

Don Quixote de la Mancha
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

First Part

CHAPTER 1: Concerning the condition and exercise of the famous Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha

In a place of La Mancha, of whose name I don't wish to speak, not long ago lived a gentleman of the kind who carries lance in the shipyards, old adarga, lean hidalgo, and swift greyhound. A pot of something more beef than mutton, parsley on the most nights, duels and lamentations on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, some palomino horse on Sundays, consumed most of his estate. The remainder he concluded with sayo of Velarte, velvet breeches for festivals with their matching velvet slippers, and on weekdays he honored himself with his velvet of the finest quality. He had in his house a maid who passed beyond forty, and a niece who didn't reach twenty, and a young field and riding man, who saddled the greyhound as well as he took the wine press. Our hidalgo's age was thirty-five, he was of stout build, lean of flesh, thin of face; a great early riser and friend of the hunt. They mean he had the nickname of Quijada or Quesada (there is some difference in the authors who write this case), but by plausible conjecture it is understood that he is called Quijana; but this matters little to our story; it is enough that in the narration he does not stray from the truth. Therefore, it is to be known that this aforementioned hidalgo, when he was idle (which were the most of the year) he would read books of chivalry with such passion and pleasure, that he almost forgot the exercise of the hunt, and even the administration of his estate; and his curiosity and foolishness reached such a point that he sold many estates for sowing, to buy books of chivalry in which to read; and thus he brought home all that he could have had. And of all, none seemed so good 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 when he came to read those rebukes and letters of challenge, where he found many times written: the reason of the absurd that is made against my reason, so that my reason weakens, that with reason I complain of your firmness, and even when he read: the high heavens that fortify you with the stars with divine things, and make you worthy of the merit that is worthy of your greatness. With these and similar reasons the poor knight lost his judgment, and was bewildered in trying to understand them, and to unravel their meaning, which he could not take out, nor the same Aristotle understand them, if he were to rise for that alone. It was not well with him because of the wounds that Don Belianis gave and received, because he imagined that because of great masters who had cured him, he would not have the face and the whole body full of scars and signs; but with all he praised his author for ending his book with the promise of that endless adventure, and many times he had desire to take the pen, and give it an end by the letter as there it is promised; and without any doubt he would do it, and even come out with it, if other greater and continuous thoughts did not disturb him.

He often competed with the priest of his parish (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 position for everything; he was not a dainty knight, nor so tearful as his brother, and in regard 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 murkiness after murkiness, and from so little sleep and so much reading, his brain dried up, so that he lost his judgment. He was filled with fantasy regarding all that he read in the books, such enchantments, as of entanglements, battles, challenges, wounds, vicissitudes, loves, storms, and impossible follies, and it settled so firmly in his imagination that it was true all that machine of those dreamed inventions he read, for him there was none other.

The most true story in the world.

The boy, who had been a very good knight by Cid Ruy Diaz; but it had nothing to do with the knight of the fiery sword, who with just one pass had parted two fierce and enormous giants. He was better with Bernardo del Carpio, because Roland the enchanted had died at Roncevalles, using the industry of Hercules, when he drowned Anteo, the son of Earth, in his arms. He spoke much well of the giant Morgante, because despite being of that gigantic generation, all of them are proud and disordered, he alone was amiable and well-bred; but above all he was well with Reinaldos of Montalban, and more when he saw him leave from his castle and steal all he encountered, and when in Allende he stole that idol of Mahomet, which was all of gold, according to his story. He would give, to give a hand of helmets to the traitor Galohon, to the wife that he had and even to his niece of seven years old.

Indeed, having concluded his trial, it occurred to him the strangest thought he had ever entertained in the world, and it seemed to him advisable and necessary, both for the enhancement of his honor and for the service of his republic, to become a wandering knight and to travel throughout the world with his arms and horse in search of adventures, and to practice all that he had read concerning what wandering knights practiced, undoing all kinds of wrongs and placing himself in situations and dangers, which, having overcome them, would earn him eternal fame and renown.

He imagined himself already valued for the worth of his arm, at least to the extent of the Trapsonda Empire; and with these so agreeable thoughts, carried away by a strange liking for them, he hastened to put into effect what he desired. And the first thing he did was to clean some arms, which had belonged to his great-grandfathers, which, originally taken and full of mold, had been lying for centuries, set aside and forgotten in a corner. He cleaned them and adorned them as best he could; but he noticed they lacked one thing, and that was inlaying, being merely plain; but to this he countered with his industry, for he made a fashion of half-inlaid panels, which, fitted into the mold, gave the appearance of a complete inlay. It is true that to test if they were strong, and could stand the risk of a thrust, he drew out his sword, and gave two blows, and with the first and in a spot he ruined what he had done in a week; and he ceased to think it a bad thing that it had broken so easily, and to ensure himself of this danger, he made it again, putting in bars of iron from the inside in such a way that he was satisfied with its strength; and without wanting to make new experience of it, he argued and considered it fully inlaid. He then went to see his donkey, though he had more rooms than a royal, and more hairs than Gonela's horse, which was skin and bone, he thought that neither the Bucephalus of Alexander, nor Babiche of the Cid with him were equal. Four days he spent imagining what name he could give it; because, as he told himself, it was unreasonable that such a famous and good knight should be without a known name; and so he endeavored to fit it, so that it declared who he had been, before he was a knight-errant, and what he was then; for he was very sure that changing his state, he would also change his name; and it would gain him fame and with a great commotion, as was appropriate to the new order and the new exercise that he already practiced; and so after many names which he formed, erased and removed, added, dismantled and made again in his memory and imagination, it finally came to call him Rocinante, a name, to his liking, high, sonorous and significant of what he had been when he was Rocinante, before he was what he now was, which was before and first of all the rocines of the world. Having given a name and to his liking to his horse, he wanted to give himself the same name, and in this thought, he lasted eight more days, and at the end it came to call him Don Quixote, from where, as has been said, took occasion the authors of this so true story, that without doubt it should have been called Quijada, and not Quesada as others wanted to say. But remembering that the valiant Amadis, had not only been satisfied with calling himself Amadis, but had added the name of his kingdom and homeland, to make it famous, and he called himself Amadis de Gaula, so he wanted, as a good knight, to add his own the name of his own, and to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha, with which, to his liking, he declared very lively his

lineage and homeland, and he honored it by taking its surname.

So he cleaned his weapons, concealed by the morion, named his spray, and confirming himself, he made it understood that he lacked nothing but to seek a lady to fall in love with, for the knight-errant without loves was a tree without leaves and without fruit, and a body without soul. He said: if by bad deeds of my sins, or by my good fortune, I find myself here with someone like a giant, as ordinarily happens to knights-errant, and I overthrow him with a single encounter, or I split him in half, or finally, I overcome him and surrender him, shall it not be good to have someone to send him presented, and that he enters and kneels before my sweet lady, and says with humble and surrendered voice: I, señora, am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, whom D. Quijote of La Mancha, knight-errant, never as much as he should be praised, defeated in a singular battle, who commanded me to present myself before your mercy, so that your greatness arranges for me to be like him? Oh, how did our good knight swallow it, when he had made this speech, and more when he found someone to name his lady! And it was, as one believes, that in a place near his own there was a peasant girl of very good appearance, whom he had loved for a time, although as is understood, she never knew it or realized it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and it seemed good to give her the title of lady of his thoughts; and seeking a name that did not far depart from his own, and that turned and headed towards the name of princess and great lady, he called her Dulcinea of the Toboso, because she was from the Toboso, name to his liking musical and foreign and significant, as all the others that he had placed with him and his things.

Chapter 2: What concerns the first journey that the ingenious Don Quixote made from his homeland

Thus, having made these precautions, he did not wish to wait longer to put his thought into effect, and the lack he felt he had in the world, his tardiness, pressed him to do so, according to the wrongs he thought to redress, the crooked things he wished to straighten, the absurdities he wanted to amend, the abuses he hoped to improve, and the debts he intended to satisfy; and so, without giving notice to anyone of his intention, and without anyone seeing him, one morning, (which was one of the hot days of July), he armed himself with all his weapons, mounted Rocinante, with his poorly composed helmet, he braced his lance, he took up his sword, and through the false door of a courtyard, he went out into the field with great joy and delight at seeing how easily he had begun his good endeavor. But as soon as he was seen in the field, a terrible thought assailed him, such that it almost made him abandon his begun enterprise: and it was that it occurred to him that he was not a knight armed, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, neither could nor should he take up arms with any knight; and since he was to be one, he must carry white arms, like a novice knight, without enterprise on his shield, until by his effort he won it.

These thoughts made him hesitate in his purpose; but, being more mad than reason, he proposed to have himself armed with the first knight he encountered, to imitate others who had done so, as he had read in books that such was their custom. Regarding the white arms, he thought to cleanse them in such a way, in having them be more than a knight's, and with this he stopped and continued his path, without carrying anything other than what his horse wanted, believing that this was the strength of adventures. Going, therefore, walking our newly minted adventurer, he would talk to himself, and say: "Who doubts that in the coming times, when the true history of my famous deeds comes to light, the wise one who writes them will, when he comes to tell this my first outing so plainly, in this way? 'No sooner had the plump Apollo laid down upon the face of the wide and spacious earth the golden threads of his beautiful hair, and no sooner had the small and painted birds with their sharp tongues greeted with sweet and melodious harmony the arrival of the rosy dawn that, leaving the soft bed of the jealous husband, through the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, appeared to mortals, when the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, leaving the idle feathers, mounted on his famous horse Rocinante, and began to walk through the old and known field of Montiel.'" (And it was the truth that he was walking) and added saying: "Blessed age and blessed century that will see the light of my famous pranks, worthy of being engraved in bronze, sculpted in marble, and painted on tablets for memory in the future. Oh you, wise enchantor, whoever you may be, who is to touch the being of this peregrine history! Beg you not to forget my good Rocinante, companion eternal mine in all my paths and races." Then he would return saying, as if truly enamored: "Oh, Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart! Much offense you have done me in saying farewell and blaming me with the rigorous diligence of not appearing before your beauty. Pray you to remember of this your captive heart, that suffers so many cares for your love."

With these he strung out other absurdities, all in the manner of those his books had taught him, imitating as much as he could his language; and with this he walked so briskly, and the sun entered so readily and with so much fervor, that it was enough to melt one's wits, if some had them. Almost the whole day he walked without anything happening to him that was worth recounting, of which he despaired, for he wanted to encounter someone with whom to test 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 as I have found written in the annals of the Manche, is that he walked all that day, and at dusk, his horse and he found themselves tired.

dying of hunger; and looking around everywhere to see if someone would discover a castle or a shepherd's encampment where they could take refuge, and where they might remedy their great need, he saw, not far from the road he was traveling, a tavern, which was as if he were seeing a star, guiding him to the portals, if not to the palaces of his redemption; he hurried to walk, and arrived there just as night fell. There were perhaps two young women at the door, those who call themselves from the party, who were going to Seville with muleteers, who that night happened to have made a day's journey; and as to our adventurer, everything he thought of, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and pass in the manner of what he had read, once he saw the tavern, it seemed to him to be a castle with its four towers and gilded silver battlements, without lacking its drawbridge and deep moat, with all those accessories that similar castles are depicted with.

He was approaching the inn (which seemed to him a castle), and after a short distance he reined in Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would appear at the ramparts to sound a trumpet announcing the arrival of a knight at the castle; but as he saw that they were delayed, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stables, he arrived at the door of the inn, and saw the two maids who were there, who seemed to him to be two beautiful maidens, or two graceful ladies, who were amusing themselves in front of the castle door. In this, it happened that a pig farmer, who was gathering a herd of pigs (which, forgive me, are called that way), sounded a horn, to which they responded, and instantly he showed Don Quixote what he desired, that is, that some dwarf was signaling his arrival, and so, with strange contentment, he arrived at the inn and at the ladies, who, seeing a man of that sort armed, and with lance and shield, filled with fear were going to enter the inn; but Don Quixote, perceiving their fear from their flight, raised his paper visor and revealed his dry and dusty face, with gentle bearing and calm voice, he said to them: "Do not flee your mercies, nor fear any offense, since it does not belong to my order of chivalry to inflict it on anyone, much less on such beautiful maidens, as your presence demonstrates." The maids looked at him and wandered looking for his face that the bad visor concealed; but as they heard them called "maidens," such a thing outside of their profession, they could not hold back laughter, and it was such that Don Quixote came to run and tell them: "It seems prudent to the beautiful, and it is much foolishness besides the laughter that proceeds lightly; but I do not tell you this because you offend or show bad character, for mine is not of one who serves 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 at that point did not appear the tavern keeper, a man who, being very fat, was very patient, who, seeing that distorted figure, armed with such unequal weapons – the bridle, lance, javelin, and haberclipe – was in nothing to accompany the maidens in their displays of joy; but, indeed, fearing the machine of so many arms, he determined to speak to him modestly, and thus he said: if your lordship, knight, seeks lodging, dismiss the bed (for there is none in this inn), all

the rest will be found there in great abundance. Seeing Don Quixote the alcaide's humility of the fortress (which seemed to him so much to the tavern keeper and the inn), he replied: for me, sir Spanish, anything suffices, because my arms are the weapons, my rest is to fight, etc.

The guest thought that having called him "Castilian" had been because he had seemed to him like a man from the breasts of Castile, although he was Andalusian and from the beach of Sanlúcar, no less a thief than Caco, nor less a scoundrel than a student or page. And so he replied: "According to that, your beds will be hard punishments, and your sleeping always vigilant; and being so, one can certainly reckon on finding in this shack occasions and occasions to not sleep for a whole year, much less in one night." And saying this, he went to have a word with Don Quixote on his horse, who climbed on with much difficulty and labor, as if he had not had breakfast that day.

Because it was the best piece that ate bread in the world. He looked at the stall keeper, and it did not seem as good as Don Quixote said, not even half; and accommodating it in the stables, he saw what his guest commanded; and the maids were unmaking it (who had already reconciled with him), those maids, though they had taken off his waistcoat and shoulder-apron, never knew nor could they detach the spout, nor remove the double-lined trimming, which was tied with green ribbons, and it was necessary to cut them, for one could not remove the knots; but he would not consent to it in any way; and so he remained all that night with the trimming on, which was the most comical and strange figure that one could imagine; and when unmaking him (as he imagined that those straps and leads that unmade him were some principal ladies and dames of that castle), he said to them with great facility:

He never been so well served a knight of ladies as he was when damsels came from his village; maidens cured him, princesses from his Rocinante.

O Rocinante, that is the name, ladies, of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is mine; since I would not wish to reveal myself until the occasion of your service and when you had discovered me, the force of arranging this old romance of Lanzarote for the purpose of making you know my name before all seasons has been the cause that you should know my name; but time will come in which your lordships will send for me, and I will obey, and the value of my arm will discover the desire I have to serve you. The maidens, who were not made to hear such rhetorical language, did not answer a word; they only asked if I would like to eat anything. Anyone would have answered, replied Don Quixote, because to what I understand would do much to the case. He determined it to be Friday that day, and there was in all the stall only a portion of a fish, which in Castile is called herring, and in Andalusia cod, and in other parts dogfish, and in others trout.

They asked him if, by chance, he would have his mercy, Truchuela, who was not another fish to feed her. Since there were many truffles, Don Quixote replied, they could serve one; because that is what I desire, that they give me eight reales in simple pieces, a piece of eight. More than that, it could be that these truffles were like beef, which is better than cow, and kid, that goat is better than the wild goat. But whatever it may be, let us go then, because the work and weight of the arms cannot be carried without the government of the guts. They set the table at the door of the sale for the coolness, and the guest brought him a portion of badly soaked cod, and worse cooked, and a bread so black and greasy as his weapons. But it was a matter of great laughter to see him eat, because as he had the visor set and raised, he could not put anything in his mouth with his hands, unless another gave it to him and put it; and so one of those ladies would be needed for that business; but giving him to drink was not possible, nor would it be if the vendor did not drill a reed, and with one end of the cork in the mouth, with the other, he was pouring the wine. And all this he received with patience, to the misfortune of not breaking the strings of the visor.

While I was in this state, a pig castrator happened to come up for sale, and as it arrived I heard its cane whistle four or five times, by which means Don Quixote confirmed that he was in some famous castle, and that he was served with music, and that the abbot was a trout, the cardinal's bread was made of candles, and the Spanish tavern keeper of the castle; and with this he considered his determination and errand well spent. However, what most fatigued him was not seeing himself knighted, as he thought that he could not legitimately embark on any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

Chapter 3: Where it recounts the amusing way Don Quixote equipped himself as a knight.

And so, weary of that thought, he drained his wine and finished his meager dinner, calling to the waiter, and, drawing near to him in the stables, he knelt before him, saying to him, "I shall never rise from where I am, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me a gift which I desire to ask, which shall redound to your praise and for the good of mankind. The waiter, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such arguments, was bewildered, looking at him, not knowing what to do or what to say, and he urged him to rise; and he never wished it, until he had told him that he granted him the gift he requested. 'I did not expect less of your great magnificence, my lord,' replied Don Quixote; and thus I tell you that the gift you have asked for, and granted to me by your generosity, is that tomorrow, on that day, you shall arm me knight, and tonight in the chapel of this your castle I shall watch over the arms; and tomorrow, as I have said, what I so much desire shall be fulfilled, in order that, as it is proper, I may go through all the four corners of the world seeking adventures for the good of the

needy, as is in charge of chivalry and of wandering knights, as I am, whose desire makes for such fantasies.'

The merchant, as he had said, was a bit of a fool, and already had some inkling of his guest's lack of judgment, when he had just heard such reasons, and in order to have to laugh that night, he decided to follow his humor; 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 pitfalls of Malaga, the islands of Riaran, the company of Seville, the azoguejo of Segovia, the olive grove of Valencia, the roundel of Granada, the beach of Sanlúcar, the colt of Córdoba, and the wells of Toledo, and other diverse places where he had exercised the lightness of his feet and subtlety of his hands, making many crooked, reclaiming many widows, undoing some maidens, and deceiving many pupils, and finally, becoming known by countless audiences and tribunals that are almost throughout Spain; and that at last he had come to collect at that his castle, where he lived with all his estate and with the foreign ones, gathering in him all the knights errant 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 garments in payment of his good will. He also told him that in that his castle there was no chapel where to watch the arms, because it was knocked down to make it anew; but in case of need he knew that they could be watched anywhere, and that he could watch them that night in a courtyard of the castle; that in the morning, being God served, the proper ceremonies would be done in such a way that he would become a knight, and such a knight that he could not be more in the world.

I asked him if they came with money: Don Quixote replied that they did not come with white, because he had never read in the stories of the knights-errant that none of them had ever come with it. To this the innkeeper responded, who was cleverly deceiving: that it was a matter of fact that in the stories it was not written, as it seemed to the authors of them that it was not necessary to write a thing so clear and so necessary to bring, such as money and clean shirts, but that this did not mean one should believe that they had not brought them; and so he would assuredly and ascertained that all the knights-errant (of which so many books are full and crammed) carried their purses badly, and that therefore things might 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 was not that they had some wise sorcerer as friend who then helped them, bringing by the air, in some cloud, a maiden or dwarf with some globular water of such virtue, that by tasting a drop of it, they would immediately

They remained healthy from their sores and wounds, as if none had ever had any; but as long as this had not been, 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 rarely times), they themselves carried everything in very subtle bags, which hardly resembled the horses' panniers, as if it were another matter of greater importance; for by that occasion, this of carrying bags was not very accepted among the riding knights; and for this he gave it as advice (since he could still command it as his ward, who was soon to be), that he did not walk from that time forward without money and without the aforementioned precautions, and that he would see how well he was with them when least thought of. Don Quixote promised him to do what was advised with all punctuality; and so he ordered to watch the arms in a large corral that was beside the inn, and Quixote collected them all and put them on a pile that was beside a well, and embracing his lance, he began to stroll before the pile; and when the walk began, the night began to close.

The merchant told everyone present at the market about his guest, the candle of arms, and the armor of chivalry that was awaiting him. Admiring such an odd kind of madness, they watched him from a distance, and they saw that, with a calm demeanor, he would sometimes stroll, other times leaning on his spear, keeping his eyes on the weapons without taking them off for a good space of time. The night had just ended; but with such clarity of the moon, that it could compete with it, so that everything the new knight did was well seen by everyone.

One of the pack-carriers, taking a fancy to it, went to give water to his party, and it was necessary to remove Don Quijote's arms, which were on the pillar; seeing him approach, he said aloud: "Oh you, whoever you are, bold knight, who come to touch the arms of the most valiant walker who ever held a sword, look at what you are doing, and do not touch them, or you will not leave your life in payment for your audacity!" The pack-carrier did not heed these reasons (and it was better that he should heed them, for it was better to heed them in health); instead, he tightened the straps, threw them a great distance, which Don Quijote seeing, raised his eyes to heaven, and putting his thought (as it seemed to him) into 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 trance in your favor and protection; and saying these and other similar reasons, loosening the lance, he raised the lance with both hands and gave it such a blow to the pack-carrier's head that it knocked him to the ground so badly that, if he had followed with another, he would not have needed a doctor to cure him. Having done this, he collected his arms, and returned to walk with the same composure as before. From there, little by little, it was not known what had happened (because the pack-carrier was still dazed), another arrived with the same intention of giving water to his mules; and when he was about to remove the arms to free the pillar, without speaking a word, Don Quijote, without asking for favor from

anyone, loosened the lance again, raised the lance again, and without breaking it, made more than three blows to the head of the second pack-carrier, because he opened it for four. The noise attracted all the people of the sale, and among them the innkeeper. Seeing this, Don Quijote, regained his spirit with his lance, and said: "Oh, lady of beauty, effort and vigor of my weakened heart, now is the time that you return the eyes of your greatness to this your captive knight, who is attending such an adventure!" With this, he seemed to gather much spirit, so that if all the pack-carriers were to attack him, he would not step back. The companions of the wounded, having seen him like this, began to throw stones at Don Quijote from afar, who, to the best of his ability, defended himself with his lance and did not dare to move away from the pillar for fear of abandoning the arms. The innkeeper was shouting that he should leave him, because he had already told him that he was mad, and that he would be saved by being mad, even if he killed him all. Don Quijote was also giving him greater rebukes, calling him crafty and treacherous, and that the lord of the castle was a foolish and bad-born knight, since in such a way they treated the walking knights, and that if he

He would have received the order of knighthood, that he might make his villainy understood; but of you, vile and low dog, I take no heed whatsoever: throw, come, come and offend me as much as you can, for you will see the payment you carry from your baseness and too much. He said this with such vigor and eagerness that it infused a terrible fear in those who attacked him; and thus, by this means as by the persuasions of the tavern keeper, they ceased to throw, and he caused the wounded to retreat, and returned to the bearing of his arms with the same quietness and composure as before.

The merchant did not find the jibes of his guest agreeable, and he determined to abbreviate things and give him the order of knighthood immediately, before another misfortune occurred; and so, upon approaching him, he apologized for the insolence that the low people had used with him, without knowing anything about it; but he was duly punished for his audacity. He told him, as he had already told him, that there was no chapel in that castle, and for what remained to be done, it was unnecessary; that the whole business of becoming a knight consisted in the fish-catching and the espaldarazo, according to what he knew of the ceremonies of the order, and that it could be done in the middle of a field; that he had already fulfilled what concerned the equipping with arms, which, with just two hours of vigil, was accomplished, more than he himself had been there for four. Don Quijote believed everything, and said that he was there promptly to obey him, and that he would conclude with the greatest brevity possible; for if he were ever attacked again, and seen armed as a knight, he did not think he would leave a living person in the castle, except those whom he ordered. Warned and fearful of this, the Spanish gentleman then brought a book which stated the provisions for the carriers, and with a piece of vigil which a boy brought him, and with the two already said maidens, he came to where Don Quijote was, who ordered him to kneel, and reading in his manual, as if it said a devout prayer, in the midst of the legend, he raised his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and after him with his own sword, a gentil espaldarazo, always murmuring between his teeth, as if he were praying. Having done this, he ordered one of those ladies who had given him the sword, who did so with great dexterity and discretion, for it was unnecessary to use much effort in order not to burst into laughter at every point of the ceremonies; but the feats that they had already seen of the novel knight put an end to their laughter. Having given him the sword, the good lady said: "May God make you very fortunate knight, and give you fortune in contests." Don Quijote asked him his name, because he wished to know from then on to whom he was obliged by the grace received, for he thought he would give him some part of the honor that he would achieve by the strength of his arm. She replied with great humility that his name was Tolosa, and that he was the son of a patcher, native of Toledo, who lived at the shops of Sancho Panza, and that wherever she was, she would serve him and hold him for master. Don Quijote replied to her that by her love he would give her grace, that from then on she would call him don, and she would call herself Dona Tolosa. She promised him so, and the other fitted him with the spur, with which he passed almost the same conversation that with the sword. He asked her her name, and said that it was Molinera, and that she was the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera; to whom Don Quijote also asked that she should call him don, and she should call herself Dona Molinera, offering him new services and graces.

Thus, made up of gallop and haste, those ceremonies, never before seen, he did not notice the time for Don Quixote to see himself on horseback and set out in search of 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 accurately describe. The innkeeper, seeing him already out of the inn, with no less rhetorical phrases, though with briefer words, replied to his, and without asking for the cost of the inn, he let him go at a good hour.

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

As it was at the dawn when Don Quixote left the venta, so happy, so valiant, so delighted to see himself already armed as a knight, that the joy burst forth from under the horse's saddlebags. However, coming to mind the advice of his squire concerning the precautions so necessary that he had to carry with him, especially those of money and shirts, he determined to return to his house and settle himself in every way, and of a squire, making account of receiving a neighboring peasant, who was poor and with children, but very suitable for the office of squire to knighthood. With this thought he guided Rocinante towards his village, which, nearly knowing the horse's fondness, began to walk with so much

eagerness that it seemed he was not putting his feet on the ground. He had not gone far when it seemed to him at his right hand, from the thicket of a forest that was there, that voices came out, delicate as those of a person complaining; and scarcely had he heard them, when he said: "I give thanks to heaven for the grace which it makes me, for so quickly it puts occasions before me, where I can fulfill what I owe to my profession, and where I can take the fruit of my good wishes: these voices are undoubtedly those of some unfortunate person, who has need of my favor and help: and returning the reins he guided Rocinante towards where he seemed to hear them; and a few steps he entered into the forest, he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a naked youth from the middle of his body upwards, of fifteen years of age, who was giving the voices, and not without cause, because he was giving him with a whip many blows a good-sized peasant, and each blow was accompanied with a reprimand and advice, because he said: "The tongue remains and the eyes are ready." And the youth replied: "I will not do it again, my lord; by the passion of God, I will not do it again, and I promise to have from now on more care with the herd." And seeing Don Quixote what was happening, with an angry voice he said: "Disgraceful knight, it does not seem good to take offense against with whom one cannot defend; get on your horse and take your lance, (which he also had a lance braced against the oak, where the mare was hired) that I will make you know what cowardice you are doing."

The squire, who saw upon him that figure full of arms, brandishing the lance over his face, took him for dead, and with good words replied: "Sir knight, this young man whom I am chastising is my servant, who serves me in guarding a flock of sheep that I have in these surroundings, who is so negligent that every day one goes missing from me, and because I chastise his negligence or extortion, he says that I make him miserable, for not paying me the debt I owe him, and in God and in my soul he lies. Do you lie, before me, vile villain?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that lights us, I intend to pass you all over with this lance: pay him then without further reply; if not, by the God who rules us, may he conclude and annihilate you in this spot: set him free then." The labrador bowed his head, and without answering a word, he set his servant free, whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him. He said nine months, at seven reales each month. Don Quixote made the calculation, and found it amounted to sixty-three reales, and told the labrador to pay it at once, if he did not wish to die for it. The fearful villain replied, by the position he was in and oath he had made (and still had not made), that they were not so many, because three pairs of shoes that he had given him should be deducted and taken into account, and a real of two cuts he had made on him when he was sick. Well this is all, replied Don Quixote; but let the shoes and cuts be for the lashes that without fault you have given him, for if he broke the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have broken the one of his body, and if the barber cut his blood from him when he was sick, you have taken away his health; thus, in this respect you owe him nothing. The damage is, sir knight, in that I do not have money here: go with Andrés to my house, that I will pay him one real over another.

"Should I go with him," the boy said, "more?" What a year! No, sir, not for all the gold in the world, because he would cut me to pieces like Saint Bartholomew. "Don replied, "He wouldn't."

Quijote; it's enough that I send him, so that he respects me, and with him swearing it by the law of chivalry he has received, I will let him go free and ensure his payment. Look, my lord, what the boy says, that this my lord is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood, he is Juan Haldudo the rich, resident of Quintanar.

It matters little, replied Don Quixote, that Haldudos may have knights, much more each one is the son of his deeds. That is true, said Andrés; but this my lord, of what deeds is he the son, since he denies my service and my sweat and work? I deny it, brother Andrés, replied the peasant, and make me the pleasure of accompanying you, that I swear, by all the orders of chivalry in the world, to pay you one real for another, and even tobacco. I owe you tobacco, said Don Quixote, give it to him in reals, with this I am content; and see that you fulfill it as you have sworn; if not, by the same oath I swear to return and punish you, and that you shall find me even if you hide yourselves more than a lizard. And if you wish to know who commands you this, in order to be more firmly obliged to fulfill it, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, the vanquisher of grievances and nonsense; and be resigned to God, and do not break your word of promise and oath, under the penalty of the penalty pronounced.

And saying this, he spurred his Rocinante, and in a short space he distanced himself from them. The farmer followed with his eyes, and when he saw that he had crossed the forest and that he no longer seemed, he returned to his servant Andrés and said to him: Come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, like that one who unmade troubles let me order it. That I swear, said Andrés, and as if he were going to fulfill the command of that good knight, who lives a thousand years, that according to him he is brave and a good judge, lives Roque, and if he doesn't pay me, he will return and execute what he said. I also swear it, said the farmer; but for how much I love you, I want to increase the debt to increase the payment. And holding him by the arm, he returned to tie him to the oak, where he gave him so many lashes that he left him for dead. "Call, sir Andrés, now," said the farmer, "to the one who unmade troubles, you'll see he won't unmake this one, although I believe he isn't quite finished making, because I have a desire to skin him alive, as you fear." He laughed.

And in this way the valiant Don Quixote dispelled the offense, who, delighted by what had happened, seemed to have given a most happy and high beginning to his chivalries, going with great satisfaction to himself towards his village, saying in a low voice: "You may well call yourself fortunate among all those who live on earth, oh, among the beautiful, beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso, since it was your luck to have under your control and yielded to your will and manner of doing things a so valiant and so named knight, such as he is and will be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as the whole world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and today has rectified the greatest squint and offense that folly and cruelty had formed; he has taken the whip from the hand of that merciless enemy who had beaten up that delicate infant with no cause. In this he arrived at a path that divided into four, and then to his imagination came the crossroads where knights errant used to think about which path they would take; and to imitate them, he stayed for a while, and after having thought about it very well, he loosened Rocinante's reins, leaving the donkey to his own will, who followed his first attempt, which was to go towards his chivalry, and having ridden about two leagues, Don Quixote discovered a large group of people who, as was later known, were some merchants from Toledo, who were going to buy in Murcia. There were six of them, and they were coming with their bills of exchange, with four servants on horseback and three muleteers on foot.

As soon as I parted from Don Quixote, I began to imagine myself on a new adventure, and to imitate him in every possible way, the steps he seemed to find in his books; it seemed to him that someone who wished to do so would come to think of it that way. And so, with confident demeanor and enthusiasm, he firmly established himself in the stirrups, gripped his lance, brought the shield to his chest, and, having reached the middle of the road, he waited for those knights errant to arrive (whom he already considered such, and judged them to be so); and when they reached

a stretch that could be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with arrogant defiance he said: let the whole world be, if the whole world does not confess that there is no more beautiful lady in the world than the Empress of the Manche, the unparalleled Dulcinea of Toboso.

Here's the English translation of the provided Spanish text: The merchants paused at the sound of these reasons, and seeing the strange figure who was speaking, and by that figure and by the reasons, they immediately began to suspect the madness of their master, but they wanted to see slowly what confession was being asked; and one of them, who was a little boastful and very discreet, said to him: "Sir knight, we do not know who that good lady is that you speak of; show us her, and if she is as beautiful as you claim, we will freely and without any insistence confess the truth that is asked of us on your behalf. If I showed you her, replied Don Quijote, what would you do to confess a so obvious truth? The importance lies in believing, confessing, affirming, swearing, and defending it without seeing it; where there is none, with me you are a colossal and arrogant people: now come one by one, as the order of chivalry demands, let us all together, as is the customary and bad habit of your band, I await and hope, confident in the reason that I have on my part. "Sir knight," replied the merchant, "I beg you in the name of all these princes who are here, that, because we do not burden our consciences, confessing a thing never seen or heard by us, and more so, considering it is detrimental to the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Extremadura, that your grace be served to show us a portrait of that lady, even if it is as big as a grain of wheat, because by the thread one can draw the skein, and we will be satisfied and assured with this, and your grace will be content and paid; and even I believe we are already so on his side, that even if his portrait shows her to be one-eyed, and that from the other eye comes black and sulfur, with all that, to please your grace, we will say in his favor whatever he wishes. "She does not have that, infamous rogue," retorted Don Quijote, filled with rage, "she does not have that, amber and algae among cotton, and it is not crooked nor bulging, but more to the right than a gusset of Guadarrama; but you will pay the great blasphemy that you said against such beauty, as is that of my lady. And saying this, he charged with his lance lowered against the one who had said it, with so much fury and anger, that if good fortune did not make him stumble in the middle of the road, Rocinante would pass me badly, the bold merchant. Rocinante fell, and he rolled his master a good piece across the field, and wanting to get up, he never could: such a burden his lance, spurs and rage caused him. And while he struggled to get up and couldn't, he was saying: "Don't run, cowardly people, captive people, pay attention, not by my fault, but by my horse, I am here lying down." A mule boy from those who came there, who shouldn't have had good intentions, hearing the poor fallen man say so many arrogant things, couldn't stand it without answering him in the ribs. And approaching him, he took the lance, and after breaking it into pieces, with one of them he began to give Don Quijote so many blows, that to spite and sorrow of his arms, he beat him like a madman. His masters told him not to beat him so much, and not to leave him; but the boy was already stung, and he didn't want to stop the game until he had exhausted all his anger; and coming with the other pieces of the lance, he tore them apart over the poor fallen man, who with all that storm of blows that fell on him, didn't close his mouth, threatening the sky and the earth and the scoundrels, how much he seemed to them. The boy rested, and the merchants continued on their way, carrying the story of the poor beaten man, who, after seeing himself alone, returned to try if he could get up; but if he couldn't when he was healthy and well, how would he have been beaten and almost undone? And he still considered himself fortunate, thinking that it was a proper misfortune of knights errant, and he attributed it all to the fault of his horse; and it was impossible to get up, as he had it all wrapped up in his body.

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

Seeing, then, that he could not move, I resolved to resort to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage in his books, and I brought his anger to mind of Baldovinos and of the Marquis of Mantua, when Charles left him wounded in the mountains—a well-known story of children, not unknown to young men, celebrated and even believed by the old, and with all that no more true than the miracles of Mahomet. This, then, seemed to him to come molded for the passage in which he found himself, and so with great emotion, he began to pour it out over the earth, and to say with a weakened breath, just as the wounded knight of the forest said:

Where are you, my love, since my pain isn't hurting you?

Or you don't know, ma'am.

You are false and unfaithful.

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

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

And it happened that fortune brought to this verse the arrival of a farmer from his own place, and a neighbor of his, who had been bringing a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing that man lying there, approached him and asked him who he was and what evil he was complaining of so sadly. Don Quixote without a doubt believed that he was the Marquis of Mantua his uncle, and thus he answered him only with continuing his romance, where he told him of his misfortune and of the love of the son of the Emperor with his wife, all in the same way that the romance sang it. The farmer was astonished listening to these absurdities, and removing his visor, which was already broken into pieces by branches, he cleaned his face which was full of dust; and as soon as he had cleaned it, he recognized him and said: Señor Quijada (which must have been his name when he had reason, and he had not yet been a quiet gentleman to a knight-errant), who has put you in this predicament? But he continued with his romance to anyone who asked him. Seeing this, the good man took the best he could to remove his coat and backboard, to see if he had any wounds; but he saw no blood or sign. He tried to lift him from the ground, and with some effort he got him onto his donkey, to make it seem more like knightly composure. He gathered the weapons down to the splinters of the lance, and laid them on Rocinante, whom he took by the reins, from the corporal to the donkey, and set off towards his village, thoughtfully hearing the absurd things that Don Quixote said; and Don Quixote too, continued to be bewildered and broken, and could not be kept upright on the donkey, and from time to time he took a breath that sent it to heaven, so that he forced the farmer to ask him again what evil he felt; and it seems that the devil was bringing back to his memory the stories suited to his events, because at this point, forgetting Baldovinos, he remembered the Moor Abindarraez when the alguacil of Antequera Rodrigo de Narvaez took him captive and held him in his custody. So that when the farmer asked him again how he was and what he felt, he answered the same words and reasons that the captive Abencerraje answered to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the same way that he had read the story in the Diana of Jorge de Montemayor, where it is written; taking advantage of it so deliberately that the farmer was giving himself over to the devil of hearing so much nonsense of foolishness; by which he knew that his neighbor was mad, and he hurried to reach the village, to excuse the anger that Don Quixote caused him with his lengthy speech. In the end, he said, "Know, Señor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Jarifa, which I have said, is now the lovely Dulcinea of Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that have been seen, seen, nor will they see."

In the world. To this the peasant replied: "Your grace, sir, sinner of mine! I am not Don Rodrigo de Narváez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor; nor your grace is Baldominos, 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 I have said, but all the twelve Pairs of France, and even all nine of the Fame, since all the pranks they all together and each one by himself made, would profit me more."

As they arrived at the place at the hour of nightfall; but the peasant waited until it was somewhat darker, because they did not see the Hidalgo miller so badly behaved. Having arrived, at the hour that he deemed appropriate, he entered the town and to the house of Don Quixote, which he found in a state of uproar, and within it were the priest and barber of the place, who were great friends of Don Quixote, who was telling his lady in a loud voice: "What do you think, good Master Perez, as that is his name, of the misfortune of my lord?" Six days have passed since he does not seem like him, nor the rocín, nor the adarga, nor the lance, nor the arms. "Woe to me! that I understand this, and it is true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of chivalry that he has, and usually reads so commonly, affect him."

They have resumed the trial; and now I recall having heard him say many times, speaking to himself, that he wished to become a wandering knight, and go in search of adventures in those worlds. Entrusted to Satan and Barrabas those books, which have so spoiled the most delicate understanding that existed throughout all of La Mancha. The niece said the same, and even said more: "Know, Master Nicolás, that this was the name of the barber, and many times my uncle would be reading in these miserable books of adventures for two days with his nights; and at the end of those days he would

throw the book from his hands, and put his hand to the sword, and walk with daggers against the walls; and when he was very tired, he would say that he had died fighting four giants like four towers, and the sweat he sweated from 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 all of this, for I did not warn your mercies of my uncle's folly, so that they would remedy him before he reached what he has reached, and burn all these confounded books (which he has many), which deserve to be burned as if they were of heretics. This I say also, said the priest, and I swear that tomorrow without them will not be put on public display, and they will be condemned to the fire, because they will not give occasion for someone to read them and do what my good friend ought to have done.

The farmer and Don Quixote were hearing this, with which I have just understood that the farmer had understood his neighbor's illness, and so he began to say aloud: "Open your mercies to Don Baldovinos and Don Marquis of Mantua, who is badly wounded, and to Moor Abindarrañez, who brings captive the valiant Rodrigo de Narvañez, governor of Antequera." All came out to these voices, and as they recognized each other as a friend, the others as their master and uncle, who still hadn't dismounted from the donkey, because he couldn't, they ran to embrace him. He said: "Everyone, keep back, I am badly wounded through the fault of my horse; take me to my bed, and if it is possible, to the wise Urganda, who will cure and dress my wounds." "Look at the bad hour," said the nurse at this point, "if my lord's aching foot spoke well to me." "It is good time for you to ascend," he said at this point, "for without that Urganda we will not cure you here." "Cursed," he said, "may these books of chivalry once more and a hundred times more trouble your mercies."

They then took him to bed, and examining the wounds, they found none; and he said that it was all a mere delusion, by having given a great fall with Rocinante, his horse, fighting with ten jays, the most outrageous and bold that could be found in great part of the land. "Ta, Ta," said the priest; "are there jays in the dance?" for my sanctified one, that I would burn them tomorrow before nightfall. They made Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he refused to answer anything except that...

He was to eat and let him sleep, that was what mattered most to him. He did so, and the priest learned at great length from the farmer, in the way he had found Don Quixote. He told him everything with the nonsense he had said to him when he found him and brought him here, that is, he instilled more desire in the licentiate to do what he did the other day, which was to take his friend Master Barber Nicolaes with him, to Don Quixote's house.

Chapter 6: Of the diligent and great scrutiny that the priest and the barber made in the bookseller's shop of our witty gentleman.

He still slept in it. He asked the niece of the room where the authors of the damage were, and she gave them to him with great kindness. They all entered, with the housekeeper, and they found more than a hundred large bodies of books, very well bound, and others small; and as the housekeeper saw them, she returned in great haste from the room, and then returned with a bowl of holy water and a cotton swab, and said: "Take your grace, sir physician; spray this room, and no one is here, of the many who have these books, and let us be punished for the penalty we want to give them by casting them from the world." The simplicity of the housekeeper amused the physician, and he ordered the barber to give him those books one by one, to see what they were about, because it might be to find some that did not deserve the punishment of fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason to forgive any of them, because they have all been the instigators, it will be better to throw them out of the windows into the courtyard, and make a pyre of them, and stick fire to them, and if not, take them to the corral, and there the bonfire will be made, and the smoke will not offend." The housekeeper said the same: that was the eagerness that the two had for the death of those innocent men; but the priest did not come to it without first even reading the titles.

And the first that Master Nicolás gave him in his hands was the four by Amadis de Gaula, and the priest said: this seems a matter of mystery, because, according to what I've 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 the fire. No, sir, said the barber, I've also heard that it's the best of all the books of this genre that have been composed, and so, as a genius in his art, he should be forgiven. It is true, said the priest, and for that reason he is granted life for now. Let's see that other one beside him. It is, said the barber, "Las sergas de Esplandián, legitimate son of Amadis de Gaula." Indeed, said the priest, that the son will not benefit from the father's goodness; take, mistress am, open that window and throw him into the pen, and begin the pile of the fire that is to be made. She did so with much pleasure, and Esplandián was flying to the pen, patiently awaiting the fire that threatened him.

Forward, said the priest. This one coming, said the barber, is Amadis from Greece, and even all those on this side, to what I believe, are of the same lineage of Amadis. "Well, let all go to the pen," said the priest, "for the burning of Queen Pintiquiestra, and the shepherd Darinel, and his epigrams, and the devilish and unruly reasons of his author, he will burn

with us the father who begat me, if he were in the figure of a knight errant." Of that opinion am I, said the barber. And even I, added the niece. "Well, that is so," said the housekeeper, "come, and to the pen with them." They delivered them, that were many, and she saved the staircase, and found them by the window below. "Who is that barrel?" said the priest. "That is it," replied the barber, "Don Olicante of Laura." "The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same who composed *Jardin de Flores*, and in truth I do not know to determine which of the two books is more true, or better, less lying; only say that this will go to the pen for absurd and arrogant. This one following is *Florismarte of Hircania*," said the barber. "Is there the *Señor Florismarte*?" inquired the priest. "Well, I shall soon stop in the pen despite his strange birth and dreamed adventures, that does not give place to anything the hardness and dryness of his style; to the pen with him, and with that other one, mistress housekeeper. It pleases me, my lord," she replied... and with much joy she executed what was commanded. "That is *Sir Platir*," said the barber. "An ancient book is that," said the priest, "and I find nothing in it that deserves my apologies; accompany the others without reply... And so it was done."

Another book opened, and they saw that it had for its title *The Knight of the Cross*. With such a holy name this book has, one could forgive his ignorance; but it is also often said that behind the cross stands the devil: go to the fire. Taking the barber another book, he said: This is *Mirror of Chivalries*. I already know your grace, said the priest: there he is, Lord *Reinaldos of Montalban* with his friends and companions, more thieves than

Caco, and the twelve Pairs with the true historian *Turpin*; and truly I am about to condemn them no more than to perpetual exile, even because they have part of the invention of the famous *Mato Boyardo*, from where the Christian poet *Ludovico Ariosto* also wove his tapestry, to whom, if here I find him, since he speaks in another language than his own, I will not show him any respect; but if he speaks in his language, I will put him upon my head. For I have him in Italian, said the barber, but I do not understand him. Nor would it be well that you understood him, replied the priest; and here we would forgive the captain, that he had not brought him to Spain, and made himself Castilian; that he took much of his natural value, and the same would do all those who would return in another language those books of verse, with as much care and skill as they show, they would never reach the point that they have in their first birth. I say, indeed, that this book and all those that are found, that treat of these things of France, should be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until with more agreement it is seen what is to be done with them, except for a *Bernardo del Carpio*, who is walking about there, and another called *Roncesvalles*, that these, in reaching my hands, must be in the hands of the soul, and from them in the hands of fire, without any remission.

The barber confirmed it all, and considered it a very good and well-advised thing, believing that the priest was so good a Christian and so friend to the truth that he would never say another thing for all the world. And opening another book, he saw it was *Palmerin of Olive*, and beside him was another that was called *Palmerin of England*, which, as the lawyer saw, should be burned immediately, that olive should be made into pickles and burned, for even if no ashes remained of it, and that palm of England should be kept and conserved 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, my lord companion, has authority for two reasons: the one because it is very good in itself, and the other, because it is a reputation composed by a wise king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of *Miraguarda* are very delightful and of great artifice, the courtly and clear reasons that it keeps and observes, respecting the decorum of the speaker, with much propriety and understanding. Therefore, I say, save your good opinion, my lord *Nicholas*, that this and *Amadis of Gaula* be freed from the fire, and all the rest, without making more calls and tests, perish. No, my barber companion, replied the barber, is this that I have here the renowned *Don Belianys*. For that, replied the priest, with the second and third and fourth part, needs a little rhubarb to purge his excessive anger, and it is necessary to take away all of the castle of fame, and other important impertinences, for which he is given terms overseas, and as he is reformed, so shall it be used with him as either mercy or justice; and meanwhile, keep him, companion, in your house; but do not let him read it to anyone.

"Let me, replied the barber, and without wanting to tire himself more by reading books of chivalry, he ordered the maid to take all the large ones, and to throw them into the courtyard. He didn't say it to a fool nor a deaf man, without anyone he had more desire to burn them than to throw a large and thin piece of cloth, and throwing almost eight at once, he threw them through the window. Because they were taken so many together, one fell at the barber's feet, which he took the opportunity to see who it was, and he saw that it said: '*History of the famous knight Tirante the White*.' 'God preserve *Tirante White*!' said the priest, with a great voice; 'here he is, *Tirante White*!' 'Give him here, friend, that I see that I have found in him a treasure of contentment and a mine of pastimes.' Here is *Don Kirieleison of Montalvan*, a valiant knight, and his brother *Tomas 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 lady empress in love with *Hipólito* her squire. I tell you the truth, sir friend, that by its style this is the best book in the world; here the knights eat and sleep and die in their beds, and they make their wills before their death, with other things that all the rest of books of this genre lack. With all that, I tell you that it deserved the one who composed it, since he didn't make so many foolishnesses of industry, that they threw him to the galleys 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.

The barber responded; but what shall we do with these small books that remain? "These," said the priest, "should 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 kind:) these do not deserve to be burned as the others, because they do not do the harm that chivalry books have done, which are books of entertainment, without prejudice to a third party. "Oh, Lord!" said the niece. "Your mercies may well order them to be burned as the others, because, having cured my lord uncle of the chivalric sickness, reading these he would take it into his head to become a shepherd, and wander through the forests and meadows singing and dancing, and what would be worse, to become a poet, which, according to what is said, is an incurable and contagious disease." "Truth speaks this maiden," said the priest, "and it will be well to take away from our friend this stumble and occasion before him."

And so we begin with the *Diana* of Montemayor, it seems that she will not burn, but that everything about the wise Felicia and the enchanted water be removed from her, and almost all the greater verses, and that she be left in a good hour with prose and the honor of being first in such books. This one that follows, said the barber, is the *Diana* called *Second* of the *Salmantino*; and this other one, which has the same name, whose author is Gil Polo. For the one of the *Salmantino*, replied the priest, accompanies and increases the number of those condemned to the corral, and the one of Gil Polo should be kept as if it were of Apollo himself; and let's move forward, my dear friend, and let's give it some haste, it's getting late. This book is, said the barber opening another, the ten books of *Fortune of Love*, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet. By the orders I received, said the priest, since Apollo was Apollo, and the muses muses, and the poets poets, such a graceful and so bizarre book as that has not been composed, and that by its way it is the best and the most unique of all those that have emerged into the light of the world; and whoever has not read it can reckon that he has never read anything to pleasure. Give it to me here, my friend, for the greater price of having found it, that if they gave me a robe from Florence. I will set it aside with great pleasure, and the barber continued saying: These that follow are the *Shepherd of Iberia*, *Nymphs of Henares* and *Disappointment of Zeal*.

"There's nothing more to do," said the priest, "but to deliver them to the secular hand of the mistress, and don't ask me why, it would never end. This one who's coming is *Pastor of Filida*. It's not that pastor, said the priest, but a very discreet courtier; guard him as a precious jewel. This great one who's coming calls himself *Treasure of Several Poems*. Since they aren't so many, said the barber, they should be more esteemed; it's necessary that this book be raked and cleaned of some trivialities that it has among its greatness; guard him, because his author is mine, and out of respect for other more heroic and elevated works that he has written. This is, continued the barber, the *Songster of Lopez Maldonado*. Also the author of that book, replied the priest, is a great friend of mine, and his verses in his mouth admire whoever hears them, and it is such the softness of the voice with which he sings them, that it enchants; it's rather long in the eclogues, but the good was never much, guard it with the chosen ones. But what book is that that's beside him? The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes, said the barber. Many years it has been that great friend of mine, Cervantes, and I know he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses."

His book has something of good invention, it proposes something and doesn't conclude anything. It is necessary to wait for the second part which promises; perhaps with the amendment it will entirely attain the mercy that is now denied to it; and meanwhile, keep him confined in your inn, my good friend. It pleases me, replied the barber; and here come three of them together: **The Araucana** by Don Alonso de Ercilla; **The Austrian** by Don Juan Rufo, judge of Córdoba, and **The Montserrat** by Cristóbal de Virues, Valencian poet. All three of these books, said the priest, 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 grew tired of seeing more books, and thus with a closed load, he wanted all the rest to be burned; but he already had one open, the barber's, called **The Tears of Angelica**. I wept at hearing the name, said the priest, 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 Journey of Our Good Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha

Being in this, Don Quixote began to shout, saying: "Here, here, valiant knights, here it is necessary to show the strength of your valiant arms, which the courtly knights bring the best of the tournament. For coming to this noise and uproar, they didn't advance with the scrutiny of the remaining books, and so they believe they went to the fire unseen and unheard, Carolea and León de España, with the *Deeds of the Emperor*, composed by Don Luis de Avila, which without doubt must be among those remaining, and perhaps, if the priest saw them, they wouldn't pass such rigorous judgment. When they arrived at Don Quixote, he was already out of bed, and continued in his shouts and his extravagances, making cuts and reverses in all directions, being as awake as if he had never slept. They embraced him, and by force they turned him back to bed; and after he had calmed himself a little, turning to speak with the priest, he said: By the way, Mr. Archbishop

Turpin, it is a great loss of those who call ourselves Twelve Peers to allow so easily the victory of this tournament to go to the courtly knights, having we adventurers won the prize in the three days preceding. Pray your mercy, Mr. Companion, said the priest, that God be served that fortune changes, and that what is lost today is won tomorrow; and attend to his health for now, as it seems to me that he must be too tired, if not already badly wounded. Wounded not, said Don Quixote; but ground and broken there is no doubt about it, because that thrust from Don Roldán has broken me like a staff against the trunk of an oak, and all out of envy, because he sees that I am only the opposite of his courage; but I would not call myself Reinaldos de Montalban, if I didn't pay me for it when rising from this bed, despite all his enchantments; and for now bring me something to eat, that I know is what will do most for me, and leave the matter of avenging myself to someone else. They did so, they 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 books should have burned, as they deserved to be kept in perpetual archives; however, his luck and the indolence of the examiner prevented it, and thus the saying was fulfilled in them, that they sometimes pay the innocent for sinners. One of the remedies that the priest and the barber gave at the time for their friend's illness was to let him die and seal up the room of books, because when he awoke he would not find them (perhaps removing the cause Caesar would remove the effect), and they said that a sorcerer had taken them away, and the room and everything. And so it was done with great speed.

Two days later Don Quixote rose, and the first thing he did was to go and see his books; and as he found the chamber where he had been left, he wandered from one part of the house to another, searching for it. He reached where he used to have the door, and he tried it with his hands, and he turned and turned the eyes without saying a word; but after a good space of time, he asked his housekeeper what part the chamber of his books was in. The housekeeper, who was already well warned of what she was to answer, said to him: "What chamber, or what are you seeking, my lord?" There is no chamber nor books in this house now, because the same devil took them all. It was not the devil, she replied, but a sorcerer who came one night after the day your lordship left here, upon a cloud, and, fastening himself with a serpent which he came as a knight, entered the chamber; and he did not know what he did within it, for after a little space he went flying across the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we resolved to look at what he had done, we did not see books nor any chamber; only it is very well remembered to me and to the housekeeper, that at the time that that evil old man departed, he said in high voices that, because of a secret enmity that he had with the owner of those books and chamber, he was doing harm in that house which afterwards would be seen; he also said that his name was Wise Munaton. Friston would say, Don Quixote replied. I do not know, replied the housekeeper, whether his name was Friston or Frito■n; only I know that it ended in his name. Thus is it, Don Quixote said, that is a wise sorcerer, a great enemy of mine, who makes me long to fight because he knows, by his arts and letters, that I am coming, as time goes on, to fight in a singular battle with a knight whom he favors, and that I am destined to win, without him doing it.

He would obstruct me, and for this he strives to inflict upon me all the annoyances he can; and I told him, what evil could he contradict or avoid what is ordained by heaven. Who doubts that? said the niece. But who imposes upon your grace, my lord uncle, these matters? Is it not better to remain peaceful in his house, and not go searching for bread of trickery in the world, without considering that many go by wool and return ruffled? Oh, niece mine, replied Don Quijote, and how badly are you in the account! Before I am ruffled, I will have cut and plucked all those who imagine touching me in the point of a single hair. The two did not want to reply to him further, because they saw that his anger was kindling. So it is the case that he spent fifteen days in the house very tranquil, without giving any sign of wanting to second his first delusions, in which days he told graceless stories with his two companions, the priest and the barber, about which he said that the thing that the world most needed was of knights-errant, and that in him the knightly profession would be resurrected. The priest sometimes contradicted him and sometimes conceded, because if he did not keep this trick, it could not be ascertained with him. In this time Don Quijote requested a neighbor farmer, a man of good standing (if that title can be given to one who is poor), but of very little salt in the belly. In resolution, he told him, he persuaded and promised him so much that the poor peasant determined to go out with him and serve him as squire. He told him among other things Don Quijote, that he would go with him willingly, because perhaps something might happen to him that he would gain in the seizure there, some island, and leave him as governor of it. With these promises and other similar ones, Sancho Panza (which was the name of the farmer) left his wife and children, and agreed as squire to his neighbor. He then ordered Don Quijote to seek money; and selling one thing, and mortgaging another, and ruining them all, he gathered a reasonable amount. He also arranged himself with a slice that he had borrowed from a friend, and equipped his tattered armor as best he could, informing his squire Sancho of the day and hour that he intended to set out, so that he might arrange himself with what he saw that was most necessary to him; above all, he charged him to carry chests. He said that he would carry it, and that he also intended to take a donkey that he had very good, because he was not versed in walking much on foot. Regarding the donkey, Don Quijote corrected a little, imagining if someone had brought a walking knight squire by donkey manner; but never did it come to his memory; but with all this, he determined that he should take it, with the budget of arranging it with the most honorable knightship in having occasion for it, removing the horse at the first courteous knight he encountered. He provided himself with shirts and the rest of the things he could, according to the advice of the tavern keeper he had

received.

All of which was done and accomplished, without saying farewell. Belly, his children and wife, and Don Quixote his mistress and niece, one night went out of 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 sought for. Sancho Panza went along on his donkey like a patriarch, with his sacks and his boot, and with great desire to already be governor of the island that his master had promised him. Don Quixote had decided to take the same defeat and path that he had taken on his first journey, which was through the Field of Montiel, along which he walked with less weariness than the previous time, because because of the hour of tomorrow and the rays of the sun, which would hurt them stealthily, did not fatigue them. He said this, and Sancho Panza to his master: "Look, my lord, knight errant, do not forget what you have promised me concerning the island, I shall know how to govern it, no matter how great it may be." To which Don Quixote replied: "You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom very much used by the ancient knight-errants to make governors to their squires of the islands or kingdoms they won; and I have determined that for me, no grateful custom shall be lacking; I intend to surpass it, because they sometimes, and perhaps the most, waited until their squires were old, and afterwards, sated with serving, and of bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title of count; or at least of marquis of some valley or province of little more or less; but if you and I live, it could be that before six days I would gain such a kingdom."

If you had other adherents to you, who came molded for to crown you king of one of them. And do not have so many, for so many things and cases happen to such knights, by modes so never seen nor thought of, that they could with ease give you even more than I promise you. In that way, replied Sancho Panza, if I were king by some miracle of those which your grace says, at least Juana Gutierrez, my squire, would come to be queen and my infants sons. Why do you doubt it?, replied Don Quijote. I doubt it, replied Sancho Panza, because I have for myself that though God should rain kingdoms upon the earth, none would settle well upon the head of Mari Gutierrez. Know, sir, that it is not worth two maravedis for a queen; a countess would be better for her, and even God and help. Entrust him to God, Sancho, replied Don Quijote, for he will give him what is most convenient to him; but do not bet your spirit so much that you come to content yourself with less than with being a captain. I will not do it, sir mine, replied Sancho, and more having such a principal master in your grace, that he will give me all that is good for me and that I can carry.

Chapter 8: Of the good event that the valiant Don Quixote had in the fearsome 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, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or a little more bewildered giants are discovered with whom I intend to fight and deprive them of all their lives, with whose spoils we shall begin to enrich ourselves: 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? asked Sancho Panza. Those that you see there, his master replied, with long arms, that some have almost two leagues long. Look, my lord, replied Sancho, those that there resemble you are not giants, but windmills, and what appears as arms in them are the blades, which, when turned by the wind, make the millstone turn. It seems good, replied Don Quixote, that you are not yet accustomed to this of adventures; they are giants, and if you are afraid, withdraw from there, and put yourself in prayer in the space that I go to enter with them in fierce and unequal battle. And saying this, he took off his spurs from his horse Rocinante, without paying attention to the voices that his squire Sancho gave him, warning him that they were undoubtedly windmills, and not those giants he was going to attack. But he was so set on the idea that they were giants, that he would not even hear the voices of his squire Sancho, nor would he bother to see, although he was already quite close, what they were; instead, he was saying in loud voices: do not flee, cowardly and vile creatures, for it is a single knight who attacks you. This caused a little wind to rise, and the large blades began to move, which, when seen by Don Quixote, he said: even though you move more arms than those of Briareus, you will pay me for it.

And saying this, and entrusting himself completely to his lady Dulcinea, he asked her to assist him in such a trance, well covered with his shield, with his lance at the ready, he charged at a gallop after Rocinante, and struck the first mill that was before him; and giving him a blow on the beak, the wind carried him with so much fury that it shattered the lance, carrying after him both the horse and the knight, who was thrown very badly across the field. Sancho Panza hurried to help him as fast as his donkey could carry him, and when he arrived, he found that he could not be moved, such was the blow that Rocinante had given him. "May God help us!" said Sancho. "Didn't I tell you, in your mercy, to look well at what you were doing? They were only windmills, and one couldn't ignore them who carried such ones in his head?" "Silence, friend Sancho," replied Don Quijote, "for things of war, more than others, are subject to continual change, much more than I think, and it is thus true that that wise Frestón, who stole my chamber and my 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 have little power against the will of my sword." "May God do as he can," replied Sancho Panza. And helping him to rise, he turned to mount Rocinante again, who was half-upside-down; and speaking of the past adventure, they followed

the road to the port of La■pice, because there Don Quijote said that it was impossible not to encounter many and diverse adventures, for being a very passing place; but it weighed heavily on him to have lost his lance and saying this to his squire, he said: "I remember having read that a Spanish knight, called Diego Pérez de Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle, split off a heavy branch or trunk from an oak, and with it he did such things that day, and he trampled so many Moors that he was left with the nickname Machuca, and so he, and his descendants, were called from that day forward Vargas and Machuca." "I have told you this, because from the first oak or beech tree that presents itself to me, I shall split off a good branch as good as that one, which I imagine and think I shall make with it such antics, that you should consider yourself fortunate to have come to see them, and to be a witness to things that can scarcely be believed." "At the hand of God," said Sancho, "I believe everything as you say; but straighten yourself a little, for it seems to be at a slant, and it must be from the falling." "That is so."

"The truth, replied Don Quixote; and if I don't complain of the pain, it is because it is not customary for knights-errant to complain of any wound, even if it makes their guts turn inside out. If that is so, I have no need to reply, replied Sancho; but God knows if I wouldn't be offended if your lordship complained when something ached. I must, however, say that I complain of the smallest pain I have, if even now he doesn't understand with the knights-errant this matter of not complaining. Don Quixote didn't stop laughing at his squire's simplicity; and so he told him that he could very well complain, as and when he pleased, without gain or with it, for until then he had not read anything to the contrary in the code of chivalry. Sancho told him to look, it was time to eat. His master replied that he didn't then require it of him; he would eat when he fancied it. With this license, Sancho settled himself as best he could on his donkey, and taking out of the sacks what he had put in them, he walked and ate behind his master very slowly, and every now and then he tipped his boot with so much delight that he could envy the most richly furnished grocer of Malaga. And while he went in that way, sipping small draughts, he forgot all the promises his master had made to him, nor did he consider them as any labor, but as much rest, while seeking adventures as dangerous as they were. In conclusion, that night they spent among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote cut a dry branch, which could almost serve as a lance, and put the iron he had taken from the one that had broken off into it. That whole night Don Quixote didn't sleep, thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to adjust himself to what he had read in his books, when knights spent many nights without sleep in the forests and deserted places, entertained by the memories of their ladies."

Sancho Panza didn't pass it like that, for he had his stomach full, and not of chicory water, but of a dream, which he carried away entirely, and which weren't intended to rouse him, nor would the rays of the sun that fell on his face, nor the song of the birds, that joyously greeted the arrival of the new day. When he awoke, he tried on his boots, and found them somewhat thinner than the previous night, and his heart was distressed by the thought that they didn't seem to be leading him towards a quick remedy for his loss. Don Quixote refused to have breakfast because, as it is said, he sustained himself with savory memories.

They returned to their begun path from the port of La■pice, and at three o'clock in the day they discovered him there. "Here," said Don Quijote to Sancho Panza, "brother, we can put our hands in to the elbows in this that they call adventures, but warn you that, although you see me in the greatest dangers of the world, you shall not put your hand to your sword to defend me, if you do not see that those who offend me are knaves and low people, for in that case you well may help me; but if they be knights, in no way is it permitted to you nor granted by the laws of chivalry that you help me, until you be armed knight." By the way, replied Sancho, your mercy will be very well obeyed in this, and more than I of my own, I am pacific and an enemy of getting into noises and troubles; it is true that as regards defending my person I will have little account with those laws, since the divine and human allow each one to defend himself from whoever wrongs him. I say no less, replied Don Quijote; but in this of helping me against knights, you must hold back your natural impetus. "I say yes," replied Sancho, "and that I will keep that precept as well as on Sunday." Being in these reasons, they appeared by the path two friars of the order of Saint Benedict, knights on two dromedaries, who were no more than two little mules that they came in. They brought their spectacles of the road and their sunshades. Behind them came a carriage with four or five of horseback that accompanied them, and two young muleteers on foot. It came in the carriage, as was later known, a lady vizcaina who was going to Seville, where was her husband who was going to the Indies with a very honorable post. The friars did not come with her, although they went the same road; but barely did Don Quijote divide them, when he said to his squire: do I deceive myself, or this has to be the most famous adventure that has been seen, because those black bags that there seem, must be, and are without doubt, some charmers that carry

No princess was hurt in that carriage, and it is necessary to rectify this blunder with all my power. Worse would this be than the windmills, said Sancho. Look, sir, that are the monks of San Benito, and the carriage must be of some passing people: look that I say, look well what he does, lest the devil deceive him. You have already told me, Sancho, replied Don Quijote, that you know little of the miseries of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it now. And saying this, he advanced, and put himself in the middle of the road where the monks were coming, and on arriving so close that it seemed to him that he could hear what he said, in a loud voice he said: wicked and enormous people, leave immediately the high princesses that you carry in that carriage, forced, if not, come to receive a just death as a reward for your bad deeds.

Detained the friars, the reins, and were amazed, just as 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 San Benito, that we are going on our way, and we do not know if any forced princesses come in this carriage." To me there are no soft words, for I already know you, tainted rogue, said Don Quixote. And without waiting for further response, he struck Rocinante, and the lance descended to attack the first friar with such fury and enthusiasm that if the friar did not fall from the mule, he would make him fall to the ground against his will, and even wounded if he did not fall dead. The second religious man, who saw how they were treating his companion, put his legs to the castle of his good mule, and began to run along that campaign more lightly than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, who saw the friar on the ground, mounted his donkey lightly, attacked him, and began to strip him of his habits. They reached this point two young friars, and asked him why he was undressing him. They replied that it was legitimately his, as spoils of the battle that his lord Don Quixote had won. The young friars, who did not know of mockery, nor understood the concept of spoils or battles, seeing that Don Quixote was already deviated from there, talking to those who came in the carriage, they attacked with Sancho, and they put him on the ground; and without leaving him hair in his beard, they beat him mercilessly and left him lying on the ground without breath or sensation: and without stopping a single point, he turned to climb the friar, all fearful and cowardly and without color on his face, and when he saw him on horseback, he struck after his companion, who was waiting for him a good distance away, and waiting for what that sudden interruption was; and without wanting to wait for the end of that entire event, they followed his path, making it more difficult than if the devil were carrying them on their backs. Don Quixote was, as has been said, talking to the lady of the carriage, telling her: "Your beauty, my lady, can make of your person what most pleases you in spirit, because already the pride of your thieves lies on the ground defeated by this my strong arm; and because you do not think of knowing 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 Doña Dulcinea del Toboso; and in payment of the benefit that you have received from me, I want nothing other than that you return to Toboso, and that you present yourselves before this lady, and tell her what I have done for your freedom." All this that Don Quixote was saying, listened a squire of those who accompanied the carriage, who was Vizcaino; who, seeing that he wanted to let the carriage go forward, but that he said he would soon turn back to Toboso, he went to Don Quixote, and leaning on his lance, he said to him in bad Spanish, and even worse Vizcaino, in this manner: "Come, knight, you walk badly; by the God who brought me into the world, if you do not let the carriage go, you will die like this, Vizcaino." He understood it very well Don Quixote, and with great calmness he replied: "If you were a knight, as you are not, I would have already punished your insolence and audacity, captive creature." To which Vizcaino replied: "I am not a knight? I swear to God, as a Christian; if you throw a lance and draw a sword, you will see the cat water sooner than this, Vizcaino, farmer on land, gentleman at sea, gentleman by the devil; and lie, see if you say anything else." Now he saw it, said Agraves, and replied Don Quixote; and throwing the lance on the ground, he drew his sword and trimmed his slice, and attacked Vizcaino with determination to take his life.

The Basque man, as he saw him coming, though he wished to step aside from the cart, which, being of the cheapest rental type, could not be trusted, he had no choice but to draw his sword; but he quickly realized he found him alongside the carriage, from where he could take a pillow which served him as a shield, and then they went at each other as if they were two mortal enemies. The people present wished to put them at peace; but he could not, because the Basque man, in his clumsy arguments, said that if they did not let him finish his battle, he himself would kill his mistress and all those who interfered with him. The lady of the carriage, amazed and fearful of what she saw, ordered the driver to divert slightly from there, and from afar she began to watch the rigorous contest, in which the Basque man delivered a great cut to Don Quixote's shoulder above his armor, leaving him open to the waist, as he gave it without defense. Don Quixote, who felt the weight of that wild blow, gave a great cry, saying: "Oh lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, aid this your knight, who, to satisfy your great kindness, finds himself in this rigorous situation!" As he said this, and as he tightened his sword, and as he covered himself with his armor, and as he charged at the Basque man, it all happened in a short time, with a determination to risk everything in a single blow. The Basque man, as he saw him coming against him, understood his courage through his boldness, and he decided to do the same as Don Quixote: and so he waited, well covered with his pillow, without being able to circle the cart to either side, since, tired of pure exhaustion and not accustomed to such foolishness, he could not take a step. So, as has been said, Don Quixote came against the cautious Basque man with his sword raised, with a determination to open a way through him, and the Basque man waited for him, with his sword raised and covered with his pillow, and all those present were fearful and hanging on what was about to happen from those great blows that threatened them, and the lady of the carriage and her other servants were making thousands of vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, because God would save their squire and them from that great danger in which they found themselves. But this was the damage of all this, that at this point and ending, the author of this story leaves this battle, excusing himself for not finding written about these follies of Don Quixote, of which 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 in their offices some papers that treated of this famous knight; and so, with this imagination, he did not despair of finding the end of this peaceful story, which, being favorable to him, found it as it had been told in the next chapter.

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

We left off in the previous chapter with the valiant Basque and the famous Don Quixote, with their high and naked swords, in the guise of discharging two furious fending knights, such that if they were to meet in full view, at the very least they would break apart and shatter from top to bottom, and open like a grenade, and that at that so doubtful impasse and standstill, so savory a story ended, without our author giving us any news as to where one could find what was lacking from it. This caused me great gloom, because the pleasure of having read so little, turned into displeasure when thinking about the wrong path that presented itself to find what my opinion seemed to be lacking from such a savory tale. It seemed impossible and outside of all good custom that such a good knight should have lacked someone wise who would take charge of writing his never-seen feats; something that none of the knights errant, those whom the people say go on their adventures, lacked, because each of them had one or two wise men as a mold, who not only wrote their deeds but also painted their most minor thoughts and childhoods, however hidden they might be; and there should not be such a miserable knight that he lacked what was surplus to Plater and others like him. And thus I could not believe that such a valiant story would have remained deficient and spoiled, and the blame laid on the malice of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which was hidden or consumed by it. On the other hand, it seemed to me that since among its books one had found as modern as 'Disappointment of Envy,' and 'Nymphs and Shepherds' of Henares, that also its story should be modern, and that since it was not written, it would be in the memory of the people of its village and of those surrounding it. This imagination brought me confused and eager to know in reality and truly the whole life and miracles of our famous Spanish Don Quixote of La Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who in our age and in these so calamitous times began to work and exercise the arms of the wandering, and to undo wrongs, to help widows, to shelter maidens, of those who walked with their horses and palfreys, and with all their virginity at their backs, from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley; that if it were not that some sturdy fellow or some peasant with an axe and a cap and bell, or some colossal giant forced them, a maiden existed in past times who, after eighty years, in all of which she did not sleep a day under a roof, went entirely to the grave as her mother had brought her to birth. Therefore, I say that by these and many other respects, our valiant Don Quixote deserves continuous and memorable praise, and even to me it should not be denied, for the work and diligence that I put into finding the end of this pleasant story; although I know that if heaven, the case, and fortune did not help me, the world would be lacking and without the pastime and pleasure that could well last almost two hours for one who reads with attention. Thus, it was found in this way: one day when I was in the Alcana of Toledo, a boy arrived to sell some parchments and old papers to a tailor; and as I am fond of reading, even if the papers are broken on the streets, led by my natural inclination, I took a parchment from the parchments that the boy was selling; I found characters that I knew were Arabic, and since, although I knew them, I did not know how to read them, I was looking to see if anywhere there was a Moorish cleric who read them; and it was not very difficult to find an interpreter like that, since although I looked for him in a better and older language, I found him. In short, luck presented me with one who, when I told him my desire, and put the book in his hands, opened it through it, and began to laugh when reading a little in it; I asked him what he was laughing at, and he told me that he was laughing because something was written in that book in the margin as a note. I told him to tell me what it was, and he said to me without stopping laughing, "This, as I have said, is written here in the margin: 'This Dulcinea of Toboso, so many times in this story referred to, say that she had the best hand for salting pigs that another woman of all La Mancha.'" When I heard Dulcinea of Toboso, I was astonished and suspended, because immediately it was represented to me that those parchments contained the story of Don Quixote. With this imagination, I urged him to read the beginning; and doing so, returning suddenly, the Arab spoke in Spanish.

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

Much discretion was needed to conceal the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears; and skipping over the evening, he bought the boy all the papers and cardboards for a real, that if he had discretion, and knew that I desired them, he could certainly promise and obtain more than six reales from the purchase. He then separated from me the Moor by the main church cloister, and begged me to return those cardboards, all those dealing with Don Quixote, in Castilian, without taking anything from them or adding anything, offering him the payment he wished. He contented himself with two sacks of raisins and two quarters of wheat, and promised to translate them well and faithfully, and with much brevity, but I, to facilitate the business and to not abandon such a good find, brought him to my house, where in little more than a month and a half it was all translated in the same way as here it is referred. It was in the first cardboard very naturally painted the battle of Don Quixote with the Vizcaino, placed in the same posture that the story tells, with the swords raised, the one covered with his shield, the other with the pillow, and the Vizcaino's mule as lively as a crossbow shot, showing itself to be for hire. He had at his feet a title that said: Don Sancho of Azpeitia, which without doubt was his name, and at Rocinante's feet was another, that said: Don Quixote; Rocinante was wonderfully painted, so long and stretched, so flattened and thin, with so much spine, so rigidly confirmed, that it showed well exposed with what warning and propriety he had been given the name of Rocinante. Beside him was Sancho Panza, who was riding his donkey, at the foot of which was another label, that said: Sancho Zancas; and it must have been his name, to which the painting showed the large belly, the short waist,

and the long legs, and for this reason he must have been given the name of Panza and Zancas, with which names he is sometimes called by the story. There were other minor details to warn about; but they are of little importance and do not make the case to the true account of the story, which none is bad as it is true.

If any objection can be raised regarding its truth, it can only be that it was the work of its Arab author, being very proper of that nation to be liars, though because they 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 extend the pen in the praise of such a good knight, it seems that through industry it passes it by in silence; a badly done and poorly considered thing, and historians should be precise, true and not overly passionate, and that neither interest nor fear, nor rancor 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 to the past, an example and warning for the present, a warning for the future. In this I am sure that everything I would dare to wish for in the most peaceful is found here, and if anything good is lacking in it, for me it was due to the fault of its author, rather than due to the lack of the subject.

In short, their second part following the translation continued in this way: with swords raised high and held by the two valiant and enraged combatants, it seemed as if they were threatening the sky, the earth, and the abyss: such was their ferocity and boldness that they possessed. And the first one who went to deliver the blow was the choleric Biscayan, who was struck with so much force and fury that, had his sword not turned in the path, that single blow would have been enough to end his rigorous dispute, and all the adventures of our knight; but good fortune, which he had saved for greater things, twisted the sword of his opponent, so that although he hit him on the left shoulder, he did not cause him any other damage other than disarming him on that side, taking with him a large part of the guard with half of the ear, that all of this with appalling ruin came to the ground, leaving him very unwell. "Spare me God, and who will be the one who can now tell the rage that entered the heart of our Manchegan, seeing it stop in that way!" Let that be said, it was such that he rose again on the stirrups, and pressing the sword more in both hands, with such

Fury discharged itself upon the Biscayan, striking him full in the face upon the pillow and on the head, which, though not a very good defense, as if a mountain were falling upon him, began to spew blood from his nostrils, from his mouth, and from his ears, and to show signs of falling off the saddle, from where he certainly would have fallen, if not embraced by the neck; but with all that, he shook off 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 were observing Don Quijote with much composure, and as he saw him fall, he leapt from his horse and, with great agility, reached him, and, placing the point of his sword to his eyes, told him to surrender; if not, he would cut off his head.

The Basque man was so troubled that he could not answer a word, and he suffered, according to the blind Don Quixote, if the ladies of the carriage, who until then had looked at the slope with great dismay, were not to go where he was and ask him with much insistence to grant him such great mercy and favor of forgiving the life of that his squire; to which Don Quixote replied with much tone and gravity: of course, beautiful ladies, I am very pleased to do what you ask; but it must be with a condition and agreement, and it is that this knight must promise to go to the place of Toboso, and present himself on my part before the unparalleled Doña Dulcinea, so that she makes of him whatever she wishes most. The fearful and distraught ladies, without taking into account what Don Quixote asked, and without knowing who Dulcinea was, promised him that the squire would do all that was commanded of him: for in faith of that word, I will not do him further harm, since he had well deserved it.

Chapter 10: Of the witty arguments that passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza his squire.

At this time, Sancho Panza had been somewhat maltreated by the monks' boys, and had been attentive to his lord Don Quijote's battle, praying to God in his heart that he might be served to give him victory and win an island in it, where he would be made governor, as had been promised to him. Seeing, therefore, that the contest was already finished, and his master returning to mount Rocinante, he reached to take the reins, and before he ascended, he knelt before him, and grasping his hand, he kissed it and said: "Your grace is served, my lord Don Quijote, to give me the government of the island that has been won in this rigorous contest, however great it may be, I feel strong enough to govern it as well as any other who has governed islands in the world." To which Don Quijote replied: "Warn me, brother Sancho, that these adventures, and those like them, are not adventures of islands, but of crossroads, in which one gains nothing other than to have one's head broken off, or a less ear; have patience, for adventures will be offered where not only you may be made governor, but further on." Sancho thanked him greatly, and, kissing his hand and the sleeve of the liriga, helped him to mount Rocinante, and he mounted on his donkey, and began to follow his lord, who at a slow pace, without saying farewell or speaking further with those of the carriage, entered a forest that was nearby.

Followed Sancho his donkey with all his speed; but Rocinante, tiring of walking, was forced to call out to his master, who was waiting. He did so, Don Quixote, holding the reins of Rocinante until his tired squire arrived, who, upon reaching him, said: it seems to me, sir, that it would be wise for us to retire to some church, as, according to what I was told, that one

who fought with you is not likely to give notice of the case to the Holy Brotherhood, and we are apprehended; and, I swear, that before we leave the jail, we shall have to sweat it out. Hush, said Don Quixote. And where have you seen or read that a knight-errant should be brought before the justice, even for the murders he has committed? I don't know anything about cucumbers, replied Sancho, nor have I ever given any to anyone; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood has to do with those who fight in the fields, and I do not meddle in others. "Well, don't be afraid, friend," replied Don Quixote, "for I will take you out of the hands of the Caliphs, much more than out of those of the Brotherhood." But ask me your life: have you ever seen a more valiant knight than I in all the lands? Have you read of another who has been more eager to attack, more persevering, more skillful in wounding, or more eager to knock down? The truth be told, replied Sancho, I have never read any story, because I do not even know how to read or write; but I dare to wager that I have served a more daring master than you in all the days of my life, and may God grant that these rashnesses are not paid for where I have said so. What I beg of you, sir, is that you get better, that you have a lot of blood from that ear, that I bring threads and a little white ointment in the saddlebags.

"All this is excused," replied Don Quijote, "if to me it is remembered to make a balm of Fierabras, with which, with but one drop, time and medicines would be saved. What balm and what balm is that?" asked Sancho Panza. "Of a balm," replied Don Quijote, "of whom I have the recipe in my memory, with which there need be no fear of death, nor need one think of dying from any wound; and so, when I make it and give it to you, you need only do what when you see that in a battle they have parted my body in two, as many times it happens, neatly put the part of the body that has fallen to the ground, and with great subtlety, before the blood congeals, you will put it upon the other half that remains on the chair, warning of dislocation equally and to the right. Then you will give me to drink just two sips of the balm that I have said, and you will see me remain healthier than an apple. If that is, said Panza, I resign from here the government of the promised island, and I do not want anything else in payment for my many and good services, other than your mercy give me the recipe of that agitated liquor, which for me will be worth an ounce wherever more than two reales."

I need myself more to pass this honorable and tranquil life; but it is to know now if it has a great cost to accomplish it. With less than three reales, three azumbres can be made, Quijote replied. "Faultfinder you are!" Sancho retorted. "And what does your grace await to have done and to teach it?" Quijote replied, "Silence, friend, for I intend to teach you greater secrets and do greater favors; and let us heal now, for my ear aches more than I would wish."

Sancho took out the sacks of linen and ointment, but when Don Quijote saw his ambush broken, he thought of losing his mind, and putting his hand to his sword and raising his eyes to the sky, he said: "I swear to the creator of all things, and to the four Holy Evangelists, where most fully written, to make the life that the great Marquis of Mantua made, when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldovinos, who was not to eat bread at tables, nor to spend time with his wife, and other things, that, though I don't remember them all, I declare them expressed here, until I take complete vengeance on the one who did such a disgraceful thing to me." Hearing this, Sancho said to him: "Warn your lordship, Lord Don Quijote, that if the knight fulfilled what was ordered of him to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea of Toboso, he has already fulfilled what he should have, and does not deserve another punishment if he does not commit a new crime. You have spoken and recorded very well," replied Don Quijote; and thus he annulled the oath regarding taking vengeance from him; but make and confirm him again to make the life I have said, until he removes by force another ambush as good and as fine as this to some knight; and don't think, Sancho, that by the smoke of straw I do this, for I have a very good person to imitate in it, because this very thing happened word for word about the helmet of Mambrino, which Sacripante cost him so dearly. Let the devil your lordship make such oaths, said Sancho, for they are very harmful to health and very detrimental to conscience. If not, tell me now if in many days we don't encounter a man armed with an ambush, what shall we do? Shall I fulfill the oath despite so many inconveniences and discomforts, such as sleeping dressed and not sleeping in towns, and other thousand penances that contained the oath of that crazy old man of the Marquis of Mantua, whom your lordship wants to revalidate now? Look well at your lordship that by all these roads don't walk armed men but pack carriers and cart drivers, who not only don't bring ambushes but perhaps have never heard them named in all the days of their lives. You deceived me in that," said Don Quijote, "because we haven't been two hours at these crossroads when we've seen men armed more than those who came to Albraca to conquer Angelica the Beautiful. Stop then; let it be so," said Sancho, and to God let it please that we may have a good fortune, and that the time may arrive to win that island, which costs me so dearly, and let me move then. "You have already told me, Sancho, that you should not give that any care, that when the island is lacking, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or Sobradisa, that will come to you like a ring to the finger, and more than that, for being in solid ground, you should rejoice. But let us leave this for another time, and look if you bring something in those sacks that we can eat, because we go to seek after some castle where we can lodge tonight, and make the balm that you have told me, because I swear to God that my ear is hurting me a great deal."

Here I brought an onion and a bit of 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 yourself. "You misunderstand this," replied Don Quijote: "let me tell you, Sancho, that it is an honor of knights-errant not to eat in a month, and when they do eat, it should be of what they find most at hand; and this would be certain if you had read as many stories as I have, though many they have been, in none have I

found account of knights-errant eating unless, if it was, at sumptuous banquets made for them, and the rest of the days they spent them in flowers. And though it is understood that they could not pass without eating and without fulfilling all the other natural needs, because in truth they were men like us, you must also understand that, spending most of their lives in the forests and desolate places, and without a cook, their ordinary food would be rustic provisions such as you now offer me: so, Sancho friend, do not grieve at me for what gives me pleasure, nor wish you to make a new world,

Please forgive you, my lord, said Sancho, since as I cannot read nor write, as I have said before, I do not know, nor have I fallen into the rules of the knight-errant profession; and from now on I will provide the sacks of all kinds of dried fruit for your lordship, who is a knight, and for me I will provide them, since I am not one, of other things volatile and of greater substance. I do not say, Sancho, replied Don Quijote, that it is necessary for knights-errant to eat only those fruits that you say; but that their ordinary sustenance should be of them, and of some herbs that they found in the fields, which they also knew, and which I also know. It is a virtue, replied Sancho, to know those herbs, that, as I am imagining, one day it will be necessary to use that knowledge.

And in this, they did what he had said was betrayal, the two ate 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 mounted their horses, and hurried to reach a town before nightfall; but it failed them to reach the sun and the hope of achieving what they desired near a few cottages of some sheep, and thus they decided to spend the night there, which was of gloom to Sancho not reaching a town, was of contentment for his master to sleep it under the open sky, as it seemed to him that every time this happened was to commit 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 sheepfolds with a good spirit, and having arranged as best he could Rocinante and his donkey, he set off after the scent emitted by certain goat cheeses that, when boiled in a cauldron, were; and though he wished to see at that very spot whether they were ready to be transferred from the cauldron to the stomach, he ceased doing so because the shepherds had taken them from the fire, and spreading out some sheepskins on the floor, they quickly adorned their rustic table, and invited the two, with much good will, with what they had. Six of them seated themselves in a circle on the skins, who were those who had been in the flock, having first with clumsy ceremonies begged Don Quijote to sit on a bramble bush that, turned upside down, they placed for him. Quijote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve him the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said: "So that you see, Sancho, the good that is contained in itinerant chivalry, and how sorely pressed those who exercise themselves in any ministry of it are, to come briefly to be honored and esteemed by the world, I want you here at my side, and in company with this good company, to sit down, and that you be one thing with me who am your master and natural lord, to eat at my plate and drink where I drink; because of the itinerant chivalry, one can say the same as one says of love, that all things equal. Great mercy! said Sancho; but tell your mercy, that if I had good to eat, so well and better I would eat it standing and alone, rather than seated like a prince. And even if he is telling the truth, it tastes much better to me what I eat in my corner without fuss or respect, even if it is bread and onions, than the delicacies of other tables, where it would be necessary for me to eat slowly, drink little, often clean myself, not to sneeze or cough if it comes into my head, or to do other things that solitude and freedom bring with them. So, my lord, these honors that your mercy wants to give me, to be a minister and adherent of itinerant chivalry, as I am being squire to your mercy, let them be turned into other things that are comfortable and profitable for me; because these, though they are given with good reception, I renounce them for from here to the ends of the world. With all that, you must sit down, because God elevates those who humble themselves. And so, heeling him by the arm, he forced him to sit beside him. The shepherds did not understand that jargon of squires and itinerant knights, and did nothing other than eat and be silent and watch their guests, who embellished cheese as a mark with much skill and grace. After the meat service was finished, they spread out a large quantity of hazelnuts, and together they put down a half-cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn was not idle, because it went around in a circle so often, full or empty, as nimble as a waterwheel, which easily emptied a sack of two that were visible. After Don Quijote had satisfied his stomach, he took a handful of hazelnuts in his hand, and looking at them attentively, he released his voice for such reasons:

Blessed were those ages and blessed those ages to whom the ancients named "golden," not because in them, the gold—which in this our age of iron is so highly esteemed—was attained without that fortunate and tireless effort, but because those who lived in them did not know those two words, "his" and "mine!"

In that holy age, all common things were freely available; no one needed to take another job to reach their ordinary sustenance other than to raise their hand and receive, freely offered by the sturdy olive trees, their sweet and seasoned nuts. Clear springs and rivers offered them magnificent abundance of savory and transparent waters. In the crevices of the rocks and in the hollows of the trees, the solicitous and discreet bees formed their republic, offering to anyone without interest the fertile harvest of their deliciously sweet labor. The valiant cork oaks parted from themselves without other

artifice than their courtesy, their wide and light bark, with which they began to cover the houses on rustic stakes, supported no more than for defense against the inclemency of the sky. Everything was peace then, everything friendship, everything concord: no one had yet dared to open and visit the compassionate depths of the...

Our first mother, who, without being compelled, offered from all the fullness of her fertile and spacious breast whatever might satisfy, sustain, and delight her children who then possessed her. Then did the simple and beautiful maidens wander from valley to valley, and from pasture to pasture, in plaits and in hair, with no more garments than were necessary to honestly cover what honesty has always wished and desired when covered; and their adornments were not those now used, which purple from Tyre and so many modes make silk expensive, but of some leaves of green moss and ivy intertwined, with which perhaps they went as pompous and composed as our present court ladies do with the rare and peregrine inventions that idle curiosity has shown them. Then were the concepts of loving hearts of the simple soul and simply conceived, in the same manner and way that she conceived them, without seeking artful turns of words to embellish them. There was no fraud, deception, or malice mixed with truth and plainness. Justice was in their own terms, without being disturbed or offended by the favors and interests that now so much diminish, confuse, and pursue it. The law of lace had not yet been seated in the understanding of the judge, because then there was nothing to be judged or who was to be judged. The maidens and honesty walked, as I have said, wherever, alone and ladies, without fear that foreign awkwardness and lascivious attempts would diminish them, and their ruin came from their own liking and own will. And now in these our detestable centuries, none is safe, although another new labyrinth, like that of Crete, hides and closes another new one; because there, through the fissures or through the air, with the zeal of the cursed inquiry, their loving pestilence enters them, and they give it all with their concealment. For whose security, walking more the times and growing more malice, was instituted the order of the knights errant, to defend the maidens, shelter the widows, and aid the orphans and the needy. Of this order am I, brothers cabradores, whom I thank for the entertainment and good welcome that you make me and my squire; that although by natural law all those who live are obliged to favor the knights errant, still, for knowing that you are so obliged, you received and gave to me, without knowing it, it is reason that with the will possible to me I thank you.

Our knight said that all this long harangue (which might very well be excused), because the acorns he was given brought the memory of his golden age to his mind, and it occurred to him to make that useless reasoning to the sheep, who, without answering him a word, fascinated and suspended, listened to him. Sancho also remained silent, and frequently ate acorns and visited the second Zaque, who, because the wine grew cold, had him hanging from an alcornoque. Don Quijote spoke later than he finished the dinner, at the end of which one of the shepherds said: in order that your Lordship may speak with greater clarity, Sir Knight-errant, that we refresh and please you by having one of our companions sing, who will not be long in arriving here, he is a young man very clever and very enamored, and above all knows how to read and write, and is musician of a rabel, that is all we desire. As soon as the shepherd had finished saying this, the sound of the rabel reached their ears, and shortly thereafter reached the one who tuned it, who was a young man of twenty-five years, of very good grace. They asked him if he had dined, and answering that he had, the one who had made the offers said: in that way, Antonio, you may well give us pleasure in singing a little, so that this guest lord, whom we have, who also knows of music from the mountains and forests, may see. We have told you your good abilities, and we desire that you show them and make them true; and so I beg you by your life that you sit and sing the romance of your loves, which was composed by your blessed uncle, who in the village has seemed very well. It pleases me, said the boy; and without doing more than beg, he sat on the trunk of a young beech, and soon after, with very good grace, he began to sing, saying in this way:

ANTONIO

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

Because I know you're wise.

In what you wanted, I 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 chest.

Beyond that, amidst his accusations and honest deviations.

Perhaps hope shows the hem of her dress.

Dive at the bait

My faith, which has never waned nor grown by choice.

If love is courteous.

of which you have a surplus
which is, as I imagine, the end of my hopes.
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'm giving up dancing for your sake.
Neither the music paints you.
what you've heard at all hours and when the rooster crows.
I don't count praises.
I've said so much about your beauty, and though true, they make me seem a fool.

Teresa del Berrocal

I was praising you, he said:
He thinks he loves an angel, and comes to adore a badger. Mercy to the many sayings.
and the false hair
hypocritical beauties
that deceives love itself. Deny it, and it will anger.
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 my plan is. The girls have the church.
What are "lazadas de sirgo," put your neck in the strainer, 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 he made the shepherd end his song, and though Don Quixote begged him to sing something more, Sancho Panza refused him, for he was more inclined to sleep than to listen to music. And so he said to his master: Your grace may rest where it will, for the work of these good men does not allow them to spend the nights singing. You understand me, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, for it is clear to me that the visits of Zacheus ask for more reward of sleep than of music. Everyone agrees, blessed be God, replied Sancho. I deny it, retorted Don Quixote; but rest where you wish, for those of my profession seem to sleep better than to work; but with all that, it would be well, Sancho, that you cure me this ear, for it is aching more than it ought. Sancho did as he was ordered; and seeing one of the shepherds the wound, he said, "Do not be afraid, for I will remedy it, and it will heal easily." Taking some leaves of rosemary, which there was plenty of, 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. And so it was true.

Chapter 12: Of what a shepherd told those who were with Don Quixote

As I was in this, another boy from those who brought the village's provisions arrived, and said, "Do you know what happened in the place, companions? How can we know? One of them responded. "Well, know this," the boy continued, "that the famous student shepherd, Grisotomo, died this morning, and it is murmured that he died of love for that devilish girl from the village, the daughter of William the rich, that one who habitually walks about as a shepherd in those gales. By Marce you'll say, said one. "By that I say," replied the shepherd; and it's good, that he ordered in his will that he be buried in the field as if he were a Moor, and that it be at the foot of the shale where the source of the yew tree is, because

according to fame (and he said he did) that place is where he first saw her. And he ordered other things, such as, that the abbots of the town say that they shall not be fulfilled, nor is it well that they be fulfilled, because they seem like things of the gentle folk. To all of this responds that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who also dressed as a shepherd with him, that everything shall be fulfilled without lacking anything as it was left ordered by Grisotomo, and about this the people are agitated, but to what is said, in short, it will be what Ambrosio and all the shepherds his friends want, and tomorrow they will come to bury him with great pomp where I have said; and for me it must be a very thing to see, at least I will not cease to go to see it, if I knew not to return tomorrow to the place. All will do the same, responded the shepherds, and we will throw dice to see who will remain to guard the goats of all. Well say you, Pedro, said one of them, although it will not be necessary to use of that diligence, that I will remain by all; and do not attribute it to virtue and little curiosity of mine, but that it does not let me walk the hamlet that the other day this foot passed me. With all this, you thank us, responded Pedro.

And Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him that he was dead and that she was a shepherdess. To which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the deceased was a wealthy young man, a neighbor 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 mostly 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 about the eclipse of the sun and the moon. Eclipse is its name, friend, not “cris,” the darkening of those two great luminaries, said Don Quijote. But Pedro, not paying attention to childish things, continued his story, saying: he also predicted when the year would be abundant or barren. Barren you wanted to say, friend, said Don Quijote. Barren, or “estil,” replied Pedro, “everything goes out there.” And I say that, with what he said, his father and his friends who gave him credit became very rich, because they did what he advised them, telling them: “plant wheat this year, not barley; you can plant lentils here, and not barley; the next three will be of oil; the three following will not yield a drop.” This science is called Astrology, said Don Quijote. I do not know what it is called, replied Pedro, but I know that he knew all this and more. Finally, not many months later, he came from Salamanca, when one day he remained dressed as a shepherd with his staff and cloak, having removed the long habits he carried as a schoolboy, and together he dressed with him as a shepherd another of his great friends called Ambrosio, who had been his companion in the studies. He forgot to tell me how Grisotomo the deceased was a great man of composing couplets, so much so that he made the carols for the night of the Nativity of the Lord, and the autos for the day of God, which were represented by the youths of our town, and everyone said they were by the toe. When the people of the place saw so suddenly dressed as shepherds the two schoolboys, they were amazed and could not guess the cause that had made them make such a strange change. At that time, the father of our Grisotomo was dying, and he inherited a large amount of property, namely furniture and roots, and in a small amount of cattle, both large and small, and in large sums of money: of all this, the young lord was desolate; and truly, he deserved it all, because he was a very good companion and charitable and a friend of the good, and he had a face like a blessing. Afterwards, he came to understand that having changed his clothes had not been for anything other than wandering around in these

abandoned in pursuit of that shepherdess Marcela whom our young man named beforehand, of whom the deceased from Grisotomo had fallen in love. And I want to say this now, because it is well that you should know it, who this girl is; perhaps and even without perhaps you haven't heard such a thing in all the days of your life, though you have lived more years than mange. Tell, Sarra, replied Don Quixote, unable to suffer the changing of the words of the shepherd. Tired is mange, replied Pedro; and if, sir, you are to be going about wounding the words at every step, we shall not finish in a year. Forgive me, friend, said Don Quixote, for having so much difference of mange in Sarra I told you; but you answered very well, because he lives more mange than Sarra, and continue your story, I will not contradict you 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 gave, Amen, 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 does not seem that now I see her with that face, that from one end the sun and from the other the moon, and above all industrious and friendly to the poor, so that 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 girl and rich in power from a uncle of his, a priest, and benefited in our place. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it made us remember that of her mother, that she had it very large, and with all this it was judged that she would have the same fate as her daughter; and so it was, that when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years, nobody looked at her that did not bless God, that had so beautifully raised her, and the most were in love and lost by her. Her uncle kept her with much discretion and with much enclosure, but with all this, the fame of her great beauty spread in such a way, that by her, as by her many riches, not only of the people of our village, but of those of many leagues around, and of the best of them, her uncle was begged, solicited and harassed to give her as a wife. But he, who on the right is a good Christian, although he would like to marry her later, as he saw her of age, did not want to do it without her consent, without having regard for the farming and husbandry that he offered by having the girl's estate, extending her marriage. And to faith that this was said in more than one tavern in the village in

praise of the good priest. That I want you to know, Lord of the Foot, that in these short places everything is discussed and everything is murmured; and have for you, as I have for me, that the cleric must be exceedingly good, obliging 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 does not fail me, that is the one who makes the case. And as for the rest, you know that although the uncle proposed to the niece, and told her of the qualities of each one, in particular of the many who asked for her hand as a wife, urging her to marry and choose according to her liking, she never answered anything other than that she did not want to marry at that time, and that as she was so young she did not feel capable of bearing the burden of marriage. With these excuses he gave her, he left her unmolested, and expected her to mature a little more and she would know how to choose company to her liking. Because he said, and said it very well, that parents would not give their children an unfavorable position against their will. But here it is, when I straighten myself up, that the fretful Marcela remains a shepherdess; and without being part of her uncle or all the people of the town who dissuaded her from it, she ended up going to the countryside with the other peasant girls of the place, and ended up taking care of her own livestock. And so as she went out into public, and her beauty was revealed, I will not tell you how many rich gentlemen, nobles, and farmers have taken the guise of Grisotomo, and are pestering her in these fields. One of these, as has been said, was our late father, who they said loved her and adored her. And do not think that because Marcela took on this freedom and such a loose life, and with so little or no restraint, that this is a sign to the detriment of her honesty and courtesy; rather, it is so and so much the vigilance

With what eyes does he look at his honor, that of all those who serve and solicit him, none has been praised, nor can be praised truly, that he has given any small hope of attaining his desire. Since he does not flee nor is he elusive from the company and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them courteously and amiably, upon arriving to discover his intention, although it be so just and holy as that of marriage, he throws them off as with a catapult. And with this manner of condition he does more harm in this earth than if she were to enter the pestilence, because her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who treat her to serve her and love her; but her disdain and disappointment leads them to terms of despairing, and thus they do not know what to say to her but to call her out loud cruelly and unthankfully, with other titles similar to these, which well manifest the quality of her condition; and if here you are, lords, one day you will hear these mountains and 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 fir trees, and there is none that on its smooth bark does not have the name of Marcela engraved and written, and on top of some one a crown engraved in the same tree, as if more clearly saying her lover that Marcela carries her and deserves her of all human beauty. Here sighs a shepherd, there complains another, here one hears loving songs, there desperate praises. Which one passes all the hours of the night sitting at the foot of some oak or cliff, and there, without folding the tearful eyes, intoxicated and transported in his thoughts, he finds the sun in the morning; and which one without giving any headway or respite to his sighs, in the midst of the heat of the most furious summer siesta, lying on the burning sand, sends his complaints to the merciful sky; and from this and from that, and from these and from those, free and carelessly triumphs the beautiful Marcela. And all those who know her are waiting to see what she will stop her pride, and who will be the fortunate one who will come to dominate condition so terrible, and enjoy such extreme beauty. Because all that I have told is so well known truth, I understand that the same is the one our young man said that was said of the cause of the death of Grisostomo. And so I advise you, lord, that you do not fail to find yourselves tomorrow at his burial, that will be very to see, because Grisostomo has many friends, and is not from that place to that where he commands to be buried half a league.

"I keep it safe," said Don Quixote, and I thank you for the pleasure you've given me with the narration of such a savory tale. Oh! replied the squire. I don't yet know half of the cases that occurred to Marcela's lovers; however, it might be that tomorrow we encounter a shepherd along the road who will tell us about them; and for now it will be well that you go to sleep under a roof, because the watchman could harm your wound, since the medicine you have received is so potent that you need not fear any other misfortune.

Sancho Panza, who was already exasperated by talking about the shepherd, requested that his master go to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and the whole night he spent it in memories of his beloved Dulcinea, in the manner of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his donkey, and slept, not as a thwarted lover, but as a man thoroughly worn out.

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

As soon as he began to be discovered by day through the balconies of the East, when the five of the six oxen got up and went to wake Don Quixote, and to tell him if he still had the purpose of going to see the famous burial of Grisóstomo, and that they would accompany him. Don Quixote, who desired nothing else, got up and ordered Sancho to saddle and mount

the horse at once, which he did with great diligence, and with it they then set off. And they hadn't walked a quarter of a league when, as they crossed a path, they saw coming towards them as many as six shepherds dressed in black cypress garlands and bitter laurel crowns. Each one carried a thick hawthorn staff in his hand; they came with them also two fine gentlemen on horseback, as well as three young footmen who accompanied them.

As they were meeting, they greeted each other politely, and inquired of one another where they were going, learning that everyone was headed to the burial place, and thus they began to walk together. One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said: - It seems to me, Señor Vivaldo, that we shall consider it a good use of the delay we make in witnessing this famous burial, which will not fail to be famous, according to what these shepherds have told us of strange occurrences, of both the deceased shepherd and the shepherdess murderer. "So it seems to me," replied Vivaldo, "and I do not say we will make a delay of a day, but of four days, to see her." Don Quixote asked them what they had heard of Marcela and of Grisóstomo. The walker said that in that early morning they had found with those shepherds, and that having seen them in that so sad attire they had asked them the reason why they went in such a manner; that one of them told him, recounting the strange and beautiful appearance of a shepherdess named Marcela, and the loves that many had sought her, with the death of that Grisóstomo, to whose burial they were going. Finally, he told him what Don Quixote had told Pedro.

Let this dialogue cease and another began, asking the one called Vivaldo, "What was the occasion that moved you to ride armed in such a manner on so peaceful a land?" To which Don Quijote replied: "The profession of my exercise does not allow nor permit me to ride in any other way; the good step, the gift, and the rest there were invented for the soft courtiers; but work, inquietude, and arms were invented and made for those whom the world calls wandering knights, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least of all. Just as they heard this, when everyone considered him mad, and to ascertain and see what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo asked him again what he meant by 'wandering knights.' - 'Have your mercies not read,' replied Don Quijote, 'the annals and histories of England, where the famous exploits of King Arthur are treated, whom we constantly call King Arthur in our Spanish romance, from whom is ancient and common tradition in that whole kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but by the art of enchantment became a crow, and that with the passing of times he will return to reign and take his kingdom and scepter; and to what cause, it will not be proven that from that time to this, no Englishman has died as a crow? For in the time of this good king, that famous order of knighthood of the knights of the Round Table was established, and without missing a point, the loves that are counted there from Don Lanzarote of the Lake with the Queen Ginebra were passed, being a mediator between them and knowing that honored duenna Quítana, from where that famous romance was born, and so recounted in our Spain of:"

Never a knight

such ladies so well served, as Lanzarote was when it came from Brittany;

With that sweet and so gentle progress of their loving and strong deeds. For since then, that order of knighthood had spread and expanded 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 to the fifth generation, and the valiant Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never as much as should be praised Tirante the White, and almost in our days we saw and communicated and heard of the invincible and valiant knight Don Belianís of Greece. This, therefore, lords, is to be a wandering knight, and what I have said is the order of his knighthood, in which, as I have said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession, and just as the aforementioned knights made profession, I make profession; and thus I go through these desolate and uninhabited places seeking adventures, with a deliberate spirit to offer my arm and my person to the most dangerous that fortune may present, in aid of the weak and needy.

For these reasons he said, the pilgrims just learned that Don Quixote was lacking in judgment, and of the genre of madness that had been reigning in him, and they received the same admiration that all those who again came to know of it received. And Vivaldo, who was a very discreet man and of cheerful disposition, in order to pass without apprehension the little road that they said was lacking for them to reach the burial mountains, wanted to give occasion for him to pass further on with his follies. And so he said to him: it seems to me, sir knight errant, that your grace has professed one of the most narrow professions that exist in the world, and I have for myself that even the monks of the Carthusians is not so narrow. So narrow could be, replied our Don Quixote; but so necessary in the world, I am not in two fingers of doubt. Because if he is going to say the truth, he does no less than the soldier who executes what his captain orders, that 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 soldiers and knights execute what they ask, defending it with the strength of our arms and the edges of our swords; not under cover, but in the open sky, put in the white of the unbearable rays of the sun in the summer, and of the prickly ice of the winter. So we are ministers of God on earth, and arms by whom it is executed in it his justice. And as things of war, and those related to them, cannot be executed except by sweating, straining, and working excessively, it follows that those who profess it have undoubtedly more work than those who in peaceful peace and rest are praying to God that he favors

those who can little. I do not want to say, nor does it pass through my mind, that the state of knight errant is as good as that of a confined religious; I only want to infer, by what I suffer, that it is undoubtedly more laborious and worn out, and more hungry and thirsty, miserable, broken and louse-ridden, because there is no doubt that the knight errants passed many bad fortunes in the course of their lives. And if some ascended to be emperors by the strength of their arm, by the faith that cost them good because of their blood and their sweat; and that thus, those who such a degree ascended, they lacked sorcerers and wise men who would help them, that they would be well defrauded of their desires and well deceived of their hopes.

"As for that opinion," I replied, "but one thing among many, it seems 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 their lives is manifest, they never in that instant of undertaking 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 somewhat of gentility."

Sir, Don Quixote replied, it cannot be less in any way, and it would be against his case that the knight-errant should 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 soft and lovingly eyes, as if he begged of them to favor and protect him in the doubtful predicament he faces; and even if no one hears him, he is obliged to say some words.

Between teeth, in which all hearts are entrusted, and from this we have countless examples in the stories. And this is not to be understood that they should stop entrusting themselves to God, that they have time and place for it in the speech of the work. However, the traveler replied, I have one scruple, and it is that many times I have read that words get stuck between two walking knights, and one comes to ignite anger, and the horses turn, and a good piece of the field is taken, and then nothing more than that, throughout the course they find themselves 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 by the flanks of the past horse with the lance of the opposite side from part to part, and the other likewise happens that he cannot avoid coming to the ground because he does not have his own manes; and I do not know how the dead had place to entrust himself to God in the speech of this so celebrated work; better it were that the words that in the race I spent entrusting myself to my lady, I would spend it on what I should, and he was obliged as a Christian; more than I have for myself that not all walking knights have ladies to whom to entrust themselves, because not all are in love.

"That cannot be," replied Don Quijote: "I say that it cannot be that there should be a knight-errant without a lady, because it is so proper and so natural for such persons to fall in love, as it is to the heavens to have stars, and there is, I venture to say, no history in which a knight-errant is found without loves; and by the same case that he were without them, he would not be considered legitimate, but a bastard; and he entered into the fortress of chivalry, not through the gate, but through the palings, like a thief and a rogue. As he said all that, the Wanderer, it seems to me, if I do not misremember, had read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadís de Gaula, never had a lady designated to whom he could entrust himself, and with all this he was not held in less esteem, and he was a very brave and famous knight. To which our Don Quijote replied: Sir, a single swallow does not make summer; much more so do I know that this knight was very secretly in love; besides that of loving all well that seemed good to him, it was a natural condition to one who could not go to the hand. But in resolution, it is very well ascertained that he had one alone to whom he had made mistress of his will; to whom he entrusted himself very often and very secretly, because he was a knight of secret."

Then it is of essence that every knight-errant must be enamored, said the wanderer; well one may believe that your mercies are so, since from the profession, and if your mercies do not pride themselves on being as secret as Don Galaor, with the veritas that I can, I beg, in the name of all this company and in mine, to tell us the name, homeland, quality and beauty of their lady, that she will be deemed fortunate that the whole world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your mercies seem. Here came a great sigh from Don Quixote and he said: I will not affirm whether the sweet my enemy-woman likes or not that the world knows that I serve her; I can only say, answering to what is asked of me with so much prudence, that her name is Dulcinea, her homeland the Toboso, a place in the Mancha; her quality at least must be princess, since she is queen and my lady; her beauty superhuman, since 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 forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows arches of the sky, 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 the honesty covered from the human sight are such, according to what I think and understand, that alone discreet consideration can appreciate them and not compare them. The lineage, ancestry, and family name we would like to know, replied Vivaldo. To which response Don Quixote: it is not of the ancient Curcios, Gayos and Cipiones Roman, nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinos, nor of the Moncadas and Requesens of Catalonia, nor less of the Rebellas and Villenovas of Valencia, 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 ones from Toboso of the Mancha, lineage, although modern, such that it can give

generous beginning to the most illustrious.

families of the coming centuries; and let me not be disputed in this, unless it be with the conditions that Cerbino placed at the foot of Orlando's trophy of arms, which read:

Don't move them.

I can't handle Roldán's test.

Although mine is of the Cachopines of Laredo, the wanderer replied, I will not dare to put it beside the one from Toboso of La Mancha, since, to tell the truth, such a surname has never reached my ears. As that one would not have arrived, Don Quijote retorted. All the others listened with great attention to the conversation of the two, and even the shepherds and cattlemen recognized the excessive lack of judgment of our Don Quijote. Sancho Panza thought that everything his master said was true, knowing who he was, having known him since birth; and when he doubted anything, he believed in the beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso, because he had never heard of such a name or such a princess, even though she lived so close to Toboso.

In these conversations they went when they saw that because of the bankruptcy that two high mountains were making, they descended to twenty shepherds, all with coats of black wool, dressed, and crowned with garlands that, as it seemed afterwards, were of felt and of cypress. Among six of them they brought some handcars, covered with a great diversity of flowers and of branches. Which, seen by one of the shepherds, said: those who come here are the ones who bring the body of Grisotomo, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered to be buried him. Therefore they hastened to arrive, and it was in time that those who were coming had put the handcars on the ground, and four of them with sharp picks were digging the grave on the side of a hard rock. They received each other politely, and then, Don Quixote, and those who came with him, began to look at the handcars, and in them they saw a dead body covered with flowers, and dressed as a shepherd, apparently of 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 in the same handcars some books and many open and closed papers; and thus those who looked at the dead were like those who opened the grave, and all the rest who were there kept a wonderful silence, until one of those who brought the dead said to another: look closely, Ambrosio, if this is the place that Grisotomo said, since you want it to be fulfilled punctually what he ordered in his testament. This is, Ambrosio replied, that many times my unfortunate friend told me the story of his misfortune. There he told me that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human lineage, and there it was also where he declared his honest and enamored thought for the first time, and there it was the last time that Marcela ended his deception and disdain; so he ended the tragedy of his miserable life and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he wanted to be deposited in the entrails of eternal oblivion. And turning back to Don Quixote and the walkers, he continued saying: that body, lords, that you are looking at with pious eyes, was the depository of a soul in whom the sky put infinite part of its riches. That is the body of Grisotomo, who was unique in ingenuity, only in courtesy, extreme in gentleness, phoenix in friendship, magnificent without price, serious without presumption, joyful without vulgarity, and finally, first in everything that is to be good, and without second in everything that was his misfortune. He did well, he was hated; he adored, he was scorned; he begged a beast, disturbed a marble, ran after the wind, spoke to solitude, served to ingratitude, from whom he reached by reward to be robbed by death in the middle of the course of his life, which he ended with a shepherd, to whom he sought to eternize to live in the memory of the people, as these papers that you are looking at can show you, if he had not ordered me to give them to the fire, having given his body to the earth. You will use more rigor and cruelty with them, said Vivaldo, than his own owner, since it is not fair nor

It is fitting that his will be fulfilled by the one who orders it, and beyond any reasonable discourse; and it would not have been good Augustus Caesar, had he consented that what the divine Mantuan left in his testament be executed as ordered. Therefore, Señor Ambrosio, since you are giving your friend's body to the earth, you do not wish to give his writings to oblivion; for if he ordered it as wronged, it is not well that you fulfill it as indiscreet, rather do this, giving life to these papers, that he may always have the cruelty of Marcela, so that it serves as an example in the times that are to come for the living, so that they may turn away and flee from falling into such miseries; that I, and those who come here, know the history 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: of which lamentable history one 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 misguided love puts before their eyes. Last night we knew the death of Grisostomo, and that he was to be buried in this place, and thus 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 secret; and in payment for this pity and the desire that was born in us, we ask you, oh discreet Ambrosio, at least I beg you on my part, that leaving these papers to burn, you let me take some of them. And without waiting for the pastor to answer, I extended my hand and took some of those that were closest. Seeing this, Ambrosio said: for courtesy I will consent that you let them remain, Señor, with those that you have already taken; but thinking that I would cease to

burn the rest is a vain thought. Vivaldo, who wanted to see what the papers contained, opened one of them and saw that it was titled: Desperate Song. He heard it, Ambrosio said, and said: that is the last paper that the unfortunate wrote, and so that you may hear, Señor, in the ending of his misfortunes, read it so that you may hear it, it will give you good reason to delay opening the sepulchre. I will do that with good will, said Vivaldo. And as all the bystanders had the same desire, they arranged themselves in a circle, and he, reading clearly, saw that it said thus:

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

Grotestomy's Song

Since you want, cruel, it to be published.

From tongue to tongue, and from person to person, the strength of your harshness.

Let the very hell itself announce it.

To my sad, grieving chest,

with the common use of my voice bending.

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

of the terrible voice will come the accent

and in it mixed pieces of the miserable entrails.

Listen, then, and give a careful 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, the fierce wolf

the fearful howl, the dreadful screech of scaled serpent, the appalling

Monster's bed, the croaking heraldry of the carrion crow, and the booming contrast of the wind in unstable sea:

Of the long-past bull's relentless bellow, and of the coquettish widow.

the sensitive owl's cooing, the sad song of the widowed owl, with the weeping of the entire infernal black gang.

They emerge with the aching soul outside, mixed in a son so much that all the senses are confused, since the cruel sorrow that dwells within me demands new modes to tell it.

Amid so much confusion, not the sands.

The father Tajo will hear the sad echoes.

not even from famous Betis olives:

There I will spread my bitter pains in high cliffs and deep hollows, with a mute tongue and with living words.

Either in dark valleys or in elusive, bare 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 muffled 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 all there is a certain, inevitable death; but I, a miracle never seen! live jealously, absent, scornful, and certain.

of the suspicions that kill me: and in oblivion, whom I ignite with my fire.

And among so many torments, hope never reaches my sight; nor do I, in desperation, seek it.

before I had pushed myself to the extreme in my lawsuit, to be without her eternally I swear. Can one perhaps wait and fear in an instant, or is it truly the case, being the certain causes of fear? Do I have, if strict vigilance is before me,

Should I close my eyes, if I must die

For a thousand wounds to the soul opened? Who doesn't open wide the doors to distrust, when they see the traitor discovered, 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. Dam, since, a twisted rope.

Woe to me! Your cruel victory drowns out suffering.

I die, in the end, and because I never expected a good success in life or in death, I will remain persistent in my fantasy.

He says correctly the one who wishes well, and that the soul is most free when most yielded to the ancient tyranny of love.

I say that the enemy always steals, beautiful as the soul and body, and that her forgetting of my fault is born.

and that in witness of the evils that love does us with, 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 blessings.

You, with all your nonsense, show me the reason that forces me to do it.

to this weary life that I hate;

well, you see that it gives notorious samples of the heart, a deep wound.

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 cloud over 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.

Formerly with laughter at the fateful occasion, I discover that my end was your party. But great simplicity is to warn you of it, since I know your glory is well known.

to see my life end so soon.

Come on, it's time now, with the deep Tantalus' 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)

sing sorrowful, painful songs

to the body even if the tomb denies it.

And the infernal goalkeeper of the three faces, with other thousand chimera and thousand monsters, carry in painful counterpoint.

Surely no greater pomp seems more fitting for a deceased amateur.

Desperate song, don't complain when you leave my sad companion; 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 conform with the relationship he had heard of Marce's reserve and kindness, because Grisotomo complained in it of jealousy, suspicions, and absence, all to the detriment of Marce'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 composed this song, he was absent from Marcela, of whom he had been absent by his own will, 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, thus it fatigued Griso■stomo the imagined jealousies and the feared suspicions as if they were true; and with this, the truth remains in its place that the fame proclaims of the goodness of Marcela; which, besides being cruel and a little arrogant, and very disdainful, envy neither must nor can lack her anything. Thus is the truth, replied Vivaldo; and wanting to read another paper of those he had reserved from the fire, a marvelous vision interrupted him (as it seemed to him) that was suddenly offered to the eyes, and it seemed that, above the pit where the grave was dug, the shepherdess Marcela appeared so beautiful, that she passed into fame in beauty. Those who until then had not seen her looked at her with admiration and silence, and those who were already accustomed to see her were no less suspended than those who had never seen her. But as soon as she had seen her, Ambrosio, with displays of indignant spirit, said to her: "Do you come to perhaps, oh fierce basilisk from these mountains, to pour blood upon the wounds of this miserable man to whom your cruelty took away his life; or do you come to boast in the cruel deeds of your condition, or to see from that height, like another ruthless Nero, the fire of his burned Rome, or to tread arrogantly 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 desire, for knowing that the thoughts of Griso■stomo never ceased to obey you in life, I will make you, even dead, obey the thoughts of all those who called themselves his friends."

"No vengo, oh Ambrosio, a ninguna cosa de las que has dicho," responded Marcela, "sino a volver por mi misma, and to make it clear how unreasonable those are who blame me for my sorrows and for the death of Griso■stomo. And thus I beg all those who are here, that you attend me, that it will not be necessary much time or many words to persuade the discerning. Make the heavens, as you say, beautiful, and in such a way that, without being powerful to other things, it is your love of my beauty that moves you to love me, and by the love that you show me you say, and even wish that I be obliged to love you. I know with the natural understanding that God has given me that all that is beautiful is amiable; but I cannot bring it about that, because I am loved, it is obliged to love what is loved for beautiful; and it could be more that the lover of beauty would be ugly, and being ugly worthy of being abhorred, it falls very badly to say 'love me for beauty, make me love you even if you are ugly.' But considering the fact that beauty runs equally, not for that reason must desires run equally, that not all beauties enamor and yield the will; that if all beauties enamor and yield, it would be a wandering of the wills confused and misled without knowing in what they should stop, because being infinite the subjects beautiful, infinite had to be the desires; and as I have heard said, the true love is not divided, and must be voluntary and not forced. Being this so, as I believe it is, why do you wish that I surrender my will by force, obliged not more than that you say that you love me well? Instead, tell me: if as the heavens made me beautiful, it made me ugly, would it be fair that I complained of you because you do not love me? Much more have you to consider that I did not choose the beauty that I have, that as it is, the heavens gave it to me as a gift without me asking or choosing it; and as the serpent does not deserve to be blamed for the venom it has, since with it it kills, for having it given by nature, I also do not deserve to be reprimanded for being beautiful; that beauty in a honest woman is like the fire taken away, or like the sharp sword, that neither it burns, nor she cuts to whom she does not approach. Honesty and virtues are adornments of the soul, without which the body, even if it is, should not appear beautiful; since if honesty is one of the virtues that the most adorn and beautify the body and soul, why do you make it

To lose what is loved by beautiful, to correspond to that intent, by force of all his strength and industry striving to make him lose her? I was born free, and to be able to be free I chose the solitude of the fields; 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 I am diverted, and a sword put away far. To those whom I have enamored with my sight I have disillusioned with my words; and if desires are sustained with hopes, having given none to Griso■stomo, nor to any other, the end of none of them, it can certainly be said that it is not my work that before I killed his persistence that my cruelty; and if I am accused that they were honest their thoughts, and that for this I was obliged to correspond to them, I say that when in that very same place where now is dug their grave me discovered the goodness of their intention, I told him that my intention was to live in perpetual solitude, and that alone the earth would enjoy the fruit of my retreat and the spoils of my beauty; and if he, with all this disillusionment, wanted to persist against hope and navigate against the wind, what more reason had he to drown himself in the middle of the gulf of his folly? If I entertained him, it was false; if he was content, it would go against my best intention and plan. Disillusioned Porfio, despairing without being hated: now see if it is reasonable that from his sorrow I am blamed. Complain the deceived, despairing that to whom were lacking the promised hopes, confess the that I allow, boast the that I admit; but do not call me cruel or murderer that I do not promise, deceive, call, I admit. Heaven still has not wanted that I call it destiny, and thinking that I have to love by election is excused. This general disillusionment may serve to each of those who request me of their particular benefit, and understand from now on that if anyone dies because of me, he does not die of jealous or unfortunate, because to whom one does not want, to none one must give jealousies, that disillusionments must not be taken into account of scorn. Whoever calls me fierce and basilisk, let me be as a harmful and bad thing; whoever calls me ungrateful, let him not serve me; whoever does not know me, let him not know me; whoever is cruel, let him not follow me; that this fierce, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel and this unknown, neither seek, serve, know, or follow me, in any way. If to Griso■stomo I killed his impatience and thrown desire, why should I be blamed for my honest procedure and caution? If I keep my cleanliness with the company of the

trees, why should he want to make him lose her, that wants to keep her with men? I, as you know, have own riches, and I do not covet others; I have free condition, and I do not like to be subject; nor do I want or hate anyone; I do not deceive this, nor ask of that, nor mock with one, nor entertain with the other. The honest conversation of the goats of these villages, and the care of my goats occupies me; my desires are the term of these mountains, and if from here they come out, it is to contemplate the beauty of the sky, steps with which walks the soul, to its first home.

And saying this, without wanting to hear any answer, he turned his back and entered the most secluded of a nearby thicket, leaving all those who were there astonished, both by his discretion and his beauty.

And some showed signs (of those who had been wounded by the powerful arrow of the rays from their beautiful eyes) of wanting to follow her, without taking advantage of the manifest disappointment they had heard. This was seen by Don Quixote, who seemed to think it was well to use his chivalry by rescuing the unfortunate maidens, placing his hand on the pommel of his sword, in high and unintelligible voices, saying: no one, of whatever state or condition, should dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, under penalty of falling into the furious indignation of God. She has shown with clear reasons the little or no guilt she had in the death of Grisostomo, and how indifferent she lives to pander to the desires of any of her lovers, it is just that instead of being followed and persecuted, 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 intention. Whether by the threats of Don Quixote, or because

Ambrosio told them to finish with what their good friend deserved, none of the shepherds moved or departed from there, until after the burial was complete, and Grisotomo's papers were burned, they placed his body in it, not without many tears from the onlookers. They closed the grave with a thick stone, while a slab was being finished, as Ambrosio said, that he intended to have an epitaph made, which would read in this way:

Lies here, a novice.

the miserable frozen body

He was a cattleman, 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 grave, and everyone, Ambrosio bidding farewell, said goodbye to him. Vivaldo and his companion did the same, and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and the travelers, who begged him to come with them to Seville, as it was a place so well-suited for finding adventures, with more than in any other place offered in every street and around every corner. Don Quixote thanked them for the warning and encouragement they showed in offering him their kindness, and said that at that time he did not wish nor should he go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of brigands, of whom it was known that they were full. Seeing their good determination, the travelers did not wish to trouble him further, so they turned to say goodbye again, left him, and continued on their way, in which they had much to discuss, both of the story of Marcela and Grisóstomo, and of Don Quixote's follies; the latter determined to go in search of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer her all that he could in his service. But it did not go as he had thought, as is told in the account of this true story.

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

The wise Cide Hamete Benengeli recounts that, just as Don Quijote bade farewell to his guests and all those present at the funeral of Grisostomo the shepherd, 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 meadow 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 the siesta there, as they were already beginning to enter. Don Quijote and Sancho were appeased, and leaving the donkey and Rocinante to their own devices in the abundant grass, they unladen the panniers, and without ceremony, in good peace and company, master and boy ate what they found within them. Sancho had not yet cured himself of casting a playful glance at Rocinante, certain that he knew him for such a gentle and docile beast that all the mares of the Cordoba pasture would not make him take offense. Therefore, fate and the devil decreed that he should not always sleep, as a herd of Galician jacas were grazing in that valley, overseen by Yanguese shepherds, for it was customary for them to pasture with their pack animals in places and locations with grass and water; and the place where Don Quijote had managed to find himself was very appropriate for the Yangueses.

It happened, therefore, that Rocinante desired to refresh himself with the young women of the Jacas, and departing, as he followed them, in his natural manner and habit, without asking permission from his owner, he took a leisurely trot, and went to communicate his need to them; but these, who, it seemed, had more desire to ride 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 was that seeing the shepherds the strength that their horses were gaining, they came with stakes, and so many sticks they gave him that they threw him down badly on the ground. As things were going on, Don Quijote and Sancho, who had seen Rocinante's beating, arrived panting, and Don Quijote said to Sancho: "To what devil of vengeance shall we take, friend Sancho, if these are more than twenty, and we no more than two, and even perhaps we are no more than one and a half?" "I am worth a hundred," replied Don Quijote. And without making any more speeches, he took his sword and charged at the shepherds, and Sancho Panza did the same, incited and moved by the example of his master; and to the first, Don Quijote gave a cut to one who opened his leather cloak with which he was dressed with a good part of his back. The shepherds, seeing that those two men alone were mistreated, being so many, came to their stakes; and catching them in the middle, they began to flail over them with great fury and vehemence; it is true that the second blow fell with Sancho on the ground, and the same happened to Don Quijote, without his skill and good spirit helping him; he wanted his fortune to come to fall at the feet of Rocinante, who had not yet risen: where it can be seen the fury with which they beat stakes placed in the hands of rustic and enraged people.

Seeing, then, the Saracens having taken the trick they had devised, with all the haste they could muster, they loaded up their retinue and followed their way, leaving behind the two adventurers of bad character and of worse temper. The first to suffer was Sancho Panza, and finding himself by his lord's side, with a sick and wounded voice he said: "My Lord Don Quixote, ah, my Lord Don Quixote! What do you want, Sancho brother?" replied Don Quixote with the same effeminate and plaintive tone as Sancho. "If it were possible, Sancho Panza, I would ask your grace to give me two draughts of that drink of the 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 it here, wretched me, what was wanting to us?" replied Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, upon the oath of a knight-errant, that before..."

Two days will pass, if fortune does not order otherwise, I shall have it in my power, or ill has my hands been. "But in how many do you think we shall be able to walk?" replied Sancho Panza. "As for me, you must know, said the miller knight Don Quixote, that I do not know how to put an end to those days; but I am not to blame for all of it, for I would not put my hand to the sword against men who were not armed knights like myself; and thus I think that by the permission of the god of battles it has been allowed to me to receive this punishment; therefore, brother Sancho, it is convenient that you be warned in what I am now about to tell you, because it greatly concerns the health of both of us; and it is that, when you see that such a rascal makes us some grievance, do not wait for me to put my hand to the sword for them, because 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 help and defense, I will know how to defend you and offend them with all my power, that you have already seen by a thousand signs and experiences to where extends the value of this my strong arm. So arrogant had the poor lord become with the victory of the valiant Vizcaíno. But it did not seem so good to Sancho Panza the warning of his master, that he stopped answering, saying: "Sir, I am a peaceful man, docile, calm, and I know how to conceal any injury, because I have a wife and children to support and raise; therefore, you also must be warned, because it cannot be a command that in no way will I put my hand to the sword, nor against a villain, nor against a knight, and that from here for ever I forgive those injuries that have been done to me and that have been done to me, whether I have had them done or have done them, whether I am to do them, high or low, rich or poor, nobleman or commoner, without excepting state or condition whatsoever."

And he replied to his master, "I would have breath to be able to speak a little rested, and that the pain I have in this rib should vanish 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 any contrast take harbor in one of the islands that I have promised you, what would become of you if, winning it, I made you lord of them? You would come to impossible it by not being a knight, or wanting to be one, or having courage or intention to avenge your insults and defend your lordship; because you must know that in the kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the spirits of their natives are never so quiet, nor so from the new lord, that there is no fear that they will make some novelty to alter again the things and return, as they say, to try fortune; and therefore it is necessary that the new possessor has understanding to know how to govern, and courage to offend and defend himself in any event. In this that has now happened to us, replied Sancho, I would have this understanding and that courage that your grace says; but I swear to the faith of a poor man, that I am more for mischief than for platitudes. Look, your grace, if it can be raised and helped, and we will help Rocinante, although he does not deserve it, because he was the main cause of all this annoyance; I never believed so much of Rocinante, that I considered him a loyal person and so peaceful as I. In short, it is said that it is necessary a lot of time to come to know people, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would say that after such great stabbings as your grace has given to that unfortunate walker, there would come by post and in his follow this great storm of branches that has been discharged on our backs? Even yours, Sancho, replied Don Quijote, must have

been made to such cloudy; but mine, raised among sinabafes and holandas, clear this will feel more the pain of this misfortune; and if it were not because I imagine, what I say, it is very certain that all these inconveniences are very distant from the exercise of arms, here I would leave myself to die of pure anger. To this replied the squire: Sir, since these misfortunes are of the harvest of chivalry, tell us, if they happen very often, or if they have their limited times in which they happen; because it seems to me that if God by his infinite mercy does not help us, we will be left useless for the third, if two harvests. Know, friend Sancho, replied Don...

Quijote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and misfortunes, and that it is in potential propincua to be knights-errant kings and emperors, as experience has shown in many and diverse knights of whose histories I have complete knowledge. And you may now recount, if pain allowed, of some who, solely by the valor of their arm, have risen to the high degrees that I have recounted, and these same men were before and after in various calamities and miseries, because the valiant Amadís of Gaula was taken into the power of his mortal enemy Arcaláus the enchanter, of whom it is known that he gave him, having him imprisoned, more than two hundred lashes with 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 Phoebus with a certain trap, he fell beneath his feet into a certain castle, when he fell, he found himself in a deep pit beneath the earth, tied hand and foot, and there they threw into him one of those which they call melecinas of snow water and sand, of which he was brought very low, and if not succored in that great fortune by a wise great friend of his, the poor knight would have passed very badly...

Chapter 16: Of What Happened to the Ingenious Gentleman at the Inn That He Imagined to Be a Castle.

The stableman who saw Don Quijote passed over on the donkey, asked Sancho what ill it bore. Sancho replied that it was nothing, but that he had fallen from a stone, and that he had a bruised feeling in his ribs. The stableman considered her a woman, not of the condition that those of such treatment usually had, because naturally she was charitable and grieved at the misfortunes of her neighbors, and so he then went to cure Don Quijote, and had one of his daughters, a maid and a very good-looking girl, help him to heal his guest. The stableman also served an Asturian girl, broad-faced, flat-backed, with a hooked nose, with one eye crooked, and the other not very healthy: it is true that the hardness of the body compensated for the other defects; she did not have seven palms from her feet to her head, and her back, which burdened her so much, made her look at the ground more than she wished. This good girl, therefore, helped the maid, and the two made a very bad bed for Don Quijote in a caramanchon, which in former times had given manifest signs that it had served as a pigeon house for many years, in which also a stableman had his bed a little further than that of our Don Quijote, and although it was of the blankets and covers of his males, it gave a great advantage to that of Don Quijote, which only contained four poorly-made wooden boards on two unequal benches, and a mattress that seemed delicate, full of stuffing, that by the touch resembled pebbles, and two sheets made of bridle leather, and a coverlet whose threads, if they were to be counted, would not be lost in the count. In this cursed bed lay Don Quijote; then the stablewoman and her daughter plastered him from top to bottom, with Maritornes illuminating the way, that was the name of the Asturian girl, and as the stablewoman saw him so severely bruised in parts to Don Quijote, she said that they seemed like blows rather than a fall.

"It wasn't blows," said Sancho, "but the mare had many spikes and stumbles, and that each of us had done our share. And he also said: 'Please, madam, so that some cushions remain, that someone wouldn't lack them, as it also pains me a little in my back. As that way responded the carrier girl, you yourselves must also fall? I didn't fall,'" said Sancho Panza, "but from the start I took that I had seen my lord fall, such a pain it gives me in my body that it seems to me that they have given me a thousand blows. It could be that, said the maid, that to me it has happened many times to dream that I was falling from a tower and that I never quite reached the ground, and when I awoke from the dream I would find myself so bruised and broken as if I had truly fallen. There's the touch, madam," responded Sancho Panza, "for I, without dreaming anything, and being more awake than I am now, find myself with fewer spikes than my lord Don Quixote."

"How is this gentleman called?" asked the Asturian Maritornes. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," replied Sancho Panza, "and he is an adventurous knight and of the best and strongest that have been seen in these lands for long times in the world." "What is an adventurous knight?" replied the maiden. "Are you so new in the world that you don't know that?" replied Sancho Panza: "Well, know, my dear sister, that an adventurous knight is a thing that is seen beaten and crowned; today is the most unfortunate creature in the world and the most needy, and tomorrow she will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to her squire. Well, how is it that you, being of this such a good lord, don't have even a county? It is still early," replied Sancho, "because we have only been looking for adventures for one month, and until now we have not found any that are like that, and perhaps one thing is sought and another is found; it is true that if my lord Don Quixote recovers from this wound or fall, and I am wounded by it, I would not trade my hopes with the best title of Spain."

All these plastics were listening very attentively, Don Quixote said, sitting as he could, taking the traveler's hand, "Believe me, beautiful lady, that you may call yourselves fortunate for having lodged in this 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 that you have done for me to thank you while life lasts; and I pray to the high heavens that love does not have me so yielding and so subject to its laws, and the eyes of that beautiful ungrateful one that I say among my teeth, that the eyes of this beautiful lady were lords of my freedom."

Confused were the ventera and her daughter, and the good woman of Maritornes, listening to the reasons of the wandering knight, as they understood him as if he spoke in Greek; although they well understood that all were headed towards offerings and compliments; and as they were not used to such language, they looked at him and were amazed at him, and he seemed to them another man of those who used it; and thanking them with venturous reasons for their offers, they left him, and the Asturian Maritornes cured Sancho, who needed him no less than his master. He had agreed with her that on that night they would refresh themselves together, and she had given her word that, when the guests were settled and their lords were sleeping, she would go to seek him out and satisfy his pleasure as soon as he commanded it. And it is said of this good girl that she never gave such words that she would not fulfill them, even if she gave them in a mountain and without any witness, because she greatly boasted of her noble lineage, and did not consider it an affront to be in that service of working at the stall; because she said that misfortunes and bad events had brought her to that state. The hard, narrow, desolate and uncomfortable bed of Don Quijote was first in the middle of that starry stable; and then, beside it, made his own Sancho, who only contained a straw mattress and a blanket, which before had appeared to be one of a fallen angel rather than wool; followed these two beds that of the shepherd, made as has been said from the enjalmas and of all the adornment of the two best mules that he brought, although they were twelve, luminous, very fat and famous, because it was one of the rich arriers of Arevalo, according to the author of this story, who makes particular mention of this arrieros, because he knew him very well, and still say that he was something related to him.

Aside from the fact that Cide Hamete Benengeli was a very curious and meticulous historian in all things, it's well worth observing that, since what remains is so minimal and so strange, he didn't want it to pass unnoticed. From this, serious historians who recount events so briefly and succinctly, barely reaching our lips, and letting them vanish into the inkwell, either through carelessness, malice, or ignorance, can take an example. Well may the author of "Tablante," of "Ricamonte," and that other one where the events of "Count Tomillas" are recounted, with what punctuality they describe everything! I say, therefore, that after having visited the stockman and his crew and giving him the second bite of food, she was laid down in her saddle and waited for her exceedingly punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already asleep and lying down, and although he tried to sleep, the pain in his ribs wouldn't let him. And Don Quijote, with the pain in his ribs, had his eyes open like a hare.

The entire sale was conducted in silence, and in it there was no other light save that of a lamp hanging in the middle of the doorway. This marvelous quiet, and the thoughts that our knight always drew from the events that were recounted at every step in the books, authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strange follies that could be well imagined; and it was that he imagined having arrived at a famous castle (which, as has been said, castles were in his opinion all the villages where lodging was found), and that the innkeeper's daughter was the lady of the castle, who, overcome by her sweetness, had fallen in love with him and promised that on that night, stolen from her parents, she would come to lie with him a fine piece [of property].

Having all this chimera that he had fabricated, as firm and valiant, he began to fret and to think about the dangerous predicament in which his honesty would find itself, and he proposed in his heart not to commit any wickedness toward his lady Dulcinea of Toboso, even if the very queen Ginebra with her lady Quintona were set before him.

Thinking, therefore, about these absurdities, time and the hour passed (which, for him, was diminished) of the arrival of the Asturian woman, who, in shirt and barefoot, with her hair gathered in a gherkin, with silent and attentive steps, entered the room where the three were staying in search of the stablehand; but as soon as she reached the door, Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting on the bed despite his ribs, and with pain in his costal, he stretched out his arms to receive his beautiful Asturian maiden, who, all gathered and silent, went forward with her hands before her searching for her beloved. She collided with the arms of Don Quixote, who strongly struck her with a doll, and pulling her towards him, without her daring to speak a word, he made her sit on the bed, he fastened her shirt, which was of burlap, to him it seemed to be of very fine and slender hemp. She carried in the dolls some pieces of glass; but to him, glimpses of precious oriental stones were revealed; the hair, which somehow tended towards manes, he framed it with strands of lustrous gold from Arabia, whose brilliance overshadowed that of the sun; and the breath that, without a doubt, smelled of pickle and late night, it seemed to him that she threw from her mouth a soft and aromatic scent; and finally, he painted her in his imagination in the same trace and manner as he had read in his books about the other princess who came to see the badly wounded knight defeated of his loves, with all the adornments that here are put on display; and it was so much the blindness of the poor gentleman that the touch, the breath, and other things that she carried in herself, did not disorient him, which could make someone else vomit who was not a stablehand; it seemed to him that he had in his arms the goddess of beauty; and having her securely held, with a low and loving voice he began to say: I would like to find terms, beautiful and tall lady, to pay such a grace as you have made with the sight of your great beauty; but fortune has wanted, which does not tire of

pursuing the good, to put me in this bed, where I lie so bruised and broken, that although I would like to satisfy your wish, it would be impossible; and more than this impossibility is added another greater, 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 blank the lucky occasion that your great kindness has put me.

Maritornes was overjoyed and overflowing with shyness at seeing herself so like Don Quixote, and without understanding, nor paying attention to the reasons he was saying, she tried to unfasten herself without uttering a word. The good squire, whom they had roused with their evil wishes, as soon as he entered through the door, he felt her, attentively listened to everything Don Quixote was saying, and jealous that the Asturian woman had failed to keep her word with him, he was getting closer and closer to Don Quixote's bed, and he remained there until he saw where those reasons stopped that he couldn't understand; but as he saw the maiden struggling to unfasten herself, and Don Quixote working to have her, it seemed to him a bad jest, he raised his arm high above, and inflicted such a terrible bruise on the narrow jaw of the lovelorn knight, that he flooded the whole mouth with blood, and not content with this, he climbed over his ribs, and with his feet at a run, he walked them all the way through. The bed, which was a little weak and of flimsy foundations, could not withstand the squire's intrusion, and consequently fell to the ground, which caused a great noise that woke the innkeeper, and then he imagined it must be Maritornes's fault, because when having called her out loud she did not answer. With this suspicion he got up, and lighting a candle, he went towards where he had heard the fight. The maiden, seeing her master coming, and of terrible condition, all frightened and agitated, she huddled up to Sancho Panza's bed, which was still asleep, and there she curled up and made herself

The shepherd entered, saying, "Where is that bitch?" He was sure it was your things. Sancho awoke in this way, feeling that lump almost on top of him, and he began to jab himself again and again, and among others, he reached Maritornes with no one knew how many, who, upon feeling the pain, rolled over with honesty, returning Sancho to sleep with so many, to his misfortune, taking away the dream; which, seeing himself treated in that way and not knowing who, he rose as best he could, embraced Maritornes, and between the two of them began the most quarrelsome and comical skirmish in the world.

Seeing, then, the shepherd by the light of the carrier's lantern as his lady went, and seeing Don Quijote, he hastened to offer her necessary aid. The same did the carrier; but with a different intention, because he went to chastise the maiden, believing without doubt that she alone was the cause of all that harmony. And as is often said, the cat here, the hour on the rope, the rope on the post, the shepherd to Sancho, Sancho to the maiden, the maiden to him, the carrier to the maiden, and all hurried so much that they didn't give anyone a moment's rest; and it was so good that the carrier's lantern went out, and as they were left in darkness, all went off in a hurry, leaving nothing good wherever they laid their hand.

Did he, that night, lodge at the inn a member of the old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who, hearing also the strange noise of the fight, drew his staff and his box of titles, and entered in darkness saying, "Submit to justice, submit to the Holy Brotherhood." And the first one he encountered was with the wounded Don Quixote, who was on his overturned bed, lying face down, without any sense; and, reaching out, hand to his beard, he did not cease to say, "Justice! Justice!" But seeing that the one who had seized him was not stirring or moving, it was understood that he was dead, and that those inside were his murderers, and with this suspicion he strengthened his voice, saying, "Close the inn door, watch that no one goes out, a man has died here."

That voice startled everyone, and each one left the matter as it took them in the voice. The innkeeper withdrew to his room, the rider to his saddlery, the maid to her lodging; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho were unable to move from where they were. In this he cut off Don Quixote's beard, and went out to seek light to hunt and capture the criminals; but he did not find it, because the innkeeper of industry had extinguished the lamp when he withdrew to his room, and it was necessary to go to the fireplace, where the quadrille maker rekindled a candle with much work and time.

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

He had returned in this time of his parasitism, Don Quixote, and with the same tone of voice that he had called his squire 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 have I to do with sleeping, he replied Sancho, full of gloom and resentment, as if all the devils had been with me tonight. You can believe it so, he replied Don Quixote, for either I know little, or this castle is enchanted, because you must know... but what I now want to tell you, you must swear to me that you will keep it secret until after my death. I swear it, replied Sancho.

Don Quijote replied, because I am an enemy of letting no one's honor be taken away. I say that if I swear it, Sancho returns to say that I will silence myself until after your gracious days, and pray to God that he may discover it tomorrow.

"Such bad deeds do you make me, Sancho," replied Don Quijote, "that you would want to see me dead with such brevity?" It is not for that reason, replied Sancho, but I am an enemy of keeping things close, and I did not want them to be kept hidden. Whatever it may be, said Don Quijote, I trust more in your love and your courtesy; and thus you must know that this night has happened to me one of the most strange adventures that I would know to extol, and to tell you briefly, you will know that little came to me of the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most beautiful and valiant maiden that can be found in great part of the earth. "What could I tell of the adornment of her person! "What of her gallant understanding! "What of other things hidden, that to keep the faith that I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will let pass intact and in silence! I only want to tell you, that the sky is envious of so much good as fortune had put me in the hands, or perhaps (and this is the most certain) that, as I have said, this castle is enchanted, at the time that I was with her in sweet and loving conversations, without me seeing her, nor knowing where she came from, a hand attached to some arm of some colossal giant, and settling a blow on my jaws, such that I have all my teeth bathed in blood, and afterward he molted me so greatly, that I am worse than yesterday when the muleteers, because of too much Rocinante, did you that offense that you know; therefore, I conjecture: that the treasure of the beauty of this maiden owes it to be guarded by some enchanted Moor, and it should not be for me."

"Not even for me, Sancho replied, for more than four hundred Moors have beaten me so that the splitting of the stakes was bread and painted cake; but tell me, sir, what do you call this good and rare adventure, having remained from it as we remain? Still your lordship less badly, for he had in his hands that incomparable beauty that he has said; but I, what did I have but the greatest blows that I think I shall receive in all my life? Miserable of me and of the mother who brought me into the world, that I am not a knight-errant and I never shall be, and of all the misfortunes it falls to me the greatest part. Then you are also beaten? replied Don Quijote. "Have I not told you yes, despite my lineage?" said Sancho. "Do not be troubled, friend," said Don Quijote, "for I will now make the precious balm, with which we will 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 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, replied Don Quijote, because the

They don't want to show themselves to anyone. If they don't show themselves, they let themselves be felt, said Sancho; if they don't say it for my back, he replied Don Quijote; but that's not enough evidence to believe that the one seen is the Moorish sorcerer.

The picador arrived, and finding them engaged in such quiet conversation, he paused. It is true that Don Quixote was lying on his back, unable to move from being completely overwhelmed and plastered with shame. The picador approached him and asked, "Well, how goes it, good man?" replied Don Quixote, "if it were you who spoke in such a manner to travelling knights, fool!"

The squire, who had suffered so much from a man of such a wretched appearance, raised the lantern with all its oil and gave Don Quixote a blow on the head, so that he fell quite flat; and as everything was plunged in darkness, he then hurried away, and Sancho Panza said: "Without doubt, my lord, this is the Moor who is enchanted, and he must be keeping the treasure for others, and for us he only gives us bruises and blows with the lantern." "That is right," replied Don Quixote, "and there is no need to take offense at such things of enchantments, nor to seek vengeance against them, for as they are invisible and fantastic, we shall not find anyone to avenge us, however much we may try." "Get up, Sancho, if you can, and summon the governor of this fortress, and see that I have a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the salutary balsam, which, I truly believe, I now need very sorely, because a great deal of blood has been lost from the wound that this ghost has given me."

Sancho rose up with great pain in his bones, and went in darkness where the innkeeper was, and encountering the gamekeeper, 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 world, who lies on that bed badly wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn. When the gamekeeper heard this, he was startled by a man lacking sense; and because it was beginning to dawn, he opened the inn's door, and calling out to the innkeeper, he told him what that good man wanted. The innkeeper supplied him with everything he desired, and Sancho took it to Don Quixote, who was with his hands on his head complaining of the pain of the lantern, which had not done him more harm than to make his testicles a little grown, and what he thought was blood, was nothing but sweat that he sweated with the anguish of the recent storm. In resolution, he took his simples, of which he made a compound mixing them all together and cooking them for a good space of time until it seemed to him that they were in their point. He then asked for a balm to put it on, and as there was none in the inn, he resolved to put it in a leaf tin or oil container, from whom the innkeeper made a gracious donation; and then he said on the container more than eighty Pater Nosters and so many Ave Marias, Salves and Credos, and each word accompanied by a cross as a blessing; to all of

which Sancho, the innkeeper and the gamekeeper were present, who were already the stablehand calmly understanding in the benefit of his males.

Having done this, he himself wished to experience the virtue of that precious balm which 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 quicksilver, and scarcely had he finished drinking it when he began to vomit so that nothing remained in his stomach, and with the pangs and agitation of the vomiting he gave forth a copious sweat, whereupon he ordered him to wrap him up and leave him alone. They did so, and he fell asleep for more than three hours, after which he awoke and felt himself wonderfully relieved from his ailment, and so much better from his affliction that he was considered to be cured, and truly he believed he had succeeded with the balm of Fierabras, and that with that remedy he could henceforth undertake anything without any fear whatsoever.

Kidneys, battles, and worries, however dangerous they might be. Sancho Panza, who also had a miracle in his master's improvement, asked him to give him what was left in the pot, which was not a small quantity. He conceded it to Don Quijote, and he taking it with both hands with good faith and better temperament, drank it down to his breasts, and bottled it off very little less than his master. It is, therefore, the case that Sancho's stomach shouldn't have been as delicate as his master's, and so, before he vomited, he had such cravings and spasms with so many effusions and collapses, 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. Seeing him like that, Don Quijote said: "I believe, Sancho, that all this badness comes from not being a knight, because I have it for myself that this liquor shouldn't benefit those who aren't." If your grace knew that, Sancho retorted, may evil be upon me and my whole family, why did he consent to drinking it?

In this he performed his operation, the breviary, and the poor squire began to drain himself through both channels with such haste that Enea's covering, upon whom he had been re-thrown, nor was Angelo's blanket with which he was covered of any use; he perspired and oozed with such fits and misfortunes, that not only he, but all thought his life was ending. He suffered this storm and poor movement for almost two hours, at the end of which he was not as his master, but so ground and broken that he could not be; but Don Quixote, as has been said, felt relieved and restored, wanted to immediately set out to seek adventures, deeming that all the time he spent there was being taken away from the world and from those in need of his favor and protection, and especially with the security and confidence he carried in his balm; and thus, compelled by this desire, he himself saddled Rocinante, and he adorned the squire's donkey, to 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 to serve him as a spear.

They were watching all those who passed, more than twenty people in number; he watched also the daughter of the vendor; and he did not take his eyes from her, and every now and then he would cast a sigh, which seemed to spring from the depths of his entrails, and all thought that it must be from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who had seen him brawl the previous night. Since they had been together on horseback, when at the door of the stall he called to the vendor, and with a very calm and grave voice he said: Many and very great are the mercies, Lord Lieutenant, that I have received in your castle, and I am bound by obligation to thank you for them every day of my life; if I can pay you by avenging you against some arrogant man who has done you a wrong, know that my trade is none other than to help those who are little, to avenge those who receive injuries, and to punish insolences; review your memories, and if you find anything of this kind to entrust to me, there is only one thing, that I promise you by the order of knighthood 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 know how to take revenge when it is done to me; I only require you to pay the expense you have incurred this night at the stall, for the straw and barley of your two beasts, as for the supper and beds." "Then is this a stall?" retorted Don Quixote. "And very honorably," replied the vendor. "I have lived in deception up to this point," retorted Don Quixote, "for, in truth, I thought it was a castle, and not a bad one, but, since it is not a castle but a stall, what can be done for now is that you forgive the payment, as I cannot violate the orders of the knights-errant, of whom I am certain (without having read anything to the contrary until now) that they never paid for lodging, nor anything in sale where they were, because they are due a right and a duty for any good welcome that is made to them, in payment for the unbearable toil that they endure seeking adventures by night and by 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 caprices of the sky, and all the discomforts of the earth.

"Little do I have to do with that," replied the innkeeper: "Pay me what you owe me, and let us be done with stories and knight-errantry, for I have no account with anything but collecting my dues. You are a fool and a bad host," replied Don Quixote. And, mounting Rocinante and sharpening his lance, he departed from the inn without anyone stopping him; and he, without looking to see if his squire followed him, rode a good distance. The innkeeper, seeing him go and not having

paid him, went to collect from Sancho Panza, who said that since his lord had not wished to pay, he would not pay either, because being a squire to a knight-errant as he was, the same rule and reason ran through him as it did through his master in not paying anything in inns and taverns. He grew very angry about it, and threatened him that if he did not pay him, he would collect it in such a way as to make it weigh heavily on him. 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, through him, the good and ancient custom of knights-errant, nor would he complain of the squires of those who were yet to come into the world, reproaching him for the breach of such a just rule.

The bad luck of the hapless Sancho, that amongst the folk in the inn there were four horsemen from Segovia, three holes from a horse colt from Cordoba, and two neighbors from the Seville stable, people cheerful, well-intentioned, mischievous and playful; 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 throwing themselves into it, raised their eyes and saw that the ceiling was somewhat more low than they needed for their work and determined to leave to the yard, which they considered as a limit 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 in a kennel. The voices that the miserable stableman gave were so many, that they reached the ears of his master, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that a new adventure was coming to him, until he clearly knew that the one shouting was his squire, and returning the reins, with a painful blow, arrived at the inn, and finding it closed, he circled it to see if he would find where to enter; but there was no entry into the walls of the yard, that were not very high, when he saw the bad game that his squire was making to him.

I saw her descend and ascend in the air with so much grace and agility that, if anger had not left her, I would have laughed for her. I tried to climb up from the horse to the hurdles; but he was so bruised and broken, that he could not even dismount, and so from on top of the horse he began to say so many complaints and nonsense to those whom Sancho used to admonish, that it is impossible to get to write him a rebuke; but by this means they did not cease from their laughter and their work, nor did the flying Sancho cease his complaints, already mixed with threats, already with pleas; but all was of little use, until they left him out of sheer exhaustion. They brought him their donkey, and got on top of him, wrapped him in his blanket, and the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so fatigued, thought it would be well to help him with a jug of water, and so he was brought from the well because it was cooler. Sancho took him, and carrying him to his mouth, he obeyed the commands his master gave him, saying: "Son, Sancho, do not drink water, son, do not drink it, it will kill you; see, here I have the most holy balm, and I will teach you how to use the cup for quick drinking, that with two drops of it you will surely heal yourself."

Sancho returned to these voices with eyes as if peering through them, and he said to them with greater emphasis: "Has he forgotten your mercy as if it were a matter of chance, or does he want me to finish vomiting the insides that remained with me from last night?" Guard his liquor with all the devils, and let me have my share; and the finishing of saying this and the beginning of drinking it all was one; but when he took the first sip, he saw that it was water, and he didn't want to go further, and he asked Maritornes to bring him more wine; and so she did.

Good will, and he paid for her from his own money, because it is indeed said of her that, though she was in that bargain, she had certain shadows and was far from Christian. As Sancho drank from the donkey's carcanillos, she gave the donkey's carcanillos to his ass, and opening the gate of the venta fully open, she left very pleased at not having paid anything, and at having left with her intention, although it had been at the cost of her accustomed creditors, who were her backs. It is true that the ventero kept her alforjas in payment for what was due to him; but Sancho did not make her less, according to how he left disturbed. The ventero wanted to close the gate well as he had closed it outside; but the carpenters did not consent, that is, people who, though Don Quijote were truly of the knights of the Round Table, did not esteem him in two turns.

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

Sancho arrived at his master, withered and faint, so much so that he could not control his donkey. When Don Quixote saw him like this, he said, "Now I truly believe, Sancho, that that castle or inn is haunted without a doubt, because those who so cruelly took your pleasure, what could they be but ghosts and folk from the other world? And I confirm this, for having seen that when I was by the fences of the yard watching the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not climb them, nor could I dismount from Rocinante, because they must have enchanted me; I swear to you by the faith of whom I am, that if I could climb or dismount, I would have avenged you in such a way that those ruffians and villains would remember the jest forever, although in doing so I would have contravened the laws of chivalry, as I have many times told you, which do not allow 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 have, said Sancho, whether or not he had been knighted; but I couldn't, though those who lounged with me were not ghosts nor 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 Martínez, another Tenorio Hernández, and the innkeeper I heard was called Juan Palomeque the Left-Handed; so, sir, the inability to jump over the corral fences, or to dismount from the horse, was in enchantments; and what I take away from all of this, is that these adventures we are seeking will eventually bring us to so many misfortunes, that we will not know which is our right foot; and what would be better and more correct, according to my little understanding, is 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, from doorway to doorway."

"You know so little, Sancho," replied Don Quijote, "of the art of chivalry: be still and be patient, for a day will come when you will see, with your eyes, how honorable it is to go about in this profession. But tell me: what greater joy can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be equaled to that of winning a battle, and to triumph over your enemy? None, without doubt. Thus it must be," replied Sancho, "since I do not know it; I only know that, once we are wandering knights, or your grace are (for I have no account for myself to be included in such an honorable number), we have never won a battle, except that of the Vizcaino, and even then your grace went off with half an ear and half a cut less; for since then it has been all sticks and more sticks, stabs and more stabs, while I have borne the expense, and have been mistaken for enchanted persons, of whom I cannot take revenge, in order to know how far the pleasure of defeating an enemy extends, as your grace says."

"That is the penalty I have, and the one you must have, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; but from this time forward I shall endeavor to have at my hands some sword made with such mastery, that whoever carried it with him should not be able to make against him any kind of enchantment; and even fortune might present itself to 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 it might be, that could stand before it. "I am so fortunate," said Sancho.

When that is done, and your grace come to find such a sword, it would only come to serve and benefit the armed knights as balm, and the squires who would be plagued with duels. Do not fear that, Sancho, said Don Quixote, for heaven will do better with you.

In these colloquies went Don Quixote and his squire, when Don Quixote saw that by the road which they were following came a great and thick dust, and as he beheld it he turned to Sancho, and said: "This is the day, oh Sancho, in which one must see the good that my fortune has kept for me; this is the day, I say, in which as much as in another one will be shown of the value of my arm, and in which I have to do deeds that will be written in the book of fame by all posterity. Do you see that dust that there rises, Sancho? Well, it is all brewed with a copious army that is composed of diverse and innumerable people, by which it comes marching. Because of this, two must be, said Sancho, because likewise another similar dust rises from that opposite part. Quixote looked at it again, and saw that it was true; and greatly delighted, he thought without a doubt that they were two armies that were coming to clash and to meet in the midst of that spacious plain, because at all hours and moments the fantasy of those battles, enchantments, events, excesses, loves, challenges, that are counted in the books of chivalry, was full; and all that he spoke, thought or did, was directed towards similar things, and to the dust that he had seen it raised two great herds of sheep and lambs, which by the same road from two different parts were coming, which with the dust did not throw off until they got close; and with so much insistence affirmed Don Quixote that they were an army, that Sancho came to believe it, and to say to him: "Sir, since what must we do? What? said Don Quixote. To favor and help the needy and helpless; and you must know, Sancho, that this one that comes towards our front is led and guided by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island Trapobana; this other, which goes behind me, is that of his enemy the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the sleeved arm, because he always enters into the battles with his right arm bare."

Why do these two gentlemen hate each other so much? asked Sancho. They hate each other, replied Don Quijote, because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and he is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and also gracious lady, and she is Christian, and her father will not give her to the pagan king unless he first gives up the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and returns to himself. For my whiskers, said Sancho, if Pentapolin does not do very well, and that I have to help him as soon as I can. In that, do what you must, Sancho, said Don Quijote, because to enter battles like these does not require being armed as a knight. That makes perfect sense to me, replied Sancho; but where shall we put this donkey, since we are certain of finding him after passing the skirmish, because when he enters it in such chivalry, I do not believe it is in use until now? That is true, said Don Quijote; what you can do is leave him to his adventures, now let him be lost or not, because there will be so many horses we will have after we come out victorious, that even Rocinante is not in danger of being exchanged for another; but keep alert and look, that I want to make you aware of the main knights who come in these two armies, and so that you see them and note them better, let us retire to that hill that is made there,

from where the two armies must be discovered.

They did it that way and put themselves on a rise from which both herds were well seen to Don Quixote, who made them his army, if the dust clouds they raised did not trouble and blind his sight; but with all this, seeing in his imagination what he did not see or had seen, he began to say: 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 with the arms of golden flowers, who carries on his shield three silver crowns on a blue field, is the dreaded Micocolembó, grand duke of Quirocia. The other

Of the giant members that are at his right hand, is the never-fearful Brandabarbarán de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who comes armed with that serpent leather, and has for shield a door, which according to fame is one of those of the temple that Samson brought down when with his death he came off from his enemies. But he turns his eyes to another part, and you will see before and on the forehead of another army Timonel de Carcajón, prince of New Vizcaya, who comes armed with the weapons split into barracks of blue, green, white, and yellow colors, and carries on his shield a golden cat on a leonine field with a letter that says "Miau", which is the beginning of the name of his lady, who according to what is said is the unparalleled Miaulina, daughter of the Duke of Alfenigen del Algarbe. The other, who charges and presses the backs of that powerful alpaca, that brings the weapons like white snows, and the white shield without any deed, is a novice knight, of French nation, called Pierres Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, who beats the flanks with the carcanian weapons on that painted and polished zebra, and brings the weapons of the veros blue, is the powerful Duke of Nervia, Spartafiledo of the Forest, who brings on his shield a runner with a letter in Spanish, which says thus: "Track my luck."

And in this way he was naming many knights from one and the other squadron that he imagined, and he gave them all their arms, colors, enterprises and nicknames on the spot, driven by the madness of his never-before-seen imagination, and without stopping he continued saying: To this frontier 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 Masilscus fields, those who sieve 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 ways to the golden Pactolo, the mummies dubious in their promises, the Persians in famous bows and arrows, the Parthians, the Medes, who fight fleeing, the Arabs of changeable houses, the Citans so cruel as white, the Ethiopians of perforated lips, and other infinite nations whose faces I know and see, although I don't remember their names. In another squadron come those who drink the crystalline currents of the olive-bearing Betis, those who polish and refine with the liquor of the always rich and golden Tagus, those who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil, those who tread the Tartesian fields of abundant pastures, those who rejoice in Jerezan meadows, the Manchegans rich and crowned with golden ears of wheat, those dressed in iron, relics of ancient Gothic blood, those who bathe in the Pisuerga, famous for the kindness of its current, those who graze their livestock in the extended dehesas of the tortuous Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden course, those who tremble with the cold of the whistling Pyrenees and with the white flakes of the raised Apennine; finally, all those that entire Europe contains and encloses.

"May God have mercy on me, and on how many provinces he named, giving to each one with wonderful speed the attributes that belonged to them, all absorbed and steeped in what he had read in their false books! Sancho Panza was hanging on his words without speaking a word, and from time to time he turned his head to see if he saw the knights and giants his master named, and since he didn't discover any, he said, "Sir, I entrust the devil himself, nor man, nor giant, nor knight of whatever your mercy says appears, for all this, at least I don't see them; perhaps all this is enchantment like the ghosts of last night."

"How do you say that?" replied Don Quixote, "Do you not hear the neighing of horses, the playing of clarinets, the noise of the drums?" "I do not hear anything else," replied Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and calves, and that was the truth, because the two herds were already approaching close." "The fear you have," said Don Quixote, "makes you, Sancho, so that you neither see nor hear with your right, because one of the effects of fear is to confuse the senses, and to make things appear not as they are; and if you are so afraid, withdraw to a corner and leave me alone, for only a single man is enough to give the victory to the side to whom I give my help." And saying this, he put the spurs on Rocinante, and with them

He launched himself into the ditch beneath the spine like a flash of lightning. "Turn, your Lordship, Don Quixote," he said, "by God's word they are sheep and goats he is going to charge at: turn, wretched son of the father who begot me: what madness is this! See that there is no giant or knight, nor cats, nor weapons, nor parted nor whole shields, nor blue monsters nor devils. What is he doing? I am a sinner before God. He didn't return like that, Don Quixote, but in high voices he was saying: "Hark, knights, those you follow and fight under the banners of the powerful Emperor Pentapolin of the rolled-up sleeve, follow me all, you will see how easily I give vengeance to his enemy Alifanfaron of the Trapobana."

With this saying, they entered through the ranks of the sheep, and began to attack with such courage and fervor, as if they truly were attacking their mortal enemies. The shepherds and ranchers who came with the flock gave him voice that he would do such a thing; but seeing that they were not successful, they threw stones at him, and he began to greet him with stones like a point. Don Quixote would not heed the stones; instead, he ran off in all directions, saying: "Where are you, vain Alifanfaron? Come to me, for I am a knight alone, who desires to test your forces and take your life in punishment for the one you give to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

I arrived in this with a stream rod, and hitting it on one side, I buried two ribs in his body. Seeing himself so battered, he surely thought he was dead or badly wounded, and remembering his liquor, he took out his flask and put it to his mouth, and began to pour liquor into his stomach; but before he had finished packaging what seemed to him to be enough, another almond came, and he hit it in his hand and flask with such force that he shattered it, carrying away three or four teeth and molars from his mouth, and badly bruising two fingers of his hand.

That was the first blow, and such the second, that it became necessary for the poor knight to dismount from his horse. The shepherds arrived at him, and believing that he had died, and so with great haste they gathered their cattle, and loaded up with the dead oxen, without inquiring about anything else, they departed. All this time Sancho was on the hillside, watching his master's follies, pulling at his beard, cursing the hour and the moment when fortune had revealed itself to him. Seeing him fallen to the ground, and having already departed the shepherds, he descended from the hillside and arrived at him, finding him in very poor taste, although he had not lost his senses, and he said to him: "Didn't I tell you, Lord 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, it is very easy for such people to make us appear as they wish, and this evil man who pursues me, envious of the glory I see that I am about to attain from this battle, has turned squadrons of enemies into flocks of sheep. If you would only do one thing, Sancho, for my life, because you must believe and see that what I tell you is true: get on your donkey and follow them gracefully, and you will see, as you move away from here, that they return to their original form, and, leaving behind being sheep, they are men made and right as I first painted them, but do not go now, for I need your favor and help; come to me, and see how many teeth and gums I lack, as it seems to me that none remain in my mouth."

Sancho got so close that he was about to put his eyes in Don Quixote's mouth, and just in time, the balm had been administered to his stomach. And as Sancho arrived to look at his mouth, he threw out of himself, more stout than a musket, everything he had within, and he hit it all in the beards of the compassionate squire. Oh, Mary!

Sancho said so. And what is this that has happened to me? Without a doubt, this sinner is fatally wounded, for he vomits blood from his mouth. But reflecting on it a little more, he realized that it wasn't blood, but the balm from the aloe that he had seen the master drink; and the horror of it was so great that, with his stomach churning, he vomited his entrails upon his own master, and they were both left as pearls. Sancho went to his donkey to take out with what to clean and with what to heal his master, and as he didn't find it, he was about to lose his mind; he cursed him again; and in his heart he proposed to leave his master and return to his land, even if he lost the pay for his service and the hopes of governing the promised island.

Don Quixote rose up in this manner, placing his left hand over his mouth because his teeth were about to come out, holding the reins of Rocinante with his other hand, which had never moved from beside his master (such was his loyalty and well-trained), and going wherever his squire was, with his back against his donkey, with his hand on his cheek in the guise of a thoughtful man, besides, and seeing Don Quixote in that way, with displays of such sadness, he said: "Know, Sancho, that each man is only himself if he does only what he does; all these squalls that befall us are signs that the weather will soon calm, and that good things will befall us, because it is impossible that evil and good should endure, and from that it follows that, having lasted so long in evil, good is now near, so you must not worry about the misfortunes that befall me, since they do not concern you." "How not?" Sancho replied; "Doth perchance the man who jostled me yesterday be another than the son of my father? And are the sacks that lack me today those of another than myself?" "Why, do your sacks fail you, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Yes, they do fail me," replied Sancho. "Then, in this way, do we not eat today?" rejoined Don Quixote. "That is so," replied Sancho, "when the herbs that your grace says he knows are missing from these pastures, with which such unfortunate knights-errant as your grace are accustomed to supply similar deficiencies."

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 the learned Doctor Laguna; but with all that, mount on your donkey, Sancho the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and going in his service as we go, for 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 upon the good and bad, and it rains upon the unjust and just. It was much better, said Sancho, for preacher than for knight-errant. Of all this they know and must know the knights-errant, said Don Quixote, because there has been a knight-errant in the past centuries who would stand to give a sermon or discourse on a royal road, as if he

were graduated from the University of Paris, from which it can be inferred that the blunt pen never dulled the quill, nor did the quill blunt the pen. Now, let it be so as your grace says, replied Sancho; let us go from here and seek where to lodge tonight, and God willing, it may be in a place where there are no blankets, no servants to spread them, no ghosts, no enchanted Moors, for if there are, I will give the devil the saddle and the brush.

"Ask God for it," said Don Quixote, "guide me wherever you wish, that this time I may leave your choice concerning our lodging; but give me your hand here, and hold me with your finger, and look well at how many teeth and molars are missing on this upper jaw, for there I feel the pain. Sancho inserted his fingers, and attending closely he said, "How many molars did your grace formerly have in this part? Four," replied Don Quixote, "all whole and very healthy, outside the cordal. Look well what he says, my lord," replied Sancho. "I say four, if they were not five," replied Don Quixote, "for in all my life they have pulled no tooth nor molar from my mouth, nor have they fallen out, nor have I been eaten by rheumatism."

"this lower part," said Sancho, "has no more than two and a half teeth, nor any, all of it as smooth as the palm of the hand."

"Woe is me!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire gave him, "nothing would I more wish than that I had been felled with an arm, namely that of the sword; for I make you know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without stone, and in much more ought to be valued a tooth than a diamond; but all this aside, we who profess the strict order of chivalry are bound. Climb up, friend, and guide me, and I will follow you wherever you wish. Thus did Sancho, and he set off in the direction he thought he might find shelter, without leaving the royal road, which was very frequently travelled by it. So he gradually eased himself, because of Don Quixote's jaw pain, which did not let him rest or attend to being hasty, and Sancho amused and entertained him by saying to him something, which will be said in the next 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 these days have befallen us, without a doubt, have been due to your grace's sin against the order of chivalry, not having fulfilled the oath that you 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 of Malandrino, or as the Moor is called, which I don't recall well. You have much reason, Sancho, said Don Quijote; but to tell you the truth, it had passed me by from memory and you can also be certain that because of the fault of not having remembered it in time, that happened to you with the cloak; but I will make amends, for there are many modes of composition in the order of chivalry for everything. ¿And did I swear anything for that? replied Sancho. It does not matter that you have not sworn, said Don Quijote; it is enough that I understand you are not very sure of being a participant, and whether or not, it will not be bad to provide you with a remedy. Since it is so, said Sancho, see your grace, do not forget this as you have forgotten the oath; perhaps they will again be inclined to seek solace with me, and even with your grace, if they see you so persistent.

In these and other conversations, I took the night in the middle of the road with them, without knowing or discovering where that night they would gather, and what was not good about it was that they perished from hunger, as the lack of the saddlebags deprived them of their entire pantry and baggage, and to finish confirming this misfortune, they had an adventure, which truly seemed to happen without any artifice, and it was that the night ended with some obscurity; but with all this they continued to walk, believing Sancho that, since that road was real, he would find some inn on it within one or two leagues of reason. Going in this way, the dark night, the hungry squire, and the master with a desire to eat, saw that on the same road they were going, a great multitude of lights came towards them, which did not seem to be stars moving.

Sancho gamboled among the bushes, and Don Quijote 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 rocino, and they stood motionless watching intently what it might be, and they saw that the flares were approaching them, and as they got closer, they seemed bigger, to which Sancho began to tremble like a viper, and the hair on Don Quijote's head bristled, who, emboldened a little, said: "This, without a doubt, Sancho, must be a very great and dangerous adventure, where it will be necessary that I show all my valor and effort." "Woe is me!" he replied, "If this adventure is of ghosts as it seems to be, where are the ribs that would suffer it?" "Even if they are ghosts," said Don Quijote, "I will not allow them to touch you in the hair of your clothes, but because the other time they mocked you, it was because I could not jump over the walls of the corral, but now we are in open country, where I can as I please wield my sword." "And if they delight and excite you as they did the other time," said Sancho, "what good would it do to be in an open space or not?" "With all that," replied Don Quijote, "I beg you, Sancho, to have a good spirit, that the experience will make you understand that I have it." "I will, if it pleases God," replied Sancho, and the two turned aside to one side of the road, returning to watch intently what those flares that walked might be, and from there, very little, they discovered many people dressed in cloaks.

Fearful was the vision of every point, and the spirit of Sancho Panza was entirely defeated, for he began to grind his teeth like one with a toothache; and the grinding and clicking grew greater when 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, also dressed in mourning from their mules' heels, who clearly saw that they were not horses walking with the calm with which they moved; the armed men were murmuring to each other in a low and compassionate voice.

This strange vision at such late hours and in a deserted place was enough to strike fear into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master, and so it was, as far as Don Quixote was concerned, who Sancho had already subjected to his efforts to the full; the contrary suited his master, to whom in that point he represented himself in his imagination as the living embodiment of one of his books' adventures; he pictured the ways as being where some wounded or dead knight might pass, whose vengeance was reserved solely for him, and without uttering another word he drew his lance, mounted firmly on the saddle, and with a noble bearing and countenance he placed himself in the middle of the road by which the travelers were forced to pass, and when he saw them near, he raised his voice and said: "Stop, gentlemen, whoever you may be, and tell me who you are, from where you come, to where you go, what you carry in those ways, for, according to the evidence, either you have done it yourselves, or someone has done it to you, and it is necessary that I know it, either to punish you for the evil you committed, or to avenge you for the wounded who did it to you. Come now," replied one of the hooded men, "and this sale is far away and we cannot stop to give such an account as you ask." And he spurred the mule forward. This reply greatly troubled Don Quixote, and tightening the brake on the mule he said: "Stop and be more civil, and answer me what I have asked you; if not, you are all in battle with me."

He was the most astonished nag, and when they took the brake from him he was so frightened that, rising upon his feet, he came down upon his master's flanks on the ground. A footman going by, seeing the man in armor fall, began to denounce Don Quijote, who, already enraged without waiting for more, straightening his lance charged one of the armed men, and badly wounded, came down with him to the ground, and revolving among the others, it was a sight to see with the speed with which he attacked them and dispersed them, it seemed as if in that instant wings had grown for Rocinante, as he rode lightly and proudly. All the armed men were frightened people without arms, and so with ease in an instant they abandoned the fray, and began to run across that field with their swords burning, it seemed as if they were like those of the masquerades, which in a night of joy and celebration run. The armed men, likewise overturned and wrapped in their cloaks and shawls, could not move; so, very easily, Don Quijote beat them all, and made them leave their place badly, because all thought that he was not a man, but a devil from hell, who was coming to take away the corpse that they were carrying on the litter.

Sancho looked on in wonder at his lord's fervor, and he would say to himself: "Undoubtedly my lord is as valiant and determined as he claims." There was an axe burning on the ground beside the first one that had knocked down the donkey, and in its light Don Quijote saw his master, and approaching him he thrust his lance into his face, telling him to surrender, or he would kill him; to which the fallen man replied: "I am weary of surrendering, for I cannot move, as I have a broken leg; I beg your mercy, if you are a Christian knight, do not kill me, you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licensed man and possess the first orders." "Well, who the devil has brought you here?" said Don Quijote, "being a man of the church?" "Who, sir?" replied the fallen man. "My misfortune." "But another greater threatens you," said Don Quijote, "unless you satisfy me in all that I first ask." "With ease your mercy will be satisfied," replied the licensed man; and thus your mercy will know that before I said that I was

I am a bachelor, I am only a bachelor, 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 he was deposited, and now, as I said, 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 pestilent heats that afflicted him," replied the bachelor. "Bad luck, said Don Quixote, our Lord of Misfortune has withdrawn from taking vengeance on his death, had another killed him; but having killed him who killed him, there is nothing left but to remain silent and shrug one's shoulders, as I would if I killed myself; and let it be known to your reverence, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, and it is my office and occupation to travel through the world, straightening the crooked and redressing wrongs. I don't see how it's possible to straighten the crooked," said the bachelor; "for you have made me crooked by right, leaving me with a broken leg, which will not be straight in all the days of my life, and the wrong you have done me has been to wrong me so severely that I shall remain wronged forever, and what a wretched misfortune it is to have encountered you, who are seeking adventures. Not all things happen in the same way," replied Don Quixote, "the damage was, sir bachelor Alonso Lopez, in coming as you did in the night, clad in those over-jackets, with the swords drawn, praying, covered in mourning, which truly resembled a wicked thing and of the other world, and so I cannot help but fulfill my obligation by attacking you, and I will attack you even though truly I know you are the very same Satanas of hell, that I judged you for and always have. Since that is how my fate has wished it, said the bachelor, he begged your mercy, sir knight-errant, that so bad a course you have given me, to help me out of under this mule, that has taken my leg between the saddle and the seat. I will speak

tomorrow," said Don Quixote; "and how long were you waiting to tell me your desire?" He then shouted for Sancho Panza to come; but he refused to let himself be persuaded, because he was busy looting a spare saddle covering filled with food.

Sancho carried a sackful of his own opinions and, furthermore, collected everything he could and could fit in the saddle of the lame donkey. He loaded his donkey, and then went to the voices of his master and helped to take the bachelor out of the trouble with the mule, and putting the axe on him, Don Quijote told him to follow the defeat of his companions, to whom he should ask for forgiveness for the offense, which had not been in his power to prevent having done them harm. He also told him Sancho: "If they should wish to know who the valiant man was who put them in such trouble, tell them that it is the famous Don Quijote de la Mancha, who by another name is called the 'Knight of the Sad Aspect'. With this the bachelor left, and Don Quijote asked Sancho, what had made him call him the 'Knight of the Sad Aspect', more than ever before. 'I will tell you,' replied Sancho, 'because I have been watching him for a little while in the light of that axe that the bad-tempered donkey carried, and truly, your lordship has the most unfortunate appearance I have ever seen; it must be due to the fatigue of this fight, or to the lack of teeth or molars.'"

"No, that's not it," replied Don Quixote, "but the wise man who should be in charge of writing the story of my exploits—it seemed to him that it would be well that I should take some appellative name, as the knights of old took them: some were called 'the of the Burning Sword,' some 'the of the Unicorn,' some 'the of the Damsels,' some 'the of the Phoenix,' another 'the Knight of the Griffin,' another 'the of Death,' and by these names and emblems they were known throughout the whole world; and thus I say that the wise man, as you have already heard, will have put it into your mind and thought now that I should call myself 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.'"

From this day forward, and to make the name fit better, I determine to have painted, where possible, on my shield a very sad figure. "There's no use, sir, in wasting time and money on this figure," said Sancho, "but what must be done is for your grace to discover his, and give a face to those who might look at him, and with nothing more or less, and without another image or shield, they would call him 'the of the Sad Figure,' 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 bad face, that, as I have already said, the sad painting can very well be excused." Don Quijote laughed at Sancho's good humor; but with all that, he proposed to call himself by that name, and to be able to paint his shield or insignia as he had imagined.

"You were about to say, as the bachelor departed to Don Quixote, that you warn your majesty that you remain discredited for having violently put your hands on a sacred thing, just illusion: *sit quis suadente diabolus*, etc. I do not understand this Latin, replied Don Quixote; but I well know that I did not put my hands, but this lance; moreover, that I did not think I was offending priests, nor things of the Church, to whom I respect and adore as a Catholic and faithful Christian, but rather ghosts and vestiges of the other world; and when that were so, I have in my memory what happened to Sir Ruy Diaz when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador before his holiness the Pope, for which he rebuked him, and that good Rodrigo de Vivar walked on that day as a very honored and valiant knight."

Hearing this, the bachelor left, as said before, without replying a word. He wished Don Quixote to see if the body that had come on the litter was bone or not; but Sancho prevented him, saying, "My lord, your grace has ended this perilous adventure in the safest way of all that I have seen; this people, though defeated and ruined, might realize that only one person had defeated them, and, ashamed and humiliated by this, they would return to their senses and seek us out, and we might understand them well. The donkey is as he comes, the mountain near, hunger weighs heavily, there is nothing to do but withdraw with dignified composure, and as they say, let the dead go to their tombs and the living to their loaf of bread." And urging his donkey forward, he begged his lord to follow him, who, finding that Sancho was right, without replying a word, followed him. And as they made a short distance together 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, drank, had a snack, and dined at the same spot, satisfying their stomachs with more than one basket brought by the clergy of the deceased (who rarely allow anything to pass badly) in the provision of their replacement; but another misfortune occurred to Sancho, which he 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 tender grass, which will be said in the next chapter.

Chapter 20: Of the Never-Before-Seen and Never-Before-Heard Adventure Which, With the Least Danger, Was Made Most Famous by That Valiant Knight, As It Is Made Famous by Don Quixote de la Mancha.

It is impossible, my lord, but these herbs testify that somewhere nearby there must be a spring or stream that moistens the ground, and therefore it would be well for us to go a little further on, for we shall surely find where we can alleviate this terrible thirst that exhausts us, which undoubtedly causes greater sorrow than hunger. It seemed to him a good council, and taking the reins of Rocinante, and Sancho of the saddle to his donkey after having placed upon him the dishes from the dinner, they began to walk on the meadow, 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 came from

some large and raised rocks. The noise delighted them greatly, and, stopping to listen in what direction it sounded, they heard, at that time, another crash that extinguished the delight of the water, especially to Sancho who was naturally timid and of little spirit: I say that they heard it striking rhythmically, with a certain creaking of irons and chains, accompanied by the furious crash of the water, which instilled fear in any heart that was not Don Quijote'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 mild noise; so that solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water with the whispering of the leaves, all caused horror and fright, and more when they saw that the blows did not cease, nor did the wind sleep, nor did the morning arrive, adding to all this the ignorance of the place where they were; but Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, sprang upon Rocinante, and embracing his saddle, he hurled his lance and said, "Sancho, friend, you must know that I was born, by the will of heaven, in our age of iron, to revive in it the age of gold or the golden one, as it is usually called; I am he for whom the dangers are kept, the great feats, the valiant deeds; I am, I say once more, he who must revive 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 the whole herd of famous knights of the past time, to rest, making in this in which I find myself such grandeur, strangeness and deeds of arms, that they frighten the clearest that they performed. You well note, faithful and loyal squire, the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused roar of these trees, the fearful noise of that water in whose search we come, which seems to hang and collapse from the high mountains of the moon, and that incessant striking that wounds and hurts the ears; all these things together, and each one by itself, are enough to instill fear, dread and terror in the chest of even Mars, much more in that who is not accustomed to such events and adventures; for all this that I paint to you are incentives and awakeners of my spirit, that it already makes my heart burst in my chest with the desire to undertake this adventure, despite how difficult it appears; so tighten Rocinante's girth and wait for God, and wait for me here for three days at most, in which, if I do not return, you can return to our village, and from there, to ask me mercy and good deeds, you will go to Toboso, where you will tell the incomparable lady mine, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died for undertaking things that would make him worthy of being his own.

When Sancho heard his master's words, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say to him: "Lord, I do not know why your grace undertakes this so dark adventure; it is now night, no one sees us here, we can turn aside the road and avoid the danger, even if we do not drink for three days; and since there is no one to see us, there will be even less one to notice us as cowards: much more have I heard the priest of our place preach, who your grace knows very well, that whoever seeks danger perishes in it; therefore, it is not good to tempt God by undertaking such a wild deed, where one cannot escape save by miracle; and enough has the heavens done with your grace in freeing him from being fed like me, and in taking him out victor, 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 scarcely your grace will have departed from here, when I, from fear, would give my soul to whoever wished to take it. I left my land, and left sons and wife to come and serve your grace, believing myself to be worth more, and not less; but as greed breaks the sack, it has torn my hopes from me, since when I have most lived, I had to reach that black and miserable island that your grace so many times has promised me, I see that in payment and hemp from it, he now wants to leave me in a place so far from human contact: by one God, my lord, that he does not treat me in such a way; and since your grace entirely does not want to desist from undertaking this deed, let it wait until tomorrow, that to what shows me the science I learned when I was a shepherd, there should not be from here to dawn three hours, because the mouth of the horn is on top of the head, and it is midnight on the line of the left arm."

"How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where that line is, nor where that mouth or that velvet is that you speak of, if the night makes itself so dark that it seems there is no star in all the sky? That is so, said Sancho; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, the more you are up in the sky, since, by good reasoning, it can be understood that there is little of this here during the day. Let what is lacking be lacking," replied Don Quixote, "which cannot be said by me now, nor in any time, that tears and prayers separated me from doing what I ought to have done like a knight; and so I beg you, Sancho, to be silent, that God who has put me in heart to undertake now this so unseen and so beautiful adventure, will take care to look after my health, and to console your sorrow; what you must do is to tighten Rocinante's girths and stay here, for I will turn back soon, either living or dead."

Seeing, then, Sancho, the last resolution of his master, and how little his tears, advice, and pleas were worth, he determined to take advantage of his industry, and make him wait until the day if he could; and so, when tightening the horses' girths to the horse, neatly and without being noticed, he tied both feet of Rocinante to the donkey's cart, so that when Don Quixote wished to move on, he could not, because the horse could not be moved except by leaps. Seeing Sancho Panza the good success of his trick, he said: "See, master, that the heavens moved by my tears and prayers have ordered that Rocinante cannot move; and if you wish to spur and whip him, and give him, it will anger fortune, as they say, against the hook. Despairing of this, Don Quixote, and though he put his legs to the horse, he could not move him; and without realizing the binding, he thought it best to lie down, and wait for the dawn to break, or for Rocinante to shake

himself, believing without doubt that it came from another source than Sancho's industry, and so he told him: "That is so, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait until the dawn laughs, though I weep what it takes her to come." "One must not weep," replied Sancho, "I shall amuse you while I count stories from here to the day, if it is not that you want to tire yourself, and lie down a little on the green grass, to the custom of traveling knights, to find himself more rested."

when the day arrives to undertake this unparalleled adventure that awaits him.

"What do you call, or what do you call sleeping?" said Don Quixote. "Am I perhaps one of those knights who rest in danger?" Sleep you, for you were born to sleep, or do as you wish, for I will do what I see most comes with my intention. Do not be offended, my lord," replied Sancho, "for I did not say it for much. And approaching him, he placed one hand on the front horse and the other on the other, so that he remained embraced by his master's left thigh, daring not to move a finger; such was the fear he had of the blows, which still alternately sounded. Told Don Quixote him to tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised, to which Sancho said that if he did, he would let him go the fear of what he heard: But with all that, I will endeavor to tell a story, that if I succeed in telling it and they do not take me by the hand, it is the best of stories, and attend to me, your lord, I begin now."

Let it be erased that one must be, that the good may come for all, and the bad for whoever seeks it; and your Lordship, warn me, that the principle the ancients gave to their advice was not so, it was a judgment by Catus Zonzorinus Roman, which says: "and the bad for whoever seeks it," which comes here like a fitting accompaniment, so that your Lordship may remain as it is, and not seek the bad anywhere else, but let us go by another way, for no one forces us to follow this where so many fears startle us. Carry on with your story, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and of the road we are to follow, let me have the care.

"I say, then, pursued Sancho, that in a place in Extremadura there was a shepherd who kept goats, I mean, a shepherd who kept goats, as I say in my story, his name was Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess named Torralva, this shepherdess named Torralva was the daughter of a rich cattleman, and this rich cattleman... If you tell your story in this way, Sancho, said Don Quixote, repeating twice what you are saying, you won't finish in two days; tell it immediately and recount it like a man of understanding, and if not, say nothing. Just as I tell it, replied Sancho, are all the councils told in my land, and I don't know how to tell them another way, nor is it well that your lordship asks me to make new uses."

So, my lord, continued Sancho, as I have already said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a pretty girl, of the Zahara region, and she was somewhat coarse, because she had a few whiskers, which now I see. Do you know her then? asked Don Quijote. I don't know her, replied Sancho, but whoever told me this story said that it was so true and so certain, that I might well, when I told it to another, affirm and swear that I had seen everything: so going and coming days, the devil, who doesn't sleep and who encompasses everything, made it so that the love that the shepherd had for the shepherdess became petty and ill-will; and the cause, according to bad tongues, was a certain quantity of jokes that she gave him, such that they passed the line and reached the forbidden; and so much did the shepherd hate her from that moment on, that to not see her he wanted to absent himself from that land, and go where his eyes would never see her. Torralva, who had been scorned by the Lope, then wanted to be good with him, more than ever she had loved him. That is the natural condition of women, said Don Quijote, to scorn those who love them, and to love those who hate them: go 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 pass into the kingdoms of Portugal: the Torralva, who heard of this, followed him, and followed after him."

He walked, barefoot and shod, from afar with a broom in his hand and with a knapsack 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 linen for the face; but whatever he carried, I don't want to get involved now in finding out about it, I'll only say that they say the shepherd arrived with his livestock to cross the Guadiana River, and in that spot it was grown up and almost out of control, and along the part he reached there was no boat or ship, nor anyone to take him or his livestock across to the other side, which caused him great concern, because he saw that Torralva was already very close, and he would give her much trouble with her pleas and tears; but he walked around looking, and he saw a fisherman who had beside him a boat so small that only one person and a goat could fit in it, and with all this he spoke to him and arranged with him that he should take him and three hundred goats that he carried. The fisherman entered the boat and took one goat, he returned and took another, he turned to return and took another: may your honor count the goats that the fisherman is passing, because if one is lost from memory, the story will end, and it will not be possible to say any more words about it; I continue, and I say that the landing place on the other side was muddy and slippery, and the fisherman took a long time to go and return: nevertheless, he returned for another goat, and another and another.

"Pretend you've already gone through them all," said Don Quijote; "don't go back and forth like that, or you'll never get through them in a year. How many have you already gone through?" asked Sancho. "I have no idea," replied Don Quijote. "Here is what I said I would keep a good account of; for goodness sake, the story is finished, there's no moving forward. How can that be?" asked Don Quijote. "It's so essential to the story to know the goats that have passed by, that if you miss one of the number you can't continue with the story?" Don Quijote asked. "No, sir, in no way," replied Sancho, "because just as I asked your mercy to tell me how many goats had passed, and he told me he didn't know, in that very instant everything I had left to say vanished from my memory, and I swear it was of great virtue and contentment." "So, said Don Quijote, is the story finished?" "It's 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 in the world could have thought of, and such a way of telling it, or leaving it off, would never be seen or had ever been seen in a lifetime, though I did not expect other things from your good speech; but I am not astonished, for perhaps these blows, which do not cease, have disturbed your understanding. Everything is possible," Sancho replied; "but I know that in what you said there is nothing more to be said, that there it ends and begins the error of the account of the passage of the goats." "Let the matter end as it pleases," said Don Quixote, "and let us see if Rocinante can be moved."

He had to move his legs, and he began to jump and to remain still: so much was he tied up by his own good pleasure. In this it seemed, or that the cold of the morning that was already coming, or that Sancho had eaten some light things, or that it was a natural thing (which is what one must most believe), that it came to him in will and desire to do what another could not do for him; but it was so much fear that had entered into his heart, that he did not dare to move away a black stitch of his master's; for to think of not doing what he desired, was impossible, and so what he did for the sake of peace was to loosen the right hand, which was held fast to the back of the saddle, by which he gracefully and without any noise was released from the sliding strap with which the breeches were held without the aid of anything else, and when it was removed they fell down below, and he remained like crickets. After this he raised his shirt as well as he could, and threw both attitudes into the air, which were not very small. Having done this (which he thought was what he had to do to get out of that terrible constraint and anguish), another greater came over him, that is, that he could not move without making a noise and a racket, and he began to grind his teeth and to hunch his shoulders, gathering into himself all that he could breathe; but with all these diligences he was so unfortunate, that

He came to make a little noise, quite different from the one that he used to be so afraid of. I took him for Don Quixote, and said, "What is that commotion, Sancho? I don't know, my lord, he replied. Something new must be happening, for adventures and misadventures never begin with little things.

I turned again to try fortune, and it happened so well that, with no more noise and commotion than in the past, he was free from the burden that had given him so much sorrow; but as Don Quixote had the sense of smell as keen as that of the ears, and Sancho was so close and attached to him, that they 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 offer help by pressing them between his two fingers, and with a somewhat awkward tone, he said: "It seems to me, Sancho, that you are very afraid." "I am, Sancho replied: "but what do you see now more than ever?" "What you smell now more than amber," replied Don Quixote.

It might be, Sancho said; but it is not my fault, but yours, my lord, that you have brought me at such an inconvenient hour and on such unaccustomed steps. Retire three or four leagues hence, friend, said Don Quixote, all this without moving a muscle; and from here forward take more heed of yourself, and of what you owe to my lady, for all the conversation I have with you has engendered this disrespect. I stake, replied Sancho, that your lordship thinks I have done with my person anything that ought not to have been done. Worse than that, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote.

In these gatherings and others like them, master and servant spent the night; but seeing Sancho that he was coming with the morning, he loosened Rocinante with much cunning and fastened up his breeches.

As Rocinante was free, though he was by no means boastful, it seemed he was affected and began to slap with his hands, because he didn't know how to trot, with his master's pardon. Seeing, therefore, Don Quijote that Rocinante was already moving, he took it as a good sign, and he believed that it was the cause for him to undertake that fearful adventure. It ended in this of discovering the dawn, and of appearing distinctly the things, and Don Quijote saw that he was among some tall trees, that were chestnut trees, that make 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 further delay, he made Rocinante feel the spurs, and turning to say goodbye to Sancho, he ordered him to wait there for three days at most, as he had already said it another time, and if he had not returned after those days, he would surely believe that God had been served by ending his days in that dangerous adventure.

Come back to referring the matter and embassy that you were to arrange on your part concerning your lady Dulcinea, and that as far as the payment of her services was concerned, you would not hesitate, because he had made his will before he

left his place, where he would be gratified in every respect regarding his salary, rate by amount of time he had served; but if God were to take him out of that danger safe and sound and without precaution, the promised island could be considered very certain.

Once again, Sancho began to weep, hearing once more his good lord's pitiful reasons, and determined not to abandon him until the very end of that business.

From these tears and the determination so honorable of Sancho Panza, the author of this story draws out a character who should have been a good man, and at the very least a Christian old man: whose feelings moved something within his master, but not so much as to show any weakness, instead, he disguised it as best he could, and began to walk towards the place 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 piece through those chestnut trees and gloomy trees, they came upon a small ravine that at the foot of some high fir trees, from which a great splash of water fell.

At the foot of the cliffs were some poorly built houses, that seemed more like ruins of buildings than houses, from which the noise and crashing of that beating still emerged, and which hadn't yet ceased.

Rocinante was agitated by the roar of the water and the crashes, and Don Quijote soothed him, gradually approaching the houses; he entrusted himself entirely to 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 leave his side, who stretched as far as he could with his neck and sight between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could already see what so suspenseful and fearful he had him.

Another hundred steps were taken, when, upon turning a corner, it appeared discovered and evident the same cause, without it being another, of that horrible and terrifying noise that had so kept them suspended and fearful all night; and it was (if you haven't, oh reader! because of dread and anger) six blows of a mallet that, with their alternating strikes, formed that uproar.

When Don Quixote saw what it was, he fell silent and was struck dumb from head to toe. Sancho looked at him and saw that he had his head tilted over his chest as if he were dizzy.

I also looked at Don Quixote at Sancho, and lo and behold 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 might cease laughing, and as Sancho saw that his master had begun, he released the prey so that he needed to tighten the little ones with his fists in order not to burst laughing. Four times he calmed himself, and as many times he returned to his laughter with the same impetus as before, of which Don Quixote was already giving the devil, and more when he heard him say: "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 kept, the great jests, the valiant deeds." And here he repeated all the most reasons that Don Quixote said the first time they heard the fearful blows.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote that Sancho made fun of him, he was so 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 noticing how bad luck came out of his jibes, fearing that his lord wouldn't advance in them, with great humility he said: "Please, your grace, that God is mocking me. Tell me, why do you mock me? I am not mocked, replied Don Quijote. Come here, sir, cheerfully: Do you seem to me as if these were dangerous adventures like striking men, hadn't I shown the spirit that suited them to begin and end them? Am I obliged for that, being as I am a knight, to know and distinguish the sounds, and to know which are those of the men-at-arms or not? And more than could be, as it is true, that I have not seen them in my life, as you have seen them, as a wicked villain you are, bred and born among them; if not, make yourselves that these six maces turn into six jayanes."

Give them to me one at a time, or all together, and when I don't catch them all in a mess, be the ridicule you wish.

"There is no more, my lord," Sancho replied, "though I confess I have wandered a bit 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 us so soundly and safely as he has delivered us from this: was it not a thing to laugh at, and it is a thing to tell, the great fear we have had?" At least, he who I had, your lord, already knows not, nor does he know it is fear or terror.

"I deny it," replied Don Quixote, "that what has happened to us is not 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 know how to put the lance in its place, aiming it at my head and giving me on my 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, although I don't know what they usually give him after having given him a beating, if it's not that knights often give beatings to islands or kingdoms on firm land.

"The die can be cast," said Don Quixote, "that all you say may come to be true, and forgive the past, since you are discreet and know that the first movements are not in man's hands, and you are warned from this time forward on one thing, that you abstain and report in excessive talking with me, for as many books of chivalry I have read, which are infinite, I never found that any squire spoke so much with his lord as you do with yours, and in truth I sorely lack it in you, yours, in which you esteem me little; yours, in which you do not allow me to be esteemed more: yes, like Galadin, squire to Amadis of Gaula, count, he was of the Island firm, and it was told that he always spoke to his lord with the cap in hand, head bowed and body bent in a turquoise color. Now, what shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that to declare the excellence of his marvelous silence, his name was only named once in all that so great and marvelous story? 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 shall treat each other with more respect, without giving each other rope, because however I may be angered with you, it must be bad for the pot. The mercies and benefits that I have promised you will come at their time, and if they do not, the wage at least must not be lost, as I have already told you. This is well what your grace says," said Sancho; "but I would like to know (just in case the time of mercies does not arrive, and it is necessary to go to the wages) how much a squire earned of a traveling knight in those times, and whether it was agreed for months or for days, like laborers of a brickmaker."

"I don't believe it," replied Don Quixote, "that such knights were ever in the pay of anyone, but rather at the mercy of fortune; and if I have now pointed you out to you in the sealed will which I leave in my house, it was for what might happen, and I do not know how to prove it in these so calamitous times of chivalry, and I didn't want you to be punished 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 indeed," said Sancho, "for only the noise of a hammer's beat could agitate and unsettle the heart of such a valiant adventurer as you are; you can be sure that from this time forward I will not open my lips to..."

Give me one of your possessions, if it is not to honor him as my natural lord and master.

In that way, replied Don Quixote, you will live upon the back of the earth, because after parents, masters must be respected as if they were them.

Chapter 21: Concerning the High Adventure and Rich Gain of Sir Mas Brachiano's Helmet, with Other Things That Happened to Our Invincible Knight

As it was then that it began to rain a little, and I would have liked Sancho to enter the windmill of the batanes; but because Don Quixote had caused Sancho to harbor such a dislike due to the heavy mockery, he refused to enter in any way; and so, turning the road to the right hand, they came upon another 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 all are sentences drawn from the same experience, the mother of all sciences, especially that which says: "Where one door closes, another opens." I say this because if fortune closed the door we were seeking last night, deceiving us with the batanes, now it opens wide for another, a better and more certain adventure; and if I fail to enter it, the blame will be mine, without me being able to attribute it to the little news of the batanes nor to the darkness of the night. I say this because, if I am deceived, one comes towards us who carries on his head the helmet of Mambrino, concerning the oath that you know.

"Observe your lords well what they say, and better what they do —said Sancho—, they didn't want others to beat us down and beat our senses."

—Go to hell the devil for a man!— retorted Don Quixote—. What's a helmet to be a batan?

"I know nothing," Sancho replied; "but, as I could speak as much as I used to, perhaps I might give such reasons that your mercy would see that they were mistaken in what they say."

"How can I deceive myself, meticulous traitor?" Don Quixote said. "Tell me, don't you see that knight coming towards us, on a dappled grey horse, wearing a golden helmet on his head?"

"What I see and observe," Sancho replied, "is nothing but a man on a grey donkey, like mine, carrying something that shines above his head."

"That is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote. "Step aside to one side and let me have him alone. You will see, without a word, to save time, I conclude this adventure and the helmet that I so desired is now 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 already told you, brother, that you mustn't lie to me, not for a second, but about the beaches —said Don Quixote—; I swear it, and I say no more, that you'll ruin your soul.

Callo Sancho, with fear that his master would not keep the vow he had made, round as a ball.

It was, therefore, the case 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 by [him], yes; and thus, the barber of the greater 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 dyeing bath; and fortune favored 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 bath on his head; and as it was clean, it shone from half a league off. He came on a brown donkey, as Sancho said, and this was the occasion that seemed to Don Quixote to be a grey horse rolling, and a knight, and a helmet of gold; for all the things that he saw, he easily accommodated them to his various knightly pursuits and nefarious thoughts. And when he saw that the poor knight was approaching, without reasoning with him, he disrupted Rocinante's gallop with the lance beneath, intending to pass him side by side; but when he reached him, without stopping the fury of his run, he said to him:

Defy me, captive creature, or I will seize what is rightfully mine, willingly!

The barber, who, without a moment's thought or fear, saw that phantom coming upon him, had no other recourse than to save himself from the blow of the lance; otherwise, it would have been to fall from the ass; and as soon as he touched the ground, he rose lighter than a fawn and began to run across that plain, which the wind did not overtake. He left the saddle on the ground, with which Don Quixote was content, and said that the heathen had walked discreetly and had imitated the beaver, who, seeing himself beset by hunters, splashed and snapped with his teeth at that which he, by a different nature, knows is being pursued. He ordered Sancho to raise his helmet, which, taking it in his hands, he said:

—Good heavens, what a treat it is, and worth an eight-real coin like a maravedi.

And giving it to his master, he then put it on her head, encircling it on one side and the other, searching for the lace; and since it was not found, he said:

Without a doubt, the pagan, for whose size this famous ambush was forged, must have had a very large head, and the worst of it is that he lacked half of it.

When Sancho heard the concealed call, he could not have laughter; but anger from his master invaded his mind, and he fell silent in the midst of it.

—What are you laughing at, Sancho?—said Don Quixote.

—"I don't consider the great head that the pagan owner of this estate has, which doesn't resemble anything but a barber's basin," he replied.

—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 that half this one, which seems to have been a barber's kiss, as you say. But whatever it is; that for me...

I don't care about its transmutation; I will first place it where there is a blacksmith, and in such a way that it doesn't gain an advantage, not even reach the one that the god of the forges made for the god of battles; and, in the meantime, I will bring it, as much as I can, because something that doesn't float is better; and the more, the better, it will be enough to defend me from any stray stones.

—That's how it will be —said Sancho— if it isn't shot with a crossbow, as it was shot in the fight between the two armies, when your grace was consecrated and their molars were broken, and that blessed potion, which made me vomit up the sores, was smashed where it came from.

—It doesn't give me much sorrow to have lost him, you know, Sancho —said Don Quixote—, that I have the recipe in my memory.

"I have it too," Sancho replied, "but if I should even touch it or test it further in my life, here is my hour. And the more so, because I don't intend to find myself in a position to need it, for I intend to keep myself with all my five senses from being wounded or wounding anyone. As for being once again groomed, I say nothing, for such misfortunes cannot be prevented, and if they come, the only thing one can do is shrug one's shoulders, stop breathing, close one's eyes, and let oneself be carried away by where fortune and the blanket lead."

"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 that it is not the custom of noble and generous breasts to disregard the follies of a boy. What limp foot have you, what broken ribs, what shattered head, so that you should not remember that mockery? Let us get to the point, it was a jest and a pastime; and had I not understood you so keenly, I would have gone back there and done you more harm than the Greeks did for the stolen Helen. Which, if it were in this time, or my Dulcinea in those days, you could be sure she would not have such a reputation for beauty as she has."

And he sighed, and put it in the clouds. And said Sancho:

Let us mock, then, for revenge cannot be achieved through insults; but I know the quality of the insults and mockery, and I also know that they will never be erased from my memory, unlike those who would have abandoned him. But, aside from that, tell me, what shall we do with this wretched, dark horse, that I left abandoned, that Martino whom you all threw down; for, according to him, he put his feet on the dusty road and took those of Villadiego, and he will never return for him. And by my beard, if this horse is not good!

—I never custom myself to dispossess those I defeat—said Don Quixote—nor is it the custom of chivalry to take away their horses and leave them on foot, if it were not that the victor had lost his own in the contest; for, in such a case, it is lawful to take the defeated's horse, as in a legitimate war. So, Sancho, give up that horse, or donkey, or whatever you wish it to be, for if his owner sees us stretched out like this, he will come for it.

"God knows if I would take him—replied Sancho—or, at least, exchange him for this one of mine, which doesn't seem so good. Truly, the laws of chivalry are narrow, for they don't extend to exchanging one donkey for another; and I wanted to know if one could even exchange the equipment itself."

"I'm not very sure about that," Quixote replied; and, in case of doubt, until I'm better informed, I say that exchangers, 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 more.

And then, enabled with that license, he made changes to the stakes and put his donkey at a third and fifth, leaving it improved.

Having done this, they ate from the leftovers of the royal feast they had seized, drank from the water of the Arroyo de los Batanes, without turning their faces to mirrors: that was the aversion that they had for them, due to the fear that had been instilled in them.

Therefore, the anger was cut off, and even the melancholy, mounted on horseback, and, without taking a definite road, as they were so much accustomed to travelers that to take one certain was out of the question, they set off walking wherever the will of Rocinante wished, carrying with it that of their master, and even that of the donkey, who always followed him wherever he led, in love and companionship. Nevertheless, they returned to the royal road and followed it for fortune, with no other design in mind.

"Therefore, walking thus, he said Sancho to his lord."

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 festered in my stomach, and a single one that I now have on the tip of my tongue he wished not to be misconstrued.

—Dila—said Don Quixote—, and be brief in your arguments, for none are pleasing if they are long.

I say, therefore, sir—answered Sancho—that, from a few days past, I have considered how little is gained and harvested by wandering in search of these adventures that your lordships seek through these deserts and crossroads of paths, where, since the most choice and fortunate are vanquished and ended, there is no one to see or know them; and so they must remain in perpetual silence, and to the detriment of your lordships' intention and of what they deserve. And so it seems to me that it would be better, save for your lordships' best judgment, that we go to serve some emperor, or another great prince who has some war, in whose service your lordships may show the value of their person, their great strength, and greater understanding; for, seen from the lord to whom we serve, they must reward each one according to their merits,

and there will never be a lack of one who puts in writing the pranks of your lordships, for perpetual memory. I say nothing of those, for they will never leave the guard's limits; although I must say that, if it is used in chivalry to write pranks of squires, I do not think that those will remain between lines.

"You don't speak ill of him, Sancho – replied Don Quixote; but before that term is reached, it is necessary to wander through the world, in approval, seeking adventures, so that, upon finishing some, he may acquire a name and fame such that, when he goes to the court of some great monarch, whether the knight is known for his deeds; and that, as soon as they have seen him enter the city gate, when all follow and surround him, shouting and saying: 'This is the Knight of the Sun,' or of the Serpent, or of another emblem, beneath which great deeds would have been accomplished. 'This is – they will say – the one who defeated in a singular battle the giant Brocabranco of Great Force; the one who disenchanted the Great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment in which he had been almost nine hundred years.'" "And so, hand to hand, they will proclaim your deeds, and then, with the commotion of the youths 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, knowing him by his arms or by the enterprise of his shield, he will inevitably say: 'Come out, my man! Come out!'

Here's the translation of the text: "Knights, how many from my court are present to receive the finest of the chivalry, that's coming!" To which he will issue commands, and all will obey, 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 no small part, can be found on the face of the earth. This will happen after, then on dry land, that she will set her eyes on the knight and he on her, and each will seem like a more divine thing than human; and, without knowing how or how [no], they will be captured and shackled in the intricate web of love, and with great regret in their hearts for not knowing how they were to speak to discover their desires and feelings. From there, he will undoubtedly be taken to some chamber of the palace, richly adorned, where, having had his weapons removed, he will be given a rich scarlet mantle with which to cover himself; and though he appeared armed, he will appear even better and more so in a suit of armor. When night falls, he will dine with the king, queen, and princess, where he will never take his eyes from her, watching her secretly from the surrounding bystanders, and she will do the same with the same cunning, because, as I have said, she is a very discreet maiden. The tables will be cleared, and she will enter at odd hours through the door of the hall an ugly and small dwarf with a beautiful lady, that, between two giants, behind the dwarf comes, with certain adventure, made by an ancient wise man, that the one who will finish her will be considered the best knight in the world. The king will then order that everyone present test her, and none will end her and top her except the guest knight, for a great deal of his fame, of which the princess will be greatly content, and she will be considered content and paid off, for having put and placed her thoughts in such an exalted part. And it is good that this king, or prince, or whatever he is, has a very strained war with another as powerful as he, and the guest knight asks (after a few days that he has been in his court) permission to go to serve him in that war. The king will grant it to him of very good disposition, and the guest knight will kiss his hands courteously for the grace that is bestowed upon him. And that night he will say goodbye to his lady the princess through the bars of a garden, which falls into the chamber where she sleeps, through which she had already spoken to her many times, being a wise and knowing maiden from whom the princess trusted greatly. He will sigh, she will faint, the maiden will bring water, she will be comforted because the morning is coming, and he did not want them to be discovered, for the honor of his lady. Finally, the princess will return to herself and will give her white hands through the bars to the knight, who will kiss them a thousand times and will bathe them in tears. A way will be agreed between the two to make it known their good or bad fortunes, and the princess will ask him to stop as little as possible; he will promise her so with many oaths; he will kiss her hands again, and she will awaken with such feeling that she will be little left to end her life. He will then go from there to his chamber, will lie down on his bed, will not be able to sleep from the pain of departure, he will wake up very early, he will go to say goodbye to the king and the queen and the princess; he will tell them, having said goodbye to the two, that the lady princess is unwell and that she cannot receive a visit; the knight will think that it is a pity of his departure, he will transfer his heart, and it is little left to give a manifest sign of his sorrow. This is the wise maiden, mediator, who notices everything, he will tell her to his lady, who receives her with tears and tells her that one of the greatest pains she has is not to know who her knight is, and whether he is of the lineage of kings or not; the maiden assures him that it cannot be contained such courtesy, gentleness and valor as that of his knight, except in a real and grave subject; she will comfort herself with this, she will try to comfort herself, in order not to give a bad sign to her parents, and after two days, she will go out in public. The knight is already gone: he fights in the war, he defeats the king's enemy, he wins many cities, he triumphs in many battles, he returns to the court, he goes to see his lady where he usually does, a settlement is made that he asks her for marriage as payment for his services. She does not want to give him, because she does not know who he is; but, with all this, or stolen or of any other fortune that is, the princess will come to be her wife and her father will have him at great risk, because he came to find out that this knight is the son of a valiant king of no country, because it should not be in the map.

The father shows himself, the heir inherits the princess, the knight becomes king in two words. Then he begins to show favors to his squire and to all those who helped him rise to such a high status: he marries his squire to a maiden of the princess, who will, without a doubt, have been the third in her loves, that is the daughter of a very important duke.

“That is what I ask for, and for straight men –said Sancho; I hold myself to that, because everything, word for word, must happen by your grace, calling himself the Knight of the Sad Figure.”

“Don’t doubt it, Sancho – Quixote replied – because, following the same path and by the same steps that I have recounted, knights-errant have risen to become kings and emperors. Only the matter remains of finding a Christian or pagan king with a war and a beautiful daughter; but there is time to consider this, since, as I have told you, first one must earn fame in other parts before attending the court. Also, I lack another thing; that, should a king be found with war and a beautiful daughter, and should I have earned unbelievable fame throughout the universe, I don’t know how one could find me to be of royal lineage, or, at the very least, a second cousin to an emperor; because the king would not give his daughter to me as a wife if he were not first fully informed of this, although my famous deeds more than merit it. Therefore, for this lack, I fear losing what my arm has well deserved. It is true that I am descended from a known estate, of possession and property, and of earning five hundred salaries; and it might be that the wise man who writes my history would delineate my lineage and descent so that I would be found fifth or sixth grandson of a king. Because I let you know, Sancho, that there are two ways of lineages in the world: some that bring and overturn their descent from princes and monarchs, to whom time has gradually diminished and ended in a reverse pyramid; others had a beginning of humble people, and they go up grade by grade until they become great lords. Therefore, this is the difference that some were, who are no longer, and others are, who are no longer; and it could be that I would be of those who, after being ascertained, would have been my origin great and famous, with which my father-in-law, the king, would have been satisfied to be content. And when not, the princess will want me in such a way that, despite her father, although clearly knowing that I am the son of a rogue, she will admit me as lord and husband; and if not, here enters the fuss and bother where I am most pleased; that time or death must end the anger of her parents.”

–That fits well too –said Sancho– what some callous people say: “Don’t ask for what you can take by force that you can get by urging”; though it’s better to say: “A jump from a bush is better than begging from good men.” I say it because, if his Majesty, your lordship’s father-in-law, doesn’t want to tame him to give my lady the infant princess, there’s nothing left, as your lordship says, to rob him and carry him off. But this is the damage that, while peace is made and the kingdom is enjoyed peacefully, the poor squire may be stuck in this business of favors. If, furthermore, the third lady, who is to be his wife, runs off with the infant princess, and he passes with her his misfortune, until the heavens order something else; because, I believe, immediately he could give her to his lord as a legitimate wife.

—You can’t take him out of Don Quixote —he said.

–Well, since that is the case – Sancho replied – there is nothing for us but to entrust ourselves to God, and let fortune take us where it will best lead.

–May God do it– replied Don Quixote – as I wish, and you, Sancho, require; and may the villain be whoever finds himself a villain.

–May God be just –said Sancho–, for I am an old Christian, and to be a count is enough for me.

–And yet you have plenty left over –said Don Quixote–; and if you didn’t, you wouldn’t do anything worthwhile, because, being I the king, I could bestow upon you nobility, without you having to buy it or serve me in any way. Because, becoming a count, you would there be a knight, and they would call you honor, whatever they may say.

–And you don’t even know I authorized the transaction! –said Sancho.

—The dictation must be done correctly—said his master.

–Sea así –answered Sancho Panza–. I say that he would suit it well, because, by my life, I used to be a judge of a brotherhood, and the robes of a judge fit me so well that everyone said I had the presence to be steward of the same brotherhood. Now, what will it be when I put on a ducal garment, or dress myself in gold and pearls, for a foreign count? They must come to see me from a hundred leagues for me.

“It would seem so,” said Don Quixote, “but it is necessary that you shave your beard often; for, as it is thick, disheveled, and badly arranged, if you don’t shave it with a razor, at least every two days, you’ll see what you are – you’ll be sent flying.”

–What more –said Sancho–, than to have a barber and an attendant hired at home? And even, if it were necessary, I will make him go 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 will tell you— Sancho replied—: I spent a month in the court, and there I saw that, while a very small gentleman was passing by, who they said was very large, a man followed him on horseback wherever he went, appearing to be nothing more than his tail. I asked how that man didn't join with the other, but always followed behind him. I was told that he was his stablemaster and that it was customary for the great to have such people follow behind them.

—I say you are right —said Don Quixote—, and that therefore you may take your barber along with you; that customs did not all come together, nor were they invented at once, and you may be the first count who carries his barber after 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 to become count."

"That shall be so," Quijote replied.

And, raising her eyes, she saw what would be said in the following chapter.

Chapter 22: Of the liberty that Don Quixote granted to many unfortunate souls who, to their shame, were carried where they did not wish to go.

Don Cide Hamete Benengeli, an Arabic and Manchegan author, recounts in this grave, lofty, minimal, sweet, and imagined story that, after the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and his squire Sancho Panza 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 ahead came twelve men on foot, strung together like beads on a large iron chain around their necks, and all with handcuffs on their hands. They were accompanied by two men on horseback and two on foot; the horseback riders carried wheel-rifles, and the foot soldiers carried darts and swords; and as Sancho Panza saw it, he said:

This is a chain of slaves, forced people of the king, who are going to the galleys.

—How about forced people? —asked Don Quixote — Is it possible for the king to force any people?

—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 you please, sir — retorted Don Quixote — however it may be, these people, though they carry them, go of their own accord, and not by their will.

"That's so — Sancho said."

—That's how it works—his master said—here, I can carry out my business: to weaken forces and to aid and attend to the miserable.

"Warn your Majesties," said Sancho, "that justice, which is the very king, does not oppress nor cause harm to such people, but rather punishes them in accordance with the penalty of their crimes."

I arrived, in this, on the chain of the galeotes, and Don Quixote, with very courteous reasons, requested those who were in his custody to be served with information and to 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—replied Don Quixote—I wanted to know, in particular, the cause of their misfortune.

He added to these other similar and so measured reasons, to make them say what he wanted, that the other guard was told on horseback:

Although we have here the record and faith of the sentences of each of these unfortunate ones, this is not the time to stop them from taking them out and reading 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 beautiful things.

With this license, which Don Quixote would take even if it weren'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 in that state because of his love.

—That's why not, then? — replied Don Quixote —. Well, if lovers drive each other to such extremes, I could be adrift in them.

"They are not loves like those you might think –said the jailer–; mine were those I loved so much a basket of bleaching linen, crammed with white clothes, that I embraced it with such force that, if they hadn't taken away my 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 as an addition three precise sips of gurapas, and the work was finished."

–What are guapas? –asked Don Quixote. –Guapas are galleys –answered the galeote.

He was a young man of up to twenty-four years of age, and said he was from Pitihita. Don Quixote asked the second, who did not answer a word, according to his sad and melancholy appearance; but the first answered for him, and said:

Sir, he's after a canary; I mean, a musician and singer.

–Yes, sir – replied the hangman –, there is nothing worse than singing out of desire. –Before, I have heard it said – said Don Quixote –, that whoever sings scares away his ills. –It is the opposite here – said the hangman –, that whoever sings cries for the rest of his life. –I don't understand – said Don Quixote.

And one of the guards said:

Sir gentleman, it is said among this unholy folk that singing in anguish is confessing, and to this sinner they gave anguish and he confessed his crime, which was to be a cattle thief, that is, a thief of beasts, and, because he confessed, he was condemned for six years to the galleys, plus two hundred lashes already carried on his back. And he always walks thoughtful and sad, because the other thieves who remain there and come here mistreat and destroy him, mock him, and hold him in little regard, because he confessed and had no spirit to say nonsense. For they say that many letters a "no" has as a "yes," and that a delinquent has much fortune, that is in his tongue his life or his death, and not in that of the witnesses and proofs; and for me, they do not go very far astray.

—And I understand it like this — replied Don Quixote.

And which, passing to the third, asked them what the others had said; and which, 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 hangman, "like someone with money in the middle of the gulf and dying of hunger, without knowing where to buy what they need. I said it because if in my time I had those twenty ducats that you offer now, I would have used them to lubricate the clockmaker's pendulum and rekindle the ingenuity of the procurator, so that today I would see myself in the middle of the Zocodover square 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 face with a white beard that reached his chest; hearing him asked the reason for his presence there, he began to weep and gave no answer; but the fifth condemned man served as his interpreter, and said:

This honest man has been sent to the galleys for four years, having walked the usual route in a pompous dress and on horseback.

–That's the way it is –said Sancho Panza–, to my mind, it's a shameful thing.

"That's right," the hangman replied; "and the blame for giving him this sentence is because he was a gossip, and even of the whole body. Indeed, I mean to say that this gentleman is a pimp, and moreover he has his spurs and sorcerer's collar."

"If I hadn't added those tips and collars – said Don Quixote – simply for the sake of a clean lackey, he didn't deserve to go bickering on the galleys, but to serve as their overseers and commanders; because that is not how the office of lackey is carried out, which is an office of discreet people and necessary in a well-ordered republic, and which should only be exercised by people of very good birth; and there should even be a supervisor and examiner of such people, as there is for other professions, with sufficient number and known to everyone, like those in the market; and in this way many evils would be avoided that are caused by this office and its practice among foolish and poorly informed people, such as silly women of little more than nothing, pageboys and young loafers 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 advance and give the reasons why it is necessary to make a selection of those who in the republic were to have this necessary office, but it is not a suitable place for it: some day I will tell whoever can provide and remedy it. I only say now that the pain that this has caused me to see these white hairs and this venerable

face in so much fatigue, for lackey, has been taken away by the fact that he is a magician; although well I know that there are no spells in the world that can move and force the will, as some simple people think; our free will is free, and there is no herb or charm that can force it. What some simple women and petty tricksters do is to make potions and poisons with which they drive men mad, giving the impression that they have the power to make people do good, being, as I say, an impossible thing to force the will."

"That's right – said the good old man – and, truly, sir, as for the sorcerer thing, I wasn't to blame; as for the snitch, I couldn't deny it. But I never thought I was doing wrong."

I was trying to make it so that everyone would relax and live in peace and quiet, without worries or sorrows; but this good intention hasn't served me to stop going to places where I don't expect to return, as the years and a urinary 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 moved on, and asked another man about his crime, who replied with even more audacity than before.

I come here because I was mocked too much by two of my cousins, and by two other women who were not my relatives; finally, so much was mocked at me that the kinship grew out of mockery, so intricately that no devil could declare it. Everything was tried against me, no favor was given, I had no money, I was brought to the brink of losing my possessions, I was sentenced to galleys for six years, I consented: punishment is of my fault; I am a youth: while I live, with it all can be achieved. If your lordship possesses something with which to help these poor souls, God will repay it to you in heaven, and we will have on earth the care to pray to God in our prayers for your lordship's life and health, that it 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 talkative and very kind Latino.

After all of these, came a man of very good sense, of thirty years of age, though upon looking he made the one eye meet the other a little. He came differently bound than the others, because he carried a chain at the foot, so large that he stripped it over his whole body, and two bracelets at his throat, one on the chain, and the other of those they call friend-guard or friend-foot, of which it was said that two irons reached his waist, in which were fastened two handcuffs, where he kept his hands, closed with a thick lock, so that neither with his hands could reach his mouth, nor could he lower his head to reach his hands. Quixote asked how that man went with so many prisons more than the others. The guard replied that he had that one alone more crimes than all the others together, and that he was so bold and so large a rogue that, though he were carried in that manner, they were not safe of him, but feared that he might 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," replied the guard, "which is like a quiet death. Don't want to know more, since that good man is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, who is also called Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Mr. Commissioner –said the cutthroat–, slowly withdraw, and let us not now sort out names and nicknames. Gines calls me Gines, and Pasamonte is my surname, not Parapilla, as he insists; and each of you go around in a circle, and don't be hasty."

"Speak with less tone," the commissioner retorted, "Mr. Thief of More Than a Mark, or you'll find yourself silenced, whether you like it or not."

–It seems, sir, that man goes as God demands, but one day someone will know if I am called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.

–Well, don't you call you, rogue? –the guard said.

–If they call –Gines replied–, but I will make sure they don't call me, or I'll fight with my teeth where I say so, Sir Knight. If you have something to give us, give it to us now, and God be 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 Gine■s de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers.

–Says you're right– said the commissioner–: that he himself wrote his story, that there's nothing more, and he leaves the book lodged in prison for two hundred reales.

–And I'd remove him –said Gine■s–, if he were to remain for 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 should tell him is that it deals in truths, and that those truths 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 Ginés de Pasamonte —replied the same. —And is it finished? —asked Don Quixote.

—How could 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 the galleys.

—Have you been there again? —said Don Quixote.

“To serve God and the king, I have been four years again, and I know what the sponge cake and the cornbread know —replied Gines; and it doesn't weigh much 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 tranquility than would be needed, 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 alas,— he replied — because misfortunes always pursue good wit.

—They're chasing the young boys —said the commissioner.

“I've told you that, Commissioner — Pasamonte replied —, you should withdraw little by little, those gentlemen didn't give you that stick to mistreat the poor folk here, but to guide us and take us wherever His Majesty commands. If not, for my life...! Enough!, it might happen one day that someone finds stains in the marketplace; and everyone must be quiet, live well, and speak better, and we'll walk on, because this is too much revelry.”

I raised my standard against the high commissioner to give Pasamonte a reply to his threats, but Don Quixote stepped in and begged him not to ill-treat him, because

He wasn't much of a talker for someone with such tightly bound hands. And, turning to all in the chain, he said:

From all that you have told me, dearest brothers, I have extracted that, although you have been punished for your faults, the pains you are about to suffer do not give you much pleasure, and you go to them with great reluctance and against your own will; and that it might have been that the little spirit that that one had in the torment, the lack of money this, the little favor of the other and, finally, the twisted judgment of the judge, would have been the cause of your perdition and of not having emerged with the justice that you had on your part. All of which is now represented to me in memory, telling me, persuading and even forcing me to show with you the effect so that the sky threw 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 of favoring the needy and oppressed of the greatest. But, because I know that one of the parts of wisdom is that what can be done for good should not be done for evil, I beg these guardian and commissioner lords to serve themselves of freeing you and letting you go in peace, that there will be others who serve the king in better occasions; because it seems a harsh case to make slaves those that God and nature made free. Much more, lords guards —added Don Quixote—, that these poor have not committed anything against you. Each one has gone with his sin there; God is in the sky, that does not neglect to punish the bad nor to reward the good, and it is not well that honorable men be executioners of other men, do not burden them with it. I ask for this with this meekness and tranquility, because if you fulfill it, I have something to thank you for; and, when you do not do it to your grade, this lance and this sword, with the valor of my arm, will make you do it by force.

“Old fool!” the commissioner retorted. “Well, here he is, appearing out of nowhere! The King's men want us to let him go, as if we have authority to release him or he has authority to send us for him! Now be gone, my lord, good day, take your way and straighten out that preoccupation you have on your head, and don't go looking for three feet on the cat.”

—You are the cat, the fool, and the rascal! —Quijote replied.

And saying and doing, he charged at him so quickly that, without having time to defend himself, he brought him to the ground, wounded by a shot; and he tended him well, for this was the man with the rifle. The other guards were astonished and suspended by the unexpected event; but, returning to himself, they grasped their swords the mounted men, and the foot soldiers their darts, and charged Don Quixote, who awaited them with much composure; and, without doubt, he would suffer greatly if the brigands, seeing the opportunity offered to them to achieve freedom, did not seek it, seeking to break the chain in which they were strung. It was the revolt in such a way that the guards, either for attending to the brigands who were released, or for attacking Don Quixote who attacked them, did nothing of use.

I helped Sancho, for his part, with the release of Ginés de Pasamonte, who was the first to jump into the free campaign and unshackled, 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 guard in the whole field, because they fled, as with Pasamonte's shotgun as with the many stones that the now free convicts threw at them.

Sancho was very saddened by this event, as he was told that those fleeing would give notice of the case to the Holy Brotherhood, which, with a bell...

wound, he would go out to look for the criminals, and he told his master that, and he begged him that after that they leave and ambush themselves 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 cutthroats, who were in a frenzy and had stripped the commissioner down to his breeches, they all gathered around to see what he ordered, and he told them:

“As for people of good birth, it is to be grateful for the benefits one receives, and one of the sins that most offends God is ingratitude. I say this because you have seen, gentlemen, with manifest experience, what has been given to me; and in payment of which I wish, and it is my will, that, having removed from your necks the chain that I took off, you set out and go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso and tell her that her knight, the one of the Sad Figure, sends her to entrust to her, 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 may go wherever you wish for good fortune.”

He responded for all of Gine■s de Pasamonte, and said:

What your grace commands, Lord and liberator, is impossible to fulfill in any way, because we cannot go together on the paths, but alone and divided, and each in his own part, seeking to penetrate the bowels of the earth, so as not to be found by the Holy Brotherhood, which, without a doubt, will surely come out in our search. What your grace can do, and it is right that he does, is to change that service and watch of the lady Dulcinea of Toboso into some amount of *avemari■as* and *credos*, which we will say with the intention of your grace; and this is something that can be done 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 day, and to ask us for that is to ask for pears from an elm tree.

—Well, I'm voting for such a thing! —said Don Quixote, already in a rage —, you, son of a bitch, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever you call yourselves, you're going alone, with your tail between your legs, carrying the entire chain.

The squire, who was not much maltreated, having already learned that Don Quixote was not very sane, seeing how much nonsense he had committed, such as wanting to give them their freedom, he turned on his companions, and, separating himself to one side, it began to rain so many stones upon Don Quixote that he couldn't find a way to cover himself with the shield; and poor Rocinante didn't heed the bell as if it were made of bronze. Sancho followed after his donkey, and with him he defended himself from the cloud and pebbles that fell upon both of them. Don Quixote could not defend himself so well that they didn't hit him with so many stones that he fell to the ground; and as soon as he had fallen, the student was upon him and took off his helmet, and struck him with it three or four times on the back and others on the ground, with which he broke it into pieces. They took away a tunic that he had on his arms, and they wanted to take off his breeches if the stockings didn't hinder him. Sancho had his cloak taken away from him, and, leaving him in a state of helplessness, they divided among themselves the spoils of the battle, and went each in his own way, with more care to escape from the brotherhood, fearing that he would be caught in the chains and go to present himself before the lady Dulcinea of the Toboso.

Only the donkey and Rocinante remained; the donkey, with his head bowed and thoughtful, shaking his ears from time to time, 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 afraid of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote, utterly miserable at being so badly affected by those to whom he had done so much good.

Chapter 23: Of What Happened to the Famous Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, Which Was One of the Most Rare Adventures Told in This True Story

Seeing himself so badly in disrepair, 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 excused this misery; but it is already done: patience, and to learn from this for the future.

“As frightful you would find me, as I am a Turk; but, since he says that if I had believed him, he would have excused this damage, believe me now and he will excuse a greater one; for I make him know that there is no need for knightly services with the Holy Brotherhood, that it is not given to them for as many maravedios as there are walking knights; and I already think that their arrows are buzzing in my ears.”

“Naturally you are a coward, Sancho –said Don Quixote–, but, why do you not say that I am habitually inclined and never follow your advice, for this time I want to take your counsel and withdraw from the fury that you so much fear; but it must be with one condition: that never, in life or death, you shall say to 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, from then until now, I disavow you, and I tell you that you lie, and you will lie every time you think it or say it. And do not reply to me further, for merely thinking that I withdraw and retire from some danger, especially this one which seems to carry with it some shadow of fear, I am already determined to remain here and 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 Maccabees, and for Castor and Pollux, and even for all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world.”

–Sir– Sancho replied, –“Withdrawal is not flight, and waiting is not wisdom, when danger overwhelms hope, and it is wise to save oneself for tomorrow and not risk everything in one day. And know that, though foolish and a scoundrel, I still possess some of what they call good governance; therefore, do not regret having taken my advice, but if he can, let him mount Rocinante, or if not, I will help him, and follow me, for the jitters tell me we need our feet more than our hands now.”

Don Quixote, without replying with more than a word, and, guiding Sancho on his ass, entered a part of Sierra Morena, where, nearby, they were, carrying Sancho's intention to cross it all through and go out to the Viso, or Almodóvar del Campo.

hide for a few days from those difficulties, so they wouldn't be found if the Brotherhood searched for them. Encourage him to have seen that the provisions that had come with him on his donkey had escaped unharmed from the scuffle of the galeotes, something he considered a miracle, as that is what the galeotes carried and searched for.

Just as Don Quixote entered those mountains, his heart was elated, it seemed to him that those places were suitable for the adventures he sought. He recalled in his memory the wonderful events that had occurred in such solitudes and harshness for knight-errants. He was thinking of these things, so engrossed and transported by them that he could think of nothing else. Nor did Sancho take any other care – once it seemed to him that he was walking on safe ground – but of satisfying his stomach with the remnants of the clerical spoils; and so, he followed his master sitting on the mule's flank, drawing out of a sack and stuffing it into his belly; and he would not believe that he found another adventure, while in this manner.

He looked up at this, and saw that his master was standing, trying with the point of his lance to raise some sort of bundle that had fallen to the ground. He hurried to come and help him if needed; and when he arrived he was in time to raise with his lance a cushion and a bag carried to him, half rotten or entirely rotten, and torn; but it weighed so much that it was necessary for Sancho to dismount to take them, and his master ordered him to see what was in the bag.

Sancho quickly took 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 canvas, 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, he found a little book of memory, richly adorned. He asked Don Quixote, and ordered him to keep the money and take it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the mercy, and, emptying his squire's purse, he put it in the sack of the pantry. All of which was seen by Don Quixote, who said:

“It seems to me, Sancho, and it is not possible that it be otherwise, 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 yes, I don't foresee nor do I understand what this may be; but wait: let us see if in this book of memory there is anything written by which we may trace and come to knowledge of what we desire.”

Abriólo, and the first thing he found in the writing, as a draft, though in very good handwriting, was a sonnet, which, reading 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 overlooked, and that's very good reason

That a god should not be cruel. After all, 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 is falling from the sky.

Hurry now to die, that is most certain; to the bad, to whoever causes it, no miracle is known, but to cure the medicine.

—Because of that song —said Sancho— you can't know anything, if it's not that thread there that pulls out the whole yarn.

—What thread is here?—said Don Quixote.

—It seems to me, sir—said Sancho—that you named it there, thread.

"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 much more than you think, — replied Don Quixote —, and you will see it when you carry a letter, written in verse top to bottom, to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Because I want you to know, Sancho, that all, or most, of the knights of the past were great troubadours and great musicians; that these two skills, or graces, if you please, are attached to wandering lovers. It is true that the verses of past knights have more spirit than elegance.

—Your Majesties —said Sancho—, that you would find something to satisfy us. 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.

—Pray read you high —said Sancho—, how much pleasure these matters of love bring.

—Let me place —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 return to the news of my death, and the reasons for my complaints. Cast me off, oh ungrateful one!, not for one who has more, but for one who is worth more than I; but if virtue were wealth that is esteemed, I would not envy other's possessions nor weep over my own misfortunes. What raised your beauty has overturned your works; by it I understood that you were an angel, and by them I know that you are a woman. Stay in peace, cause of my war, and may the heavens ensure that the deceptions of your husband are always hidden, because you remain unrepentant for what you did, and I do not take vengeance for what I do not desire.

Having just finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said:

Less from this than from the verses can be drawn—it is someone scornful and a lover.

And, leafing through almost the whole little 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, not leaving a corner in all of it, nor in the cushion, where he did not search, scrutinize, or inquire, nor seam that he did not unravel, nor woolen yarn that he did not examine, because he did not leave anything undone through oversight or misjudgment: such a strange pleasure had awakened in him the found shields, which amounted to over a hundred. And, although he did not find more than what he had found, he

considered the flights on the cloak, the vomiting of the potion, the blessings of the stakes, the punctures of the rider, the lack of the strongboxes, the theft of the rogue, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue that he had endured in service to his good lord, to be more than adequately paid with the grace received from the delivery of the treasure.

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 enamored, to whom disdain and bad treatments from his lady must have led to some desperate end. But, as that uninhabitable and thorny place did not seem to have anyone from whom to inquire, he did not bother with anything other than to move forward, without taking another path than that which Rocinante wanted, which was the one he could walk on, always with imagination that could not be lacking in those thickets some strange adventure.

Proceeding with this thought, he saw that, above a small boulder that offered itself before his eyes, a man was leaping from rock to rock and from bush to bush, with strange lightness. It seemed to him that he was naked, with a black and thick beard, many tangled hairs, bare feet and legs, with nothing on them; his thighs were covered by trousers, apparently of leonine velvet, but so torn that many parts of his flesh were exposed. He wore his head uncovered, and, although he passed with the lightness that had been said, the Knight of the Sad Figure observed and noticed every detail; and, although he tried, he could not follow him, because he was not given to the weakness of Rocinante's pace in those places.

difficulties, and moreover, he was himself rather short-tempered and choleric. Then I imagined Don Quixote that he was the owner of the cushion and the suitcase, and he proposed to himself that he be a finder of him, although he knew he would have to walk a year through those mountains to find him; and so he ordered Sancho to dismount from the donkey and hurry along one part of the mountain, while he would go along the other, and it was possible that they would find him, with this diligence, that man who had been so quickly taken from before them.

"I cannot do that," Sancho replied, "because, departing from your grace, then fear attacks me, with a thousand kinds of surprises and visions. And heed this I say as a warning, so that from now on I do not stray a finger from his presence."

"That's how it will be," said the Man of Sad Figures, "and I'm very pleased that you're relying on my spirit, which will not fail you, though it lacks the spirit of the body. And come now little by little, or as you can, and make the eyes lanterns; we will surround this place: perhaps we'll 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 if he were the owner of the money, of course I would have to return it; and so, it would be better, without making this useless diligence, to possess him in good faith until, through a less curious and diligent means, he appeared to be his true lord; and perhaps it would be in time to have spent it, and then the king would acquit 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, the vehement suspicion we have that he is our master puts us already in so much guilt as if he were. So, Sancho friend, don't let the searching for him trouble you, for if I find him, it will be taken away from me."

And so, Don Quixote struck Rocinante, and Sancho followed 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.

Watching her, they heard a shepherd's pipe, as one who watches over cattle, and at that ungodly hour, in his sinister hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, atop the mountain, seemed the shepherd who watched them, who was an old man. He shouted to him like Don Quixote, and begged him to descend where they were. He replied with shouts as to who had brought them to that place, seldom or never trodden save by goat or wolf feet and other beasts that roamed there. Sancho told him to descend, that they would give him a good account of everything. The shepherd descended, and, upon reaching where Don Quixote was, said:

I bet she's looking at the hired mule that's dead in that ravine. It's been there for six months already. Tell me: have you seen its owner around there?

–We haven't encountered anyone – replied Don Quixote –, but a cushion and a small bag that we found not far from here.

–I found 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; it is the

subtle devil, and beneath his feet rises that shadow thing where he stumbled and fell, without knowing how or how not.

"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 there 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?

"What I know to say – the shepherd said – is that 'there will be at the foot of six months, no more, unless one arrived at a herd of shepherds, who would be about three leagues from this place, a young man of noble bearing and appearance, a knight on that very mule that is now dead, and with the same cushion and valise that you say you found and didn't touch. He questioned us as to which part of this sierra was the most rugged and hidden; we told him it was this one where we now are; and it is so, for if you entered half a league further in, you might not be able to find your way 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, upon hearing our answer, the young man returned the reins and headed towards the place we indicated, leaving us all content with his good bearing, and amazed by his demand and the haste with which we saw him walking and turning towards the sierra; and from then on we never saw him again, until that from there a few days later, one of our shepherds came to the path, and, without saying anything to him, he reached him and gave him many punches and kicks, and then he went to the donkey of the herd and took away all the bread and cheese that it carried; and, with strange lightness, having done this, he turned to ambush himself in the sierra. Some shepherds knew this, and we searched for him for almost two days, through the most closed parts of this sierra; after which we found him hidden in the hollow of a thick and valiant oak. He came out to us with great meekness, already with his clothes torn, and with a face disfigured and burnt by the sun, so that we scarcely recognized him, but that the clothes, although torn, with the news we had, gave us to understand that he was the one we were looking for. He greeted us politely, and in a few very good reasons he told us that we should not be amazed to see him walking in that way, because it suited him to fulfill a certain penance that had been imposed on him for his many sins. We begged him to tell us who he was, but we could never finish with him. We also asked him that, when he needed sustenance, which he could not do without, he should tell us where we could find him, because we would take him with great love and care; and that if this was not to his liking, that he should go to ask for it, and not to take it from the shepherds. He accepted our offer, asked for forgiveness for the past assaults, and offered a guide from now on, for love of God, without causing anyone any trouble. As for the stay of his habitation, he said that it had none other than that which I offer you the opportunity where he took the night; and he ended his account with such a tender weeping, that we who had listened to him had been like stone, if he had not accompanied us, considering how we had seen him the first time, and what we saw him then. Because, as I have said, he was a very noble and handsome young man, and in his courteous and concerted reasons he showed himself to be a well-born and very courteous person; that, since we were rustic ones who listened to him, his courtesy was so great, that it was enough to make oneself known to the same rudeness. And, being in the best of his account, he stopped and became speechless; he fixed his eyes on the ground for a good space, in which we all remained speechless and suspended, waiting to see what he was going to do, with no little pity for seeing him; because, by what he did of opening his eyes, staying fixed looking at the ground for a long time without moving eyelids, and other times closing them, tightening his lips and raising his eyebrows, we easily knew that some accident of madness had befallen him. But he quickly made us understand that it was true what we thought, because he stood up with great anger from the ground where he had fallen, and attacked the first one he found]."

Alongside this, with such fervor and rage that, had we not taken him away, we would have killed him by piercing and hacking; and all this while he was saying, "'Ah, miserable Fernando! Here, here you will repay me for the absurdity you have done to me: these hands will take out your heart, where together are housed and butchered all the misdeeds, primarily fraud and deceit!" And he added to this other reasons, all of which aimed to speak ill of that Fernando and to accuse him of being a traitor and a miserable man. Let us take away from him, with no small sorrow, and he, without saying another word, withdrew from us and fled into these thickets and brambles, so as to make it impossible for us to follow him. For this reason we conjectured that his madness was coming upon him in time, and that someone called Fernando must have done him some evil deed, so heavy that it showed in the term to which he had been led. All of this has been confirmed afterward here with the many times that he has gone out onto the road, some to ask the shepherds to give him of what they carry to eat, and others to take it by force; because when he is with the accident of madness, although the shepherds offer it to him willingly, he does not accept it, but takes it by piercing; and when he is in his senses, he asks for it for the love of God, politely and modestly, and gives thanks for it, and not without tears. And truly I tell you, sirs –continued the shepherd–, that yesterday we and four stableboys, the two servants and the two friends of mine, determined to find him until we found him, and, after having found him, either by force or by degree, we shall take him to the village of Almodovar, which is from here eight leagues away, and there we shall cure him, if his illness has a cure, or we shall know who he is when he is in his senses, and if he has relatives to whom to give notice of his misfortune." This is, sirs, what I can tell you of what you have asked me; and understand that the owner of the garments you found is the same that you saw passing by with as much lightness as nakedness –that he had already told Don Quijote how he had seen that man jumping through the sierra.

He was astonished by what the shepherd had heard, and he desired more than ever to know who the unfortunate madman was; and he proposed to himself what he had already thought about: to search him throughout the whole mountain, without leaving nook or cave unexamined, until he found him. But fortune did better than he thought or expected, because at that very instant, through a crack in a sierra where they were, appeared the youth they were seeking, who had been speaking to himself things that could not be understood closely, much less from afar. His clothing was as if it had been painted, only that, upon getting closer, Don Quixote saw that a doublet torn to pieces that he carried upon him was of amber; by which he finally understood that whoever carried such habits should not be of the lowest quality.

As the serving man approached them, I greeted him with an out-of-tune voice and anger, but with much courtesy. Don Quixote returned the salutations with no less composure, and, having dismounted Rocinante, with gentle bearing and grace, he went to embrace him and held him closely between his arms, as if he had known him from long times past. The other, whom we can call the Broken of Ill Repute – like Don Quixote the Sad – after having allowed himself to be embraced, pulled himself slightly away, and, placing his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, he stared at him, as if he wanted to see if he recognized him; perhaps even more amazed at seeing Don Quixote's figure, stature, and arms, Don Quixote was likewise observing him. In resolution, the one who spoke first after the embrace was the Broken, and what he said is what will be stated hereafter.

Chapter 24: Where the adventure in the Sierra Morena continues

The story says that Don Quixote listened with great attention to the starry knight of the Sierra, who, continuing his conversation, said:

Indeed, sir, whoever you may be, though I do not know you, I thank you for the kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and I would wish to say that, beyond the will you have offered me, that which might serve to welcome me with good grace; however, my fate does not allow me to receive anything with which to correspond to the good deeds you do for me with such sincere wishes to fulfill them.

"The ones I have," replied Don Quixote, "are to serve you; so much so, that I had determined not to leave these mountains until I found you and knew of you if the pain you feel from the strangeness of your life shows you have a remedy to find; and if it were necessary to seek it, I would seek it with all possible diligence. And when your misfortune is of those that have closed the doors to all kinds of comfort, I would think to help you lament it and plan it as best I could; that still is consolation in misfortunes to find someone who suffers them. And if my good intention deserves to be thanked with any kind of courtesy, I beg you, sir, for all that I see enclosed in you, and jointly I invoke you by the thing you have most loved or love in this life, that you tell me who you are and the cause that has brought you to live and die in these solitudes like a brute animal, since you dwell among them as far removed from yourself as your garment and person show. And I swear—added Don Quixote—by the order of knighthood that I received, though unworthy and sinner, and by the profession of knight errant, that if in this, sir, you please me, I shall serve you with all my being to the extent that it obliges me to be who I am, either by remedying your misfortune if there is a remedy, or by helping you lament it as I have promised."

The Knight of the Forest, having so much heard of the man with the Sorrowful Figure, did nothing but stare at him, and make him stare up and down; and after having 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 whatever you command me, in gratitude for such good wishes that have been shown to me here.

Then he pulled out, Sancho, from his sack and the goat from his tether, with which the Broken satisfied his hunger, eating what was given to him like a bewildered person, so greedily that he didn't allow room for another bite, swallowing them before he could; and while he ate, neither he nor those who looked at him spoke a word. As he had just finished eating, he made them signals to follow him, as they did, and he led them to a small, green meadow, where, around the bend of a slightly diverted rock, it was located. Upon arriving there, he lay down on the ground, on the grass, and the others did the same, and everyone

without anyone speaking, until the Roto, having settled into his seat, said:

If you wish, gentlemen, I shall tell you in brief reasons of my immense misfortunes, but I must promise you that without any question, or anything else, I will not interrupt the thread of my sad story; for at the point where you make it, that is where it will remain as it were continuing.

These reasons of the Rogue brought to mind the tale that his squire had told him, when he did not ascertain the number of goats that had crossed the river, and the story remained unfinished. But, returning to the Rogue, 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 won't leave out anything of importance to completely satisfy your desire.

Don Quijote 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 Andalusian achievements; my lineage, noble; my parents, wealthy; my misfortune, so great that they must have wept for it my parents, and felt my lineage, without being able to alleviate it with their wealth; for to remedy the misfortunes of heaven, fortune's goods seldom suffice. I lived in that same land a heaven, where love put all the glory that I dared to wish for myself: such is the beauty of Luscinda, a maiden as noble and as rich as I, but more fortunate, and of less steadfastness than that which ought to be for my honored thoughts. I loved her, desired her, and adored her from my tenderest and earliest years, and she loved me, with that simplicity and good humor that her little age permitted. Our parents knew our attempts, and it did not trouble them, because they saw well that, when they advanced, they could not have another end than to marry us, a thing that almost settled the equality of our lineages and riches. Age grew, and with it the love of both, which to Luscinda's father seemed that for good respects he was obliged to deny me entrance into his house, almost imitating in this respect Tisbe's parents, so praised by the poets. And this denial added flame to flame, and desire to desire; because, although they put a stop to the tongues, they could not put a stop to the pens, which with more freedom than the tongues usually give to understand to those who wish what is enclosed in the soul; for many times the presence of the thing loved, disturbs and silences the most determined intention and the most bold tongue. Oh, heavens, and how many bills did I write to her! How generously and honestly were my answers! How many songs did I compose, and how many enamored verses, in which the soul declared and transported its feelings, painted its ardent desires, entertained its memories, and recreated its will! Indeed, seeing myself hurried, and that my soul consumed itself with the desire to see her, I determined to put in operation and finish in a point what seemed to me most suitable to achieve with my desired and deserved prize, and that was to ask for her as a legitimate wife, as I did; to which he replied to me that he thanked the willingness that I showed in honoring him, and of wanting to honor me with his possessions; but that seeing my father alive, it was his by just right to make that demand; because if it were with much willingness and his own liking, Luscinda was not a woman to be stolen or given away. I thanked him for his good intention, deeming him to reason in what he said, and that my father would come to it as I told him; and with this intention, immediately in that same instant, I went to tell my father what I wished. And at the same time that I entered a room where he was, I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I spoke to him, he gave me, and

Dijo: «Por esta carta verás, Cardenio, la voluntad que el duque Ricardo tiene de hacerte merced.» Este duque Ricardo, como ya vosotros, señores, debéis de saber, es un grande de España que tiene su estado en lo mejor desta Andalucía. Tomé y leí la carta, la cual venía tan encarecida, que a mi mesmo me pareció mal si mi padre dejaba de cumplir lo que en ella se le pedía, que era que me enviase luego donde él estaba; que quería que fuese compañero, no criado, de su hijo el mayor, y que él tomaba a cargo el ponerme en estado que correspondiese a la estimación en que me tenía. Leí la carta y enmudecí leyéndola, y más cuando oí que mi padre me decía: «De aquí a dos días te partirás, Cardenio, a hacer la voluntad del duque, y da gracias a Dios, que te va abriendo camino por donde alcances lo que yo sé que mereces.» Añadí a estas otras razones de padre consejero. Llegóse el término de mi partida, hablé una noche a Luscinda, dijele todo lo que pasaba, y lo mismo hice a su padre, suplicándole se entretuviese algunos días y dilatase el darle estado hasta que yo viese lo que Ricardo me quería; él me lo prometió, y ella me lo confirmó con mil juramentos y mil desmayos. Vine, en fin, donde el duque Ricardo estaba. Fui de él tan bien recibido y tratado, que desde luego comenzó la envidia a hacer su oficio, teniendo la me los criados antiguos, pareciéndoles que las muestras que el duque daba de hacerme merced habrían de ser en perjuicio suyo. Pero el que más se holgó con mi idea fue un hijo segundo del duque, llamado Fernando, mozo gallardo, gentil hombre, liberal y enamorado, el cual, en poco tiempo, quiso que fuese tan su amigo, que daba que decir a todos; y aunque el mayor me quería bien y me hacía merced, no llegó al extremo con que don Fernando me quería y trataba. Es, pues, el caso que, como entre los amigos no hay cosa secreta que no se comunique, y la privanza que yo tenía con don Fernando dejaba de serlo, por ser amistad, todos sus pensamientos me declaraba, especialmente uno enamorado, que me traía con un poco de desasosiego. Quería bien a una labradora, vasalla de su padre, y ella los tenía muy ricos, y era tan hermosa, recatada, discreta y honesta, que nadie que la conocía se determinaba en cuál destas cosas tuviese más excelencia, ni más se aventajase. Estas tan buenas partes de la hermosa labradora redujeron a tal término los deseos de don Fernando, que se determinó, para poder alcanzarlo y conquistar la entera de la labradora, a darle palabra de ser su esposo; porque de otra manera era procurar lo imposible. Yo, obligado de su amistad, con las mejores razones que supe, y con los más vivos ejemplos que pude, procure estorbarle y apartarle de tal propósito; pero viendo que no aprovechaba, determiné de decirle el caso al duque Ricardo, su padre; mas don Fernando, como astuto y discreto, se recelo y temió desto, por parecerle que estaba yo obligado, en vez de buen criado, a no tener encubierta cosa que tan en perjuicio de la honra de mi señor el duque venía; y así, por divertirme y engañarme, me dijo que no hallaba otro mejor remedio para poder apartar de la memoria la hermosura que tan sujeto le tenía, que el ausentarse por algunos meses, y que quería que el ausencia fuese que los dos nos viniésemos en casa de

mi padre, con ocasión que dirían al duque que venía a ver y a feriar unos muy buenos caballos que en mi ciudad había, que es madre de los mejores del mundo. Apenas le oí yo decir esto, cuando, movido de mi afición, aunque su determinación no fuera tan buena, la aprobé yo por una de las más acertadas que se podían imaginar, por ver cuán buena ocasión y coyuntura se me ofrecía de volver a ver a mi Luscinda. Con este pensamiento y deseo, aprobó su propósito, diciéndole que lo pusiese por obra con la brevedad posible, porque, en efecto, la ausencia hacía su oficio, a pesar de los más firmes pensamientos. Ya, cuando él me vino a decir esto, según después se supo, había gozado a la labradora con título de esposo, y esperaba ocasión de descubrirse a su salvo, temeroso de lo que el duque su padre haría cuando supiese su disparate. Sucedió, pues, que, como el amor en los mozos, por la mayor parte, no lo es, sino apetito, el cual, como tiene por último fin el deleite, en llegando a alcanzarle se acaba (y ha de volver atrás aquello que parecía amor, porque no puede pasar adelante del término que le puso naturaleza, el cual término no le puso a lo que es verdadero amor), quiero decir que así como don Fernando gozó a la labradora, se le aplacaron sus deseos y se resfriaron sus

bustle; and if first he feigned wanting to absent himself, to remedy them, now truly he endeavored to go, in order not to execute them. The duke granted license to him, and he ordered me to accompany him. We came to my city, my father received him as he was, I then saw Luscinda, they resumed living, although they had not been dead, nor dulled, my desires, of which I told him, for my fault, to Don Fernando, because it seemed to me that in the law of such great friendship that he showed, I shouldn't conceal anything from him. I praised the beauty, grace, and discretion of Luscinda, to such an extent that my praises stirred in him the desire to see a maiden adorned with such good parts. I fulfilled them, by my short luck, I taught it to him one night, by the light of a candle, through a window where the two of us used to talk. Viola in a sack, just like that, all the beauty that up to that point he had seen in others, he forgot. He was silenced, he lost his senses, he became absorbed, and finally, so enamored, as you will see in the discourse of the tale of my misfortune. And to further ignite his desire, which he envied me, and to the heavens, alone, he discovered, fortune wanted to find one day a ticket of his, asking me to ask his father for her as wife, so discreet, so honest, and so enamored, that upon reading it he told me that all the graces of beauty and of understanding that were in other women of the world were enclosed in only Luscinda. It is true that I now want to confess that, since I saw with what just causes Don Fernando praised Luscinda, it weighed on me to hear those praises from her mouth, and I began to fear, and to distrust her, because there was no moment where I didn't want us to talk about Luscinda, and he moved the conversation, even if he dragged it through the hair; a thing that awakened in me a certain something of jealousy, not because I feared any reversal of the kindness and the faith of Luscinda; but, with all that, it made me fear my fate as much as she assured me. He always sought «Don Fernando to read the papers I sent to Luscinda, and those she replied to him, as if it pleased him much of the discretion of the two. It happened, therefore, that having asked Luscinda a book of chivalry in which to read, of which she was very fond, that was the one of Amadis of Gaul...

When he heard a book of chivalry.

With what your grace would have told me at the beginning of his story that his grace, the lady Luscinda, was fond of chivalric books, no other exaggeration was needed to make me understand the nobility of his understanding; because you hadn't painted him as having such a good mind as you have, my lord, confirming that she lacked the taste for such savory legends: therefore, with me, no more words are needed to declare her beauty, valor, and understanding; that, with merely having understood her fondness, I confirm her as the most beautiful and most discreet woman in the world. And I would wish, my lord, that your grace had sent her along with Amadis of Gaul to the good Don Rugel of Greece; that I know the lady Luscinda much liked Daraida and Garaya, and of the counsel of the shepherd Darinel and of those admirable verses sung and represented by him with all his grace, counsel, and agility. But time may come in which that fault will be corrected, and it will not last longer to make the correction, than what your grace wishes to be served, to come with me to my village; there I could give her more than three hundred books, which are the gift of my soul and the entertainment of my life; although I have for me that I no longer have any, grace to the malice of bad and envious enchantors. And forgive me your grace for having violated what we promised of not interrupting her talk, for, in hearing of chivalry and of wandering knights, it is in my hand to cease speaking of it as it is in the hand of the sun to cease warming, nor to moisten in the hand of the moon. So, forgive, and proceed, which is what now makes the most sense.

As Don Quixote was saying what was to be said, his head had fallen onto Cardenio's chest, giving the appearance of deep thought. And, as Don Quixote had told him twice to continue his story,

He didn't raise his head, nor did he answer a word; but after a good space of time, he 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 great shame for anyone to understand or believe the opposite – but that charming bastard of Master Elisabat was having an affair with Queen Madísima.

"That's no, I vote for such!" Quijote replied with great anger, and he struck him as he usually did; and that is a very great malice, or better to say: the Queen Madama was a very high-born lady, and it cannot be boasted that such a high princess was to be betrothed to a stable boy; and whoever understands otherwise lies like a great scoundrel. And I will make him understand it, on foot or on horseback, armed or disarmed, day or night, or as he likes."

Estabale was looking at Cardenio very attentively, to whom the accident of his madness had already come, and he was not in a state to continue his story; nor was Don Quixote hearing anything of it, according to what he had disliked hearing from Madama. What a strange case; that he returned to it as if he were truly her true and natural lady: such were his confused books! I say, therefore, that, since Cardenio was already mad, and it was heard that he had been deceived and tricked, with similar misadventures, it seemed to him bad to mock, and he threw a pebble that he found beside him, and struck Don Quixote with it so hard that it made him fall backwards. Sancho Panza, seeing his lord stopped in such a way, attacked the madman with his closed fist, and the Broken man received him so that with one blow he brought him to his feet, and then he climbed upon him and bruised his ribs very much to his liking. The shepherd, who wanted to defend him, suffered the same danger. And afterwards, after having subdued and bruised them all, he left them, and went off with tranquil serenity to lie in ambush in the mountain.

Sancho rose up, and with the anger he felt at having been so unjustly beaten, he went to take revenge on the shepherd, telling him that he was to blame for not having warned him that that man was seizing his reason; that if they had known, they would have been on guard to be able to protect themselves. The shepherd replied that he had already said so, and that if he hadn't heard it, it wasn't his fault. Sancho Panza retorted, and the shepherd began to reply, and it was the end of the retorts, grabbing their beards and giving themselves such stabs, that if Don Quixote didn't put them at ease, they would be shattered. Sancho, holding onto the shepherd:

Allow me, my lord Knight of the Sad Figure; for he is as a villain as I am, and is not armored, I can safely satisfy myself with 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."

I calmed him with that, 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. I told the shepherd what I had first said to him, that he didn't know for certain of his persistent fellow; but that if he walked much in those surroundings, he wouldn't fail to find him, either sane or mad.

Chapter 25: About the strange and peculiar things that happened in Sierra Morena to the valiant knight of the Manche, and of the imitation he made of the penance of Beltenebros.

He said farewell to the shepherd Don Quixote and, once more mounting Rocinante, ordered Sancho to follow him, who did so, with great reluctance. They were gradually entering the most rugged part of the mountain, and Sancho went along, dead with reasoning with his master, wishing that he would begin the conversation, so as not to contravene what had been ordered to him; but, unable to endure so much silence, he said:

My Lord Don Quixote, I beg your grace to bestow your blessing and grant me leave; that from here I wish to return to my home, to my wife, and to my children, with whom, at least, I would speak and converse about all that I desire; because it would please your Lordship that I go with him through these solitudes day and night, and that he not speak to me when it pleases me, is to bury myself alive. If I only desired the luck that animals spoke, as they spoke in the time of Guisopete, it would be less troublesome, because I would converse with my donkey about whatever came into my head, and with this I would pass my misfortune; for it is a harsh thing, and cannot be borne with patience, to go seeking adventures all one's life, and find nothing but dung and chaff, stones and stings, and, with all this, we must shut our mouths, without daring to say what is in one's heart, as if one were mute.

"Now you understand me, Sancho – replied Don Quixote – you die because I've raised the challenge I have set you on the tongue. Let it be raised, and say what you wish, with the condition that this raising will not last longer than as soon as we go 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 safe conduct, I ask, what do you good in returning so much for that Queen Magimasa, or whatever her name is? Or what business had that abbot to be her friend or not? For if your mercies were with it, then he was not her judge, I surely believe the madman would have gone ahead with his story, and they would have saved the blow of the pebbles, and the shouting, and more than six turnscoons."

Faith, Sancho—replied Don Quixote—if you knew, as I do, how honored and principal a lady was Queen Madama, I know you would say that I had much patience, since I did not break my teeth through which such blasphemies issued. For it is a very great blasphemy to say or think that a queen is enamored with a surgeon. The truth of the matter is that that master

Elisabet who the madman said, was a very prudent man and gave very sound advice, and served as a gadfly and a physician to the queen; but to think that she was his friend is folly, worthy of very great punishment. And because you see that Cardenio did not know what he said, you must warn that when he said it he was without judgment.

"I tell you that," Sancho said, "one shouldn't bother counting the words of a madman; for if good fortune didn't assist your lordships and guide the pebble to the head as I have guided it to the chest, we would be ruined for having returned to that my lady, God preserve her. After all, Cardenio would escape being considered mad!"

Against scoundrels and madmen any wandering knight is obliged to return for the honor of women, whatever they may be, especially for the queens of such high rank and grace 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 suffered in her calamities, which she had many; and the advice and companionship of Mistress Elisabet was and is to her much benefit and relief to be able to carry her labors with prudence and patience. And from here I take occasion from the ignorant and malicious vulgar to say and think that she was her maidservant; and they lie, I say, again, and they will lie hundreds more, all who think and say so.

"Neither do I say it nor do I think it," Sancho replied; "let them have it there; let them 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 am not fond of knowing the lives of others; he who buys and lies, feels it in his purse. More, that I was born naked, I find myself naked: I neither gain nor lose; but if they were, what does it concern me? And many think there are hogs, and there are no stakes. But who can put locks on the field?" "More, they said it was from God."

"Spare me, God —said Don Quixote—, and what nonsense you're getting yourself into, Sancho! What's it about what you're talking about with proverbs that you string together? For your life, Sancho, quiet yourself, and from this point forward, don't interrupt me in spurring my donkey, and stop meddling in things that don't concern you. And understand with all five of your senses that everything I have done, do, and will do, is very well reasoned and fully in accordance with the rules of chivalry, which I know better than those who professed them in the world."

Sir replied to Sancho, and it is good rule of chivalry that we wander lost in these mountains, without a path or road, searching for a madman, who, after being found, perhaps will wish to finish what I have begun, not his own business, but of your lordship's head and my ribs, breaking them at every point?

"Silence, you tell me again, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for I make you know that not only do I bring you to these parts with the wish of finding the madman, but also with the one I have of performing a feat here, with which I shall gain perpetual name and fame in all that is discovered of the earth; and it shall be such that I shall with it stamp my seal upon all that can make a traveling knight perfect and famous."

-And is that deed of very great danger?—asked Sancho Panza.

"No," replied the Tragic Figure; "since in that way the die could be thrown, that we might cast chance instead of meeting, but everything must be in your diligence."

-In my coach? – Sancho said.

"Yes," said Don Quixote; "because 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 is not well that you should have such suspense, waiting for my reasons to be settled, I want you to know that the famous Amadis of Gaula was one of the most perfect."

Knights errant. I have not spoken well of one: it was he alone, the first, the unique, the lord of all those who were in his time in the world. A bad year and a bad month for Don Belianís and for all those who said that he was equal to something, because they are mistaken, I swear it. I also say that, when a painter wants to become famous in his art, he seeks to imitate the originals of the most unique painters that he knows; and this same rule runs through all the most trades or exercises of account that serve to adorn the republics, and thus must he strive and do who wishes to attain the name of prudent and suffering, imitating Ulysses, in whose person and labors Homer paints a living portrait of prudence and of suffering, as also did Virgil, in the person of Aeneas, the valor of a pious son and the sagacity of a valiant and knowing captain, not painting them nor describing them as they were, but as they were to be, to serve as an example to coming generations of their virtues. In the same manner, Amadis was the north, the dawn, the sun of the valiant and enamored knights, to whom we must imitate all those who beneath the banner of love and of knighthood fought. Being, then, as it is, I find, Sancho friend, that the knight errant who most he should imitate would be furthest from attaining the perfection of knighthood. And one of the things in which this knight most showed his prudence, valor, bravery, suffering, firmness, and love, was when he retired, disdainful of the lady Oriana, to make penance in the Península Pobre, changed his name to Beltenebros, a name, certainly, significant and proper for the life that his will had chosen. Thus it is easier for me to imitate

him in this than in hender giants, decapitating serpents, killing dragons, disbanding armies, failing fleets, and breaking enchantments. And since these places are so well-suited for such effects, there is no reason to let the opportunity pass, that now with such comfort it offers its guedejas.

"Indeed," said Sancho, "what is it that your lordship wishes to do in this so remote a place?"

"You have not told me," replied Don Quixote, "that I desire to imitate Amadis, making here of the despairing, the bewildered, and the furious, in order to imitate jointly with the valiant Don Roland, when he found in a fountain the signs that Angelica the Beautiful had committed an outrage with Medoro; from whose misery he became mad, and tore up the trees, muddied the waters of the clear fountains, slew shepherds, destroyed cattle, set fire to cottages, pulled down houses, dragged mares, and committed 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 most essential. And it may be that I shall be content with only the imitation of Amadis, who, without making follies of harm, but of tears and feelings, attained such fame as the greatest."

"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 mockery of a Moor or a Christian?"

Here is the translation: "That's the point," replied Don Quixote, "and that is the shrewdness of my business: to make a knight-errant turn mad with cause, without any shame or thanks; the trick lies in daring without reason and making it understood by my lady that if I do this when short of water, what would I do when flooded? The more, that I have so much occasion in the long absence I have made of my ever-lady Dulcinea of Toboso; for, as you already heard that shepherd of old, Ambrosio, who is absent, he has all the ills and fears." So, Sancho friend, don't waste time advising me to cease such rare, such joyful and so uncommon imitation."

Should you return with the answer of a letter that I intend to send to my lady Dulcinea: and if it be just as I believe it to be, it must end with my folly and my repentance; and if it be otherwise, I shall be truly mad, and, being so, I will feel nothing. Therefore, whatever way the answer may respond, I will withdraw from the dispute and work that you leave me, enjoying the good that you bring me, whether sane or not feeling the bad that you bring me, whether mad. But tell me, Sancho, do you bring the helmet of Mambrino safely kept, which I saw you raise from the ground when that ungrateful one wished to smash it to pieces? But he could not; where one can see the cleverness of his temper.

To which Sancho replied:

Let God, Lord Caballero de la Triste Figura, know that I cannot endure or patiently bear the things your Lordship says, and for which I come to imagine that all that you say of chivalries, and of attaining kingdoms and empires, of granting islands, and of doing other mercies and glories, as is the custom of knights errant, must be mere wind and falsehood, and all deception, or trickery, or whatever name we may call it. For whoever hears your Lordship say that a barber's shave is the helmet of Mambrino, and that the error will not persist more than four days, what must he think but that whoever says and affirms such things must have a foolish mind? I carry the shave in my sack, entirely battered, and I take it to adorn myself in my house and to shave myself with it, if God grants me such grace to be seen one day with my wife and children.

Look, Sancho, by the same that you swore before, I swear to you – said Don Quixote – that you have the shortest understanding that any squire has ever had or will have in the world. How possible is it that as soon as you go with me, you haven't seen that all the things of the knights-errant appear to be illusions, follies and excesses, and that they are all turned upside down? And not because that's so, but because there is always a gang of enchantments amongst us that changes and swaps all our things, and turns them according to their liking, and according to whether they feel like favoring us or destroying us: and thus. what seems to you like a barber's kiss seems to me the helmet of Mambrino, and to another it would seem something else. It was a rare providence of the wise man that it is my part to make it seem a kiss to all that is really and truly a helmet of Mambrino, because, being he of so much esteem, the whole world would pursue me to take it from him; but as you see that it is nothing more than a barber's kiss, they don't recover from trying to get it, as was well seen in he who wanted to break him and left him on the ground without taking him; for truth, if I knew him, he never would have let him. Guard him, friend, for now I don't need him; for before I have to take off all these arms, and be naked as when I was born, if it is in my will to continue in my penance more to Roland than to Amadis.

They arrived at the foot of a high mountain, which, like a jagged pinnacle, stood alone among many that surrounded it. A gentle stream ran down its slope, and with its entire roundness it created a meadow so green and lush that it delighted the eyes that gazed upon it. There were many wild trees and some plants and flowers there, which made the place peaceful. This site had been chosen by the Knight of the Sad Figure to undergo his penance; and thus, in the wind, he began to say aloud, as if without reason:

This is the place, oh heavens, where I weep and choose to lament the misfortune in which you yourselves have placed me. This is the site where the humor of my eyes will increase the flow of this small stream, and my constant and profound sighs will continuously move the leaves of these thorny trees, as a testimony and sign of the sorrow that my wounded heart suffers. Oh you, whoever you may be, rustic gods who have your dwelling in this uninhabitable place, heed the complaints of this unfortunate lover, who 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 the end of all human beauty! Oh you, nymphs 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 you help me lament my misfortune, or, at least, do not tire of this! Oh Dulcinea of Toboso, day of my night, glory of my sorrow. North of my paths, star of my fortune, let the heavens give you goodness as soon as you succeed in asking for it, let you consider the place and the state to which your absence has led me, and let you correspond with the good term to which it is owed to my faith! Oh solitary trees, that from now on you must be companions to my solitude, give me an indication, with the soft movement of your branches, that you do not despise my presence! Oh you, my squire, pleasant companion in my prosperous and adverse events, take well into memory what here I will do, so that you tell and recite 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 pat on the flanks, he said,

Freedom gives you what remains without it, oh horse so wretched by your fate! Go where you wish; for on your brow is written that you do not match the lightness of the Hippogriff of Astolfo, nor the famed Frontino, who so dearly cost Bradamante.

Seeing this, Sancho said:

May it be to the discredit of those who have now relieved me of the task of saddling Rocinante, that, by all due respect, there were not enough pats on the back given, nor things said in his defense; but if he were here, I would not allow anyone to saddle him, for there was no need; he did not receive reports of lovesick or desperate men, as my lord, I, did when God willed it. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sad Figure, if my departure and your grace's madness are indeed true, then it will be well to return to saddle Rocinante, to make up for the lack of the stallion, because it will save me time on my coming and going; and if I make the journey on foot, I do not know when I will arrive, nor when I will return, because, in resolution, I am a poor walker.

"Say, Sancho – replied Don Quixote – that it may be as you wish, that it does not seem to me a bad design; and I tell you that you will depart from here in three days, because I want you to see what I do for her and what I say, so that you tell her."

-Well, what more have I to see - Sancho said - than what I've seen?

"You're right in the story!" Don Quixote replied. "Now I'm missing only to tear the garments, scatter the weapons, and give them a fright with these plumes, with other things of that sort that you will admire."

"For God's sake – Sancho said – please look how those mortars are operated; for such a hardship it could end, and at that point, that the first one would finish the machine of that penance; and it would seem to me that, since it appears to your grace that they are necessary here, and that this work cannot be done without them, you would be content, because all of this is a sham and the opposite, you would be content. By giving them to her in the water, or in something soft, like cotton; and let me be excused, I will tell my lady that your grace gives them in the sharpest of penalties, harder than 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 that we must not say any falsehood, under penalty of dismissal, and doing a thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore, my female soldiers must be truthful, firm, and dependable, without carrying any sophistry or fantasy. And it will be necessary that you leave me some lines to heal me, since fortune willed that we be left without the balm that we lost.

"It was a greater loss to lose the donkey," Sancho replied, "since in him were lost the threads and everything. And I beg you not to recall that cursed potion; merely hearing it mentioned makes my soul revolt, not my stomach. And I beg you further: let him forget that he has only given me three days to see his follies, let him consider them already seen and passed in court, and I will tell wonders to my lady; and write the letter and send it to me immediately, because I have a great desire to take him out of your purgatory where I leave him."

-Purgatory do you call it, Sancho? -said Don Quixote-. It would be better to call it hell, and even worse, if there is anything that is.

-Who's afraid of hell?— Sancho retorted— “No one, according to what I've heard say.” —“I don't understand what he means by ‘retención’,” said Don Quixote.

“Retention is—responded Sancho—that whoever is in hell never leaves it, nor can. Which will be reversed at your mercy, or my feet will be bad if I carry spurs to rouse Rocinante; and put me by one in Toboso, and before my lady Dulcinea; I will tell her such things of foolishness and madness, that all is done and remains done by your mercy, that you make her softer than a glove, even if you find her harder than a cork oak; with such a sweet and honeyed reply, I will return through the air like a sorcerer, and drag your mercy out of this purgatory, which seems hell and is not, for there is hope of exiting it, which, as I have said, the ones who are in hell do not have, and I do not believe your mercy 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 bee, too? -added Sancho.

“Everything will go through,” said Don Quixote; “and good news, since there's no paper, that we might write it, as the ancients did, on leaves of trees, or on wax tablets; though now it will be as difficult to find that, as it is paper. But it has just come to my recollection where it will be well, and even more than well, to have it written; that is in the memorandum book 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 children, or if not, any sacristan would transfer it to you; and do not give it to any scribe to transfer it, for they make processed handwriting, which Satan himself would not understand.”

—What are we to do 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, they will say the signature is false, and I will be left without anything.

The receipt will be in the same book, signed; and yesterday my niece, will not cause any difficulty in fulfilling it. And as for the letter of loves, you will put for signature: “Yours until death, the Knight of the Sad Figure.” And just recently, regarding the matter of going through someone else's hands, because, as I recall, Dulcinea doesn't know how to write or read, and in all her life she has never seen my handwriting or a letter from me, because my loves and hers have always been Platonic, not extending beyond a sincere look. And even this, now and then, I swear with truth that in twelve years she has known me, I love her more than the light of these eyes that will eat the earth, and I have not seen her four times; and even perhaps of these four times she has not seen the one who looked at her: that is the reserve and enclosure with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have raised her.

-There, there!” 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,” Sancho said, “and I'll tell you that she's as good as any strong young man in the whole village at wielding a bar. Long live the Giver, who's a young woman through and through, head and shoulders, with hair on her chest, and who could hear a knight's voice from half a league away, or just by having her as his mistress! Oh, you miserable fool, what a shout she has, and what a voice! I'll tell you that one day she got into a rage at the church tower, calling after her own lads who were riding in their father's cart, and even though they were 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 a delicate one at all, because she has a lot of a courtesan about her: she mocks everyone and makes faces at everything and is full of charm. Now I say, Sir Knight of the Sad Figure, that your grace may not only do foolish things for her, but may also despair and hang herself with a proper title; that no one should know it who says he did her too much good, since the devil will take her. And she wanted me to be on my way, just for her sake; it's been many days since I've seen her, and she must already be ruined; because she wears out the faces of women going out to the fields, to the sun, and to the air. And I confess to your grace a truth, Sir Don Quixote: that up to this point I've been in a great ignorance; I thought well and faithfully that the lady Dulcinea must have been some princess whom your grace was in love with, or some such person, who deserved the rich gifts that your grace has sent him, such as those from the vizcount or the galeotes, and many others who must be, according to the many victories that your grace has won and continues to win in the time that I am still his squire. But well considered, what should be given to the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean, the lady Dulcinea of Toboso, so that she would bend the knee before her to those defeated that your grace sends her and has to send? Because it might be that when they arrived she was brushing linen or threshing in the barns, and they would flee from seeing her, and she would laugh

and get angry about it.”

“You have told me before, Sancho – said Don Quixote – that you are a very talkative fellow and that, though you possess ingenuity, you often display excessive sharpness; 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 rich widow, and above all, cheerful, fell in love with a dissipated, chubby, and well-bred young man; she came to know his most secret, and one day said to the good widow, as a fraternal reprimand, “I am astonished, madam, and not without good reason, that a woman so noble, so beautiful, and so rich as yours should have fallen in love with a man so clumsy, so low, and so foolish as that fellow, when there are so many masters, so many suitors, and so many theologians in this house, whom your mercy might choose, as one picks pears, and say: “I want this one, I do not want that one.” But she replied to him with much grace and agility: “Your mercy, my lord, is very deceived, and thinks very old-fashioned if you think that I

I have chosen badly in that fellow, because he thinks so; for all the philosophy he knows for what I desire him, and more, like Aristotle. So, Sancho, for what I want of Dulcinea del Toboso, she is worth as much as the most high princess of the earth. Yes, not all the poets who praise ladies under a name they themselves put to their whim, are true; they really have them. Do you think the daffodils, the Philis, the Silvas, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Filides, and others of that kind, which are full in the books, the romances, the shops of the barbers, the theaters of comedies, were truly ladies of flesh and bone, and those who celebrate them and celebrated them? No, certainly, but they feign them most, to give subject to their verses, and because they have them for enamored and for men who have valor to be so. And so, it suffices for me to think and believe that the good of Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and honest; and as for lineage, it matters little; they will not go to give her any habit, and I realize that she is the most high princess of the world. Because you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it, that two things alone incite to love, more than others; they are the great beauty and the good fame, and these two things are found consummately in Dulcinea, because in being beautiful, none equals her; and in the good fame, few reach her. And to conclude with everything, I imagine that all I say is so, without anything being over or lacking, and I paint her in my imagination as I desire her, as in beauty as in royalty, and neither does Helen reach her, nor does Lucrecia, nor any other famous women of the past ages, Greek, barbarous, or Latin. And let each one say what he wants; that if he were reprimanded by the ignorant, I will not be punished by the rigorous.

“I tell you that there’s reason in everything on your own accord – Sancho replied –, and that I am a donkey. But I don’t know why I name myself a donkey in my mouth, for one mustn’t mention the rope at the hanged man’s house. But let the letter come, and to God, I’m changing my mind.”

I took the book of memory, Don Quixote, and, moving 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 which Sancho replied:

Write it down for me, my lord, twice 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 into my memory is foolishness; that I have it so badly, that many times I forget my own name. But, with all that, tell me, my lord, that I will make much allowance for him; that it must go as a model.

Listen, that’s what he says – said Don Quixote:

Letter of Don Quixote to Dulcinea del Toboso, Sovereign and High Lady:

The wounded point of absence and the fraying of the heart’s fabrics, sweet Dulcinea of Toboso, sends you health that he does not possess. If your beauty despises me, if your valor is not for my sake, if your disdain rests within my settlement, though I be as much of a sufferer, I will not sustain myself in this state, which, besides being strong, is very enduring. My good squire Sancho will give you a full relation, oh beautiful ungrateful, beloved enemy mine, of the manner in which I remain, having been affected by your cause; if you wish to fall into my arms, they are yours; and if not, do as you please; for with ending my life I have satisfied your cruelty and my desire.

Yours until death.

The Knight of the Sad Figure

“For the life of my father—said Sancho, hearing the letter—that is the most high thing I have ever heard. A jab at me, and how do they say “your grace” tell him everything he wants, and how well he fits the signature, the Knight of the Sad Figure! I swear to you, they are the very devil, and that there is no one who doesn’t know everything.”

—Everything is needed —Don Quixote replied— for the business I brought.

Well, then—said Sancho—put your honor in another turn to the deed of the three scoundrels, and sign it with great clarity, so that they recognize it when they see it.

-Let me place it- said Don Quixote.

And having written it, he read it, which said so earnestly:

Your Majesty, for this first of younglings, lady niece, I give to Sancho Panza, my squire, three of the five that I leave at your house and are under your care. These three younglings I send you to be released and paid for as many others received here immediately; with this and with his letter of payment they will be well taken care of. Dated in the entrails of Sierra Morena, on the twenty-second of August of this present year.

-That's a good one – Sancho said – take it, your mercy.

-It is not necessary to sign—said Don Quixote—but only to put my seal, which is the same as a signature, and for three donkeys, and even for three hundred, it would be quite enough.

"I trust in your grace," Sancho replied. "Let me go and saddle Rocinante, and you may bestow your blessing upon me; I intend to depart immediately, without seeing the nonsense you are about to do, which I will insist he did, so that I will not want to see any more."

At least, I want, Sancho, and because it is so necessary, I want, I say, that you see me in leather, and make 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 would add; and I assure you that you will not say as many as I intend to do.

My God, my lord, please don't let me see your graciousness in such a miserable state, it would cause me great pity, and I would never cease to weep; and my head is so full from the weeping I did last night about the rain, that I am not in a state to get into new sorrows; and if it pleases your grace that I see some madness, let them be brief and to the point; for as I've said, I need to save the trouble of returning, which will be with the new things your grace desires and deserves. And if not, summon the lady Dulcinea; for if she doesn't respond as it's reasonable, I solemnly vow to anyone I can to get her to give a good answer with occasional outbursts. Because where is one to suffer a famous knight errant like your grace to go mad, without reason or cause, for a...? Don't make me say the lady, because for God's sake, let me rant and throw everything into twelve, though it will never sell. I'm good for that! He doesn't know me! Well, I swear to God if he did, he'd fast me!

Faith, Sancho—said Don Quixote—that, as it seems, you are not madder than I am.

"I'm not so mad," Sancho replied; "but I'm more choleric. But, setting that aside, what are your lordships going to eat while I return? Will he go out onto the road to take it from the shepherds, like Cardenio?"

"Don't be ashamed of that medicine," Quixote replied, "because, even if I had it, I wouldn't eat anything other than the herbs and fruits that this pasture and these trees would give me; the secret of my business lies in not eating and in doing other hardships equivalent to it. God grant it."

But do you know that I fear? That I don't know how to return to this place where I now leave you, hidden like this.

"Pay close attention to the landmarks; I'll make sure not to stray from them—said Don Quixote—and I'll even take care to climb these highest cliffs, to see if I discover you when you return. The more, the better, so that you don't miss me and get lost, cutting some flaxen locks from the many that are here, and you'll set them down in a row, one after the other, until you reach flat ground, which will serve as markers and signals so you can find me when you return, in imitation of the thread of the labyrinth of Perseus."

"As I will do," Sancho Panza replied.

And cutting some, he asked for the blessing of his lord, and, without many tears from both, they said farewell. And mounting on Rocinante, whom Don Quixote entrusted greatly, and who regarded him as his own person, he set off across the plains, scattering branches of broom here and there, as his master had advised. And so he went, though Don Quixote still troubled himself to see him make even two follies. But before he had walked a hundred paces, he returned and said:

I say, sir, that your grace has spoken very well: that I may swear without a burden 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 in your grace's workshop.

-Didn't I tell you that? —said Don Quixote. —Just wait, Sancho, I'll do it in a faith.

As she tore off her trousers with all haste, she was left naked in flesh and in diapers, and then, and that's it, she threw two pairs of stockings in the air and two skulls with the faces down and the feet up, discovering things that, so as not to see them again, Sancho took the reins back from Rocinante, and he was content and satisfied with being able to swear that his master was crazy. And so, we will let him go on his way, until the return, which was brief.

Chapter 26: Where the offenses that love made Don Quixote commit in Sierra Morena were continued.

And returning to what he did after he found himself alone, the story says that, just as Don Quixote had just knocked over the tombs or was halfway down the stairs naked and halfway dressed, and saw that Sancho had gone away without wanting to wait to see more nonsense, he climbed onto the tip of a high crag, and there he began to think as he had done many times before, without ever having resolved to do so; and it was that which would be better and would be more to the point: to imitate Roldán in his wild follies, or Amadís in his malicious ones; and talking to himself, he said:

If Roldan was so good a knight and so valiant as everyone says, what wonder was he, at last, enchanted, and no one could kill him unless he were to stick an awl through the tip of his foot, and he always carried his shoes with seven iron soles? Though it didn't help against Bernardo del Carpio, who understood him, and drowned him between his arms at Roncesvalles. But leaving aside the matter of his valor, let us come to the matter of losing his reason, which is true that it did him in, because of the signs he found in Fortune and the news given him by the shepherd that Angelica had slept more than two naps with Medoro, a man with rippled hair and page of Agramante, and if he understood that this was true and that his lady had committed wrongdoing with him, he didn't do much in going mad; but I, how can I imitate him in his madnesses, if I don't imitate him in the occasion of them? Because my Dulcinea of Toboso will I swear that she has not seen in all the days of her life a more Moor than him, as he is, in his own attire; and he is still today as the mother who bore him; and I would do him a manifest offense, if, imagining another thing of her, I were to go mad of that kind of madness of Roldan the furious. On the other hand, I see that Amadis of Gaula, without losing his reason and without making madness, achieved as much fame for being in love as the most; because what he did, according to his story, was no more than that, because seeing himself rejected by his lady Oriana, who had ordered him not to appear before her until it was her will, he retired to the Poor Peak, in company of a hermit, and there he grew tired of crying and of entrusting himself to God, until the heavens came down upon him, in the midst of his greatest need and desire. And if this is true, as it is, for what do I want to take work now of stripping myself completely, nor give sorrow to these trees, who have not done him any harm, nor do I have to cloud the clear water of these streams, who will give me to drink when I want? Long live the memory of Amadis, and he may be imitated by Don Quixote of La Mancha in all that I can; of whom it will be said what was said of the other: that if he didn't accomplish great things, he died because of them; and if I am not rejected or scorned by Dulcinea of Toboso, it is enough for me to be absent of her, as I have already said. Come then, to work: come to my memory, things of Amadis, and teach me where I have to begin to imitate you. But I already know that the most he did was to pray and entrust himself to God; but what will I do of rosary, that I don't have it?

In this, it came to his mind how he would do it, and he tore a large strip from the shirt's sleeves, which were hanging down, and tied it with eleven knots, the largest of the others, and this served as a rosary the time he was there, where he prayed a

Millions of Ave Marias. And what fatigued him greatly was not finding another hermit there to confess to and with whom to seek solace; and so he amused 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 who could be found whole and who could be read after he was found there were no more than these that follow here.

Trees, herbs, and plants that are in this place, so tall, green, and so many,

If you don't relent over my sorrows, listen to my sacred complaints. My pain should not agitate you, even if it is more terrible; for, to repay you, here I weep for Don Quixote's absences of Dulcinea.

From Toboso.

This is the place where

the most devoted admirer

He hides from his lord.

and it has come to such a bad state

without knowing how or where. Give the blanket some love.

that's a terrible mistake;

and so, until a gourd bursts, here Quixote wept for Dulcinea's absences

From Toboso.

Seeking adventures

Amidst the harsh crags, cursing deep scars, (that among rocks and among ice finds the unfortunate's woes), he wounded her love with his lash.

not with his soft strap;

and touching his ankle

Here, Don Quixote wept.

Dulcinea's absences

From Toboso.

It caused little laughter in those who found the verses referring to the anniversary of Toboso attached to the name of Dulcinea, because they imagined that it must have been imagined by Don Quixote that if, when naming Dulcinea, it did not also mention Toboso, the couplet could not be understood; and this was the truth, as he confessed afterward. Many others wrote; but, as has been said, they could not be brought to a clean and complete state, more than these three stanzas. In this, and in sighing, and in calling the fauns and silvans of those forests, the nymphs of the rivers, the painful and damp Echo, who would respond to him, console him, and listen to him, he entertained himself, and in searching for some herbs with which to sustain himself while Sancho returned; for, if as it took three days, it took three weeks, the Knight of the Sad Figure would be so disfigured that his mother who bore him would not recognize him.

And he would be left wrapped in sighs and verses, to tell what happened to Sancho Panza in his master's management; and it happened that when going down 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 had seen the letter when he had liked it well, when it seemed to him that he was 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 a day for eating and wanting to please with something hot, that there were great days when everything was cured meat.

This necessity forced him to arrive at the stall, still doubtful whether he would enter or not; and in the meantime, two people emerged from the stall who then recognized him. And one said to the other:

Tell me, licensed gentleman, that one on the horse, isn't that Sancho Panza, the housekeeper of our adventurer who said he had gone out with his lord as squire?

-That's so -he said the bailiff-; and that is the horse of our Don Quixote.

And they knew him so well, as those who were the priest and barber of his own place, and those who made the audit and general reckoning of the books. These, as they had just met Sancho Panza and Rocinante, eager to know about Don Quixote, went to him, and the priest called him by name, saying:

My friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?

I then learned of 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 some part and in some matter 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 stolen him, since you come on top of his horse. Truly, you'll give us the honey, or something like it, my dear.

There's no need to threaten me with threats, I am no man who steals or kills anyone; each one finds his fortune, or God, who made him. My master is undergoing penance on the middle of this mountain, to his liking.

And then, running on and on without stopping, he told them of the luck that remained, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying the letter to Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whom he was in love with to his very bones. The two were amazed by what Sancho Panza was telling them; and though they already knew the madness of Don Quixote and his kind, they were always amazed anew whenever they heard it. They asked Sancho Panza to teach them the letter he was carrying to Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. He said it was written in a book of memory, and that it was an order from his lord that it be transferred to paper at the first place he arrived at; to which the priest asked him to show it to him; that he would write it in very fine hand. Sancho Panza put his hand in the folds of his tunic, searching for the little book, but he couldn't find it, nor could he find it if he searched for it now, because Don Quixote had remained with him, and he hadn't been given it, nor had he remembered to ask for it.

When Sancho saw that he could not find the book, his face became mortally pale; and, taking himself to tempt fate all over his body, he began to search for it, and, without more or less, he tore both hands through his beard, and pulled out half of it, and then, quickly and without ceasing, he gave himself a dozen stabs in the face and the noses, which he washed all with blood. Seeing this by the priest and the barber, they told him what had happened, that he was looking so badly.

"What must happen to me," Sancho replied, "but to have lost one here another, in a row, three pollos, each one like a castle?"

"How is that?" the barber replied.

"I've lost the book of remembrance—answered Sancho—where the letter for Dulcinea and a sealed edict signed by my lord, by which he ordered that her niece give me three young sows from the house.

And with this, I told him about the loss of the rucio. The priest comforted him, and told him that by finding his lord, he would have him revalidate the mandate and that he should return to making the reckoning on paper, as was usage and custom, because those that were made in memory books were never accepted nor fulfilled.

With this, Sancho was comforted, and he said that if this were the case, he didn't feel much sorrow at the loss of Dulcinea's letter, because he knew it almost by heart, from which it could be taken to wherever and whenever he wished.

"Decilda, Sancho, then—said the barber—, we will take her away afterward."

Pasero Sancho Panza scratched his head to bring the letter to mind, and he was already getting onto one foot, and then onto the other; sometimes he stared at the ground, other times at the sky, and after having turned the white of half a finger, while those who were waiting for him to say it were impatient, after a very long time he said:

For God's sake, sir, may the devils take it, as it concerns the letter I recall; although at the beginning it said, "High and low, madam."

"I wouldn't—he said the barber— say it was a vulgar thing, but rather superhuman, or a sovereign lady."

"That's right," said Sancho. "Then, if I don't misremember, it continued... if I don't misremember: "He arrived and lacking any dream, and the wounded kisses your hands, ungrateful and very unfamiliar beautiful," and I don't know what he said about health and illness that he sent him, and he would go scuttling along like this, 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 more, so that they themselves might memorize it to take it to their time. Sancho repeated it three times more, and others repeated it another three thousand foolish remarks. After this, I myself recounted the things of my master; but I did not speak a word about the misfortune that had befallen him in that inn where he refused to enter. I also told how his lord, when bringing him good news from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, intended to set out to find a way to become emperor, or at least a monarch; that 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 when he did, he would marry him, because he already would be a widower, and he would give him as a wife a maiden of the empress, heir to a rich and great estate of land, without islands or islets, which he no longer desired.

Don Quixote, with such calmness, cleaning his nose from time to time, and with so little judgment, that they were amazed once again, considering how vehement had been the madness of Don Quixote, who had carried after him the judgment of that poor man. They didn't want to weary themselves in taking him out of the error in which he was, deeming that, since it did him no harm, it was better to leave him in it, and they would find it more pleasing to hear his follies. And so, they told him to pray to God for the health of his lord; it was a contingent and very easy thing to become emperor, as he said, or, at the very least, an archbishop, or another equivalent dignity.

To which Sancho replied:

Gentlemen, if fortune were to arrange things so that my lord should have the will not to be emperor, but to be archbishop, I would now like to know: what do archbishops usually take with them for their squires?

"They are usually given—replied the priest— some benefit, simple or cured, or some sacristy, which is worth them a great deal of rental income, plus the altar boy's stipend, which is usually estimated 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 another church, at least; and if this is the case, 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; for 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 has seemed to me,” Sancho replied; “though I must say that he has skill in everything. What I intend to do on my part is to pray to our Lord that he send you to places where he is most honored and where he makes me most gracious.”

“You must say it's discreet,” said the priest, “and you will do it as a good Christian. But what now must be done is to give orders, not to drag your master out of that useless penance you claim he is enduring; and to consider the way we should proceed, and to eat, which is now time enough, we shall enter this inn.”

Sancho said that they should enter, that he would wait outside, and that afterwards 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 take him out something to eat, something hot, and likewise seasoned for Rocinante. They entered and left him, and little by little the barber gave him to eat. Afterwards, having well thought out between the two the way they would have to achieve what they desired, the priest came in a very well-suited thought to the taste of Don Quixote, and for what they wanted; and it was that he told the barber that what they had thought was that he would dress himself in the habit of a wandering damsel, and that he would endeavor to put on it as best he could as squire, and that thus they would go wherever Don Quixote was, feigning to be she a distressed and needy damsel, and he would ask her a favor, which he could not refuse to grant, as a valiant knight-errant. And the favor that he intended to ask was that she come with him wherever she took him, to undo an ill that a bad knight had done to him; and he implored her most earnestly not to take off her veil, nor demand anything of her affairs, until she had made right of that bad knight, and he believed, without doubt, that Don Quixote would come in all that he asked for this term, and that in this way he would take him away from there, and take him to his place, where they would try if she had any remedy for her strange madness.

Chapter 27: How the priest and the barber came out with their intention, with other things worthy of being told in this great story

The barber did not find the priest's invention bad, but very well, and afterward they put it on as a cloak. The haberdasher asked him for a jacket and caps, leaving him in garments a new cloak from the priest. The barber made a large beard of a Russian or red ox's tail, where the haberdasher had hung his comb. The haberdasher asked them what they asked for those things. The priest told them briefly the madness of Don Quixote, and how convenient that disguise was to take him out of the mountains, where he was at full speed. The haberdasher and the haberdasher's wife fell in that the madman was their guest, of the balsam, and the lord of padded squire, and they told the priest everything that had happened to them with him, without omitting what Sancho so much kept silent. In resolution, the haberdasher dressed the priest so that there was nothing more to see: he put on a jacket of cloth, full of bands of black velvet an inch wide, all trimmed with blades, and some caps of green velvet trimmed with bands of white satin, that they must have made, he and the jacket, in the time of King Wamba. The priest did not consent to the caps being put on him, but he put on his head a linen bonnet that he carried to sleep at night, and a band of taffeta was tied around his forehead, and with another band he made a mask with which he covered very well his beards and his face; he buckled his hat, which was so large that it could serve him as a parasol, and covering his smith, he rode up on his donkey to mujeriegas, and the barber in his, with his beard that reached his waist, between red and white, like that which, as has been said, was made from the tail of a red ox.

They said farewell to everyone, and to the good Maritornes, who promised to recite a rosary, though a sinner, because God might grant them a good outcome in such a hard and Christian undertaking as that they had embarked upon.

But, scarcely had he emerged from the sale, when a thought came to the priest that caused him to feel bad about having put himself in that way, for it was an indecent thing for a priest to be in that state, although he greatly valued it; and telling it to the barber, he begged him to exchange garments, for it was more just that he should be the lady in need, and that he should be the squire, and that in this way his dignity was less profaned; and if he did not wish to do it, he determined not to proceed, even if the devil took Don Quixote.

Sancho arrived there, and seeing the two of them in that costume, he could not have laughter. Indeed, the barber came to everything the priest wished, and, changing the invention, the priest was informing him of the way he was to have it, and the words he was to say to Don Quixote to move him and force him to come with him, and abandon the fondness for the place he had chosen for his vain penance. The barber replied that without being urged, he would put him well in his place. He did not want to dress until they were beside where Don Quixote was, and thus, he folded his clothes, and the priest groomed his beard, and followed their way, guided by Sancho Panza; who was recounting to them what happened to him with the madman he found in the sierra, concealing however, the discovery of the chest and everything that was in it; 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 lord; and, upon recognizing it, he told them that it was the entrance, and that they could dress themselves, if it was fitting for their lord's freedom; because they had told him before that going in this way and dressing in this fashion was the whole importance of rescuing his master from the 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 was to 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 orally, telling him that he sent him, under penalty of his misfortune, that he should come to see her immediately, which was something that mattered greatly to him; 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 he need not fear about being a bishop.

Sancho heard everything, and he took it very well to memory, and he thanked them much for the intention they had of advising their lord to become emperor, and not archbishop, because he had enough to bestow favors on his most loyal knights that emperors could, and not wandering archbishops. He also told them that it would be well for him to go ahead and seek him out and give him the response of his lady; that she would be quite enough to get him out of that place, without them having to put themselves to so much trouble. They seemed to him well what Sancho Panza was saying, and thus they decided to wait for him until he returned with the news of his lord's discovery.

Sancho squeezed himself through 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 they arrived was that of August, which in those parts is usually very intense; the time was three in the afternoon: all of which made the place most pleasant, and that invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, as they did.

Therefore, being both there, calm and in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, without accompanying it with any instrument, sounded sweet and elegantly, of which they were greatly surprised, as if it were a place where one could be who sang so well. For it is often said that shepherds with extraordinary voices are found in the forests and fields, more often embellishments of poets than truths; and more so when they noticed that what they were hearing sing were verses, not of rustic shepherds, but of refined courtiers.

And I confirm this truth to have been the verses they heard: Who was undermining my possessions?

Longing

And who increases my pains?

Jealousy

And who's testing my patience? Absence.

In that way, in my ailment

No remedy is achieved, for disdain, jealousy, and absence kill me. Who causes me this pain? Love.

And who will restore my glory?

Fortune

And who condones my grief?

The sky.

In that way, I hesitate.

to die from this strange illness

it increases my damage

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 sensible.

to cure passion

when remedies are

death, move, and madness.

The hour, the time, the solitude, the voice, and the dexterity of the singer caused admiration and joy in the two listeners, who remained still, waiting to hear if anything else would be heard; but seeing that it lasted so long, they decided to go out to search for the musician who sang with such a good voice. And wanting to put it into effect, the same voice that kept them from moving, reached their ears again, singing this sonnet:

Sonnet

Beloved friendship, with gentle wings,

Your appearance remaining on the ground, among blessed souls, in heaven.

You ascended 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 heavens, oh friendship!, or do not allow deception to wear your livery.

With which it destroys sincere intention; if you don't remove your appearances, the world soon will be seen in the fight of the discordant first confusion.

The singing ended with a deep sigh, and the two, with attention, waited to see if more was to be sung; but seeing that the music had turned into sobs and agonizing laments, they agreed to find out who was so profoundly sad in voice as painful in the groans; and they did not go far when, upon returning from one end of a crag, they saw a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho Panza had painted for them when he told them the story of Cardenio; that man, when he saw them, was silent, with his head bent over his chest, as if a thoughtful man, without raising his eyes to look at them more than once, when, unexpectedly, they arrived.

The priest, who was a man of good words, as one already aware of his misfortune, since he had recognized him by his gestures, approached him, and with brief but very discreet reasons, begged and persuaded him to abandon that so miserable life, for there he did not lose it, that it was the greatest of misfortunes. Cardenio was then in his full understanding, free from that furious accident that so often took him out of himself; and so, seeing both of them in such an unused attire of those who wandered through those solitudes, some were astonished, and especially when he heard that they had spoken to him about his business, as if it were a known matter (because the reasons the priest told him so indicated); and so he replied in this way:

I see clearly, gentlemen, whoever you may be, that the heavens, which takes care to aid both good and bad people many times, even though I do not deserve it, sends me to these so remote and isolated places beyond the common dealings of people, some individuals who, placing themselves before my eyes with vivid and various reasons...

She has been in doing the life I make, trying to draw me out of the best part; but since they do not know that I see, that in exiting this damage I must fall into another greater, perhaps they must have me for a man of weak words, and even, what would be worse, by nobody's judgment. And it would not be a wonder that it were so, because it appears 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 understand this truth when some tell me and show signs of the things I have done while that terrible accident dominates me, and I know no 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 wise what is the cause, they will not be astonished by the effects, and if they did not give me remedy, at least, they will not give me blame, turning their anger at my awkwardness into pity for my misfortunes. And if you, gentlemen, come with the same intention that others have come, before you proceed in your discreet persuasions, I beg you to hear the story, which has none, of my misadventures, because perhaps, after understanding, you will save yourselves from the work you will take in consoling a misery which is incapable of any comfort.

The two, who desired nothing else than to know the cause of their damage from their own lips, begged him to tell it to them, offering him not to do anything other than what he wished, in their remedy or comfort; and with this, the sad knight

began his miserable story, almost with the same words and steps that he had told to Don Quixote and the shepherd a few days before, when, on the occasion of Master Elisabet and Don Quixote's punctuality in observing the decorum of chivalry, the story remained incomplete, as the story left it told. But now good fortune intervened, stopping the accident of madness and giving him the opportunity to tell it to the end; and thus, reaching the point of the ticket that Don Fernando had found among Amadís de Gaula, Cardenio said that he remembered it well and that it said this way:

Lusinda Cardenio

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 against your honor, you could do so very well. I have a father who knows you and likes me well, who, without forcing my will, would fulfill what is justly yours, if you esteem me as you say, and as I believe.

Because of this ticket, I moved to ask Lusinda to be my wife, as I have already 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 my own was carried out. I told Don Fernando about what my father would do when he asked for Lusinda, which I did not dare to tell him, fearing that it would not come to pass, not because I did not know Lusinda's good qualities, kindness, virtue, and beauty, and that she had sufficient parts to enhance any other lineage in Spain, but because I understood that he wished me not to marry her so soon, until seeing what the Duke Ricardo did with me. In resolution, he told me that I did not dare to tell it to my father, that way, and because of many other things that intimidated me, without knowing what they were; but I believed that what I desired would never come to pass. To all this, Don Fernando responded that he would take charge of talking to my father and making him speak to Lusinda's father.

Oh ambitious Mario, oh cruel Catiline, oh facinorous Sila, oh deceitful Galathea, oh traitorous Vellido, oh vengeful Julian, oh greedy Judas! Traitor, cruel, vengeful, and deceitful, what wrongs had you done to this sad one, who with so much 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 increasing your honor and your profit? But what am I complaining about, wretched of my fate, since it is a certain thing that when misfortunes come, the current of the stars, as they come from high to low, suspending themselves with fury and with 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 and illustrious knight, discreet, bound by my services, powerful to achieve whatever loving desire he asked for wherever he found himself, would have become hardened, as is often said, in taking me, a single sheep, which I still did not possess? But let these considerations be set aside, as useless and without benefit, and let us bind the broken thread of my unfortunate story.

I say, therefore, that it seemed to him as if it were to Don Fernando that my presence was inconvenient for putting into execution his false and bad thought, he determined to send me his older brother, on the occasion of asking him for some money to pay six horses, that by industry, and only for this effect that I should absent myself (in order to better carry out his damaged attempt), the same day that he offered to speak to my father, he bought him, and he wished me to come for the money. Could I have prevented this betrayal? Could I, perhaps, have fallen into imagining it? No, of course; with great pleasure I offered to leave then, content with the good purchase made. That night I spoke with Lusinda, and I told her what had been arranged with Don Fernando, and I had firm hope that they would achieve our good and just desires. She told me, as sure as I was of Don Fernando's treachery, that she would endeavor to return soon, because she believed that the conclusion of our wills would not take longer than my father took to speak his own. I do not know what went away, that in having just told me this her eyes were filled with tears and a knot passed through her throat, that did not allow her to speak other many that me appeared to try to tell me. I remained astonished at this new accident, never before seen in her, because we always spoke, as good fortune and my diligence granted it, with all joy and contentment, without mixing in our conversations tears, sighs, jealousy, suspicions or fears. Everything was enhancing my fortune, for heaven to have given it to me as mistress: I exaggerated her beauty, admired her valor and understanding. She returned the exchange, praising in a thousand ways that, as a lovesick person, it seemed worthy of praise to her. With this we counted a hundred thousand nurseries and events of our neighbors and acquaintances, and to what most extended my ease was to take, almost by force, one of her beautiful and white hands, and it would reach my mouth, according to the narrowness of a low grille that divided us. But the night that preceded the sad day of my departure she cried, groaned and sighed, and she left, and she left me full of confusion and surprise, frightened of having seen so new and so sad displays of pain and feeling in Lusinda; but in order not to destroy my hopes, I attributed everything to the force of love that he had for me and the pain that absence usually causes in those who are well loved. In short, I departed sad and thoughtful, filled the soul with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I suspected or imagined; clear indications that showed me the sad event and misfortune that was reserved for 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 wrote him that he should send him certain money without his knowledge; and all of it was the invention of the false Fernando, for his brother had money enough to send me away immediately. This order he put me in a condition not to obey him, as it seemed to me impossible to sustain my life for so many days in the absence of Luscinda, and more so having left her with the sadness that I have told you; but, with all this, I obeyed, as a good servant, though I saw that it would be at the cost of my health. But after four days I arrived there, a man came in search of me with a letter, which he gave me, and in the superscription I recognized it to be from Luscinda, because the handwriting

It was his. Abrila, fearful and startled, believing that something big must have been the one that had moved her to write to me while I was absent, since she rarely did so. She asked the man, before reading it, who had given it to her and how long she had taken on the journey; he told me that passing through a city street at midday, a very beautiful lady called to her from a window, with tears in her eyes, and that with great haste she said: "-Brother, if you are Christian, as you seem to be, for love of God, please immediately send this letter to the place and the person named in the address, as everything is well known, and you will do a great service to our Lord; and so that you may have comfort to do it, take what is in this handkerchief." "-And saying this, he threw at me a handkerchief, in which were one hundred reales and this gold ring that I carry, with that letter that he gave me. And then, without waiting for my reply, he left the window; although first he saw me take the letter and the handkerchief, and by signs he told me that he would do what I commanded. And so, seeing me so well paid for the work that I could take in bringing it to him, and knowing by the address that you were the one 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 six hours that it took for it to be given to me, I have made the journey, which you know is of ten and eight leagues."

As the grateful and new letter told me, I was hanging on their words, trembling my legs, to the point that I could barely hold myself up. Indeed, I opened the letter and saw that it contained these mice:

The word that Don Fernando gave you to say to your father so that he would speak to mine has been fulfilled more to his liking than to your benefit. Know, sir, that he has asked me for his wife, and my father, taken by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando gives him, has come to what he wants, with so many tricks that in two days he will dissolve the betrothal; so secret and so alone, that only the heavens and some people at home will be witnesses. And I, imagine yourselves; if you fulfill coming, well; and if I like you well or not, this business will let you understand it. Pray to God that this arrives to your hands before my one is seen in a condition to join with the one who badly knows how to keep the faith that promises.

In sum, these were the reasons that contained her, and the ones that made me set out afterward, without expecting any other answer or more money; well clear then that the purchase of the horses, but the purchase of her liking, had moved Don Fernando to send me his brother. The anger that I conceived against Don Fernando, along with the fear of losing the pledge that I had earned with many years of service and desires, gave me wings, for, almost as in flight, another day I took my place, at the point and hour that suited me to go to speak to Luscinda. I entered secretly and left a mule in which I came to the good man who had brought her to me, and fortune then favored me so much that I found Luscinda standing at the grate, witness to our loves. Luscinda then greeted me, and I greeted her; but not as she ought to have greeted me, and I to greet her. But who is there in the world who can be praised for having penetrated and known the confused thought and changeable condition of a woman? None, certainly. Therefore, I say that 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 sitting room, along with other witnesses who would sooner wish me dead than see me married. Do not trouble yourself, my friend, but try to find a way to prevent this sacrifice, for I carry a dagger hidden, which could thwart even the most determined forces, bringing about my death and the beginning of you knowing the will I have had and still have.

I replied to him, agitated and anxious, 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 yourself, here I carry a sword to defend you with it, or to kill me if fortune is against us.

I do not believe she could have heard all these reasons, because I felt she was speaking with a forced air, because the bridegroom was waiting. This plunged me into the night of my sadness; it set the sun of my joy aside; it left me without light in my eyes and without speech in my understanding. I refused to enter her house, nor could I move a part of myself; but considering how much my presence might influence what might happen in that case, I encouraged myself as much as I could, and I entered her house; and as I already knew very well all her entrances and exits, and more with the commotion that was going on secretly within her, no one turned me away from seeing; so, without being seen, I had a place to put myself in the hollow that a window of the same room made, which was covered by the tassels and trimmings of the two tapestries, through which I could see, without being seen, all that was done in the room. Who could now tell you the startle that gave my heart while I was there, the thoughts that occurred to me, the considerations that I made, which were so many and such, that neither can they be said, nor even is it good that they are spoken. It is enough that you know that the

bridegroom entered the room, without other adornment than the same ordinary clothes that he usually wore. He brought a cousin brother of Luscinda as his godfather, and in the whole room there was no one from outside, but the servants of the house. From there a little, Luscinda came out of a bedroom, accompanied by her mother and two maids of hers, so well dressed and composed as her quality and beauty deserved, and as she was the perfection of the gala and bizarre courtesan. It did not give me place my suspension and astonishment to look and notice what she carried dressed; I could only perceive the colors, that were crimson and white, and in the glimpses that the stones and jewels of the headdress and of the whole dress made, to all of which the beauty singular of her beautiful and blond hair advanced, such that, in competition of the precious stones and of the lights of four lanterns that were in the room, hers offered with more brilliance to the eyes.

Oh memory, enemy of my rest! What good does it serve to now represent to me the incomparable beauty of that adored, my enemy? Is it not better, cruel memory, that you remind me and represent what it then did, so that, moved by such manifest injury, since I do not seek vengeance, at least, lose my life? Do not tire yourselves, lords, of hearing these digressions I make; it is not my sorrow that needs to be told briefly and passingly, for each circumstance of it seems to me worthy of a long discourse.

The priest replied that he wasn't getting tired of telling them, and that he found great pleasure in the details, because they were so remarkable that they deserved no silence, and the same attention as the main part of the story.

"I say, then—continued Cardenio—, that being all in the room, the parish priest entered, and taking both by the hand to do what is required in such an act, as he said: 'Do you, Mrs. Luscinda, wish the Lord Don Fernando, who is present, to be your legitimate husband, as commands the Holy Mother Church?' I drew my whole head and neck out from among the tapestries, and with attentive ears and a troubled soul, I listened to what Luscinda replied, expecting from her answer the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. Oh, who would dare to then step forward, saying aloud: 'Ah, Luscinda, Luscinda! Look what you are doing; consider what you owe me; look, you are mine, and you cannot be of another! Warn me that saying 'yes' to you and my life ending must be all at once. Ah, traitor Don Fernando, thief of my glory, death of my life! What do you want? What

Do you dare to pretend? Consider that you cannot come to the end of your desires in a Christian manner, because Luscinda is my wife, and I am her husband. "Ah, madman of mine! Now that I am absent and far from danger, I say that I should have done what I did not do! Now let my face be taken as security, I curse the thief, for whom I might avenge myself if I had the heart to do it, as I have to complain! In short, then I was a cowardly and foolish man, it is not much that I die now, repentant and mad."

I was awaiting the priest the answer of Luscinda, who had stopped a good space in giving it, and when I thought I was drawing the dagger to credit her or cutting her tongue short to say some truth or disillusionment that might redound to my benefit, I heard her say with a faint and thin voice: "Yes, I want," and the same said Don Fernando; and, giving her the ring, they were tied in an inseparable knot. The bride arrived to embrace her wife, and she, placing her hand on the heart, fell faint in the arms of her mother. It remains to say which I saw in the yes that I had heard my hopes mocked, the words and promises of Luscinda false, impossible to obtain any time the good that in that instant I had lost. I was left without counsel, abandoned, to my opinion, of all the heavens, made an enemy of the earth that sustained me, denying me air breath for my sighs, and water humor for my eyes; only the fire increased, so that everything burned with rage and jealousy. Everyone was agitated with Luscinda's faintness, and, her mother unfastening her chest so that she might give her air, a paper closed was discovered in her, which Don Fernando then took and read aloud by the light of one of the axes; and in finishing reading it to her, he sat down in a chair and put his hand to his cheek, with signs of a man very thoughtful, without resorting to the remedies that were made for his wife so that she might return from the faintness.

I, seeing all the commotion in the house, I ventured out, whether seen or not, with determination to do such a foolish thing that everyone would understand the just indignation of my heart in punishing the false Don Fernando, and even in the changeable state of the fainting traitor; but my fortune, which for greater evils, if possible, has it saved, ordered that at that point it should be denied me the understanding that afterwards here has been lacking to me; and thus, without wanting to take revenge on my greatest enemies (who, because my own thought was so little, it was easy to take it), I wanted to take it in my hand, and execute in me the punishment that they deserved, and even perhaps with more rigor than they used on them, if then they gave them death, since the sudden one received quickly ends the punishment; but the one that is delayed 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 it saddled, without saying goodbye, I got on it and left the city, without daring, like another Lot, to turn my face to Mirilla; 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 unchained my tongue in so many curses of Luscinda and Don Fernando, as if with them I satisfied the offense that they had done to me.

Titles of cruel, ungrateful, false, and unthankful; but above all, of covetous, 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 vituperations, I would excuse myself, saying that it was not much that a young lady, gathered in the house of her parents, accustomed always to obey them, had wished to bestow upon her with her liking, since they offered her husband to such a principal knight, so rich and so gentle man, that, if he did not wish to receive him, one could think that he had no judgment, or that he had the will elsewhere, which was so detrimental to his good opinion and fame. Then she would return saying that, since she said that I was her husband, they would see that she had not made such a bad choice in choosing me, that they would not excuse her, since before offering her to Don Fernando,

They themselves might be able to wish, if they were reasonable in measuring their desires, another man better than I as husband for their daughter; and she might well, before putting herself in the forced and final trance of giving her hand, say that I had already given her mine; that I should come and grant with all she might feign in this case. In short, I resolved that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and desires for greatness made her forget the words with which she had deceived, entertained, and sustained me in my firm hopes and honest desires.

With these voices and this inquietude I walked what remained of that night, and delivered it at dawn in an entrance to these sierras, for which I walked another three days, without path or road whatsoever, until I came to rest in some meadows, that did not know to what hand of these mountains they fell, and from there I asked some ranchers where the most rugged of these sierras was. They told me it was in this part. Then I set out for it, with the intention of ending my life here, and upon entering these asperities, from exhaustion and hunger my dead mule fell, or, as I most believe, for discarding from itself so useless a burden as I carried. I was left on foot, subdued by nature, overpowered by hunger, without having, nor thinking of seeking, who would rescue me. In this way I remained for no one to know how long, at the end of which I rose without hunger, and found beside me some ibexes, who, without doubt, must have remedied my need, because they told me in the manner they had found me, and how I was saying so many foolishnesses and excesses, that gave clear indications of having lost my reason; and I have felt since then that not all times I have it 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 other speech or intent then to end life by voicing; and when in my return, I find myself so tired and beaten, that I can barely move. My most common dwelling is the hollow of an alcornoque, capable of covering this miserable body.

The cowherds and shepherds who wander through these mountains, moved by charity, sustain me, placing the food for me on the paths and on the crags where they understand that I might pass and find it; and thus, although then I lack judgment, natural necessity makes me know its maintenance, 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 onto the paths, and that I take it from them by force, though they give it to me reluctantly, to the shepherds who come with it from the places to the pastures. In this way I pass my miserable and extreme life, until the heavens are served to conduct it to its final end, or to put it in my memory, so that I do not remember the beauty and the treachery of Luscinda, and the offense of Don Fernando; that if he does this without taking my life, I will return to better discourse my thoughts; where not, there is only to beg him absolutely to have mercy on my soul; that I do not feel in my strength nor powers to draw out the body from this strait in which, for my liking, I have wished to put it.

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 me or advising me what reason tells you may be good for my remedy, for it must avail me as it does the medicine prescribed to the sick patient who does not wish to receive it. I desire no health without Luscinda; and since she consented to be foreign, being, or ought to be, my love, I desire to be of the misfortune, being able to have been of the good fortune. She willed, with her change of place, to make stable my ruin; I wished, by seeking to lose myself, to make her will content, and it will be an example to the future of that I alone lacked what is abundant to all the unfortunate, to whom it is usually a comfort to be unable to have him, and in me it is cause for greater feelings and evils, because even I think they will not end with death.

Cardenio ended his long, unhappy and loving talk 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 narrative; that in this point, the wise and attentive historian Cide Hamete Benengeli ended the third part.

Chapter 28: About the new and pleasant adventure that occurred to the priest and barber in the same sierra.

Delighted and fortunate were the times when the audacious knight, Don Quixote of 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 cheerful amusements, not only of the sweetness of its true story, but also of its tales and episodes, which, in part, are no less pleasing and ingenious and true than the story itself; which, continuing its tangled and rough thread, recounts that just as the cleric began to take precautions to comfort Cardenio, he

was stopped by a voice that reached his ears, which, with sad tones, said thus:

Oh, God! If it be possible that I have already found a place that may serve as a hidden burial for this heavy burden of my body, which I hold against my will! Yes, it shall be, if the solitude promised by these mountains does not deceive me. Oh, wretched, and how much more agreeable company will these rocks and thickets be to my intent, since they will give me a place where, with complaints, I may communicate my misfortune to heaven, not the misfortune of any human man, for there is none on earth from whom one can expect counsel in doubts, relief in complaints, nor remedy in ills!

All these reasons were heard and perceived by the priest and those who were with him, and it seemed to them, as it was, that together they said, they rose to find the owner, and they had not walked twenty steps when, behind a rock, they saw seated at the foot of a sycamore a young man dressed as a farmer, whom, because of having inclined his face, because he was 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 wash his feet, which were such that they seemed like two pieces of white crystal that among the other stones of the stream had been born. He suspended the whiteness and beauty of the feet, seeming to them that they were not made to tread stones, nor to walk behind the plow and oxen, as showed the habit of his owner, and thus, seeing that they had not been sensed, the priest, who was going ahead, made gestures to the other two that they hide or conceal behind some pieces of rock that there were, and so they did all, looking with attention what the young man did; who wore a dark cap of two bushels, very faded to the body with a white towel. He wore anxious breeches and gaiters of dark cloth, and on his head a dark round cap. He had the gaiters raised to the middle of the leg, which, without a doubt, seemed like white marble. The beautiful feet had just been washed, and then, with a cloth to touch, which he took from under the cap, he cleaned them; and when he wanted to take them off, he raised his face, and those who were looking at him had seen an incomparable beauty, such that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice: