

Don Quixote de la Mancha
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First Part

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

Don Quixote of La Mancha

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The most true story in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to appear before your beauty.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And saying this, he went to enlist D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anyone would have helped me, replied Mr. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Quixote, arm yourself, knight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, not at all," replied Don

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laughing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or you don't know, ma'am.

You are false and disloyal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which still slept.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Go ahead, said the priest.

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

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

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

And me, too, added the niece.

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

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

"Who is that barrel?" the priest said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and with much joy he carried out what was ordered.

This is Platir the knight, the barber said.

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

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

And that's how it was done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's how it will be.

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

Oh, dear!, said the niece.

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

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

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

Here is the English translation:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is Filida's Shepherd.

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

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

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

Then followed the barber, the Songbook of López Maldonado.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote of La Mancha

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And it was done with great speed.

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

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

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

Fritón diría, dijo Don Quijote.

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

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

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

Who doubts that? she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well, who doubts it? replied Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What giants? Sancho Panza said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God do it as he can, replied Sancho Panza.

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

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

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

That's right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He took off his glasses and his sunglasses.

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

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

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

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

This will be worse than the windmills, said Sancho.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hush, said Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wretch!" Sancho retorted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to bring the walking cavalry out of its delusions

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONIO

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

Because I know you're wise.

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

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

Beyond that, amidst his accusations and honest deviations.

Maybe hope shows the hem of her dress.

Dive at the bait.

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

If love is courteous.

of which you have plenty

at last, it will be as I imagine it.

And if they are services, part of it.

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

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

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

I give up dancing for your sake.

Neither the music paints you.

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

I don't count praises.

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

Teresa del Berrocal

I was praising you, he said:

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

A multitude of relics

and the false hair

hypocritical beauties

that ensnares love itself.

Deny it, and she got angry.

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

what I did and what he did.

I don't want you, little one.

I don't expect you and I serve you.

about Barragani■a

How good is my design.

Coyundas has the church.

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

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

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

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

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

Blessed be God, Sancho replied.

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

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

That's how it was, really.

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

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

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

By Marcela you'll say, one said.

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

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

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

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

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

With all that, we thank you, Pedro replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That science is called Astrology, said Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh!" I replied the chief.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

so exquisitely told in our Spain of:"

Never a knight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I can't handle Roldán under pressure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'll do it willingly, said Vivaldo.

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

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

Grigostom's Song

Since you want, cruel, it to be published.

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

Let the very hell itself proclaim.

To my sad, aching breast,

with which the common use of my voice twists.

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

of the terrible voice will the accent go

and in it mixed pieces of the miserable entrails.

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

for my pleasure and your chest.

The roar of the lion, of the fierce wolf

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

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

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

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

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

From so much confusion, not the sands

The father Tajo will hear the sad echoes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lies here, you amateur.

the miserable frozen body

he was a cattle herder, lost by heartbreak.

Died due to rigor mortis

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Go on, friend Sancho, replied Don

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here's the translation:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ball of yarn

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I swear, Sancho replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Are you also beaten up? Quixote replied.

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

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

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

They don't want to be seen by anyone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he replied, with great honor.

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

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

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

You are a silly and bad innkeeper, Quijote replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am such a lucky man, said Sancho.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They hate him badly," replied Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and he is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beautiful and moreover, graceful lady, and she is Christian, and her father will not give her to the pagan king unless he first abandons the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and returns to himself."

To tell you the truth, Sancho said, if Pentapolin doesn't do very well, and that I have to help him as much as I can.

"Do what you must, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "because to enter battles such as these does not require being a knight."

"That's quite enough of that, he replied; but where shall we put this donkey, since we are certain of finding him after passing the Relegation, for I don't believe he is in use yet when we enter it in such chivalry? It is true, said Don Quixote; what you can do is leave him to his adventures, now he loses himself or not, for there will be so many horses we shall have after we emerge victorious, that even Rocinante is in danger of being exchanged for another; but keep me informed and watch, for I want to make you aware of the principal knights who come in these two armies, and in order that you may see and note them better, let us retire to that small rise that is made there, from which the two armies must be discovered."

They did it that way and set themselves upon a rise from which both herds were clearly visible to Don Quixote, which herds he made the axis of his army, if the dust clouds they raised did not disturb and blind his sight; but with all this, seeing in his imagination what he did not see or have, he began to say with raised voice: That knight whom you see there with drawn arms, who carries on his shield a crowned lion kneeling at the feet of a damsel, is the valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge.

The other of the arms of the Golden Flowers, which bears on its shield three silver crowns on a blue field, is the feared Micocolemba, Grand Duke of Quirocia.

The other

Of the giant members that are at his right hand, is Brandabarbaran of Boliche, never-fearful, lord of the three Arabias, who comes armed with that serpent leather, and has for a shield a door, which, according to fame, is one of those that Samson brought down when he fell with his enemies.

But his eyes return to another part, and you will see before and on the forehead of the other army Timonel of Carcajon, prince of New Vizcaya, who comes armed with weapons cut to blue, green, white, and yellow quarters, and carries on the shield a golden cat on a leonated field with the word "Miau," which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, according to what is said, is unparalleled Miaulina, daughter of the Duke of Alfeniquen del Algarbe.

The other, who burdens and oppresses the flanks of that powerful alchemist, who brings forth weapons like white snow, and the white shield without any enterprise, is a young knight, of French nation, named Pierre Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique.

The other, who beats the maidens with the hardened carcanillos to that painted and light zebra, and brings the weapons of the blue veros, is the powerful Duke of Nervia, Spartafileardo of the Forest, who

brings on his shield a sparraguera with a letter in Castilian, which says thus: "Track my fortune." And in this way he was naming many knights from both squadrons that he imagined, and he gave them all their arms, colors, enterprises, and nicknames spontaneously, driven by the madness of his never-seen imagination, and without stopping he continued saying: To this border squadron they form and make people of diverse nations; here are those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Janto, the mountainous ones who tread the massilic fields, those who sift the finest and smallest gold in the fortunate Arabia, those who enjoy the famous and fresh banks of the clear Termodonte, those who bleed for many and diverse routes to the golden Pactolo, the dubious mumis, the Persians in famous bows and arrows, the Parthians, the Medes, who fight fleeing, the Arabs with changeable houses, the Cites so cruel as white, the Ethiopians with perforated lips, and other infinite nations whose faces I know and see, although I do not remember their names.

From that squadron come those who drink the crystalline currents of the Betis olive grove, those who polish and brighten with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus, those who enjoy the fruitful waters of the divine Guadalquivir, those who tread the tartessian fields of abundant pastures, those who delight in Jerez's blissful meadows, the rich Manchegan wheat, crowned with golden ears, those clad in iron, ancient relics of the Goth blood, those who bathe in the Pisuerga, famous for the meekness of its current, those who graze their cattle in the sprawling dehesas of the tortuous Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden course, those who tremble with the cold of the murmuring Pyrenees and with the white flakes of the uplifted Apennines; finally, all that entire Europe contains and encloses.

God keep me, and how many provinces he said, how many nations he named, giving to each one all the attributes that belonged to them, completely absorbed and steeped in what he had read in their lying books! Sancho Panza was hanging on his words without saying a word, and from time to time he turned his head to see if he saw the knights and giants that his master named, and since he didn't discover any of them he said: "Sir, I entrust the devil himself, if man, or giant, or knight of whatever your mercy says appears, for all this, at least I don't see them; perhaps all this must be enchantment like the ghosts of last night."

"How do you say that?" replied Don Quixote, "Don't you hear the horses' neighing, the pipes of the clarinets, the noise of the drums? I hear nothing else," replied Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and calves, and that was the truth, because the two herds were approaching close."

"The fear you have," said Don Quixote, "makes you, Sancho, that you don't see or hear properly, because one of the effects of fear is to cloud the senses, and make things appear not as they are; and if you really fear so much, withdraw to one side and leave me alone, for only a small part is enough to give the victory to the side I order my help to."

And saying this, he saddled Rocinante, and with him shot in the flank beneath the spine like a flash.

"Voices spoke to him, Sancho said, "Turn back, my lord Don Quixote, that by God's will they are sheep that you are about to charge: turn back, wretched son of the father who begot me: what madness is this! See that there is no giant nor knight, nor cats, nor weapons, nor shields divided nor whole, nor blue giants nor devils."

What are you doing? The guilty one is me, God.

Sir Quixote didn't return that way, previously speaking in loud voices: "Hark, knights, those who follow and fight under the banners of the powerful Emperor Pentapolin with the brawny arm, follow me all, you will see how easily I deliver vengeance upon his enemy, Alifanfaron of the Trapobana."

With that said, they entered through the ranks of the sheep, and began to attack with such courage and fervor, as if they were truly attacking their mortal enemies.

The shepherds and ranchers who came with the flock, gave it voices that it didn't do that; but seeing that it wasn't working, they threw the waves, and the ears began to greet it with stones like a point.

Don Quixote wasn't recovering from the stones; before setting off in all directions, he said, "Where are you, haughty Alifanfaron? Come to me, for I am a solitary knight who desires to test your strength and take your life in punishment for what you give to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

I arrive here like a stream iron, and hitting it on one side, I buried two ribs in the body.

Seeing it so battered, he surely thought he was dead or badly wounded, and, recovering his liquor, he took his flask and poured it into his mouth, and began to drink liquor into his stomach; but before he had

finished swallowing what seemed enough to him, another almond came, and he gave it to him in the hand and in the flask so full, that he broke it, carrying three or four teeth and molars from his mouth, and badly bruised two fingers of his hand.

That was the first blow, and such the second, that it forced the poor knight to lose his horse.

The shepherds came to him, and believing that he had been killed, and so they gathered his cattle with haste, and loaded the dead oxen, which numbered seven or more, and without investigating further, they departed.

All this time Sancho had been on the hillside, watching his master's follies, and he would tear his beard out, cursing the hour and the moment when fortune had revealed itself to him.

Seeing him, therefore, fallen to the ground, and that the shepherds had already gone, he descended from the slope and they reached him, finding him in a very poor state of affairs, although he had not lost his senses, and he said to him: "Didn't I tell you, Sir Knight Don Quixote, that you should turn back, that the things you were going to attack were not armies, but herds of sheep?"

"You see, Sancho," Don Quixote replied, "it is very easy for such people to make us appear what they wish, and this wicked man who pursues me, envious of the glory I see I am about to attain from this battle, has turned squadrons of enemies into flocks of sheep."

If you don't do it, Sancho, by my life, because you'll be disappointed and see it's true what I'm telling you: get on your donkey and follow them nicely, and you'll see how, as they move away from here, they return to their original selves, and ceasing to be sheep, they become men made and done, as I painted them to you first, but don't go now, as I need your favor and help; come to me, and see how many teeth and gums I'm missing, as it seems to me that none are left in my mouth.

Sancho got so close that he was about to put his eyes in Quijote's mouth, and he was just in time because the balm had already been administered to Quijote's stomach, and as Sancho was going to look at his mouth, he flung out of him, more robust than a rifle, everything he had within him, and he gave it all in Sancho's beard.

Saint Mary!

said Sancho.

And what is this that has happened to me? Without a doubt, this sinner is mortally wounded, for he is vomiting blood from his mouth.

But reflecting on it a little more, I realized in the color, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balm of the aloe that he had seen him drink; and the disgust was so great that, with his stomach churning, he vomited his entrails upon his own lord, and they remained entangled like pearls.

Sancho went to his donkey to draw out of the panniers what to use for wiping himself and to cure his master, and since he didn't find them, he was on the point of losing his mind; he cursed him again; and he proposed in his heart to abandon his master and return to his homeland, even if he lost the pay for his service and the hopes of the government of the promised island.

Don Quixote rose up in this way, putting his left hand to his mouth to prevent his teeth from falling out, and with the other hand he took the reins of Rocinante, who had never moved from beside his master (such was his loyalty and training), and followed wherever his squire was, with his back against his donkey, with his hand on his cheek as if he were a thoughtful man, besides, and seeing Don Quixote in this manner, with signs of so much sadness, he said to him: "Know, Sancho, that every man is different if he doesn't do what every other man does; all these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon be calm, and that good things will happen to us, because it is impossible for evil and good to last forever, and from this it follows that, having lasted so long with evil, good is already near, so you shouldn't worry about the misfortunes that befall me, since they don't concern you."

"How not?" Sancho replied; "Is it perhaps that the one you were speaking with yesterday was another than my father's son? And are the sacks that are missing me today those of another than my own? Do you lack sacks, Sancho?" said Don Quijote.

"That's true, they're still lacking," Sancho replied.

"That way, we don't have to eat today," Quixote replied.

"That's so," Sancho replied, "when the herbs your lordship says you know are still missing from these meadows, with which such unfortunate knights as your lordship are accustomed to supply such shortages."

With all that, replied Don Quixote, I would take more than a quarter of bread, or a loaf and two heads of sardines, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even by the enlightened doctor Laguna; but with all that, climb on your donkey, Sancho the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and as much walking as we do in his service, since he does not fail the mosquitoes in the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and he is so merciful that he makes his sun shine on the good and bad, and rain on the unjust and just.

"It was better, your lordships, said Sancho, for a preacher than a knight errant."

"Knights errant, Sancho said Don Quixote, know of everything, and they must know it, for there have been knight errants in past centuries who stood in the same way to deliver a sermon or discourse on a royal road, as if they were graduates of the University of Paris, from which it can be inferred that the quill never broke the lance, nor did the lance break the quill."

Now, as your grace says, replied Sancho; let us go away from here and seek where to lodge tonight, and may God grant it to be in a place where there are no blankets, no servants, no ghosts, nor enchanted Moors, for if there are, I'll give my hat and my boots to the devil.

"Ask God for it," said Don Quixote, "guide yourself wherever you wish, that this time I want to leave your choice as to where we lodge; but give me my hand here, and tie me with a finger, and look well at how many teeth and molars are missing on this right side of the upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."

Metio Sancho his fingers, and, attending to him, he asked: "How many teeth did your grace formerly have in this part? Four," replied Don Quixote, "out of the gum whole and very sound."

Your Lordship hears you well, sir, Sancho replied.

I say four, unless they were five," replied Don Quixote, "for in all my life no tooth, nor molar, has ever been pulled from my mouth, nor has any fallen out, nor have I been eaten by rheumatics or any other ailment."

Well, in

"This lower part," said Sancho, "doesn't belong to you more than two and a half teeth, nor any, for this is as flat as the palm of the hand."

"Woe is me!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news that his squire gave him, "more would I wish that I had been maimed an arm, as it was not the arm of the sword; for I tell you, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without stone, and in much more ought a tooth to be valued than a diamond; but all this notwithstanding, we who profess the strict order of chivalry are subject to it."

Come on, friend, and guide me, and I will follow you as you wish.

"Then Sancho did so, and he set off in the direction he thought he might find shelter, without leaving the main road, which was very frequently traveled there."

So, little by little, he was recovering, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaw did not allow him to rest or hasten, he wanted to entertain and amuse him by saying things to him, and among the things he said, is what will be said in the following chapter.

Chapter 19: Of the subtle reasons which Don Quixote gave his squire, and of the adventure which befell him with a dead body, and other famous events.

It seems to me, my lord, that all these misfortunes that have befallen us these days, without a doubt, have been due to the sin committed by your grace against the order of knighthood, having not fulfilled the oath he made of not eating bread at tables nor with the queen Folgar, with all that which follows and your grace swore to fulfill, until that alms from Malandrino, or as the Moor is called, which I don't recall well.

You are very right, Sancho," said Don Quijote; but to tell you truth, it had passed me by from memory, and you may also be sure that because of the fault of your not having remembered it in time, it happened to you about the cloak; but I will make amends, for there are so many modes of composition in the order of chivalry for everything.

Well, I swore an oath about that, did I not? Sancho replied.

"It doesn't matter that you haven't sworn it, said Don Quixote; it's enough that I understand you're not very sure of the participants, and just in case, it wouldn't hurt to provide a remedy."

Well, if that's the case, said Sancho, "look, my lords, do not forget this, like the matter of the oath; perhaps it will again give you the desire to comfort yourselves with me, and even with your lords, if you see him so persistent."

In these and other conversations, I took the night in the middle of the road with them, without knowing or discovering where they would be gathered that night, and what was not good about it was that they starved, as the lack of their saddlebags deprived them of their entire pantry and baggage, and to finish confirming this misfortune, they had an adventure, which, without any artifice, truly seemed so, and it was that the night ended with some obscurity; but with all this, they continued to walk, believing that, since that road was real, they would find a tavern on it within one or two leagues of reason.

Thus, in this way, the dark night, the hungry squire, and the master eager to eat saw that along the same path they were taking, a great multitude of lights were coming towards them, which did not seem to be but moving stars.

Sancho rambled among the reeds, and Don Quixote did not have all his wits about him: he threw one of the ropes from the cart to his donkey, and the other from the reins to his poney, and they stood motionless, staring intently at what it might be, and they saw the flares approaching them, and as they got closer, they seemed larger, causing Sancho to tremble like a shiver and Don Quixote's hair to stand on end, who, encouraged a little, said: "This, without a doubt, Sancho, must be a very great and perilous adventure, where it will be necessary for me to show all my valor and effort."

Alas de mí!

If this adventure were of ghosts as it seems to be, where would ribs suffer from it? Quijote said, even if there were as many ghosts as there might be, I would not allow them to touch you in your clothes' hair, because if they mocked you the other day, it was because I couldn't jump the walls of the courtyard, but now we are in open country, where I can wield my sword as I please.

And if they delight and entertain you as they did the other time, said Sancho, what good would it be to be in open country or not? With all that, replied Don Quixote, I beg you, Sancho, to keep a good spirit, that experience will make you understand that which I have.

Yes, I will, if God wills, he replied, and the two of them moved to one side of the road, they turned to look intently at what it could be that those lights walking, and from there to very little they discovered many people dressed in cloaks, whose

Fearful was the vision of every point, which overwhelmed the spirit of Sancho Panza, who began to grind his teeth like someone suffering from a toothache; and the grinding and clicking increased as they saw what it was, because they discovered twenty armed men, all on horseback, with their swords burning in their hands, behind whom came a litter draped in mourning, which was followed by six more on horseback, dressed in mourning from head to foot, and they clearly saw that they were not horses moving in the quiet way they did; the armed men were murmuring to each other in a low, compassionate voice.

This strange vision at such hours and in a deserted area was enough to frighten Sancho's heart, and even that of his master, and so it was, as far as Don Quixote was concerned, whom Sancho had already exhausted with all his efforts; the contrary suited his master, whom in that point he represented to himself as the living creature that it was one of his books' adventures; he pictured it as if the litter were passages where some wounded or dead knight must have passed, whose vengeance was reserved for him alone, and without uttering another word he drew his lance, settled himself in the saddle, and with noble courage and composure he placed himself in the middle of the road by which the travelers were forced to pass, and when he saw them approaching, he raised his voice and said:

"Stop, gentlemen, whoever you may be, and tell me who you are, from where you come, where you are going, what it is you carry in those passages, for, according to the evidence, either you have done it yourselves, or someone has done it to you, and it is necessary and advisable that I know it, either to punish you for the evil you have committed, or to avenge you against the one who has wronged you."

"Let's go ahead," one of the men in uniform replied, "and it's for sale far off, and we can't stop to give such notice as you've asked."

Moving forward step by step.

I felt this response greatly resembled Don Quixote, and stopping the donkey from the brake he said:

"Stop and be more civil, and give me an account of what you have asked me; otherwise, you are all in battle with me."

It was a startled beast, and when you took the brake from it, it frightened so much that, rising on its feet, it came to rest against its owner on the flanks on the ground.

A young man walking on foot, witnessing the fall of the knight in armor, began to denounce Don Quixote, who, already enraged and without expecting more, with a furious thrust of his lance struck one of the knaves, suffering a serious wound as he fell upon him, and, revolving around the others, it was a sight to behold with the speed and effectiveness with which they attacked and thwarted them, as if at that very instant wings had sprouted for Rocinante, as he rode lightly and proudly.

All the hooded men were fearful and unarmed, and so easily, in a moment, they abandoned the fray and began to run across that field with the torches lit, which seemed only like those of the masked men, who on a night of rejoicing and celebration run.

The mourners, also disheveled and wrapped up in their shawls and cloaks, could not be moved; so, to their own safety, Don Quixote beat them all, and made them abandon their place, for they all thought that he was not a man, but a devil from hell, who was coming to take away the corpse they carried on the litter.

Sancho gazed at his lord, filled with admiration for his bravery and energy, and would say to himself: "Undoubtedly, my lord is as valiant and determined as he claims."

There was a burning axe on the ground beside the one that had felled the donkey, by whose light Don Quixote saw, and, approaching it, he thrust the point of his lance into its face, telling it to surrender, or that he would kill him; to which the fallen one replied: "I am weary of surrendering, since I cannot move, for I have a broken leg; I beg you, if you are a Christian knight, do not kill me, for I would commit a great sacrilege, as I am a licensed scholar and possess the first orders."

"Well, who the devil brought you here, said Don Quixote, being a man of the church? Who, sir?" he replied, fallen.

My misfortune.

"Well, another greater one threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all things that I first ask you."

"It shall be readily accomplished to your satisfaction," replied the licentiate; and thus you shall know, your majesty, that I previously said I was...

I am a bachelor, no more than a scholar, and my name is Alonso Lopez; I am from Alcovendas, I come from the city of Baeza with other eleven priests, who fled with the axes, we are going to the city of Segovia, accompanying a dead body that is on that litter, belonging to a knight who died in Baeza, where it was deposited, and now, as I say, we were taking his bones to his grave, which is in Segovia, where he was originally from.

"And who killed him?" Don Quixote asked.

God, through some pestilent fevers that he had, replied the bachelor.

"May good fortune, said Don Quixote, our Lord of that employment has taken from us who was to avenge his death if anyone else had perished: but having perished he who killed him, there is only silence and shrug of the shoulders, for I would do the same if he were to kill me himself; and I want you to know, your reverence, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, and it is my business and occupation to wander through the world, righting wrongs and patching up the misfortunes of others."

"I don't know how you can straighten a crooked person," the bachelor said; since by right you have become crooked to me, leaving me with a broken leg, which will not be straight in all the days of my life, and the grievance you have caused me has been to leave me aggrieved so that I will remain aggrieved forever, and what a wretched misfortune it has been to encounter you, who are seeking adventures."

"Not all things, replied Don Quixote, happen in the same way: the damage, Sir Bachelor Alonso López, was in coming as they came in the night, dressed with those cloaks, with the swords drawn, praying, covered in mourning, a thing that truly resembled a wicked thing from the other world, and thus I cannot help but fulfill my obligation by attacking you, and you will attack me, although truly I knew you were the very same devils from hell, that I judged you for such things, and always have."

"As it has pleased my fortune," the bachelor said, "I beg of your grace, good sir caballero andante, to give me aid in getting out from under this mule, which has my leg caught between the saddle and the seat."

"You shall speak for me tomorrow," said Don Quixote; "and how long do you intend to wait to tell me your desire?" He then called out to Sancho Panza to come; but he refused to relinquish his intention of

coming, as he was occupied looting a spare windmill that those good lords were carrying along with provisions.

Sancho carried a sackful of his own stuff, and gathering up everything he could and that fit in the donkey's load, he loaded his donkey, and then he went following the voices of his lord and helped to take the bachelor out of the mule's oppression, and putting the axe on him, Don Quixote told him to follow the defeat of his companions, and to whom he should ask for forgiveness of the offense from them, which he had not been able to prevent from being done to them.

Sancho also said to him: "If your lords should wish to know who it was that put them in such a state, tell them, in your lordships' name, that it is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, who is also known as the 'Knight of the Tragic Figure'."

With this, the squire left, and Don Quixote asked Sancho, what had prompted him to call him the "Knight of the Tragic Figure," more so than ever before.

I will tell you, Sancho replied, because I have been watching him a while in the light of that axe that the rogue was carrying, and truly, he has the worst figure I have ever seen in my life; and it must be due to either the fatigue of this fight, or the lack of teeth or molars.

"No, that's not it," replied Don Quixote, "but the wise man whose duty it is to write the story of my exploits – he would have thought it well that I should take some appellative name, as the old knights did: some called him 'the Man of the Flaming Sword,' some 'the Unicorn's Knight,' one 'the Knight of the Damsels,' another 'the Knight of the Phoenix,' another 'the Knight of the Griffin,' another 'the Knight of Death,' and by these names and emblems they were known throughout the whole world; and so I say that the wise man already mentioned will have put it into your tongue and in your thoughts now that I call myself 'the Knight of the Sad Appearance.'"

From this day forward, and to make the name fit better, I determine to have a very sad figure painted on my shield, whenever possible.

"There's no point, sir, in wasting time and money on making this figure," said Sancho, "but what must be done is for your Lordship to discover his, and give a face to those who looked at him, and, for no more nor less, and without another image or shield, they would call him 'the Man of the Sad Aspect,' and believe me when I tell you the truth, because I promise you, sir (and this is said in jest), that hunger and the lack of teeth make him such a miserable appearance that, as I've already said, his sad look can very well be excused."

Go, Don Quixote of the good-natured Sancho; but, in spite of everything, he proposed to call himself by that name, and could paint his shield or escutcheon as he had imagined.

"Forget to say, as the bachelor departed to Don Quixote, that you are warned that you remain aggrieved for having violently put your hands on a sacred thing, a just illusion: sit, he urged a persuasive devil, etc."

"I don't understand this Latin," replied Don Quixote: "but I know well that it was not my hands that threw it, but this lance; the more that I did not think of offending priests, nor things of the Church, to whom I respect and adore as a Catholic and faithful Christian, but to ghosts and spectres of the other world; and when that were so, in my memory I have what happened to the good Sir Rui Diaz when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador before his holiness the Pope, for which I denounced him, and that day the good Rodrigo de Vivar walked as a very honored and valiant knight."

Hearing this, the bachelor left, as was said, without replying a word.

I would like to see Don Quixote if the body that had come on the bed was bones or not; but Sancho refused me, saying, "My Lord, your grace has ended this dangerous adventure in the safest way of all that I have seen; this people, though defeated and ruined, might realize that only one person has defeated them, and, ashamed and humiliated by it, would return to their senses and seek us out, and greatly assist us in understanding."

The donkey is as it comes, the mountain near, hunger weighs heavily, we must do nothing but retreat with a dignified stance, and as they say, let the dead go to their graves and the living to their bread. Foreseeing his donkey, he begged his lord to follow him, who, finding it seemed that Sancho was right, did not reply to him again but followed him.

And after a good stretch they were walking between two small hills, they found themselves in a spacious and hidden valley, where they dismounted, and Sancho relieved the donkey; and lying down

on the green grass, they ate, had lunch, and supper at the same point, satisfying their stomachs with more than one hamper that the clerics of the deceased (who rarely let things go by unheeded) had brought in their supply, but another misfortune occurred, which Sancho considered the worst of all, and it was that they had no wine to drink, nor water to reach their mouths, and harassed by thirst, said Sancho, seeing that the meadow where they were was full of green and fine grass, which will be said in the following chapter.

Chapter 20: Of the never-before-heard adventure which was most famous among the most valiant knight in the world, as it was concluded by D.

Don Quixote of La Mancha

It's impossible, my love, but these herbs testify that there must be a spring or stream somewhere around here that moistens the ground, and so we must go a little further on, because we will surely find where we can mitigate this terrible thirst that exhausts us, which undoubtedly causes greater sorrow than hunger.

It seemed well to Don Quixote the advice, and taking Rocinante's rein and Sancho from the saddle of his ass after having placed upon it the cushions that remained from the dinner, they began to walk across the meadow above, step by step, because the darkness of the night did not allow them to see anything; but they had not walked two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, as if it were coming from some large and elevated rocks.

It delighted them greatly with the noise, and stopping to listen to where it came from, they heard, out of season, another crash that quenched their joy, especially Sancho, who was naturally fearful and of little spirit: I say that they heard someone striking in a measured manner, with a certain creaking of iron and chains, accompanied by the furious roar of the water, which terrified any other heart that was not Don Quixote's.

It was night, as has been said, dark, and they had wisely chosen to be among tall trees, whose leaves, moved by the gentle wind, made a fearful and gentle noise; so that the solitude, the place, the darkness, the sound of the water with its whisper of leaves, everything caused horror and fright, and especially when they saw that the blows did not cease, nor did the wind sleep, nor did the morning arrive, adding to all this their ignorance of the place where they were; but Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped onto Rocinante, and embracing his lance, he braced his throw, and said, "Sancho, friend, you must know that I was born, by the will of heaven, in our age of iron, to resurrect in it the golden one or the gilded one, as it is commonly called; I am he for whom the dangers are preserved, the great tricks, the valiant deeds; I say again, I am he who must resurrect those of the Round Table, the twelve of France and the nine of Fame, and he who must put the Platirs, the Talkers, the Olivantes and Tirantes, Febos and Belianises, and all the gang of famous walking knights of the past time, to such greatness, strangeness and feats of arms in this in which I find myself, that they frighten the clearest that they made.

Pay close attention, faithful and loyal squire, to the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused crashing of these trees, the fearful noise of that water, whose pursuit we have made, which seems to break free and collapse from the high mountains of the moon, and that incessant hammering that wounds and hurts your ears; all these things together, and each one separately, are sufficient to instill fear, apprehension, and terror in the breast of even Mars himself, much more in one who is not accustomed to such events and adventures; for all that I paint to you are incentives and awakers of my spirit, which now causes my heart to burst in my chest with the desire to undertake this adventure, however difficult it may appear; so tighten Rocinante's girth a little and wait for God, and stay here for no more than three days, during which, if I do not return, you can go back to our village, and from there, for mercy and good deeds, go to Toboso, where you will tell the incomparable lady mine, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died for accomplishing things that would make him worthy of calling himself her own.

When Sancho heard his master's words, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: "My Lord, I do not know why your grace undertakes this so dark adventure; it is now night, no one sees us here, we can easily deviate from the path and avoid danger, even if we do not drink for three days; and since no one sees us, there will be no one to notice us as cowards: as I have heard so many times preached by the priest of our place, who your grace very well knows, that whoever seeks

danger perishes in it; therefore, it is not good to tempt God by undertaking such a foolish deed, where one cannot escape except by miracle; and enough has the heavens done with your grace in freeing him from being fed like I was, and in taking him out victorious, free and unharmed among so many enemies who accompanied the deceased; and when all this does not move or soften that hard heart, move the thought that barely your grace will have departed from here, when I, from fear, would give my soul to whoever wished to take it."

I left my homeland, and left my sons and wife to come and serve your grace, believing I was worth more, and not less; but as greed breaks the sack, it has torn my hopes from me, for when I have lived the longest to attain that black and miserable island which your grace has so many times promised me, I see now that in payment and truecanto thereof, you wish to leave me in a place so far removed from human contact: by one God, my Lord, that you do not treat me in such a disrespectful manner; and since your grace does not at all wish to desist from carrying out this deed, grant it at least until tomorrow, for as the knowledge that I learned when I was a shepherd shows me, there should not be three hours from here to dawn.

"How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where that line is, nor where that mouth or that petticoat you speak of is, if the night is so dark that it seems there isn't a star in all the sky? Yes, said Sancho; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, the more so in the sky, since, by good reasoning, it can be understood that there is little of this here during the day."

"What is lacking, will lack," Quixote replied, which need not be said for me now, nor in any time, that tears and entreaties kept me from doing what I ought to have done like a knight; and so I beg you, Sancho, be silent, that God who has put me in heart to undertake this so unseen and so beautiful adventure, will take care to watch over my health, and to console your sadness; what you must do is tighten Rocinante's girth and stay here, while I will turn soon, either alive or dead."

Seeing, therefore, Sancho the final resolution of his master, and how little his tears, advice, and pleas were worth, he resolved to take advantage of his industry and make him wait until the day if he could; and so, when he tightened the horses' girths, beautifully and without being noticed, he tied both feet of Rocinante to the donkey's cart, so that when Don Quixote wished to depart he could not, for the horse could not move except by leaps.

Seeing Sancho Panza the good result of his trick, he said: "Egad, my lord, that the heavens moved with my tears and prayers have ordained that Rocinante cannot be moved; and if you wish to spur and whip him and give him rein, it will anger fortune, as they say, against the hook."

Don Quixote despaired at this, and no matter how much he urged the horse with his legs, he couldn't move him; and without realizing the restraint, he thought it best to lie down and rest, and wait for dawn to break, or for Rocinante to fidget, believing without a doubt that it was due to some other cause than Sancho's industry, and so he said to him: "That's how it is, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait for the dawn to smile, even if she delays in coming."

Don't cry," Sancho replied, "I shall entertain you by telling you stories from here to the day, if you don't mind it being peeled, and lying down a little on the green grass, for the use of traveling knights, to find himself more rested."

when the day arrives to undertake this unparalleled adventure that awaits him.

"What do you call an ape, or what do you call sleep?" said Don Quixote.

Am I perhaps those knights who rest in danger? Sleep, you who were born to sleep, or do as you wish, for I will do what I see best serves my purpose.

"Don't get angry, my lord," Sancho replied, "I didn't say it for that."

As he drew near to him, he placed one hand on the front bolster and the other on the other, so that he was embraced by the left thigh of his master, not daring to move a finger; that was the fear he had of blows, that he still alternately heard.

"Listen, Don Quixote, let me tell you a story to entertain you, as I had promised, to which Sancho said that if I did, he would let him go of his fear of what he heard: But with all that, I will strive to tell a story, that if I succeed in telling it and they don't interrupt me, it is the best of stories, and listen to me, my lords, I'm starting now."

Let it be erased that one must be, that the good may come for all, and the evil for whoever seeks it; and your Lordship be warned that the principle the ancients gave to their councils was not so, it was a

judgment by Caton Zonzorino Roman, which says: "and the evil for whoever seeks it," which comes here like a ring on the finger, so that your Lordship may stay as it is, and not seek the evil anywhere else, but let us turn to another path, since no one forces us to follow this where so many fears startle us.

"Follow your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave to me the care of the road we are to follow." "Therefore," Sancho continued, "in a place in Extremadura there was a shepherd who raised goats, I mean, he kept goats, this shepherd, or goat-raiser, as I say in my story, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess named Torralva, this shepherdess named Torralva was the daughter of a rich rancher, and this rich rancher."

Please provide the text you would like me to translate. I need the Spanish text to be able to translate it into English.

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If you wish to recount your story, Sancho, said Don Quixote, repeating twice what you are saying, you won't finish it in two days; say it immediately and tell it like a man of understanding, and if not, say nothing.

Just as I tell it, Sancho replied, all the counsels are counted in my land, and I do not know how to tell it another way, nor is it well that your lordships ask me to make new uses of it.

"Do as you please," replied Don Quixote, "since fortune wills that you should not cease to hear me."

So, my dear, continued Sancho, as I have already said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a pretty young woman, from Zahara, and she was a bit rough around the edges, because she had a few whiskers, which now I see.

Did you meet her then?" Don Quixote said.

I didn't know her, Sancho replied, but whoever told me this story said it was so true and certain that I could well swear and affirm that I had seen it all: so going and coming days and nights, the devil, who doesn't sleep and encompasses everything, made it so that the shepherd's love for the shepherdess turned into spite and ill will; and the cause, according to malicious tongues, was a certain amount of flirtation she gave him, such that it exceeded the bounds and reached the forbidden. And so much did the shepherd hate her from that point on, that he wanted to absent himself from that land so that his eyes would never see her again.

The Torralva who was rejected from the Lope, later wanted the best for her, more than she had ever wanted for her before.

That is the natural condition of women," said Don Quixote, "to scorn those who love them, and to love those who despise them: come on, Sancho.

"It happened," said Sancho, "that the shepherd put his determination into action, and, leading his goats, set off through the fields of Extremadura to cross over into the kingdoms of Portugal: the Torralva, who heard of this, followed him, and followed after him."

foot and barefoot from afar, with a broom in his hand and with a pair of knapsacks on his neck, where he carried, according to fame, a piece of mirror and another of a comb, and I don't know what little pouch of rags for the face; but he carried what he carried, which I don't want to get involved in investigating now, I will only say that they say the shepherd arrived with his livestock to cross the Guadiana River, and in that stretch it was grown and almost out of control, and along the part he arrived at there was no boat or ship, nor anyone to take him or his livestock across to the other side, which caused him much concern, because he saw that Torralva was already very close, and he was to give her much trouble with her pleas and tears, but he walked around looking so much, that he saw a fisherman who had beside him a boat so small, that only one person and a goat could fit inside it, and with all that, he spoke to him and arranged with him to take him and three hundred goats that he carried.

As the fisherman entered the boat and passed a goat, he returned and passed another, turned to return and passed another still: you may count the goats that the fisherman is passing, for if one is lost from memory, the story will end, and it will not be possible to say another word of it: I continue, then, and say that the landing place on the other side was full of goats and slippery, and the fisherman took a long time to go and return: with all this he returned for another goat, and another and another.

"Pretend you've gone through them all," said Don Quixote; "don't keep going back and forth like that, or you'll never get through them in a year."

How many have passed by so far? said Sancho.

What the devil do I know?, Quixote replied.

Here's the translation:

That's what I said I'd have a good account of it; for God's sake, it's over, there's no moving forward.

How can that be? Quixote replied.

Is it so essential to the story to know the goats that have passed by, that if one misses one of the number you cannot continue with the story? No, sir, in no way, replied Sancho, because just as I asked your graciousness that they tell me how many goats had passed, and they replied that they didn't know, in that very instant my memory fled me concerning what remained to be said, and to tell the truth, it was of much virtue and pleasure.

"So, said Don Quixote, that the story is finished?" "As finished as my mother," said Sancho.