With this desire, not knowing how many months I had entered them, I found a rancher who took me as his steward to a place hidden within these mountains, to which I have served as a young lad all this time, always striving to be in the fields to conceal these locks that now, without a second thought, have been revealed to me.

But all my industry and all my earnestness has been and has been to no avail, since my master came to know that I was not a man, and in him was born the same malicious thought that in my servant; and as fortune does not always give remedies with labor, I did not find a foundation or a precipice from which to cast myself upon my master, as I did for the servant, and thus, I found it less of an inconvenience to leave him and hide again among these asperities that I have tested with him my strength or my excuses.

I say, therefore, that I have returned to lay traps, and to seek where, without any impediment, I might beg with sighs and tears that the heavens take pity on my misfortune and grant me industry and favor to escape it, or to leave life in these solitudes, so that no memory of this sad, which was so unfairly caused by him, should remain to be spoken of and murmured about in his own lands and in others.

Chapter 29: Concerning the funny device and order that was had in taking our beloved knight out of the most grievous penance in which he had been put.

Here is the English translation:

"This, gentlemen, is the true story of my tragedy: look and judge now if the sighs you heard, the words you heard, and the tears that came from my eyes were sufficient to show themselves, in greater abundance; and, considering the quality of my misfortune, you will see that consolation will be in vain, for a remedy is impossible."

I beg you, (what you can easily do and must do) that you advise me where I can spend my life without the fear and startle I have of being found by those who seek me; although I know that the much love my parents have for me will ensure I will be well received by them, the shame that occupies me simply when thinking that, unlike they thought, I must appear in their presence, that I would rather exile myself forever so as not to be seen, rather than see their faces, with the thought that they look at my own, devoid of the honesty that should be promised of me.

He blurted out this, and a color covered his face that clearly showed the feeling and shame of his soul.

In his he felt what those who had heard him so much pity and admiration for his misfortune; and although later the priest wanted to console and advise her, he first took the hand of Cardenio, saying: In short, madam, are you Dorotea, the beautiful only daughter of the wealthy Clenardo?

Dorotea was admired when she heard her father's name, and seeing how little he was who he named, because it had already been said in what bad manner Cardenio was dressed, and so she said:

-And who are you, brother, who know my father's name? Because, as far as I can remember, until now, in all the story of my misfortune, I haven't named him.

"That's the unfortunate man, as you've said, señora, that Luscinda said was his wife," Cardenio replied. I am the unfortunate Cardenio, to whom that wretched term imposed upon you has led you to see me as I am, broken, naked, lacking all human comfort, and, what is worst of all, lacking judgment, since I possess it only when it seems appropriate for heaven to grant it to me for a brief space.

I, Dorothea, am the one who found myself present at the folly of Don Fernando, and the one who waited to hear her say that, if she were his wife, Luscinda would pronounce it.

I am the one who had no spirit to see his fainting, nor what resulted from the paper found in his chest, because I had no soul to suffer to see so many misfortunes together; and so, I left the house and patience, and a letter, which I left to a guest of mine, to whom I begged that he place it in the hands of Luscinda, and came to these solitudes, with the intention of ending my life there, which from that point I detested as my mortal enemy.

But luck hadn't wanted to leave me, contenting itself with taking away my judgment, perhaps because it was saving me for the good fortune I had in finding you; for, as it's true, as I believe it is, what you have told here could still be that heaven had us both saved better event than we thought.

Because, due to the fact that Luscinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is my ward, nor Don Fernando with her, because she is my ward, and has so manifestly declared it, we can certainly expect that the heavens will restore to us what is ours, as it is still in being and has not been alienated or revoked.

And so we have this comfort, born not of very remote hope, nor founded on fanciful imaginations, I beg you, madam, that you take another resolution in your honored thoughts, for I intend to take it in mine, accommodating yourselves to await better fortune; I swear to you by the faith of knight and Christian, that I will not abandon you until I see you in the power of Don Fernando, and that when I cannot, with reasons, bring him to know what you owe him, I will then use the liberty which the being a knight grants me, and challenge him, by just title, because of the folly that makes you, without remembering my wrongs, whose revenge I will leave to the heavens, to attend to your affairs on earth.

Inspired by what Cardenio said, Dorotea had just been astonished, and, not knowing what thanks to return for such great offerings, she wished to take his feet to kiss them; however, Cardenio refused, and the licentiate responded on his behalf, approving of Cardenio's excellent speech, and, above all, he urged, advised, and persuaded them to go with him to his village, where they could repair the things that were lacking, and there order would be made as to seeking out Don Fernando, or as to taking Dorotea to her parents, or doing whatever seemed most convenient to them.

Cardenio and Dorotea thanked him, and accepted the favor that was offered to them.

The barber, who had been suspended and silent on the matter, also offered his good conversation and volunteered everything that might be good to serve them, with no less willingness than the priest.

I also recounted the cause with brevity, with the strangeness of Don Quixote's madness, and how they were waiting for his squire, who had gone to find him.

He assigned to memory Cardenio, as if by dreams, the preoccupation he had with Don Quixote, and he recounted it to others; but he didn't know what the cause of his question was.

In this, they heard voices and realized that the one calling them was Sancho Panza, who, having not found them in the place where he had left them, was calling out to them.

They met him and, asking about Don Quixote, told him how he had found him naked in a shirt, thin, yellow, and starving, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and that since he had told him that she ordered him to leave that place and go to Toboso.

where he was waiting, he had replied that he was determined not to appear before her beauty until he had done something that would make him worthy of her grace.

And if that had gone forward, there was a danger of not becoming emperor, as he was obligated, nor even a bishop, which was the least he could be: therefore, let them see what had to be done to get him out of there.

The attorney replied that he had no regret; that they would take him away from there, no matter how heavy the burden.

Then he told Cardenio and Dorotea what they had planned for the remedy of Don Quixote, at least as far as taking him home; to which Dorotea said she would make the ailing damsel better than the barber, and moreover, that she had there clothes with which to do it naturally, and that they should leave her the charge of knowing how to represent all that was necessary to carry out his attempt, because she had read many books of chivalry and knew well the style that the court ladies used when requesting their gifts from the knights errant.

—It is not necessary—said the priest—but that it be carried out; for, undoubtedly, good fortune is showing itself in our favor, since, without a second thought, the door has been opened to you, lords, for your salvation, and the one we needed has been made easy for us.

She then took Dorotea a full skirt of a certain rich fabric and a mantle of another vivid green fabric, and from a box, a necklace and other jewels, with.

which in an instant adorned itself, so as to appear like a rich and grand lady.

All of that, and moreover, he said that he had left his house for whatever was offered, and that until then he had not had an opportunity to engage in anything necessary.

I am extremely pleased with your great grace, your courtesy, and your beauty, and they confirmed Don Fernando's near-total lack of knowledge, for such beauty was so easily discarded.

But he who was most admired was Sancho Panza, for he found it seemed that in all the days of his life he had seen such a beautiful creature; and so he asked the priest with great insistence who that so lovely lady was, and what it was that she sought in those marshes.

"This beautiful lady," the priest replied, "Sancho brother, is, as one who says nothing, the direct heir of Baron of the great kingdom of Micomicon, who comes to seek your lord's favor, which is to remove a squint or grievance that a wicked giant has inflicted upon him; and because of the fame that your lord has for being a good knight throughout all that has been discovered, from Guinea she has come to seek this princess."

"Blessed are the sought and the blessed finding —said Sancho Panza to this season-, and more so if my lord is so fortunate as to overcome that grievance and straighten that squint, killing that huge, vile giant that you gentlemen say, that if he kills him, if he finds him, he wouldn't be a ghost; that against ghosts my lord has no power at all."

But one thing I beg of your Lordship, among others, Master, and it is that, because my lord does not take upon himself to be bishop, which is what I fear, that your Lordship advise him to marry this princess immediately, and thus he will be rendered impossible to receive archiepiscopal orders, and he will come to his empire with ease; and I, to the end of my desires; for I have looked into this well and find by my own account that it does not suit me that my lord be bishop, because I am useless to the Church, since I am married, and now going about to bring dispensations in order to have income from the Church, having, as I do, a wife and children, would never end.

So, sir, the whole point is that my master will marry this lady, who until now has not been to my liking, and thus I do not call her by her name.

"Call yourself," the priest replied, "Micomicona, because calling your kingdom Micomicona, of course she must be called that too."

"There's no doubt about that," Sancho replied; "I have seen many take the surname and nickname of the place they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá, Juan de Ubeda, and Diego de Valladolid, and this very thing must be used there in Guinea: to take the queens for the names of their kingdoms."

"That's how it must be," the priest said; "and as for you marrying your master, I will use all my power in it."

Sancho was so delighted as the priest was amazed by his simplicity, and to see how perfectly fitted to the fantasy the same follies of his master were, for it was clear that he was to become an emperor.

Yes, in this, Dorothea had already laid her dust upon the priest's face, and the barber had adjusted the bull-dog beard to the face, and they told Sancho to lead them to where Don Quixote was; at which they

warned him not to say that he knew the lawyer or the barber, for it was in not knowing them that his master's ambition to become emperor consisted; for neither the priest nor Cardenio wished to go with them, because Don Quixote did not recall the dispute that he had had with Cardenio, and the priest, because it was not necessary then for his presence; and thus they let them go ahead, and they followed them on foot, little by little.

I haven't stopped telling the priest about it.

Dorotea was to do that; and she said they should disregard it: that everything would be done perfectly, as they requested and depicted in the books of chivalry.

Three leagues had he traveled, when he discovered Don Quixote amidst some intricate thickets, already clothed, though not armed, and as Dorotea saw him and was informed that Sancho was he, she gave the whip to her palfrey, following the well-bearded barber; and upon arriving beside him, the squire leaped from the mud and went to take Dorotea in his arms, who, dismounting with great agility, went to kneel before those of Don Quixote; and although he struggled to raise her, she, without rising, spoke to him in this manner:

From here I shall rise, valiant and valiant knight!, until your kindness and courtesy grant me a gift, which will bring honor and esteem to your person and for the most desolate and aggrieved maiden that the sun has seen.

And if the value of your strong arm corresponds to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favor the unfortunate one who comes from so distant lands, seeking you for relief of her misfortunes, guided by the scent of your famous name.

"I will not answer you a single word, beautiful lady," Don Quixote replied, "nor hear more of your affairs until you rise from the ground."

"I will not rise, sir," she replied, "unless you first grant me the gift I ask for."

I grant and concede it—said Don Quixote—as it should not be fulfilled to the detriment or diminution of my king, my country, and that which comes from my heart and liberty, possessing the key.

"It will not be to the detriment or diminution of what you say," the painful maiden replied.

And in this, Sancho Panza reached his lord's ear and he said to him, "Very little."

Might your Lordship grant him the boon he asks, which is nothing of consequence: it is merely killing a giant, and this one he desires is the high princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomiconia in Ethiopia.

"No matter who it may be," replied Don Quixote; "I will do what I am obliged to do, and what my conscience dictates to me, according to what I profess."

And returning to the maiden, she said:

Your great beauty shall rise, that I may grant you the gift you wish to ask of me.

"What I ask," said the maid, "is that your most magnanimous person come with me forthwith where I shall take you, and promise me that he shall not meddle in another adventure nor bring any lawsuit until I have delivered vengeance upon a traitor who, against all divine and human right, has usurped my kingdom."

"I tell you that I give it to you," Don Quixote replied; and so, madam, from this moment forth, you may cast aside the melancholy that tires you, and make your despondent hope revive with new vigor and strength; that, with the help of God and my arm, you will soon be restored to your kingdom and seated in the chair of your former and great state, despite and in defiance of those fools who would contradict it.

The persistent maid struggled with much insistence to kiss his hands; but Don Quixote, who in everything was a measured and courteous knight, never allowed it; instead he made her raise her hands and embraced her with much courtesy and restraint, and ordered Sancho to have the girths of Rocinante adjusted and to saddle him immediately.

Sancho unclipped the arms, which were hanging from a tree as a trophy, and, fixing the straps, he armed his lord; who, seeing him armed, said:

Let's go, in the name of God, to support this great lady.

The barber was still on his knees, taking great care to conceal his laughter, and to prevent his beard from falling, whose fall might have caused everyone to lose their good intentions; and seeing that the gift was already granted and with the diligence that Don Quixote was preparing to fulfill it, he rose and

took his lady by the other hand, and together they climbed into the mule; then Don Quixote mounted Rocinante, and the barber arranged himself on his horse, Sancho remained on foot, where he once again felt the loss of his russet color, due to the deficiency he then suffered; but all this he carried with pleasure, as if his lord were already on his way, and very near to becoming emperor; for without a doubt he thought that he would marry that princess, and at least be king of Micomicon.

It only gave him gloom to think that kingdom was in black people's land, and that those who gave him vassals would all be black; to which he then in his imagination devised a good remedy, and said to himself: "What is given to me so that my vassals are black? There's more than to bear them and bring them to Spain, where I could sell them, and for whom I would be paid in full, with whose money I could buy some title, or some office, with which to live peacefully every day of my life? No, but you sleep, and have no intelligence or skill to manage things, and to sell thirty or ten thousand vassals – give me those fools! For God's sake, I'll fly them, you young scoundrel, and whatever color they are, I'll make them white or yellow! Come on, take my finger!" With this he walked so eager and pleased that he forgot the gloom of walking on foot.

They all watched this from the Cardenio bren■as, and the priest, and they didn't know what to do to join them; but the priest, who was a great schemer, later imagined what they would do to get what they wanted, and so with scissors he brought in a pouch, he quickly shaved Cardenio's beard, and put on a dark cap he had, and gave him a black belt, and he remained in stockings and a jerkin; and he looked so different from what he had previously appeared as, that he himself didn't recognize him, even when he looked in a mirror.

Having done this, since the others had already advanced while they disguised themselves, they easily emerged onto the main road before them, because the thickets and bad footing of those places did not allow those on horseback to travel so easily as those on foot.

In effect, they put themselves in the plain, at the exit of the sierra, and just as Don Quixote and his companions emerged, the priest began to look at him very closely, giving signs that he was recognizing him, and after having watched him for a good while, he opened his arms and shouted at the top of his voice:

May the mirror of chivalry be found well, my good patriot Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of courtesy, the protection and remedy for the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant.

And saying this, he had Don Quixote embracing his left knee; who, frightened by what he saw and heard that man say and do, began to look with attention, and finally recognized him, and was frightened to see him, and made great effort to get away; but the cleric did not allow it, and Don Quixote said: Please, my lord, it is not reasonable that I be on horseback, and a person as venerable as yourself be on foot.

"I will not consent to that in any way whatsoever – said the priest – You must make your greatness on horseback, for when one is on horseback, the greatest misdeeds and adventures that have been seen in our age end; that I, though an unworthy priest, am content to mount on the flanks of these mules belonging to these lords who walk with your grace, if they have not done so out of anger; and even I shall fancy myself a knight riding on the horse Pegasus, or on the zebra or alaph that that famous Moor Muzaraque rode, who still lies enchanted on the great hill of Zulema, which is not far from the great Compluto."

"I haven't fallen so deeply into it yet, my learned lord – replied Don Quixote; – and I know that your lady, the princess, will be served, by my love, to give your esteemed one that chair of hers; he can sit down on them, if she finds them comfortable."

"If you suffer," she replied, "and I also know that you needn't send it to the lord my retainer; for he is so courteous and so courtly, that he wouldn't allow a cleric to ride, but rather ride on horseback."

That's how it is – the barber replied.

And he brought him to a point, inviting the priest with the chair, and he took it without making much of a fuss.

And it was the badness that, when the barber climbed onto the hips, that is, who, in fact, was for rent, to say that it was bad enough, raised his hindquarters a bit, and gave two blows in the air, that to give them in the chest of Amase Nicolas, or in the head, he gave the devil the fall, by Don Quixote.

With all that, he was startled so much that he fell to the ground, with such little care for his beard, which fell to the floor; and seeing himself without it, he had no other remedy than to cover his face with both hands and to complain that his molars had knocked him down.

Don Quixote, seeing all that tangled mass of beards, without jowls and without blood, far from the face of the fallen squire, said:

"Praise God, what a great miracle is this! His beard has fallen and been pulled from his face, as if plucked out in the open!"

The priest, seeing the danger that his invention would be discovered, then went to the beards and placed them where Nicholas still spoke, and with his head against his chest, he placed them murmuring words upon him, which he said was a proper balm for beards, as he would see; and when he had them put on, he stepped aside and the squire was so well bearded and so healthy as before, that Don Quixote was especially amazed, and he begged the priest to teach him that balm when it happened; for he understood that his virtue was not only to trim beards, but should extend, since it was clear that when beards were removed, the flesh would be scarred and ailing, and that, since it healed all things, it would also be useful beyond trimming beards.

"That's right," the priest said, and promised to teach him the first time.

It was arranged that the priest would come then, and they would move in pieces, the three of them, until they reached the sale, which was two leagues from there.

With the three on horseback—that is, Don Quixote, the princess, and the curate—and the three on foot—Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza—Don Quixote said to the maiden:

Your Majesty, my lady, guide me wherever you desire.

Before she could answer, the licentiate said:

To what kingdom does your lordship wish to guide? Is it, perhaps, to Micomicon? If it must be, I know little of kingdoms.

She, who was competent in everything, understood that she had to answer yes, and so she said, "Yes, sir: to that kingdom is my path."

"If that is so – said the priest –, we shall pass through half my town, and from there your grace will take the defeat of Cartagena, where you can embark with good fortune; and if there is a favorable wind, calm seas and no storm, you will be within sight of the great Meona lagoon in less than nine years, I say, Meotides, which is little more than one hundred journeys from the kingdom of your greatness."

"Your grace is bewildered, my lord – she said; for it has not been two years since I departed, and in truth, I never had good time, and, with all that, I have come to see what I so much desired, that is to the lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose news reached my ears just as I set foot in Spain, and which moved me to seek him, to entrust myself in his courtesy and rely on my justice of the worth of his invincible arm."

-No, sir; let my praises cease – said Don Quixote to this squire – because I am an enemy of all kinds of flattery; and though this one isn't, it still offends my noble ears like plastic ones.

What I know to say, my dear madam, that whether you have value or not, what you have or do not have must be employed in your service until death; and thus, leaving this for his time, I beg the learned gentleman to tell me what is the cause that has brought him to these parts alone, and so lightly, that it frightens me.

"To that I will respond with brevity," the priest replied; "for you know, my lord Don Quixote, that I and Master Nicolás, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to collect a certain sum of money that a distant relative of mine, who has been away to the Indies for many years, had sent me, and not a few, no more than sixty thousand pesos in coin; and passing yesterday through these places, four highwaymen met us and robbed us clean; and in such a way they robbed us, that the barber had to put on false ones; and even to this young man over there – pointing to Cardenio – they put on as if he were new."

And it's a good reputation, publicly known because of these circumstances that those who jumped us on were some galleys who say that Libertó, almost in this very place, a man so valiant, that despite the commissary and the guards, he freed them all; and, without a doubt, he must have been out of his mind, or he must have been so wicked as they were, or some man without soul and without conscience, because he wanted to free the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the chickens, the fly

among the honey: he wanted to defraud justice, to go against his king and natural lord, because it was against his just commandments; he wanted, I say, to take the galleys out of their feet, to stir up the Holy Brotherhood, which had been resting for many years; he wanted, finally, to do an act by which he would lose his soul and not gain his body.

Sancho told the priest and the barber about the adventure of the windmills, which his master ended with so much glory for himself, and for this reason the priest reinforced it, to see what Quixote did or said; to whom the color changed with every word, and he dared not say that he had been the liberator of that good people.

-These, then – the priest said – were the ones who stole from us.

May God, by his mercy, forgive him who did not allow him to be led to the due punishment.

Chapter 30: Concerning the discretion of the beautiful Dorotea, and other pleasant and amusing things.

As the priest was finishing, Sancho said:

-Well, my dear, sir, the one who made that commotion was my lord, and not because I didn't tell him beforehand and warn him to watch what he was doing, that it was a sin to give them freedom, because everyone went there as very fine and magnificent birds.

"A stablehand," said Don Quixote to this fellow, "it does not concern knights-errant to inquire whether the afflicted, chained, and oppressed whom they find on the roads go in that manner or are in that anguish, because of their faults, or because of their misfortunes; it only concerns them to help them as they are in need, focusing on their sorrows, rather than their solicitations."

I found a rosary and a sateen of miserable and unhappy people, and I did with them what my religion asks of me, and as for what's beyond that, I say those who have found it disagreeable, save for the lord attorney's noble dignity and person, know little of the art of chivalry, and lie like a scoundrel and a bad man; and I will make him know this with my sword, where it is most contained.

And he said it, anchoring himself in the bulwarks and sinking the deck; for the barber's basin, which in itself was Mambrino's helmet, hung suspended from the fore topsail, bearing the marks of the ill treatment inflicted by the galleys.

Dorotea, who was discreet and possessed great grace, as someone who already knew the waning humor of Don Quixote and who everyone mocked, did not want to be any less so, and seeing him so enraged, she said to him:

My lord, accept the gift that you have promised me, and which, according to it, cannot be involved in another adventure, however urgent it may be; calm your breast, for had the learned gentleman known that those invincible arms had liberated the galleys, he would give three points in his mouth, and even bite his tongue three times, before uttering a word that would be to your lordship's detriment.

-I swear it, I do – said the priest –, and he still would have taken my beard off.

"I will be silent, my dear madam," said Don Quixote, "and suppress the just anger that had already risen in my breast, and I will remain quiet and peaceful until you fulfill the promised gift; but, in payment for this good disposition, I beg you to tell me, if it does you no harm, what is yours – your wish – and how many, who and what are the people from whom I have to give you complete and satisfied revenge."

I'll do it, dear –Dorotea replied– if it doesn't anger you to hear such sad and unfortunate things.

"Don't you be angry, my dear," he replied.

Dorotea replied:

Indeed, be attentive, my lords.

She hadn't said this, when Cardenio and the barber were beside her, eager to see how she feigned her story with the discreet Dorotea, and so did Sancho, who followed her with as much deception as his master.

And she, after having settled comfortably in the chair and protecting herself by coughing and making other gestures, began to say in this way:

Firstly, I want your Lordships, my lords, to know that they call me.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to fulfill your request.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to complete the translation.

And he stopped here a little because he had forgotten the name the priest had given him; but he took the matter in hand, because he understood what he was mistaken about, and said:

It is not a marvel, my dear, that your greatness is disturbed and upset by recounting your misfortunes; they are such that they often erase the memory of those who mistreat them, to such an extent that even their own names are forgotten, as has happened with your great lordship, which has been forgotten that it is called Princess Micomicona, legitimate heir to the great kingdom of Micomicona; and with this reminder, your greatness can now easily reduce to its wounded memory everything it wishes to recount.

"That is the truth," the maid replied, "and from here on out, I don't believe I'll need to record anything; I'll manage my true story well enough on my own."

The story is that my father, King Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call the art of magic, and through his science he discovered that my mother, who was called Queen Jaramilla, was to die before him, and that soon after he too would pass from this life, and I would be orphaned of both parents.

But he said that he did not trouble himself so much about it as it perplexed him to know, by a very certain thing, that a colossal giant, lord of a large island, which almost bordered our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Dark View (because it is ascertained that, although he has his eyes in their place and right, he always looks backwards, as if he were a fool, and he does this to frighten those who look at him), knew that this giant, knowing my orphaned state, would pass over my kingdom with great power, and would take everything from me, without leaving me a small village where I might find refuge; but that he could excuse all this misfortune if I would only marry him; however, to what he understood, he never thought that he would come to me in the wish to make such an unequal marriage; and in this he spoke the pure truth, because it has never passed through his mind to marry that giant, nor with any other, however great and mad he might be.

My father also told me that after he was dead and I had seen it, Pandafilando would begin to pass over my kingdom, that I should not wait to defend myself, because it would be to destroy me, but rather freely allow him to seize the kingdom, if he wished to excuse the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, because it would not be possible to defend myself against the devilish force of the giant; but rather, afterward, with some of mine, I would set out for Spain, where I would find a cure for my ills, finding a knight errant, whose fame at this time would extend throughout this kingdom; who was to be called, if I do not misremember, Don Azote or Don Gigote.

Don Quixote would say, "Madam – said this rustic Sancho Panza – or, by another name, the Knight of the Sad Countenance."

That's the truth," Dorotea said.

He said more: that he would be tall of body, lean of face, and that on the right side, below the left shoulder, or around that area, he would have a brown spot with certain hairs like bristles.

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

Here, Sancho, son, help me undress, that I may see if I am the knight that wise king prophesied.

"Why do you want to undress yourselves?" Dorotea said.

"To see if I have that mole that your father said-" replied Don Quixote.

"There's no need to undress," said Sancho; "I know that your lordship has a mole quite plainly on the middle of his back, which is a sign of a strong man."

"That's enough," said Dorotea; "for with friends one need not look at small things, and whether he is at your shoulder or your back matters little: it is enough that there be sympathy, and he will be where he is; for all is one flesh; and, without a doubt, my good father was right in everything, and I have been right in entrusting myself to the good knight Don Quixote; for he is the one for whom my father said so, because the signs of the face come with those of the good reputation that this knight has, not only in Spain, but throughout La Mancha, because as soon as I had landed in Osuna, when I heard him tell such tales, he immediately gave me what I had come to seek."

-How did your grace land in Osuna, my lady –asked Don Quixote–, since it is not a seaport?

Before Dorotea could speak, the priest took her hand and said:

She must mean that after I landed in Malaga, the first part where you heard about you was in Osuna.

"That's what I meant to say," Dorotea said.



-And this leads the way -said the priest-; and proceed, Your Majesty, ahead.

"One must not continue," replied Dorotea, "but rather, my luck has been so good in finding Lord Quixote, that I now count him as my husband and mistress of all my kingdom, for he, by his courtesy and magnificence, has promised me the gift of going with him wherever I take him, that it will not be to any other place than to put him before Pandafilando de la Fosca Vista, to kill him, and restore to me what so unreasonably has been usurped from me; all this is to happen by word of mouth, as my good father, Tacrario the Wise, had prophesied it; and he had also said it, and written in Chaldean or Greek letters, that I would not know how to read it, that if this knight of prophecy, after having slain the giant, should wish to marry me, I would immediately grant him as my lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with that of my person."

"What do you think, Sancho friend?" he said at this point, Don Quixote.

Don't you hear what's happening? Didn't I tell you? See if we already have a kingdom to rule and a queen to marry.

"I swear it—said Sancho—that the bastard won't marry by opening Pandro's purse! It's awful, the queen wants it! May fleas from the bed plague me!"

And saying this, he kicked up his heels in the air, with expressions of immense delight, and then went to take the reins of Dorotea's mud, and making her stop, he knelt on his knees before her, begging her to give him her hands to kiss, as a sign that she received him as her queen and mistress.

Who wouldn't have laughed at the servants, seeing the madness of their master and the simplicity of the attendant? Indeed, Dorotea had made her promises, and she had promised her that she would make her a great lord in her kingdom, when the heavens would do her so much good that they would let her take and enjoy it.

Sancho thanked him with such words, renewing the laughter in everyone.

"This, gentlemen—continued Dorotea—is my story; all that remains to tell you is that of all the company I had from my kingdom, I am left only with this good, humble squire, because everyone was swept away in a great storm we had in sight of the port, and he and I got out on two planks from the earth, by a miracle; and thus, it is all miracle and mystery the course of my life, as you have noticed."

And if in anything I have wandered too far, or not as wisely as I should, blame it on what the learned gentleman said at the beginning of my story: that continuous and extraordinary labors rob the memory of those who suffer them.

"That won't frighten me, you, noble and valiant lady!" – said Don Quixote –, "I'll endure countless hardships serving you, however great or unseen you may be; and thus, I once more confirm the gift I promised you and swear to go with you to the ends of the world, until I, with the help of God and my arm, shall cut off your proud head with the edges of these."

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Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

I don't want to say good sword, thanks to Ginebras de Pasamonte, who took my own.

He said between his teeth, and continued saying:

And after having cut it in pieces and placed it in peaceful possession of your state, you will be free to do with your person whatever most accords to your character, for while I have the memory occupied and the will captivated, the understanding lost, to that one.

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Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to translate it into English.

And I don't say more, it's not possible for me to marry, not even if it were with the phoenix.

It seemed so badly to Sancho what his master had lately said about not wanting to marry, that, with great anger, raising his voice, he said:

I vow to you, and swear by my word, that you, Lord Don Quixote, have sound judgment: how is it possible that you doubt that you, in marrying such a high princess as this one, should be offered fortune after such a lucky turn of events? Do you think he will offer him fortune after such a fortunate turn of events? Is she, by virtue of that, more beautiful than my lady Dulcinea? No, certainly, not even with half, and I still say that she does not even reach her shoe before this one.

So, I'll surely reach the county I hope for, if your Lordships are busy messing about in the Gulf.

Cast him, cast him then, I commend to Satan, and take that kingdom that comes into your hands, and in being king, make me marquis or ensign, and then, even if the devil takes it all.

Don Quixote, having heard such blasphemies said against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it; and, raising his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho or saying "this mouth is mine," he gave him such a beating that he brought him down; and if it were not because Dorotea called out to him not to give him more, without doubt he would have taken his life there.

"You think, villainous scoundrel, that there will always be room for me to put my hand on your back, and that everything will be for you to err and for me to forgive? Don't think that, wretched rogue, that it certainly is the case, because you have spoken in your mouth about the incomparable Dulcinea."

And you don't know it, Ganín, Faquir, Belitre, that if it weren't for the value she infuses in my arm, I wouldn't have the strength to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperous-tongued scoundrels, and who do you think has won this kingdom and beheaded this giant, and made you, Marquis, that all this I already consider done and settled, if it's not the value of Dulcinea, taking my arm as instrument of her mischiefs? She fights in me, and wins in me, and I live and breathe in her, and I have life and being.

Oh, you miserable fool, and how you are ungrateful: you see yourselves raised from the dust of the earth to be lord of title, and you correspond to such good work with saying evil of who made it for you! Sancho wasn't so dilapidated that he didn't hear everything his master told him; and rising with a little speed, he went to position himself behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from there said to his master:

Tell me, sir: if your grace has determined not to marry this great princess, of course it will not be your kingdom; and since it is not, what favors can you do me? That is what I complain about; marry your grace one by one with this queen, now that we have her here like a gift from heaven, and then she can return with my lady Dulcinea; there have surely been kings in the world who have been kept as favorites.

Regarding beauty, I don't interfere; that, truly, if he's going to say it, they both seem well to me, since I've never seen the lady Dulcinea.

"How come you haven't seen her, traitorous blasphemer?" – said Don Quixote.

Well, don't you just bring me a message from him?

"I tell you I haven't seen her so slowly—said Sancho—that I could have noticed particularly her beauty and her good qualities point by point; but like that, in bulk, it seems good enough."

"Now I forgive you," said Don Quixote, "and forgive me the anger that I have given you; that the first movements are not in the hands of men."

"I see it," Sancho replied; and thus, in me the desire to speak is always first movement, and I cannot stop myself from saying, just once, what comes to my tongue."

-With all that—said Don Quixote—look, Sancho, at what you're saying; because so often the thrush goes to the fountain.

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and I'm not telling you more.

"Now," Sancho replied, "God is in heaven, who sees the traps, and will be judge of whoever does more evil: I in not speaking well, or your lordship in not doing so."

"There is no more –said Dorotea– run, Sancho, and kiss my lord's hand, and beg forgiveness, and from this time forward walk more attentively in your praises and complaints, and do not speak ill of that lady Tobosa, whom I do not know unless it is for service, and have confidence in God, who will not fail you in the state in which you live like a prince."

Sancho approached with a lowered head and asked for her hand to his lord, and he gave it to him with a composed demeanor; and after he had kissed her, he offered her a blessing, and told Sancho to step aside a little, that he needed to ask her and converse with her about things.

of great importance

"Hizo lo así Sancho y apartaronse los dos un poco adelante, and Don Quixote said to him:"

After you arrived, I haven't had space or room to ask you many particular questions about the embassy you carried and the answer you brought; and now, since fortune has granted us time and space, don't deny me the good news you can give me.

"Ask your lordship whatever you wish," Sancho replied; "I'll give every matter such a good outlet as I received the entrance."

But I beg you, my lord, that you be not so vengeful from now on.

"Why do you say that, Sancho?" he said Don Quixote.

"Digolo – replied – because these troubles now were mainly due to the brawl that the devil had between the two of us the other night, rather than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and revere as a relic, even though I don't have her, simply because it was your grace's concern."

"Don't bother with those plastics, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "they give me a gloomy feeling; now forgive you then, and you well know that it is usually said: 'To a new sin, a new penance.'"

As this was happening, they saw a knight riding on a donkey along the road they were traveling, and when he came close they thought he was a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, no matter where he went he lost his eyes and his soul, as soon as he saw the man he realized he was Gines de Pasamonte, and from the thread of the gypsy he pulled the skein from his donkey, which was indeed the mule upon which Pasamonte had come; who, because he wasn't known and in order to sell the donkey, had put on a gypsy costume, with which he knew how to speak, along with many others, as if they were his own.

"Violent Sancho, and he recognized him; and as soon as he had seen and known him, he shouted at him."

-Oh, rogue Ginesillo! Give me back my cloak, release my life, don't spoil my rest, give me back my donkey, give me back my gift! Flee, wretch; depart, rogue, and abandon what is not yours!

So few words were needed, nor such pomp, because Gines sprang forward and, taking a trot that seemed like a race, he disappeared and distanced himself from everyone.

Sancho arrived at his master's camp, and, embracing him, he said:

How have you been, my darling, my rugged one, my companion?

And with that, he kissed and caressed her, as if she were a person.

The donkey remained silent and allowed Sancho to kiss and caress him, without answering him in any way.

Everyone arrived and congratulated him on the discovery of the rye, especially Don Quixote, who said that it did not annul the policy of the three bumblebees.

Sancho thanked him.

As they went on in these conversations, the priest told Dorotea that she had been very discreet, both in the story and in the brevity of it, and in its similarity to those of the chivalry books.

She said that she had spent many hours amusing herself with the dolls; but that she didn't know where the provinces or ports were, and that, therefore, she had told someone that she had landed in Osuna.

-I understood it that way," the priest said, "and that's why I subsequently came to say what I said, so everything was arranged.

But isn't it strange to see with what ease this hapless, noble gentleman conceives all these inventions and lies, simply because he adopts the style and manner of the foolishness in his books?

"Yes, it is," said Cardenio; "and so rare and never seen, that I don't know if, wanting to invent and fabricate it falsely, I would have such a sharp wit that I could hit upon it."

"There's another thing about it," said the priest: "aside from the simple notions that this good gentleman holds concerning his madness, if he is treated of other things, he discourses with very reasonable arguments and shows to have a clear and tranquil understanding in all matters; so that, if his chivalrous pursuits are not touched upon, no one will judge him except as a man of very good understanding."

While they were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote continued with his, and said to Sancho: Let's, Fat Belly, let the hairy ones go to the sea with these of our grievances, and tell me now, without counting on any anger or resentment: Where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she answer? What face did she make when she read my letter? Who brought it to her? And everything you see that in this case is worthy of being known, questioned, and satisfied, without you adding anything or lying to please me, nor, least of all, do you interfere to take it away from me.

Sancho replied, "If you're going to tell the truth, no one gave me this letter, because I didn't bring any letter."

"That's how you say it," said Don Quixote, "because the little book of memory where I wrote her down I found in my possession after two days of your departure, which caused me great sorrow, for not knowing what you would do when you saw yourself without a letter, and I always believed you would return from the place where you cast it least."

"If so be it – Sancho replied –, if I hadn't taken her to memory when your lordships read it to me, such that I told it to a sacristan, who brought it to understanding point by point, he said that in all the days of his life, although he had read many letters of discord, he hadn't seen or read such a lovely letter as that."

-Do you still have it in your memory, Sancho? -said Don Quixote.

-No, señor –respondió Sancho–, porque una vez que la di, como vi que no iba a ser de más provecho, la olvidé, y sí, algo se me acuerda, es aquello del sobajada, digo, del soberana señora, y lo último: Vuestro hasta la muerte, el Caballero de la Triste Figura.

And in the midst of those two things, I put more than three hundred souls, and lives, and eyes of mine.

Chapter 30: Concerning the discretion of the beautiful Dorothea, with other pleasant and amusing things.

As the priest was finishing, Sancho said:

-Well, my dear lady, the one who made that commotion was my lord, and not because I hadn't told him beforehand and warned him to watch what he was doing, that it was a sin to give them freedom, because everyone was there in very fine condition.

"A stable," said Don Quixote to this fellow—"it does not concern knights-errant to ascertain whether the afflicted, chained, and oppressed whom they find upon the roads go in that manner or are in that anguish, because of their sins, or because of their misfortunes; it only concerns them to help them as those in need, focusing on their sorrows, not on their obsequiousness."

I found a rosary and scapularian garment of damp and miserable people, and I did with them what my religion demands, and as for those beyond, I say that, save for the noble dignity of the learned lord and his honorable person, they know little of the chivalry of the lance, and they lie like a scoundrel and a bad-bred man; and I will make him know this with my sword, where they contain themselves the longest.

And he said this, anchoring himself in the swells and sinking the morrow; for the barber's basin, which in itself was Mambrino's helm, hung suspended from the forward yard, until it would rectify the ill treatment inflicted by the galleys.

Dorothea, who was discreet and possessed great grace, as someone who already knew Don Quixote's waning humor and who everyone mocked, did not want to be any less so, and seeing him so enraged, she said to him:

My lord, accept the gift you have promised me, and which, according to it, cannot be involved in another adventure, however urgent it may be; calm your breast, for had the learned gentleman known that those invincible arms had been employed to liberate the galleys, he would give three points in his mouth, and even bite his tongue three times before uttering a word that would be to your lordship's detriment.

"I swear it, truly," the priest said, "and he even would have shaved off my beard."

"I will be silent, my dear madam," said Don Quixote, "and repress the just anger that had already risen in my breast, and I will remain quiet and peaceful until you fulfill the promised gift; but, in payment for this good disposition, I beg you to tell me, if it does you harm, what is your wish, and how many, who are they, and what are the people from whom I have to give you full, satisfied, and complete vengeance."

I'll do it, dear – Dorothea replied – if it doesn't anger you to hear such sad and unfortunate things.

"Don't you be angry, my dear," he replied.

Dorothea responded:

Please, be attentive, my lords.

She hadn't said this; when Cardenio and the barber were close by, eager to see how discreet Dorothea feigned her story, and so did Sancho, who followed her with as much deception as his master.

And she, after having settled herself comfortably in the chair and protecting herself by coughing and making various gestures, began to say in this way:

Firstly, I want your most esteemed lords to know that they call me.

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And he stopped here a little because he had forgotten the name the priest had put on him; but he realized the matter, and he understood what he was referring to, and said:

It's no wonder, my dear, that your greatness is disturbed and hampered by recounting your misfortunes; they are such that they often erase the memory of those who mistreat them, to such an extent that even their own names are forgotten, as they have forgotten your great lordship, which is known as the Princess Micomicona, legitimate heir to the great kingdom of Micomicon; and with this reminder, your greatness can now easily reduce to your wounded memory everything it wishes to recount.

"That is the truth," the maid replied, "and from here on out I don't think I'll need to take notes; I'll manage my true story well enough on my own."

The story is that my father, King Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call the art of magic, and through his science he discovered that my mother, who was called Queen Jaramilla, was to die before him, and that soon after he too would pass from this life, and I would be orphaned by both parents.

But he said that he didn't trouble himself so much about it as it confused him to know, by a very certain thing, that a colossal giant, lord of a large island, almost bordering our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Dark View (because it is ascertained that, although he has his eyes in their place and right, he always looks backwards, as if he were a pickle, and he does this to frighten and terrify those who look at him), knew that this giant, knowing my orphan status, was to pass over my kingdom with great power, and he was to take everything from me, without leaving me a small village where I could take refuge; but that he could excuse all this trouble and misfortune if I were to marry him; however, to what he understood, he never thought that he would come to me in the will to make such an unequal marriage; and in this, the pure truth, because it has never passed through his mind to marry that giant, nor with anyone else, no matter how great and outrageous they might be.

My father also told me that after he was dead and I had seen it, Pandafilando began to pass over my kingdom, that I should not wait for me to take up my defense, because it would be my destruction, but rather freely allow him to seize the kingdom, if he wished to excuse the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, because it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the devilish force of the giant; but rather, afterwards, with some of mine, I would set out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for my ills, finding a knight errant, whose fame in this time would extend throughout this kingdom; which was to be called, if I remember rightly, Don Azote or Don Gigote.

Don Quixote would say, "Madam –said this rustic Sancho Panza–, or, by another name, the Knight of the Sad Countenance."

That's the truth – Dorotea said.

He said more: that he would be tall, with a dry face, and that on the right side, below the left shoulder, or somewhere around there, there would be a brown mole with certain hairs like bristles.

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

Here, Sancho, son, help me undress, that I may see if I am the knight that wise king prophesied.

"Why do you want to undress yourselves?" Dorotea said.

"To see if I have that mole that your father said—" Quijote replied.

"There's no need to strip off," said Sancho; "I know you have your lordship a mole on the middle of your back, which is the sign of a strong man."

"That's enough," said Dorotea; "for with friends one need not look at small things, and whether he is at your shoulder or your back matters little: it's enough that there is affection, and he is where it be; for all is one flesh; and, without a doubt, my good father was right in everything, and I have been right in trusting the Lord Don Quixote; for he is the one for whom my father said, since the signs of the face

come with those of the good reputation that this knight has, not only in Spain, but throughout La Mancha, since as soon as I had landed in Osuna, when I heard him tell such tales, he immediately gave me the soul that was what he came to seek."

-How did your grace land in Osuna, my dear lady –asked Don Quixote–, since it is not a port of the sea?

Before Dorotea could reply, the priest took her hand and said:

She must mean that after I landed in Malaga, the first part where you heard news of you was in Osuna.

"That's what I meant to say," Dorotea said.

-And this leads the way – the priest said; and proceed, Your Majesty, forward.

"One must not proceed," replied Dorotea, "but rather, my luck has been so good in finding Lord Quixote, that I now count him and regard him as my queen and mistress of all my kingdom, for he, by his courtesy and magnificence, has promised me the gift of going with him wherever I may take him, that it will not be to any other place than to place him before Pandafilando de la Fosca Vista, to kill him, and restore to me what so reasonably is taken from me; all of this must happen by word of mouth, as my good father, Tacrario the Wise, had prophesied it; and he also had said and written in Hebrew or Greek characters, that I would not learn to read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after having slain the giant, wished to marry me, I would immediately grant him as my lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with that of my person."

"What do you think, Sancho friend?" he said at this point, Don Quixote.

Don't you hear what's happening? Didn't I tell you? See if we already have an empire to rule and a queen to marry.

"I swear it – said Sancho – that damned fool won't marry by opening the Pandro's box! It's a bad omen from the queen! May fleas from the bed plague me!"

And saying this, he kicked up his heels in the air, with great enthusiasm, and then went to take the reins of Dorotea's mud, and having her stop, he knelt before her, begging her to give him her hands to kiss them, as a sign that she received him as her queen and mistress.

Who wouldn't have laughed at the circumstances, seeing the master's madness and the servant's simplicity? Indeed, Dorotea had given him everything, and promised him of making him a great lord in his kingdom, when the heavens would do him so much good, that he would be allowed to take it and enjoy it.

Sancho thanked him with such words, renewing the laughter among everyone.

"This, gentlemen – she continued – is my story; all that remains to tell you is that of all the company I had from my kingdom, I am left only with this good, sturdy page, because everyone was swept away in a great storm we had in sight of the port, and he and I got out on two planks from the land, by a miracle; and thus, it is all miracle and mystery the course of my life, as you have noticed."

And if in anything I have wandered too far, or not as wisely as I should, blame it on what the learned gentleman said at the beginning of my story: that continuous and extraordinary labors rob the memory of those who suffer them.

"That won't frighten me, you, noble and valiant lady!" – said Don Quixote –, "I shall serve you with a hundred of my own life, however great or unseen you may be; and thus, I again confirm the gift I have promised you, and I swear to go with you to the ends of the world, until I shatter with my sword and the fierce enemy's pride, that which I deem worthy of being cut off with the edges of this blade."

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I don't want to say good sword, thanks to Ginebras de Pasamonte, who took my own.

He said between his teeth, and continued saying:

And after having cut it in pieces and placed it in pacific possession of your state, you will be free to do with your person whatever most accords to your character; for as long as I have occupied my memory and captivated your will, lost my understanding, with her.

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and I don't say more, it's not possible for me to marry, even if it were with the phoenix.

It seemed so bad to Sancho what his master had said lately about not wanting to marry, that, with great anger, raising his voice, he said:

I swear to you, and I vow it before you, Lord Don Quixote, with perfect reason: how is it possible that you doubt that you should marry such a high princess as this one? Do you think that he will be offered fortune after every such fortunate setback as the one that is now offered to him? Is she, by reason of that, more beautiful than my lady Dulcinea? No, certainly, not even with half, and even I must say that she does not come near her shoe of the one before.

So, I'll surely reach the county I hope for, if your Lordships are messing about in the Gulf.

Cast it, cast it then, I commend to Satan, and take that kingdom that comes into your hands, and in being king, make me a marquis or lieutenant, and then, even if the devil takes it all.

Don Quixote, having heard such blasphemies said against his lady Dulcinea, could not endure it; and, raising his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho or saying "this mouth is mine," he gave him such a beating that he brought him down; and if it were not for Dorotea's voices that prevented him from giving him more, without doubt he would have taken his life there.

"You think, villainous scoundrel, that there will always be room for me to put my hand on your back, and that everything will be your error and my forgiveness? Don't think that, wretched degenerate, that it's undoubtedly you who's doing it, since you've spoken your mind to the incomparable Dulcinea."

And you don't know it, Gannan, Faquin, Belitre, that if it weren't for the value she infuses in my arm, I wouldn't have the strength to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperous-tongued Socarrón, and who do you think has won this kingdom and cut off the head of this giant, and made you, Markés, that all this I already consider settled and a thing decided, if it isn't the value of Dulcinea, taking my arm as instrument of her mischiefs? She fights in me, and triumphs in me, and I live and breathe in her, and I have life and being.

Oh, you contemptible fool, and how you are ungrateful: you see yourself risen from the dust of the earth to be lord of title, and you correspond to such good work with saying evil of who made it for you!

Sancho wasn't as run-down, for he didn't hear everything his master told him; and rising with a little speed, he went to position himself behind Dorotea's palfrey, and from there said to his master:

Tell me, sir: if your grace has determined not to marry this great princess, of course it will not be your kingdom; and since it is not, what favors can you do me? That is what I complain of; marry your grace one by one with this queen, now that she is here as a gift from heaven, and afterward she can return with my lady Dulcinea; there must have been kings in the world who have been kept for amusement. Regarding beauty, I don't interfere; that, truly, if he's going to say it, they both seem good to me, since I've never seen the lady Dulcinea.

"How come you haven't seen her, traitor blasphemer?" – said Don Quixote.

Well, don't you just bring me a message from him?

"I tell you I haven't seen her so slowly –said Sancho–, that I could have particularly noticed her beauty and her good points point by point; but like that, in bulk, it seems fine."

-Now I forgive you – said Don Quixote –, and forgive me the anger that I have given you; that the first movements are not in man's hands.

"I see it," Sancho replied; and thus, in me the desire to speak is always first movement, and I cannot stop myself from saying, just once, what comes to my tongue."

-With all that—said Don Quixote—look, Sancho, at what you're saying; because so many times the nightingale goes to the fountain.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

and I'm not telling you more.

"Now, Sancho replied, God is in heaven, who sees the traps, and will be judge of those who do more evil: I in not speaking well, or your grace in not doing so."

"There's no more – said Dorothea: – run, Sancho, and kiss my lord's hand, and beg forgiveness, and from this time forward walk more attentively in your praises and complaints, and do not speak ill of that lady Tobosa, whom I do not know except for service, and have confidence in God, who will not fail you in the state where you live like a prince."

Sancho approached with a lowered head and asked for her hand to his lord, and he gave it to him with a composed demeanor; and after he had kissed her, he bestowed a blessing upon her, and told Sancho to step back a little, that he had to question her and converse with her about things.

of great importance

"His it so, Sancho, and they two withdrew a little ahead, and Don Quixote said to him:"

After you arrived, I haven't had space or place to ask you many particular questions about the embassy you carried and the answer you brought; and now, since fortune has granted us time and place, don't deny me the good fortune you can give me with such good news.

"Ask your grace whatever you wish," Sancho replied; "I'll give every matter such a good outlet as I had the entrance."

But I beg you, my lord, that it not be so vengeful from now on.

"Why do you say that, Sancho?" he said Quixote.

"Digolo—responded—because these sticks were most of the time because of the brawl the devil had between the two of them the other night, rather than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and revere as a relic, although I don't have her, solely because of your grace."

-Don't bother with those plastics, Sancho, for your life -said Don Quixote-, they give me a gloomy feeling; now forgive you then, and you well know that it is usually said: "To a new sin, a new penance." As this was happening, they saw a knight riding by the road they were traveling on, and when he came near they thought he was a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, wherever he went donkeys caused his eyes and his soul to wander, scarcely had he seen the man when he recognized him as Ginés de Pasamonte, and by the thread of the gypsy he pulled the skein from his donkey, which was, in fact, the donkey on which Pasamonte had come; who, not being known and in order to sell the donkey, had put on a gypsy costume, whose language, and many others, he knew how to speak, as if they were his own.

"I, Sancho Panza, have met him, and barely had I seen and known him when I shouted at him."

-Oh, rogue Ginesillo! Give me back my belongings, release my life, don't spoil my rest, give me back my donkey, give me back my gift! Flee, scoundrel; depart, rogue, and abandon what is not yours!

So few words were needed, so few displays of concern, because Gine's was immediately upon him, taking a trot that seemed like a race, and at a point he disappeared and distanced himself from everyone.

Sancho arrived at his master's camp, and, embracing him, he said:

How have you been, my dear, my rugged one, my companion?

And with this he kissed and caressed her, as if she were a person.

The donkey remained silent and allowed himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him in any way.

Everyone arrived and congratulated him on the discovery of the rucio, especially Don Quixote, who said that it didn't annul the policy of the three pollinators.

Sancho thanked him.

As they went on with these conversations, the priest told Dorotea that she had been very discreet, both in the story and in the brevity of it and in its similarity to those of the chivalry books.

She said she had spent many hours amusing herself with the bells; but that she didn't know where the provinces or ports were, and that, therefore, she had said by accident that she had disembarked in Osuna.

"I understood it that way," the priest said, "and that's why I later came to say what I said, so that everything was arranged."

But isn't it strange to see with what ease this unfortunate, self-important man creates all these inventions and lies, simply because he adopts the style and manner of the follies in his books?

"Yes, it is," said Cardenio; "and so rare and never seen, that I don't know if, wanting to invent and fabricate it falsely, I would have such a sharp wit that I could find it."



"There is another thing in it," the priest said: "aside from the simplicity that this good gentleman speaks of regarding his madness, if he is treated of other things, he discourses with very reasonable arguments and shows having a clear and peaceful understanding in all matters; so, if his chivalrous exploits are not touched upon, no one will judge him except for his very good understanding."

As they went on in this conversation, Don Quixote continued with his, and said to Sancho:

Let's, Friend Belly, let the hairy ones go to sea with this matter of our grievances, and tell me now, without harboring any anger or resentment: Where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she answer? What face did she make when she read my letter? Who delivered it to her? And everything you see that is here worthy of knowing, of wondering about, and satisfying, without adding anything or lying to please me, nor, least of all, interfering to take it from her.

Sancho replied, "If you're going to tell the truth, no one brought me a letter, because I didn't have a letter."

"That's how you say it," said Don Quixote, "because the little book of memory where I wrote her down I found in my possession after the lapse of two days of your departure, which caused me great sorrow, for not knowing what you would do when you found yourself without a letter, and I always believed you would return from the place where you cast it least."

"As it may be – Sancho replied –, if I hadn't taken her to memory when your lordships read it to me, and I told it to a sacristan, who conveyed it to me point by point, he said that in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of discord, he hadn't seen or read such a lovely letter as that."

-Do you still have it in your memory, Sancho? - said Don Quixote.

"No, señor –answered Sancho–, because once I gave it to him, as I saw it wouldn't be of much use, I forgot about it, and if something occurs to me, it's that of 'sobajada,' I mean, of 'soberana sen■ora,' and finally: 'Vuestro hasta la muerte, the Knight of the Sad Figure.'"

And in the midst of those two things, I put more than three hundred souls, and lives, and eyes of mine.  
Chapter 31: Of the savory arguments that passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza his squire, with other events

-That doesn't dissatisfy me; go on ahead—said Don Quixote.

You arrived, and what was the beautiful queen doing? Surely she was embroidering pearls or some enterprise with cinnamon gold, for your captive knight.

—Don't find fault with her — Sancho replied — but rather for having thrown two handfuls of wheat into a corral of her house.

"Now, imagine," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were pearls, touched by his hands."

And if you looked, my friend, was the wheat candéal, or trechel?

—It was only blonde—Sancho replied.

"Well, I assure you," said Don Quixote, "that, having been beset by her hands, he made cardoon bread, without a doubt."

But let's move on: when you gave me the letter, did he kiss it? Did he hand it to him over the head? Did he perform any ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did he do?

"When I was going to give it to her," Sancho replied, "she was fleeing from the threshing of a good portion of wheat she had in the winnowing basket, and she told me, 'Put that letter on that sack; I can't read it until I've finished winnowing everything that's here.'"

Please provide the text you would like me to translate from Spanish to English. I need the Spanish text to be able to fulfill your request.

"Madam, please!" Quixote said.

That must have been because she read it slowly and enjoyed it.

Come on, Sancho.

And while you were in your distress, what conversations did you have with me? What did you ask me about me? And you, what did you answer him? Tell me everything; don't let a single detail be lost.

-She didn't ask me anything – said Sancho; but I told her in such a way that you, by your service, were making penance, naked from the waist up, crammed between these mountains as if he were a savage, sleeping on the ground, without eating bread from a tablecloth nor combing his beard, weeping, and cursing his fortune.

"To say that you cursed my fortune, you speak wrongly," said Don Quixote; "because before I bless it and will bless it every day of my life, for having made me worthy of deserving to love so high a lady like Dulcinea of Toboso."

-It's so high – Sancho replied – that it leads me to it by more than a span.

—Well, how about Sancho? —said Don Quixote.

Have you measured yourself against her?

"I told him," Sancho replied, "that when I helped to put a sack of wheat on a donkey, we got so close together that I could see I was carrying more than a great palmful."

"Well, it's true," replied Don Quixote, "that he does not accompany that grandeur and adorns it with a million souls' thanks! But you won't deny me, Sancho, one thing: when you arrived beside her, didn't you sense a fragrant smell, an aromatic scent, and something indescribable that I cannot name? I mean, like a scent of a curious, well-stocked cabinet?"

"What I should say," Sancho said, "is that I smelled a bit coarse; and it must be that she, with all the exercise, was sweaty and a bit flushed."

– That wouldn't be it – Don Quixote replied; – if you should have been romanized, or you should have smelled yourself; because I know well what that rose among thorns, that field lily, that spilled amber smells like.

"Anything can be," Sancho replied; "for often that smell that then seemed to come from her grace, the lady Dulcinea, would come from me; but there's no need to marvel, for one devil looks like another."

"Well –Quixote continued–, here is that I have just cleaned your wheat and sent it to the mill."

What did he do when he read the letter?

"The letter," said Sancho, "he didn't read it, because he said he couldn't read or write; he scratched it up and made small pieces of it, saying he didn't want to have it read by anyone, because its secrets wouldn't be known in the place, and that it was enough of what I had told him in word about the love that they had for him and the extraordinary penance that he was making for it."

And, finally, he told me to say to you that he was kissing your hands, and that was where he arranged to see you more than to write to you; and that, thus, he begged and commanded me that, upon seeing this, you would leave those thickets and cease making foolishness, and then set off towards the Toboso, if anything more important did not occur, because he had a great desire to see you.

He blushed greatly when I told you how your grace, the Knight of the Sad Figure, was called.

I asked him if the Basque had been there before; he told me yes, and that he was a very good man.

I also asked him about the galeotes; but he told me he hadn't seen any yet.

-Everything is going well so far - said Don Quixote.

But tell me: what jewel did you give to the squire, maid, or dwarf who carried your message, from your lady or lord, as a token of gratitude for their errand?

That might be so, and I hold her in good esteem; but that must have been in past times; for now one is only accustomed to give a piece of bread and cheese, which is what my lady Dulcinea gave me, from the fences of a corral, when I parted from her; and furthermore, it was the sheep cheese.

"It's excessively liberal," said Don Quixote; "and if he didn't give you a gold bracelet, it was certainly because he wouldn't have it at hand to give you; but good are sleeves after Easter: I will see them, and everything will be satisfied."

Do you know what I am astonished about, Sancho? That it seems you were lifted into the air and brought back, for it has only taken you three days to go and come from here to Toboso, having traveled over thirty leagues between them; by which I understand that that wise

a necromancer who has a claim to my things and is my friend (because by force there must be one, and there should be, it's a pity that I wouldn't be a good knight errant), I say that such a one must have helped you to walk, without you noticing; that there are wise ones who take a knight errant sleeping in his bed, and without knowing how or in what way, another day a thousand leagues further than where he had gone to sleep.

And if it were not for this, the wandering knights could not rescue each other from their dangers, as they do at every step; it happens that one is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with a dragon or some fierce remnant, or with another knight, where he suffers the worst of the battle and is already on the point of death, and when you don't notice it, it appears yonder, on top of a cloud, or on a chariot of fire,

another knight, his friend, who had just been in England, who favors him and saves him from death, and at night he is in his inn, eating to his liking; and there are usually two or three thousand leagues between one side and the other.

And all this is done by the industry and wisdom of those wise enchantments who take care of these valiant knights.

So, my friend Sancho, it doesn't seem difficult for me to believe that in such a short time you have gone and come from this place to Toboso, since, as I have said, some wise friend must have carried you on clouds, without you realizing it.

"That's how it is," Sancho said; "because Rocinante was acting as if he were a gypsy donkey with plugs in his ears."

-And as if he were wearing agate!—said Don Quixote.

And still a legion of demons, who are people who walk and make others walk, without tiring, anything they desire.

But, setting that aside, what do you think I should do now, regarding what my lady asks that she see her? Although I see that I am obliged to fulfill her command, I also find myself unable to fulfill the gift I promised to the princess who comes with you, and chivalry forces me to keep my word before my own inclination.

On the one hand, the desire to see my lady wearies me and causes me to abstain; on the other hand, the promised faith and the glory I shall achieve in this undertaking incite and call me.

But what I intend to do is walk slowly and arrive quickly at that giant, and upon arriving, I will cut off his head, and peacefully place the princess in her state, and at once I will turn around to see the light that my senses illuminate, to which I will offer such apologies that she comes to consider my delay as good, for she will see that all of it contributes to an increase in her glory and fame, for everything I have achieved, I achieve and will achieve with weapons in this life, all comes from the favor she gives me and from being hers.

"Alas —said Sancho—, and how do you, my lord, wounded like this by those helmets! Tell me, my lord: do you intend to walk this road in vain, and let pass and lose such a rich and principal marriage, where they give in dowry a kingdom, which, to be sure, I have heard said to have more than twenty thousand leagues of circumference, and that it is exceedingly abundant in all things necessary for the sustenance of human life, and that it is greater than Portugal and Castile together? Come, for the love of God, and be ashamed of what you have said, and take my advice, and forgive me, and marry immediately at the first place you find a priest; and if not, here is our licensed man, who will do it for you."

And I warn you that I'm old enough to give advice, and this one I'm giving you comes naturally to me, and it's better to have a bird in the hand than a vulture flying, because whoever has well and chooses badly, and even if someone gets angry, they shouldn't seek revenge.

"Look, Sancho — replied Don Quixote — if the advice you give me that I should marry in order to become king by slaying the giant, and have the means to bestow favors upon you and fulfill your promise, you must know that without marrying I could easily fulfill your wish; for I shall take from the hay, before entering the battle, that, having emerged victorious from it, since I did not marry, they will give me a part of the kingdom, so that I may give it to whom I wish; and in giving it to you, whom do you wish they should give it to — to you?"

"That's clear," Sancho replied; "but look, my lords, that I choose it towards the navy, because, if I don't get lodging, my black vassals can embark and I can do with them as I've already said."

Your Lordship does not need to go now to see my Lady Dulcinea, but go and slay the giant, and let us conclude this business; for God's sake, it seems to me it will be of great honor and much profit.

"Listen, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are right, and I shall take your advice as soon as I go to see the princess and Dulcinea."

And tell him not to say anything to anyone, nor to those who come with us, about what we have discussed and treated; since Dulcinea is so reserved, she doesn't want her thoughts to be known, it will not be well if I, or another for me, discover them.

"Well, if that's the case," Sancho said, "how does your lordship make it that all those who defeat him with their arm go to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, as a sign of her affection and that he is her devoted lover? And it is manifestly necessary that those who go should go to kneel before her

presence, and say they go on behalf of your lordship to offer her obedience, how can their thoughts be concealed by both of them?"

"Oh, you blockhead and simpleton!" –said Don Quixote.

Don't you see, Sancho, that all of that redounds to her greatest exaltation? Because you must know that in this our style of chivalry it is a great honor to have a lady served by many wandering knights, without their thoughts extending beyond Segovia simply for her to be as she is, without expecting other rewards from her many and good wishes, but rather she is content to accept them from her knights.

-With that way of love—said Sancho—I have heard preached that one must love Our Lord, solely, without being moved by hope of glory or fear of pain.

Although I wanted to love and serve him as much as I could.

"Go to hell, villain," said Don Quixote, "and what a lot of excuses you make to the times! It doesn't seem as though you've studied at all."

"Well, as for my not knowing how to read," Sancho replied.

Master Nicholas told them to wait a little; that they wanted to stop to drink at a fountain that was there.

Don Quixote, with no little pleasure of Sancho, had already grown tired of lying so much and feared his master would catch him in words; because, since he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant woman from Toboso, he had not seen her in all his life.

At this time, Cardo wears the dresses that Dorotea brought when she was found, though they were not very good, they gave her a great advantage over those she left behind.

They appeared by the fountain, and with what the priest arranged at the shop, they satisfied, though little, the great hunger that they all carried.

While I was in that, I noticed a boy passing by, who, upon looking with great attention at those in the fountain, soon attacked Don Quixote, embracing him by the legs and starting to cry very deliberately, saying:

Oh, my lord! Do you not know me, my lord? Look at me well; I am that young man Andrés who freed you from the oak where you were tied.

I recognized Don Quixote, and, shaking him by the hand, he returned to those who were there, and said:

Because you see your mercies how important it is to have knights errant in the world, to undo the wrongs and injustices that are done in it by the insolent and wicked men who live in it, know that on the days past, as I was passing through a forest, I heard some cries and very lamentable voices, like those of a distressed and needy person; I then, driven by my obligation, went towards the place where I thought the lamentable voices sounded, and I found a young man tied to an oak tree, who is now before you, of whose truth I take refuge in my soul, that it will be witness that I will not lie to you about anything.

I say that he was tied to the oak tree, naked with the middle horn up, and a villain was beating him with the reins of a mare, whom I later learned was his master; and as I saw him, I asked him the cause of such atrocious beating; he replied that the rascal who was beating him was because he was his servant, and that certain neglects he had were more like those of a thief than a simple one; to which this boy said, "Sir, he doesn't whip me because I ask for my wages."

"The master replied with whatever accusations and apologies, which, though they were heard from me, were not accepted."

In the resolution, I made him release her, and I took an oath from the villain that he would take her with him and pay her one real for every one.

Isn't all this true, son Andrés? Didn't you notice with what empire I commanded it, and with what humility he promised to do all that I imposed and notified and wished? Answer; don't fret or doubt in anything; tell what happened to these lords, so that it may be seen and considered as beneficial to these knightly travelers on the roads.

"Everything that your grace has said is much truth," the boy replied; "but the end of the business happened very differently than your grace imagines."

"Backwards, you say?" Quijote replied.

Then, don't you pay the villain?

"I don't just not pay," the boy replied, "but just as you passed from the forest and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same oak and gave me again so many lashings, that I was left like a San Bartolomeo stripped bare; and with each whipping he would say a 'donaire' and 'chufeta' about making fun of you, which, even though I felt so much pain, I would laugh at what he said."

Indeed, he was so bad that until now I've been healing myself in a hospital from the evil that the wicked villain then inflicted on me.

You are to blame for all of this; because if it were to continue on its way and not go where it was not called, nor meddle in other people's affairs, my master would be content to give me one or two dozen lashes, and then release me and pay what I owed.

But as your lordships so dishonored him without cause, and spoke so many vile words, he was consumed with rage, and since your lordships could not avenge him, when he saw himself alone, he unloaded everything upon me, in such a way that it seems to me that I will never be a man again in all my life.

-the damage is in my leaving there, that I shouldn't have left until you were paid; because I should surely know, by long experience, that there is no villain who keeps a word he gives, if he sees it isn't to his advantage to keep it.

But you remember, Andrés, that I swore that if I didn't pay you, I would go and find him, and I would find him, even if he hid in the belly of the whale.

"That's the truth," Andrés said; but I didn't get anything out of it."

—Now see if you take advantage of it—said Don Quixote.

And saying this, he rose very hastily and ordered Sancho to stop Rocinante, who was grazing while they ate.

I asked Dorotea what she wanted to do.

He replied that he wanted to go and find the villain and punish him, given how terrible he was, and make Andrés pay him until the last penny, despite all the villains in the world; to which she replied that she warned him that she could not, according to the promised gift, become involved in any undertaking until she finished hers; and that since he knew best, he should calm his breast until his kingdom returned.

"That is true," Don Quixote replied, "and it is necessary that Andrés be patient until the return, as you say, señora; that I renew my oath and promises to swear again not to stop until he has avenged and paid him."

"I don't believe those oaths," Andrés said; "I'd much rather have something to take to Seville with me now, that all the vengeance in the world: give me, if you have it, something to eat and take, and let God be his own mercy and all the wandering knights as well as they have been for me."

He took a piece of bread and a piece of cheese from Sancho's spare supplies, gave them to the boy, and said:

Take some, brother Andrés, a share of your misfortune will reach us all.

—Now, what do you need? —Andrés asked.

"This part of cheese and bread I give you," Sancho replied, "that God knows if I need it or not; because I let you know, friend, that the squires of the traveling knights are subject to much hunger and bad fortune, and even to other things that are better felt than spoken."

Andrés took his bread and cheese, and seeing that no one offered him anything else, he lowered his head and took the path in his hands, as is often said.

It is true that as he departed, he said to Don Quixote:

For God's sake, sir errant knight, if I should meet you again, though I see you tearing me to pieces, do not help me nor rescue me, but let me with my misfortune; it will not be so great, it will not be greater than that which will come from your grace's help, to whom God curses, and to all errant knights who have been born in the world.

He began to raise Don Quixote to punish him; but he started to run so quickly that none dared to follow him.

I was very tired from Don Quixote of Andrés' story, and it was necessary that the others had a great understanding of not laughing, in order not to make him run completely out of control.

Chapter 32: What happened to all of Don Quixote's squire

The good food was gone, they then saddled up, and without anything worthy of telling happening to them, they arrived another day at the market, to the astonishment and wonder of Sancho Panza; and though he wished not to enter it, he could not escape it.

The ventera, the ventero, his daughter, and Maritornes, who saw coming Don Quixote and Sancho, went out to receive them with much joy, and he received them with a grave countenance and applause; and he told them to arrange for them a better bed than the previous time; to which the hostess replied that, as she paid them better than the last time, she would give them the title of princes.

Don Quixote said he would, and so they seasoned one reasonably on the same mackerel, and he then lay down, because he had come very weary and lacking in judgment.

He was quite securely locked up when the guest attacked the barber, and tore his beard off, saying: For my holy day, let him not continue to use more of my tail for his beard, and let my tail return to him; it's shameful that my husband is behaving like that, I say, the comb, which I used to hang from my good tail.

The barber didn't want to give it to her, though she was pulling stubbornly, until the bailiff told him to do so; that it was no longer necessary to use that industry, but it should be discovered and shown in its own form, and he should tell Don Quixote that when the thieves stripped him, he had come to this stall fleeing; and that if he asked about the princess's squire, they would tell him that she had sent him ahead to warn the people of her kingdom as she went and carried with her the liberator of all.

With this, the barber gave vent to the queue, and likewise he won back all the adherents he had lent to Don Quijote's freedom.

They dispelled all talk of Dorotea's beauty, and even of the fine figure of young Cardenio.

The priest ordered them to be given food from what was in the shop, and the guest, hoping for a better reward, provided them with a reasonable meal; and all this while Don Quixote slept, and it seemed as if he would not wake, for at that time he would gain more benefit from sleeping than from eating.

They discussed food, with the waiter, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes, and all the passengers present, about the strange madness of Don Quixote and the way he had been found.

The squire told him what had happened to him and to the blacksmith, and looking to see if Sancho was there, as he did not see him, he told him all about his provisions, and how much pleasure they had received.

And as the priest said that the chivalric books that Don Quixote had read had restored his reason, the innkeeper said:

I don't know how that can be; truly, as I understand it, there isn't a better writer in the world, and I have here two or three of them, with other papers that have truly given me life, not just mine, but to many others.

Because when it's time for the harvest, many harvesters gather here, and there's always one who knows how to read, who takes one of these books in his hands, and we surround ourselves with more than thirty of them, and we listen to them with so much pleasure that it takes away a thousand grays from me; at least, I can say that when I heard those furious and terrible blows that the knights make, it makes me want to do the same, and that I wanted to be listening to them nights and days.

"And me, no less –said the waitress; because I never have good time in my house unless it's this one you're listening to, which you're all so engrossed in, you've forgotten to drink wine back then."

"That's the truth," Maritornes said; and to be frank, I also greatly enjoyed hearing those things, which are very lovely, and especially when they tell you that the other lady is beneath some orange trees embraced with her gentleman, and that a chaperone is watching over them, consumed with envy and quite startled."

It's all just sweet talk.

"And you, what do you think, young lady?" the priest said, speaking to the innkeeper's daughter.

No, sir, in my soul – she replied; I also hear him, and truly, though I do not understand him, I find pleasure in his voice; but I do not delight in the blows that my father delights in, but in the lamentations that the knights make when they are absent from their ladies; for truly, sometimes they make me cry, out of compassion that I have for them.

-Then, you women healers, madam – Dorotea said – if you wept because of you?

"I don't know what could have been done to me," she replied; "I only know that there are some women like those, so cruel, that they call them their tiger, lion, and other filthy knights."

And, Jesus, I don't know what kind of people those are, so callous and so without conscience, who, by not looking at an honest man, let him die, or become mad.

I don't know what all the fuss is about: if they do it with such innocence, they take it upon themselves; they don't want anything else.

Shut up, girl —said the woman—; it doesn't seem right for the maidens to know or talk so much about these things.

"How he asked me, she replied, I couldn't help but respond."

—Now then —said the priest—, bring me, Mr. Guest, those books, that I want to see them.

— That's fine — he replied.

Entering his room, he took out an old small suitcase, fastened with a chain, and, opening it, he found inside three large books and some papers written in very fine handwriting.

The first book I opened was \*Don Quixote de Trastámara\*; the other was \*Felix Martiá de Hieranía\*; and the third, \*The History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba\*, with the life of Diego García de Paredes.

Just as the priest read the first two titles, the face returned to the barber, and he said:

The absence of my friend and his niece is felt here and now.

—They don't do it —the barber replied—, nor should I go with them to the pen, or to the chimney; really, there's very good fire in it.

"Then do you wish me to burn your books?" he said.

-No more - said the priest - than these two: the one from Don Cirongilio and the one from Félix Marte.

-Well, perhaps —said the innkeeper— are my books heretical or phlegmatic, that they want to burn?

"You blathering fools," the barber said; "not phlegmatic."

"That's right," the vendor replied.

But if anyone wants to burn, let that one be of the Great Captain and let Diego García wish it; that before I let anyone else burn a son.

"Brother mine," said the priest, "these two books are liars and full of nonsense and fantasies, and this one of the Great Captain is true history and contains the facts of Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba, who, because of his many and great exploits, deserved to be called throughout the world Great Captain, a famous and deserved title, and this alone; and this Diego García de Paredes was a principal knight from the city of Trujillo, in Extremadura, a valiant soldier, and of such natural strength that he would stop with one finger a mill wheel in the midst of his fury; and, placed with a palisade at the entrance of a bridge, he stopped an entire innumerable army that did not pass by it; and he did other such things, that if he himself counts them and writes them, with his own proper modesty as a knight and a lord of the court, he would write another book and make the tales of Hector, Achilles, and Roland be forgotten."

"Go easy on my father!" he said, the sly old man.

Look how it startles; to stop a mill wheel! By God, now you were graciously able to read what I read of Félix Marte of Hircania, who with one turn only parted five giants by the waist, as if they were made of peas, like the little monks children make.

And he attacked again with a huge and powerful army, where there were more than a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to toe, and he defeated them all, as if they were flocks of sheep.

So what will they say about the good Don Cirongilio of Tracia, who was as valiant and spirited as he appears in the book, where it recounts that while sailing down a river, a fire serpent sprang out from the middle of the water, and he, as he saw it, threw himself upon it, getting astride its scaly back, and gripped its throat with both hands with such force that seeing the serpent drowning him, he had no other recourse than to let himself sink into the depths of the river, taking the knight with him, who never wanted to let him go? And when they arrived down there, they found beautiful palaces and gardens, a true wonder; and then the serpent turned into an old man, who told him so many things, that there's nothing more to hear.

Street, sir; if he were to hear this, he would become quite mad with pleasure.

Two pigeons for the Grand Captain and for that Diego García who says so!

Hearing this, Dorotea said, silencing Cardenio.

Our guest is almost ready to start the second part of Don Quixote.

"That's how it seems to me," Cardón replied; "because, according to him, he believes that everything these books recount happened no more nor less than what they wrote, and he wouldn't make him believe anything else, monks barefoot."

Look, brother – the priest said – there was never a Felixmarte of Hircania, nor Sir Cirongilio of Tracia, nor any other knights as they are described in the books of chivalry; for all of it is composed and fiction of idle minds, created for the purpose you describe, namely to occupy time, just as your readers occupy themselves with reading them.

I swear to you that such knights never existed in the world, nor such tricks or absurdities occurred.

— Go bother another dog with that bone! — the bartender replied.

As if I didn't know what five is, and where my shoe pinches! Don't even think about giving me porridge, because for God's sake, I'm not a whit.

Well, the thing is, he wants to make it clear that everything these good books say is nonsense and lies, printed with the authorization of the lords of the Royal Council, as if they were people who were going to allow so much lies to be printed together, and so many battles and enchantments that take away one's judgment!

"As I've told you, my friend," the priest replied, "that it is done to entertain our idle thoughts; and just as it is permitted in well-ordered republics to have chess, ball, and trick games, to entertain some who neither want to, nor must, nor can work, so it is permitted to print and have such books, believing, as is true, that none so ignorant will exist who considers any of these books to be true history."

And if it were permitted for me now, and the audience required it, I would say things about what the books of chivalry ought to be in order to be good, which might be useful, and even pleasing to some; but I hope that time will come when I can communicate them to someone who can remedy them, and in the meantime, believe what I have told you, sir vendor, and take your books, and there you will find their truths or falsehoods, and may they bring you good fare, and God willing, that you will not limp because of the foot that limps your guest, Don Quixote.

"That's not I – the bartender replied; that I won't be so crazy as to become a knight errant; I see clearly that now what was used in that time, when these famous knights were said to travel the world, is not used."

Halfway through this plastic [book], Sancho was present, and he remained very confused and thoughtful about what he had heard said, now that knights were no longer used, and that all books of chivalry were foolishness and lies, and he proposed in his heart to wait for what happened with his master's journey, and if it didn't turn out as he thought, to abandon it and return to his wife and his children to his usual work.

The porter took the suitcase and books, but the priest said to him:

Wait, I want to see what those papers are.

They are so well written.

He removed the guest, and giving them to read, he saw works of eight folds written by hand, and at first they had a large title that said: Novel of the Impertinent Curious Man.

The priest read three or four lines for me, and said:

It is true that I don't think the title of this novel is bad, and I have the will to read it all.

The vendor replied:

Now, may you read, your reverence, because I let you know that some guests who have been here have found it very pleasing, and they have asked for it with much zeal; but I did not want to give it to anyone, thinking to return it to whoever I left this suitcase forgotten with these books and those papers; that it is well possible that its owner will return here sometime, and that I will need the books back, believe me, I will return them to him; although a merchant, I am still a Christian.

You are right, my friend – said the priest; but, with all that, if the novel makes me happy, I will have to have it moved.

"I don't see that happening," he replied.

As they were saying this, Cardenio had taken the novel and begun to read it; and it seemed to him as it did to the priest, I asked him to read it so that everyone could hear it.



-If I were to read – the priest said –, it would be better to spend this time sleeping than reading.

"I'm tired of resting," said Dorotea, "it will amuse the time listening to a story, since I still don't have the calm spirit to sleep when it's reasonable."

—Well, in that way —the priest said—, I want to read it, purely out of curiosity: perhaps it might please you.

Master Nicholas begged him in the same way, and so did Sancho; seeing this by the priest, and understanding that it would please everyone and he would receive him, he said:

Listen closely, everyone; the novel begins like this:

#### Chapter 33: Where the Tale of the Impertinent Curious is Told

In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province known as Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lotario, two wealthy and principal knights, and so good friends that, by excellence and antonomasia, the two friends were called by all who knew them.

They were bachelors of the same age and of similar habits; all of which was quite a cause for the two of them to correspond to each other with mutual friendship.

It is true that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous pursuits than Lothario, whom they followed after hunting parties; but when it was offered, Anselmo ceased to pursue his own tastes, to follow those of Lothario, and Lothario abandoned his own, to follow those of Anselmo; and in this way, they walked so closely in accordance with their wills, that there was no agreement so well-matched. Anselmo was lost in love with a beautiful maiden and daughter of the same city, the daughter of such good parents and so good herself, that she determined, with the advice of her friend Lotario, without whom nothing was done, to offer herself as his wife to her parents, and so it was carried out; and the one who carried out the embassy was Lotario, and the one who concluded the business, so pleased with his friend, that in a short time he was placed in the possession he desired, and Camila so happy to have attained Anselmo as her husband, that she did not cease giving thanks to heaven and to Lotario, for whose means so much good had come to her.

In the early days, as all weddings usually are, Lotario continued to visit his friend Anselmo as he always did, striving to honor him, celebrate with him, and delight him with all that was possible; but once the weddings were over, and the frequency of visits and congratulations had subsided, Lotario began to neglect his visits to Anselmo's house, as he felt (as is reasonable for those who are discreet) that they should not be visited or continued in the same way as when the friends were unmarried, because although good and true friendship cannot or should not be suspicious in any way, with all that, the honor of the married man is so delicate that it seems one can be offended even by their own brothers, much more by friends.

Anselmo informed Lotario of the remittance from Lothario, and he voiced great complaints, saying that if he had known that the marriage was to be part of a plan not to communicate as he usually did, he would never have done it; and that, because of the good correspondence they had while he was single, they had reached such a sweet name as being called friends; he forbade him, without another occasion, from letting such a famous and pleasing name be lost; and thus, he implored him, if it were permitted, to use such a term of speaking among them, to return to being master of his house, and to enter and leave it as before, assuring him that his wife Camila had no other liking or will than the one he wished her to have, and that because she had known with what sorrows they both loved each other, she was confused to see so much evasiveness in him.

In response to all of this and many other reasons that Anselmo told Lotario to persuade him to return as he had before, Lotario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and warning that Anselmo was satisfied with his friend's good intentions, and they agreed that twice a week and on holidays Lotario would go to eat with him; and although this was thus arranged between the two of them, Lotario proposed that he would do no more than what he saw to be most convenient for his friend's honor, whose reputation he valued more than his own.

The man, and he spoke truly, that whoever the heavens had granted a beautiful wife, such care had to take that he should bring his friends to his house as if to watch with what conversation his wife had with her friends; because whatever is not done or arranged in marketplaces, temples, public festivities or stations (things that not all wives deny to their wives), is arranged and facilitated in the friend or acquaintance of whom the greatest satisfaction is felt.

Lotario also told him that married men needed each one to have a friend who would warn them of the carelessnesses they might commit in their conduct, because it often happens that with the great love a husband has for his wife, he either doesn't warn her or doesn't tell her, in order not to offend her, that she does or does not do some things, and if he does, or does not, it would be a matter of honor, or of reproach. And if warned by a friend, he would easily remedy it in everything.

But where could one find such a discreet and loyal and true friend like the one Lotario asks of him? I do not know, by the way; only Lotario was this one, who, with all diligence and warning, watched over the honor of his friend, and endeavored to shorten the days of the concert of his going to her house, so that it might not seem ill to the idle populace or to the wandering and malicious eyes, the entrance of a rich young man, a gentleman, and a well-bred person, and of the good qualities that he thought he possessed, in the house of a woman as beautiful as Camila; since his kindness and valor could restrain every slanderous tongue, he still did not wish to cast doubt on his own credit or that of his friend, and therefore he occupied and entertained himself with other things during most of the days of the concert, which he let it be understood were inexcusable; so in complaints from one and excuses from the other, they spent many hours and parts of the day.

Thus, Anselmo told Lotario the following reasons:

"You think, my friend Lotario, that because of the grace God has given me in making me the son of parents such as mine and in giving me, not sparingly, possessions, such as those they call natural or of fortune, I cannot repay with gratitude the good received, and especially the good he did me in making you my friend and Camila my own woman, these two being things I esteem, if not to the degree I ought, in the degree I can."

And with all these parts, which are usually the whole with which men usually and can live happily, I live the most miserable and most ill-mannered man in the whole world; because I don't know of any days when this part tires me so much and presses upon me a so strange and so far from the common use of others desire, that I marvel at myself, and I blame and laugh at myself alone, and I try to keep it secret and to cover it up with my own thoughts; and thus it has been possible for me to come out with this secret as if I were trying to tell it to everyone with industry.

And so, indeed, he must go out into the square, I want it to be in the square of your secret archive, trusting that, with it and with the diligence you will put forth, as my true friend, in remedying me, I will soon be free from the anguish it causes me, and my joy will reach the degree to which my discontent has reached, due to my madness.

Lotario had Anselmo's reasons, and didn't know where such a long prevention or preamble could end; and though he was stirring in his imagination what desire might be that so much fatigued his friend, he always kept him very far from the target of truth; and, to quickly escape the agony that it caused him. That suspension, he told him that he was causing considerable offense to his great friendship by going around in circles to tell them his most concealed thoughts, since one could certainly promise him advice to entertain them, or already a remedy to fulfill them.

"That is the truth," Anselmo replied, "and with that confidence I let you know, my friend Lotario, that the desire that exhausts me is to consider whether my wife, Camila, is as good and as perfect as I believe, and I cannot ascertain this truth unless I prove it in such a way that the proof reveals her worth, like fire reveals the worth of gold."

Because I have for my own, oh friend, that is not a better woman than is sought or is not sought, and that alone is strong enough not to bend to promises, to gifts, to the tears and the constant importunities of solicitous lovers.

"Because what is there to thank—he said—that a woman be good, if no one tells her she is bad? Quite a lot that she is withdrawn and fearful, if no opportunity is given her to loosen herself, and that she knows she has a husband who, while cradling her in her first awkwardness, will take her life?

Therefore, the one who is good out of fear, or out of lack of place, I do not wish to have in that esteem to which I hold the solicited and persecuted, who came out with the crown of victory; so, for these reasons, and for many others that I might tell you to establish and strengthen the opinion I hold, I desire that Camila, my wife, pass through these difficulties, and become hardened and courageous in the fire of being required and solicited, and of whom may have the valor to put her desires into her; and if she comes out, as I believe she will, with the palm of this battle, I will consider my fortune to be without

equal; I will be able to say that this completes the emptiness of my desires; I will say that it happened to me to have a strong woman, of whom the Wise man says, 'Who will find her?' And when this happens in reverse of what I think."

With pleasure to see that you agreed with my opinion, I will bear without regret the discomfort that my costly experience may cause me; and I suppose that none of the things you told me against my wish will be of any benefit for stopping me from pursuing it by work, I want, oh friend Lotario!, that you arrange yourself to be the instrument that I shall shape this work to my liking; I will give you space to do so, without lacking you anything that I may see necessary to request a honest, honorable, collected and disinterested woman.

And move me, among other things, to trust in you this arduous undertaking, seeing that if it is defeated by you, Camila, the completion of all difficulty and rigor will not come, but only to consider as done what must be done, out of good respect, and thus, I will not be offended more than with the wish, and my injury will be hidden in the virtue of your silence, which I well know will be eternal in what I touch, like the one of death.

So, if you want me to have a life that I can truly say it is, you must certainly enter this loving battle, not lukewarm or lazily, but with the fervor and diligence that my desire asks for, and with the confidence that our friendship assures me.

These were the reasons Anselmo told Lotario, to all of which he paid such attention, that he did not move his lips until he had finished; and seeing that he was not saying more, after he had been looking at him for a good space, as if he were looking at something he had never seen before, that caused him admiration and fear, he said:

I cannot persuade myself, oh Anselmo, that the things you have told me are not jesting; that you truly said them, nor would you allow so far to happen, because you had not listened to my long speech.

I can only imagine, or that you don't know me, or that I don't know you.

But no; I know very well that you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lotario; the damage is that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must have thought that I am not either the Lotario I should be, because the things you have told me are neither of that Anselmo my friend, nor the things you ask must be requested from that Lotario you know; because good friends must look after their friends and take care of them, as said

A poet, as far as the altars, who wished to say that they were not to rely on their friendship in matters against God.

Well, if a gentile (non-Christian) felt friendship, how much better it is that the Christian feels it, who knows that he will not lose divine friendship by any human means? And when the friend threw himself so far, that he would set aside the respects of heaven in favor of those of his friend, it would not be for trivial and unimportant things, but for those in which his friend's honor and life are at stake.

Tell me now, Anselmo: what of these two things do you have in danger, so that I may venture to please you and do a thing as detestable as you ask? None, by the way; before you, according to my understanding, ask me to procure and request that you take away your honor and your life, and take it away from me as well.

Because if I am to strive to take away your honor, of course I must also take away your life, for a man without honor is worse than dead; and since I am the instrument, as you wish me to be, of so much evil on your part, do I not come to be disgraced, and, as a consequence, without life? Listen, friend Anselmo, and be patient until I have finished deciding what is offered to me regarding what you have asked for; there is time enough for you to reply and for me to listen to you.

-Let me place it -said Anselmo-; say whatever you want.

And Lotario continued speaking:

It seems to me, oh Anselmo, that you now have, as the Moors always have, the wit that cannot be made clear to them with annotations of the Holy Scripture, nor with reasons consisting of the speculation of the understanding, nor based on articles of faith, but rather you must bring them palpable, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, undeniable examples, with mathematical demonstrations that cannot be denied, such as when they say: "If we subtract equal parts from two equal parts, the remaining parts are also equal"; and when they do not understand it in words, as, in fact, they do not understand, it must be shown to them with the hands, and put before their eyes, and yet, even with all

this, no one is persuaded by it to believe in the truths of my sacred religion.

And this same term and manner I will need to use with you, because the desire that has been born in you is so misguided and so far removed from all that has even the slightest trace of reasonable, that I think it will take a great deal of time for me to make you understand your simplicity, which for now I don't want to give another name, and I still intend to leave you in your foolishness, in sorrow for your bad wish; but it doesn't allow me to use this rigor of restraint for the friendship that I have for you, the which does not consent that I leave you in such manifest danger of losing yourself.

And because, of course, you told me, Anselmo: you didn't tell me that I was to request a withdrawal, persuade a sincere one, offer a disinterested one, serve a prudent one? Yes, you did.

Well, if you know you have a retired wife, honest, disinterested and prudent, what are you looking for? And if you think that from all my assaults she must emerge victorious, as she will, surely, what better titles do you think you'll give her afterward than the ones she has now, or what will be more after what she is now? Or is it that you don't have her for the one you say, or you don't know what you're asking for.

If you don't like it as you say, for what do you want to try it, otherwise, to do with it whatever comes most to your liking? But if it's as good as you think, impudent thing to make experience of the same truth, since, after having done it, you must remain with the opinion you had first.

Therefore, it is conclusively reasonable to conclude that attempting things from which one might suffer and which yield no profit are acts of rash judgment and temerity, and especially when one attempts things to which one is not compelled or forced, and that the attempt itself is manifest madness, especially when brought to light from afar.

Difficult things are attempted by God, or by the world, or by both, in pairs; those that are undertaken by God are those undertaken by the saints, undertaking to live a life of angels in human bodies; those that are undertaken for the respect of the world are those of those who pass so much endless water, so much diversity of climates, so much strangeness of peoples, in acquiring those who call wealths of fortune; and those that are attempted by God and by the world together are those of the valiant soldiers, who scarcely see in the opposing wall open as much space as a round shot of artillery could make, when, putting aside all fear, without making a speech or warning of the manifest danger that threatens them, carried on the flight of the wings of desire to return by their faith, by their nation, and by their king, they boldly throw themselves into the middle of a thousand opposing dead that await them.

These are the things that are usually attempted, and they are honor, glory, and profit; yet they are so full of inconvenience and dangers. But the one you say you want to attempt and put into practice, will not reach you glory of God, fortunes, nor fame with men; because, as soon as you go out with it as you wish, you will not be any prouder, richer, or more honored than you are now; and if you do not go out, you will find yourself in the greatest misery that can be imagined, because no one will then be able to take advantage of the misfortune that has befallen you; because it would suffice to know it yourself to afflict and undo you.

And to confirm this truth, I want to tell you a story that the famous poet Luis Tansilo made at the end of his first part of The Tears of Saint Peter, which says thus:

The pain grows and the shame grows.

in Pedro, when the day has shown itself

And even though he doesn't see anyone there, he's ashamed.

of himself, to see that he had sinned:

to have a proud chest to see shame is not only to move one who is looked at;

He feels ashamed when he misses.

though another doesn't see heaven and earth.

So you won't excuse your pain with the secret, you must weep continuously, if not the tears of the eyes, the tears of the heart, like those that the simple doctor our poet tells us shed, who, with a better speech, excused himself from doing it for the prudent Reinaldos; since that is poetic fiction, it contains within it moral secrets worthy of being warned, and understood, and imitated.

The more that with what I now intend to tell you will make you become aware of the great mistake you want to commit.

Tell me, Anselmo, if the sky, or good fortune, had made you lord and legitimate possessor of a minuscule diamond, whose goodness and quality had satisfied all the jewelers who saw it, and that all, in a single voice and by common opinion, said that it arrived in quality, goodness, and fineness to everything that nature could extend in such a stone, and you yourself believed it so, without knowing anything to the contrary, would it be just that you came in desire to take that diamond, and put it between an anvil and a hammer, and there, by sheer force of blows and arms, test if it is so hard and so fine as they say? And more, if you put it to the test; for, should the stone resist such a foolish test, it would not add more value or more fame to it; and if it broke, which could be, would it not be lost all? Yes, certainly, leaving it to its owner in the estimation that all have him for simple.

Now consider, Anselmo, that Camila is a very precious diamond, as you believe and as others believe, and that it's unreasonable to put her in a position where she might break, since even if she remains whole, she cannot rise above the value she currently has; and if it were to be lost and not he would resist, consider from now on what would be lost because of her, and with how much reason you could complain about yourself, for having been the cause of her ruin and your own.

Behold, there is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and honorable woman, and all the honor of women consists in the good opinion held of them; and since the opinion of your wife is such, that it reaches the extreme of goodness that you know, why do you seek to cast this truth into doubt? See, friend, that the woman is an imperfect animal, and that pregnancies should not be imposed upon her where she stumbles and falls, but rather removed from her, and clear her path of any inconvenience, so that without sorrow she may run lightly to reach the perfection that is lacking in her, which consists in being virtuous.

The natives say that the arminio is a small animal with skin as pale as snow, and that when hunters want to hunt it, they use this trick: knowing the places where it usually passes and goes, they tie them with mud, and then, by observing it, they lead it to that place, and as the arminio reaches the mud, they wait for it to stick and become trapped and captured, so that it does not cross the mire and lose or stain its whiteness, which it values more than freedom and life.

The honest and chaste woman is snow, and she is more than white and clean virtue of honesty; and he who wishes that she not lose it, must first guard and conserve her, must use a different style than that with the snow, because she will not be presented with the mirror of the gifts and services of tiresome lovers, because perhaps, and even without perhaps, she does not have so much virtue and natural strength that she could by herself overwhelm and pass through those pregnancies; and it is necessary to remove them and put before her the cleanliness of virtue and the beauty that encloses in itself the good fame.

She is herself the good woman, like a shining and clear crystal mirror; but she is subject to clouding and darkening with any breath that touches her.

Use the same style you use with the honest woman, and do not touch them [the relics].

Take care of and estimate the good woman as one takes care of and estimates a beautiful garden full of flowers and roses, whose owner does not allow anyone to stroll through it or handle it; it is enough that from afar and through the iron fences, one enjoys its fragrance and beauty.

Finally, I want to tell you some verses that have come to mind, that I heard in a modern comedy, which I think are relevant to what we are discussing.

A mature old man advised another, the father of a young woman, to collect her, keep her safe, and lock her up, and among other reasons, he said to her:

The woman is made of glass.

but it cannot be proven

whether it can be broken or not, because everything could be.

It's easier to break, and it's not wisdom to become strong.

at risk of breaking

What cannot be soldered.

And in this opinion, everyone should be, and rightly so.

If there are Danaes in the world, there are also golden rains.

When I've told you, Anselmo, that it's for what concerns you, and now it's well that something be heard that benefits me; and if it hurts long, forgive me; for all of it requires the labyrinth into which you've

entered and from which you want me to extract you.

You treat me as a friend, and want to take away my honor.

something that is against all friendship; and you not only intend this, but you also try to have it taken away from me.

I understand you want to do this for me, of course, because when Camila sees that I request it, as you ask, it's clear that she will have me regarded as a man without honor and with a bad look, since I try and do something so far removed from what I am and what your friendship obliges me to be.

As for wanting you to take it away from her, there is no doubt about it, because seeing as I requested it, she must think I saw some lightness in her that gave me the boldness to discover my wicked desire, and, having herself become disgraced, it falls to you, as something belonging to her, her very disgrace. And from this arises what is commonly spoken, that the adulterous wife's husband, since he doesn't know it, nor has given occasion for his wife not to be the one who should be, nor has it been in his negligence and lack of discretion, to hinder her misfortune; however, he is called and named with a name of reproach and shame, and in a certain way, those who know the wickedness of his wife look at him with eyes of contempt, instead of looking at him with pity, seeing that it is not by his fault, but by the desire of his bad companion, that she is in that misfortune.

But I want to write that the cause by which it is rightly dishonored is the husband of the bad woman, although he does not know it, nor does he have fault, nor has he been part, nor given occasion, for her to be so.

And do not tire of hearing me; for all of this must be to your advantage.

When God created our first father in the earthly Paradise, the divine Scripture says that God inspired a dream in Adam, and that while he was sleeping, He took a rib from his left side, from which He formed our mother Eve; and as Adam awoke and looked at her, he said: "This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones."

And God said: For this shall man leave his father and his mother, and they shall be two in one flesh; and then the divine sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such bonds, that only death can dissolve them.

And this miraculous sacrament has so much strength and virtue that it makes two different people become one flesh; and it does even more in good married couples: that, although they have two souls, they have only one will.

And from here it comes that, since the wife's flesh is one with that of her husband, the stains that fall upon her, or the defects she seeks to create, are borne by the husband's flesh, even though, as has been said, he has not provided occasion for that damage.

Just as the pain of the foot or any member of the horn of man feels the whole horn, because it is all of the same flesh, and the head feels the damage of the ankle without it causing him harm, so the husband is a participant in the dishonor of the woman, because he is one thing with her; and as the honors and dishonors of the world are all and originate from flesh and blood, and those of the bad woman are of that kind, it is necessary that part of them fall upon the husband, and he be considered dishonored without him knowing it.

Look, Anselmo, at the danger you're putting yourself in, wanting to disturb the tranquility in which your good wife lives; see how futile and impudent a curiosity you want to stir up the humors now at rest in your wife's breast; warn him that what he seeks to gain is little, and what he will lose will be so much, that I will leave it in its place, for I lack words to emphasize it.

But if all that I have said does not suffice to move you from your misguided purpose, you may well seek another instrument of your dishonor and misfortune; for I do not intend to do so, even if it means losing your friendship, which is the greatest loss I can imagine.

Callo he said this, the virtuous and prudent Lothario, and Anselmo remained so confused and thoughtful that for a good space he could not answer him a word; but, in the end, he said:

With the attention you have shown me as you have heard, Lotario friend, I have heard what you wished to tell me, and in your reasons, examples, and comparisons I have seen the great discretion you possess and the extreme of true friendship you attain; and I myself see and confess that if I do not follow your opinion and go after my own, I am fleeing from good and running after evil.

Here's the translation:

Please consider that I now suffer from the illness that some women often have, the desire to eat earth, plaster, charcoal, and other worse things, even disgusting to look at, much less to eat. Therefore, it is necessary to use some trick to make me recover, and this could be done easily, simply by starting, albeit lukewarm and feigned, to request of Camila, who will not be so tender, to put her honesty to waste; and with just this principle I will be satisfied, and you will have fulfilled what you owe to our friendship, not only giving me life, but persuading me not to die without honor.

And you are obliged to do this for one sole reason; it is that, as I am, as I am, determined to put this test into practice, you must not consent that I reveal my folly to another person, with which I would put in danger the honor you strive to preserve; and when your own is not in the point it should be in accordance with Camila's intention, it matters little or nothing, for with brevity, seeing in her the integrity that we hope, you can tell her the pure truth of our scheme, with which her credit will be restored by being first.

And so little adventure and so much contentment you can give me if you continue to adventure, don't stop doing it, even if more inconveniences arise before you, because, as I have already said, with just beginning, I will consider the cause concluded.

Seeing Lotario Anselmo's resolute will, and not knowing what more examples or reasons to show her to make her cease following him, and seeing that he threatened to tell another of his bad desire, in order to avoid greater harm, he determined to satisfy him and do what he asked, with the intention and purpose of guiding that business so that, without altering Camila's thoughts, Anselmo would be satisfied; and so, he replied that he shouldn't communicate his thoughts with anyone else; that he took the company under his control, which would begin when he felt more pleasure about it.

He embraced Anselmo tenderly and lovingly, and thanked him for his offer as if he had bestowed a great grace; and they agreed that from the following day the work would begin; that he would give him space and time as he could speak to Camila alone, and also give him money and jewels to adorn her and present her.

I advise him to give him music, that he write verses in his praise; and that, when he does not wish to take on the work of making them, he himself would do them.

Lotario offered everything, though with a different intention than Anselmo thought, and with this agreement they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camila, with eagerness and care, waiting for her husband, because he was taking longer than usual to arrive that day.

Lotario went home, and Anselmo stayed in his place, as content as Lotario had been thoughtful, not knowing what course he would take to get out of that impudent business; but that night he thought about the way he would deceive Anselmo without offending Camila, and another day he came to eat with his friend, and he was well received by Camila, who received and gave him with much goodwill, because she understood the good that her husband had for her.

They had just eaten, they raised the tablecloths, and Anselmo told Lotario to stay there with Camila while he was going to attend to a pressing matter; that he would return within an hour and a half.

Rogel  Camila begged him not to leave, and Lotario offered to accompany her; but nothing helped with Anselmo; he bothered Lotario to

Stay and wait for him, because he had to discuss with me one very important thing.

He also told Camila not to leave Lotario alone while he returned.

In effect, he knew so well how to feign the necessity or foolishness of his absence that no one could understand it was feigned.

It was Anselmo, and Camila and Lotario were left alone at the table because all the rest of the household had gone to eat.

Lotario placed Visoe Lotario on the post that his friend desired, and with the enemy before him, that he might overcome with his sole beauty a squadron of armed knights: behold if Lotario had reason to fear him.

But what he did was to put his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his open hand on his cheek, and asking for forgiveness from Camila for the bad manners, saying that he wanted to rest a little while Anselmo returned.

Camila replied that she would rather rest on the platform than in the chair, and so she asked him to lie down on it.

Lotario refused, and there he fell asleep until Anselmo returned, who, finding Camila in her chamber and Lotario asleep, thought that, since so much time had passed, they had both had a place to speak, and even to sleep, and did not see the time when Lotario awoke to return with him outside and ask him of his fortune.

Everything happened as he wanted.

Lotario awoke, and then the two left the house, and he asked him what he desired, and Lotario replied that it hadn't seemed good that the first time was discovered completely, and he had done nothing but praise Camila for her beauty, telling him that in all the city it was nothing but her beauty and discretion, and that this had seemed a good beginning to gain her willingness, and to make her listen to him with pleasure, using in this of the trickery that the devil uses when he wants to deceive someone who is stationed to watch for himself: that he transforms into an angel of light, being he the one of darkness, and, putting before him good appearances, in the end he discovers who he is and comes out with his intention, if his deception is not discovered at the beginning.

All of this made Anselmo very happy, and he said that every day he would give the same place, even if he didn't leave the house, because he would occupy himself with things that Camila couldn't come to know of his trickery.

It happened, therefore, that many days passed without Lotario saying a word to Camila. She responded to Anselmo that he spoke to her and he could never draw from her a small sample of anything bad, nor even give a sign of a shadow of hope; instead, he told her that he threatened her that if he didn't get rid of that bad thought, he would tell her husband about it.

—It's fine—Anselmo said—

Up to this point, Camila has resisted words; it is necessary to see how she resists actions. I will give you two thousand gold escudos tomorrow so that you offer them to her, and even give them to her, and as many more so that you purchase jewels with which to entice her; women are usually fond, and more so if they are beautiful, even if they are chaste, to this of becoming friendly and moving elegantly; and if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied and will not give you any more trouble.

Lotario replied that, since he had already started, he would carry the company to its end, as he understood it would be better to finish it without being exhausted and defeated.

The next day he received the four thousand escudos, and with them four thousand confusions, because he didn't know what to say to lie again; but, in fact, he determined to tell her that Camila was as eager for gifts and promises as she was for words, and that there was no more to tire himself out, because all the time was wasted in vain.

But luck, which guided things in a different way, ordered that, having left Anselmo alone with Lotario and Camila, as he had done on other occasions, he locked himself in a room and, through the holes in the lock, he watched and listened to what

They were talking, and he saw that in more than half an hour, Lotario didn't speak a word to Camila, nor would he speak to her if there were a century there, and he realized that everything his friend had told him about Camila's answers was fiction and a lie.

And to see if this was so, he left the room, and calling Lotario aside, he asked him what news he had and of what disposition Camila was.

Lotario replied that he wasn't going to give that business any more stitches, because he responded so coldly and abruptly, that he didn't have the spirit to say anything to him again.

— Ah — said Anselmo — Lotario, Lotario, and how badly you correspond to what you owe me and to how little I trust you! Now I have been watching you for the place that grants access to this key, and I've seen that you haven't spoken a word to Camila; by which I understand that even the first ones you treat with respect, and if this is so, as it undoubtedly is, why do you deceive me, or why do you seek to take from me the means by which I might achieve my desire?

Anselmo didn't say more, but what he had said was enough to leave Lotario running around in a confused state; who, as if taking the matter of having been found in a lie as a point of honor, swore to Anselmo that from that moment on he would take it so much under his own control and not lie about it, as he would see if he observed it with curiosity; much more than it would be necessary to use any diligence, because the one he thought would put him in a clear position would remove all suspicion.



Creole Anselmo, and to ensure the most secure and least startled comfort, determined to take a leave of absence from his house for eight days, lodging himself in the home of a friend of his, who was in a small village, not far from the city; with this friend he arranged that he be called for him with every intention, in order to have an opportunity to see Camila upon his departure.

Wretched and misguided you are, Anselmo! What are you doing? What are you plotting? What are you ordering? See what you are doing against yourself, tracing your dishonor and ordering your destruction. Your wife, Camila, is quiet and calmly possessed; no one surprises your taste; her thoughts don't stray from the walls of her house; you are her heaven on earth, the object of her desires, the fulfillment of her tastes, and the measure by which she measures her will, adjusting it in all things with yours and with the heavens.

Well, if the mine of her honor, beauty, honesty, and modesty gives her all the wealth she has, without any work on her part, and she can desire everything, for what does she want to dig deeper, and seek new veins of unheard-of treasure, putting herself in danger of everything collapsing, after all, it rests on the weak branches of her fragile nature? Look, whoever seeks the impossible, should be denied the possible, as a poet put it better:

I seek life in death, health in sickness.

in prison, freedom

in the closed-off area exit

and traitor loyalty.

But my luck, of whom I never expect good, with the heavens has decreed.

That, well, I ask for the impossible, and I still haven't received the possible.

Anselmo went to the village another day, telling Camila that while he was away, Lotario would come to look after her house and eat with her; that he should treat her as his own person.

Camila was afflicted, as a discreet and honorable woman, of the order that her husband left her, and she was told to warn that she was not as well as he was, absent, occupying the chair of her table; and that if she did so because she did not have confidence that she would know how to govern her house, that she should try it once, and see by experience how sufficient it was for greater care.

Anselmo replied that that was his taste, and that all he had to do was lower his head and obey him.

Camila said she would do it willingly, though against her will.

Anselmo departed, and one day Lotario came to his house, where he was received by Camila with affectionate and honest welcome; she never allowed herself to be in part where Lotario saw her alone, because she was always surrounded by her servants and servants, especially a maiden of his named Leonela, whom she loved very much, as the two had been raised together from childhood in the house of Camila's parents, and when she married Anselmo she brought her with her.

For the first three days, Lotario never told her anything, although he could, when the tables were being cleared and people hurried off to eat, as Camila had ordered it; and Leonela still insisted that she should eat before Camila, and that she should never remove herself from her side; but she, who had spent her thoughts on other things she enjoyed and needed those hours and that place to occupy herself with her pleasures, did not always obey her mistress's command; instead, she would leave them alone, as if someone had ordered it.

But Camila's honest presence, the gravity of her face, the composure of her demeanor, was so much that it checked Lotario's tongue.

But the benefit that the many virtues of Camila had in silencing Lotario's tongue was of greater harm to both of them, because if the tongue was silent, the mind would reason and there was room to contemplate, part by part, all the extremes of goodness and beauty that Camila possessed, enough to enrapture a marble statue, not a human heart.

He looked at Lotario with the place and space he had to speak to him, and he considered how worthy he was of being loved; and this consideration began little by little to assault the respects that Anselmo inspired, and he a thousand times wished to absent himself from the city and go where Anselmo would never see him, nor would he see Camila; but he already made it impossible for him and restrained the pleasure he found in looking at him.

He struggled with his own resistance to discard and not feel the pleasure that led him to look at Camila; he blamed himself alone for his folly; he called himself a bad friend, and even a bad Christian; he made

speeches and comparisons between himself and Anselmo, and everyone said that Anselmo's madness and confidence had been more to blame than his lack of fidelity, and that if he had excuses before God and men for what he intended to do, he need not fear punishment for his sin.

Indeed, the beauty and goodness of Camila, together with the opportunity the ignorant husband had placed in her hands, won the loyalty of Lotario on earth; and, without looking at anything other than that which his liking inclined him to, after three days of Anselmo's absence, during which he was in continuous battle to resist his desires, he began to woo Camila, with so much turmoil and with so loving reasons, that Camila became suspended, and did nothing other than rise from where she was and enter her chamber, without uttering a word.

But no

Because of this dryness, Lotario lost hope, which always arises together with love; he had once had Camila in his heart.

Which, having seen in Lotario what she had never thought, did not know what to do; and, finding it not a safe or well-done matter to give him occasion or place for her to speak to him again, she determined to send him that very night, as she had done, with a messenger of hers with a billet to Anselmo, in which she wrote him these reasons:

Chapter 34: Where the Novel of the Curious Impertinent Continues

Just as it is often said that an army is worse without its general and a castle without its lord, I say that a married woman and a young woman are much worse without their husbands, when just occasions do not prevent it.

I find myself so badly without you, and so incapable of not suffering this absence, that if you do not come soon, I shall go to entertain myself at my parents' house, although I will leave your's unprotected; because the one you leave me, if it is that I have such a title, I believe she looks more for her pleasure than for what concerns you; and since you are discreet, I have nothing more to say to you, nor is it even well that I say more.

Anselmo received the letter, and from it he understood that Lotario had already begun the enterprise, and that Camila must have responded as he wished; and, exceedingly joyful about such news, he replied to Camila, in word, that she should make no change in her house in any way, because he would return with great speed.

Camila was astonished by Anselmo's answer, which confused her even more than it had initially done, because she dared not even go to his house, let alone his parents' house; because in the meeting, her honesty was in danger, and in going there, she was against her husband's command.

In the end, it was resolved in what had been his worst situation, which was the staying, with a determination not to flee the presence of Lotario, out of fear of what his servants would say, and it was already weighing on him from having written what he had written to his husband, fearful that he wouldn't think that Lotario had seen in him some lack of decorum that would have caused him to not respect the dignity he owed her.

But, trusting in his goodness, she trusted in God and in his good intention, with which he intended to resist everything Lotario wished to tell her, without giving her husband more trouble and work; and even she was seeking a way to excuse Lotario to Anselmo when he asked her the occasion that had prompted her to write that paper.

With these thoughts, more honorable than accurate or beneficial, he spent another day listening to Lotario, who gripped Camila's hand in such a way that he began to doubt the firmness of her honesty, and her honesty had a great deal to do with preventing them from showing any affectionate compassion that Lotario's tears and reasons in his chest had awakened.

Lotario noticed all of this, and it kindled him.

Finally, it seemed to him that it was necessary, in the space and place that the absence of Anselmo left, to tighten the siege around that fortress, and so he attacked its presumption with the praises of its beauty, because there is nothing that yields and levels the fortified towers of vanity more quickly, than same vanity, placed in the tongues of flattery.

Indeed, he, with all diligence, undermined the rock of her steadfastness, with such devices that even if Camila were made of bronze, she would have fallen to the ground.

Lotario wept, begged, offered, flattered, and feigned with so many sentiments and such obvious displays, that he went along with the reserve of Camila and came to triumph over what was least thought and most desired.

Camila surrendered; Camila yielded; but what about, if Lotario's friendship didn't stand? A clear example that shows that only passionate love is overcome.

With skill, and no one ought to dare to confront such a powerful enemy, because it is necessary divine forces to overcome his human ones.

Leonela was the only one who knew her lady's weakness, because the two bad friends and new lovers couldn't conceal it for her.

Lotario didn't want to tell Camila about Anselmo's pretension, nor that he had given her cause to reach that point, because he didn't think less of his love, and he thought that, perhaps and without thinking about it, and not deliberately, he had solicited it.

Anselmo returned to his house a few days later, and he didn't fail to see what was missing from it, which was what he had least and most valued.

He then went to see Lotario, and found him at his house; they embraced, and one asked about the news of his life, or of his death.

-The new news I can give you, oh Anselmo! -said Lotario- is that you have a woman who can nobly be an example and a crown for all good women.

The words I told him have been carried away by the air; the offers have been little heeded; gifts have been rejected; even some pretended tears of mine have been made a notable mockery.

In resolution, as Camila is the measure of all beauty, it is a file where honesty resides and moderation and discretion live, and all the virtues that can make an honest woman admirable and fortunate.

Take your money back, friend, because I have it here, without needing to touch it; that Camila's integrity will not surrender to such low things as gifts or promises.

Content yourself, Anselmo, and do not seek to make further tests than those already made; and, since you have, on foot and with meager provisions, crossed the sea of difficulties and suspicions that women commonly and may have, do not seek to enter again into the deep shoal of new inconveniences, nor seek experience with another pilot of the kindness and strength of the ship that fortune gave you to pass the sea of this world; but reckon that you are already in a safe harbor, and secure yourself with the anchors of good consideration, and let yourself rest until they come to ask you for the debt that no human lord can excuse in paying it.

Anselmo was overjoyed with Lotario's reasons, and he believed them as if they had been spoken by some oracle; but, nevertheless, he asked him not to abandon the undertaking, even if only for curiosity and amusement; though he would not then make such diligent efforts as he had until then; and that he only wanted him to write him a few verses in his praise, under the name of Clori, because he would make him understand Camila that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, in order to celebrate her with the decorum that she deserved, considering her honesty; and that when Lotario did not wish to take on the work of writing the verses, he would do it himself.

—It will not be necessary for that —Lotario said--; since the muses do not hold such enmity for me that they do not visit me for some moments of the year.

Tell Camila what you've said about the falsehood of my loves; I will write the verses, if not as good as the subject deserves, they will at least be the best I can do.

As a result of this agreement were the impudent and the traitorous friend; and, returned Anselmo to his house, he asked Camila what she already marveled at that she had not asked her, namely, what the occasion was that had made her write the paper she had sent him.

Camila replied that it had seemed to her that Lotario was looking at her a little more freely than when he was at home; but she was already disillusioned and believed it had been her imagination, because Lotario was already avoiding his old home and being alone with her.

Tell Anselmo that she could certainly be sure of that suspicion, because he knew that Lotario was in love with a principal lady of the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Clori, and that, even if he wasn't, one shouldn't

fear of Lotario's truth and of the great friendship between them.

And, to not be informed by Camila de Lotario that those loves of Clori were false, and that he had told Anselmo of it in order to spend some moments on the same praises of Camila, she, without a doubt, fell into the desperate web of jealousy; but as she was already warned, she passed that startle without gloom.

Another day, while the three were seated at a table, Anselmo begged Lotario to say something of the things he had composed for his beloved Clori; for, since Camila did not know her, he could surely say whatever he wished.

"Although I might have known her," Lotario replied, "I would not have concealed anything; for when one lover praises his lady's beauty and notes her cruelty, no one approves of his good credit; but, whatever may be the case, I must say that yesterday I composed a sonnet to Clori's ingratitude, which says thus:"

Sonnet

In the silence of the night, when

It occupies the sweet dream of mortals.

My poor account of my rich miseries

I'm over the moon and spoiling my Clori.

And as the sun began to show itself through the rosy eastern doors,

with sighs and uneven accents

the old dispute is renewed.

And when the sun, from its starry, upright seat, sent rays to the earth.

The crying intensifies and doubles the moans.

The night returns, and I return to the sad tale, and I always find, in my mortal plight,

to heaven, silent; to Clori, without eyes.

He liked the sonnet to Camila very much; but better to Anselmo, since he praised it, and said that the lady was excessively cruel, as she did not correspond to so clear truths.

To what Camila said:

Then, is all that the lovelorn poets say true?

"As poets don't say it—Lotario replied; but as lovers, they are always as short as true ones."

"There's no doubt about it," Anselmo retorted, "all to support and vouch for Lotario's thoughts with Camila, as careless of Anselmo's affectation as she already was enamored with Lotario."

And so, with the pleasure he felt towards her possessions, and more, understanding that her desires and writings to her were directed towards her, and that she was the true Clori, he begged her to say them if she knew any other sonnet or verses.

"Yes, I see," Lotario replied; but I don't think it's as good as the first, or, to put it more positively, less bad."

You can surely judge it well, for it is this:

Sonnet

I know I am dying; and if I am not believed.

It is more certain to die, as it is certain that I fall at your feet, oh beautiful ungrateful one, dead, than to repent and adore you.

I might fall into the region of oblivion.

of life and glory and of deserved favor

and you'll see it in my open chest

How your beautiful face is sculpted.

I keep this relic for the tough.

the trance that threatens my life.

it strengthens itself in that regard.

Woe to him who sails, beneath a dark sky, across an unused sea and a dangerous path.

Where north or the port is not offered!

I also praise this second sonnet by Anselmo as he had done with the first, and in this way he was adding link by link to the chain with which he bound and worked her dishonor, since when Lotario most dishonored her, he would tell her that she was more honorable; and with this, all the steps that Camila descended toward the center of her contempt, he raised to the summit of virtue and of her good fame,

in the opinion of her husband.

It happened that, one day, Camila was alone with her maid, and she said to her:

I'm running, my friend Leonela, to see how little I've known to value myself, since I didn't let it happen with time that I bought the entire possession for Lotario that I gave so quickly from my will.

I fear he will dismiss my haste or lightheartedness, without seeing the strength he made me have to resist him.

"Don't be upset about that, my dear," Leonela replied; "it's not a matter that warrants diminishing esteem, for what is given is given promptly, and indeed, what is given is good, and that in itself deserves esteem."

And it is still often said that he who gives later, gives twice.

-It is also often said - Camila said - that what costs little is valued less.

"That's not for you to pursue," Leonela replied, "because love, as I've heard, sometimes flies, and sometimes walks; with one it runs, and with the other it moves slowly; it warms some, and burns others; it wounds some, and kills others; it begins its race for desires in the same spot, and ends and concludes it in that very same place; in the morning it lays siege to a fortress, and at night it holds it surrendered, because there is no force that resists it."

And so, what do you frighten you, or what do you fear, if the same thing must have happened to Lothario, having taken love as a tool to render our lord's absence? And it was necessary that everything be concluded in her that love had determined, without giving time to time for Anselmo to have him return, and with his presence the work remained imperfect; for love has no better instrument than occasion to execute what it wishes, it uses occasion in all its actions, primarily in the principles. I know all this very well, more from experience than you hear, madam; and I am flesh and blood too, young blood.

The more, Mrs. Camila, that you didn't surrender to him nor give so late, that you hadn't first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his reasons and in Lotario's promises and gifts, seeing in her and in her virtues how worthy Lotario was of being loved.

Well, if this is the case, don't shock your imagination with those meticulous and sensitive thoughts; but make sure Lotario values you as you value him, and live with contentment and satisfaction, since once you've fallen into the loving bond, it's he who gives you courage and esteem, and not just has the four necessities that people say good lovers must have, but a whole abece entirely: if not, listen to me, and you'll hear me echoing you.

He is, according to me and seems to me, grateful, good, a gentleman, generous, in love, firm, valiant, illustrious, loyal, young, noble, honest, principal, wealthy, and all the terms that are said, and then, taciturn, true.

The X doesn't fit, because it's a harsh letter; the Y is already said; the Z, guardian of your honor.

Rio■se Camila about her maidservant, and she told you that she was more skilled in matters of love than she had said; and so she confessed it, revealing to Camila how she treated loves with a well-born young man, from the same city; and of this Camila was disturbed, fearing that it was the path by which her honor could be at risk.

I was rushing them more than just being with them.

She, with little embarrassment and much confidence, replied that yes, they were coming.

Because it is a certain thing that the ladies' neglects cause shame to the maids, who, when they see their mistresses walking about carelessly, give them nothing to show off with, nor do they let them know.

Camila could not do anything except beg Leonela not to say anything about her deed, the one in which she claimed to be her lover, and to treat his things in secret, lest it reach Anselmo or Lotario.

Leonela replied that she would; however, she fulfilled it in such a way that it confirmed Camila's fear that she would lose her credit; because the dishonest and audacious Leonela, once she saw that her mistress's conduct was not as it usually was, dared to enter and bring her lover into the house, confident that, although her lady might see her, she would not dare to reveal him; that this damage entails, among others, the sins of the ladies: that they become slaves to their own servants, and are obliged to cover up their dishonesty and baseness, as happened with Camila; although she saw many times that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, not only did she not dare to reprimand

But he could not get rid of him, for Lotario never saw him leave, not even at the breaking of the dawn; and he, not knowing who he was, first thought he must be some ghost; but when he saw him walking. He became entangled and carefully concealed himself, falling from his simple thought, and arrived at another, which was the ruin of all, if Camila did not remedy it.

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Pretend you are absent for two or three days as you usually do, and arrange it so that you remain hidden in your chamber, since the tapestries there and other things with which you can conceal yourself offer you much comfort, and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camila wants; and if malice is what one should fear rather than wait for, with silence, shrewdness, and discretion you can be the executioner of your grievance.

Anselmo remained absorbed, suspended, and amazed by Lotario's reasons, because he heard them at a time when he least expected to, since he already considered Camila the victor in Lotario's pretended assaults, and he was beginning to enjoy the glory of victory.

Silent for a good space of time, looking at the floor without moving a muscle, and finally he said:

You have done it, Lotario, as I expected of your friendship; in everything I must follow your counsel; do what you wish and keep that secret that you see is advantageous in such an unforeseen case.

I promised it to Lotario, and, as he withdrew from it, he completely regretted everything I had told him, seeing how foolishly he had acted, since he could avenge himself on Camila, and not by such a cruel and dishonorable path.

He cursed his understanding, he chipped away at his light determination, and he didn't know what means to take to undo what had been done, or to find a reasonable outlet.

At last, I agreed to tell everything.

Camila; and as there was room for it, she found her alone that very day, and she, as she saw that she could speak to her, said to her:

Know, my friend Lotario, that I have a pain in my heart, that grips it tightly, that seems like it wants to burst forth from my chest, and it will be a marvel if it doesn't; for Leonela's shame has reached this point that every night she keeps a rake in this house, and spends the day with him, to the cost of what credit I have left, whenever he emerges at such unusual hours from my home.

And what tires me is that I cannot punish her nor reproach her: that being she the secretary of our dealings has put a bridle on my mouth to silence hers, and I fear that some bad event must be born from here.

At first, when Camila was saying it, Lotario thought it was a trick to discredit the man he had seen leave Leonela's, and not his own; but seeing her cry, and suffer, and ask for remedy, he came to believe the truth, and, believing it, he had just been confused and completely remorseful.

But, with all that, he told Camila that she had no need to worry; that he would arrange a remedy to deal with Leonela's insolence.

He also told her what, spurred by the furious rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how it was arranged to hide in the chamber, to see from there the little loyalty she held for him.

Forgive her madness, and advice on how to overcome it and emerge from such a chaotic labyrinth created by her bad speech.

Camila was left unable to hear what Lotario was saying to her, and with much anger and many discreet reasons, she scorned and refuted her bad thought and the simple and poor determination she had had; but, as women naturally have a quick mind for both good and evil, more than a man, since it fails her when she sets out to make speeches, she immediately found a way to remedy such an apparently irremediable business, and told Lotario to see to it that on another day Anselmo hide himself where he said, because she thought to draw comfort from his hiding place so that from that time on the two of them could enjoy themselves without any alarm; and, without revealing her entire thought to him, she warned him that he should be careful that while Anselmo was hidden, he come when Leonela called him, and that he answer whatever she told him as he would have answered, even if he did not know that Anselmo was listening.

Porfirio Lotario was finishing of declaring his intention to him, because with more certainty and warning he would keep everything he saw necessary.

"I say—said Camila—that there's only what to save, unless it's to answer me as I ask you—not wanting Camila to realize sooner what she intended to do, fearful that she wouldn't follow the opinion that seemed so good to her, and seek others that couldn't be so good."

With this, Lotario departed; and Anselmo, another day, with the excuse of going to that village of his friend, set out, and returned to hiding, because Camila and Leonela had arranged it for him with ingenuity.

Therefore, Anselmo, with that start he can imagine that one who waited to see her make a discovery of the depths of her honor, withdrew on the verge of losing the greatest good he thought he possessed in his beloved Camila.

Safe and sure Camila and Leonela that Anselmo was hidden, entered the bedroom; and, as soon as Camila had set her feet within it, when, giving a great sigh, she said:

Oh, Leonela, my friend! Wouldn't it be better that I arrive to execute what I don't want you to know, since you don't try to obstruct it, that you take the dagger of...

Anselmo, why have you asked me, and would you spend with her this infamous chest of mine? But do not do such a thing; it won't be reasonable for me to carry the sorrow of another's fault.

First, I want to know what you saw in Lotario's brazen and dishonest eyes that caused you to give him the audacity to discover such a bad desire in me, in contempt for his friend and in my dishonor.

Leonela, go to that window and call her; she must be on the street, putting her bad intention into effect. But first, he will put on my honorable, cruel cloak.

"Oh, my dear!" Leonela replied, shrewd and perceptive.

And what do you want to do with this dagger? Do you perhaps want to take your own life or take it from Lotario? Whatever of these things you want will result in a loss of your credit and fame.

It's better that you conceal your grievance, and don't give him an opportunity to enter this house and find us alone.

Look, Mrs., we're thin women, and he's a man, and determined; and since he comes with that bad intention, blind and passionate, maybe before you execute yours he'll do what would be most against you – like taking your life.

May my lord Anselmo curse me, for all the help he's given this miserable man in his house! And now, madam, that you kill him, as I think you wish to do, what are we to do afterward when he is dead?

—What friend? —Camila replied.

Let him leave him to bury Anselmo, for it will be just that he have as rest the work that I took in putting beneath the earth his own infamy.

Bring him, it's finished; it seems that all the time it takes me to take proper revenge for my grievance insults the loyalty I owe my husband.

Anselmo listened to all of this, and with every word Camila spoke, his thoughts were changing; but when he understood that she was determined to kill Lotario, he wanted to go out and discover the truth, because such a thing would not be done; but he restrained himself from seeing in what she was stopping, with the intention of going out before she was overwhelmed.

Give Camila the biggest fainting spell and, throwing herself on a bed that was there, Leonela began to cry bitterly and say:

Alas, wretched that I am if I were so unlucky, that the flower of honesty of the world, the crown of good women, the example of chastity should die here in my arms.

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Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

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With other things like these, so that none would hear of her who was considered the most wounded and loyal maid in the world, and her lady by another new and persecuted Penelope.

Camila returned quickly from her fainting spell, and upon regaining consciousness, she said:

Why don't you go, Leonela, to call the most loyal friend who saw the sun, or covered the night? Hurry up, push, don't let the delay extinguish the fire of anger I have, and let threats and curses mark the just vengeance I expect.

"I'm just about to call her, my dear," Leonela said; "but first, give me that dagger, because don't do anything, while I'm gone, so that she doesn't cry the rest of her life to everyone who loves you."

Be safe, Leonela friend, I won't—Camila replied; because since you're being bold, and simple, to your way of thinking, in returning for my honor, I won't be as much like Lucrecia, of whom they say died without having committed any error, and without he died first, the one who had the cause of his misfortune.

I will die, if I die; but she must be avenged and satisfied with the one who gave me occasion to come to this place to weep over his outrageous offenses, born so innocent.

Leonela was much coaxed before she went to call Lotario; but, in the end, she went, and while she was returning, Camila said, as if speaking to herself:

God have mercy! It would have been more judicious to have dismissed Lotario, as I have done so many times before, rather than putting him in a position, as I have already put him, where he considers me disreputable and bad, even if this time it takes me longer to disillusion him. Without a doubt, it would have been better; but I would not have been avenged, nor my husband's honor satisfied, if he were to return to where his bad thoughts entered.

Pay the traitor with his life, as I try with such lascivious desire: let the world, if ever I know it, know that Camila not only kept her loyalty to her husband but also gave him vengeance against those who dared to offend him.

However, with all that, I believe it would have been better to make him aware of it to Anselmo; but I already pointed it out to him in the letter I wrote to the village, and I believe that he not having come to the remedy for the damage he showed him there was because, being pure and trusting, he didn't want or couldn't believe that in the chest of his so firm friend there could fit a kind of thought against his honor; nor did I believe it afterward, for many days, nor would I ever believe it, if his insolence hadn't gone so far, that the manifest gifts and the long promises and the continuous tears didn't reveal it to me.

But what am I to do now with these speeches? Do you, perhaps, have a proud need for any advice? No, of course not.

Kill then, traitors; here, vengeance! Let the false one die, come, arrive, die, and end, and let what has happened happen! Take possession of what the heavens gave to me; I must emerge from it, and, at most, I will emerge bathed in my own blood, and in the impure blood of the most false friend who saw friendship in the world.

And saying this, he paced through the room with the dagger drawn, taking such bewildered and outrageous steps and making such gestures, that it seemed as if he lacked all judgment, and that he was no delicate woman, but a desperate rogue.

Anselmo looked at everything, hidden behind tapestries where he had concealed himself, and he admired all of it, and it already seemed to him that what he had seen and heard was enough to dispel suspicions, and he wished that Lotario's arrival as proof were lacking, fearing some sudden misfortune. And as he was about to appear and embrace his wife, he stopped because he saw Leonela returning with Lotario by the hand; and as Camila saw her, making with the dagger on the ground a large mark before him, she said:

Lotario, heed my warning; if you dare to cross that line you see, not even approaching it, at the point where you see me attempting it, I will pierce you with this dagger that I hold in my hands.

Before you answer me with words, I want others to listen to me; then you will answer what you like best. First, I want, Lotario, you to tell me if you know my husband, Anselmo, and what your opinion of him is; and secondly, I also want to know if you know me.

Answer this, and don't trouble yourself, nor think much about what you should answer, for these are not difficulties I ask you.

Lotario wasn't so ignorant; from the first point Camila told him to hide Anselmo, he hadn't realized what she intended to do, and thus, he responded with such discretion and at such a timely moment.

The two made them believe that lie was more than just a truth, and so she answered Camila in this way:

I didn't think, beautiful Camila, that you were calling me to ask me such things so outside of my intention as I come here.

If you do this to delay the promised grace, from afar you could hold her, because the greater the fatigue of the good desired, the closer the hope is to being possessed; but because you don't say that I don't answer your questions, I say that I know your husband Anselmo, and we've known each other since our tender years; and I don't want to tell you what you so well know about our friendship, in order not to make me a witness of the grievance that love makes him make, a powerful excuse for greater errors. I know you, and I have the same possession that he has over you; that, otherwise, for fewer reasons than those you possess, I would not have gone against what I owe to who I am, nor against the sacred laws of true friendship, now so powerful an enemy as my love being broken and violated.

"If you confess to that," Camila replied, "you are a mortal enemy of everything that rightfully deserves to be loved, and with what face do you dare appear before one who knows is the mirror where you should

look, so that you may see with what little courtesy you have offended him? But alas, wretched of me!, he had fallen into the reckoning of who has made you have so little regard for yourself, it must have been some unfortunate lapse on my part, which I don't want to call dishonesty, since it wouldn't have come from a deliberate determination, but from some oversight of those women who think they have no one to be cautious around, which they do inadvertently."

If not, tell me: when, oh traitor, did you answer my pleas with any word or sign that might awaken in you some shadow of hope to fulfill your infamous desires? When your affectionate words were not undone and rebuked by me with rigor and harshness? When your many promises and great gifts were believed of me and not admitted? But, in order to appear as though no one can persevere in the attempt to love you for a long time, if I am not sustained by some hope, I want to take the blame for your impudence, since, without a doubt, some negligence on my part has sustained your care for so long, and thus, I want to punish myself and give myself the pain that your guilt deserves.

And because you see that being with me is so inhumane, it was impossible not to be so with you, I wanted to bring you to witness the sacrifice I intend to make for the offended honor of my so honorable husband, aggravated by you with the greatest care possible, and me too with the little consideration I've had for avoiding the occasion, if any you gave, to favor and canonize your bad intentions.

I keep saying that the suspicion that some carelessness of mine has engendered in you so wicked thoughts is the one that most wearies me, and the one I most desire to punish with my own hands, because, if another executioner punished me, perhaps my guilt would be more public; but before I do that, I want to die in dying, and carry with me whoever has finally satisfied the desire for vengeance that I await and possess, seeing there, wherever they may be, the punishment that comes from disinterested justice and that does not bend to those who have placed me in such desperate terms.

And with these reasons, with incredible force and lightness, he charged at Lotario with the dagger drawn, with such displays of intent to impale him in the chest that he almost doubted whether those demonstrations were false or true, because he was forced to use his industry and his strength to prevent Camila from giving him.

She so vividly feigned that strange deceit and ugliness, that, wishing to shade it with her own blood in the guise of truth; because, seeing that Lotario could not be, or pretending that he could not, she said: Fate doesn't seem to fully satisfy my rightful wish, at least, it won't be so powerful that it completely removes my inability to satisfy it.

And, exerting himself to release the hand of the dagger, which Lotario held tightly, he drew it out, guiding its point as far as he could without inflicting a deep wound, he inserted it and concealed it above the handle on the left side, near the shoulder, and then collapsed to the ground, as if unconscious. Leonela and Lotario were suspended and astonished by such an event, and they still doubted the truth of that deed, seeing Camila lying on the ground and bathed in her blood.

Lucio hastened with great speed, breathless and gasping, to draw out the dagger, and upon seeing the small wound, he was freed from the fear he had until then held, and he admired once more the cleverness, prudence, and much discretion of the beautiful Camila; and, acting as he should, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation about Camila's infidelity, as if she were dead, uttering many curses, not only against himself, but against him who had been the cause of that unfortunate situation. And as he knew his friend Anselmo was listening, he said things that whoever heard them would feel a great deal of pity for Camila, even though she was dead.

Leonela took her in her arms and laid her in the bed, begging Lotario to go and find out who secretly tended to Camila; she also asked for his advice and opinion regarding what Anselmo would say about Lady Camila's wound, if he came before it was healed.

He replied that he would say whatever they wished; that he wasn't there to give advice that would be of use; he simply told him to be careful about letting them see his blood, because he was going where people wouldn't see him.

And with samples of much pain and feeling, he left the house; and when he saw himself alone and in a place where no one saw him, he didn't stop making crosses, marveling at Camila's industry and Leonela's so proper mannerisms.

He considered how aware Anselmo had to remain of having a second Porcia as his wife, and he wished to see her for himself to celebrate with her the lie and the most cleverly concealed truth he could

ever imagine.

Leonela, as has been said, took her lady's blood, which was no more than what was sufficient to prove her deception, and washing the wound with a little wine, bound her as well as she knew how, saying such reasons while she was healing her, that even though there had not been others, they were enough to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camila a semblance of honesty.

They joined Leonela's words with those of Camila, calling her cowardly and lacking spirit, since she had failed when she was most needed to take her own life, which she so detested.

She asked her maid whether she should or should not tell her beloved husband of all that event; and the maid told her not to tell him, because it would put her under an obligation to take revenge on Lotario, which could not be done without great risk to herself, and that the good woman was obliged not to give her husband occasion to laugh, but to deprive him of all that was possible.

Camila replied that she found his opinion very agreeable, and that she would follow him; but that in any case it was necessary to find out what to say to Anselmo about that wound, which he couldn't stop seeing; to which Leonela responded that she, even when joking, didn't know how to lie.

"Well, I, sister – Camila replied –, what do I know that wouldn't make me hesitate to fabricate or sustain a lie, if my life depended on it? And if we're not going to find a way to address this, it's better to tell her the stark truth, rather than to be caught in a lie."

Don't be concerned, madam: from here until tomorrow, I will think about what we should say, and perhaps, because the wound is where it is, you can conceal it so that he doesn't see it, and heaven will be kind to our so just and so honorable thoughts.

Mirror yourself, my dear, and try to calm your agitation, because my lord will not find you startled, and the rest, leave it to my care, and to God's, who always comes to the good intentions.

Anselmo had been exceedingly attentive to listening and witnessing the representation of the tragedy of the loss of his honor; which was represented with such strange and effective emotions by the characters therein, that it seemed they had transformed into the very truth of what they were portraying. She wished greatly for the night, and for having a place to go out of her house, and to go to meet with her good friend Lotario, congratulating him on the beautiful daisy that she had found in the disappointment of her wife's kindness.

The two took care to give him space and comfort so he could leave, and he, without hesitation, left, and then went to find Lotario; who, having found him, one cannot adequately recount the embraces he gave him, the things he said to him from his joy, the praises he gave to Camila.

All of which I heard Lotario say without showing any joy, because he was represented to memory how deceived his friend was, and how unjustly he offended him; and although Anselmo saw that Lotario did not rejoice, he believed it was his fault for having wounded Camila and himself being the cause; and thus, among other reasons, he told him not to regret the affair of Camila, because, without doubt, the wound was slight, since there was a plan to conceal it from him, and that, according to this, he had nothing to fear, but that from now on he should rejoice and be happy with him, since by his industry and means he saw himself raised to the highest happiness he could desire, and he wanted it not to be other entertainments than to make verses in praise of Camila, that she might be eternal in the memory of the coming centuries.

Lotario praised his good determination and said that, for his part, he would help to raise such a glorious building.

With this, Anselmo became the most deliciously deceived man in the world: he himself carried by his hand to his house, believing he carried the instrument of his glory, all the ruin of his fame.

Received it with a twisted face, apparently, though with a cheerful soul.

Endured this deception for many days, until, after a few months, Fortuna returned her wheel, and the malice, so long covered up with such artifice, appeared in the square, and it cost Anselmo his impudent curiosity the life of.

Chapter 35: About the fierce and colossal battle that Don Quixote had with some bottles of red wine, and the end of the novel of the curious imp.

There was little left to read of the novel, when Sancho Panza emerged from where Don Quixote had been resting, in a flurry, shouting at the top of his voice:

Attend, sirs, quickly and aid my lord, who is embroiled in the most fierce and stubborn battle that my eyes have ever seen.

God be with you, who has given a blow to the enemy lady princess Micomicona, who has cut off her head like a turnip!

"What are you saying, brother?" the priest said, stopping his reading of what remained of the novel. Are you alright, Sancho? How the devil can that you're saying, when the giant is two thousand leagues away?

In this, they heard a great noise in the chamber, and Don Quixote saying aloud:

Try, thief, scoundrel, son of a bitch; that here I have you, and it won't do you any good with your dagger!

It looked like he was making big cuts in the walls.

And Sancho said:

They don't need to stand and listen, but come to separate the fight, or to help my master; although it will no longer be necessary, because, without a doubt, the giant is already dead, and giving account to God of his past and bad life; that I saw the blood run across the floor, and the severed head fallen to one side, that is as big as a large wine skin.

"Kill me," the innkeeper said, "if Don Quixote or Don Diablo hasn't given a cut to some of the skins of red wine that were full at his head, and the spilled wine must seem to this good man like blood."

And with this he entered the chamber, and all after him, and they found Don Quixote in the most strange costume in the world.

I was in a shirt, which wasn't very complete, as it only covered my thighs, and behind it had six fingers less; the legs were very long and thin, full of hair and not very clean; it had on its head a small red bonnet, belonging to the stablehand; on the left arm it had rolled up the bedsheet, with which Sancho was particularly fond, and he knew very well the reason; and on the right, with a sword drawn, with which he made cuts in all directions, saying words as if he were truly fighting with some giant.

And it was good that he didn't have his eyes open, because he was sleeping and dreaming that he was in battle with the giant; that the imagination of the adventure was so intense that it made him dream that he had already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and that he was already in the fight with his enemy;

I had given so many cuts to the skins, believing I had given them to the giant, that the entire room was full of wine.

Seeing this by the innkeeper, it took so much anger, that he attacked Don Quixote, and with a blow he began to give him so many hits, that if Cardenio and the priest hadn't taken him away, he would have finished the giant's war; and, with all that, the poor knight didn't wake up until the barber brought a large pot of cold water from the well, and he threw it over his whole body at once, with which he awoke Don Quixote; but not with so much agreement, that he threw up what he was seeing.

Dorotea, seeing how short and subtly he was dressed, did not want to enter to see the battle of her helper and her opponent.

Sancho was searching the floor for the giant's head, and since he couldn't find it, he said:

I know very well that all of this house is enchantment; that the other time in this very same place where I now find myself, I was given many kicks and lashes, without knowing who gave them to me, and I never could see anyone; and now it doesn't seem like this head, which I saw cut with my own eyes, and the blood flowed from the horn like a fountain.

"What blood do you mean, enemy of God and his saints?" the tavern keeper said.

Don't you see, thief, that the blood and the source is nothing other than these hides that are here pierced, and the red wine that nothing in this room, that swimming I see the soul, in hell, of whoever pierced them?

"I know nothing," Sancho replied: "I only know that I shall sell myself to be such a miserable man, that, for not finding this head, my dukedom will be lost to me as salt in water."

And Sancho was worse awake than his master was sleeping: such were the promises his master had made to him.

The vendor was despairing of seeing the squire's sullenness and the lord's curse, and he swore he would not be like last time, when they left without paying, and that now his privileges of knighthood



wouldn't be worth anything for letting them run up debts and expenses, even to the point of ruining honest people.

He was holding Don Quixote's hands, who, believing that the adventure was already over and that he was before Princess Micomicona, knelt before the priest, saying:

Your high and famous lady may certainly live, from this day forward, safe from any harm this ill-born creature may do; and I, from this day forward, am released from the word I gave you, thanks to the help of the high God and with the favor of him for whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it so well.

-Didn't I say that? - he said, hearing this – Sancho.

No, I wasn't drunk, look, he's already put my lord in salt for the giant! Certain are the bulls, my county is molded!

Who wouldn't have laughed at the antics of the two, master and servant? Everyone laughed except the vendor, who was giving himself to Satan; but, in the end, the barber, Cardenio, and the priest, with no little work, found Don Quixote in bed, who had fallen asleep, with clear signs of great tiredness.

They left him to sleep, and went out to the marketplace to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head; although they had to do more to appease the merchant, who was desperate over the sudden death of his hides.

And the washerwoman shouted in a voice and in cries:

In a bad spot and at a late hour, this wandering gentleman entered my house, whom my eyes never would have seen, whom it costs me so dearly.

Last time, he left the cost of a night, a dinner, a bed, straw and barley, for himself and for his squire, and a cask and a donkey, saying that it was due to a bad luck, to him and to all the adventurers in the world, and that because of this he was not obligated to pay anything, that it was written in the tariffs of the wandering knight; and now, by his respect, another lord came and took my tail, and he returned it with more than two cuartillos of damage, completely ruined, that it cannot be used for what my husband wants; and finally, to top it all off, he broke my hides and spilled my wine, so that if spilled, I could see his blood.

Well, don't think about it; by the bones of my father and the age of my mother, if they're not going to pay me a quarter over another, I wouldn't be called by the name I'm called, nor would I be the daughter of whom I am!

And other reasons, she said with great anger, and her good maid, Maritornes, helped her.

The daughter remained silent, and she would occasionally smile.

The priest calmed everything, promising to compensate them for their loss as best he could, regarding both the hides and the wine, and especially for the damage to the tail, which they cared about so much. Dorotea consoled Sancho Panza, telling him that whenever it seemed that her master had decapitated the giant, he promised her, as his kingdom grew peaceful, to give her the best county he had.

Comfort yourself with this, Sancho, and assure the princess that I had certainly seen the giant's head, and that, by signs, he had a beard that reached his waist; and that if it didn't appear so, it was because everything that happened in that house was through enchantment, as I had proven it again that I had rested upon it.

Dorotea said that was what she believed, and that she had no regrets; that everything would go well and happen as if by magic.

They were all settled, the priest wanted to finish reading the novel, because he saw that there was little left.

Cardenio, Dorotea and everyone else begged her to finish.

He, who wanted to please everyone, and whom he was eager to read, continued the story, which read as follows:

It happened, therefore, that, due to the satisfaction Anselmo had with Camila's goodness, he lived a happy and carefree life, and Camila, industrious, turned a bad face on Lotario, because Anselmo understood it in the opposite way of the will he had for her; and to confirm his deed, Lotario asked Anselmo permission not to come to his house, since it was clearly shown the gloom Camila received through her gaze; however, the deceived Anselmo told him that he should not do it in no way; and in this way, through a thousand means, Anselmo was the maker of his dishonor, believing that it was to his liking.

In this, the one who had Leonela in his sights as a possible qualification in his affections went so far that, without looking at anything else, he followed her at full speed, relying on his lady to conceal her, and even warning her in the way she could execute it with little caution.

In the end, one night Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela's chamber, and wanting to enter to see who they were, he felt that something was hindering his ability, which made him want to open it even more; and he exerted so much force that he opened it, and entered just in time to see a man jumping out the window onto the street; and rushing to reach him or know him, he couldn't do one or the other, because Leonela embraced him, saying to him:

Be quiet, my lord, and don't stir, nor follow him who jumped from here: it's my business, and a great deal so, it's my husband.

Anselmo didn't want to believe it; instead, blinded by anger, he drew his dagger and wanted to wound Leonela, telling her to tell him the truth; otherwise, he would kill her.

She, with fear, not knowing what she was saying, told him:

Don't kill me, sir, because I'll tell you things more important than you can imagine.

"I'll kill you then," Anselmo said; "if not, you're dead."

"For now it will be impossible," Leonela said, "according to what I'm disturbed about; let me until tomorrow, that's when you'll know of a thousand things to admire; and be sure that the one who jumped out of this window is a young man from this city, who has given me his hand to be my husband."

Anselmo calmed himself with this and intended to wait for the word he had been asked to deliver, because he didn't think he would hear anything against Camila, for he was so satisfied and secure in her kindness; and so he left the room, leaving Leonela locked up within it, telling her that she wouldn't leave until he told her what he had to say.

He then went to see Camila and tell her everything that had happened to her with her maid, and the words he had given her to tell her of great things and importance.

Whether or not Camila was turbocharged, there's no denying it; because of the fear she instilled, believing truly, that Leonela would tell Anselmo everything she knew about his little faith, that she hadn't had the will to wait if her suspicion proved false or not, and that very same night, when she thought Anselmo was sleeping, she secured the best jewels she had, and some money, and without anyone noticing, she left the house and went to Lotario's, where she told him what was happening and asked him to collect, or for both of Anselmo's absences to be where she could be sure.

The confusion Camila caused Lotario was so great that he couldn't speak a word, let alone figure out what he should do.

In the end, I agreed to take Camila to a monastery, where her sister was the prioress.

Consented Camila to it, and with the readiness that the case demanded, Lotario took her and left her in the convent, and he himself then departed from the city, without giving notice of his absence to anyone. When it dawned, without noticing Camila was not by his side, with the desire he had to know what Leonela wanted to say, he got up and went to where she had been locked up.

He opened and entered the room, but he did not find Leonela there; he only found sheets neatly folded and tied to the window, an indication and signal that something had been taken down and removed from there.

He returned very sad to tell Camila, and, not finding her in the bed or anywhere in the house, he was astonished.

I asked the household servants about her; but none of them could reason with me regarding what I asked.

By chance, while searching for Camila, who had seen her chests open and her jewels missing, he suddenly realized her misfortune, and that it was not Leonela the cause of her misfortune; and as he was, still undressed, sad and thoughtful, he went to tell his friend Lotario about her trouble.

But when he couldn't find him, and his servants told him that he had been missing from home that night and had taken all the money he had with him, he thought he was losing his mind.

And to finish concluding with everything, returning to his house, he found in it none of the servants he had, but the house deserted and alone.

I didn't know what to think, what to say, or what to do, and little by little, his judgment was slipping away.

He contemplated and gazed upon himself in an instant, without wife, without friend, and without servants, abandoned, as he believed, by the sky that covered him, and above all without honor, because in the absence of Camila he saw his ruin.

Finally, after a large piece, it was decided to go to his friend's village, where he had been when all that misfortune began to brew.

He drove them from their house, mounted his horse, and with labored breath he set off; and scarcely had he ridden half the distance when, harassed by his thoughts, he was forced to dismount and hire his horse from a tree, leaning against whose trunk he fell, giving tender and painful sighs, and there he remained until almost nightfall; and at that hour he saw a man on horseback coming from the city, and, after having greeted him, he asked him what news there was in Florence.

The citizen replied:

The strangest sounds have been heard from her, for it is publicly said that Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived near St. John, took Camila, Anselmo's wife, last night, and Anselmo himself does not seem to believe it.

A maid of Camila told us that last night the governor was hanging sheets out of the windows of Anselmo's house.

In fact, I don't precisely know how the business transpired; I only know that the entire city is astonished by this event, because it couldn't be expected due to the great and familiar friendship of the two, whom they called the two friends.

-Do you happen to know the path that Lotario and Camila are taking?

-Not in my wildest dreams –said the citizen–, since the governor has been very diligent in searching for them.

Go to God, my lord – said Anselmo.

-With you, you must agree – replied the citizen, and so be it.

With such unfortunate new developments, Anselmo almost reached terms, not only of losing his mind, but of ending his life.

He rose as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who still didn't know his misfortune; but as she saw him arrive yellow, exhausted and dry, she understood that some serious illness had afflicted him. Anselmo then asked that they lay him to bed and that they encourage him to write.

It happened like that, and they left him lying there alone, because he wanted it that way, even if they closed him up.

Thus, alone, he began to burden his imagination with so much of his misfortune, that he clearly knew his life was ending; and so, he ordered that news of the cause of his strange death be made known; and beginning to write, before he had finished setting down all that remained, he lost his breath and left life to the pain it had caused him through his impudent curiosity.

Seeing the master of the house, as it was already late and Anselmo hadn't called, he remembered to go and see if his indisposition was progressing, and he found him lying on his back, half the horn on the bed and the other half on the desk, which was there, with the written paper and it open, and he still had the pen in his hand.

The guest arrived at him, having called him first; and, grasping his hand, seeing that he did not respond, and finding him cold, he saw that he was dead.

He was greatly admired and deeply grieved, and I called the people at home to see the misfortune that had befallen Anselmo, and finally I read the paper, which I knew was written by his own hand, containing these reasons:

A foolish and impudent person took my life.

If news of my death should reach Camila's ears, know that I forgive her, because she was not obliged to perform miracles, nor did I need her to make them; and since I was the maker of my dishonor, there is no point in it.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Anselmo wrote as far as this, from which it became clear that at that point, without being able to finish the argument, his life ended.

Another day, his friend notified Anselmo's relatives of his death, who already knew his misfortune, and the monastery where Camila was, nearing the end of accompanying her husband on that forced journey, not because of the news of the deceased husband, but because of the news of his absent friend.

It was said that, though she had become a widow, she refused to leave the monastery, still less to make herself a nun, until news arrived, after many days, that Lothario had died in battle, which Monsieur de Lautrec gave to the Grand Captain Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba in the kingdom of Naples, where the repentant friend had fallen; having learned this by Camila, she made her profession, and ended her life in a few days, under the rigorous hands of sorrows and melancholy.

This was the end they all had, born of such a brazen beginning.

"—Well—said the priest—I find this novel to be; but I cannot persuade myself that this is true; and if it is false, the author has falsely portrayed it, because one cannot imagine such a foolish husband as Anselmo who would want to make such an expensive experiment."

If this case were between a gentleman and a lady, it could be carried out; but between husband and wife, there is something of the impossible about it; and as for the way of telling it, I am not dissatisfied with it.

Chapter 36: About other strange events that occurred during the sale

While I was in this, the waiter, who was at the entrance to the stall, said:

This next one is a beautiful troop of bastards; if they stop here, let us rejoice.

"What gesture is that?" he said.

"Four men – replied the innkeeper – come on horseback, on a pony, with spears and daggers, and all with black face veils; and with them comes a woman dressed in white, in a litter, her face covered in distress, and two footmen."

"Do they come very close?" he asked.

So close – the bartender replied – they're already here.

Hearing this, Dorotea covered her face, and Cardenio entered Don Quixote's room; and there had hardly been room for it when they entered the inn and all the things the innkeeper had said were heard; and four horsemen, who were of very fine build and disposition, spurred off to harass the woman who came from the stall, and one of them took her in his arms and seated her on a chair at the entrance of the room where Cardenio had hidden.

Throughout all this time, neither she nor they had removed their face masks, nor had they spoken a word; only when the woman sat down in the chair, did she give a deep sigh, and let her arms fall, like a sick and faint person.

The stable boys led the horses to the stables.

The priest, eager to know who those people were who dressed in such a suit and with such silence, went to where the waiters were, and asked one of them what he already desired; who replied to him: Forgive me, sir, I don't know what kind of people these are; I only know that he shows himself to be very arrogant, especially that one who took that lady in his arms that you have seen; and I say this because everyone else respects him, and he does nothing more than what he orders and commands.

-And who is the lady? - the priest asked.

"I also don't know that," the waiter replied; "because I haven't seen her face on the entire journey; I've sighed if I've heard her many times and given a few groans, which seems to be with each one of them she wants to give her soul."

And it's not surprising that we know more about what we said, because my companion and I have only been with them for two days; because, having found them on the road, they begged us

They persuaded us to come with them to Andalusia, offering to pay us very well.

-And have you heard them named? -the priest asked.

"No, by the way," the waiter replied, "because everyone walks with so much silence, it's a wonderful thing; because you only hear their sighs and sobs, those of the poor lady, which move us to pity; and without a doubt we have come to believe that she is forced wherever she goes; and, as one can gather from her habits, she is a nun, or is about to be one, which is most certain, and perhaps because she

was not born by her own free will to be a nun, she is sad, as it appears.”

Everything could be - said the priest.

And let them, he turned toward where Dorothea was; who, having heard her sighing in the shoals, moved by natural compassion, approached her and said to her:

What's wrong, my dear? Look at those of whom women are usually skilled in healing, and see if any of them are suitable for my offering of goodwill.

Amid all this, the wounded lady remained silent; and although Dorotea returned with greater offers, she remained in her silence until the adorned knight arrived, as the boy said the others obeyed, and he told Dorotea:

Don't tire yourselves out, madam, in offering anything to that woman, because she has a habit of not appreciating anything that is done for her, and you won't get an answer from her if you don't want to hear a lie from her mouth.

“I never said it –said she to this season, the one who had been silent there-; before, because I was so true and without lying traces, I see myself now in so much misfortune; and from you yourselves, I want you to be the witness, since your pure truth makes you false and a liar.”

Here are the reasons Cardenio explained very clearly and distinctly, as one who was so close to the one who was saying them, and only the door to Don Quixote's room was in between; and he heard them as he did, with a great voice saying:

Oh my God! What is that I hear? What is that voice that has reached my ears?

The woman, quite startled by those shouts, returned to her feet and rose to enter the room; which seeing by the knight, he stopped her, without letting her move an inch.

With confusion and dismay, the taffeta she had been wearing to cover her face slipped, revealing a beauty beyond compare and a miraculous face, though pale and astonished, for she was constantly scanning every place she could see with her eyes, so intently that she seemed like a person beside themselves; these signs, not knowing why she was making them, caused great pity in Dorotea and in all who looked at her.

The knight held her firmly by the flanks, and being so occupied with holding her, he could not raise his lance, which fell from him, as, in fact, it fell entirely; and raising her eyes, Dorotea, who was embraced by the lady, saw that the one who embraced her with ardor was her husband, Don Fernando; and as soon as she had known him, when throwing from the depths of her bosom a long

Terribly sad! Oh!, she collapsed, fainting with her back to the wall; and if the barber hadn't been there to pick her up in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground.

The priest then came to remove the gag, to pour water on her face, and as she realized it, Don Fernando recognized her, who was embraced with the other, and she remained like dead seeing her; but not because she ceased to have Luscinda, who was the one trying to loosen herself from his arms; she had known her in a sigh to Cardenio, and he had known her to her.

Even Cardenio himself exclaimed, “Oh!” when Dorotea fell unconscious, and, believing it was his Luscinda, she rushed out of the room in a panic, and the first thing she saw was Don Fernando, holding Luscinda in his arms.

Tambie■rn, Don Fernando then met Cardenio; and the three of them, Luscinda, Cardenio, and Dorotea, were speechless and suspended, almost without knowing what had happened to them.

They all called out and looked at each other: Dorotea to Don Fernando, Don Fernando to Cardenio, Cardenio to Luscinda, and Luscinda to Cardenio.

But who broke the silence first was Luscinda, speaking to Don Fernando in this way:

Leave me, Lord Fernando, according to what you owe, to be who I am, since for no other respect do you make me come to the wall of who I am, to escape your intrusions, your threats, your promises, and your gifts.

Note how the sky, by these unusual and to me concealed paths, has put my true husband before me, and you well know by a thousand costly experiences that only death would suffice to erase him from my memory.

Let them, therefore, be so clear disappointments for you to return, since you can do nothing else, love in fury, will in spitefulness, and end me with him the life, for as I surrender it before my good husband, I will give it as well spent: perhaps with my death will be satisfied the faith that I maintained until the last

trance of life.

Meanwhile, Dorotea had returned to herself, and she had been listening to all the reasons that Luscinda had said, by which she came to know who she was; and seeing that Don Fernando still did not let her go from his arms, nor did he respond to her reasons, she strived as much as she could, she rose and went to kneel at his feet, and pouring a great quantity of beautiful and lamentable tears, thus she began to say:

If it is no longer yours, my lord, that the rays of that sun you have eclipsed in your arms, you take and blur your eyes, you have already seen that the one kneeling at your feet is the unfortunate one, until you wish it, and the miserable Dorotea.

I am that humble labradora, whom you, by your kindness or your liking, wished to elevate to be your own highness; I am the one who, confined within the limits of honesty, lived a contented life until, at the voices of your importunities, and, seemingly, just and loving sentiments, she opened the doors of her reserve and surrendered to you the keys of her freedom, a gift from you so ungrateful, as clearly shown by the fact that I was forced to be in the place where you find me, and you to see you as you see me. But, with all this, I didn't want you to think that I had come here with steps of my dishonor, having only brought you the steps of pain and the feeling of being forgotten by you.

You wanted me to be yours, and you've made it so that, even though you now want me not to be, I will never be yours.

Look, my love, that may be reward for beauty and nobility for whom you leave me the incomparable will that I have for you.

You cannot be of the beautiful Luscinda, because you are mine, nor can she be yours, because she is of Cardenio; and it will be much easier for you to reduce your will to wanting him who adores you, than to turn away the one who hates you to wanting you well.

You solicited my neglect; you begged for my integrity; you did not disregard my worth; you know very well the way I surrendered to your will: there's no room or welcome for you to call it a trick.

And if this is so, as it is, and you are as Christian a gentleman as you claim, why all this roundabout way of making me fortunate at the end, as you did at the beginning? And if you don't love me for what I am, that I am your true and legitimate wife, love me at least, and acknowledge me as your slave; for as I am in your power, I shall consider myself fortunate and well-favored.

Do not allow me, by abandoning and forsaking me, to have rumors spread about my dishonor; do not give such a bad old age to my parents, since they do not deserve the loyal services that, as good vassals, they have always done for yours.

And if it seems to you that you must destroy your blood by mixing it with mine, consider that few or none of the noblest families in the world have not followed this path, and that the one taken from women does not make the case in illustrious lineages, much more, that true nobility consists in virtue, and if this is lacking to you by denying me what you justly owe me, I will remain with more advantages of nobility than you have.

In short, sir, what I've been telling you lately is that, whether you like it or not, I am your wife: your words are witnesses, which should not be lies, if you insist on clinging to what you despise; the signature you made will be a witness, and the sky will be a witness to what you promised me.

And when all this is lacking, your own consciousness will not fail to speak out, silencing itself in the midst of your joys, returning to this truth that I have told you, and disturbing your best tastes and pleasures.

"And other reasons," said the wounded Dorotea, with so much feeling and tears, that those who accompanied Don Fernando, and all the presents, accompanied her in them."

He listened to Don Fernando without interrupting a word, until she ended hers, and began a torrent of sobs and sighs, that a heart of bronze would surely be needed to not be moved by such displays of pain.

Looking at her, Luscinda was afflicted with her feelings more than she was admired for her much discretion and beauty; and although she wished to reach her and say her some words of comfort, Don Fernando's arms held her tightly, preventing her from doing so.

Which, filled with confusion and terror, after having attentively looked at Dorotea for a good space of time, opened his arms, and, freeing Luscinda, said:

You conquered, beautiful Dorothea, you conquered; because it's not possible to have the spirit to deny so many truths together.

Because of Luscinda's faint, and as Fernando was about to fall to the ground; moreover, Cardenio was standing there beside him, because he did not know him, he immediately rushed to support Luscinda, and, carrying her in his arms, he said:

If the merciful heaven pleases and wishes that you already have a loyal, firm, and beautiful lady, I believe you will find her nowhere safer than in these arms that now receive you, and another time received you, when fortune desired to call you mine.

She put these reasons into Cardenio, and having begun to know him, first by the voice, and assuring herself that he was, with her eyes, almost beyond sense and without having any regard for honest respect, she threw her arms around his neck, and, bringing his face to meet Cardenio's, she said:

I do, my lord, you are the true master of her, though more than the contrary fortune, and more threats that she endures in your life, sustain her.

This was a strange spectacle for Don Fernando and for all the bystanders, marveling at such an unprecedented event.

It seemed to Don Fernando that he had lost the color of his face, and that besides wanting to take revenge on Cardenio, because he had seen him pointing the hand at Ponella with the sword; and as he thought, with no rival speed he embraced him by the knees, pressing them to his lips and holding him tight, not allowing him to move, and, without ceasing a point of his tears, he would say to him:

What do you think you're going to do, my only refuge, in this thoughtless trance? You have your wife at your feet, and the one you want to be so is in her husband's arms.

Look to see if it will suit you, or if it will be possible to undo what the heavens have done, or if it will be worth it to raise yourself up to match her, notwithstanding all inconvenience, confirmed in her truth and steadfastness, before your eyes, her face and breast bathed in loving liquor, her true husband.

I beg thee, for whom God is thy advocate, and for whom thou art, I implore thee, that this so notable disappointment not only not increase thy wrath, but diminish it so that with tranquility and composure thou mayest permit these two lovers to have from thee, without impediment, all the time that heaven wills to grant them, and in this thou shalt show forth the generosity of thy illustrious and noble breast, and see that the world hath with thee more reason than appetite.

As Dorotea said, though Cardenio had Luscinda embraced, he did not take his eyes from Don Fernando, with determination that, if he should see him make any movement to his detriment, he would strive to defend himself and offend as best he could all those who showed themselves to his damage, even if it cost him his life; but to this reason came the friends of Don Fernando, and the priest and the barber, who had been present at everything, without the good Sancho Panza being lacking, and they all surrounded Don Fernando, urging him to look at Dorotea's tears, and that, if it were true, as they without a doubt believed it to be, as it had said in his reasons, that he would not allow himself to be deceived in his just hopes; that he would consider that, not by chance, as it seemed, but with particular providence of the heavens, that they had all gathered in a place where none of them thought; and that the priest warned him – that only death could separate Luscinda from Cardenio; and although they might divide them with blades of a sword, they would consider their death most felicitous; and that in the irremediable bonds it was great wisdom, forcing and conquering himself, to show a generous heart, allowing that alone by their will the two could enjoy the good that the heavens had already granted them; that he should fix his eyes with eagerness on the beauty of Dorotea, and he would see that few or none could equal him, much less give him an advantage, and that he should combine his beauty with her humility and the extreme of love that she had for him, and, above all, that he should warn him that if he boasted of being a knight and a Christian, that he could only fulfill the word given; and that, fulfilling it, he would fulfill with God and satisfy the discerning people, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, even if it is in a humble subject, as it accompanies with honesty, to be able to rise and equal itself to any height, without a sign of detriment from that which raises and equalizes it to itself; and when the strong laws of taste are fulfilled, as sin does not intervene in it, it should not be blamed whoever follows them.

Indeed, to these reasons were added all others, such and so many, that the valiant breast of Don Fernando (in short, as nourished with illustrious blood) swelled and yielded to the truth, that he could not deny even if he wished; and the signal he gave of having surrendered and entrusted himself to the good opinion that had been proposed to him was to stoop and embrace Dorothea, saying: Rise up, my dear lady; it is not just that she who is at my feet should be the one I hold in my soul; and if even here I have not shown you the faith with which you love me, perhaps it has been by order of heaven, so that seeing you in you, I may appreciate it with the same faith that you have shown me. as you deserve.

What you reproach me for is my bad terms and my great neglect; for the very occasion and force that moved me to speak for myself, that very same force compelled me to avoid being your own.

And let this be true, return and look at the already contented eyes of Luscinda, and in them you will find excuse for all my errors; and since she finds and achieves what she desired, and I have found in you what fulfills me, may she live safe and happy long and happy years with her Cardenio; for I will pray to the heavens that they allow me to live with my Dorotea.

And saying this, I took her to embrace her, and to bring her face close to his, with such tender feeling, that it was necessary for him to have a great account of the tears not ending definitively to give undeniable signs of his love and regret.

The women of Luscinda and Cardenio, and almost all those present there, didn't do it that way, because they began to spill so much, some from their own contentment, and others from that of others, that it seemed as if a serious and bad case had happened to everyone.

Even Sancho Panza was weeping, though he later said he wasn't weeping, but only because he saw that Dorotea was not, as he thought, the Queen Micomicona, whom he had so many graces expected. For a space, along with the weeping, the admiration in everyone, and then Cardenio and Luscinda went to kneel before Don Fernando, giving him thanks for the grace he had done them, with so courteous reasons that Don Fernando did not know how to answer them; and so he raised them and embraced them with displays of much love and much courtesy.

I then asked Dorotea how she had come to that place, so far from hers.

She, with brief and discreet reasons, recounted everything she had previously told Cardenio; of which Fernando and those who came with him greatly delighted, wanting it to last longer: such was the grace with which Dorotea recounted her misfortunes.

And as it had ended, Don Fernando said what had happened in the city after he found the paper, within Luscinda, where she declared herself to be Cardenio's wife and unable to be his.

He said he wanted to kill him, and would do so if his parents prevented it; and that, therefore, he had left his house in disgrace and in flight, with the determination to avenge himself more comfortably; and that one day he learned how Luscinda had offended her parents, without anyone knowing where she had gone, and that, in conclusion, after a few months he learned that she was in a monastery, with the intention of staying there for life, if she could not spend it with Cardenio; and as he learned this, choosing for her company those three knights, he came to the place where she was, which he had not wanted to speak to, fearing that knowing that he was there, there would be more guards at the monastery; and so, waiting for a day when the porter was open, he left the two in charge of the gate, and he with another had entered the monastery looking for Luscinda, who they found in the cloister talking with a nun; and, seizing her, without giving her a chance to say anything else, they had come with her to a place where they had settled down with whatever they needed to take her along; all of which they could have done well to save her, as the monastery was in the countryside, a good distance from the town.

She said that just as Luscinda, seeing herself in power, lost all her senses; and that after regaining consciousness, she had done nothing but weep and sigh, without uttering a word; and that thus, accompanied by silence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which for her was to have arrived at heaven, where all the misfortunes of the earth are ended.

Chapter 37: Where the story of the famous princess Micomicona continues, with other amusing adventures.

All this Sancho listened to, with little pain of his soul, seeing that his hopes were vanishing like smoke, and that the beautiful princess Micomicona had become Dorothea, the giant had become Don



Fernando, and his master was sleeping in his dreams, careless of everything that had happened. Dorotea couldn't be sure if the good she possessed was a dream; Cardenio was in the same thought, and Luscinda's ran along the same lines.

Don Fernando gave thanks to God for the grace received and for having pulled himself out of that tangled labyrinth where he had been so close to losing his credit and his soul; and, finally, all those who were at the sale were pleased and joyful at the good fortune they had had, after so complicated and desperate affairs.

The priest handled everything with discretion, and gave each person an account of the good achieved; but the most cheerful and satisfied of all was the washerwoman, thanks to the promise that Cardenio and the priest had made her of paying her all the damages and interests that had arisen for Don Quixote's sake.

Only Sancho, as has been said, was the afflicted, the unfortunate, and the sad; and so, with a mournful countenance, he entered to his master, who had just awakened, to whom he said:

Your Grace, Lord Triste Figura, may sleep as long as you wish, without concern for slaying any giant or returning the kingdom to the princess; for all is already done and concluded.

"That's what I believe," replied Don Quixote, "because I had with the giant the most tremendous and unprecedented battle that I think I shall have in all the days of my life, and by a stroke of luck, \*zas!\*, I knocked his head off the ground, and there was so much blood that spilled out, that the streams ran through the earth, as if they were of water."

"As if they were red wine, you might say better," Sancho replied; "because I want you to know, if you don't already know, that the dead giant is a punctured leather; and the blood, six quarters of red wine that it contained in its belly; and the head is cut off."

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Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to complete your request.

damn it, and took everything, Satan.

-What are you saying, madman? -Don Quixote replied-

Are you okay?

"Rise, my lord –said Sancho– and you will see the good account he has made, and what we have to pay, and you will see the queen turned into a particular lady, called Dorotea, with other events that, if they fall upon her, she will admire."

"I don't marvel at anything –Quixote retorted; because, although you remember, the other time we were here, I told you that everything that happened here were things of enchantment, and it wouldn't be much different now."

"I would believe it all," Sancho replied, "if my rations were a desirable thing; but they were not, but real and truly; and I saw that the innkeeper who is here today had a whole end of the cloak, and pushed himself to the sky with great skill and bravado, and with so much laughter as strength; and where people meet, for me, though simple and sinful, there is no enchantment, but much toil and much bad luck."

Now, God will remedy it – said Don Quixote.

Give me clothes, and let me go out there; I want to see the events and transformations you speak of.

He dressed Sancho, and while he was dressing, the priest told Don Fernando and the others about the follies of Don Quixote, and the trick he had used to take him out of the Poor Penance, where he imagined himself to be, out of disrespect for his lady.

He also listened to almost all the adventures that Sancho had told, of which they were greatly amazed and laughed, as it seemed to them what everyone appeared to be; it was the strangest kind of madness that could fit into a wild thought.

The priest said: that, well, the good fortune of Señora Dorotea was preventing her progress with her plan, which was necessary to invent and find another way to take her back to her land.

Cardenio offered to continue what had been started, and Luscinda would do and represent the part of Dorotea.

"No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be like that: I want Dorotea to continue her invention; as the place of this good gentleman is not very far from here, I will make sure that a remedy is procured for her." It's no more than two days away.

Although I was more, I liked walking, to do such good work.

He set out, in this way, Don Quixote, armed with all his equipment, with the helmet, though dented, of Mambrino on his head, strapped with his shield and braced against his body or lance.

He suspended Don Fernando and the others, regarding the strange presence of Don Quixote, seeing his face a league distant, dry and yellow, the inequality of his arms and his measured constitution, and they were silent until they heard what he said; who, with great gravity and composure, his eyes fixed on the beautiful Dorotea, said:

I am informed, beautiful lady, that your greatness has been annihilated, and your being has dissolved, because you have become a particular maiden instead of the queen and great lady you once were. If this has been by order of your father's grim-death king, fearing that I wouldn't give you the necessary and proper help, I say that he didn't even know the half of it, and he was poorly versed in chivalric stories; because if he had read and gone over them as attentively and with as much space as I have gone over and read them, he would have found at every step how other knights of lesser fame than mine had accomplished things more difficult, not just killing a giant, however arrogant he may be; because I haven't had many hours with him, and.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to perform the translation.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text to perform the translation.

I want to remain silent, because they won't tell me I'm lying; but time, discoverer of all things, will reveal it when we least think about it.

"Look at you with two skins; not with a giant," the shepherd said to the young man.

And he ordered Don Fernando to be silent and not interrupt Don Quixote in any way; and Don Quixote continued saying:

I say, in short, tall and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause I have said, your father has transformed himself into you, do not give him any credit; for there is no one in the world whose blade cannot find its way, with which, placing your enemy's head on the ground, I shall place your crown upon your head in a few days.

"Don Quixote didn't say more, and I waited for the princess to reply; she, as she already knew Don Fernando's determination to continue the deception until she brought Don Quixote to his homeland, responded with much skill and gravity:"

Whoever told you, valiant knight of the Sad Figure, that I had moved and exchanged my being, did not speak the truth, for it is the same that I was yesterday that I am today.

The truth is that some moves have been made in my circumstances, resulting in fortunate events that have given me the best I could wish for; but because of that, I have not ceased being the same as before, and I still have the same thoughts of relying on the courage of your valiant and invincible arm that I have always had.

So, my lord, your kindness should restore honor to the father who begat me, and regard him as a wise and prudent man, for with his knowledge he has found a path so easy and so true to remedy my misfortune; and I believe that if it were not for you, my lord, I would never have attained the happiness I possess; and in this I say as much truth as the most distinguished lords present here are good witnesses.

What remains is that tomorrow we set off, because today we can only have a short day, and as for the good success I hope for, I'll leave that to God and the courage of your hearts.

Discreet Dorothea said so, and hearing it, Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and with much anger, he said to him:

Now listen to me, Sanchuelo, you're the biggest hunk there is in Spain.

Tell me, wandering thief, didn't you just tell me now that this princess had become a girl named Dorothea, and that the head I understand I cut off a giant was your own mother, with other nonsense that put me in the greatest confusion I've ever been in all the days of my life? I vow it.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to complete the translation.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate from Spanish to English. I need the text itself to complete the translation.

—I look up at the sky and grit—I'm about to make a mess of you, I'm going to salt the hides of all those liars and scoundrels who think they're knights, from now on, in the world!

"Your grace be silent, my lord – Sancho replied –, it could well be that I had been mistaken concerning the change of the lady princess Micomicona; but as for the head of the giant, or, at least, concerning the piercing of the hides and the fact that their blood was red wine, I do not deceive myself, God preserve us, because the hides there are wounded, at the head of your grace's bed, and the red wine has made a lake of the room; and if not, you will see the hen's eggs; I mean, you will see it when your grace, the swineherd's, asks for the reduction of everything."

As for the rest, that the queen was as she was, I rejoice in my soul.

because my share is going to me, like everyone else.

Now I tell you, Sancho —said Don Quixote— that you are a fool, forgive me, and that's enough.

"Enough," said Don Fernando, "and let's not speak of this anymore; and since the Princess says we should walk tomorrow, because it's already late, let it be so, and we can spend this night in good conversation until the following day, where we will all accompany Don Quixote, because we want to be witnesses of the valiant and unheard-of exploits he will perform in this great undertaking he carries out."

"I am the one who is here to serve you and accompany you," Don Quixote replied, "and I greatly appreciate the grace that is done me and the good opinion that is held of me, which I will endeavor to make true, even if it costs me my life, and even more so if it can cost me even more."

Many words of restraint and many offers passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando; but a passenger silenced them all who had entered the inn that season, the man of whom his attire showed him a Christian recently come from the lands of the Moors, for he was dressed in a linen jacket, short-sleeved, with trousers and without a collar; the breeches were also of blue linen, with a cap of the same color; he wore leather boots and a Moorish purse, carried in a bag that crossed his chest.

I followed him shortly after, on top of a donkey, a woman dressed in Moorish fashion, her face covered, with a turban on her head; she wore a small brocade bonnet, and a almalafa that covered her from the shoulders to the feet.

He was a man of robust and graceful build, in his early forty's, with a somewhat tanned face, a long beard, and a very well-groomed beard; in his bearing, he showed that if dressed well, he would be judged a man of quality and good birth.

Upon entering, he found a room, and as they told him there was no hay there, he showed that he received sorrow; and arriving at the one that seemed to be her dwelling according to the costume, he embraced her in his arms.

Luscinda, Dorotea, the washerwoman, her daughter, and Maritornes, drawn by the new and never before seen garment, surrounded the Moorish woman, and Dorotea, who had always been graced, reserved, and discreet, thought that both she and the man who brought her were dismayed by the lack of a room, and she said to them:

Don't be so sad, my dear, regarding the discomfort that is lacking as a gift, since it is proper for markets not to be in them; but, with all that, if you would like to pose with us – referring to Luscinda – perhaps you have found other less good welcomes on this path.

The bewildered woman responded nothing to this, simply rising from where she had been seated, placing both hands across her chest, inclining her head, and bending the horn in a gesture of acknowledgment.

Because of their silence, they imagined that she must surely be a Moor and that she didn't know how to speak Christian.

I arrived, in this, the captive, who until then had been occupied with something else, and seeing that all of them had encircled the one who came with him, and that she would not listen to anything he said to her, he said:

Ladies, this young woman barely understands my tongue, nor does she know how to speak another, save according to her homeland, and for this reason she should not have answered, nor does she

answer, to what has been asked of her.

"No will be asked anything else," replied Luscinda, "except offered tonight our company and part of the place where we shall lodge, where the gift that comfort offers will be bestowed, with the willingness that obligates us to serve all foreign people who have need of her, especially as she is a woman to whom we serve."

"For her and for me—the captive replied—you kiss my hands, and I greatly esteem it, and in what is reasonable, the grace offered, which, in such an occasion, and from such persons as your opinion shows, clearly shows that it must be very great."

Tell me, sir – said Dorotea – is this lady a Christian, or a Moor? Because her attire and silence make us think it is what we would not want it to be.

Morality is in the garment and in the horn; but in the soul it is very great Christian, because it has very great desires to be so.

"Then isn't she baptized?" she replied.

"There hasn't been room for that," the captive replied, "since after leaving Algiers, his homeland and land, and until now he hadn't experienced a danger of death so close, that it forced him to be baptized without first knowing all the ceremonies that our Holy Mother the Church commands; but God will be served that he be baptized soon, with the decency that his position deserves, which is more than what his habit and mine show."

With these reasons, he gained the favor of all who listened to him, so they knew who the guilty and the captive would be; but no one asked him about it then, in order to see that season was more for providing them with rest than for inquiring about their lives.

Dorotea took her by the hand and led her to sit beside her, and she asked her to remove her corset.

She looked at the captive as if asking him what they said and what she would do.

He told him, in Arabic, that they were asking him to remove the muzzle, and that he should do it; and so he did, and he revealed a face so beautiful that Dorotea considered it more beautiful than Luscinda's, and Luscinda more beautiful than Dorotea's, and all those present knew that if anyone could equal the beauty of the two, it was that of the Moorish woman, and even some surpassed her in certain respects. And since beauty has the power to reconcile spirits and attract wills, they all yielded to the desire to serve and caress the beautiful Moor woman.

I asked Don Fernando, the captive, what the Moor woman's name was, who replied that it was Lela Zoraida; and as she heard this, she understood what had been asked of the Christian, and said with great haste, full of sorrow and grace:

-No, no, Zoraida; Maria, Maria! – indicating that her name was Maria and not Zoraida.

These words and the great affection with which the woman said them caused some of those who heard them to shed more than one tear, especially among the women, who by their nature are tender and compassionate.

Hug Luscinda with much love, telling her:

Yes, yes, Maria, Maria.

And the woman replied:

Yes, yes, Maria; Zoraida, what does no mean?

As it was, the night was arriving, and by order of those who had come with Don Fernando, the vendor was being diligent and careful in arranging for them to have dinner the best he could manage.

The time has arrived, everyone sat down at a long table like...

"Then he, because it was neither round nor square in the sale, gave the head and principal seat, since he refused it, to Don Quixote, who wished that the lady Micomicona should be at his side, for she was his guardian."

Then Luscinda and Zoraida sat down, and frontiersman Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the captive and the other knights, and beside the ladies, the priest and the barber.

And so, they dined with great pleasure, and he added to it, seeing that, having stopped eating with Don Quixote, moved by a spirit similar to the one that had moved him to speak as he had spoken when he dined with the shepherds, he began to say:

Truly, though considered, my lords, great and unheard-of things are seen by those who profess the order of the walking chivalry.

If not, which of the living will be in the world now that it may enter this castle, and if our fortune were to see us, that it judges and believes that we are who we are? Who could say that this lady who is at my side is the great queen that we all know, and that I am the Knight of the Sad Figure who is there in the mouth of fame? Now there is no doubt, but this art and exercise exceeds all those and all those that men invented, and much more should be esteemed as much as more danger it is subject to.

Let them leave who say that letters are an advantage over weapons; I will tell them, and let them go, that they don't know what they're saying.

The reason these people usually state and to which they adhere most firmly is that the labors of the spirit exceed those of the body, and that the weapons are only exercised with the horn, as if that exercise were its vocation for which it is not necessary more than good strength, or as in what we call weapons, those who practice them do not confine themselves to the acts of fortitude, which require a great deal of understanding to execute them, or as if the spirit of the warrior did not work who has an army under his command, or the defense of a besieged city, as with the spirit as with the body.

If not, see if it suffices with the bodily forces to know and conjecture the enemy's designs, strategies, difficulties, and preventing the damage that is taken; for all these things are actions of the understanding, in which the body has no part at all.

Since, therefore, arms require spirit, as do letters, let us now see which of the two spirits, that of the scholar or that of the warrior, works more; and this will come to be known by the end and destination to which each is headed, because that intention must be considered as having a nobler purpose.

It is the end and destination of letters.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to complete your request.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

And I do not now speak of the divine ones, who aim for white to lead and guide souls to heaven; that to a goal as limitless as this, none other can be compared. I speak of human letters, whose end is to place justice in its proper place and give to each what is his, and to understand and ensure that good laws are kept.

Finally, by the way, generous and tall, and worthy of great praise; but not of so much as deserves him to whom the arms heed, those which have for their object and end peace, which is the greatest good that men can desire in this life.

And so, the first good news that the world and men had was that the angels gave us the night that was our day, when they sang in the heavens: "Glory to the heights, and peace on earth for men of good will"; and the salutary word that the best teacher of the earth and of heaven taught to his loved ones and favored ones was to tell them that when they entered any house they should say: "Peace be in this house"; and many times he said to them: "My peace I give you, my peace I leave you, peace be with you," just like a jewel and pledge given and left by such a hand; jewel, that without it, there can be no good in the earth or in the heavens.

This peace is the true end of war; the same may be said of arms as of war.

Therefore, it is true that the end of the war is peace, and that in this the end of the letters has an advantage, let us now come to the work of the body of the lawyer and the work of the professor of arms, and see which is greater.

In such a way and given such good terms, he continued his play of Don Quixote, which caused, at that time, none of those listening to him to...

I considered him mad; before, as was the custom with all men, arms were foreign to them, and they listened to him very willingly; and he continued saying:

Therefore, I say that the student's labors are these: primarily poverty, not because all are poor, but in order to put this case to the furthest extreme that it can be; and in having said that he suffers poverty, it seems that one need not say more of his bad fortune, because the poor person has nothing good.

He suffers this poverty in body, both from hunger, from cold, from nakedness, from all together; but, with all that, it is not so great that he cannot eat, even if a little later than is used; it is of the leftovers of the rich, which is the greatest misery of the student, whom they call "going to the pot"; and they do not lack a hearth or chimney, which, if it does not warm, at least cools their cold, and, in short, they sleep

under cover.

I don't want to be reduced to such trivialities, to wit, the lack of shirts and the surplus of shoes, the oddness and lack of hair in the dress, nor that insistence with so much pleasure, when good fortune offers someone a feast.

Along this path that I have painted, harsh and difficult, stumbling here, falling there, rising there, returning to fall here, one arrives at the degree they desire; and having attained this, we have seen many who, having passed through these hardships and these sirens and charybdis, carried along on the favorable flight of fortune, say that they have seen them command and govern the world from a throne, transforming their hunger into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their nakedness into splendor, and their sleep into rest on cushions and in Damascus, a justly deserved prize of their virtue.

But opposed and compared with his work with that of the warrior, they lag far behind in everything, as I will say now.

Chapter 38: Of the Curious Discourse Which Don Quixote Spoke of Arms and Letters

Continuing, Don Quixote said:

Well, we start with the student by poverty and its parts, let's see if the soldier is richer.

And we shall see that there is no one poorer in the same poverty, because he is sustained by the misery of his wages, which comes late or never, or what he obtains by his hands, with considerable danger to his life and his conscience.

And sometimes it is so much her nakedness that a slashed cloak serves as both a cloak and a shirt, and in the middle of winter one is usually shielded from the inclemencies of the sky, being in the bare ground, with only the breath of her mouth, which, as it comes from a vacant space, I believe has been discovered to come out cold, against all nature.

Just wait that I wait for the night to arrive, to recover from all these discomforts in bed that await him, which, if it weren't for his fault, would never shame him; he can measure on earth the feet he wants, and turn in it to his liking, without fear that the sheets will shrink him.

Therefore, come to all this, the day and hour of receiving the grade of your exercise; come on a day of battle; for there they will put the epaulette on your head, made of braids, to heal some bullet, that perhaps it has passed over your temples, or left you with a broken arm or leg.

And when this does not happen, but that the merciful heaven keep him and preserve him healthy and alive, it may be that he remains in the same poverty as before, and that it is necessary for one and other encounter, one and other battle, and that from all of them a victor emerges, to grow in something; but these miracles will often fail.

But, tell me, gentlemen, if you have looked into it: how many fewer are the rewarded by war than those who have perished in it? You will undoubtedly answer, that there is no comparison, nor can they be reduced to a simple count. The dead, and those can be counted with three letters of numerical figures.

All of this is reversed in the

scholars; because of their skirts, that I don't want to say of their sleeves, they all have to occupy themselves; so, although the soldier's work is greater, the reward is much smaller.

But this may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand clerks than thirty thousand soldiers, because those are rewarded by giving them offices that must necessarily be given to those of their profession, and these cannot be rewarded except with the same income of the lord to whom they serve; and this impossibility strengthens the reason I have.

But let us set this aside, which is a labyrinth of very difficult escape, unless we return to the preeminence of arms over letters, a matter that until now remains to be discovered, according to the reasons that each of its parts alleges; and among those I have said, the letters say that without them the arms could not be sustained, because war also has its laws and is subject to them, and that the laws fall below what the letters and their scholars are.

These are the reasons for the arms: laws cannot be maintained without them, because arms defend republics, preserve kingdoms, guard cities, secure roads, clear seas of pirates, and, ultimately, if it were not by them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, sea and land roads would be subject to the rigor and confusion that war brings with it during its duration and its license to use its privileges and forces.

That is a perfectly reasonable conclusion that whatever costs the most should be estimated and estimated to be more.

To become distinguished in letters costs a person time, vigilance, hunger, nakedness, headlong wanderings, stomach upsets, and other things adhering to these, which, in part, I already have referred; but for one to arrive at being a good soldier by his own terms costs everything to a greater degree than the student experiences, because he is at risk of losing his life at every step.

And what fear of need and poverty can reach the student, who arrives at him who has a soldier, who, finding himself besieged in some force, and being stationed or guarding in a rebel or knight, feels that the enemies are undermining towards the part where he is, and cannot detach himself from there for any reason, nor flee the danger that threatens him so closely? Only what he can do is give news to his captain of what happens, so that he remedies it with some countermeasure, and he remains standing, fearing and waiting for when suddenly he must rise to the clouds without wings, and fall to the depths without his will.

And if this seems a small danger, let us see if he matches it or gains an advantage by two galleons ramming him head-on in the middle of the spacious sea, those galleons braced and studded, leaving him no more space than two feet of thwart afforded by the stern; and, with all this, seeing that he has so many ministers of death threatening him, as many cannon of artillery aimed from the opposite side, that do not distance themselves from his body a lance length, and seeing that with the slightest carelessness his feet would go to visit the deep basins of Neptune, and, with all this, with intrepid heart, spurred on by the honor that incites him, he puts himself as a target for so much musketry, and seeks to pass through such a narrow passage on the opposing vessel.

And what is most admirable is that scarcely one has fallen where one cannot rise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if this one too falls into the sea, as an enemy awaits him, another and another follows without giving time for their deaths: courage and audacity are the greatest that can be found in all the vicissitudes of war.

Blessed are those blessed centuries that lacked the appalling fury of these demonic instruments of artillery, to whose inventor I, for my part, believe is receiving the reward of his devilish invention in hell, with which a infamous and cowardly arm caused the death of a valiant knight, and that, without knowing how or where, in the midst of the courage and bravado that ignites and animates valiant hearts, a heedless bullet, fired by someone perhaps fleeing and startled by the glare created by the fire when it discharged, arrives.

machine, and in an instant cuts short the thoughts and life of whoever deserved to enjoy it for long centuries.

And so, considering this, I am about to say that it weighs on my soul to have taken on this exercise of a wandering knight at such a detestable age as this one in which we now live; because although no danger frightens me, I still feel suspicion about whether the gunpowder and tin will deprive me of the opportunity to become famous and known for the valor of my arm and the sharpness of my sword, for all that has been discovered of the earth.

But let the sky do what it may be served; that I shall be so much esteemed, if I go with what I intend, as the knights of past centuries were, the greater dangers that they put themselves in.

"All this lengthy preamble," said Don Quixote, while the others ate, forgetting to put food to their mouths, since, as Sancho Panza had told him on occasion, he should eat; that afterwards there would be room for him to say everything he wished."

I had heard that a great pity had arisen, to see a man who, apparently, had good understanding and good speech in all things he dealt with, so completely lost himself in dealing with his black and spicy knighthood.

The priest told him that he was right in everything he had said in favor of weapons, and that he, though learned and graduated, was of his own opinion.

They had just finished dinner, cleared the tables, and while the window seller, her daughter, and Maritornes seasoned Don Quixote de la Mancha's camaranchos, where they had decided that on that night the solitary women would gather, Don Fernando asked the captive to recount the story of his life, because it could only be a pilgrimage and a delightful one, according to the examples he had begun to give, coming in company of Zoraida.

To which the captive replied that he was willing to do as he was ordered, and that he feared only that the story wasn't true, that it would give them the pleasure he desired; but that, nevertheless, out of

respect for obedience, it would be his duty.

The priest and all the others thanked him again, and begged him once more; and seeing their persistence, he said that they did not need magic where the power of command was so strong.

And so, be mindful, my lords, and you will hear a true speech, to whom the liars, who often compose themselves with curious and thoughtful artifice, could not reach.

With what he said, everyone settled down and gave him a great silence; and he, seeing that they were already quiet and waiting for him to speak, began to say in a pleasant and calm voice in this way:

Chapter 39: Where the captive recounts his life and events

In a place in the mountains of León, my lineage began, with whom nature was more grateful and liberal than fortune; although in the poverty of those towns, my father still gained a reputation for being rich, and truly he was if he managed to preserve his estate as he received it in a generous allowance.

And the condition that was to be of being liberal and extravagant resulted from having been a soldier in his youth; for soldiering is a school where stinginess becomes frankness, and frankness becomes prodigality; and if some soldiers are found miserable, they are like monsters that are rarely seen.

My father was living on the generosity and was bordering on being a spendthrift, which is of no benefit to a married man and who has children who will succeed him in name and in being.

The ones my father had were three, all boys and all of age to choose a state.

Seeing my father, according to him, could not go to war against his condition, he decided to deprive himself of the instrument and cause that made him extravagant and generous, namely, the estate, without which Alexander himself seemed constricted.

And so, one day calling us all three to a room alone, he told us reasons similar to those that I now say: "Children, to tell you how much I care for you is enough to know and say that you are my children; and to understand that I love you badly is enough to know that I'm not going to intervene in what concerns the preservation of your property."

So that you understand from now on that I want you as a father, and that I don't want to destroy you as a step-father, I want to do one thing with you that I've been planning for many days with mature consideration.

You are already old enough to take office, or at least, to choose exercise, so that, as you get older, you honor and benefit from it.

And what I've thought is to make my estate four parts: I'll give the three of you three parts.

To each what he touches, without exceeding in value, and with the other I will remain to live and support myself as long as the heavens give me life.

But I wanted that after each one had in their possession the part that was due to them in their estate, they would follow the path that I would tell them.

There is a refrain in our Spain, it seems to me, very true, as all such sentences are, because they are brief judgments drawn from long and discreet experience; and the one I'm referring to says: "Church, or sea, or royal house," as if to say most clearly: "Whoever wishes to be of value and rich, should follow, either the Church, or sail, exercising the art of trade, or enter service to the kings in their houses"; because they say: "A crumb of a king is worth more than a grace of a lord."

I say this because I wanted, and it is my will, that one of you should follow the letters, another the merchandise, and the other serve the king in the war, for it is difficult to enter to serve him in his house; since the war does not give many riches, it often gives much valor and much fame.

In eight days I will give you your share of money, without deceiving you in any way, as you will see from the work.

Tell me now if you want to continue with my opinion and advice regarding what I've proposed."

And sending me, because I was the eldest, to respond, after having told him not to divest himself of the estate, but rather to spend all that his will dictated, that we were mere boys to earn it, I came to conclude that it would satisfy his desires, and that mine was to continue the exercise of arms, serving him in God and my king.

The second brother made the same offers, and chose to go to the Indies, taking with him the estate he could spare.

The boy, and, as I believe, the most discreet one, said he wanted to follow the Church, or to return to finish his studies in Salamanca.



Just as we had just agreed upon and chosen our exercises, my father embraced all of us, and with the brevity he had promised, he carried out everything he had promised; and giving each of us his share, which, to my recollection, amounted to three thousand ducats in money (because one of our uncles bought the entire estate and paid it in full, because it should not stray from the main house), on the same day we all three said goodbye to our good father, and on that same day, it seemed to me to be inhuman that my father should grow old and have so little property, I took from my three thousand ducats two thousand, because it was enough for me to settle what a soldier needed.

My two brothers, moved by my example, each gave me a thousand ducats; so that my father was left with four thousand in money, and more three thousand, which, it seems, was worth the estate that remained with him, which he didn't want to sell, but keep it in its entirety.

I say, in short, that we bade farewell to him, and to our uncle, who was said, with much feeling and tears from all, entrusting us to let them know, whenever there was comfort to do so, of our events, prosperous or adverse.

We promised it, and embracing and showering it with their blessing, one took the journey from Salamanca, another from Seville, and I from Alicante, where I had news of a Genoese ship loading wool there.

Twenty-two years ago I left my father's house, and in all these years, though I have written some letters, I have heard nothing of him or my brothers; and what I have spent in this discourse I will say briefly.

I embarked in Alicante, arrived with a prosperous journey to Genoa, then traveled from there to Milan, where I settled myself with arms and of some soldierly affairs, from where I wished to establish my place in Piedmont; and while already on my way to Alexandria from Palio, I received news that the Grand Duke of Alba was going to Flanders.

With a new purpose, I went with him, served him during the days he worked, I witnessed the deaths of the counts of Eguemón and Hornos, I managed to become a lieutenant of a famous captain from Guadalajara, named Diego de Urbina, and after a while I arrived in Flanders, news arrived of the league that His Holiness Pope Pius the Fifth had formed with Venice and with Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; and that same

His fleet had won the famous island of Cyprus, which was under Venetian dominion: a lamentable and unfortunate loss.

It is certain that I came because of the serene Don Juan of Austria, the natural brother of our good king Don Felipe; the great war preparations that were being made were widely publicized, which incited and moved my mind and desire to be present on the day expected; and although I had forebodings, and almost certain promises, that I would be promoted to captain on the first opportunity offered, I wanted to leave everything and come, as I came to Italy.

And my good luck was that Lord Don Juan of Austria had just arrived in Genoa; that he was passing to Naples to join with the Venetian fleet, as he had done before in Mecina.

I say, in short, that I found myself on that felicitating day, already captain of infantry, to whose honorable charge my good fortune brought me, more than my merits.

And on that day, so joyous for Christendom, because in it the world and all nations were delivered from error, believing the Turks were invincible by sea, on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and arrogance was broken, among so many fortunate ones who were there (because Christians had experienced greater fortune dying there than those who remained alive and victorious), I alone was the unfortunate one; for, instead of being able to expect, even in the Romans, some naval crown, I saw that night following that so famous day, chains at my feet and irons on my hands.

And it was thanks to this fortune: that Uchali, king of Algiers, bold and lucky corsair, having captured and surrendered the captain of Malta, only three knights remained alive in her, and these badly wounded, the captain of John Andrea came to aid her, in which I was with my company; and doing what was due in such a circumstance, I jumped onto the opposite galley, which, having diverted from the one it had rammed, hindered my soldiers from following me, and thus I found myself alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, for being so many; in the end they surrendered me, full of wounds.

And as you have already heard, gentlemen, I came to be captured in his power, and I was only the sad one among so many joyful ones, and the captive among so many free men; for fifteen thousand

Christians had achieved the desired freedom that day, all coming to the oars in the turquoise fleet. They took me to Constantinople, where the Great Turk Selim made my lord admiral, because I had fulfilled my duty in the battle, having carried the banner of the religion of Malta as a display of his valor. In the second year, which was 72, in Navarino, struggling in the captain of the three funnels.

I saw and noted the occasion when that entire Turkish fleet was lost because all the galiots and genoese ships that came aboard believed they were to be rammed within the same port, and their clothing and pasamores [schooner-like vessels] were almost ready to be cast off, that being the fear that our fleet had instilled in them.

But the sky ordered it another way, not by fault or negligence of the general who ruled over us, but by the sins of Christendom, and because God wills and allows us to always have executioners who punish us.

In effect, the Uchali collected at Modón, which is an island next to Navarino, and landed the people, fortified the mouth of the harbor, and remained there until the Lord Don Juan returned.

On this journey, he took the ship called La Presa, captained by a son of that famous corsair Barbarroja. The captain of Naples, known as the Wolf, guided by that flash of war, by the father of the soldiers, by that lucky and never-defeated captain Don Alvaro de Bazán, Marquis of Santa Cruz, took command. And I don't want to stop saying what happened at La Presa dam.

The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so badly, that as soon as those who came to the oars saw the galley Wolf catching up to them and reaching them, they all released their oars at once, and they seized the captain, who was on a shelf shouting for them to row quickly, and passed him from bench to bench, from stern to bow, giving him blows, until he had passed the mast. go straight to hell: that was, as I've said, the cruelty with which they treated him, and the hatred they had for him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the following year, which was 73, it was known there as the Lord Don John had won over Tunis, and taken that kingdom from the Turks, and placed it in the possession of Muley Hamet, cutting off the hopes that Muley Hamida, the most cruel and valiant Moor, had of reigning in it.

I felt much this loss of the Great Turk, and, using the shrewdness that all of his house have, he made peace with Venetians, who much more than he desired it, and in the following year of seventy-four he attacked the Goleta, and the fort that beside Tunis had been left half-built by the Lord Don Juan.

Throughout all these stages I was rowing, without any hope of freedom; at least, I did not expect to have it as ransom, because I had determined not to tell my father of the news of my misfortune.

The Goleta was lost, the fort was lost as well, with seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers paid, and of Moors and Arabs from all of Africa, more than four hundred thousand, accompanied by such a large number of people with so many munitions and war supplies, and with so many gunners, that with hands and handfuls of earth they could cover the Goleta and the fort.

First the Gull was lost, previously considered impregnable, and was not lost because of its defenders (who did everything they should and could in its defense), but because experience showed how easily trenches could be raised in that desolate sand, as they were two palms distant, and the Turks did not find them two spans away; and so, with many sacks of sand, they raised the trenches so high that they surpassed the walls of the fortress; and when they charged knights, none could stop them, nor assist in the defense.

It was a common opinion that our men should not be confined to the Goleta, but rather wait in the campaign at the landing place, and those who say this speak from afar and with little experience of similar cases; for if, in the Goleta and the fort, there were barely seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though more valiant they might be, venture out into the campaign and remain in the forces, against so much as the enemy possessed? And how is it possible to cease losing strength that is not aided, and more when the enemy was many and persistent, and in their own land? But to many it seemed, and so it seemed to me, that it was a particular grace and mercy that the heavens bestowed upon Spain in allowing that office and layer of wickedness to be ravaged, and that sponge and moth of infinite money that was wasted there without profit, serving for nothing other than to preserve the memory of having it won by the fortunate and invincible Charles V, as if it were necessary to make it eternal, as it is and will be.

The fortress was also lost; but the Turks won it inch by inch, because the soldiers who defended it fought so valiantly and strongly that they killed twenty-five thousand enemies in twenty-two general assaults.

None of them captivated a healthy three hundred who remained alive, signaling with certainty and clarity their effort and valor, and how well they had defended themselves and held their positions. He surrendered a small fort or tower that was in the middle of the marsh, under the command of Don Juan Zanuera, a Valencian knight and famous soldier.

Captain Pedro Puertocarrero, a commander of the Goleta, did everything possible to defend his force; and he felt so much about having lost it that, from grief, he died on the way to Constantinople, where he was taken as a captive.

They captivated the strongman general, Gabrio Cervellon, a knight from Milan, a great engineer, and a valiant soldier.

Many people died in these two forces, including Pagán of Oria, a knight of the Order of St. John, of generous condition, as shown by the liberal generosity he used with his famous brother Juan Andrea de Oria; and what most saddened his death was having died at the hands of some Arabs whom he had trusted, seeing the fort already lost, that offered to take him in the habit of a Moor to Tabarca, which is a cove or house that the ginovese have on those banks who practice

In the Coral fishery; who, for the Arabs, had their heads cut off and were brought to the general of the Turkish navy, who fulfilled for us the Spanish refrain: "Though treachery delights, the traitor hates himself"; and it is said that the general ordered those who brought him the present to be hanged, because they had not been betrayed alive.

Among the Christians who were lost at the fort was one named Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native not known from what place in Andalusia; he had been a lieutenant in the fort, a soldier of considerable account and of rare understanding, especially possessing particular grace in what is called poetry. He cast Diálogo because his fortune brought him to my gaol and to my bank, and to be a slave to my own patron; and before we parted from that port, this knight composed two sonnets as epitaphs, one to the Goleta and the other to the fort.

And truly, I have to say that, because I know it by heart and I believe it will bring them joy instead of sorrow.

At the point where I named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his comrades, and all three of them smiled; and when he arrived at speaking of the sonnets, one of them said:

Before your Lordships proceed, I beg you to tell me what became of Don Pedro de Aguilar who said it.

"What is—he replied—is that after two years he spent in Constantinople, he fled in a Saracen's costume with a Greek spy, and I don't know if he came free, because I believe he did, because from there, a year later I saw the Greek in Constantinople and I couldn't ask him about that journey."

"That's true," the knight replied, "because that Pedro is my brother, and he's now at our place, well and wealthy, married and with three children."

"Thanks be given to God," said the captive, "for so many mercies he has shown him; for there is none on earth, as far as I can see, who can attain to the lost freedom."

-And moreover -the knight replied-, I know my brother's sonnets.

-Say it, then, my lords -said the captive-, that they can say it better than I.

-That's where you can place it- the knight replied; and the man from the Goleta said so:

Chapter 40: Where the story of the captive continues

Sonnet

Blessed souls that pierce the mortal veil

free and exempt, for the good you have wrought, you have risen from the lowlands.

the highest and best in the sky

and, burning with anger and honorable zeal

You have exercised the strength of the horns.

You stained the neighboring, sandy sea with foreign blood.

first, life was missing

In weary arms, that, dying, with defeat overcome, carry the victory.

And this is your mortal, sad fall.

between the wall and the iron, you're starting to acquire it  
The fame the world gives you, and the glory of heaven.  
The same way I do it – said the captive.  
Well, the man from the fortress, if I remember correctly – said the knight–:

Sonnet

From this barren, ruined land,  
these clumps scattered on the ground  
the souls of three thousand soldiers  
They rose to a better home.  
being first, in vain, trained  
the strength of his strained arms  
until, finally, out of few and tired  
They gave life to the edge of the sword.  
And this is the ground that has continued to be.  
full of sad memories  
in past centuries and the present  
But more just from his hard breast  
they will have risen to the clear sky, souls  
Not even he held such brave horns.

The sonnets didn't seem ill, and the captive rejoiced at the news given him by his comrade, and, continuing his story, he said:

Yielding, therefore, the Goleta and the fort, the Turks ordered the Goleta to be dismantled (because the fort was such that there was no need to put it to the ground), and to do this with more speed and less work, it was mined in three parts; but with none of them could be flown what seemed less strong, that were the old walls, and all that had remained standing of the new fortification made by the Fratini, with much ease came to the ground.

In the resolution, the fleet returned to Constantinople triumphant and victorious, and from there, a few months later, my master, Uchali■, died, whom they called Uchali■ Fartax, which means in Turkish “the reddish apostate,” because he was one, and it is customary among the Turks to give names referring to some fault they have, or some virtue they possess; and this is because there are only four noble families among them descending from the house

Ottoman, and the rest, as I have said, take names and surnames from the blasts of the horn, and from the virtues of the mind.

And this Tinoso, by the rowing, became a slave of the Great Lord, fourteen years old, and beyond the thirty-four of his age, he renounced, out of spite, that a Turk, while rowing, gave him a slap, and to be able to avenge himself, he left his faith; and it was so much his valor, that, without climbing by the clumsy means and paths that the most private of the Great Turk ascend, he became king of Algiers, and afterwards, as a general of the sea, which is the third office that there is in that lordship.

He was of Calabrian birth, and morally a good man, and treated his captives with great humanity, eventually having three thousand of them, which after his death were divided, as he had left in his will, between the Great Lord (who is also the heir son of those who die and enters with the most children left by the deceased) and his outcasts; and I took one Venetian scullion who, while working on a ship, had captured the Uchali, and he liked him so much that he became one of the most favored apprentices of his, and he became the most cruel outcast ever seen.

He was called Azan Aga, and he became very rich, and king of Algiers; with which I came from Constantinople, somewhat content, for being so near Spain, not because I thought to write to anyone the miserable event of mine, but to see if fortune was more favorable to me in Algiers than in Constantinople, where I had already tried a thousand ways to flee, and none had success or luck; and I thought in Algiers to seek other means of attaining what I so much desired, because I never abandoned the hope of having freedom; and when in what I was fabricating, I thought and put into effect, the event did not correspond to the intention, then, without abandoning me, it feigned and sought another hope that sustained me, though it was weak and slender.

With this he amused himself in life, confined in a prison or house that the Turks call a bath, where Christian captives, both of the king and some private individuals, and those called from the warehouse, that is to say, captives of the council, who serve the city in public works and other occupations, and these captives have a very difficult freedom; since they are common and have no particular master, there is no one to negotiate their ransom, even if they have it.

In these baths, as I have said, certain local inhabitants are sometimes taken as captives, mainly when it's for ransom, because there they are left loose and safe until the ransom arrives.

Also, the captives of the king who are for ransom do not work with the rest of the crowd, unless when their ransom is delayed; at that time, because they make them write for him with more diligence, they make them work and go along with the rest, which is not a small task.

I, well, was one of the rescuers; as it became known that I was captain, since I stated my little possibility and lack of fortune, I didn't take advantage of anything to prevent them from putting me in the number of the knights and rescuers.

They chained me up, more as a signal of rescue than for my own protection, and so I passed my life in that bath, along with many other knights and nobles, marked and held as hostages; and although hunger and nakedness sometimes, and even almost always, fatigued us, nothing fatigued us so much as hearing and seeing with every step the never-before-seen or never-before-heard cruelties that my master used with the Christians.

Every day he strangled his own, impaled this one, disemboweled that one; and this, for such a little occasion, and so without it, that the Turks knew he did it no more than to do it, and because it was their natural condition to be murderers of the entire human race.

I only did well with him once, a Spanish soldier named someone from Saavedra, who, having done things that would remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all in pursuit of freedom, never bothered me, nor did he order me to do it, nor did he say a bad word to me; and because of the smallest of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled, and he feared it more than once; and if it weren't because time doesn't allow it, I would now tell you something about what this soldier did, that would entertain and admire you much better than with the story of my life.

Therefore, I say that on top of the courtyard of our prison fell the windows of a rich and principal Moorish house, which, as is usual with Moorish windows, were more they were holes that were windows, and even these were covered with very thick and tightly stretched blinds.

Therefore, it happened that one day, while in the rooftop of our prison with other three companions, practicing jumps with the chains, to pass the time, when we were alone, because all the other Christians had gone out to work, I suddenly lifted my eyes and saw that through those closed windows I had mentioned, it appeared to be a reed, and at the end of it there was a canvas tied, and the reed was swaying and moving, almost as if it were making signals for us to take it.

We looked at it, and one of those who were with me went underneath the cane to see if they would let it go, or what they were doing; but as soon as he got there, they raised the cane and moved it to both sides, as if to say no with their heads.

He returned, and they made him return and make the same movements as before.

It was another of my companions, and the same thing happened to him as it had to the first one.

Finally, it was the third, and avinole was what the first and second had.

Seeing this, I didn't want to stop trying my luck, and as I was leaning over the bar, she dropped it, landing at my feet in the tub.

I then went to unravel the canvas, on which I saw a knot, and within it came ten cianís, which are gold coins used by the Moors, each of which is worth ten reales of ours.

If I admit it, I relaxed with the discovery, it was so much joy and admiration to think of where we came from with that good thing, especially to me, since the signs of not wanting to let go of the rod but to me, of course, said that I was being favored.

I took my good money, broke the cane, came back to the earth, looked out the window, and saw that from it emerged a very white hand; that they opened and closed it very smoothly.

With this we understood or imagined that some woman who lived in that house must have made that benefit for us; and as a sign of our gratitude, we made gestures like those used by Moors, inclining the

head, bending the body, and putting the arms on the chest.

Just outside, they pulled up in the same window a small cross made of reeds, and then they went back in.

This signal confirmed to us that some Christian woman must have been a captive in that house, and it was what good urged us to do; but the whiteness of the hand, and the cuffs that we saw upon it, dispelled this thought, since we imagined she must have been a disgraced Christian, to whom, ordinarily, their own most loyal servants take for legitimate women, and even hold in fortune, because they esteem her more than those of her nation.

In all of our speeches we went very far from the truth of the case, and so, all of our entertainment from then on was to look and have the North Star where the constellation had appeared to us; but for fifteen days we did not see it, nor its hand, nor any other signal.

And though during that time we strived with all diligence to know who lived in that house, and if there was any Christian apostate within it, no one ever told us anything other than that a principal and rich Moor, named Agi Morato, the alguazán who had been from the Pata, held a position of much quality among them; but when we were most careless about the possibility of more rain falling there, we saw at dusk the appearance of the cane, and another canvas upon it, with another knot more grown; and this was at the time that the bath was, as the previous time, alone and without people.

We did the usual test, with each of the three we were, going before me first; but none of them gave up until I arrived, when they dropped their canes.

I untied the knot and found forty Spanish gold escudos and a piece of paper written in Arabic, and at the end of the writing, it formed a large cross.

Take up the cross, take the shields, return to the courtyard, we all did our things, I returned to seeming the hand, I made gestures that he would read the paper, they closed the window.

We were all bewildered and delighted by what had happened; and as none of us understood Arabic, there was a great desire we had to understand what the paper contained, and even greater the difficulty of finding someone to read it.

In short, I decided to trust a renegade, native of Murcia, who had come to be a great friend of mine, and had placed pledges with him, which obligated him to keep the secret he was entrusted with; for some renegades, when they intend to return to Christian lands, often bring with them the signatures of captives.

principal, in which they attest, to the extent that they can, how such a renegade is a good man, and that he has always done good to Christians, and that he desires to flee at the first opportunity offered.

Some seek these fees with good intentions; others exploit them through industry; that coming to steal from the land of Christians, if they lose or capture it, they take their signatures and say that through those papers the purpose with which they came will be seen, which was to remain in Christian lands, and that is why they came in corsair with the others Turks.

With this, they escape from that first impulse, and reconcile themselves with the Church, without suffering any harm; and when they see their own, they return to Berea to be what they once were.

Some use these papers, and they pursue them with good intent, and end up in the land of Christians.

Well, one of the renegades I've mentioned was this my friend, who had signatures from all our comrades, where we accredited him with everything possible; and if the Moors found these papers, they would burn him alive.

I knew he knew very well Arabic, and not just to speak it, but to write it; but before he was completely convinced of it, I told him to read me that paper, which I had found in a hole in my ranch.

Abriele, and he stared at her for a good while, building her, muttering between his teeth.

Ask him if he understood; he told me very well, and that if he wanted me to declare it word for word, he should give him ink and a quill, because he would do it better that way.

Then we told him what I was asking, and he slowly began to translate it, and finally he said:

Everything that is here in romance without missing letter, is what contains this Moorish paper, and you must warn that where it says Lela Marie■n, it means Our Lady, the Virgin Mary.

We read the paper, and it said so:

When I was a child, my father had me as a slave, who in my language showed me the Christian bondage, and he told me many things about Lela Marie.

The Christian woman died, and I know she didn't go to the fire, but with Allah, because I saw her twice afterwards, and she told me to go to the land of Christians to see Lela Marie, who loved me very much. I don't know how I should go about it: I've seen so many Christians by this window, and none of them seem like a gentleman like you.

I am very beautiful and young, and I have a lot of money to take with me; look at you to see if you can figure out how we're going to get away, and you'll be there my husband, if you want, and if you don't want, I'll get nothing from Lela Marie.

I wrote this; look at whom you give it to read: don't trust any Moor, because they are all jackals.

I'm so sad; I wish you wouldn't tell anyone; because if my father finds out, he'll throw me in a well, and cover me with stones.

I'll put a thread in the reed: tie the answer there; and if you don't have anyone to write Arabic for you, tell me with signals; Lela Marie will make you understand.

She and Ala guard you, and that cross which I kiss so many times; that is what the captive sends me.

Look, gentlemen, if it was reasonable that the reasons in this paper impressed and delighted you, and so it was, one thing and the other, such that the renegade understood that it was not by chance that this paper was found, but rather that one of us had written it; and so, he begged us that if what he suspected was true, that we trust him and tell him, that he would risk his life for our liberty.

And saying this, I drew a metal crucifix from my chest, and with many tears I swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a sinner and bad, truly and faithfully believed, to keep us loyalty and secrecy in all that we would wish to reveal to him, because it seemed to me, and I almost divined, that through that which he had written on that paper, both he and all of us had freedom, and he was in what he so desired, that was to reduce himself to the guild of the holy Church his mother, from whom as a rotten member he was divided and separated, by his ignorance and sin.

With so many tears and with displays of such regret, said the traitor, whom we all, in one accord, agreed to and came to declare the truth of the case; and thus, we told him everything, revealing nothing to conceal.

We showed him the window where the reed seemed to be, and he framed the house from there, and he resolved to take special and great care to find out who had lived in it.

We agreed unanimously that it would be well to respond to the overdue bill; and as we had someone who knew how to do it, then the traitor wrote down the reasons that I was noting, which punctually were the ones I would say, because of all the essential points that occurred to me in this event, none have escaped my memory, nor will they escape as long as I have life.

In effect, what was replied to the default was this:

May the True Angel watch over you, my dear, and that blessed Mary, who is the true mother of God, and she is the one who has placed you in heart so that you may go to the land of Christians, because she loves you well.

Pray that she may serve to make you understand how you can carry out what she orders; for she is so good, she will do it.

From me and from all these Christians who are with me, I offer to do for you everything we can, until death.

Don't stop writing to me and letting me know what you think you'll do; I will always respond to you; the great Alla has given us a Christian captive who knows how to speak and write your language as well as you will see in this paper.

So, without fear, you can let us know about anything you want.

"As you say that if you go to the land of Christians, you must be my wife, I promise you that as a good Christian; and know that Christians fulfill what they promise better than the Moors."

May angels guard you, my dear.

This paper was written and sealed; I waited two days for the bath to be empty, as usual, and then I went out the same way I was accustomed to, to see if the cane appeared, which didn't take long to peek out.

As I saw her, though I couldn't see who was putting it on, I showed the paper, as if to indicate that they were threading it; but it had already been put on the shaft, and from there it soon appeared to be our star, with the white flag of peace on the sail.

They dropped her, and I picked her up, and I found in the cloth, in all kinds of silver and gold money, more than fifty escudos, which multiplied our joy fifty times over, and confirmed the hope of having freedom.

That very night our renegade returned, and told us that he had known that the same Moor who had been told to us, named Agi Morato, was very rich beyond measure, and that he had one daughter, the heiress to all his property, and it was common opinion throughout the city that she was the most beautiful woman in the Berberia; and that many of the vicereines who came there had asked for her as a bride, and that she had never wanted to marry, and that he also knew that she had a Christian captive who had already died; all of which corresponded with what came in the document.

We then entered into council with the renegade as to what order we should take to remove the debtor and come to the land of Christians, and, in the end, it was remembered then that we should wait for the second signal of Zoraida, for that was the name of the one who now wishes to call herself Maria; for we clearly saw that she and no other was the one who would provide the means to overcome all those difficulties.

After agreeing to this, said the traitor who didn't have to feel sorry; that he would lose his life, or set us free.

For four days it was occupied with people, which caused it to appear stiff; after which, in the usual solitude of the bathing pool, it seemed with the canvas so thoroughly saturated, that a joyous delivery promised.

He leaned the cane and the canvas to me; he found on the other paper and one hundred gold escudos, without any other money.

There he was, the outlaw; we gave him to read the paper inside our ranch, which said as it did:

I don't know, my lord, how to give the order to go to Spain, nor has Lela Marie told me, although I have asked her; what can be done is that I will give you very much gold money through this window; rescue yourselves with it, and yours.

friends, and behold, I went to the land of the Christians, and bought a boat there, and returned for the others; and I will find myself in the garden of my father, who is at the gate of Babylon, beside the fleet, where I am to spend the whole summer with my father and my servants.

From there, at night, you can take me out without fear, and take me to the boat; and you must be my husband, because if not, I'll ask Maren to punish you.

If you don't trust anyone going on the boat, save yourself and go; I already know you'll return better than another, since you are a knight and a Christian.

Take care of the garden, and when you walk there I'll know the bathroom is alone, and I'll give you a lot of money.

May he protect you, my lord.

This said and contained the second part; and seeing this by all, each one offered to be the rescued, and promised to go and return with all punctuality, and I also offered myself to the same; to all of which the renegade opposed himself, saying that in no way would he consent to anyone leaving freedom until they were all together, because experience had shown him how poorly the free fulfilled the words given in captivity; for many voices had told him that some principal captives had used that remedy, dissuading one who was to go to Valencia or Mallorca with money to be able to build a boat and return for those who had been rescued, and who had never returned; because, he said, the freedom attained and the fear of not regaining it erased all obligations in the world from their memory.

And as confirmation of the truth that he had told us, he briefly recounted a case that had occurred to some Christian knights almost in the same season, the most strange that had ever happened in those parts, where great things of fear and wonder occurred at every step.

In effect, he came to say that what should have been and ought to have been done was to give the money that was to be given to rescue the Christian, give it to him to buy there in Argel a boat, with rigging to become a merchant and trader in Tetuan and on that coast; and since he was the owner of the boat, it would easily be traced to take them out of the harbor and embark them all.

How much more so if, as she said, the pirates gave enough money to rescue them all, and that, being free, it was an easy thing even to embark in the middle of the day; and that the greatest difficulty that presented itself was that the Moors do not allow any one to buy or have a boat, unless it is a large



vessel for going in convoy, because they fear that whoever buys a boat, especially if he is Spanish, does not want it but to go ashore in Christian lands; but he would facilitate this inconvenience by having a Tagarian Moor go with him in the company of the boat and in the profit of the merchandise, and with this shadow he would become master of the boat, with which everything else would be finished.

And since it had seemed best to me and to my comrades to send by boat to Mallorca, as the Moor said, we dared not contradict him, fearing that if we did, he would discover the affair of Zoraida, for whose life we had all vowed ours; and so we resolved to place ourselves in the hands of God and of the traitor, and at that very spot an answer was given to Zoraida, telling her that we would do all that he advised, because he had warned her so well as if Lela Marie had said it to her, and that it was only in her alone that the business would be delayed, or put in motion.

He offered him again to be his husband, and with this, another day occurred when he was alone in the bathroom, on various occasions, with the cane and the towel, he gave two thousand escudos of gold and a paper that said that the first Friday, which is Friday, was going to the garden of his father, and that before he left we would give him more money; and that if that wasn't enough, we should let him know, that he would give us whatever we asked for, that his father had so many, that he wouldn't take them away, even more than she had the keys to everything.

We then gave the renegade five hundred scudi for the boat; I rescued myself for eight hundred, giving the money to a Valencian merchant who was at Argel at the time, who rescued me from the king, taking it on his word, giving the assurance that with the first ship that came from Valencia he would pay my ransom; because if he gave the money later, it would arouse suspicion in the king that I had been gone for many days.

my ransom was in Algiers, and the merchant, for his farms, had kept it quiet.

Finally, my master was so talkative that I never dared him to spend the money afterward.

On Thursday before the Friday when the beautiful Zoraida was to leave the garden, she gave us another thousand escudos and informed us of her departure, begging me, if I rescued her, to later know the garden of her father, and that in any case, seek an opportunity to go there and see her.

Respond to him in brief words as he would, and be careful to entrust us to Lela Marie with all the prayers she had taught her to captivate him.

Having done this, they ordered that the three of our companions rescue themselves, in order to facilitate my exit, and because seeing myself rescued, and not them, since there was money, they wouldn't become agitated and the devil wouldn't persuade them to do anything detrimental to Zoraida; that since they were who they were, I could assure myself of this safety, with all that, I didn't want to put the business in jeopardy, and so I made them rescue themselves by the same order that I rescued myself, delivering all the money to the merchant, so that with certainty and security he could make the bond; and we never revealed our arrangement and secret, because of the danger.

Chapter 41: Where the captive still pursues his fate

It wasn't fifteen days before our traitorous man had obtained a very good boat, capable of more than thirty people; and to secure his deed and give it color, he wanted to make, as he did, a journey to a place called Sargel, which is thirty leagues from Argel towards the part of Oran, where there is a great deal of fig harvesting.

He had made this journey two or three times, accompanied by the garrulous man who had spoken it.

Tagarinos call to the Moors of Aragon, and of Granada, Mudéjares, and in the kingdom of Fez they call the Mudéjares Elches, who are the people of whom that king makes the most use in war.

Therefore, I say that every time he passed with his boat, he ran aground in a cove that was not two crossbow shots from the garden where Zoraida waited; and there, very deliberately, the runaway would set about rowing with the oars, or already making fun of what he was actually planning to do; and so he went to Zoraida's garden, and he asked for fruit, and her father gave it to him without knowing; and although he wanted to speak to Zoraida, as he told me later, and told her that he was the one who should take her to Christian lands, that she should be content and safe, it was never possible, because the Moorish women are not seen by any Moor or Turk, unless her husband or her father sends for her. Christians held captive are allowed to be treated and communicate, far more than what would be reasonable; and it would have weighed heavily on me that he had spoken to her, perhaps stirring her up, seeing that his business was in the mouths of renegades.

But God, how was it ordered, did not give rise to the good wish that our apostate had; which, seeing how surely he went and came to Sargel, and that he reached the bottom when, and as, and where he wished, and that the tagarino, his companion, had no more will than his own, and that I was already redeemed, and that only remained to seek some Christians who were rowing, he told me that I should look at which ones I wanted to bring with me, besides the redeemed.

and that they have them spoken for the first Friday, where it was determined that our departure would be.

Seeing this, I spoke to twelve Spanish oarsmen, all brave men who could freely leave the city; and it was not little to find so many in that situation, because there were twenty Corsican vessels, and they had taken all the oarsmen, if it were not that their master had stayed that summer to finish a galleon that was being repaired in the shipyard; to whom I told nothing but that on the first Friday in the afternoon they should go out one by one, discreetly, and return from the garden of Agi Morato, and that there they should wait for me.

To each of you, please be advised that, although you may see other Christians there, you should only tell them that I had ordered them to wait in that place.

Having completed this errand, it was lacking one more, which was the most convenient, and that was to inform Zoraida of the state of the business, so that she would be aware and on alert, so that she wouldn't be startled if we surprised her before she could imagine the return of the Christian boats.

And so I determined to go to the garden and see if I could speak with her; and, on the occasion of gathering some herbs, one day, before my departure, I went there, and the first person I encountered was with her father, who told me in a tongue that throughout all the Berberia, and even in Constantinople, is found among the captives and Moors, that it is neither Moorish, nor Castilian, nor of any other nation whatsoever, but a mixture of all the languages, with which we all understand each other; therefore, I asked myself in this manner of speech what she was seeking in that garden, and who she was.

Tell him that he was a slave to Arnau Mami (and this, because I knew for a very true fact that he was a very big friend of his), and that he was looking for all sorts of herbs to make salad.

I asked him, as a consequence, if I was a rescuer or not, and how much my master demanded for me. While I was answering all these questions and replies, Zoraida, the beautiful woman who had seen me a great deal, left the garden house. And, as the Moorish women never make a point of showing themselves to Christians, nor do they evade, as I have said, she was given no orders to come where her father was with me; before, then, when her father saw that she was coming, and had space, he called her and ordered her to come.

There was so much to say about the beauty, the kindness, the splendor and richness of adornment with which my beloved Zoraida appeared before my eyes; I'll only say that more pearls hung from her very beautiful neck, ears, and hair than she had in her head.

In the hollows of his feet, now revealed, as was his custom, there were two caracases (these were called the ankle bracelets or ajorcas of the feet in Moorish fashion) of pure gold, studded with so many diamonds that he told me later that his father valued them at ten thousand doubloons, and those he wore on the dolls of the hands were worth the same amount.

The pearls were in great abundance and very good, because the greatest splendor and oddity of the Moorish women was to adorn themselves with rich pearls and jet, and thus there were more pearls and jet among the Moors than among all other nations; and the father of Zoraida had a reputation for having many and the best that were in Algiers, and he also possessed more than two hundred thousand Spanish escudos, all of which belonged to her who is now my wife.

If with all this adornment it could come beautiful, or not, by the relics that remain to it from so many works, one can conjecture what it should have been in the prosperity.

As one knows, the beauty of some women has seasons and flavors, and requires accidents to diminish or increase it; and it is a natural thing that the passions of the mind raise or lower it, since most often they destroy it.

I say, in short, that then she arrived in every way adorned and in every way beautiful, or, at the least, as it seemed to me, the most beautiful that I had ever seen up to that point; and with this, seeing the obligations I had undertaken, it seemed to me that before me stood a heavenly deity, come to earth for

my pleasure and my salvation.

As she arrived, her father told her in his language how I was a captive of my friend Arnau, and that he came to look for salad.

She took my hand, and in that mixture of languages that I have told you, I wondered if she was a knight, and what was the cause that didn't rescue me.

I replied that I was already redeemed, and that in the price I could see what my master valued me at, since I had given myself for one thousand five hundred zoltani■s.

She replied:

Truly, if you were of my father, I would make you not give him for two more; because you, Christians, always lie whenever you say anything, and you impoverish yourselves by deceiving the Moors.

That could be so, madam; but in truth, I have treated her with my lord, and I will treat her with all the people in the world.

-And when are you leaving?" she said.

-Tomorrow I think – I said – because there's a yacht from France here that sets sail tomorrow, and I plan to go out on it.

"It's better to wait for those from Spain to come and go with them, rather than with the French, who aren't your friends?"

"No," I replied; "although it is true that a ship from Spain is coming, I will still wait, since it is more certain to depart tomorrow; because my desire to return to my land and be with the people I love so much is so great that I will not be denied any further comfort, even if it is delayed, no matter how good it may be."

"You must be, without a doubt, married in your country," Zoraida said, "and that's why you want to go see your wife."

-I am not married—I replied—but I have given my word to marry upon arriving there.

-And was the lady you gave her beautiful? - Zoraida said.

-It's so beautiful – I replied –, that it's a shame to say the truth, it seems so much like you.

She was very happy to see her father, and she said:

"Guila, Christian, she must be very beautiful if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful in all this kingdom."

If not, look at it well, and you'll see how I tell you the truth.

Please serve as an interpreter to the most cunning of these words and reasons; the father of Zoraida, as the most sly; although she spoke the bastard tongue that, as I have said, is used there, she more clearly declared her intention by gestures than by words.

Arriving in all these and many other reasons, a Moor came running, and shouted in a loud voice that four Turks had jumped over the fences or walls of the garden, and they were picking the fruit, although it wasn't ripe.

The old man jumped, and so did Zoraida; for it is common and almost natural the fear that the Moors had of the Turks.

They have, especially the soldiers, who are so insolent and have so much dominion over the Moors to whom they are subjected, that they treat them worse as if they were their own slaves.

Therefore, I say that what his father said to Zoraida was:

Daughter, retire to the house and lock yourself in, while I go to speak with these dogs; and you, Cristiano, seek your herbs, and go quickly, and take Ala■ with good fortune to your land.

I yielded, and he went to seek the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who began to show signs of going where her father had sent her; but as soon as he concealed himself with the trees of the garden, when she, turning to me, filled her eyes with tears, she said to me:

—Tameji■, Christian, tameji■? —That means: "Watch out, Christian, watch out?" I replied:

Madam, yes; but no, in no way, without you: the first week awaits me, and don't be startled when you see us; we will, without a doubt, reach the land of Christians.

I told her this in such a way that she understood me very well about all the reasons that we both had; and, putting her arm around my neck, she began to walk towards the house with faltering steps; and fortune, which could be very bad if the heavens did not order it otherwise, allowed that, going as we both did in the manner and posture that I have told you, with an arm around her neck, her father, who was already returning from having sent the Turks, saw us in the manner and way that he did, and we

saw that he had seen us; but Zoraida, warned and discreet, did not want to remove her arm from my neck; instead, she drew closer to me and placed her head on my breast, bending her knees slightly, giving clear signals and indications that she was fainting, and I, likewise, made it clear that I was supporting her against my will.

His father arrived running where we were, and seeing his daughter that way, he asked her what was wrong, but since she didn't answer him, his father said:

Without a doubt, with the shock of these dogs' entrance, she fainted.

And taking it from me, she brought it to her chest, and she, giving a sigh and, her eyes still not dry from tears, repeated:

Ameji, Christian, Ameji.

Go away, Christian, go away.

"And his father replied:"

It doesn't matter, daughter, that the Christian goes; he hasn't done you any harm, and the Turks are already gone.

Don't be alarmed about anything, for there is nothing that can give you nightmares; for, as I have already told you, the Turks, my friend, turned back the way they came.

"Sir, they startled her, as you've said – I told your father; but since she says I should leave, I don't want to give her sorrow: remain in peace, and, with your leave, I will return, if it be necessary, for herbs to this garden; that, according to my lord, in

There aren't any better for salad than in him.

"All the ones you wanted can come back," Agi Morato replied; "my daughter doesn't say this because you or any of the Christians weren't angering her, but because she said you should go, or because it was time you looked for your herbs."

With this, I bid farewell to both; and she, it seemed, was tearing her soul away, went off with her father, and I, racked with worry about finding herbs, thoroughly circled the garden to my liking, examining all the entrances and exits, and the house's strength and the comfort it offered to facilitate our business. Having done this, I returned and realized everything that had happened to the renegade and to my companions, and I no longer saw the time to enjoy the good fortune that the beautiful and lovely Zoraida offered me without alarm.

In the end, time passed, and the day and deadline we so desired arrived; and following all the order and appearing that, with careful consideration and lengthy discourse, we had many times given, we had the good success we wished; because on the Friday that followed the day that I with Zoraida spoke in the garden, our runaway, at dusk, set sail with the boat almost to the border where the beautiful Zoraida was.

The Christians who were to row had been warned and were hidden in various parts of those surroundings.

Everyone was suspended and elated, waiting for me, eager to attack with the boat they saw, because they didn't know the renegade's concert, but thought that with enough arms they would have and win their freedom, taking the lives of the Moors who were inside the boat.

So, it happened that just as I showed myself and my companions, and all the others who were hidden and who came to us,

It was already too late, as the city was already closed, and not a soul seemed to appear after that campaign.

As we were together, we hesitated whether it would be better to go first for Zoraida, or to attack the Moorish Bagarians who were rowing the boat, and while we were in this doubt, our deserter arrived and told us where we should stop, that it was time, and that all their Moors were careless, and even the best of them were sleeping.

Let's do it while we were repairing it, and he said that what mattered most was to first finish the boat, which could be done with great ease and without any danger, and then we could go for Zoraida.

It seemed well to him everything he said, and so, without stopping further, he took the lead, we arrived at the boat, and he jumped inside first, grabbing a sack and saying in Moorish:

Don't move from here, or you'll regret it.

By this time, almost all the Christians had entered.

The Moors, who were of little spirit, seeing their arráez spoken in such a manner, were astonished, and without any of them reaching for arms, of which they had few or none, they allowed themselves to be, without a word, bound by the Christians, who did this with great speed, threatening the Moors that if they raised their voices in any way or manner, they would immediately cut them all down.

Having done this, they remained on guard, the half of us who remained, and the traitor also became our guide; we went to Agi Morato's garden, and good fortune was that, upon arriving to open the door, it opened so easily as if it were not closed; and so, with great quietness and silence, we arrived at the house without being detected by anyone.

Beautiful Zoraida was waiting for us at a window, and as she felt, she asked in a low voice if we were Nizarani, as if she were asking if we were Christians.

I replied that yes, and that I would go down.

When she met me, she didn't stop a moment; because, without saying a word to me, she went down in an instant, opened the door, and presented herself to everyone so beautiful and richly dressed that I was struck dumb.

to make more expensive

After I saw her, I took her hand and began to kiss her, and the rogue did the same, as did my two companions; and the others, who didn't know the case, did what they saw us doing, it seemed as if we were thanking her and recognizing her as the mistress of our freedom.

The traitor asked in Moorish tongue if his father was in the garden.

She replied that yes, and that she was sleeping.

"Well, it will be necessary to wake him up," the renegade retorted, "and take him and all that has value in this beautiful garden with us."

"No," she said; "my father must not be touched in any way, and in this house there is nothing other than what I bring, which is so much, that you will all be very rich and happy, and wait a little and you will see it."

And saying this, he went back in, saying he would return very soon; that we were wasting time, without making a sound.

Ask the renegade what had happened with her, which he told me, and I told him that nothing was to be done beyond what Zoraida wished; she was already burdened with a small chest full of gold shields, so many, that she could scarcely carry it.

Bad luck made his father awaken and hear the noise in the garden; and peering through the window, he then realized that all those who were within were Christians; and shouting many, great, and outrageous voices, he began to say in Arabic: "— Christians, Christians! Thieves, thieves!" Because of those cries, we were all put in great and fearful confusion; but the apostate, seeing the danger we were in, and how much he wanted to leave with that undertaking before being apprehended, he quickly went up where Agi Morato was, and with him some of us; and I dared not abandon Zoraida, who had fallen into my arms as if asleep.

In the resolution, those who had risen up behaved so well that at one moment they brought down Agi Morato, with her hands tied and a sackcloth over her mouth, preventing her from speaking and threatening her that speaking would cost her life.

When her daughter saw him, she covered her eyes not to see him, and her father was astonished, unaware how much against his will we had been placed in our hands; but then, when most needed, we put ourselves on the boat with diligence and speed, as those who were already on it awaited us, fearing some bad event from us.

It had barely been two hours since nightfall when we were all on the boat, where they had removed Zoraida's hand restraints and mouthcloth; but then he ordered the renegade to not utter a word, that they would take his life.

Like he saw his daughter there, he began to sigh tenderly, and more when he saw that I held her closely, and that she, without defending herself, complaining or dodging, remained; but, despite all this, she was silent, because they weren't carrying out the many threats the traitor made to her.

Seeing Zoraida already in the boat, and that we were to begin rowing into the water, and seeing her father and the other Moors tied up there, she told the renegade to ask him to grant her permission to release those Moors and give freedom to her father, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea

than see him before her eyes, and because of him, she would have to carry her father as a prisoner, considering how much he had loved her.

The traitor told me so, and I replied that I was very pleased; but he replied that it was not advisable, because if they were allowed there, they would then name the land and agitate the city, and all because some light frigates would come out to hunt them and take the land and sea, in such a way that we could not escape; what could be done was to give them freedom upon arriving at the first Christian land.

In this opinion, we all came, and Zoraida, who was aware of it, with the causes that moved us not to do what she wanted later, was also satisfied; and then, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers took their oars, and we began, entrusting ourselves to God with all our hearts, to sail around.

The islands of Mallorca, which is the land of Christians closest; but because of the wind, the Tramontana, blowing a little and the sea being somewhat choppy, it was not possible to follow the defeat of Mallorca, and we were forced to return to Oran landward, without much sorrow on our part, not to be discovered from the place of Sargel, which falls sixty miles from Argel on that coast.

And we also feared finding in that place some lugger of the kind that usually comes with merchandise from Tetuan, although each of us, and all of us together, boasted that if a merchant ship were found, as it was not of those that sail as corsairs, not only would we not get lost, but we would take a brig where we could most securely end our journey.

As she sailed, Zoraida had her head between her hands so as not to see her father, and I felt that Lela Méren was calling to help us.

We would have sailed thirty miles when dawn broke, three shots off course from land, the whole of which appeared deserted and uninhabited; but, with all that, we forced ourselves into the sea, which was already somewhat calmer; and having entered almost two leagues, it was ordered that we make for the quarters while we ate, as the boat was well-supplied, since those rowing said it was not the time to take any rest; that those who did not row should be given food; that they did not want to let go of the oars in any way.

It began like that, and in this it started to blow a long wind, which forced us to set sail and abandon the oars, and to steer Oran, as it was impossible to make another voyage.

Everything was done with great speed, and thus, we sailed over eight miles per hour, without feeling any other fear than that of encountering a ship of pirates.

We fed the Moors baghars, and the renegade consoled them by telling them that they were not going as captives; that on the first occasion they would be given their freedom.

The same was told to Zoraida's father, who replied:

Anything else might have been expected of you and believed of your generosity and good will, oh Christians; but to grant me freedom, you do not consider me so simple as I imagine it; you never put yourselves in danger of depriving me of it so as to return it so freely, especially knowing who I am, and the interest that may follow from giving it to me; which interest, if you choose to give it a name, I offer you all that you wish for me, or for that unfortunate daughter of mine, or if not, for her alone, who is the greatest and best part of my soul.

Saying this, he began to cry so bitterly that it moved us all to compassion, and it forced Zoraida to look at him; and seeing him cry, she was so touched that she rose from under my feet and went to embrace her father, and, joining his face with hers, the two began such tender weeping, that many of those who were there with us accompanied him in it.

But when her father saw her dressed up and with so many jewels on her, he told her in her language: What is this, daughter, that yesterday at dusk, before this terrible misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary and homespun clothes, and now, without you having had time to dress, and without you having given yourself any joyful adornment or polishing, I see you dressed in the finest clothes I could give you when our fortune was most favorable? Answer me this, it has me more suspenseful and amazed than the very misfortune in which I find myself.

Everything the Moor told his daughter was declared a traitor by the renegade, and she didn't respond to him in a word.

But when he saw by the side of the boat the chest where she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left for her in Algiers, and hadn't brought to the garden, he became more confused, and he

asked how that chest had

come to our hands, and what was coming from within.

And to this the traitor, without waiting for Zoraida to reply, responded:

Don't tire yourself out, sir, in asking Zoraida, your daughter, so many things, because if one of me answers you, it will satisfy you all, and thus, I want you to know that she is Christian, and she is the one who has been the sharpening stone of our chains and the freedom of our captivity.

She comes here of her own free will, so happy, as I imagine, to be in this state, like one who emerges from darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory.

"Is that what you're saying, daughter?" he said.

"That's right," Zoraida replied.

"Indeed—the old man replied—you are a Christian, and the one who has put your father in the power of his enemies?"

To which Zoraida replied:

I am the one who is Christian; but not the one you have put me in this position; because my desire never extended to harming you or doing you wrong, but only to making myself well.

And what are you up to, dear?

"That's what she said," she replied, "ask Lela Marine; she'll be better able to tell you than I am."

As soon as he heard this, the Moor, with incredible haste, threw himself headfirst into the sea, where he undoubtedly would have drowned had it not been for the long, indecent dress he was wearing.

Zoraida uttered voices that made them come, and so, we all went to her, and, having taken her from the delirium, we took her out half drowned and senseless; from receiving so much sorrow Zoraida, that, as if she were already dead, she had upon her a tender and painful weeping.

We turned him over bottom-side up; a great deal of water returned; he recovered himself after about two hours, during which the wind having changed, it suited us to return towards land, and to paddle with oars, in order not to strike against him; but our good fortune willed that we reached a shoal that is made alongside a small promontory or headland called by the Moors the Caba Rumi■a, which in our language means the bad Christian woman; and it is tradition among the Moors that the Cava is buried in that place, for whom Spain was lost.

because he digs in his tongue to mean a bad woman, and he ruminates, Christian; and they still consider it a bad omen to arrive there and run aground when need forces them to do so, because they never receive anything without her; for as far as we were concerned, it was not a bad woman's shelter, but a safe harbor for our remedy, as the sea was disturbed.

We placed our sentinels on land, and never left the oars out of our hands; we ate what the apostate had provided, and begged God and Our Lady, with all our hearts, to help and favor us so that we might happily bring to a felicitous end this fortunate beginning.

By divine order, in response to Zoraida's petition, let us bring her father and all the other Moors who were there, bound, to earth, for it was not enough for her spirit, nor could they endure to see him bound to his father and those of his land imprisoned before her eyes.

We promised to do it that way at the time of the event, since there was no danger in leaving them in that deserted place.

Our prayers were not so vain that they were not heard from heaven; that, to our advantage, the wind later calmed the sea, inviting us to return joyful and continue our begun journey.

Seeing this, we unleashed the Moors, one by one.

We landed it, and they remained astonished; but when the father of Zoraida arrived, who was already fully prepared, he said:

Why do you Christians think this bad woman demands I be given my freedom? Do you believe it's out of pity that she does? No, of course not, but because of the disturbance my presence will cause when she wishes to execute her bad desires; and don't think she's been moved to change religion, she understands that yours is superior to ours, but the knowledge that dishonesty is used more freely in your land than in ours.

And going to Zoraida, holding her and I and another Christian with both arms, because some folly might not happen, he said:

"Oh infamous maiden and ill-advised girl! Where do you go, blind and audacious, under the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Curse the hour in which I brought you into being, and curse the gifts and delights in which I have raised you!"

But seeing that he was not going to end so soon, I hastened to put him in the ground, and from there, aloud, he continued in his curses and laments, begging Muhammad to be asked that Allah destroy us, confound us, and end us; and when, because we had taken the sail, we could not hear his words, we saw his works, which were to tear out his beards, to mess up his hair, and to crawl on the ground; but once he strained his voice so much that we could understand that he was saying:

Come back, my beloved daughter, come back to earth, for I forgive you; hand over that money to those men, it's already yours, and return to comfort this sad father of yours, who would leave his life in this deserted desert if you allow it.

Zoraida listened to all of it, and felt it all, and cried, but didn't know what to say or respond.

Pray to Ala, my father, that Lela Marie, who has been the cause of my being Christian, may console you in your sorrow! Ala knows well that I could not have done anything other than what I have done, and that these Christians owe you nothing according to my will, for even if I wished not to come with them and remain in my house, it would have been impossible, according to the haste that my soul gave me to put into practice this one that to me seems as good as you, beloved father, judge it to be bad.

He said this, at the same time that neither his father heard her nor we could see her anymore; and so, comforting Zoraida, we all attended to our journey, which the wind itself made easy for us, to such an extent that we certainly had the good fortune to see her one day at dawn on the banks of Spain.

But as so rarely happens, or never, good and simple things come without being accompanied or followed by some evil that disturbs or jumps out upon them; our fortune wished it, or perhaps the curses that the Moor had cast upon his daughter, which one must always fear coming from any father, wished, I say, that while we were already engulfed and it was almost three hours past midnight, with the candle stretched high and low, the oars braced, because the favorable wind was relieving us of the work we needed to do, and with the light of the moon, which shone clearly, we saw near us a round boat, which, with all its sails extended, was passing before us with a little tilt to the rudder; and this, so close, that we were forced to slow down in order not to collide with it, and they, likewise, exerted themselves on the rudder to give us room to pass.

They had gotten aboard the boat and were asking who we were, and where we were sailing, and from where we came; but for asking us this in French, our renegade said:

Nobody answer; for these are undoubtedly French corsairs, who make a fortune from it.

Because of that warning, no one answered a word; and having gone a little ahead, so that the boat was already downwind, suddenly two pieces of artillery were discharged, and, as it seemed, both were equipped with chains, for one cut our tree in half, and struck it and the sail in the sea; and at the moment firing another piece, the bullet came to strike in the middle of our boat, splitting it open completely, without causing any further harm; but as we found ourselves going down, we all began shouting for help, and begging those on the boat who were receiving us, because we were being overwhelmed.

They then pursued us, casting off the skiff or boat to sea, and boarded it until twelve well-armed Frenchmen, with their arquebuses and flaming ropes, and thus they arrived alongside us; and seeing how few we were, and how the vessel was sinking, they rescued us, saying that because we had used of the discourtesy of not answering them, that misfortune had befallen us.

Our outlaw took Zoraida's chest of riches, and it was lost to the sea, with no one watching what he was doing.

In the resolution, we passed with the French, who, after having been informed of everything we needed to know, wanted, as if we were our capital enemies, to take away everything we had, and Zoraida had even taken away the little charms she carried on her feet; but what gave me so much gloom was what gave Zoraida – the fear that they were going to take not only the rich and precious jewels, but also the jewel she most valued and esteemed.

But the desires of that people extend only to money, and never do they see greed; which then became so great that they even took away the clothes of captives if they were of any use to anyone; and there was a rumor among them that they would throw us all into the sea wrapped in a sail, because they



intended to trade in some ports of Spain under the guise of being Bretons, and if we were brought in alive they would be punished once their theft was discovered; however, the captain, who had deprived my beloved Zoraida of her possessions, said that he was content with the prize he had, and that he did not want to land in any port of Spain, but to pass the Strait of Gibraltar at night, or as he could, and go to La Rochelle, from where he had come; and so, they agreed to give us the ship of his ship, and everything necessary for the short navigation that remained to us, as they had done another day, in sight of the land of Spain; with which all our fears and poverty were forgotten completely, as if they had not passed through us.

Around mid-day it could have been when they threw us onto the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuits; and the captain, moved by some pity, when the exquisitely beautiful Zoraida embarked, gave her forty gold escudos, and he wouldn't allow them to take away her soldiers these very clothes she now wears.

We entered the boat; we thanked them for the good they did us, showing ourselves more grateful than complaining; they followed along, following the defeat at the strait; we, without looking for another north than the land that was showing itself before us, hastened so much to travel, that when the sun set we were so close, that we could, it seemed to us, arrive before it was very dark; but, in not wanting to make the moon and the sky appear dark that night, and in ignoring the place where we were, it did not seem to us safe to land, as it did to many of us, saying that we might land in it, even if it were in a few leagues and far from populated, because thus we would assure ourselves of the fear that reasonably one should have that bajeles of corsairs from Tetuan were wandering about there, who sleep in Berberia and wake up in the coasts of Spain, and who, ordinarily, make a raid and return to sleep in their homes; but the contrary opinion that was taken was that we should gradually approach, and that if the calm of the sea granted it, we should land where we could.

It happened like this, and just before midnight we arrived at the foot of a strikingly and tall.

mountain, not so close to the sea, that wouldn't grant a little space to disembark comfortably.

We knelt in the sand, landed on the ground, kissed the earth, and with tears of very joyful contentment, we all thanked God, our Lord, for the incomparable good he had done for us.

We took from the boat the provisions we had, threw them onto the ground, and climbed a very great stretch up the mountain, because even there we were, and we hadn't yet been able to secure our hearts, nor had we just begun to believe that it was Christian land that was already sustaining us.

Dawn broke later than we would have liked.

We had just climbed the whole mountain, in case any village or shepherd's huts were visible from there; but although we looked as far as we could, we found no village, no person, no path, nor road.

With all this, we decided to head inland, since we could not be less than to discover who would give us news of it.

But what fatigued me most was seeing Zoraida walk alone through those hardships, which, once I had placed her upon my shoulders, exhausted her more than my own fatigue rested me; and thus, she never again wished me to take on that work; and with much patience and displays of joy, I always walked with her by the hand, and we had scarcely traveled a quarter of a league when, arriving at our ears, we heard the sound of a small snare, a clear signal that there was a prize nearby; and we all looked attentively to see if anyone resembled it, when at the foot of an alcorque we saw a young shepherd, who was shaping a stick with a knife with great ease and indifference.

We shouted to him, and, raising his head, he stood up slightly, and afterward we learned that the first to offer themselves to him in sight were the renegade and Zoraida, and as he saw them in the habit of Moors, he thought that all the Berbers were upon him; and, entering with strange lightness through the forest ahead, he began to give the greatest cries in the world, saying:

Moors, Moors, there are Moors in the land! Arm yourselves!

With these voices we were all confused, and didn't know what to do; but considering that the shepherd's voices were to stir up the land, and that the coastal cavalry was to come to see what it was, we agreed that the apostate should undress his Turkish clothes and put on a small cloak or captive jacket that one of us gave him later, though he remained in a shirt; and thus, relying on God, we followed the same path that we saw the shepherd take, always expecting when the coastal cavalry was to fall upon us.

And our thought was deceived; for not having passed two hours, when having already emerged from those thickets into a plain, we discovered fifty knights, who with great lightness, running at a slow pace, were coming towards us, and as soon as we saw them, we remained waiting for them; but as they arrived, and saw, instead of the Moors they were seeking, so many poor Christians, they were confused, and one of them asked if we were perhaps the occasion for which a shepherd had named the arms.

“‘Yes’,” I said; and wanting to begin to tell him my story, and where we came from, and who we were, one of the Christians who were with us recognized the rider who had asked us the question, and said, without allowing me to say another word:

Thanks be given to God, sirs, that he has led us to such a good part! Because, if I am not mistaken, the land we tread is that of Vélez Málaga; and if my years of captivity have not erased from my memory the recollection that you, sir, who question us, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.

As soon as this was said, the captive Christian, when the horseman threw himself from his horse and came to embrace the boy, saying:

Nephew of my soul and of my life, you are already known to me, and I have wept for you being dead, and my sister, your mother, and all of yours, who still live, and God has provided the means for them to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you; we already knew you were in Algiers, and from the signs and displays of your clothes, and those of all your companions, we understood that you had had miraculous freedom.

“That’s right,” the waiter replied, “and we’ll have time to tell you everything.”

After the riders understood that we were Christian captives, they dismounted from their horses, and each offered us his own to take us to the city of Vélez Málaga, which was a league and a half from there.

Some of them took the boat back to the city, telling us where we had left it; others lifted us onto the donkey’s backs, and Zoraida was on the horse of the Christian’s uncle.

We went out to receive the whole town; they already knew the news of our arrival, as some had gone ahead.

They were not astonished to see free Moors, nor captive Moors, for all the people of that coast were made to look at one kind of men and another; but they were astonished at the beauty of Zoraida, who at that instant and season was at her height, as much from the weariness of the journey as from the joy of being already in Christian lands, without the fright of getting lost; and this had brought such colors to her face that, if it were not for the passion then, I would dare to say she was the most beautiful creature in the world; at least, that is who I had seen her.

We went straight to the church to thank God for the grace received; and as she entered it, Zoraida said that there were faces that resembled those of Lela Marie■n.

We told him they were images of his, and as best he could, he made her understand what they meant, so that she would adore them as if they were truly each one of them.

Lela Marie■n who had spoken to her.

She, who has a good understanding and a natural, easy and clear way of understanding, then understood everything that was said about the images.

From there, they took us and dispersed us to different houses in the village; but the Christian who came with us took the renegade, Zoraida, and me, and at the house of his parents, who were moderately well-off with their fortune, they treated us with as much love as their own son.

For six days we remained at Vélez; and at the end of that time, the renegade, having given us information about what suited him, went to the city of Granada to seek redress through the Holy Inquisition with the most venerable body of the Church; the other Christians, liberated as they were, went each to where it seemed best to them; only Zoraida and I remained, with only the shields of courtesy given to Zoraida by the French, of which I purchased this animal in which she comes, and, serving her until now as father and squire, and not as husband, we went with the intention of seeing if my father is alive, or if any of my brothers have had a more fortunate fate than mine; since, having been made companion of Zoraida by heaven, it seems to me that no other luck could come to me, however good it might be, that I could esteem it.

The patience with which Zoraida bears the discomforts of poverty, and the desire she shows to be already Christian, so much so that it admires me, and moves me to serve her for all the time of my life; since the pleasure I have in being her servant and of her being my wife, so troubles and undoes me not knowing if I will find in my land any corner where I may shelter her, and if her father and brothers have made such a change in the hacienda and life of my father, that barely I find anyone who knows her, if they are gone.

I have nothing more to tell you of my story; let your good judgments judge it as you will, pleasing as it may be; but I would have wished to have told it to you more briefly, since the fear of offending you with four circumstances has kept it from my tongue.

Chapter 42: About what happened most in the sale and many other things worth knowing.

The captive replied with this, to whom Don Fernando said:

-By the way, Captain, the way you've told this strange occurrence is such that it equals the novelty and strangeness of the case itself.

Everything is wandering, strange, and full of accidents that amaze and suspend those who hear them; and the pleasure we have received from listening to it is so great that, even if we found ourselves tomorrow occupied with the same story, we would readily believe it was beginning again.

And saying this, Cardenio and all the rest offered him with everything they could possibly give, with words and reasons so loving and so true, that the captain was entirely satisfied with their intentions. Specifically, Don Fernando offered that if he wanted to return with him, he would arrange for the Marquis, his brother, to be godfather of Zoraida's baptism, and that, for his part, he would accommodate him in such a way that he could enter his land with the authority and comfort that he deserved.

The captive courteously thanked them all, but refused to accept any of their liberal offers.

As night fell, a car arrived with some men on horseback.

They asked for lodging; to whom the innkeeper replied that there wasn't a single unoccupied inch in the whole establishment.

-Even though that may be -said one of the horsemen who had entered-, it will not fail for the lord judge who is coming here.

That name was spiced up by the host, and he said:

Sir, the reason for this is that I have no beds; if it is that your Lordship brings them, then it is good that he does, for my husband and I will be left without our room to accommodate your Lordship.

-It's a good hour," the squire said.

But at this time a man had already gotten out of the car, who then showed with his suit the office and position he held, because the long clothes, with the sleeves rolled up, that he was wearing showed him to be an auditor, as his servant had said.

He was walking hand-in-hand with a maiden, apparently no more than six and sixteen years old, dressed in a traveling gown, so striking, so beautiful, and so valiant, that her appearance astonished everyone; to the point that Dorotea, Luscinda, and Zoraida, who were at the inn, believed that such beauty as this maiden possessed was hardly to be found.

Hello, Don Quixote as he entered the ear and of the maiden, and as he saw him, he said:

You may surely enter and spread yourselves within this castle; though it is narrow and poorly arranged, there is no narrowness or discomfort in the world that does not afford room for arms and letters, and especially when arms and letters guide and safeguard beauty, as these letters do in this beautiful maiden, to whom not only must the castles be opened and revealed, but the crags be parted and the mountains divided and lowered to offer welcome.

I say to you, meaning, in this paradise, where one will find stars and suns to accompany the sky that your majesty brings with it; one will find the arms at their point and the beauty at its extreme.

The auditor of Don Quixote's reasoning was greatly admired, as he deliberately began to look at him very closely, and he was no less impressed by his stature than by his words; and without finding any with which to respond to him, he began to admire again when he saw before him Dulcinea, Dorotea, and Zoraida, who had come to see her and receive her, having heard of the new arrivals and of the beauty of the maiden that the fortune-teller had told them; but Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest made him more flattering and more courteous offers.

Indeed, the judge entered confused, just as he perceived from what he saw and heard, and the beautiful ladies of the sale welcomed the beautiful maiden.

In the resolution, it was well done to see that the listeners were all important people who were there; but the stature, appearance, and bearing of Don Quixote were inappropriate for them; and having made courteous offers among all of them, and tested the comfort of the inn, it was ordered as before: that all the women should enter the aforesaid chamber, and that the men should remain outside, as in their guard.

And so, the listener was pleased that his daughter, who was the maid, should go away with those ladies, which he accepted with great joy; and with part of the narrow bed of the innkeeper, and with half of the bed the listener traveled with, they accommodated themselves that night, better than they had thought.

The captive, from the spot where he had seen the magistrate, felt a surge of emotion and suspicions that he was his brother, asked one of the servants who came with him what his name was and if he knew from what land he was.

The servant replied that his name was Licenciado Juan Pérez de Viedma, and that he had heard it said he was from a place in the mountains of León.

With this relationship and with what he had seen, it had just been confirmed that that was his brother, that he had followed the letters, on the advice of his father; and agitated and delighted, calling Fernando aside.

And to the priest, I told him what was happening, certifying to them that that magistrate was his brother.

The servant also told me how he had been appointed as an auditor to the Indies, in the Court of Mexico; he also knew how that young woman was his daughter, whose mother had died at her birth, and that he had become very rich with the dowry that he received with her at home.

He gave them advice as to how they should discover themselves, or to first know if, after being discovered, their brother, in order to see him poor, would affront him, or receive him with good graces.

"Let me, sir priest, be the one to arrange that experience for you," he said; "much more than that, you, Captain, will be received very well; because the value and prudence that your brother discovers in your good judgment do not suggest arrogance or unfamiliarity, nor that you will not know how to put the cases of fortune in their proper place."

-With all that – said the captain – I wanted, not spontaneously, but through the grapevine, to let him know.

"I'm telling you," the priest replied, "that I'll arrange it so that we're all satisfied."

Yes, the dinner was seasoned in this way, and everyone sat down at the table, except for the captive and the ladies, who dined in their rooms anyway.

Midway through the dinner, the priest said.

I had a comrade with me in Constantinople, where I was a captive for some years; that comrade was one of the valiant soldiers and captains who were in all the Spanish infantry; but as much as he had of strength and valor, he was unfortunate.

-And what was the name of that captain, my lord? -the magistrate asked.

"Let him be," the priest replied, "Ruy Pérez de Viedma, and he was from a place in the mountains of León; he told me a case that had happened to his father and his brothers, that, had it not been for a man so true as he, he would have considered it advice from those old women who tell the winter stories by the fire."

Because he told me that his father had divided his estate among the three sons he had, and had given them certain advice, better than that of Cato.

And I must say that the one he chose to come to war had happened to him so well, that in just a few years, by his valor and effort, with no other arm than the one of his great virtue, he rose to be captain of infantry, and to see himself on the path and predicament of soon becoming a field marshal.

But it was contrary fortune, for where he could expect and have good, there he lost it, with losing his freedom on the felicísima day when so many had it, that was in the Battle of Lepanto.

I lost her at the Goleta, and then, due to various events, we found ourselves comrades in Constantinople.

From there he came to Algiers, where I know one of the strangest cases that has occurred in the world happened to him.

From here the priest continued, and briefly and concisely recounted what had happened with Zoraida to her brother; the judge was so attentive to everything, that he had never listened so attentively before. The priest only arrived at the moment when the Frenchmen had stripped the Christians who had come from the boat, and left them in poverty and need, along with the beautiful Moorish woman; of whom he had not known what they had done, nor whether they had reached Spain, or whether the Frenchmen had taken them to France.

Everything the priest was saying, the captain heard something slightly off, and he noticed all the movements his brother was making; and seeing that the priest had

He finally reached the end of his story, letting out a great sigh and filling his eyes with tears, he said:

Oh, Lord, if you had suppressed the news that has been told me, and how it touches me so closely that I am forced to give expression to it with these tears, that, against my will and discretion, come forth from my eyes! That captain so valiant that you speak of is my eldest brother, who, being stronger and with loftier thoughts than I or any other younger brother of mine, chose the honorable and worthy occupation of war, which was one of the three paths that our father proposed to us, as your comrade said in the council that, according to your opinion, you heard him say.

I followed the path of the letters, in which God and my diligence have placed me in the position you see. My younger brother is in Peru, such a rich place, and with what he has sent to my father and to me, he has satisfied his part well, and even given to my father with which he can satisfy his natural generosity; and I myself have been able to treat myself with more decency and authority in my studies, and arrive at the position in which I see myself.

I still see my father dying, with the desire to know of his eldest son, and he prays to God with continuous prayers that he does not close his eyes to death until he sees his son alive; and I am amazed at him, being so discreet, how in so many hardships and afflictions, or prosperous events, he has neglected to give news of himself to his father; and if he knew it, or any of us, we would not need to await the miracle of the rod to be redeemed.

But what I now fear is to think if the Frenchmen had given him freedom, or if they had died to cover up his theft.

All of this will be as I proceed on my journey, not with the joy with which I began it, but with all melancholy and sadness.

Oh, my good brother, and who would know now where you were; that I might go to find you and free you from your labors, even at the cost of mine! Oh, who would take tidings to our old father that you were alive, even if you were in the most hidden dungeons of Berberia; that from there they would take out his riches, yours and mine! Oh, Zoraida, beautiful and generous, who could pay the good you did my brother! Who could find the renewal of your soul, and the weddings, that gave so much pleasure to all of us!

The listener said these and similar words, filled with such compassion for the newcomers who had been given by his brother, that everyone who heard him accompanied him in showing the feeling of pity he had for them.

Seeing, therefore, the priest who had so well come out with his intention and what the captain desired, he did not wish to keep them all any longer sad, and so he rose from the table, and entering where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand, and after her came Luscinda, Dorotea, and the daughter of the magistrate.

I was waiting for the captain to see what the priest wanted to do, that is, taking him by the other hand, with both of them two went where the judge and the rest of the gentlemen were, and he said:

Cesen, my lord, dry your tears, and satisfy your desire for all good things that I may wish for you, for you have before you your good brother and your good aunt.

This is Captain Viedma, and this is the beautiful Moor who did him so much good.

The Frenchmen I told you about have put you in the tight spot you see, so that you may show the generosity of your good heart.

The captain went to embrace his brother, and he placed both his hands on his chest, to look at him more closely; but when he had just come to know him, he embraced him so closely, spilling such tender

tears of joy, that even the most presentable of those around him would have joined him in them. The words that both brothers spoke, the feelings they showed, can hardly be thought of, let alone written down.

Thus, in brief reasons, they realized their events; there they showed forth in their fullest measure the good friendship of two brothers; there the judge embraced Zoraida; there he offered her his estate; there he made his daughter embrace her; there the Christianly beautiful woman and the supremely beautiful Moor woman renewed their

Everyone's tears.

There, Don Quixote was alert, without uttering a word, considering these so strange events, attributing them all to the fantasies of itinerant chivalry.

They agreed that the captain and Zoraida would return with her brother to Seville and inform her father of their discovery and freedom, so that, as far as he could, he might come to meet them at Zoraida's weddings and baptism, in order not to be possible for him to miss the road leading there, because of the fact that a fleet was departing from Seville to New Spain within a month, and it would be of great inconvenience for him to miss the journey.

In the resolution, everyone was pleased and joyful about the successful rescue of the captive; and as the night was almost halfway through its day, they agreed to gather and rest what remained of it.

Don Quixote offered to stand guard at the castle, so that no one might be attacked by some giant or other villainous character who sought to plunder the great treasure of beauty contained within it.

Let us express our gratitude to those who knew him, and who informed the listener of Don Quixote's strange humor, of which he received much pleasure.

Only Sancho Panza was despairing at the delay of the gathering, and only he adjusted himself better than anyone else, sprawling over his donkey's equipment, which had cost him as much as will be said later.

Therefore, the ladies returned to their lodging, and others accommodated themselves as best they could; Don Quixote, having gone outside the venta to act as watchman of the castle, as he had promised.

It happened, then, that with little left until the dawn, a voice so intoned and so good arrived to the ears of the ladies, that it compelled all of them to pay close attention, especially Dorotea, who was awakening, beside whom Dona Clara de Viedma was sleeping, who was also called the daughter of the auditor.

No one could imagine who the person was who sang so well, and it was a voice alone, without any instrument accompanying it.

Sometimes it seemed to him that he was singing in the courtyard; other times, in the stables, and being in this confusion very attentive, he arrived at the door of Cardenio's room and said:

Whoever does not sleep, listen; what they will hear is the voice of a young donkey, singing so beautifully that it enchants.

"I have heard it, sir," Dorotea replied.

And with that, Cardenio departed, and Dorotea, paying all the possible attention, understood that what was being sung was this:

Chapter 43: Where the pleasant story of the mule-boy is recounted, with other strange occurrences at the inn that took place.

Sailor I am of love

and I sail in its deep lagoon without hope  
to reach any port.

Following I will go towards a star that I discover from afar, more beautiful and radiant than any that Palinuro has seen.

I don't know where I'm being led.

and so, I navigate confused.

The soul looked at it attentively, carefully, and carelessly.

Impertinent remarks, honesty against misuse.

they are clouds that cover her when I try to see her most.

Oh bright and radiant star

I burn myself in its blaze!

To the point where you hide yourself from me, it will be the point of my death.

As he who was singing reached this point, it seemed to Dorotea that it wouldn't be well for her to let Clara hear such a good voice; and so, moving her here and there, she roused her, saying to her: Forgive me, child, for waking you, because I do it because I want you to hear the best voice you may have ever heard in your life.

Clara woke up completely drowsy, and the first time Dorothea told her something, she didn't understand what she was saying; when they asked her again, she repeated it, and Clara listened attentively; but as soon as she heard two verses sung by the singer, she felt such a strange tremor, as if she were ill from some serious accident in the countryside, and embracing Dorothea closely, she said:

Oh, woman of my soul and of my life! Why did you wake me up? The greatest good fortune that fortune could bestow on me was to have my eyes and ears closed, so I wouldn't see or hear that wretched musician.

What are you saying, child? I hear they say that the one who sings is a donkey boy.

"He is only a lord of places," Clara replied, "and the one who has you in my soul with such certainty; if he doesn't want to let you go, he will never be taken away eternally."

Dorotea was admired by Beatrice, who seemed to her to be far ahead of what her few years promised, and so she said to her:

You speak in a way, Mrs. Clara, that I cannot understand you: state more plainly and tell me what you mean about souls and places, and of this music, which unsettles you so much.

But don't tell me anything for now; I don't want to lose, by appealing to your surprise, the pleasure I get from hearing the singer; it seems to me that with new verses and a new tone, he transforms his singing. -It's a good time, she replied.

And, for not being ostentatious, he covered both eyes with his hands, of which Dorothea also marveled; she, being attentive to what was being sung, saw that they continued in this way:

Sweet little hope.

breaking impossible barriers and obstacles, you remain steadfast on the path.

pretend and put on airs yourself;

Don't faint seeing me.

with every step alongside your death.

They don't hurry.

honored triumphs nor any victory

neither can they be happy

those who, unlike fortune, deliver worthless things

to soft leisure all the senses.

What love sells her glories

faces, it is a great reason and it is fair treatment; for there is no finer garment.

that one who measures it by her pleasure;

it's obvious

What isn't valued is what costs little.

Loving platitudes

perhaps they achieve the impossible things;

and also, even with mine

I still fall in love with the most difficult ones.

I don't doubt it.

unable to reach the sky from the ground.

Here the voice ended, and the beginning of new sobs for Clara; all of which kindled Dorotea's desire to know the cause of such gentle singing and such sad weeping; and so, she asked him again what he wished to say before.

Then Clara, fearing that Luscinda wouldn't hear her, embracing Dorotea closely, put her mouth so near Dorotea's ear that she could certainly speak without being understood by another, and so she said:

This one who sings, my dear, is the son of a natural knight of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two places, who lived on the border of my father's house at court; and although my father had linen in his house windows in the winter and shutters in the summer, I don't know what he was, or what he wasn't, that this knight, who walked to the study, saw me, nor if in the church or in another place.

Finally, he fell in love with me, and he made it clear to me from the windows of his house with so many signs and so many tears, that I had to believe him, and even want him, without knowing what he wanted from me.

Among the signs he gave me was one of joining my hand with his, leading me to understand that he was going to marry me; and although I indulged greatly in hoping so, being alone and without my mother, I didn't know with whom to tell it, and so, I let him be without offering him another favor if not, when my father was away and his also, he would raise a little of his canvas or jealousy, and let me see it all; and he made so much fuss about it, that he gave signs of going mad.

We arrived at this time with my father's departure, which he knew, and not I, since I never could have told him.

Cayo Malo, as I understand it, was a figure of gloom, and so, on the day we departed, I never even had the chance to see him with my eyes; but after two days of walking, upon entering an inn in a place a day's journey from here, I saw him at the doorway of the inn, accustomed as a mule driver, so naturally, that if I hadn't carried him so vividly in my soul, it would have been impossible to recognize him.

I know him, admire him, and cheer him; he steals my father's glance, of whom he always hides when he passes before me on the roads and in the inns where we arrive; and as I know who he is, and consider that for my sake he comes on foot and with so much labor, I follow wherever he puts his feet. I don't know with what intention he comes, nor how he has been able to escape his father, who loves him extraordinarily, because he has no other heir, and because he deserves it, as you will see when you see him.

And I must tell you: that everything that sings takes it out of its head; that I have heard say that he is a very large student and poet.

And there's more: whenever I see or hear him sing, I shiver and jump, fearful that my father will know and come to learn of our wishes.

In my life I have never spoken a word to him, and, despite all that, I love him in a way that I cannot live without.

This is, my dear, all I can tell you about this musician whose voice has so pleased you; that in her alone you will find that he is not a donkey boy, as you say, but a lord of souls and places as I have told you.

"Don't say any more, dear Dona Clara," Dorotea said, kissing her a thousand times; "don't say any more, I say, and wait for the new day; for I trust in God to guide the way of your affairs, that they may have the happy end that so honest principles deserve."

"Oh, Mrs. Clara," Dona Clara said, "what end can be expected, if your father is so prominent and so rich, that it would seem to him even I cannot be his son's governess, much less his wife? I certainly will not marry my father's stealing, for there is plenty in the world."

I didn't want only that young man turn around and leave me; perhaps with no will and with the great distance of the road we have traveled, my sorrow would ease me; although I must say that this remedy I imagine will serve me very little.

I have no idea what the hell this has been, nor where my love for him entered, seeing as I was such a young girl and he such a boy, and really, I think we're the same age. And I don't turn ten yet.

and six years; that for the day of Saint Michael which is coming, my father says they are fulfilled.

Dorotea couldn't stop laughing when she heard how Dona Clara spoke as a child, saying:

Let us rest, madam, as little as remains of the night, and God will dawn and we will grow, or I shall ruin my hands.

They quieted themselves with this, and a great silence was kept throughout the stall; only the daughter of the vendor and Maritornes her maid, who, as they already knew the folly in which Don Quixote was prone, and that he was outside the stall armed and on horseback making the rounds, decided to spend two hours teasing him, or, at the very least, passing the time listening to his absurdities.

It was, therefore, the case that in the entire sale there wasn't a window that opened onto the countryside, but a hole from a pigeon's nest, through which they threw in the straw from the outside.



The two maidens placed themselves in that hole, and they saw that Don Quixote was on horseback, reclined upon his lance, giving, from time to time, so sorrowful and profound sighs, that it seemed as if with each one his soul was being torn away.

And they also heard him saying it with a soft, generous, and loving voice.

Oh my lady Dulcinea of Toboso, extreme of all beauty, end and finish of discretion, archive of the best good sense, repository of honesty, and, ultimately, idea of all that is profitable, honest, and delightful in the world! And what favor now your grace desires? If you have, perhaps, in your captive knight the thoughts in your heart, that he, for the service of so willingly putting himself at risk of so many dangers, has wished to offer you? Tell me your news of her, oh light of the three faces! Perhaps you are now watching him with envy, since, either walking through some gallery of your sumptuous palaces, or already with breasts laid upon some balcony, you are considering how, saving your honesty and greatness, you must tame the storm that my poor heart suffers, what glory it will give to my pains, what peace to my care, and, finally, what life to my death and what reward to my services.

And you, sun, who must already be in a hurry saddling your horses, to wake up and go to see my lady, as you see her, beg her for me to greet her; but be careful that when you see her and greet her, you don't give her peace on your face; I'll be more jealous of you than you were of that light, ungrateful woman who made you sweat and run across the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneo, I don't remember well where you ran then, jealous and in love.

At this point, Don Quixote arrived with his so unfortunate reasoning, when the daughter of the innkeeper began to scold him and say to him:

My lord, please come here if you are willing.

And so, returning to her signs and voice, Don Quixote turned his head, and in the light of the moon, which then was in all its clarity, he saw how they called him from the hole that seemed to him a window, and even with golden bars, as it is convenient that such rich castles have them; and then, in the instant, it was represented to him in his mad imagination that once more, as in the past, the beautiful lady, daughter of the lady of that castle, defeated by his love, was returning to ask him; and with this thought, in order not to show himself impolite and ungrateful, he returned the reins to Rocinante and reached the hole, and thus, as he saw the two young women, he said:

It's a pity I have you, beautiful lady, that you have placed your loving thoughts in a place where you cannot respond as you deserve, considering your great worth and kindness. Do not blame this miserable, wandering knight for whom love is impossible to give his will to another than that which, in the point where his eyes beheld her, made her mistress absolute of his soul.

Forgive me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not wish to make me more disagreeable than I show myself; and if you find in my love something with which to satisfy you other than what I offer, ask me for it; for I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine to give it to you in full, although you would ask me for a curl of Medusa's snakes, which were all serpents, or already the same rays of the sun, enclosed in a sphere.

"Nothing is needed of you, my lady, sir," said Maritornes at this point.

-Well, what do you need, discreet mistress, your lady? replied Don Quixote.

"Just one of your beautiful hands – said Maritornes –, to be able to remove with it the great desire that has brought to this hole, so at risk of her honor, that if her father had felt it, even the smallest fragment of her was an ear."

"I wish I could see that!" Quijote replied.

But he would be very careful not to end up like his father, who had put his hands on his beloved daughter's delicate parts.

It seemed to Maritornes that Don Quixote would certainly shake the hand that had been asked of him, and, proposing in his mind what he was going to do, he got off the hole and went to the stables, where he took the groom of Sancho Panza's donkey, and with great speed he returned to his hole, at the same time that Don Quixote had placed his feet on the saddle of Rocinante in order to reach the wrought-iron window where he imagined the wounded lady to be; and upon giving her the hand, he said:

Take that hand, madam, or, to put it better, that executioner of the world's evildoers; take that hand, I say, to anyone who has not touched another woman, not even the one who has complete possession

of my entire body.

I'm not giving you the chance for her to kiss you, but for you to observe the texture of her nerves, the tension of her muscles, the width and spaciousness of her veins; from which you will discern what kind of strength her arm must possess.

—Now we'll see it—Maritornes said.

And tying a sliding noose around the horse, he threw it to the doll, and descending through the hole, he tied up what remained to the latch of the barn door, very strongly.

Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the rope on his little finger, said:

It seems to me that you wound me more than you give me pleasure; do not treat her so badly, for she is not to blame for the malice that your will makes you do, nor is it right that so little should avenge the whole of your anger.

Look who wants good doesn't do so badly to seek revenge.

But nobody listened to all those reasons of Don Quixote anymore, because just as Maritornes tied him up, she and the other one left, laughing to death, and left him held so tightly that he couldn't be released.

So, I was, as has been said, standing on Rocinante's feet, with my arm completely stuck in the hole, and tied by the ankle, to the bolt of the door, with great fear and care that if Rocinante strayed to one side or the other, I would hang by the arm; and so, I dared not make the slightest movement, because one could expect Rocinante's patience and stillness to hold him motionless for a whole century.

In a resolution, seeing Don Quixote tied up, and with the ladies having already departed, it was given to imagination that all this was being done by way of enchantment, as it had been the previous time, when that same Moor enchanted the blacksmith; and he cursed to himself his lack of discretion and reasoning, since having gone out so badly the first time from that castle, he had ventured to enter it the second time, being a warning to knights errant that when they have tried an adventure and have not come out of it well, it is a sign that it is not for them to be saved, but for others, and thus, they have no need to try it a second time.

With all that, he was pulling at his arm, to see if he could loosen his grip; but he was so firmly held that all his efforts were in vain.

It is true that he pushed on with effort, because Rocinante wouldn't move; and although he wished to sit down and take a seat, he could only stand there, or tear his hand off.

He was the wish of the sword of Amadis, against whom he had no enchantment whatsoever; there he was the curse of his fortune; there he exaggerated the harm his presence would cause in the world while he was enchanted; there he remembered again his beloved Dulcinea of Toboso; there he called his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in dreams and lying on the jolting of his donkey, did not remember at that moment the mother who had given him birth; there he called the wise Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him; there he invoked his good friend Urganda to aid him, and finally, there he lost the morning, so desperate and confused, that he bellowed like a bull; because he did not expect that with the day his misfortune would be remedied, because he considered it eternal, believing himself enchanted.

And make him believe this: see Rocinante move very little; and I believed that in this way, without eating or drinking or sleeping, he and his horse would remain until that bad influence of the stars passed, or until another wiser sorcerer disenchanting him.

But he became very attached to his belief, because as darkness was just beginning to fade, when they arrived at the stall, four men on horseback, very well equipped and outfitted, with their shotguns on the alert.

They knocked on the stall door, which was still closed, with loud bangs; which, as Don Quixote saw from where he still continued to make the sentinel, said in an arrogant and loud voice:

Knights, or squires, or whoever you may be, you have no right to call at the doors of this castle; it is perfectly clear that at such hours, either those within are asleep, or they have no custom of opening their strongholds until the sun is stretched across the ground.

Turn yourselves out, and wait for the day to clear, and then we'll see if it's just, or not, that they open you.

"What devil of a fortress or castle is this – one said – to force us into keeping those ceremonies? If you're the herald, order them to open the gates for us; we are travelers who don't want to give more grain to our horses and move forward, because we're in a hurry."

"Do you fellows think I'm a wine merchant?" Quijote replied.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he replied; "but I do know you're saying nonsense about calling this place a castle."

"I'm a castle," Don Quixote retorted, "and one of the finest in all this province; and there are people within who have had the scepter in their hand and the crown on their head."

"It's better to go backwards – said the walker – the center in the head and the crown in the hand."

And if anyone comes by hand, he must be within a company of representatives, of whom you often have those crowns and scepters you mention; because in a sale so small, and where so much silence is kept as this one, I don't believe people worthy of a crown and scepter lodge there.

"You know very little of the world," Don Quixote retorted, "since you ignore the cases that usually occur in chivalry."

The companions grew tired of those who had come from the conversation with Don Quixote, and so they returned to call with great fury; and it was such that the innkeeper awoke, and even all those who were in the inn, and thus he rose to ask who was calling.

At this time, it happened that one of the horses in which the four rode, arrived to smell of Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, with his ears drooping, held motionless his stretched lord; and, as, in short, being flesh, although he appeared to be made of wood, he could not help but feel resentful and return to smell whoever came to caress him; and so, he had not moved so much as when Don Quixote's feet, together, deviated, and, slipping from the saddle, they fell upon him on the ground, so as not to be hanging by the arm; a thing that caused him so much pain, that he thought, or that the doll was cutting him, or that his arm was being torn from him; because he remained so close to the ground, that with the ends of the tips of his feet he kissed the earth, which was to his detriment, because, as he felt the little that was lacking for him to put his feet on the ground, he grew tired and stretched as much as he could to reach the ground, just as those who are in the torment of the saddle, when they are put to touch, do not touch, that they themselves are the cause of increasing his pain, with the deception that they put in stretching, deceived by the hope that is represented to them, that with little more than they stretch, they will reach the ground.

Chapter 44: Where the unheard-of events of the sale continued

In effect, there were so many voices that Don Quixote gave, that the shopkeeper opened the doors quickly, and he came out, terrified, to see what such cries were, and those outside did the same.

Maritornes, who had already awakened with the same voices, imagining what it might be, went to the pigeon cote and released, unseen by anyone, the rope that held Don Quixote, and he then lay on the ground, in sight of the tavern and the walkers, who, approaching him, asked him what voices he was making.

He, without saying a word, removed the banner from the doll, and rising to his feet, climbed onto

Rocinante, drew his lance, taking a good part of the field, and returned at a brisk gallop, saying:

Anyone who says that I have been justly charmed, as my lady the Princess Micomicona gave me leave to do so, I refute, I mock, and I challenge to single combat.

The new walkers of Quixote's words were admired; but the rascal took away that admiration, telling them that he was Don Quixote, and that they shouldn't pay any attention to him, because he was out of his mind.

They asked the vendor if a boy up to the age of fifteen had ever arrived at his stall, dressed as a muleteer, with such and such marks, giving the same signs as those of Don Clara's lover.

The vendor replied that there was so much people at the stall, that he hadn't noticed who was asking.

But having seen one of them, the car where the magistrate had come, he said:

He must be here, without a doubt, because this is the car he says he's still following; one of us should wait at the door and the others should go in to look for him; and it would even be good if one of us circled the yard, because he wouldn't go through the fences of the corrals.

That's how it will be done - he replied.

As they entered inside, one remained at the door and the other went around the shop; the shopkeeper observed this, and did not know how to direct them, since he well believed they were looking for that young man whose marks he had given him.

By this season the day was already clear; and for this, and for the bed that Don Quixote had made, everyone was awake and getting up, especially Doña Clara and Dorothea, the one with a start at having her lover so close, and the other with the desire to see him, had been able to sleep well that night.

Don Quixote, seeing that none of the four companions paid any heed to him, nor answered his requests, grew morose and irritable from despair and melancholy; and if he found in the regulations of his chivalry that the knight-errant might lawfully take and undertake another enterprise having given his word and faith not to engage in any until the one he had promised was concluded, he would attack them all and make them answer for their misbehavior; but as it did not seem convenient or well to him to begin a new enterprise until he had placed Micomicona in his kingdom, he was compelled to remain silent and keep still, waiting to see what progress the companions made; one of whom found the shepherd he was seeking, asleep by the side of a mule-driver, so carelessly that no one was searching for him, still less that he was found.

He grabbed her arm and said:

By the way, Mr. Don Luis, you respond well to who you are, and the bed in which you find yourself is well-suited to the gift with which your mother raised you.

He wiped the drowsy eyes of the boy, and looked at the one he had grasped, and then realized that it was his father's, that he received such a start that he couldn't utter a word for a good space; and the steward continued saying:

Here, we must do nothing else, my lord Don Luis, but show patience, and turn back home, if your grace does not approve that your father and my lord gave it to the other world; because nothing else can be expected of the grief that remains from your absence.

"How did my father know I was coming this way and in this suit?" – said Don Luis.

-a student replied– whoever you told your thoughts to was the one who discovered it, moved by pity for what he did to your father, feeling you were lacking; and so, he dismissed four of his servants in your search, and we are all here at your service, happier than anything.

It can be imagined, by the good arrangement with which we will turn, leading you to the eyes that you love so much.

That's how I want it, or as the heavens command," Don Luis replied.

What do you want, or what order will the heavens impose if they do not consent to your return?

Because there is no other possibility.

All these reasons that the two of them were passing around, I heard the muleteer alongside whom Don Luis was; and rising from there, he went to tell what was happening to Don Fernando and Cardenio, and the others, who were already dressed; to whom he said how that man called the boy "don," and the reasons they were passing around, and how he wanted to return to his father's house, and the boy did not want to.

And with this, and with what they knew, of the good voice that the heavens had given him, everyone came in great desire to know who he was, and even to help him if any force should wish to harm him; and so, they went towards the part where he was still speaking and arguing with his servant.

Dorothea left her room, and behind her came Lady Clara, all in a state of agitation; and Dorothea called Cardenio aside, and told him briefly the story of the musician and Lady Clara; to whom he also told what was happening about the servants of his father coming to fetch her, and he said it so quietly that she ceased to hear it; and from this she was so out of herself that if Dorothea did not manage to keep her, she fell to the ground; Cardenio told Dorothea that they should return to the room; and he would see to putting things right in everything, and they did.

The four of them who had come to look for Don Luis were surrounding him, persuading him that later, without stopping for a moment, he would return to comfort his father.

He replied that he couldn't do it under any circumstances until he brought to an end a business in which his life, honor, and soul were at stake.

Then the servants pressed him, telling him that they would not return without him, and that they would take him, whether he wished it or not.

—You won't do that, you won't — Mr. Luis replied —, unless you take me dead; although, in any case, it will be taking me without life.

By this season, everyone who could had come to the sale, especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his comrades, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who already felt there was no need to keep the castle any longer.

Cardenio, as he already knew the story of the boy, asked those who were transporting him, what it was that made them want to take him there against his will.

“Let's not give our father his life, seeing as he's in danger of losing it because of the absence of that knight,” one of the four replied.

Mr. Luis said this:

There's no need for him to see my things; I am free, and I'll return if I feel like it, and if not, none of you will force me.

“I offer you reason,” the man replied; “and when that is not enough for you, it will suffice for us to do what we have come to do and what we are compelled to do.”

“Let's see what this is about,” the judge said at this time.

But the man, who knew him as a neighbor of his house, replied:

Do you not know, my lord, this gentleman, who is the son of your neighbor, who has absented himself from his father's house in a manner so indecent that you, my lord, can see?

Then he looked at the judge most attentively and listened to him, and embracing him, he said:

What childish fantasies are these, Mr. Don Luis, or what powerful causes have moved you to come in this way, and in this suit, which speaks so poorly of your quality?

The waiter's tears welled up in his eyes, and he couldn't answer the judge a word; who told the four to calm themselves, that everything would be well; and taking hold of Don Luis by the hand, he led him aside and asked what it had been.

And while he was asking him these and other questions, great voices were heard at the shop door, belonging to the two strangers who had that night been housed there, seeing all the people busy trying to find out what the four were looking for, had attempted to leave without paying what they owed; but the shopkeeper, who attended more to his business than to others, stopped them as they were leaving the door, and demanded his money, and made his bad intentions clear to them with such words, that it made them respond with their fists; and so, they began to give him such a beating, that the poor shopkeeper had to shout for help and ask for assistance.

The windmill and his daughter didn't see anyone less idle to be able to rescue than Don Quixote, to whom the windmill's daughter said:

Your mercy, my lord, by the virtue God gave your poor father; two wicked men are grinding him like a madman.

To which Don Quixote replied, with great space and much fervor:

Beautiful maiden, there is no place now for your request, because I am prevented from engaging in another adventure until I have completed one in which my word has placed me.

But what I can do for you, is what I now say: run and tell your father that he should engage in that battle as best he can, and that he should not be defeated in any way, while I ask for leave of Princess Micomicona so that I may rescue her in her distress; and if she gives me leave, consider it certain that I will take her from her.

“Guilty one,” she said, as Maritornes, who was ahead, replied.

Before your Lordship obtains that license which is already my lord in the other world.

“Give me her, madam, that I may obtain the license I say — replied Don Quixote; for as long as I have it, it will do little harm to the case in which he is in another world; I will take him out of it despite the very world that contradicts him; or, at least, I will give you such vengeance against those who sent him there, that you may be more than moderately satisfied.”

And without saying more, he went to arrange things with Dorotea, requesting of her with courteous and knightly words that her greatness would allow him to grant her permission to approach and assist the Castilians of that castle, which was in a serious decline.

She gave him a good-natured smile, and he then, grasping her shield and taking hold of his sword, went to the door of the stall, where the two miserable customers were still bringing bad luck to the vendor; but as he arrived, he seized and stayed there.

He remained, though Maritornes and the ventera told him what he was intervening in, that he was rescuing his lord and husband.

"I'm taking up my sword," said Don Quixote, "because it is not within my right to lay my hand on it against scoundrels; but call me here to my squire Sancho; for he is the one who will perform this defense and vengeance."

This was happening at the entrance to the shop, and there were punishments and mojicos, perfectly timed, all causing damage to the shopkeeper and the fury of Maritornes, the shopkeeper and her son, who were despairing of seeing Don Quixote's cowardice and how badly her husband, lord and father, was suffering.

But let's leave him here, for there wouldn't be anyone to help him, or else he would suffer and fall silent if anyone dared to promise him more than he is capable of, and let's go back fifty paces to see what Don Luis answered the magistrate, whom we left aside, asking him the cause of his coming on foot and in such wretched attire.

And the waiter, gripping him fiercely by the hands, as if some great pain were constricting his heart, and shedding tears in abundance, said to him:

My Lord, I know nothing else to say than that, by the will of heaven and the facilitation of our neighborhood, I have seen my lady Dona Clara, your daughter and my lady, from that instant, made mistress of my will; and if you, her true lord and father, do not hinder it, she shall be my wife on this very day.

For her, I left my father's house, and for her, I put on this suit, to follow her wherever she went, like an arrow to the target, or a sailor to the north.

She doesn't know of my desires more than what she's been able to understand from the times she's seen my eyes cry from afar.

Yes, sir, you know the wealth and nobility of my parents, and how I am the only heir; if you think these are parts that encourage you to venture to make me entirely prosperous, then receive me as your son; for if my father, guided by other designs of his, does not approve of this good that I sought for him, time has more strength to undo and change things than human wills.

The lovestruck youth blurted out this, and the magistrate remained listening, perplexed and astonished, as he had heard the manner and discretion with which Don Luis had discovered his thoughts, as well as seeing that he did not know whom to turn to in such sudden and unexpected business; and so he answered nothing but that he should calm himself at that time, and occupy himself with his servants, who should not return that day, because time was to be had to consider what was best for all.

Please hold Mr. Luis' hands for strength, and I bathed them with tears, a thing that could soften a heart of marble, not only that of the listener, who, as discreet, had already known how well that marriage suited his daughter; since, if possible, he would wish it to be carried out with the will of Mr. Luis' father, from whom he knew that he intended to make his son's consent its title.

By this season, the guests were at peace with the innkeeper, not through threats, but through persuasion and good reasons from Don Quixote, and he had paid him all he wished, and the servants of Don Luis awaited the end of the judge's discourse and their master's resolution, when the devil, who does not sleep, ordered that at that very point the barber, whom Don Quixote had taken away Mambrino's helmet, entered the inn, and Sancho Panza the donkey's fittings that he had exchanged for his own; the barber, leading his donkey to the stables, saw Sancho Panza who was dressing up something with the skittle pins, and as he saw him doing so, he recognized it, and dared to attack Sancho, saying:

"Oh, you thief, I've got you here! Come on, my darling and my tools, with all your belongings that you stole!"

Sancho, who was suddenly confronted and heard the curses being hurled at him, held one hand in the basket and with the other gave the barber a slap, causing him to bleed from his teeth; but because of this, the barber did not relinquish the object he had been holding in the basket: instead, he raised his voice so much that all the people at the market rushed to settle the matter and dispute, and he said:

Here is the King and justice; that he wants to kill me, this thief, highwayman, to collect my estate! —“I don’t,” Sancho replied; “I am not a highwayman; my lord Don Quixote won these spoils in a good war.”

Don Quixote was already ahead, very pleased to see how well his squire defended and attacked, and you from then on would be a man of action, and in his heart he proposed that he would be a knight errant in the first opportunity offered, as he thought it would be well employed to fulfill the order of chivalry.

Among other things the barber said in the lawsuit speech included:

Gentlemen, this burden is mine as surely as death is due from God, and I know it as if I had borne it; and here is my donkey in the stable, that will not allow me to lie down; if not, try it, and if it doesn’t come out fully functional, I’ll declare it infamous.

And there’s more: the same day she took me, they also took from me a brand new kiss to bestow, that hadn’t been used, that was a lady of a shield.

Here, Don Quixote could not be contained without replying, and intervening between them, separating them, placing the pack on the ground, keeping it visible until the truth was revealed, he said:

—Because you see your noble and clearly, this good squire is in error, for he calls “the helmet of Mambrino,” which I took from him in a good battle, and with legitimate and lawful possession! I don’t meddle with the albarda; all I know is that my squire Sancho asked me permission to remove the tack from this cowardly defeated horse, and with it he adorned his own; I granted it to him, and he took it, and if it was not the ordinary transformation that occurs in the events of chivalry, I don’t know another reason. For confirmation of this, Sancho son, take and draw here the helmet that this good man says was “the helmet of Mambrino.”

“Pardon me, sir – said Sancho –, as we have no other proof of our intent beyond what your lordship says, as sweet as is the helmet of Mambrino is this stall of the good man Albarda!”

“Do as I order,” replied Don Quixote; “not all the things in this castle must be guided by enchantment.” Sancho went to where the woman was the previous day and took her in his arms, and as Don Quixote saw her, he took her in his hands and said:

Look at your lordships with what face could that squire say this was a lance, and not the helm that I have said; and I swear by the order of knighthood that I profess.

that helmet was the same one I took off without adding anything to it or taking anything away from it.

“There is no doubt about that,” he said to this young Sancho; “for since my lord defeated him until now he has only fought with him once, when I bound the unfortunate ones in chains; and if it weren’t for this Baciylmo, he wouldn’t have gotten through it so well, because there were plenty of stones in that moment.”

Chapter 45: Where the doubt about Mambrino’s helmet and the quintain, and other adventures that occurred, was just resolved, with all truth.

“What do you think, sirs – said the barber – of what these gentlemen insist on, that this is not a bow, but a helms?”

-And whoever says otherwise – said Don Quixote – will I make know that he lies, if he be a knight, and if he be a squire, that he may lie a thousand times.

Our barber, who was present at everything, and so well knew the humor of Don Quixote, wanted to exploit his folly and carry on the ridicule, so that everyone could laugh, and said to the other barber:

Mr. barber, or whoever you may be, know that I am also of your trade, and I have more than twenty years of apprenticeship, and I know very well all the instruments of the barbershop, without lacking one; and no more nor less, I was once

In my youth as a soldier, and I also know what a helm is, and what a morion is, and what lace-edged guards are, and other things pertaining to the military, I say, unless it appears better, always referring to the best understanding, that this piece that is here before us and that this good man has in his hands is not a barber’s basin, but is as far from being one as white is from black and truth from falsehood; I also say that this, though it is a helm, is not a complete helm.

-No, by the way – said Don Quixote – because half of it is missing, which is the bib.

“That’s right,” the priest said, who had already understood the intention of his friend the barber.

And the same confirmed Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions; and even the auditor, if he were not so preoccupied with Don Luis's business, would help with mockery; but the worries about what he thought had him so suspenseful that he paid little or no attention to those donors.

"May God have mercy on me!" he said to the mocking barber.

What is possible that so many honest people say that this isn't a flamenco, but a helmet? This thing seems like something that could astonish an entire university, however discreet it may be.

Enough: if this kiss is a helmet, then this cart must also be a horse-drawn cart, as this man has said.

-My old donkey seems it to you—said Don Quixote; but I've already said that I don't meddle in that.

"Whether it's a nag or a spirited horse," the priest said, "is more in the realm of Don Quixote; in these matters of chivalry, all these lords and I give him the advantage."

"Good heavens, my lords – said Don Quixote –, so many and so strange things have happened to me in this castle, in twice as many times as I have lodged there, that I dare not affirm anything of what concerns what is contained in it, because I imagine that everything dealt with therein proceeds by enchantment."

The first time I grew very tired of a Moor enchanted, and it did not go well with Sancho for him and his companions; and last night I was hanging from this arm almost two hours, without knowing how or why I came to fall into that misfortune.

So, as far as I can see, putting myself into all this confusion to give my opinion, will likely lead to a reckless lawsuit.

Regarding what they say this is a baci■a, and not a yelmo, I have already answered; but as for declaring whether that is an albarda or a jaez, I dare not give a definitive judgment; I leave it only to the good pleasure of your mercies; perhaps because I am not armed knights like I am, your mercies will not have to do with the enchantments of this place, and free understandings will have to judge of the things of this castle as they are real and truly, and not as they seemed to me.

"There is no doubt – he replied, Mr. Fernando – but that Mr. Don Quixote has said very well today, that it is our turn to define this case; and because it has more foundation, I will secretly take the votes of these gentlemen, and of what results I will give a complete and clear account."

For those who had the humor of Don Quixote, all this was matter of great laughter; but for those who ignored it, it seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, especially to Don Luis's four servants, and Don Luis himself no less, and to another three passengers who perhaps had arrived at the sale, who seemed to be buffoons, as, in fact, they were.

But the one that most...

The barber despaired, whose magnificent head before his eyes had become like Mambrino's helmet, and who certainly thought his turn had come to take possession of a wealthy horse's stable; and both were laughing at seeing Don Fernando taking oaths from one another, whispering to them in secret to declare whether it was a helmet or a stable that jewel upon whom so much fighting had been waged; and after he had taken the oaths of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud:

The fact is, good man, that I am tired of hearing so many opinions, because I see that none of you ask me what I want to know, and instead tell me it's foolish to say that this is a donkey's stall, not a horse's stall, and even not a sturdy horse; and so, you must be patient, because, against your will and that of your donkey, this is a stall, and not a stall for a horse, and you have argued and proved very poorly on your part.

-I don't want her in heaven – said the barber – if all your mercies don't understand; and that she appears to me as a bell, and not a horse; but laws are going that way.

Please provide the text you want me to translate. I need the Spanish text to complete the translation.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to fulfill your request.

And I don't say more; and in truth, I'm not drunk; I haven't had breakfast, if that's the case.

No less caused laughter the foolish things that the barber said about Don Quijote's madness, who at this age declared:

Here there is nothing more to do than for each person to take what is theirs, and may God bless it to whoever he gave it to, Saint Peter bless it.

One of the four said:



If it isn't already a deliberate mockery, I cannot persuade myself that men of such good understanding as they are, or appear to be, all those who are here, dare to say and affirm that this is not a barber's kiss, nor that thunderclap; but as I see they affirm it and say it, I understand that it is not without mystery to insist on a thing so contrary to what the very truth and experience show; for I swear it – and I throw it round – that they do not make me understand how many live in the world today in reverse, that this is not a barber's kiss, and that thunderclap of an ass.

-It could have been from a flask,' the priest said.

"So much is at stake," said the servant; "that the matter does not consist in that, but in whether or not it is a false alarm, as your mercies say."

Hearing this, one of the men who had entered, having heard the complaint and dispute, full of anger and fury, said:

He is as wild as my father; and whatever else he has said or will say is already spoiled.

"As a simpleton, a scoundrel," Quijote replied.

Raising the lance, which he never let out of his hands, he was going to deliver such a blow to the head, that, had not the cuadrillero moved aside, he would have been left there lying.

The rope broke on the ground, and the other members of the gang, seeing their companion being treated badly, raised their voices pleading for help from the Holy Brotherhood.

The squire, who was of the troop, entered at the point with his staff and his sword, and placed himself beside his companions; the servants of Don Luis surrounded Don Luis, so that they wouldn't escape with the commotion; the barber, seeing the house in uproar, took up his mace, and Sancho did the same; Don Quijote put his hand to his sword and charged at the squires; Don Luis gave voices to his servants, that they let him alone and risked themselves upon Don Quijote, and Cardenio and Don Fernando, who all favored Don Quijote; the priest gave voices, the ventrunner shouted, his daughter lamented, Maritornes wept, Dorotea was confused, Luscinda was suspended, and Doña Clara fainted. The barber was beating Sancho; Sancho was molesting the barber; Don Luis, whom a servant had dared to grasp his arm to prevent him from leaving, gave him a blow that stained his teeth with blood; the judge defended him; Don Fernando had a quadrille player beneath his feet, measuring him with them to his great liking; the tavern keeper took to reinforce the voice, asking for favor from the Holy Brotherhood; so that the whole sale was cries, voices, shouts, confusion, fears, startles, misfortunes, stabbings, dummies, sticks, clatters and effusion of blood.

And in the midst of this chaos, a machine and labyrinth of things, he was represented in his memory as Don Quixote, deeply immersed in the discord of Agramante's field, and he said, with a voice that thundered through the marketplace:

Listen everyone; everyone is cramped up; everyone is frozen; listen to me everyone, if everyone wants to stay alive.

And everyone listened to his great voice, and he continued, saying:

"Didn't I tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was haunted, and that some region of demons must dwell within it? As proof of this, I want you to see with your own eyes how discord from the Field of Agramant has passed here and been transferred to us."

Look how they fight over the sword there, over the horse here, over the eagle there, over the helmet here, and we all fight, and we don't understand each other at all.

Come on, gentlemen, judge and priest, and one serve as King Agramante and the other as King Sobrino, and give us peace; because by God Almighty, who is such a great benefactor that so many important people like ourselves are killed for such trivial reasons.

The roughnecks, who didn't understand the sayings of Don Quixote, and were badly affected by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, didn't calm down; the barber did, because in the brawl he had undone his beard and the tambourine; Sancho, at the slightest word of his master, obeyed as a good servant; the four servants of Don Luis were also speechless, seeing how little chance they had of not being involved; only the tavern keeper persisted that the insolences of that madman, who disturbed the inn at every step, should be punished.

Finally, the rumor subsided, the armor remained in the stable until the day of the Judgment, and the helmet and stirrups were castles in the imagination of Don Quixote.

Therefore, now in quiet, and having become friends all thanks to the magistrate and the priest, the servants of Don Luis returned to urge him to come with them immediately; and while he was accompanying them, the magistrate informed Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest as to what should be done in that case, recounting to them the reasons that Don Luis had told him.

In short, it was agreed that Don Fernando would tell Don Luis's servants who he was and how his tastes were, that Don Luis should go with him to Andalusia, where his brother, the Marquis, would be valued as much as Don Luis deserved; because in this way it was known of Don Luis's intention that he would never again, in his father's eyes, be broken.

Therefore, considering the quality of Don Fernando and the intention of Don Luis, they determined that the three of them should recount what was happening to each other.

Father, and the other stayed to serve Don Luis, and didn't leave him until they returned for him, or saw what his father ordered.

In this way, that machine of disputes was calmed, by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of King Sobrino; but seeing that the enemy of harmony and the emulator of peace was scorned and mocked, and the little fruit that had been gained from having placed them all in such a confused labyrinth, it was decided to try again with their hands, resurrecting new disputes and anxieties.

Therefore, it was the case that the band of merry men calmed down, having perceived the quality of those they had been fighting against, and withdrew from the dispute, believing that in any event, they would suffer the worst of the battle; but one of them, who had been trampled and kicked by Don Fernando, remembered that among the commands he carried for arresting some offenders, there was one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be arrested for the liberty he had granted to the condemned prisoners, and as Sancho had feared with much reason.

So, imagining this, he wanted to ascertain whether the signs from Don Quixote were correct, and taking out of the sign a parchment, he found the one he was looking for, and began to read it line by line, because he wasn't a good reader, putting his eyes on Don Quixote for each word he read, and he was comparing the signs of the commandment with Don Quixote's face, and he found that it was undoubtedly the one the commandment referred to.

As soon as it was certified, when he was collecting his scroll, he took the commandment with his left hand, and with his right he gripped Don Quixote's neck firmly, preventing him from cheering, and he would shout in great voices:

"Attention to the Holy Brotherhood! And to show that I truly mean it, read this commandment, which contains that he be apprehended by this highwayman!"

I took the commandment from the priest and saw how true was what the cuadrillero said, and how convenient it was with the signals with Don Quixote; and seeing him treated badly by that cunning villain, with anger at its peak and cracking the bones of his body as best he could, he attacked the cuadrillero with both hands from the throat, so that, without help from his companions, he would have left life before Don Quixote the prize.

The vendor, who was compelled to favor those of his trade, then turned to favor.

The woman, seeing her husband once again in a dispute, raised her voice again, whose content Maritornes and her daughter later sought help from the heavens and those within.

Sancho said, seeing what was happening:

Revere the Lord, for all that my master says of the charms of this castle is true, for it is impossible to spend an hour there in peace!

Don Fernando released the quadrille leader and Don Quixote, to both with pleasure, and unbound their hands, one from the collar of the squire's, and the other from the throat of the other, which they held firmly; but for this they did not cease to demand the captive, and to help him give it up bound and delivered at their pleasure, because it was convenient for the service of the king and the Holy Brotherhood, from whose part they again asked for aid and favor to make that capture of that robber and wayfarer of roads and racecourses.

Read to hear these reasons, Don Quixote, and with great composure he said:

Come here, you boorish and ill-bred people: Do you call it straying from the path to give freedom to the shackled, release the prisoners, rush to the miserable, raise the fallen, remedy the needy? Oh, infamous people, worthy only by your low and vile understanding, may the heavens not communicate to

you the value that lies within chivalry.

Walk on, do not try to make you understand the sin and ignorance in which you are by not reverencing the shade, much more the assistance, of any knight errant! Come here, gang of thieves, not roustabouts, highwaymen with the license of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me: Who was the ignorant who signed a writ of arrest against a knight such as I am? Who ignored that knights errant are exempt from all judicial jurisdiction, and that their law is their sword, their fueros their lifeblood, their preeminences their will? Who was the fool, I repeat, who does not know that there is no execution of a gentleman with so many privileges and exemptions as a knight errant acquires on the day he becomes a knight and dedicates himself to the arduous exercise of knighthood? What knight errant paid chest, alcabala, chapman of the queen, foreign currency, tollgate, or barge? What tailor made him clothing that made him look splendid? What Spaniard received him in his castle that made him pay the neckline? What king did not seat him at his table? What maiden did not take a liking to him and deliver him to him, to his disposition and will? And finally, what knight errant has ever been, is, or will be in the world, who does not have lifeblood to give a single four hundred thalers to four hundred roustabouts who put themselves before him?

#### Chapter 46: Of the Notable Adventure of the Fandango Players, and the Great Ferocity of Our Good Knight Don Quixote

As Don Quixote was saying, he was persuading the priest and the dancers how Don Quixote was lacking in judgment, as it was seen by his actions and his words, and that they had no means to carry out that business, since even if they took him and carried him away, they would soon set him free as mad; to which the man of command replied that it did not concern him to judge Don Quixote's madness, but to do what was commanded of him, and that once he was released, even if he were set free.

-With all that – said the priest – you won't be taking him this time, nor would he allow it, to what I understand.

In effect, the priest knew what the curate said, and so many follies the knight did, that if the jugglers were more mad than he, it would not be if they did not know the lack of Don Quixote; and thus, they thought it well to appease him, and even to be mediators in making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still attended with great animosity to their dispute.

Finally, they, as members of justice, mediated the cause and served as arbitrators thereof, so that both parties were, if not entirely satisfied, at least somewhat satisfied, because the shanks were exchanged, and not the straps and buckles; and as for what concerned Mambrino's helmet, the priest, without Don Quixote understanding it, gave it for the visor eight reales; and the barber made him a receipt of the acknowledgment and of not being called a deception then, nor forevermore, amen.

Therefore, these two pending matters, which were the most important and weighty, were settled, so that the servants of Don Luis would be content to have the three of them return, and that one would remain to accompany him wherever Don Fernando wished to take him; and as good luck and better fortune had already begun to break ranks and to ease difficulties in favor of the lovers of the sale and the valiant dellas, he wished to carry it out and give to everything a happy outcome, because the servants were content with everything Don Luis desired; of which Dona Clara received so much joy that none in that season looked at her with an unfamiliar face, the rejoicing of her soul.

Zoraida, although she didn't fully understand all the events she had seen, would both grieve and rejoice suddenly, as she saw and noticed the expressions on each person, especially of her Spanish, in whom she always had her eyes fixed and carried his soul dangling.

The vendor, who did not overlook the gift and reward that the priest had made to the barber, demanded the cut of Don Quixote, with the detriment of his armor and lack of wine, swearing that he would not leave the inn Rocinante, nor the oath of Sancho, until he had been paid up to the last penny.

The priest calmed everything, and Don Fernando paid it, as the magistrate, of very good will, had also offered the payment; and in this way everyone was at peace and quiet, so that it no longer seemed like the sale was the discord of Agramante's field, as Don Quixote had said, but rather the same peace and tranquility of the time of Octavian; and it was the common opinion that thanks should be given to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest and to the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote free of so many obligations, as also of his squire, it seemed to him that it would be well to continue his begun journey and bring to an end that great adventure for which he had been called and chosen; and so, with resolute determination, he went to lie down before Dorotea, who did not permit him to speak a word until he had risen; and he, in obedience to her, got up, and said to her:

It is a common proverb, dear lady, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and in many and serious matters experience has shown that the industry of the negotiator brings a favorable outcome to dubious disputes; but in no matters is this truth more evident than in those of war, where speed and promptness prevent the maneuvers of the enemy, and achieves victory before the opponent can even take up defense.

I say all this, noble and beautiful lady, because it seems to me that our stay in this castle is already of no use, and it could be so damaging that some day we would cast it out; for who knows if our enemy the giant, who I am going to destroy, has already discovered your hidden spies and diligent efforts, and, given time, has fortified himself in some impregnable castle or fortress against whom my diligence and the force of my tireless arm would be of little value? So, my lady, let us avert it, as I have said, with our diligence, and then depart for good fortune; that your greatness may not be longer than the time it takes me to contend with your adversary.

"Callo y no said more did Don Quixote, and I waited with much composure for the princess's reply; she, with serene and courtly manner, and accustomed to Don Quixote's style, replied in this way:"

I thank you, sir, for the desire you show to assist me in my great need, just as a knight should favor the orphans and the destitute; and may the heavens fulfill both your wish and mine, so that you may see there are grateful women in the world.

And as for my departure, let it be so; for I have no more will than yours: dispose of me in whatever manner and fashion you wish; that the one time I entrusted to you the defense of her person and placed in your hands the restoration of her lordships will not desire to go against what your prudence orders.

"To the hand of God," said Don Quixote; "for that is how a lady shows her respect, and I do not want to miss the opportunity to raise her and place her on her inherited throne."

Let the matter be thus, because it is spurring on desire and the path, as is often said, that danger lies in delay.

And so he has not seen the heavens, nor the hell, anything to frighten or intimidate him, saddle up, Sancho, to Rocinante, and match your donkey and the queen's palfrey, and let us say goodbye to the Castilians and these lords, and let us go from here immediately to the point.

Sancho, who was present in everything, said, shaking his head from side to side:

Alas, Lord, Lord, and how much more evil there is in every village that is mentioned, pardon me for saying so about the honorable performances!

What evil could there be in any village, or in all the cities of the world, that could be blamed on me, villain?

"If your lord is angered," Sancho replied, "I will be silent and cease saying what I am obliged to say as a good squire and a good servant to his lord."

"Say what you want," replied Don Quixote, "lest your words should frighten me; if you have an affection for me, you act as you are; and if I have none, I act as I am."

"It is not that, sinner I was to God!" Sancho replied; "but I have for certain and by investigation that this lady who says she is queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon is not more than my mother; because, as she says, she doesn't run around with anyone in the wheel, head over heels, and at every turn."

Red blush, with the reasons of Sancho Dorotea, because it was true that her husband, Don Fernando, had once stolen other eyes, having taken part of the prize that deserved their wishes (which Sancho had seen, seeming to him that that dexterity was more of a courteous lady than of a queen of such a great kingdom), and he could not nor did he want to answer Sancho, but he let him continue in his talk, and he was saying:

I say that, sir, because if after having traveled roads and races, and endured bad nights and worse days, the fruit of our labors is to be reaped by the one who is lounging in this establishment, there's no need for me to saddle Rocinante, groom the donkey, and prepare the palfrey, since it will be better for us to stay put, and each whore can do as she pleases, and we eat.

Oh, woe is me, and how great was the anger that Don Quixote received hearing the disjointed words of his squire! I say it was so great, that, with a stammered and breathless tongue, he threw live fire into his eyes, saying:

Oh, you empty villain, ill-bred, dissolute, ignorant, impertinent, unpolished, bold, slanderous, and abusive man! Such words did you dare utter in my presence and before these disdainful ladies, and such dishonesty and insolence did you put into your confused imagination? Go from my presence, monster of nature, keeper of lies, repository of deceit, pit of trickery, inventor of wickedness, publisher of nonsense, enemy of propriety due to persons of rank! Go, do not appear before me, or face my wrath!

And saying this, he raised his eyebrows, puffed out his cheeks, looked around everywhere, and with his right foot delivered a mighty kick to the floor, all signs of the rage contained within his belly.

So frightened was Sancho by his words and furious demeanor that it seemed, in that instant, the earth would open beneath his feet and swallow him up, and he did not know what to do but turn his back and flee from his enraged lord.

But the discreet Dorothea, who already possessed such understanding of Don Quixote's humor, said, to temper his rage:

Don't be alarmed, Sir Knight of the Sad Figure, by the nonsense your good squire has said, for perhaps he should not utter it without cause, nor can it be suspected of his good understanding and Christian conscience that he should bear witness to anyone; and thus, it must be believed, without doubt about it, that, as in this castle, according to you, sir knight, you say, all things go and happen by way of enchantment, I say, perhaps Sancho had seen by this devilish way what he claims he saw, so offensive to my honesty.

"By the Almighty God, I swear—said to this squire Don Quixote—that your greatness has reached its point, and that a certain bad vision was shown to this sinner Sancho, which made him see what could not otherwise be seen except through the illusion of enchantments; I know well of the goodness and innocence of this unfortunate man, who does not know how to offer testimony to anyone."

"And so it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando; "therefore, you must, my lords, forgive him and bring him back to the guild of his grace, as it was in the beginning, before such visions drove him out of his senses."

Don Quixote replied that he forgave him, and the curate went for Sancho, who came very humble, and, kneeling, asked for his master's hand, and he gave it to him, and after having allowed him to kiss it, he gave him the blessing, saying:

Now you will see, Sancho son, it is true what I have told you many times about how all things in this castle are done by enchantment.

"That's what I believe, Sancho said, except for the matter of the blanket, which really happened by ordinary means."

"Don't believe it," replied Don Quixote; "if it were so, I would avenge you then, and even now; but neither then nor now could I, nor did I see anyone in whom to take vengeance for your grievance."

Everyone wanted to know what the story of the blanket was, and the innkeeper told them point by point the flight of Sancho Panza, and everyone laughed about it, and no more.

Sancho would not run so much if his master assured him again that it was enchantment; for Sancho's rustic nature had never reached the point where he believed himself to be pure truth and certainty, without any mixture of deception, that he had been fed by living people, and not by dreamed and imagined phantoms, as his master believed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since the whole illustrious company was at the sale; and it seemed to them that it was time to depart, they ordered that, without starting the work of returning Dorothea and Don Fernando with Don Quixote to their village, with the invention of the freedom of the queen Micomicona, the priest and the barber might take him, as they wished, and seek the cure for his madness in his homeland.

And they ordered that they arrange for a wagon driver with oxen to pass by there, who happened to be able to take them, in this way: they made a kind of cage, with woven wooden sticks, so that Don Quixote could fit comfortably inside, and then Don Fernando and his companions, along with Don Luis's servants and the fiddlers, together with the tavern keeper, all, by order and appearance of the priest,

covered their faces and disguised themselves, each in one way and each in another, so that it seemed to Don Quixote that they were other people than those he had seen in that castle.

Having done that, they quietly entered where he was sleeping and resting after the previous arguments. They approached him, who was sleeping, free and secure from such an event, and seized him strongly, tying his hands and feet very well, so that when he awoke with a start, he could not move, nor do anything other than marvel and stare before his eyes at so strange sights; and then he realized what his continuous and varied imagination represented to him, and he believed that all those figures were ghosts of that enchanted castle, and that, without a doubt, he was already enchanted, since he could not move or defend himself, everything as he had thought the priest would trace with this machine.

Only Sancho, of all those present, was in his proper mind and his own form; he, though he was just about to have the same illness as his master, did not cease to recognize all those deceitful figures; but he would not dare to unpick his mouth until he saw where that assault and imprisonment of his master was stopping, which he himself did not speak a word, attending to see the whereabouts of his misfortune; that is, when they brought the cage there, they locked him inside, and they hammered the wood so strongly that it could not be broken with two pulls.

They then leaned on their shoulders, and as they left the room, a fearful voice was heard, every part of which the barber, not the one with the mace, but the other, said.

"Oh Knight of the Sad Figure! Do not let the prison hinder you, since that is the way to end the adventure that your great effort put you on, sooner."

Which will end when the furious lion, stained with the white pigeon tobosina, will swallow one, after the high necks have been humbled to the marital yoke; from whose unheard union will be born to the light of the world the brave cubs, who will imitate the slashing claws of the valiant father.

And this will be before the fugitive nymph's follower twice visits the luminous images with her rapid and natural course.

And you, oh the most noble and obedient squire who had a ribboned sword, beards on your face, and scent in your nostrils!, do not despair nor be discontent to see, before your very eyes, the height of mounted chivalry; for soon, if the maker of the world pleases, you will be so high and so elevated that you will not recognize yourself, and your good lord's promises will not be broken.

Be assured, on the part of the wise Mentironiana, that your salary is paid, as you will see in the work; and follow the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight; it is advisable that you go where you both agree.

And because it is not fitting for me to say anything else, to God I turn; for I go to where I know.

And when he had finished the prophecy, he raised his voice abruptly, and then diminished it with such tender accent that even those skilled in mockery believed what he was saying.

Don Quixote was comforted by the prophecy he had heard, because afterward he fully understood its meaning, and saw that it promised him a union in holy and proper marriage with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb would be born the children, who were his sons, for the eternal glory of La Mancha; and believing this firmly and steadfastly, he raised his voice, and giving a great sigh, he said:

Oh you, whoever you may be, who has so well foretold of me! Pray that you ask of the wise enchanter who has charge of my possessions, that he may not leave me to perish in this prison where they now carry me, until the joyful and incomparable promises made here are fulfilled; that if this be so, I shall count my sufferings in my prison as glory, and these chains that bind me as relief, and not this hard battlefield where I am laid down to rest as a soft bed and fortunate couch.

And as for the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and good conduct that he would not abandon me, in good luck or bad luck; because when it does not happen, either by his own fortune or by my own misfortune, I would give him the island, or something equivalent, that I have promised him, at least his salary would not be lost, which in my will, which is already made, I have declared what he is to receive, not according to his many and good services, but according to my own opportunity.

Sancho Panza inclined himself with great decorum, and he kissed both of their hands, for one could not, as they were both bound.

Then they took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it in the oxcart.

Chapter 47: Of the strange manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other famous events

When Don Quixote saw himself in such a caged state and on top of the cart, he said:

I have read many and very serious stories about wandering knights; but I have never read, nor seen, nor heard, that enchanted knights are taken in this way, and with the space that these lazy and slow animals promise; because they always take them through the air, with strange lightness, enclosed in some dark and gloomy cloud, or in some fiery chariot, or already upon some hippogriff or other similar beast; but that they take me now upon a cart of oxen, God have mercy on me, it confuses me! But perhaps chivalry and the enchantments of these our times must follow another path than that followed by the ancients.

And it could also be that, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first to have resurrected the long-forgotten practice of adventurous knighthood, I have also again...

invented other kinds of enchantments, and other ways of handling the enchanted.

How do you like that, Sancho son?

I don't know what seems to me – Sancho replied – because I am not as read as you are in the circulating scriptures; but, nevertheless, I would affirm and swear that these visions that are going about here are not entirely orthodox.

“Catholic? My father!” Quijote replied.

How are they Catholic, if they are all demons, who have taken fantastic bodies to come and do this and put me in this state? And if you want to see this truth, touch them and feel it, and you will see that they have no body but are of air, and that they consist only in appearance.

“Good God, my lord – Sancho replied – I have touched them; and this devil who is here so solicitous is fat of flesh, and possesses another property very different from that which I have heard said of demons; for, according to what is said, all smell of sulfur and other bad odors; but this one smells of amber halfway a league off.”

Young Sancho did this for Don Fernando, who, as such a lord, should have smelled what Sancho said.

“Don't be surprised, Sancho my friend,” replied Don Quixote; “for I make you know that devils know a great deal, and since they bring with them smells, they don't smell at all, because they are spirits, and if they could smell, they could only smell bad and fetid things.”

And the reason is that like them, wherever they are, they bring hell with them, and they cannot receive any relief of kind in their torments, and the good scent is something that delights and pleases, it is not possible for them to smell anything good; and if it seems to you that that demon you speak of smells of amber, or you are deceiving yourself, or he wants to deceive you into not considering him a demon.

All these conversations passed between master and servant; and fearing that Don Fernando and Cardenio would see Sancho fall completely into the account of his invention, to whom he was already very close, they decided to shorten the affair by departing; and calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rocinante and mount Sancho's donkey; which he did with great speed.

Yes, in this, the priest had arranged for the musicians to accompany him to his place, giving them a little money each day.

Cardenio took the reins of Rocinante's saddle, one with the cap and lance and the other with the whip, and by signals he ordered Sancho to climb on his donkey and take the reins of Rocinante, and he placed the two drivers with their shotguns on either side of the cart.

But before the carriage moved, the washerwoman, her daughter, and Maritornes went to say goodbye to Don Quixote, pretending to weep over his misfortune; to whom Don Quixote said:

Don't cry, my good ladies; for all these misfortunes are attached to those who profess what I profess; and if these calamities did not befall me, I would not consider myself a famous wandering knight; because to knights of little name and fame such cases never happen, because there is no one in the world who remembers them.

To the valiant yes; who are envied for their virtue and emboldens many princes and many other knights, who seek to destroy the good by evil means.

But, with all that, virtue is so powerful that, by itself, despite all the necromancy that its first inventor, Zoroaster, knew, it will emerge victorious over all trance, and will shine upon the world like the sun in the sky.

Forgive me, beautiful ladies, if some ill-mannered person, through my oversight, has caused you offense, and by God, deliver me from these prisons, where a malicious admirer has placed me; that if from them

I feel free; the favors you have done me within this castle will not fade from my memory, to reward you, to please you, and to recompense you as you deserve.

While the ladies of the castle were with Don Quixote, the priest and the barber said farewell to Don Fernando and his companions, and to the captain and his brother, and all those happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lusinda.

Everyone embraced each other, and they agreed to keep in touch about their adventures, with Don Fernando telling the priest where he should write to warn him about Quixote's progress, assuring him that nothing would give him greater pleasure than knowing it; and that he himself would also inform him of all that he saw that might give him pleasure, about his marriage and the baptism of Zoraida, and the news of Don Luis, and Luscinda's return to her home.

The priest offered to do whatever was asked of him, with punctuality.

They returned to embrace each other again and again, and returned to new offerings once more.

The vendor went to the priest and gave him some papers, telling him that he had found them in a savings of the suitcase where the Novel of the Curious Impertinent was found, and that since its owner had not returned there, he should take them all; since he himself did not know how to read, he did not want them.

The priest thanked him, and then opening them, saw that at the beginning of the writing it said: "Novela of Rinconete y Cortadillo," by which he understood it to be a novel, and concluded that, since the one of the Impertinent Curious had been good, that it would also be good, since it could be that they were all of the same sort; and thus, he kept it, with the intention of reading it when he had leisure.

He mounted his horse, and his friend the barber, with his masks, because they didn't want Don Quixote to recognize them, and they set off walking behind the cart.

And the order they were keeping was this: first came the cart, guided by its owner; on either side went the squires, as has been said, with their rifles; then followed Sancho Panza on his donkey, with Rocinante's reins; behind all this went the priest and the barber on their powerful mules, their faces covered, as has been said, with a grave and composed countenance, not walking faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed.

Don Quixote was sitting in the cage, his hands tied, his feet stretched out, and leaning against the bars, with so much silence and so much patience as if he were not a man of flesh, but a stone statue.

And so, with that space and silence they walked two leagues, arriving at a valley where it seemed to the butcher to be a suitable place to rest and graze the oxen, and communicating this to the priest, it seemed to the barber that they walk a little further, because he knew that behind a recess that was shown near there was a valley with more grass and much better than where they wanted to stop.

Take the barber's advice, and so they resumed their journey.

The priest turned his face to this, and saw that up to six or seven men on horseback were coming up behind him, well-equipped and outfitted, of whom they were quickly overtaken, because they were not walking with the sluggishness and restfulness of oxen, but as one who goes on donkeys of canon and with a desire to arrive quickly to meet the sale, which was less than a league away.

The diligent men arrived with the slow ones, and they greeted each other courteously; and one of those who had come, who, in his resolution, was canon of Toledo and lord of those who accompanied him, seeing the orderly procession of the carriage, the musicians, Sancho, Rocinante, the priest, and the barber, and moreover Don Quixote in chains and imprisoned, could not help but ask what that man was being carried in that manner; although he had already been made to understand, seeing the emblems of the musicians, that he must be some swaggering highwayman, or other delinquent whose punishment concerned the Holy Brotherhood.

One of the escorts, to whom the question was made, replied as follows:

Sir, he is the one who knows what it means for this gentleman to go this way, because we do not know.

Oyo■, Don Quijote said the words, and he said:

With your esteemed lords, are you skilled and expert in the art of wandering knighthood? Because if you are, I will share my misfortunes with them; and if not, I have no wish to waste my words.



And by this time the priest and the barber had already arrived, seeing that the pilgrims were in conversation with Don Quixote de la Mancha, in order that they might respond in such a way as not to be discovered their trickery.

The canon replied:

Truly, brother, I know more of chivalric books than of Villalpando's Sums.

So, if you're only interested in this, you can certainly communicate with me about whatever you want.

—To the hand of God—Quixote retorted.

Indeed, sir, I want you to know that I am enchanted in this cage, by envy and fraud of evil enchanters; that the most virtuous thing is pursued by the wicked as it is loved by the good.

I am a wandering knight, and not one of those whose names were never recalled by fame to immortalize them in memory, but of those who, despite and in spite of envy, and of all the wizards raised in Persia, Brahmins from India, Ginosophists from Ethiopia, shall place their names in the temple of immortality, so that they may serve as an example and a model for the coming centuries, where wandering knights will see the steps they must follow if they wish to reach the summit and honor of arms.

"Says it true, Sir Don Quixote of La Mancha," said the priest, "that he is enchanted in this cart, not by his faults and sins, but by the bad intention of those who anger virtue and enrage valor."

Sir, this is the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, should you have heard his name spoken at any time; whose valiant deeds and great actions will be written in hard bronze and eternal marble, even if envy tires of darkening them and malice of concealing them.

When the canon heard the prisoner and the free man speak in such a style, he was struck with amazement, and could not know what had happened to him; and in the same astonishment fell all who came with him.

In this, Sancho Panza, who had come to hear the talk, to make sure everything was in order, said: Now, gentlemen, you may like me well or dislike me according to what I say, the case of it is that I am enchanted, my lord Don Quixote, like my mother; he has his full reason, he eats and drinks and does his necessities as do other men, and as he did yesterday, before they caged him.

Given that is the case, how do they want me to understand that it's a charmed life? Well, I've heard many people say that charmed people don't eat, don't sleep, don't speak, and my master, if he's not going to treat me with respect, he'll talk more than thirty procurators.

And turning to look at the priest, he continued saying:

-Ah, Father, Father! Did your grace think I didn't know you, and think I couldn't discern and predict the course of these new enchantments? Let him know that I do know him, however well he hides his face, and

I know that you understand me, despite your deceptions.

In short, where envy reigns, virtue cannot live, nor where there is scarcity, generosity exists.

May the devil damn himself; if it were not for his reverence, this would already be the hour that my lord was married to the Infanta Micomicona, and I would be a count, at the very least, for one could not expect anything else, as it was of my lord the Tragic Figure's kindness and of my services' grandeur! But I see that it is true what is said around, that the wheel of Fortune turns faster than a mill wheel, and that those who yesterday were thriving are now on the ground.

It weighs heavily on my children and my wife; for when they could and should have waited to see their father enter by his doors as governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they would see him enter as a stable boy.

All of this I have said, my lord priest, is not to make you appreciate your paternity, but to make you realize the bad treatment that has been inflicted upon my lord, and to consider that God does not ask for this prison of my master in the other life, and to take care of all the aid and possessions that my lord Don Quixote neglects during this time he is imprisoned.

"Blind those lanterns!" the barber said at this point.

Are you too, Sancho, a member of your master's fraternity? "Praise the Lord, I see you'll have company in the cage, and you'll be as delighted as he is, so you must share his humor and his chivalry! You've embarked in a bad way on his promises, and at a bad time has entered your helmets the island you so desire."

"I am not betrothed to anyone," Sancho replied, "nor am I a man who would let himself be betrothed, whether by the king, and though poor, I am an old Christian, and I owe nothing to anyone; and if islands I desire, others desire worse things; and each one is the son of his works; and beneath being a man, I can become pope, much more a governor of an island, and much more able to win so many of my lords, who lack someone to give them.

Your majesty, look how the barber speaks; it's not all about beards, and something is always carried from Pedro to Pedro.

I don't need to give a statement because we all know each other, and I won't be given a false account. And in this business of my lord's charm, God knows the truth; and remain here, because it's worse to mess with him.

The barber did not wish to answer Sancho because he did not discover with his simplicity what he and the priest so diligently sought to conceal; and for that same fear the priest had told the canon to walk a little ahead, that he would reveal the secret of the harness, along with other things that pleased him. Thus did the canon, anticipating with his servants and with him, pay attention to all he wished to tell the knight of La Mancha about the condition, life, madness, and customs of Don Quixote, briefly recounting the beginning and cause of his delusion, and all the progress of his events, until he had placed him in that cage, and the design they had of taking him to his homeland, in order to see if by some means they found a remedy for his madness.

The servants and the canon listened with admiration to the peregrine story of Don Quixote, and as they finished hearing it, he said:

Truly, my Lord Priest, I find by my own account that these books of chivalry, which they call such, are detrimental to the republic; and although I have read, driven by a idle and false taste, almost the beginning of all that is most printed, I never have been able to accommodate myself to reading any from beginning to end, because it seems to me, what more, what less, that all of them are one and the same thing, and this one has no more to do with that one, nor does another with the other.

And, as it seems to me, this genre of writing and composition falls under that of fables called milesias, which are disjointed stories that only serve to delight, and not to teach; in contrast to what the apologue fables do, which delight and teach together.

And considering that the main intention of such books is to delight, I do not know how they can achieve that, going full of so many and so absurdly foolish things; that

It delights the soul to conceive that it must be of the beauty and harmony it perceives or contemplates in the things that the sight or imagination present to it; and anything that has within it ugliness and disorder cannot cause us any pleasure.

So what beauty can there be, or what proportion of parts with the whole, and the whole with the parts, in a book or fable where a youth of sixteen years cuts down a giant like a tower, and divides him into two halves as if he were a jelly, and when we are told that in a battle there is a million competitors from the enemy side, as is the case with the lord of the book, we are forced, whether we like it or not, to understand that such a knight achieved victory only with the strength of his strong arm? So what will we say about the ease with which a queen or empress heiress is led in the arms of a wandering and unknown knight? What wit, if not altogether barbaric and uncultured, can be content reading that a great tower full of knights goes through the sea forward, like a ship with a favorable wind, and tonight it gets dark in Lombardia, and tomorrow morning dawns in the lands of the Preste Juan of the Indies, or in other lands that neither Ptolemy described nor saw Marco Polo? And if one were to respond to me that those who compose such books write them as things of lies, and that thus, they are not obligated to look at subtleties or truths, I would answer them that much the more a lie seems true, and much the more it pleases the more it has of what is doubtful and possible.

To weave together lies with the understanding of those who read them, writing in such a way that, by facilitating the impossible, smoothing out greatness, suspending spirits, they may admire, suspend, excite, and entertain, so that admiration and joy go together at the same pace; and all of these things cannot be done by he who flees from verisimilitude and imitation, in whom consists the perfection of what is written.

I have not seen any book of chivalry that makes an entire body of fable with all its members, so that the means correspond to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and the middle; but rather they

compose them with so many members, that it seems most like they intend to form a chimera or a monster, rather than a proportionate figure.

Out of the scoundrels, harsh in style; in the buffoons, unbelievable; in the loves, lascivious; in the courtesies, ill-regarded; long in battles, foolish in arguments, absurd in journeys, and, finally, devoid of all discreet artifice, and therefore worthy of being banished from the Christian republic, as useless people. The priest listened to him with great attention, and he seemed a man of good understanding, and who had reason in everything he said; and thus, he told him that because he was of his own opinion, and had an obsession with books of chivalry, he had burned all the copies of Don Quixote, which were many.

And he recounted to them the scrutiny they had made of them, and those whom they had condemned to the fire and left alive, and the canonist laughed at it, saying that with all the evil he had said of such books, he found in them a good thing, that was the subject they offered so that a good understanding might be shown in them, because they gave a long and spacious field where, without any hesitation, the pen might run, describing shipwrecks, storms, encounters and battles, painting a valiant captain with all the parts that are required to be such, showing himself prudent in preventing the tricks of his enemies, and eloquent speaker persuading or dissuading his soldiers, mature in counsel, prompt in what was determined, as valiant in waiting as in attacking; painting now a lamentable and tragic event, now a joyful and unforeseen occurrence; there a beautiful lady, honest, discreet and reserved; here a Christian knight, valiant and measured; there a wild barbarian boisterous man; here a courteous prince, valiant and well-regarded; representing the goodness and loyalty of vassals, the grandeur and mercy of lords.

Now you can show yourself as an astrologer, an excellent cosmographer, a musician, or an intelligent person in state matters, and perhaps you may have an opportunity to show yourself as a necromancer, if you wish.

It can show the cunning of Odysseus, the piety of Aeneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the betrayals of Sinon, the friendship of Eurialo,

Alexander's generosity, Caesar's virtue, Trajan's clemency and truth, Zopir's fidelity, Cato's prudence, and finally, all those actions that can make a man illustrious, now putting them together in one, now dividing them into many.

And being accomplished with a quiet style and ingenious invention, pulling as much as possible to the truth, it surely will compose a fabric of many and beautiful patterns woven, which after being finished, shows such perfection and beauty, that it will achieve the end that is intended in the writings, namely, to teach and delight, as I have already said.

Because the unrestrained writing of these books allows the author to show themselves epic, lyrical, tragic, comic, with all those parts that enclose within them the sweetly and pleasantly learned sciences of poetry and oratory; that epic can also be written in prose as in verse.

Chapter 48: Where the canon continued the matter of the books of chivalry with other things worthy of his wit.

"As thus your Lordship says, Señor Canónigo – said the priest –, and for this reason those who until now have composed such books are more deserving of censure, having not received warning of any good discourse, nor the art and rules by which they might guide themselves and become famous in prose, as the two principal princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."

"At least I – replied the canon –, have had a certain temptation to write a book of chivalry, including in it all the points I have mentioned; and if I am to confess the truth, I have written more than a hundred sheets."

And to see if they corresponded to my estimation, I have communicated with men passionate about this legend, some devout and discreet, and others ignorant, who only heed to popular opinion.

to hear absurdities, and of all I have found a pleasant approval; but, with all this, I have not proceeded forward, as if I were doing something foreign to my profession, and in order to see that the number of the simple is greater than that of the prudent, and that, since it is better to be praised by the few wise men than ridiculed by the many foolish, I do not want to subject myself to the confused judgment of the dissipated crowd, to whom by far more people read such books.

But what took it completely out of my hands, and even from the thought of finishing it, was an argument I made with myself, taken from the comedies that are now being performed, saying: "If these that are now being used, as they are imagined as those of history, all are known nonsense and things that don't make sense and have no foundation, and, with all that, the common people listen to them with pleasure and accept them as good, being so far from being so, and the authors who compose them, and the actors who represent them say that they must be that way, because that's what the common people want, and no other way, and that those that have a line and follow the story as art demands don't serve anyone but four discerning people who understand them, and all the rest remain hungry for understanding their artifice, and it's better for them to earn a living among the many, rather than with a few opinions; thus my book would come to be, after having burned my eyebrows trying to uphold the aforementioned precepts, and it would become the tailor by the roadside."

"And although I have sometimes tried to persuade the actors who believe they have the opinion they possess, and that more people will attract and earn more fame by performing comedies that follow the art rather than the absurd, they are now so firmly set in their opinion and embodied in it that there is no reason or evidence to dislodge them."

Remember that one day I told one of these obstinate ones:

"Tell me, don't you remember that only a few years ago three tragedies were performed in Spain composed by a famous poet of these realms, which were so admired, delighted, and suspended all who heard them, whether simple or prudent, whether of the common people or the elite, and did they give more money to those three representatives alone than thirty of the best that have since been made here?"

"Without a doubt – he replied, saying – you must thank your Lordships for La Isabela, La Filis, and La Alejandra."

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to fulfill your request.

"And I tell you—I retorted; and see if they kept the precepts of art, and if by keeping them they ceased to be what they were and to please everyone."

So it's not the common people, who ask for nonsense, but those who don't know how to represent anything else.

Yes, it wasn't foolish. The Ingratitude avenged, nor was it found in the Mercader, nor in the Favorable Enemy, nor in others composed by some learned poets for their fame and renown, and for the gain of those who have represented them.

And other things I added to these, with which, to my opinion, I left it somewhat confused; but not satisfied nor convinced, to take him out of his erroneous thought.

Regarding what has fallen to your grace, Señor canónigo – the priest said – there has awakened in me an ancient rancor I have with the comedies now in use, such that it equals the one I have with books of chivalry; because, as Tullio seems to think, if the comedy is to be, an image of human life, an example of customs and an image of truth, those now being represented are mirrors of folly, examples of foolishness and images of lust.

What greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are dealing with than a child in doll dresses in the first scene of the first act, and then appearing already a man, shaved? And what greater than to paint us a valiant old man and a cowardly boy, a rhetorical servant?

A page counselor, a winning king, and a janitor princess? What shall I say about the observance that they keep in the times when the actions they represent may or could occur, other than I have seen comedy that the first day began in Europe, the second in Asia, the third ended in Africa, and even, if it were of four days, the fourth ended in America, and thus, it would have been done in all four parts of the world? And if it is that imitation is the main thing that comedy must have, how is it possible that it satisfies no moderate understanding that, pretending an action that takes place in the time of Pepin and Charlemagne, to the same one that in it the principal person is attributed to have been the emperor Heraclius, who entered with the Cross in Jerusalem, and who won the Holy House, as Godfrey of Bulloyn, having infinite years from one to the other; and founding the comedy on a fabricated thing, attributing to it truths of history and mixing into it pieces of others that happened to different people and times, and this, not with verisimile traces, but with patent errors, of every point inexcusable? And it is

the bad thing that ignorant people say that this is the perfect one, and that the rest is to seek meaningless praise.

So what, if we come to the divine comedies? How much false miracles they feign in them, how much apocryphal and misunderstood things, attributing miracles of one saint to another! And even in the human ones, they dare to perform miracles, without more respect or consideration as if such a miracle and appearance, as they call it, were acceptable there, so that ignorant people might admire and come to the comedy; all of this is to the detriment of the truth and to the detriment of the stories, and even to the shame of Spanish minds, because foreigners, who with great punctuality observe the laws of the comedy, consider us barbarians and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and foolishness that we do. And it is not enough of an apology to say that the main intention that well-ordered republics allow, permitting the public performance of comedies, is to entertain the community with some honest recreation, and to amuse it sometimes of the bad humors that idleness often engenders; and since this is achieved with any comedy, good or bad, there is no need to put laws in place, nor to compel those who compose and represent them to make them as they should be made, since, as I have said, with any comedy one achieves what one intends to achieve with them.

And I would answer that this end would be achieved much better, without comparing it to anything, with good comedies than with bad ones; because, if I had heard the skillful and well-ordered comedy, the listener would emerge joyful with laughter, taught with sincerity, amazed by the events, discreet with the reasons, warned of the tricks, wise with the examples, angry against vice, and enamored of virtue; for all these sentiments must awaken in the mind of the one who hears it, however rustic and clumsy it may be, and it is impossible to avoid delighting and entertaining, satisfying and gratifying, a comedy that has all these parts much more than one that lacks them, as most of these usually do when they are now represented.

And they don't blame it on the poets who compose them, because some of them know very well what they are talking about, and they know extremely well what they must do; but as comedies have become marketable merchandise, they say, and they speak the truth, that the performers wouldn't buy them if it weren't from that pen; and thus, the poet strives to adapt himself to what the representative who is to pay him for his work asks for.

And that this be Truth, as seen by many and infinite comedies composed by a most felicitous wit from these realms, with such splendor, with such grace, with such elegant verse, with such good reasons, with such grave sentences, and, finally, so full of eloquence and loftiness of style, that it has filled the world with its fame; and, because it sought to accommodate itself to the taste of the representatives, not all, as some have reached, have arrived at the point of perfection that they require.

Others compose them so carelessly, without regard for what they do, that after they have been performed, the reciters need to flee and absent themselves, fearing to be punished, as they have been many times, for having represented things detrimental to some kings and dishonoring some lineages. And all these inconveniences would cease, and even many more than I say, if there were in the Court a person intelligent and discreet who examined it.

All comedies that had been performed, not only those that were performed in the Court, but all that wished to be performed in Spain; without this approval, seal, and signature, no court would allow any comedy to be performed; and in this way, the comedians would take care to send their comedies to the Court, and could safely perform them, and those who composed them would look at what they did with more care and study, fearing that their works would have to pass under the rigorous examination of those who understood it; and in this way, good comedies would be made and what was intended in them would be easily achieved; thus, the entertainment of the people, the opinion of the Spanish intellectuals, the interest and security of the performers, and the saving of the care of censors.

And if it were entrusted to another, or to this same one, they could certainly emerge with the perfection that you have said, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treasure of eloquence, giving occasion for the old books to be darkened by the light of the new ones that would appear, for a honest pastime, not only for the idle, but for the most occupied, for it is impossible that this continuous armed bow, nor the condition and weakness of man can be sustained without some proper recreation. At this point in their colloquy arrived the canon and the priest, when, anticipating the barber, he arrived before them, and said to the priest:

Here, sir, is the place that I said was good for us to rest and have the oxen drink fresh and abundant pasture.

That's how it seems to me," the priest replied.

And telling the canon what he intended to do, he also wanted to stay with them, a guest of a beautiful valley that was offered to their sight.

And so, to enjoy it as he did the priest's conversation, of whom he was already a devotee, and to know more, often, the pranks of Don Quixote, he ordered some of his servants to go to the market that wasn't far from there, and to bring him whatever they could eat, for all, because he decided to rest in that place that afternoon; to which one of his servants replied that the stall of the remainder, which must have been at the market, brought word enough not to force anyone to take from the market more than barley. "That's right," said the canon, "take all the horses there, and have the wagon returned."

As it was happening, seeing Sancho who could speak to his master without the continuous assistance of the priest and the barber, who were considered suspicious, he went to the cage where his master was, and he said:

My Lord, for my own conscience' sake, I want to tell you what is happening near your enchantment; and it is that these two gentlemen who come here, with their faces covered, are the priest and the barber of our place; and I imagine they have given you this detail in this way, out of pure envy, as your lordship is ahead of them in making [these] events famous.

Therefore, it is true, following that he does not enchant, but is an envoy and a fool.

To prove this, I want to ask you one thing; and if you answer me as I believe you will, you'll touch it with your hand and see it's not enchanted, but disordered in your judgment.

"Ask whatever you wish, son Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "I will satisfy you and answer to all your will."

And as you say that those who go and come there with us are the priest and the barber, our compatriots and acquaintances, it may well seem that they are themselves; but that they truly are and in

effect, don't believe that in any way.

What you must believe and understand is that if they resemble you, as you say, it must be that the ones I've loved have taken that appearance and likeness; because it's easy for seducers to take the figure they desire, and they've taken the likeness of our friends, to give you the opportunity to think what you think and to put you in a labyrinth of imaginations, from which you won't be able to escape, even if you had the rope of Theseus.

And also they have done it to make me hesitate in my understanding, and not know from where this damage comes to me; because if, on one hand, you tell me that the barber and the priest of our town accompany me, and, on the other hand, I see myself imprisoned, and I know that human forces, which were not supernatural, were not enough to imprison me, what do you want me to say or think, but that the way of my enchantment exceeds all that I have read in all the stories that treat of knights who have been enchanted? Therefore, you can well find peace and tranquility in this of believing that they are those you say, because that is how they are as I am a Turk.

And as for wanting to ask me something, I'll answer you, even if you ask me from here until tomorrow.

"Save me, Our Lady!" he shouted with a great voice.

And is it possible that your Lordships find it so hard to celebrate and so lacking in substance, that you don't see that what I say is pure truth, and that in this imprisonment and misfortune there is more malice than charm? But, since it is so, I want to show you evidently how it doesn't enchant.

If not, tell me, may God save you from this storm.

and so it would be in the arms of my lady Dulcinea when you least think it.

Please provide the Spanish text you would like me to translate. I need the text itself to complete the translation.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it to English.

"He just conjured me," said Don Quixote, "and asks what you wish; for I have already told you that I will answer you with utmost punctuality."

"That's what I ask," Sancho retorted; "and what I want to know is that you tell me, without adding or omitting anything, but with all truth, as is expected of those who profess arms, as your lordship professes them, under the title of knights errant."

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

"I tell you, I have never lied about anything," Quijote replied.

You just asked again; you really tire me with all your salvos, prayers, and prejudices, Sancho.

I say that I am sure of the goodness and truth of my lord; and, because it suits our story, I ask, speaking with deference, whether, after your grace is caged and, as it seems to them, enchanted in this cage, he has gained and will of making greater or lesser floods, as is commonly said.

I don't understand that business of making water, Sancho; explain yourself more clearly if you want me to answer you directly.

Is it possible that your lordships do not understand how to handle minor or major leaks? Because at the school they subject the boys to it.

Let him know what I mean if he doesn't do what he doesn't excuse himself for.

Yes, yes, I understand you, Sancho! And many times; and even now I have it.

Pull me out of this danger, everything's not clean!

Chapter 49: Where it deals with the discreet conversation that Sancho Panza had with his lord Don Quixote.

—Ah! —said Sancho.

I've got it: this is what I wanted to know, like to the soul and like to life.

Come here, sir; could you deny what is commonly said around here when a person is in a bad mood: "I don't know what that fellow has, he doesn't eat, he doesn't drink, he doesn't sleep, he doesn't respond to questions, he seems nothing more than possessed"? From which we conclude that those who don't eat, don't drink, don't sleep, and don't perform the natural works I mention are possessed; but not those who have the will to do so, as your grace has, and who drink when offered, and eat when they have it, and respond to all that is asked of them.

"You speak the truth, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but as I have told you, there are many ways of enchantment, and it may be that they have changed places with each other over time, and that now they use it that the enchanted ones do everything I do, although they didn't do it before."

Therefore, there's no need to argue against the use of tenses, nor to consider any consequences.

I know and I am delighted for myself, and this is enough for the security of my conscience; it would greatly enlarge me if I thought I was not delighted and allowed myself to remain in this slothful and cowardly cage, defrauding the help I could give to many needy and distressed people who should have it at this precise and extreme need.

"Well, with all that — Sancho replied — I say that, for greater abundance and satisfaction, it would be good if your lordships were to try to get out of this jail, for I am obliged with all my power to facilitate it, and even to take you out of it, and try again to mount upon your good Rocinante, who also seems to be enchanted, as he goes from being melancholy and sad; and, having done this, let us try again to seek more adventures; and if things do not go well for us, we have time to return to the cage, in which I promise, as a good and loyal squire, to imprison myself together with your lordships, if it happens that your lordships are so unfortunate, or I am so simple, that I fail to succeed with what I say."

"I am glad to do what you say, Sancho, brother," Quijote replied; "and when you see an opportunity to put my freedom into action, I will obey you in everything and for everything; but you, Sancho, will see how you deceive yourself in the knowledge of my misfortune."

The knight-errant and the rogue squire engaged in conversation until they arrived where the priest, the canon, and the barber awaited them, having dismounted.

The driver then hitched the oxen to the cart, and let them roam at their leisure in that green and tranquil spot, whose freshness invited enjoyment, not for such enchanted persons as Don Quixote, but for those so prudent and discreet as his squire; who begged the priest to allow his lord to go out for a while from the cage, for if they did not let him out, he would not keep that prison so clean as a gentleman of

his kind required.

The priest understood him, and said that he would willingly do what he asked, if he didn't fear that once his master was free, he would do the same and go where no one ever saw him.

"I trust in his escape," Sancho replied.

-And me and all of him – said the canon – and more so if he gives me the word as a knight, not to depart from us until it is our will.

"As long as I give way," replied Don Quixote, who was listening to everything, "more than to him who is enchanted, as I am, who has no freedom to do with his person what he wishes, because he who has enchanted him can make him not move from a place in three centuries; and if he had fled, he would make him return in a whirlwind."

-And so, this was the case, they could just let it go, especially since it was so beneficial to everyone; and I protested to them that they couldn't stop tiring their noses, if they didn't deviate from there.

The canon took the knight's hand, though he had tied him up, and beneath his good faith and word, he was unshackled, and he rejoiced infinitely and greatly at being released from the cage; and the first thing he did was stretch his whole body, and then he went to where Rocinante was, and giving him two pats on the flanks, said:

I still hope in God and in his blessed Mother, flower and mirror of horses, that we two shall see each other as we wish; you, with your lord at your back; and I, upon you, practicing the trade so that God may have cast me into the world.

And saying this, Don Quixote withdrew with Sancho to a remote part, from which he came feeling more relieved, and with more desire to put into practice what his squire ordered.

He observed the canon, and he was astonished to see the strangeness of his great madness, and to find that as he spoke and replied, he displayed a very fine understanding; he only came to lose his temper when treated with chivalry.

And so, moved by compassion, after everyone had sat on the green grass to wait for the canon's spare part, he said:

Is it possible, Mr. Hidalgo, that you have been able to so much with your grace regarding the bitter and fruitless reading of books of chivalry, that you have returned your judgment so that you believe that you are enchanted, with other things of that kind, so far from being true as the very same lie of truth? And how is it possible that there be human understanding that understands that there have been in the world that infinity of Amadis, and that tumultuous crowd of so famous knight, so emperor of Trapsonda, so Felixmarte of Hircania, so palfrey, so walking maiden, so many serpents, so many tricksters, so many giants, so many unheard adventures, so kind of enchantments, so many battles, so many confused encounters, so much strangeness of garments, so many enamored princesses, so many squires counts, so many comical dwarves, so much trickery, so much stumble, so many brave women, and, finally, so many and so disparate cases as the books of chivalry contain? I must say that when I read them, as long as I do not put the imagination to think that they are all lie and frivolity, they give me some pleasure; but when I come to the realization of what they are, I hit upon the best of them in the wall, and even I would find him in the fire, if he were near or present, well as worthy of such a punishment, for being false and deceivers, and outside the treatment that asks the common nature, and as inventors of new sects and of a new way of life, and as one who gives occasion to the ignorant crowd to believe and to consider true so many follies as they contain.

And yet they still have so much audacity, that they dare to disturb the minds of discreet and noble hidalgos, as it is well to see what you have done with them, having brought him to terms, that he be forced to be confined in a cage, and brought before you on a cart of oxen, like one who brings or carries a lion or a tiger from place to place, in order to gain with him, letting them see him.

Come now, Sir Knight Don Quixote, grieve yourself, and reduce yourself to the guild of discretion, and know how to use all that the heavens were served to give, employing your most felicitous talent of wit in another reading that yields a greater advantage to your conscience and an increase in your honor! And if, still carried away by your natural inclination, you wish to read books of romances and chivalry, read in the Sacred Scriptures the Book of Judges; for there you will find grand truths and deeds as true as they are valiant.



A Viriato had Lusitania; a Caesar, Rome; an Hannibal, Carthage; an Alexander, Greece; the Count Fernán González, Castile; a Cid, Valencia; a Gonzalo Fernández, Andalusia; a Diego García de Paredes, Extremadura; a Garci Pérez de Vargas, Jerez; a Garcilaso, Toledo; a Don Manuel de León, Seville, whose lessons from his valiant deeds can entertain, teach, delight, and admire the highest minds who read them.

This will be reading worthy of your esteemed consideration, my lord Don Quixote, from which you will emerge learned in history, enamored of virtue, instructed in kindness, improved in manners, valiant without temerity, bold without cowardice, and all this for the glory of God, to your benefit, and the fame of La Mancha, where, as I have learned, your Lordship's origin and beginning lies.

With great attention, Don Quixote listened to the canon's reasons; and when he saw that he had finished with them, after having been looking at him for a good space of time, he said:

It seems to me, my lord Hidalgo, that your grace's statement has led you to believe that there have been no knights errant in the world, and that all books of chivalry are false, deceitful, damaging, and useless for the republic, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and most wrong in imitating them, having set myself to follow the most arduous profession of errant chivalry, as they teach, denying that there have ever been in the world Amadis of Gaula or of Greece, nor all the other knights of which the writings are full.

"Everything is exactly as you are relating it," the canon said to this young man.

To which Don Quixote replied:

He also added, saying that your Lordship had been greatly damaged by those books, for they had turned my judgment and confined me like a captive, and it would be better for me to make amends and change my reading, reading others more true and that more delight and teach.

That's right – said the canon.

"Well, I find, on my own account, that you are free to say whatever you please, since you have uttered so many blasphemies against something so widely accepted in the world and held as so true, that whoever denies it, as you do, deserves the same penalty that you say is given to books when you read them and are angered by them."

To make it clear to no one that Amadis was not in the world, nor that all the other adventurous knights' stories were filled, would be to try to persuade that the sun does not shine, nor does the ice cool, nor does the earth sustain; for what ingenuity could there be in the world to persuade another that the story of the infant Floripes and Guy de Bourgogne, and Fierabras with the bridge of Mantible, which occurred in the time of Charles the Great, that is so true as it is now day? And if it is a lie, then it must also be that there was no Hector, nor Achilles, nor the Trojan War, nor the Twelve Peers of France, nor the King Arthur of England, who still awaits you there in his kingdom for a moment, turned into a raven. They will also dare to say that the story of Guarno Mezquino, and the story of the Holy Grail, are false, and that the loves of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, as those of Ginebra and Lanzarote, are apocryphal, with people who almost remember having seen the Duchess Quintanona, who was the best wine pourer Great Britain had ever known.

And it's this so much, that I remember myself telling my aunt about parts of my father, when I saw some lady with very reverent gestures.

"That one, grandson, resembles Doña Quintanona."

From where I argue that she must have known him, or at least, she must have had the chance to see some portrait of him.

Who could deny the truth of the story of Pierre and the beautiful Magalona, since even today one can see in the armory of the Kings the spike with which the horse of wood, upon which the valiant Pierre soared like an eagle, is somewhat larger than a wagon axle? And beside the spike is Babieca's saddle, and in Roncesvalles is Roland's horn, the size of a large beam; from which it is inferred that there were twelve pairs, that there was Pierre, that there was Cides, and other knights like them.

what people say

that go with their adventures.

If not, also tell me that it is not true that the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo was a knight errant, who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras with the famous Lord of Charni, called Moses Pierres, and afterwards, in the city of Basel, with Moses Henry of Remistan, exiting from both ventures

victorious and full of honorable fame; and the adventures and challenges that also ended in Burgundy the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (of whose surname I declare directly from a man), defeating the sons of Count San Polo.

Let us yourselves deny that Don Fernando de Guevara went to seek adventures in Germany, where he fought with Micer Jorge, knight of the house of the Duke of Austria; let it be said that the tournaments of Suero de Quinones, from the Paso, were a mockery; let the enterprises of Jose Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Spanish knight, and many other pranks carried out by Christian knights, from them and from foreign kingdoms, be considered so authentic and true that anyone who denied them would lack all reason and good judgment.

The canon was delighted to hear Don Quixote's mixture of truths and falsehoods, and to see the news he had of all those things pertaining to his knight-errant adventures, and thus he replied to him: I cannot deny, Sir Knight Don Quixote, that some of what your grace has said is true, especially concerning the Spanish knights errant; and I also wish to concede that there were twelve Pairs of France; but I do not wish to believe that they did all those things that the Archbishop Turpin writes about them, because the truth is that they were knights chosen by the kings of France, who called them Pairs because they were all equal in value, in quality, and in bravery; at least, if they were not, it was reasonable that they should be, and it was like a religion of those that are now used of Santiago or of Calatrava, which is presumed that those who profess it ought to be, or must be, valiant knights, brave and well-born; and as now they say knight of Saint John, or of Alcántara, they said in that time knight of the twelve Pairs, because twelve equal ones were chosen for that military religion.

As for what Cid did, there's no doubt about it, let alone Bernardo del Carpio; but as for the mischief they supposedly did, I think it's very considerable.

In the other part of the spindle that your lordship refers to, belonging to the Count Pierre, and which is situated next to Babieca's chair in the armory of the Kings, I confess my sin; that I am so ignorant, or so short-sighted, that, although I have seen the spindle, I have not noticed the spindle, and especially since it is as large as your lordship has said.

"There it is, without a doubt," replied Don Quixote; and by more signs, they say it's wrapped in a leatherette case, to prevent mold from forming."

"Everything can be," the canon replied; "but according to the orders I received, I don't recall having seen it."

Considering that they may be there, it does not, however, force me to believe the stories of so many Amadis, nor those of such a multitude of knights that are told about us, nor is it reasonable that a man such as yourself, so honorable and of such good parts and endowed with such good understanding, should understand them to be true such countless and strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry.

Chapter 49: Where it deals with the discreet conversation that Sancho Panza had with his lord, Don Quixote.

—Ah! —said Sancho.

I've got it: this is what I wanted to know, like to the soul and like to life.

Come here, sir; could you deny what is commonly said around here when a person is in a bad mood: "I don't know what that fellow has, he doesn't eat, he doesn't drink, he doesn't sleep, nor does he respond when asked, he seems nothing more than enchanted"? From which we draw that those who don't eat, don't drink, don't sleep, nor do they perform the natural works that I say, these people are enchanted; but not those who have the desire, as your grace has, and who drinks when offered, and eats when he has it, and responds to everything that is asked of him.

"You speak the truth, Sancho," Quijote replied; "but you have already told me that there are many ways of enchantment, and it may be that they have shifted from one to another over time, and that now it is used for the enchantments to do all that I do, although they did not do it before."

Therefore, there's no need to argue against the use of tenses, nor to consider any consequences.

I know and I am delighted for me, and this is enough for the security of my conscience; it would greatly shape me if I thought I wasn't delighted and allowed myself to remain in this lazy and cowardly cage, defrauding the help I could give to many needy and distressed people who should have it at this precise and extreme need.

"Well, considering all that," Sancho replied, "I say it would be better if your Lordship were to try to get out of this jail, for I am willing to facilitate it with all my power, and even to take you out of it, and then we should try again to ride upon your good Rocinante, who also seems enchanted, as he goes from being melancholy and sad; and, having done this, we should try again to seek more adventures; and if it should not go well for us, we have time to return to the cage, in which I promise, as a good and loyal squire, to imprison myself together with your Lordship, if it should happen that your Lordship is so unfortunate, or I am so simple, that I fail to succeed with what I say."

"I am glad to do what you say, Sancho, brother," Quijote replied; "and when you see an opportunity to put my freedom into action, I will obey you in everything and for everything; but you, Sancho, will see how you deceive yourself about my misfortune."

The knight errant and the rogue squire engaged in conversation until they reached where the priest, the canon, and the barber awaited them, having dismounted.

The driver then harnessed the oxen to the cart, and let them wander at their leisure in that green and peaceful spot, whose freshness invited enjoyment, not by such enthusiastic people as Don Quixote, but by those so sensible and discreet as his squire; who begged the priest to allow his lord to go out for a while from the cage, for if they did not let him out, he would not keep that prison so clean as a gentleman of his kind required.

The priest understood him, and said that he would gladly do what he asked, if he did not fear that, once his lord was free, he would do the same and go to places where no people would ever see him.

"I trust in his escape," Sancho replied.

"And I and everything – said the canon –, and especially if he gives me the word as a knight, not to depart from us until it is our will."

"As long as I give it," replied Don Quixote, who was listening to everything; "rather than he who is enchanted, like myself, who has no freedom to do with his person what he wishes, for he who has enchanted him can make him not move from a place in three centuries; and if he had fled, he would make him return in a crash."

-And so, this was the case, they could just let it go, and especially since it was so beneficial to everyone; and because they didn't let it go, I protested that it was exhausting their noses, if they didn't deviate from it.

The canon took the knight's hand, though he had tied them up, and beneath his good faith and word, he was unshackled, of which he rejoiced infinitely and greatly at being released from the cage; and the first thing he did was stretch his whole body, and then he went to where Rocinante was, and giving him two pats on the flanks, said:

I still hope in God and in his blessed Mother, flower and mirror of horses, that we shall see each other as we desire; you, with your lord behind you; and I, above you, practicing the trade so that God may cast me into the world.

And saying this, Don Quixote withdrew with Sancho to a remote part, from which he came more relieved, and with more desire to put into practice what his squire ordered.

He observed the canon, and he was astonished to see the strangeness of his great madness, and that as he spoke and replied, he showed he possessed excellent understanding; he only came to lose his temper, as has been said before, when treated with knightly courtesy.

And so, moved by compassion, after everyone had sat on the green grass to wait for the canon's spare part, he said:

Is it possible, Mr. Hidalgo, that you have been able to so much with your grace the bitter and fruitless reading of the books of chivalry, that it has returned your judgment so that you come to believe that you are enchanted, with other things of that kind, so far from being true as the same lie of truth? And how is it possible that there is human understanding that comes to understand that there had been in the world that infinity of Amadis, and that tumultuous crowd of so famous knight, so emperor of Trapsonda, so Felixmarte of Hircania, so palfrey, so walking maiden, so many serpents, so many scoundrels, so many giants, so many unheard adventures, so kind of enchantments, so many battles, so many confused encounters, so much bizarreness of garments, so many enamored princesses, so many escuderos counts, so many graceless dwarves, so much bill, so much stumble, so many brave women, and, finally, so many and so disparate cases as the books of chivalry contain? I must say that when I read

them, as long as I do not put the imagination to think that they are all lie and lightness, they give me some pleasure; but when I come to the realization of what they are, I find him in the wall, and even I would find him in the fire, if he were near or present, well as deserving of such punishment, for being false and deceitful, and outside the treatment that the common nature asks, and as inventors of new sects and of a new way of life, and as one who gives occasion for the ignorant people to come to believe and to consider true so many follies as they contain.

And yet they have so much audacity that they dare to disturb the minds of discreet and noble gentlemen, as it is well to see what you have done with them, having brought him to terms, that he be forced to be confined in a cage, and brought before you on a cart pulled by oxen, like one who brings or carries a lion or a tiger from place to place, in order to gain with him, letting them see him.

Come on, Sir Knight Don Quixote, afflict yourself, and reduce yourself to the guild of discretion, and know how to use all that the heavens were served to give, employing your most felicitous talent of wit in another reading that yields a greater benefit to your consciousness and an increase in your honor! And if, still driven by your natural inclination, you wish to read books of fables and chivalry, read in the Sacred Scripture the Book of Judges; for there you will find great truths and deeds as true as they are valiant.

A Viriato had Lusitania; a Caesar, Rome; an Hannibal, Carthage; an Alexander, Greece; the Count Fernán González, Castile; a Cid, Valencia; a Gonzalo Fernández, Andalusia; a Diego García de Paredes, Extremadura; a Garci Pérez de Vargas, Jerez; a Garcilaso, Toledo; a Don Manuel de León, Seville, whose lessons of his valiant deeds may entertain, teach, delight, and admire the highest minds who read them.

This will surely be reading worthy of your graciousness, my lord Don Quixote, from which you will emerge learned in history, enamored of virtue, instructed in goodness, improved in habits, valiant without temerity, bold without cowardice, and all this, for the glory of God, to your benefit, and the fame of La Mancha, where, as I have learned, your graciousness originates.

With great attention, Don Quixote listened to the canon's reasons; and when he saw that he had ended them, after having been looking at him for a good space of time, he said:

It seems to me, my lord Hidalgo, that your grace's statement has led you to believe that there have been no knights errant in the world, and that all books of chivalry are false, deceitful, damaging, and useless for the republic, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and most wrong in imitating them, having put myself to following the most miserable profession of knighthood, that they teach, denying that there have ever been in the world Amadis of Gaula or of Greece, nor all the other knights of which the writings are full.

"Everything is exactly as you are relating it, my lord," the canon said.

To which Don Quixote replied:

He also added that your Lordship had caused me great damage by those books, for they had turned my judgment and confined me like a caged animal, and it would be better for me to make amends and change my reading, reading other books that are truer and more delightful and instructive.

That's right – said the canon.

"Well, I find, myself," Quixote replied, "that you are at liberty to say what you please, for you have uttered so many blasphemies against a thing so widely received in the world and held as true, that whoever denies it, as you do, deserves the same punishment that you say you inflict on books when you reads them and is angered by them."

To make it understood by no one that Amadis was not in the world, nor all the other knight-errant adventures that they are filled with stories, would be to wish to persuade that the sun does not shine, nor does the ice cool, nor does the earth sustain; because what ingenuity could there be in the world that could persuade another that it was not true of the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Borgogna, and of Fierabras with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charles the Great, that it is so much truth as it is now of day? And if it is a lie, then it must also be that there was no Hector, nor Achilles, nor the Trojan War, nor the Twelve Peers of France, nor the King Arthur of England, who still now exists converted into a raven, and awaits him in his kingdom for moments.

They will also dare to say that the story of Guarno Mezquino, and the story of the Holy Grail, are false, and that the loves of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, as those of Ginebra and Lanzarote, are apocryphal,

with people who almost remember having seen the Duchess Quintanona, who was the best wine pourer Great Britain had ever known.

And it's this so much, that I remember myself telling my aunt about parts of my father, when I saw some lady with holy gestures.

That one, grandson, resembles Doña Quintanona.

From where I argue that she must have known him, or at least, must have had the chance to see a portrait of him.

Who could deny the truth of the story of Pierre and the beautiful Magalona, since even today one can see in the armory of the Kings the spike with which he returned the wooden horse upon which the valiant Pierre flew, which is a little bigger than a wagon axle? And beside the spike is Babieca's saddle, and in Roncevaux is Roland's horn, the size of a large beam; from which it is inferred that there were twelve Pairs, that there was Pierre, that there was Cides, and other knights like him.

what people say

that go with their adventures

If not, also tell me that it is not true that the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo was a knight errant, who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras with the famous Lord of Charni, called Moses Pierres, and afterwards, in the city of Basel, with Moses Henry of Remestan, leaving both ventures as a victor and full of honorable fame; and the adventures and challenges that also ended in Burgundy were the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (whose surname I mention directly from a man), defeating the sons of Count San Polo.

Let us ourselves deny that Don Fernando de Guevara went to seek adventures in Germany, where he fought with Micer Jorge, knight of the house of the Duke of Austria; let it be said that the tournaments of Suero de Quinones, of the Paso, were a mockery; let the enterprises of Jose Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Spanish knight, and many other pranks perpetrated by Christian knights, from these and from foreign kingdoms, be considered so authentic and true that whoever denied them would lack all reason and good judgment.

The canon was delighted to hear Don Quixote's mixture of truth and lies, and to see the news he had of all those things pertaining to the deeds of his knight-errant, and thus he replied to him:

I cannot deny, Sir Knight Don Quixote, that some truth exists in what your grace has said, especially concerning the Spanish knights errant; and I also wish to concede that there were twelve Pairs of France; but I do not want to believe that they did all those things that the Archbishop Turpin writes about them; because the truth is that they were knights chosen by the kings of France, who called them Pairs because they were all equal in value, in quality, and in valor; at least, if they were not, it was reasonable that they should be, and it was like a religion of those now used of Santiago or of Calatrava, which is presumed that those who profess it must be, or should be, valiant knights, brave, and of good birth; and as now they say knight of St. John, or of Alcántara, they said in that time knight of the twelve Pairs, because twelve equal ones were chosen for that military religion.

As for what Cid did, there's no doubt about it, let alone Bernardo del Carpio; but as for the stories they tell about him scheming, I think they're very large.

In the other part of the spindle that your grace says belongs to the Count of Pierres, and which is beside the chair of Babieca in the armory of the Kings, I confess my sin; that I am so ignorant, or so short-sighted, that, although I have seen the spindle, I have not noticed the spindle, and especially considering how large it is as your grace has said.

"There it is, without a doubt," replied Don Quixote; and by more signs, they say it is wrapped in a calfskin case, to prevent it from spoiling."

"Everything can be," the canon replied; "but according to the orders I received, I don't recall having seen it."

Considering that they are there, it does not, however, force me to believe the stories of so many Amadis, nor those of such a multitude of knights that are told about us, nor is it reasonable that a man such as yourself, so honorable and of such good parts and endowed with such good understanding, should understand them to be true such countless and so strange follies as those written in the absurd books of chivalry.

Chapter 50: Of the Discreet Quarrels that Don Quixote and the Canon Had, with Other Events

"Well, that's that!" Quixote replied.

The books that are printed under the license of the kings and with the approval of those to whom they are referred, and which are generally read and celebrated by the great and the small, the poor and the rich, the learned and the ignorant, the plebeians and knights, finally, by all kinds of people of any state and condition that they may be, were they to be false, and especially bearing such an appearance of truth, as they tell us, point by point and day by day, what such a knight did, or knights did? Your grace, do not say such blasphemy, and believe me, I advise you in this

He should do it discreetly, if he doesn't tell them, and he will see the pleasure he gets from their legend. If not, tell me: is there greater joy than to see, as if we were saying, here now a great lake of boiling fish bubbling, and that swim and cross it many seeds, serpents and lizards, and many other fierce and dreadful kinds of animals, and that from the middle of the lake a sad voice comes out saying: "You, knight, whoever you may be, who looks at the fearful lake, if you wish to reach the good that lies hidden beneath these black waters, show the courage of your strong chest and throw yourself into the middle of its black and burning liquid; because if you do not do so, you will not be worthy of seeing the high wonders that are contained within and held by the seven castles of the seven fairies that lie beneath this darkness?" And that scarcely has the knight finished hearing the fearful voice, when, without entering into accounts with himself, without considering the danger to which he puts himself, and even without discarding the gloom of his strong arms, entrusting himself to God and his lady, he throws himself into the middle of the boiling lake, and when he doesn't sense or know where he must stop, he finds himself amongst flourishing fields, with whom the Elysian Fields have nothing to do in anything? It seems to her that the sky is more transparent, and that the sun shines with renewed clarity; she offers to the eyes a peaceful forest of such green and lush trees, which delights the sight with its verdancy, and entertains the ears with the sweet, unlearned song of the tiny, infinite, painted birds that cross through the intricate branches.

Here you will discover a brook, whose fresh waters, seeming like liquid crystals, run over fine sands and white pebbles, which resemble polished gold and pure pearls; there you will see an ingenious fountain of variegated jasper and smooth marble; here you will see another, arranged in a wild fashion, where the fine shells of mussels, with their twisted white and yellow houses, placed in an irregular order, mixed among them are shining fragments of crystal and interwoven emeralds, creating a varied work, so that the art, imitating nature, seems to there overcome it.

Suddenly, he discovers a formidable castle or splendid palace, whose walls were of solid gold, the turrets of diamonds, the doors of violets; finally, he is of such admirable composition, that, though the matter of which he is formed was no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, his appearance is of the greatest estimation.

And is there more to see, after having seen this, than to see a good number of maidens come out of the castle door, whose gentlemen and showy suits, if I were now to set about telling you as the stories tell us, would never end, and then take the one that seemed principal of all by the hand of the daring knight who threw himself into the fervent lake, and lead her inside the rich castle or fortress, and make her undress as her mother bore her, and bathe her with temperate waters, and then anoint her with fragrant unguents, and clothe her in a shirt of gossamer, thin and perfumed, and attend another maiden and cast upon her a mantle, which, at least less, they say it is worth a city, and even more? What is there to see, then, when they tell us that, after all this, they take her to another room, where they set the tables, with such concert, that one is suspended and amazed? What is there to see her pour water on her hands, all of amber and of fragrant flowers distilled? What is there to see her seated on a chair of ivory? What is there to see her serve all the maidens, keeping a marvelous silence? What is there to see brought to her such difference of dishes, so deliciously cooked, that one does not know which one to extend his hand to? Which is it to hear the music that sounds while one eats, without knowing who sings it or where it sounds? And after the meal is finished and the tables raised, the knight remains lying on the chair, and perhaps grinding his teeth, as is customary, to enter late through the door of the room another maiden much more beautiful than any of the first, and sit beside the knight, and begin to make him understand which castle it is, and how she is enchanted in it, with other things that suspend the knight and admire the readers who are reading her story? I do not want to prolong myself further in this, for from it one can gather that any part that is read of any

A tale of a wandering knight will cause pleasure and wonder to anyone who reads it.

And believe me, as I have told you before, read these books, and you will see how they will banish the melancholy you may have, and improve your condition, if you have a bad one.

It must be said that after I became a wandering knight, I am brave, restrained, liberal, well-provided, generous, courteous, bold, gentle, patient, enduring hardships, imprisonment, and enchantment; and although I have been so little confined in a cage as a madman, I believe, by the value of my arm, favored by heaven, and not opposed by fortune, that in a few days I would become king of some kingdom, where I could show the gratitude and generosity that my breast contains; my faith, sir, the poor man is disabled from being able to show the virtue of generosity with anyone, although he possesses it to a great extent; and gratitude, which consists only in desire, is a dead thing, as is faith without works.

For this reason, I wanted fortune to offer me soon some opportunity where it might make me emperor, to show my breast by doing good for my friends, especially this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world, and I wanted to give him a county that I have many days ago promised him; but I fear he will not have the skill to govern his state.

"Almost my last words," Sancho said to his master.

to whom said:

Pray, sir knight Don Quixote, work for me to grant you that so promising county of yours and mine, as you expect; I promise you that I will not fail in my ability to govern it; and when I fail, I have heard say that there are men in the world who rent the estates of lords, and give them a little each year, and they take care of the government, and the lord lies on his back, enjoying the rent he receives, without bothering about anything else; and so I shall do, and I will not mind so much, but then I shall relinquish everything, and I shall enjoy my rent like a duke, and let him have it.

"That, brother Sancho—said the canon—understand in regard to enjoying the income; however, as regards administering justice, the lord of the state must attend to it, and here enters the skill and good judgment, and primarily the good intention to succeed; for if this is lacking in the principles, the means and ends will always be wrong, and thus, God often helps the simple man's good wish while disfavoring the shrewd man's judgment."

"I don't know those philosophies," Sancho Panza replied; "but I only know that I would have the county as soon as I knew how to rule it; I have so much soul as anyone else, and such a horn as the best, and I would be as king of my own affairs as any of them of theirs; and being so, I would do what I wished, and do what I wished, I would satisfy my liking; and satisfying my liking, I would be content; and being content, one has nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, it is finished, and God will see us."

Those aren't bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho; but, with all that, there's much to say about this matter of counties.

To which Don Quixote replied:

I don't know what more to say; I'm guided only by the example given me by the great Amadís of Gaula, who made his squire, the Count of the Firm Island; and thus, I can, without a scruple of conscience, make Sancho Panza count, who is one of the best squires that knight-errant has ever had.

The canon of the absurd discourses that Don Quijote had uttered, in the manner in which he had painted the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, and the impression that those false statements in the books he had created had made upon him, were admired.

read, and finally, he admired the foolishness of Sancho, who so earnestly desired to attain the earldom that his master had promised him.

The servants of the canon's stall were returning, having gone to market for the flax needed for the spare, and setting a table with a rug and the green grass of the meadow, sitting there in the shade of some trees and eating there, as the herdsman had said, to avoid losing the comfort of that place.

And while I was eating, at an ungodly hour, a harsh crash and a bleating sound were heard, which, amongst some thorny bushes and dense thickets nearby, resonated, and at the same instant a beautiful goat, with skin stained black, white, and brown, emerged from those thickets.

Behind her came a shepherd calling her, and saying words to her, to make her stop, or to make the flock return.

The fleeing goat, fearful and terrified, came to the people, in order to flatter itself, and there it stopped. The shepherd arrived, and, striking her on the horns as if she were capable of speech and understanding, he said:

"Oh, dear, dear, patched, patched, and how are you getting on these days, limping about! What wolves frighten you, child? Won't you tell me what this is, beautiful one? But what else could it be, since you are a female and cannot be at ease; what a wretched condition your life is, and the one of all those who imitate you! Return, return, friend; if you are not content, at least you'll be safer in your pen, or with your companions; if you are going to keep them and guide them, you're going about so without direction and so misled, in what can they stop?"

The shepherd's words pleased those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him:

By your lives, brother, that you restrain yourselves a little, and don't so quickly return that goat to its herd: for since she is a female, as you say, she must follow her distinct nature, even if you try to hinder her.

Take this bite, and drink once, to temper your anger, and meanwhile, let the goat rest.

And saying this and stabbing the rabbit's cured flanks with the knife, it was all one.

The shepherd took it and thanked him; he drank and rested, and then said:

I didn't want you to think that because I spoke with this woman so deeply, you would consider me a simple man; truly, your words were full of mystery.

Rustic I am; but not so much, that I don't know how to deal with men and beasts.

"That's what I believe very well," the priest said; "I know from experience that the mountains breed scholars, and the cottages of the shepherds enclose philosophers."

At least, Mr.—he replied—they welcome disillusioned men; and in order for you to believe this truth and to touch it with your hand, even if it seems that I am not urging you, if you do not anger yourselves about him and you wish, gentlemen, a brief moment to give me attentive hearing, I will tell you a truth that proves what that gentleman—pointing to the priest—has said, and my own.

To this Don Quixote replied:

Just to see what this case has—somehow—of shadowy adventure and chivalry, I, for my part, will hear you, brother, with very good will, and so will all these lords, because of how discreet and fond of curious news that suspend, delight and entertain the senses they are, without a doubt.

I think you should tell his story.

Begin, my friend; that we may all listen.

"I'm taking my share," said Sancho; "I'm going to that stream with this pie, where I intend to feast for three days; because I have heard my lord Don Quixote say that the squire of the knight-errant must eat whenever food is offered to him, until he can no longer bear it, because they are often offered to enter a forest so intricate that they cannot find their way out of it in six days; and if the man does not go with a full belly, or if the saddlebags are well provisioned, he can stay there as often as he does, a glutton."

You are right, Sancho—said Don Quixote—; go wherever you wish, and eat what you can; for I am already satisfied, and all that remains me is to give the soul its reflection, as I will hear it listening to the tale of this good man.

"We'll all get ours," the canon said.

And then I urged the shepherd to begin what had been promised.

The shepherd slapped the goat twice on the back, saying:

Lie down beside me, Manchada; how much time do we have left to return to our apéro?

It seemed that the goat understood, because as its owner sat down, she lay down beside him with much composure, and looking at his face, she gave the impression that she was attentive to what the shepherd was saying; who began his story in this way:

Chapter 51: What the shepherd told everyone about what happened to Don Quixote

Three leagues from this valley is a village that, though small, is one of the richest in all these surroundings; in which there lived a farmer very honest, and so much so that he was even more so by virtue of the honesty he possessed, rather than the wealth he attained.

But what made him most happy, as he would say, was having a daughter of such extreme beauty, rare discretion, grace, and virtue, that whoever knew her and looked at her was astonished to see the extreme parts with which heaven and nature had enriched her.



As a child, she was beautiful, and she was always growing in beauty, and at the age of sixteen she was incredibly beautiful.

Her beauty began to spread throughout the surrounding villages.

What do I say, by the neighbors alone, if it spread to the remote cities, and even entered through the halls of the kings, and the ears of all kinds of people, that as a strange thing, or as an image of miracles, people came from everywhere to see it? Her father kept it, and she kept it; there are no locks, guards, or latches that better protect a young woman than those of her own modesty.

The father's wealth and the daughter's beauty moved many, both from the town and strangers, to ask for her in marriage; but he, as it was fitting for him to dispose of such a rich jewel, was perplexed, not knowing to whom he should give her among the countless who bothered him.

And among many who had such good wishes for me, I was one, to whom it was given to know that the father was aware of who I was, the natural being of the same people, clean in blood, in the flourishing age, in the very rich estate, and in the mind no less finished.

With all these same parts, another from the same town also asked for it, which was the cause of suspending and weighing the will of the father, who seemed to have his daughter well occupied with any of us; and, due to this confusion, he decided to tell it to Leandra, who that rich woman was called, who has put me in this misery, warning that, since we were both equal, it was well to let his beloved daughter choose as she liked; a thing worthy of imitation for all fathers who wish to put their children in a state.

I'm not saying they're given a choice in bad and nasty things, but they're presented with good ones, and they choose them to their liking.

I don't know who Leandra had; I only know that her father kept us both occupied with her young age and with vague words, neither forcing us nor preventing us from doing so.

Call my competitor Anselmo, and I Eugenio, because you come with news of the names of the people contained in this tragedy, whose end is still pending; but it is well understood that it must be disastrous. In this season, a Vicente de la Roca came to our town, son of a poor farmer from the same place; this Vicente came from Italy and other various parts, having been a soldier.

I took him from our place, when he was a boy up to twelve years old, a captain who, with his company there, managed to spend it, and the boy from there returned, at twelve, dressed as a soldier, painted with a thousand colors, full of thousand crystal beads and subtle steel chains.

Today a gala is being put on and another tomorrow; but all of them subtle, painted, light, and with little substance.

The working people, who are already malicious, and given leisure, cultivate that malice, I noticed, and recounted them point by point, their gowns and plumes, and found that there were three, of different colors, with their stockings and hose; but he made so many disguises and inventions with them, that if they were not counted, someone would swear he had shown off more than ten pairs of dresses and more than twenty plumes.

And it doesn't seem rude or excessive to be talking about dresses, because they play a good part in this story.

It was sitting on a bench beneath a large oak tree in our square, and there we all had our mouths open, listening to the stories the hares were telling us.

There was no land in the world that he had not seen, nor battle where he had not been found; he had died more times than Morocco and Tunis, and faced more singular challenges, according to him, than Ghent and Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others he named; and from all of them he had emerged with victory, without a single drop of blood having been spilled.

On the other hand, it showed signs of wounds that, although not visible, made it clear that they were musket shots fired in various encounters and factions.

Finally, with an unprecedented arrogance, he called you to his equals and those who knew him, and he said that his father was his arm, his lineage his works, and that beneath being a soldier, the king owed him nothing.

He added to these airs a little music and playing guitar in the style of tear, as some said, making her talk; but they didn't stop there in their gratitude; that she also had the gift of poet, and so, from every childhood that passed through the town, she composed a romance a

league and a half long in writing.

This soldier, that is, Vicente de la Roca, this brave man, this gentleman, this musician, this poet, was seen and observed many times by Leandra, from a window of his house that overlooked the square. I was enchanted by the paste of her showy dresses; her romances, which he composed from each one, delighted her; the jokes he referred to himself with reached her ears, and, finally, that thus the devil must have ordered it, she came to fall in love with him, before even suspicion of flattering her was born in him.

And as in cases of love, none is more easily fulfilled than that of he who has the lady's desire, Leandra and Vicente arranged themselves readily, and before any of their many suitors realized their wish, she had already satisfied him, having left her father's beloved and cherished home, which her mother does not hold, and departing from the village with the soldier, who left with more triumph from this undertaking than from all the many he undertook.

I admired the event for the whole village, and even for all those who had the news; I remained suspended, Anselmo astonished, the father sad, his relatives offended, solicitous of justice, the cowboys ready; they took the roads, searched the forests and everything, and after three days they found the capricious Leandra in a cave in a hill, naked except for a shirt, without many coins and precious jewels that she had taken from her house.

He brought her before the wounded father; he questioned her about her misfortune; she confessed without pressure that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and beneath his word that he was her husband, he persuaded her to leave her father's house; that he would take her to the richest and most sinful city in the entire universe, which was Naples; and that, misled and worse deceived, she had believed him; and, robbing her father, he delivered her to her on the same night that she had disappeared; and that he took her to a harsh mountain and imprisoned her in that cave where she had been found.

I also learned how the soldier, without taking away his honor, stole everything she had, and left her in that cave, and then he left: an event that once again amazed everyone.

It was hard to believe the boy's composure; but she affirmed it with so much conviction that it became part of the distraught father's comfort, not noticing the riches brought to him, since she had left her daughter with the jewel that, once lost, leaves no hope of ever being recovered.

On the same day that Leandra noticed her father's disappearance from our sight, she took her to a monastery in a town nearby, hoping that time would diminish some of the bad opinion her daughter had formed.

Leandra's few years had served as an excuse for her fault, at least with those who had no interest in whether she was good or bad; but those who knew her discretion and much understanding did not attribute her sin to ignorance, but to her audacity and the natural inclination of women, who, for the most part, is often impertinent and poorly composed.

Encased Leandra, Anselmo's eyes were blinded, at least with nothing to look at that pleased him; mine in darkness, without any light guiding it to anything pleasing; with Leandra's absence, our sadness grew, our patience waned, we cursed the soldier's festivities and abhorred the little respect of Leandra's father.

Finally, Anselmo and I agreed to leave the village and come to this valley, where he grazed a large number of his own sheep, and I a numerous herd of goats, also mine, we spent our lives among the trees, giving way to our passions, or singing together hymns or complaints about the beautiful Leandra, or sighing alone and apart, communicating with the heavens our quarrels.

Like us, many other suitors of Leandra have come to these harsh mountains using the same exercise; and there are so many, that it seems this place has become pastoral Arcadia, according to this abundance of shepherds and of grazing grounds, and there is no part where Leandra's name is not heard

She curses her, calling her greedy and dishonest, condemning her for being easy and light; thus she absolves and forgives her, and thus justice and malice revile her; one celebrates her beauty, another denounces her condition, and, in short, everyone dishonors her, and everyone adores her, and from all this extends such madness that some complain of infidelity without having ever spoken it, and even one laments and feels the furious disease of envy, which she has never given to anyone, because, as I

have already said, her sin was known before her desire.

There is no rock crevice, no stream margin, no tree shade that is not occupied by some shepherd who recounts his misfortunes to the wind; the echo repeats the name of Leandra wherever it can form; Leandra resounds in the mountains, Leandra murmurs in the streams, and Leandra holds us all suspended and enchanted, waiting without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear.

Among these eccentrics, the one who shows the least judgment is my competitor Anselmo, who, despite having so many things to complain about, only complains about absence; and to the tune of a rabel, which he plays admirably, with verses where he shows his good understanding, singing his complaints.

I follow another easier path, and in my opinion the most successful one, which is to speak ill of the lightness of women, of their inconsistency, of their double treatment, of their dead promises, of their broken faith, and, finally, of their lack of discernment in expressing their thoughts and intentions.

And this was the occasion, gentlemen, for the words and reasons I spoke to this goat when it arrived; that because she is a female, I have her in little, though she is the best of my entire herd.

This is the story I promised to tell you.

If I have been careful in telling you, I won't be brief in serving you; near here I have my dairy, and in it I have fresh milk and very tasty cheese, with several other fruits, equally pleasing to the eye as to the taste.

Chapter 52: Of the indebtedness that Don Quixote had with the shepherd, with the strange adventure of the deceivers, to whom he gave a happy end at the cost of his sweat.

General pleasure caused the shepherd's story to all who had heard it, especially the canon, who with strange curiosity noted the way he had told it, so far from appearing rustic shepherd as close to showing himself a discreet courtier; and so, he said that the priest had said very well that the mountains bred scholars.

Everyone offered themselves to Eugenio; but the one who was most liberal in this was Don Quixote, who said to him:

By the way, you stubborn brother, if I were ever able to begin some adventure, and then later set out because you desired it to be good; I would take you out of the monastery, where, without a doubt, she is held there against her will, to Leandra, despite the abbess and all who wished to hinder it, and I would place her in your hands, so that you would treat her according to your will and temperament, keeping, however, the laws of chivalry, which command that no maiden be subjected to any impropriety; although I hope in God our Lord that the force of a malicious sorcerer will not be so strong that the force of a better-intentioned sorcerer cannot prevail, and at that time I promise you my favor and assistance, as my profession obligates me, which is none other than to aid the unfortunate and needy.

Look at the shepherd, and because he had seen Don Quixote with such poor hair and constitution, he was astonished, and he asked the barber, who was near him:

Sir, who is this man, what is his size, and how does he speak?

"Who else could it be," the barber replied, "but none other than the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha." defamer of wrongs, straightener of lies, protector of maidens, astonishment of giants, and victor of battles?

"That seems to me," the shepherd replied, "as it reads in the books of wandering knights, who did all that your gracious lords say; since I have, or your gracious lords mock, or this gentleman must have empty rooms in his head."

You're a colossal liar –said Don Quixote to this scoundrel–, and you are the emptiness and the weakling; I am fuller than ever since the damned whore you were born to.

And saying and doing, he snatched a loaf from beside him, and hurled it at the shepherd with such fury that he struck him in the face; he seized him by the nostrils; but the shepherd, who knew nothing of mockery, seeing how severely he was tormented, without respect for the saddle or the tablecloths or all those who were eating, leaped upon Don Quixote and, seizing him by the neck with both hands, he doubted not that he would drown, unless Sancho Panza arrived at that point, and seized him by the back, and hit him on the table, breaking plates, smashing cups and spilling everything that was on it.

Don Quixote, seeing himself free, went to climb upon the lamb; which, with its face full of blood, and ground to pieces by Sancho's boots, was seeking at a run for some knife from the table to wreak some bloody vengeance; but the canon and the priest hindered him; however, the barber managed it so that the lamb caught hold of Don Quixote underneath it, upon whom fell such a quantity of water that the poor knight's face was drenched in blood as much as his own.

The canon and the priest were roaring with laughter, the quadrille dancers leaped with joy, they teased and jostled each other as dogs do when caught in the act, while only Sancho Panza despaired, because he couldn't get rid of a servant of the canon who was hindering his master from receiving help. In resolution, with everyone rejoicing and celebrating, except the two brawlers who were being captured, they heard the sound of a trumpet, so sad that it made them turn their faces towards where it seemed to be coming from; but the one who most agitated himself at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, although he was beneath the lamb, against his will and more than moderately stunned, said:

Wicked brother, it's not possible that you would stop being so, since you've had courage and strength to hold me, beg you to make a truce, no more than for an hour; because the painful sound of that trumpet that reaches our ears seems to call us to a new adventure.

The shepherd, who was already tired of grinding and being ground, then left him, and Don Quixote got up, returning his face to where the music was heard, and saw that at that moment many men dressed in white were descending from a corner, as if they were disciplinarians.

It was the case that in that year the clouds had denied their dew to the earth, and processions, vigils, and disciplines were made throughout all the places of that region, begging God to open the hands of his mercy and let it rain upon them; and for this purpose the people of one village nearby came in procession to a devout hermitage that was in a recess of that valley.

Don Quixote, seeing the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recalling the many times he had seen them, imagined it was a matter of adventure, and that it was his part, as a knight-errant, to attack them; and he confirmed this imagination further by thinking that an image carried covered in mourning must be some principal lady who were forced to wear those baggy and disheveled ruffians, and as this fell into his mind, he spurred Rocinante, who was walking patiently, releasing from the shackle the brake and the lance, and at one point he stopped him; and asking Sancho for his sword, he mounted Rocinante and gripped his lance, and said aloud to all those present:

Now, noble company, you shall see how important it is to have knights who profess the order of wandering chivalry; now I say to you, behold, in the freedom of that good lady who goes there captive, whether knights of wandering chivalry are to be esteemed.

And saying this, he tightened Rocinante's thighs, for he had no spurs, and at a gallop, as a running start cannot be read in this true story that Rocinante himself would never have believed, he went to meet the disciplinants, with the curate and the canon and the barber to stop him; but it was not possible, nor did the voices that Sancho gave him stop him, saying:

Where are you going, Sir Don Quixote? What devilry do you carry in your chest that incites you to go against our Catholic faith? Mark me, foul soul, that it is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady they carry on the platform is the blessed image of the Virgin without stain; look, sir, what he is doing; for this time it can be said that it is not what he knows.

You waste your efforts, Sancho; for your master was so set on reaching the feasts and freeing the grieving lady, that he wouldn't hear a word; and even if he did, he wouldn't return if the king ordered it. I arrived, therefore, at the procession, and halted Rocinante, who had already harbored a desire to rest a little, and with a troubled and hoarse voice, he said:

You, who, perhaps because you are not good, hide your faces, listen and heed what I say to you.

The first to stop were those the image carried; and one of the four clerics who sang the litanies, seeing the strange state of Don

Quijote, the weakness of Rocinante and other laughable circumstances that I observed and discovered in Don Quixote, replied:

Mr. brother, if you want to say something, say it quickly, because these brothers are starting to reveal their intentions, and we can't, nor is it reasonable that we stop to hear anything, if it's not already brief, so it can be said in two words.

"In one I'll say it," replied Don Quixote, "and this is it: that you leave that beautiful lady free at once, whose tears and sad appearance clearly show that she is being opposed against her will and that some notorious rogue has done it; and I, who was born into the world to undo such wrongs, will not allow a single step forward without giving her the desired freedom she deserves."

In these reasons, everyone who heard them believed that Don Quixote must have been some crazy man, and they laughed about it greatly; this laughter put gunpowder to the anger of Don Quixote, because, without saying more, drawing his sword, he charged at the windmills.

One of those who carried them, leaving the load for their companions, rode up to Don Quixote, brandishing a forked stick with which he supported the pack while it rested; and receiving in it a great cut from Don Quixote, who split it into two parts, with the last third remaining in his hand, he struck Don Quixote with such force on the shoulder, on the same side as the sword, that he could not protect the cuirass; the poor Don Quixote fell to the ground in a very bad state.

Sancho Panza, puffing and panting as he reached for them, seeing him fall, shouted to his grinder not to give him another stick, because he was a poor knight enchanted, who hadn't done anyone any harm in all the days of his life.

What stopped the villain was not Sancho's voices, but seeing that Don Quixote had no foot nor hand; and so, believing he had been killed, he quickly raised his tunic to the belt and fled by the bell as a fawn.

As they arrived at that place, everyone from the company of Don Quixote had reached him; but those of the procession, seeing them come running, along with the entertainers with their crossbows, feared some misfortune, and they all spun around the image; with their helmets raised, wielding their disciplines, and the clerics their chalices, they awaited the assault with determination to defend themselves, and even to offend, if they could, their assailants; but fortune made it better than was thought, because Sancho did nothing other than throw himself upon the body of his lord, causing upon him the most painful and resounding cry in the world, believing he was dead.

The priest was known to another priest who had come in the procession; whose knowledge calmed the apprehended fear of the two squadrons.

The first priest told the second man, on two accounts, who Don Quixote was, and thus he and the whole crowd of pupils went to see if the poor knight was dead, and they heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, saying:

Oh flower of chivalry, who with but a single thrust ended the career of your well-spent years! Oh honor of your lineage, honor and glory of all of Kent, and even of the whole world, which, lacking you within it, would be filled with wickedness, without fear of being punished for its misdeeds! Oh liberal among all Alexanders, for in just eight months of service you had given me the finest island that the sea ships! Oh humble with the proud and arrogant with the humble, daring of perils, suffering of affronts, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourge of the bad, enemy of the vile, in short, a wandering knight, that is all that can be said!

With the voices and groans of Sancho, Don Quijote revived, and the first word he said was:

He who lives absent, sweet Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than this.

Help me, Sancho, my friend, to get myself onto Don Quixote's chariot; I can no longer bear to press down on Rocinante's saddle, because I've made this shoulder into splinters.

I'll do it willingly, my lord – Sancho replied –, and we return to my village, in the company of these lords who wish us well, and there we will order another expedition that will be more profitable and famous for us.

"Well said, Sancho – replied Don Quixote –, and it will be great wisdom to let pass the evil influence of the stars that now runs."

The canon and the priest and barber told him that he would do very well if he did as they said; and so, having received great pleasure from the simplicity of Sancho Panza, they put Don Quixote in the cart, as he had come before.

The procession was reordered and continued on its way; the shepherd said goodbye to everyone; the musicians didn't want to move forward, and the priest paid them what was owed to them.

The canon asked the priest to inform him of Don Quixote's progress, whether he recovered from his madness or continued in it, and with this, he took leave to continue his journey.

In the end, everyone dispersed and moved away, leaving only the priest and barber, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and the good Rocinante, who was as patient with everything he had seen as his master.

The blacksmith started his oxen and arranged Don Quixote upon a bundle of hay, and with his usual cheerfulness he followed the road that the priest desired. After six days they arrived at Don Quixote's village, where they entered in the middle of the day, which proved to be Sunday, and the people were all in the square, across the middle of which Don Quixote's cart passed.

Everyone went to see what was in the wagon, and when they saw their compatriot, they were amazed, and a boy ran off to tell his governess and his niece that his uncle and their landlord were coming thin and yellow, lying on a pile of hay and on a cart pulled by oxen.

It was a pity to hear the screams the two good ladies raised, the slaps they gave, the curses they once again hurled at the cursed books of chivalry, all of which was renewed when Don Quixote entered through their doors.

The wife of Sancho Panza attended the arrival of Don Quixote, who had already known that he had gone with him serving as his squire, and as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked was whether the donkey was good.

Sancho replied that he was better than his master.

"Thanks be to God—she replied—for so much good he has done me; but tell me, friend: what good have you gotten out of your stables? What Saboyana do you bring me? What shoes do you bring to your children?"

"I don't bring anything for that," said Sancho, "woman, although I bring other things of greater moment and consideration."

"I'm very pleased to hear that," the woman replied: "show me those things with more consideration and more time, my friend; I want to see them, so that my heart, which has been so sad and dissatisfied in all your absences, can be happy."

"I'll show them to you at home, woman," said Panza, "and for now, be content; that being God's will that we once again set out on a journey to seek adventures, you will soon see me, Count, or governor of an island, and not of those over there, but the best that can be found."

Strike it like that, my love; we so sorely need it.

Tell me: what is it about islets, that I don't understand?

—It's not honey for an ass's mouth—Sancho replied;—You'll see it in good time, woman, and you'll even admire my lordship of all your vassals.

"What are you saying, Sancho," replied Juana Panza, who that woman was called, though they were not relatives, but because it's customary in La Mancha for women to take their husbands' surnames." Don't sugarcoat it, Juana, just to know all this so easily; it's enough that I tell you the truth, and shut your mouth.

I could only tell you, as a matter of fact, that there is nothing more pleasurable in the world than being an honest squire to a wandering knight seeking adventure.

It is true that those that are found are not so pleasing as the man wished, because of one hundred, ninety-nine usually come out crooked and twisted.

Only I, from experience, because some I've come out unscathed, and of others pulverized; but, with all that, it's a lovely thing to wait for events unfolding through mountains, scouting jungles, stepping on stones, visiting castles, lodging in inns at will, without offering the money to the devil.

All these matters passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Juana Panza, while the housekeeper and niece of Don Quijote received him, undressed him, and laid him in his old bed.

He looked at her with piercing eyes, and he couldn't quite grasp where he was.

The priest instructed his niece to be very careful when giving her uncle a gift, and to be watchful that it did not escape her again, recounting what had been needed to bring it home.

Here they raised the cries again to the sky; there were renewed the curses of the books of chivalry; there they begged the heavens to confuse in the center of the abyss the authors of so many lies and nonsense.

Finally, they were confused and fearful that they would see him and their uncle in the same state as he had gained some improvement, and so they imagined him.

But the author of this story, having sought with curiosity and diligence the facts of Don Quixote's third outing, has been unable to find any news of them, at least according to authentic documents; only fame has preserved, in the memories of La Mancha, that Don Quixote, on his third departure from his home, went to Zaragoza, where he found famous tournaments held in that city, and there he experienced things worthy of his valor and good understanding.

Neither his end nor his finish could reach anything, nor would he reach it, nor would he know if good fortune wouldn't offer him an old physician who possessed a lead box, which, as he said, had been found in the foundations of a ruined ancient hermitage that was being rebuilt; in which box there were found some scrolls written in Gothic letters, but in Castilian verses, which contained many of his adventures and gave news of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rocinante, the loyalty of Sancho Panza, and the burial of the same Don Quixote, with different epitaphs and praises of his life and customs.

And those who were able to read and correct them are the ones that here the reliable author of this new and never-before-seen history puts forth.

which author does not ask of those who read it, as a reward for the immense work that it cost him to inquire and search through all the Manchegan archives, to bring it to light, but rather to give it the same credit that they usually give it

dismissing chivalric books, which are so valid in the world; with this, it will be considered well-paid and satisfactory, and one will be encouraged to draw and seek others, even if not so true, at least as an invention and pastime.

The first words written on the parchment found in the lead box were these:

The Academics of Argamasilla, the place of La Mancha, in his life and death, the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha.

These were written by

The Moncongón, Academician of the Argamasilla to the Tomb of Don Quixote

Inscription

The star thistle that adorned La Mancha

more ravaged than Jason of Crete

the wind vane's trial

sharp where it was better wide.

the arm that expands so much of her strength

It arrived from Catay to Gaeta.

the most hideous and most discreet muse

I record verses in brass plate.

The Amadis left the matter unresolved.

and very little to Galaos had.

striving in their love and eccentricity

he who silenced the Belianises

He who rode on Rocinante, wandering.

lies beneath this tile.

Del Paniaguado, Academic of Argamasilla, In Praise of Dulcinea del Toboso

Sonnet

This face, disheveled and furrowed

high, bulging breasts

Dulcinea, queen of Toboso.

Who was the great Quixote fan.

He paid on both sides.

from the Great Sierra Negra, and the famous

Montiel field, until the herbaceous

Aranjuez plain, on foot and tired.

Rocinante's fault.

Oh, fierce star!

this Manchegan lady, and this invitation

gentle gentleman, in tender years  
She left, dying, to be beautiful.  
and he, though etched in marble,  
could not escape, of love, anger, and deceit.  
From the capricious, discreet academic of Argamasilla, in the shade of Rocinante, the horse of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

#### Sonnet

On the magnificent diamond throne  
with bloody plants mark Mars, frenetic the Manchego trembles his banner with laborious effort.  
Hang up your arms and your fine steel.  
With which he destroys, burns, chops, and breaks: new feats!, but invents the art.  
a new style for the new paladin  
And if Gaula prides itself on its Amadís,  
for whose brave descendants Greece triumphed a thousand times and its fame expanded.  
Today, Quijote is crowned in the classroom.  
Do Belona preside, and he glories in it.  
More than Greece nor the Gaule, the high Manche.  
Your glories never stain the oblivion.  
even Rocinante, in being a warhorse,  
exceeds Brilladoro and Bayardo.  
From the Jesters of the Duke of Xylona to Sancho Panza

#### Sonnet

Sancho Panza is this, in a small frame.  
but great in value, a strange miracle!  
The simplest and most straightforward.  
what the world has seen, I swear and certify.  
Being a count wasn't a small thing.  
if they weren't conjured in their harm  
the arrogance and offenses of the Tacan■o  
era, that hasn't forgiven a donkey.  
A man was riding on him (to be honest, it's a lie).  
this gentle squire, after the gentle  
Rocinante and his owner.  
Oh, hopes of the people!  
How are you with promising rest,  
and finally paradise in shadow, in smoke, in dream  
Del Cachidiablo, Academic of the Argamasilla, in the tomb of Don Quixote

#### Inscription

Here lies the well-grounded and badly behaving knight.  
To whom I lead Rocinante on one and other road.  
Sancho Panza the shopkeeper lay beside him, the most faithful squire.  
the way the scullery worker handled it.  
From the Titicoco, Academic of Algamassilla, in the sepulchre of Dulcinea del Toboso.

#### Inscription

Rest here, Dulcinea;  
And, though of rich meats, it turned her into dust and ashes, the terrible and hideous death.  
It was of Iberian breed.  
and she showed signs of a lady; she was inspired by the great Don Quixote, and she was glory of her village.  
These were the verses that could be read; the others, because the writing was decayed, were entrusted to an academic to declare them based on conjecture.  
He has reason to be pleased about it, at the cost of many watches and much work, and he intends to bring it to light, with hope for Don Quixote's third outing.



Maybe others play with better picks.  
The End