

Don Quixote de la Mancha
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First Part

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

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

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

In the resolution, he became so engrossed in his reading, that he read night after night, line after line, and day after day, in murkiness after murkiness, and from so little sleep and so much reading, his brain dried up, so that he lost his judgment. He was filled with fantasy regarding all that he read in the books, such enchantments, as of entanglements, battles, challenges, wounds, vicissitudes, loves, storms, and impossible follies, and it settled so firmly in his imagination that it was true all that machine of those dreamed inventions he read, for him there was none other.

The most true story in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Authors say that the first adventure he undertook was the one at Puerto Lápice; others say it was the one with the windmills; but, as I have been able to ascertain in this case, and as I have found written in the annals of the Manche, is that he walked all that day, and at dusk, his horse and he found themselves tired.

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

He was approaching the inn (which seemed to him a castle), and after a short distance he reined in Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would appear at the ramparts to sound a trumpet announcing the arrival of a knight at the castle; but as he saw that they were delayed, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stables, he arrived at the door of the inn, and saw the two maids who were there, who seemed to him to be two beautiful maidens, or two graceful ladies, who were amusing themselves in front of the castle door. In this, it happened that a pig farmer, who was gathering a herd of pigs (which, forgive me, are called that way), sounded a horn, to which they responded, and instantly he showed Don Quixote what he desired, that is, that some dwarf was signaling his arrival, and so, with strange contentment, he arrived at the inn and at the ladies, who, seeing a man of that sort armed, and with lance and shield, filled with fear were going to enter the inn; but Don Quixote, perceiving their fear from their flight, raised his paper visor and revealed his dry and dusty face, with gentle bearing and calm voice, he said to them: "Do not flee your mercies, nor fear any offense, since it does not belong to my order of chivalry to inflict it on anyone, much less on such beautiful maidens, as your presence demonstrates." The maids looked at him and wandered looking for his face that the bad visor concealed; but as they heard them called "maidens," such a thing outside of their profession, they could not hold back laughter, and it was such that Don Quixote came to run and tell them: "It seems prudent to the beautiful, and it is much foolishness besides the laughter that proceeds lightly; but I do not tell you this because you offend or show bad character, for mine is not of one who serves you."

The ladies' incomprehensible speech, and the poor fit of our knight, increased their laughter and his anger; and it would pass very far on, if at that point did not appear the tavern keeper, a man who, being very fat, was very patient, who, seeing that distorted figure, armed with such unequal weapons – the bridle, lance, javelin, and haberclipe – was in nothing to accompany the maidens in their displays of joy; but, indeed, fearing the machine of so many arms, he determined to speak to him modestly, and thus he said: if your lordship, knight, seeks lodging, dismiss the bed (for there is none in this inn), all

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The merchant, as he had said, was a bit of a fool, and already had some inkling of his guest's lack of judgment, when he had just heard such reasons, and in order to have to laugh that night, he decided to follow his humor; thus he told him that he was very astute in what he wished and requested, and that such a proposal was proper and natural for such principal knights as he appeared to be, and as his noble presence showed, and that he himself, in the years of his youth, had given himself to that honorable occupation, traveling through various parts of the world seeking his adventures, without having left the pitfalls of Malaga, the islands of Riaran, the company of Seville, the azoguejo of Segovia, the olive grove of Valencia, the roundel of Granada, the beach of Sanlúcar, the colt of Córdoba, and the wells of Toledo, and other diverse places where he had exercised the lightness of his feet and subtlety of his hands, making many crooked, reclaiming many widows, undoing some maidens, and deceiving many pupils, and finally, becoming known by countless audiences and tribunals that are almost throughout Spain; and that at last he had come to collect at that his castle, where he lived with all his estate and with the foreign ones, gathering in him all the knights errant of any quality and condition that they were, only for the great affection that he had for them, and because they departed with him of their garments in payment of his good will. He also told him that in that his castle there was no chapel where to watch the arms, because it was knocked down to make it anew; but in case of need he knew that they could be watched anywhere, and that he could watch them that night in a courtyard of the castle; that in the morning, being God served, the proper ceremonies would be done in such a way that he would become a knight, and such a knight that he could not be more in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus, made up of gallop and haste, those ceremonies, never before seen, he did not notice the time for Don Quixote to see himself on horseback and set out in search of adventures; and after saddling Rocinante, he mounted him, and embracing his squire, he said to him such strange things, thanking him for the grace of having knighted him, which is impossible to accurately describe. The innkeeper, seeing him already out of the inn, with no less rhetorical phrases, though with briefer words, replied to his, and without asking for the cost of the inn, he let him go at a good hour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or you don't know, ma'am.

You are false and unfaithful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

throw the book from his hands, and put his hand to the sword, and walk with daggers against the walls; and when he was very tired, he would say that he had died fighting four giants like four towers, and the sweat he sweated from exhaustion said that it was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; and he would then drink a jug of cold water, and he would be healthy and calm, saying that that water was a most precious drink that had come to him from the wise Esquife, a great charmer and friend of his. But I am to blame for all of this, for I did not warn your mercies of my uncle's folly, so that they would remedy him before he reached what he has reached, and burn all these confounded books (which he has many), which deserve to be burned as if they were of heretics. This I say also, said the priest, and I swear that tomorrow without them will not be put on public display, and they will be condemned to the fire, because they will not give occasion for someone to read them and do what my good friend ought to have done.

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

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

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

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

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

And the first that Master Nicolás gave him in his hands was the four by Amadis de Gaula, and the priest said: this seems a matter of mystery, because, according to what I've heard, this was the first of chivalric books that was printed in Spain, and all the others have taken their beginning and origin from this; and so I think, as a dogmatizer of such a bad sect, we owe him without excuse to condemn to the fire. No, sir, said the barber, I've also heard that it's the best of all the books of this genre that have been composed, and so, as a genius in his art, he should be forgiven. It is true, said the priest, and for that reason he is granted life for now. Let's see that other one beside him. It is, said the barber, "Las sergas de Esplandián, legitimate son of Amadis de Gaula." Indeed, said the priest, that the son will not benefit from the father's goodness; take, mistress am, open that window and throw him into the pen, and begin the pile of the fire that is to be made. She did so with much pleasure, and Esplandián was flying to the pen, patiently awaiting the fire that threatened him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His book has something of good invention, it proposes something and doesn't conclude anything. It is necessary to wait for the second part which promises; perhaps with the amendment it will entirely attain the mercy that is now denied to it; and meanwhile, keep him confined in your inn, my good friend. It pleases me, replied the barber; and here come three of them together: **The Araucana** by Don Alonso de Ercilla; **The Austrian** by Don Juan Rufo, judge of Córdoba, and **The Montserrat** by Cristóbal de Virues, Valencian poet. All three of these books, said the priest, are the best that have been written in heroic verse, in the Castilian language, and they can compete with the most famous ones from Italy: guard them as the richest treasures of poetry that Spain possesses. The priest grew tired of seeing more books, and thus with a closed load, he wanted all the rest to be burned; but he already had one open, the barber's, called **The Tears of Angelica**. I wept at hearing the name, said the priest, if such a book

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

Chapter 7: Of the Second Journey of Our Good Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha

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

Turpin, it is a great loss of those who call ourselves Twelve Peers to allow so easily the victory of this tournament to go to the courtly knights, having we adventurers won the prize in the three days preceding. Pray your mercy, Mr. Companion, said the priest, that God be served that fortune changes, and that what is lost today is won tomorrow; and attend to his health for now, as it seems to me that he must be too tired, if not already badly wounded. Wounded not, said Don Quixote; but ground and broken there is no doubt about it, because that thrust from Don Roldán has broken me like a staff against the trunk of an oak, and all out of envy, because he sees that I am only the opposite of his courage; but I would not call myself Reinaldos de Montalban, if I didn't pay me for it when rising from this bed, despite all his enchantments; and for now bring me something to eat, that I know is what will do most for me, and leave the matter of avenging myself to someone else. They did so, they told him to eat, and he fell asleep again, and they were amazed by his madness."

That night I burned and consumed all the books that were in the courtyard and throughout the house, and such books should have burned, as they deserved to be kept in perpetual archives; however, his luck and the indolence of the examiner prevented it, and thus the saying was fulfilled in them, that they sometimes pay the innocent for sinners. One of the remedies that the priest and the barber gave at the time for their friend's illness was to let him die and seal up the room of books, because when he awoke he would not find them (perhaps removing the cause Caesar would remove the effect), and they said that a sorcerer had taken them away, and the room and everything. And so it was done with great speed.

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

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

received.

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

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

Chapter 8: Of the good event that the valiant Don Quixote had in the fearsome and never-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other events worthy of happy remembrance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Basque man, as he saw him coming, though he wished to step aside from the cart, which, being of the cheapest rental type, could not be trusted, he had no choice but to draw his sword; but he quickly realized he found him alongside the carriage, from where he could take a pillow which served him as a shield, and then they went at each other as if they were two mortal enemies. The people present wished to put them at peace; but he could not, because the Basque man, in his clumsy arguments, said that if they did not let him finish his battle, he himself would kill his mistress and all those who interfered with him. The lady of the carriage, amazed and fearful of what she saw, ordered the driver to divert slightly from there, and from afar she began to watch the rigorous contest, in which the Basque man delivered a great cut to Don Quixote's shoulder above his armor, leaving him open to the waist, as he gave it without defense. Don Quixote, who felt the weight of that wild blow, gave a great cry, saying: "Oh lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, aid this your knight, who, to satisfy your great kindness, finds himself in this rigorous situation!" As he said this, and as he tightened his sword, and as he covered himself with his armor, and as he charged at the Basque man, it all happened in a short time, with a determination to risk everything in a single blow. The Basque man, as he saw him coming against him, understood his courage through his boldness, and he decided to do the same as Don Quixote: and so he waited, well covered with his pillow, without being able to circle the cart to either side, since, tired of pure exhaustion and not accustomed to such foolishness, he could not take a step. So, as has been said, Don Quixote came against the cautious Basque man with his sword raised, with a determination to open a way through him, and the Basque man waited for him, with his sword raised and covered with his pillow, and all those present were fearful and hanging on what was about to happen from those great blows that threatened them, and the lady of the carriage and her other servants were making thousands of vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, because God would save their squire and them from that great danger in which they found themselves. But this was the damage of all this, that at this point and ending, the author of this story leaves this battle, excusing himself for not finding written about these follies of Don Quixote, of which he leaves them referred. It is true that the second author of this work did not want to believe that such a curious story was entrusted to the laws of oblivion, nor that the minds of La Mancha had been so little curious as not to have in their archives or in their offices some papers that treated of this famous knight; and so, with this imagination, he did not despair of finding the end of this peaceful story, which, being favorable to him, found it as it had been told in the next chapter.

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

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

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

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

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

If any objection can be raised regarding its truth, it can only be that it was the work of its Arab author, being very proper of that nation to be liars, though because they are so much our enemies, it is more understandable that it is lacking in it, which is too much: and so it seems to me, because when it could and should extend the pen in the praise of such a good knight, it seems that through industry it passes it by in silence; a badly done and poorly considered thing, and historians should be precise, true and not overly passionate, and that neither interest nor fear, nor rancor nor affection, should make them deviate from the path of truth, whose mother is history, a model of time, a repository of actions, a witness to the past, an example and warning for the present, a warning for the future. In this I am sure that everything I would dare to wish for in the most peaceful is found here, and if anything good is lacking in it, for me it was due to the fault of its author, rather than due to the lack of the subject.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here I brought an onion and a bit of cheese, and I don't know how many crumbs of bread, said Sancho; but they are not delicacies belonging to so valiant a knight as yourself. "You misunderstand this," replied Don Quijote: "let me tell you, Sancho, that it is an honor of knights-errant not to eat in a month, and when they do eat, it should be of what they find most at hand; and this would be certain if you had read as many stories as I have, though many they have been, in none have I

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

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

And in this, they did what he had said was betrayal, the two ate in good peace and company; but eager to find where to lodge that night, they finished their poor and dry food with great brevity. They then mounted their horses, and hurried to reach a town before nightfall; but it failed them to reach the sun and the hope of achieving what they desired near a few cottages of some sheep, and thus they decided to spend the night there, which was of gloom to Sancho not reaching a town, was of contentment for his master to sleep it under the open sky, as it seemed to him that every time this happened was to commit an act of possession that facilitated the proof of his chivalry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONIO

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

Because I know you're wise.

In what you wanted, I affirm that it was never a miserable love that was known.

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

Beyond that, amidst his accusations and honest deviations.

Perhaps hope shows the hem of her dress.

Dive at the bait

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

If love is courteous.

of which you have a surplus
which is, as I imagine, the end of my hopes.
And if they are services, part of it
to make a benign chest, some of those I've made strengthen my game.
Because, if you've looked into it, you've probably seen more than once that I wear what honored me on Sunday.
As love and the gala walk the same path, at all times I wanted to show myself polished in your eyes.
I'm giving up dancing for your sake.
Neither the music paints you.
what you've heard at all hours and when the rooster crows.
I don't count praises.
I've said so much about your beauty, and though true, they make me seem a fool.

Teresa del Berrocal

I was praising you, he said:
He thinks he loves an angel, and comes to adore a badger. Mercy to the many sayings.
and the false hair
hypocritical beauties
that deceives love itself. Deny it, and it will anger.
His cousin came back for her, he challenged me, and you know,
what I did and what he did.
I don't want you, little one.
I don't expect you and I serve you.

about Barragani■a

How good my plan is. The girls have the church.
What are "lazadas de sirgo," put your neck in the strainer, you'll see how I do mine.
Where not, from here, I swear by the most blessed saint, of not leaving these lands except for cappuccino.

With this he made the shepherd end his song, and though Don Quixote begged him to sing something more, Sancho Panza refused him, for he was more inclined to sleep than to listen to music. And so he said to his master: Your grace may rest where it will, for the work of these good men does not allow them to spend the nights singing. You understand me, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, for it is clear to me that the visits of Zacheus ask for more reward of sleep than of music. Everyone agrees, blessed be God, replied Sancho. I deny it, retorted Don Quixote; but rest where you wish, for those of my profession seem to sleep better than to work; but with all that, it would be well, Sancho, that you cure me this ear, for it is aching more than it ought. Sancho did as he was ordered; and seeing one of the shepherds the wound, he said, "Do not be afraid, for I will remedy it, and it will heal easily." Taking some leaves of rosemary, which there was plenty of, he mashed them and mixed them with a little salt, and applying them to the ear, he bandaged it very well, assuring him that no other medicine was needed. And so it was true.

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

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

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

And Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him that he was dead and that she was a shepherdess. To which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the deceased was a wealthy young man, a neighbor of a place in those mountains, who had been a student for many years in Salamanca, after which he had returned to his place with the opinion of a very wise and well-read man.

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

abandoned in pursuit of that shepherdess Marcela whom our young man named beforehand, of whom the deceased from Grisotomo had fallen in love. And I want to say this now, because it is well that you should know it, who this girl is; perhaps and even without perhaps you haven't heard such a thing in all the days of your life, though you have lived more years than mange. Tell, Sarra, replied Don Quixote, unable to suffer the changing of the words of the shepherd. Tired is mange, replied Pedro; and if, sir, you are to be going about wounding the words at every step, we shall not finish in a year. Forgive me, friend, said Don Quixote, for having so much difference of mange in Sarra I told you; but you answered very well, because he lives more mange than Sarra, and continue your story, I will not contradict you further in anything.

Therefore, Lord of my soul, said the shepherd, that in our village there was a farmer richer than the father of Grisotomo, who was called Guillermo, and whom God gave, Amen, of many and great riches, a daughter, from whose birth his mother died, who was the most honored woman that there was in all these surroundings; it does not seem that now I see her with that face, that from one end the sun and from the other the moon, and above all industrious and friendly to the poor, so that I believe she must be at the hour of hour enjoying God in the other world. Despite the death of such a good woman, her husband Guillermo died, leaving his daughter Marcela a girl and rich in power from a uncle of his, a priest, and benefited in our place. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it made us remember that of her mother, that she had it very large, and with all this it was judged that she would have the same fate as her daughter; and so it was, that when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years, nobody looked at her that did not bless God, that had so beautifully raised her, and the most were in love and lost by her. Her uncle kept her with much discretion and with much enclosure, but with all this, the fame of her great beauty spread in such a way, that by her, as by her many riches, not only of the people of our village, but of those of many leagues around, and of the best of them, her uncle was begged, solicited and harassed to give her as a wife. But he, who on the right is a good Christian, although he would like to marry her later, as he saw her of age, did not want to do it without her consent, without having regard for the farming and husbandry that he offered by having the girl's estate, extending her marriage. And to faith that this was said in more than one tavern in the village in

praise of the good priest. That I want you to know, Lord of the Foot, that in these short places everything is discussed and everything is murmured; and have for you, as I have for me, that the cleric must be exceedingly good, obliging his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in the villages.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Never a knight

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

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

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

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

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

Sir, Don Quixote replied, it cannot be less in any way, and it would be against his case that the knight-errant should do anything else; for it is already in use and custom among knight-errants that the knight-errant, when he undertakes some great feat of arms, should return to his lady before him, with soft and lovingly eyes, as if he begged of them to favor and protect him in the doubtful predicament he faces; and even if no one hears him, he is obliged to say some words.

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

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

Then it is of essence that every knight-errant must be enamored, said the wanderer; well one may believe that your mercies are so, since from the profession, and if your mercies do not pride themselves on being as secret as Don Galaor, with the veritas that I can, I beg, in the name of all this company and in mine, to tell us the name, homeland, quality and beauty of their lady, that she will be deemed fortunate that the whole world knows that she is loved and served by such a knight as your mercies seem. Here came a great sigh from Don Quixote and he said: I will not affirm whether the sweet my enemy-woman likes or not that the world knows that I serve her; I can only say, answering to what is asked of me with so much prudence, that her name is Dulcinea, her homeland the Toboso, a place in the Mancha; her quality at least must be princess, since she is queen and my lady; her beauty superhuman, since in her are made true all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty that poets give to their ladies; that her hair is gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows arches of the sky, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips corals, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, marble her breast, ivory her hands, her whiteness snow; and the parts that the honesty covered from the human sight are such, according to what I think and understand, that alone discreet consideration can appreciate them and not compare them. The lineage, ancestry, and family name we would like to know, replied Vivaldo. To which response Don Quixote: it is not of the ancient Curcios, Gayos and Cipiones Roman, nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinos, nor of the Moncadas and Requesens of Catalonia, nor less of the Rebellas and Villenovas of Valencia, Palafoxes Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces and Gurreas of Aragon; Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas and Guzmanes of Castile; Alencastros, Pallas and Meneses of Portugal; but it is of the ones from Toboso of the Mancha, lineage, although modern, such that it can give

generous beginning to the most illustrious.

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

Don't move them.

I can't handle Roldán's test.

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

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

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

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

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

Grotestomy's Song

Since you want, cruel, it to be published.

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

Let the very hell itself announce it.

To my sad, grieving chest,

with the common use of my voice bending.

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

of the terrible voice will come the accent

and in it mixed pieces of the miserable entrails.

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

for my pleasure and your chest.

The roar of the lion, the fierce wolf

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

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

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

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

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

Amid so much confusion, not the sands.

The father Tajo will hear the sad echoes.

not even from famous Betis olives:

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

Either in dark valleys or in elusive, bare beaches of human contract.

where the sun never showed its light, or among the poisonous throng

of beasts that feed the Nislo plain:

Let the muffled echoes of my uncertain woes sound with your strictness, for the privilege of my brief moments will be carried by the wide world.

Kill a suspicion, a terrified patience, or a true or false suspicion; kill jealousy with such fierce rigor.

Long absence disconcerts life; against a fear of oblivion, it does not seize firm hope of felicitous fortune.

In all there is a certain, inevitable death; but I, a miracle never seen! live jealously, absent, scornful, and certain.

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

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

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

Should I close my eyes, if I must die

For a thousand wounds to the soul opened? Who doesn't open wide the doors to distrust, when they see the traitor discovered, and the suspicions! Oh, bitter conversion! Established truths turned into lies?

Oh, in the kingdom of love, fierce tyrants, jealousy! Put iron in these hands. Dam, since, a twisted rope.

Woe to me! Your cruel victory drowns out suffering.

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

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

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

and that in witness of the evils that love does us with, its empire maintains in just peace.

And with this opinion and a tight deadline, accelerating the miserable timeframe.

To what have I been led by your scorn, I offer to the winds my body and soul without a laurel or palm of future blessings.

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

to this weary life that I hate;

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

How joyful I offer myself to your rigor;

If by that you know that I deserve that the clear sky of your beautiful eyes should cloud over in my death, do not do it, I don't want you to in any way satisfy him by giving me the spoils of my soul.

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

to see my life end so soon.

Come on, it's time now, with the deep Tantalus' thirst, Sisyphus comes

with the terrible weight of his song.

Ticio, bring a vulture, and likewise with Egion, don't stop, nor the sisters who work so much.

And all of us together, our mortal sorrow, transfer to my breast, and in a low voice.

(if there is a desperate son due)

sing sorrowful, painful songs

to the body even if the tomb denies it.

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

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

Desperate song, don't complain when you leave my sad companion; rather, let the cause of your birth with my misfortune increase his fortune, even in the grave do not be sad.

It seemed to those who had heard the song by Grisotomo that the one who read it said it didn't seem to conform with the relationship he had heard of Marce's reserve and kindness, because Grisotomo complained in it of jealousy, suspicions, and absence, all to the detriment of Marce's good credit and good reputation, to which Ambrosio responded as someone who well knew the most

Hidden thoughts of his friend; so that, sir, you may satisfy yourself with this doubt, it is well that you know that when this unfortunate writer composed this song, he was absent from Marcela, of whom he had been absent by his own will, to see if she used with him the absence of her ordinary duties; and as to the absent lover there is nothing that does not fatigue him,

nor fear that does not reach him, thus it fatigued Griso■stomo the imagined jealousies and the feared suspicions as if they were true; and with this, the truth remains in its place that the fame proclaims of the goodness of Marcela; which, besides being cruel and a little arrogant, and very disdainful, envy neither must nor can lack her anything. Thus is the truth, replied Vivaldo; and wanting to read another paper of those he had reserved from the fire, a marvelous vision interrupted him (as it seemed to him) that was suddenly offered to the eyes, and it seemed that, above the pit where the grave was dug, the shepherdess Marcela appeared so beautiful, that she passed into fame in beauty. Those who until then had not seen her looked at her with admiration and silence, and those who were already accustomed to see her were no less suspended than those who had never seen her. But as soon as she had seen her, Ambrosio, with displays of indignant spirit, said to her: "Do you come to perhaps, oh fierce basilisk from these mountains, to pour blood upon the wounds of this miserable man to whom your cruelty took away his life; or do you come to boast in the cruel deeds of your condition, or to see from that height, like another ruthless Nero, the fire of his burned Rome, or to tread arrogantly this unfortunate corpse, like the ungrateful daughter to that of her father Tarquin? Tell us quickly what you come for, or what is it that you most desire, for knowing that the thoughts of Griso■stomo never ceased to obey you in life, I will make you, even dead, obey the thoughts of all those who called themselves his friends."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lies here, a novice.

the miserable frozen body

He was a cattleman, lost by heartbreak.

Died due to rigor mortis

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

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

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

The wise Cide Hamete Benengeli recounts that, just as Don Quijote bade farewell to his guests and all those present at the funeral of Grisostomo the shepherd, he and his squire entered the same forest where they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and having walked more than two hours within it, searching for her in every direction without finding her, they came to a meadow full of fresh grass, beside which ran a peaceful and cool stream, so refreshing that it invited and compelled them to spend the hours of the siesta there, as they were already beginning to enter. Don Quijote and Sancho were appeased, and leaving the donkey and Rocinante to their own devices in the abundant grass, they unladen the panniers, and without ceremony, in good peace and company, master and boy ate what they found within them. Sancho had not yet cured himself of casting a playful glance at Rocinante, certain that he knew him for such a gentle and docile beast that all the mares of the Cordoba pasture would not make him take offense. Therefore, fate and the devil decreed that he should not always sleep, as a herd of Galician jacas were grazing in that valley, overseen by Yanguese shepherds, for it was customary for them to pasture with their pack animals in places and locations with grass and water; and the place where Don Quijote had managed to find himself was very appropriate for the Yangueses.

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

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

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

And he replied to his master, "I would have breath to be able to speak a little rested, and that the pain I have in this rib should vanish as much as possible, to make you understand, Belly, in the error you are in. Come here, sinner: if the wind of fortune, until now so contrary, turns in our favor, filling our sails of desire so that we certainly and without any contrast take harbor in one of the islands that I have promised you, what would become of you if, winning it, I made you lord of them? You would come to impossible it by not being a knight, or wanting to be one, or having courage or intention to avenge your insults and defend your lordship; because you must know that in the kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the spirits of their natives are never so quiet, nor so from the new lord, that there is no fear that they will make some novelty to alter again the things and return, as they say, to try fortune; and therefore it is necessary that the new possessor has understanding to know how to govern, and courage to offend and defend himself in any event. In this that has now happened to us, replied Sancho, I would have this understanding and that courage that your grace says; but I swear to the faith of a poor man, that I am more for mischief than for platitudes. Look, your grace, if it can be raised and helped, and we will help Rocinante, although he does not deserve it, because he was the main cause of all this annoyance; I never believed so much of Rocinante, that I considered him a loyal person and so peaceful as I. In short, it is said that it is necessary a lot of time to come to know people, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would say that after such great stabbings as your grace has given to that unfortunate walker, there would come by post and in his follow this great storm of branches that has been discharged on our backs? Even yours, Sancho, replied Don Quijote, must have

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

Quijote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and misfortunes, and that it is in potential propincua to be knights-errant kings and emperors, as experience has shown in many and diverse knights of whose histories I have complete knowledge. And you may now recount, if pain allowed, of some who, solely by the valor of their arm, have risen to the high degrees that I have recounted, and these same men were before and after in various calamities and miseries, because the valiant Amadís of Gaula was taken into the power of his mortal enemy Arcaláus the enchanter, of whom it is known that he gave him, having him imprisoned, more than two hundred lashes with the reins of his horse, tied to a column of a courtyard; and there is even a secret author and of no little credit who says that, having caught the knight of Phoebus with a certain trap, he fell beneath his feet into a certain castle, when he fell, he found himself in a deep pit beneath the earth, tied hand and foot, and there they threw into him one of those which they call melecinas of snow water and sand, of which he was brought very low, and if not succored in that great fortune by a wise great friend of his, the poor knight would have passed very badly...

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

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

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

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

All these plastics were listening very attentively, Don Quixote said, sitting as he could, taking the traveler's hand, "Believe me, beautiful lady, that you may call yourselves fortunate for having lodged in this your castle my person, which is such that if I do not praise it, it is for what is commonly said, that self-praise does debase, but my squire will tell you who I am; I

only tell you that I will have eternally written in my memory the service that you have done for me to thank you while life lasts; and I pray to the high heavens that love does not have me so yielding and so subject to its laws, and the eyes of that beautiful ungrateful one that I say among my teeth, that the eyes of this beautiful lady were lords of my freedom."

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

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

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

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

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

pursuing the good, to put me in this bed, where I lie so bruised and broken, that although I would like to satisfy your wish, it would be impossible; and more than this impossibility is added another greater, which is the promised faith that I have given to the unparalleled Dulcinea of the Toboso, the only lady of my most hidden thoughts; that if this were not to be taken into account, I would not be so sane knight to let pass in blank the lucky occasion that your great kindness has put me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Having done this, he himself wished to experience the virtue of that precious balm which he imagined; and so he drank from what would not fit into the sack, and it remained in the pot where it had been cooked with almost half a pint of quicksilver, and scarcely had he finished drinking it when he began to vomit so that nothing remained in his stomach, and with the pangs and agitation of the vomiting he gave forth a copious sweat, whereupon he ordered him to wrap him up and leave him alone. They did so, and he fell asleep for more than three hours, after which he awoke and felt himself wonderfully relieved from his ailment, and so much better from his affliction that he was considered to be cured, and truly he believed he had succeeded with the balm of Fierabras, and that with that remedy he could henceforth undertake anything without any fear whatsoever.

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

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

They were watching all those who passed, more than twenty people in number; he watched also the daughter of the vendor; and he did not take his eyes from her, and every now and then he would cast a sigh, which seemed to spring from the depths of his entrails, and all thought that it must be from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who had seen him brawl the previous night. Since they had been together on horseback, when at the door of the stall he called to the vendor, and with a very calm and grave voice he said: Many and very great are the mercies, Lord Lieutenant, that I have received in your castle, and I am bound by obligation to thank you for them every day of my life; if I can pay you by avenging you against some arrogant man who has done you a wrong, know that my trade is none other than to help those who are little, to avenge those who receive injuries, and to punish insolences; review your memories, and if you find anything of this kind to entrust to me, there is only one thing, that I promise you by the order of knighthood that I received, to make you satisfied and paid according to your will.

The vendor replied with the same composure: "Sir, I have no need of your vengeance, for I know how to take revenge when it is done to me; I only require you to pay the expense you have incurred this night at the stall, for the straw and barley of your two beasts, as for the supper and beds." "Then is this a stall?" retorted Don Quixote. "And very honorably," replied the vendor. "I have lived in deception up to this point," retorted Don Quixote, "for, in truth, I thought it was a castle, and not a bad one, but, since it is not a castle but a stall, what can be done for now is that you forgive the payment, as I cannot violate the orders of the knights-errant, of whom I am certain (without having read anything to the contrary until now) that they never paid for lodging, nor anything in sale where they were, because they are due a right and a duty for any good welcome that is made to them, in payment for the unbearable toil that they endure seeking adventures by night and by day."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sancho arrived at his master, withered and faint, so much so that he could not control his donkey. When Don Quixote saw him like this, he said, "Now I truly believe, Sancho, that that castle or inn is haunted without a doubt, because those who so cruelly took your pleasure, what could they be but ghosts and folk from the other world? And I confirm this, for having seen that when I was by the fences of the yard watching the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not climb them, nor could I dismount from Rocinante, because they must have enchanted me; I swear to you by the faith of whom I am, that if I could climb or dismount, I would have avenged you in such a way that those ruffians and villains would remember the jest forever, although in doing so I would have contravened the laws of chivalry, as I have many times told you, which do not allow a knight to lay hands on anyone who is not one, unless it be in defense of his own life and person in case of urgent and great need."

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

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

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

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

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

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

from where the two armies must be discovered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was the first blow, and such the second, that it became necessary for the poor knight to dismount from his horse. The shepherds arrived at him, and believing that he had died, and so with great haste they gathered their cattle, and loaded up with the dead oxen, without inquiring about anything else, they departed. All this time Sancho was on the hillside, watching his master's follies, pulling at his beard, cursing the hour and the moment when fortune had revealed itself to him. Seeing him fallen to the ground, and having already departed the shepherds, he descended from the hillside and arrived at him, finding him in very poor taste, although he had not lost his senses, and he said to him: "Didn't I tell you, Lord Don Quixote, that you should turn back, that the things you were going to attack were not armies, but herds of sheep?"

"You see, Sancho, it is very easy for such people to make us appear as they wish, and this evil man who pursues me, envious of the glory I see that I am about to attain from this battle, has turned squadrons of enemies into flocks of sheep. If you would only do one thing, Sancho, for my life, because you must believe and see that what I tell you is true: get on your donkey and follow them gracefully, and you will see, as you move away from here, that they return to their original form, and, leaving behind being sheep, they are men made and right as I first painted them, but do not go now, for I need your favor and help; come to me, and see how many teeth and gums I lack, as it seems to me that none remain in my mouth."

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

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

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

With all that, replied Don Quixote, I would take more than a quarter of bread, or a loaf and two heads of sardines, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even the learned Doctor Laguna; but with all that, mount on your donkey, Sancho the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and going in his service as we go, for he does not fail the mosquitoes in the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water, and he is so merciful that he makes his sun shine upon the good and bad, and it rains upon the unjust and just. It was much better, said Sancho, for preacher than for knight-errant. Of all this they know and must know the knights-errant, said Don Quixote, because there has been a knight-errant in the past centuries who would stand to give a sermon or discourse on a royal road, as if he

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

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

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

"Woe is me!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire gave him, "nothing would I more wish than that I had been felled with an arm, namely that of the sword; for I make you know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without stone, and in much more ought to be valued a tooth than a diamond; but all this aside, we who profess the strict order of chivalry are bound. Climb up, friend, and guide me, and I will follow you wherever you wish. Thus did Sancho, and he set off in the direction he thought he might find shelter, without leaving the royal road, which was very frequently travelled by it. So he gradually eased himself, because of Don Quixote's jaw pain, which did not let him rest or attend to being hasty, and Sancho amused and entertained him by saying to him something, which will be said in the next chapter."

Chapter 19: Of the subtle reasons which Don Quixote gave his squire, and of the adventure which befell him with a dead body, and other famous events.

It seems to me, my lord, that all these misfortunes that these days have befallen us, without a doubt, have been due to your grace's sin against the order of chivalry, not having fulfilled the oath that you made of not eating bread at tables nor with the queen Folgar, with all that which follows and your grace swore to fulfill, until that alms of Malandrino, or as the Moor is called, which I don't recall well. You have much reason, Sancho, said Don Quijote; but to tell you the truth, it had passed me by from memory and you can also be certain that because of the fault of not having remembered it in time, that happened to you with the cloak; but I will make amends, for there are many modes of composition in the order of chivalry for everything. ¿And did I swear anything for that? replied Sancho. It does not matter that you have not sworn, said Don Quijote; it is enough that I understand you are not very sure of being a participant, and whether or not, it will not be bad to provide you with a remedy. Since it is so, said Sancho, see your grace, do not forget this as you have forgotten the oath; perhaps they will again be inclined to seek solace with me, and even with your grace, if they see you so persistent.

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

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

Fearful was the vision of every point, and the spirit of Sancho Panza was entirely defeated, for he began to grind his teeth like one with a toothache; and the grinding and clicking grew greater when they saw what it was, because they discovered

twenty armed men, all on horseback, with their swords burning in their hands, behind whom came a litter draped in mourning, which was followed by six more on horseback, also dressed in mourning from their mules' heels, who clearly saw that they were not horses walking with the calm with which they moved; the armed men were murmuring to each other in a low and compassionate voice.

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

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

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

I am a bachelor, I am only a bachelor, and my name is Alonso Lopez; I am from Alcovendas, I come from the city of Baeza with other eleven priests, who fled with the axes, we are going to the city of Segovia, accompanying a dead body that is on that litter, belonging to a knight who died in Baeza, where he was deposited, and now, as I said, we were taking his bones to his grave, which is in Segovia, where he was originally from.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hearing this, the bachelor left, as said before, without replying a word. He wished Don Quixote to see if the body that had come on the litter was bone or not; but Sancho prevented him, saying, "My lord, your grace has ended this perilous adventure in the safest way of all that I have seen; this people, though defeated and ruined, might realize that only one person had defeated them, and, ashamed and humiliated by this, they would return to their senses and seek us out, and we might understand them well. The donkey is as he comes, the mountain near, hunger weighs heavily, there is nothing to do but withdraw with dignified composure, and as they say, let the dead go to their tombs and the living to their loaf of bread." And urging his donkey forward, he begged his lord to follow him, who, finding that Sancho was right, without replying a word, followed him. And as they made a short distance together between two small hills, they found themselves in a spacious and hidden valley, where they dismounted, and Sancho relieved the donkey; and lying down on the green grass, they ate, drank, had a snack, and dined at the same spot, satisfying their stomachs with more than one basket brought by the clergy of the deceased (who rarely allow anything to pass badly) in the provision of their replacement; but another misfortune occurred to Sancho, which he considered the worst of all, and it was that they had no wine to drink, nor water to reach their mouths, and, harassed by thirst, said Sancho, seeing that the meadow where they were was full of green and tender grass, which will be said in the next chapter.

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

It is impossible, my lord, but these herbs testify that somewhere nearby there must be a spring or stream that moistens the ground, and therefore it would be well for us to go a little further on, for we shall surely find where we can alleviate this terrible thirst that exhausts us, which undoubtedly causes greater sorrow than hunger. It seemed to him a good council, and taking the reins of Rocinante, and Sancho of the saddle to his donkey after having placed upon him the dishes from the dinner, they began to walk on the meadow, step by step, because the darkness of the night did not allow them to see anything; but they had not walked two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, as if it came from

some large and raised rocks. The noise delighted them greatly, and, stopping to listen in what direction it sounded, they heard, at that time, another crash that extinguished the delight of the water, especially to Sancho who was naturally timid and of little spirit: I say that they heard it striking rhythmically, with a certain creaking of irons and chains, accompanied by the furious crash of the water, which instilled fear in any heart that was not Don Quijote's.

It was night, as has been said, dark, and they had wisely chosen to be among tall trees, whose leaves, moved by the gentle wind, made a fearful and mild noise; so that solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water with the whispering of the leaves, all caused horror and fright, and more when they saw that the blows did not cease, nor did the wind sleep, nor did the morning arrive, adding to all this the ignorance of the place where they were; but Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, sprang upon Rocinante, and embracing his saddle, he hurled his lance and said, "Sancho, friend, you must know that I was born, by the will of heaven, in our age of iron, to revive in it the age of gold or the golden one, as it is usually called; I am he for whom the dangers are kept, the great feats, the valiant deeds; I am, I say once more, he who must revive those of the Round Table, the twelve of France and the nine of Fame, and he who must put the Platirs, the Talkers, the Olivantes and Tirantes, Febos and Belianises, and the whole herd of famous knights of the past time, to rest, making in this in which I find myself such grandeur, strangenesses and deeds of arms, that they frighten the clearest that they performed. You well note, faithful and loyal squire, the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused roar of these trees, the fearful noise of that water in whose search we come, which seems to hang and collapse from the high mountains of the moon, and that incessant striking that wounds and hurts the ears; all these things together, and each one by itself, are enough to instill fear, dread and terror in the chest of even Mars, much more in that who is not accustomed to such events and adventures; for all this that I paint to you are incentives and awakeners of my spirit, that it already makes my heart burst in my chest with the desire to undertake this adventure, despite how difficult it appears; so tighten Rocinante's girth and wait for God, and wait for me here for three days at most, in which, if I do not return, you can return to our village, and from there, to ask me mercy and good deeds, you will go to Toboso, where you will tell the incomparable lady mine, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died for undertaking things that would make him worthy of being his own.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It happened," said Sancho, "that the shepherd put his determination into action, and, leading his goats, set off through the fields of Extremadura to pass into the kingdoms of Portugal: the Torralva, who heard of this, followed him, and followed after him."

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

"Pretend you've already gone through them all," said Don Quijote; "don't go back and forth like that, or you'll never get through them in a year. How many have you already gone through?" asked Sancho. "I have no idea," replied Don Quijote. "Here is what I said I would keep a good account of; for goodness sake, the story is finished, there's no moving forward. How can that be?" asked Don Quijote. "It's so essential to the story to know the goats that have passed by, that if you miss one of the number you can't continue with the story?" Don Quijote asked. "No, sir, in no way," replied Sancho, "because just as I asked your mercy to tell me how many goats had passed, and he told me he didn't know, in that very instant everything I had left to say vanished from my memory, and I swear it was of great virtue and contentment." "So, said Don Quijote, is the story finished?" "It's as finished as my mother," said Sancho.

"Truly, replied Don Quixote, you have told one of the newest counsels, tales, or stories that no one in the world could have thought of, and such a way of telling it, or leaving it off, would never be seen or had ever been seen in a lifetime, though I did not expect other things from your good speech; but I am not astonished, for perhaps these blows, which do not cease, have disturbed your understanding. Everything is possible," Sancho replied; "but I know that in what you said there is nothing more to be said, that there it ends and begins the error of the account of the passage of the goats." "Let the matter end as it pleases," said Don Quixote, "and let us see if Rocinante can be moved."

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

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

I turned again to try fortune, and it happened so well that, with no more noise and commotion than in the past, he was free from the burden that had given him so much sorrow; but as Don Quixote had the sense of smell as keen as that of the ears, and Sancho was so close and attached to him, that they almost rose in a straight line, it could not be excused that some did not reach his nostrils, and as soon as they had arrived, he went to offer help by pressing them between his two fingers, and with a somewhat awkward tone, he said: "It seems to me, Sancho, that you are very afraid." "I am, Sancho replied: "but what do you see now more than ever?" "What you smell now more than amber," replied Don Quixote.

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

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

As Rocinante was free, though he was by no means boastful, it seemed he was affected and began to slap with his hands, because he didn't know how to trot, with his master's pardon. Seeing, therefore, Don Quijote that Rocinante was already moving, he took it as a good sign, and he believed that it was the cause for him to undertake that fearful adventure. It ended in this of discovering the dawn, and of appearing distinctly the things, and Don Quijote saw that he was among some tall trees, that were chestnut trees, that make the shadow very dark, he also felt that the beating did not cease, but he did not see who was causing it, and so, without further delay, he made Rocinante feel the spurs, and turning to say goodbye to Sancho, he ordered him to wait there for three days at most, as he had already said it another time, and if he had not returned after those days, he would surely believe that God had been served by ending his days in that dangerous adventure.

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

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

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

From these tears and the determination so honorable of Sancho Panza, the author of this story draws out a character who should have been a good man, and at the very least a Christian old man: whose feelings moved something within his master, but not so much as to show any weakness, instead, he disguised it as best he could, and began to walk towards the place where he thought the noise of the water and the beating came from.

Followed Sancho on foot, carrying, as he had the habit of doing, from the captain of horses to his donkey, his perpetual companion in his prosperous and adverse fortunes; and having walked a good piece through those chestnut trees and gloomy trees, they came upon a small ravine that at the foot of some high fir trees, from which a great splash of water fell.

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

Rocinante was agitated by the roar of the water and the crashes, and Don Quijote soothed him, gradually approaching the houses; he entrusted himself entirely to his lady, begging her to favor him on that fearful day and undertaking, and along the way he also entrusted himself to God that he would not forget him. Sancho did not leave his side, who stretched as far as he could with his neck and sight between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could already see what so suspenseful and fearful he had him.

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

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

I also looked at Don Quixote at Sancho, and lo and behold he had his cheeks puffed up, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of wanting to burst with it, and his melancholy could not with him, so that at the sight of Sancho he might cease laughing, and as Sancho saw that his master had begun, he released the prey so that he needed to tighten the little ones with his fists in order not to burst laughing. Four times he calmed himself, and as many times he returned to his laughter with the same impetus as before, of which Don Quixote was already giving the devil, and more when he heard him say: "You must know, oh Sancho friend! that I was not born by the will of heaven in this our age of iron to resurrect in it the golden or of gold; I am he for whom the dangers are kept, the great jests, the valiant deeds." And here he repeated all the most reasons that Don Quixote said the first time they heard the fearful blows.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote that Sancho made fun of him, he was so enraged in so many ways that he threw his lance and struck him two paces, such that if he had received them on his back as he received them on his head, he would be free from paying his wages, if not to his heirs.

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

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

"There is no more, my lord," Sancho replied, "though I confess I have wandered a bit too much in merriment; but tell me, my lord, now that we are at peace, as God deliver us from all the adventures that may befall us so soundly and safely as he has delivered us from this: was it not a thing to laugh at, and it is a thing to tell, the great fear we have had?" At least, he who I had, your lord, already knows not, nor does he know it is fear or terror.

"I deny it," replied Don Quixote, "that what has happened to us is not worthy of laughter; but it is not worthy of being told, that not all people are so discreet as to know how to put things in their proper perspective."

At least, replied Sancho, you know how to put the lance in its place, aiming it at my head and giving me on my back: thanks to God and the diligence I put into turning aside; but mark my words, everything will turn out in the wash, as I've heard said: he likes you well, he makes you cry; and more, that the principal lords often give a kick to a servant after saying a bad word to him, although I don't know what they usually give him after having given him a beating, if it's not that knights often give beatings to islands or kingdoms on firm land.

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

"I don't believe it," replied Don Quixote, "that such knights were ever in the pay of anyone, but rather at the mercy of fortune; and if I have now pointed you out to you in the sealed will which I leave in my house, it was for what might happen, and I do not know how to prove it in these so calamitous times of chivalry, and I didn't want you to be punished in the other world for trifling matters; because you must know, Sancho, that there is no greater danger there than that of adventurers. That is true indeed," said Sancho, "for only the noise of a hammer's beat could agitate and unsettle the heart of such a valiant adventurer as you are; you can be sure that from this time forward I will not open my lips to..."

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

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

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

As it was then that it began to rain a little, and I would have liked Sancho to enter the windmill of the batanes; but because Don Quixote had caused Sancho to harbor such a dislike due to the heavy mockery, he refused to enter in any way; and so, turning the road to the right hand, they came upon another like the one they had taken the day before.

Just then, Don Quixote saw a man on horseback carrying something on his head that shone as if it were gold, and he had barely seen him when he turned to Sancho and said:

It seems to me, Sancho, that there is no proverb that is not true, because all are sentences drawn from the same experience, the mother of all sciences, especially that which says: "Where one door closes, another opens." I say this because if fortune closed the door we were seeking last night, deceiving us with the batanes, now it opens wide for another, a better and more certain adventure; and if I fail to enter it, the blame will be mine, without me being able to attribute it to the little news of the batanes nor to the darkness of the night. I say this because, if I am deceived, one comes towards us who carries on his head the helmet of Mambrino, concerning the oath that you know.

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

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

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

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

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

"That is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote. "Step aside to one side and let me have him alone. You will see, without a word, to save time, I conclude this adventure and the helmet that I so desired is now mine."

—I am taking care to withdraw, I reply — Sancho said — but God willing, I repeat, let it be oregano, and not bay leaves.

—I've already told you, brother, that you mustn't lie to me, not for a second, but about the beaches —said Don Quixote—; I swear it, and I say no more, that you'll ruin your soul.

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

It was, therefore, the case that the helmet, and the horse and knight that Don Quixote beheld, was this: that in that outline there were two places, one so small that it had neither apothecary nor barber, and the other, which was by [him], yes; and thus, the barber of the greater served the smaller, in which a sick man needed to be bled and another to have his beard cut, for which the barber came, and brought a dyeing bath; and fortune favored that, at the same time that he came, it began to rain, and, because his hat was not stained, which must have been new, he put the bath on his head; and as it was clean, it shone from half a league off. He came on a brown donkey, as Sancho said, and this was the occasion that seemed to Don Quixote to be a grey horse rolling, and a knight, and a helmet of gold; for all the things that he saw, he easily accommodated them to his various knightly pursuits and nefarious thoughts. And when he saw that the poor knight was approaching, without reasoning with him, he disrupted Rocinante's gallop with the lance beneath, intending to pass him side by side; but when he reached him, without stopping the fury of his run, he said to him:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Do you know what I imagine, Sancho? That this famous piece from this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have come into the hands of someone who didn't know how to recognize or estimate its value, and, not knowing what he was doing, seeing it as pure gold, he must have melted the other half to take advantage of the price, and from that half this one, which seems to have been a barber's kiss, as you say. But whatever it is; that for me...

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

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

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

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

"You are a bad Christian, Sancho," he said, hearing this, Don Quixote, "because you never forget the insult that has been done to you; for you know that it is not the custom of noble and generous breasts to disregard the follies of a boy. What limp foot have you, what broken ribs, what shattered head, so that you should not remember that mockery? Let us get to the point, it was a jest and a pastime; and had I not understood you so keenly, I would have gone back there and done you more harm than the Greeks did for the stolen Helen. Which, if it were in this time, or my Dulcinea in those days, you could be sure she would not have such a reputation for beauty as she has."

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

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

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

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

"I'm not very sure about that," Quixote replied; and, in case of doubt, until I'm better informed, I say that exchangers, if you even need them, are of little use."

—It's so extreme — Sancho replied — that if it were for myself, I wouldn't need more.

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

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

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

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

My Lord, would you grant me leave to speak with him a little? For since that harsh command of silence he imposed upon me, more than four things have festered in my stomach, and a single one that I now have on the tip of my tongue he wished not to be misconstrued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

–What more –said Sancho–, than to have a barber and an attendant hired at home? And even, if it were necessary, I will make him go after me, as a squire of great importance.

—Well, how do you know that the great ones have their squires behind them—Don Quixote asked—

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

—I say you are right —said Don Quixote—, and that therefore you may take your barber along with you; that customs did not all come together, nor were they invented at once, and you may be the first count who carries his barber after him; and it is even more trustworthy to shave one's face than to saddle a horse.

"Leave that barber to my care," said Sancho, "and let your lordship take care of trying to become king and me to become count."

"That shall be so," Quijote replied.

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

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

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

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

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

—I don't say that — Sancho replied — but that it's people who, because of their crimes, are condemned to serve the king on the galleys against their will.

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

"That's so — Sancho said."

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

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

I arrived, in this, on the chain of the galeotes, and Don Quixote, with very courteous reasons, requested those who were in his custody to be served with information and to tell him the cause, or causes, by which that people behaved in that way.

One of the cavalry guards replied that they were galeotes, people of His Majesty who traveled in galleys, and that there was nothing more to say, nor did he have anything more to know.

—With all that—replied Don Quixote—I wanted to know, in particular, the cause of their misfortune.

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

Although we have here the record and faith of the sentences of each of these unfortunate ones, this is not the time to stop them from taking them out and reading them; your mercy may approach and ask them themselves, that they will say if they wish, if yes, because it is people who take pleasure in making and saying beautiful things.

With this license, which Don Quixote would take even if it weren't given to him, he ended up in chains, and the first one asked him why he was in such a bad state. He replied that he was in that state because of his love.

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

"They are not loves like those you might think –said the jailer–; mine were those I loved so much a basket of bleaching linen, crammed with white clothes, that I embraced it with such force that, if they hadn't taken away my justice by force, I still wouldn't have let it go against my will. It was fragrant, there was no place for torment; the cause was concluded, they accommodated my back with one hundred, and as an addition three precise sips of gurapas, and the work was finished."

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

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

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

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

And one of the guards said:

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

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

And which, passing to the third, asked them what the others had said; and which, quickly and with much haste, replied and said:

I'm going to spend five years paying the Gurapas ten ducats for insulting me.

–I'd give twenty good denarios for you to be freed from that trouble—said Don Quixote.

"That seems to me," replied the hangman, "like someone with money in the middle of the gulf and dying of hunger, without knowing where to buy what they need. I said it because if in my time I had those twenty ducats that you offer now, I would have used them to lubricate the clockmaker's pendulum and rekindle the ingenuity of the procurator, so that today I would see myself in the middle of the Zocodover square in Toledo, and not on this road, hunted like a hare; but God is great: patience and that's enough."

Sir Quixote went up to the fourth room, which was a man of venerable face with a white beard that reached his chest; hearing him asked the reason for his presence there, he began to weep and gave no answer; but the fifth condemned man served as his interpreter, and said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was trying to make it so that everyone would relax and live in peace and quiet, without worries or sorrows; but this good intention hasn't served me to stop going to places where I don't expect to return, as the years and a urinary problem I have, which doesn't allow me to rest for a while, burden me.

And here I return to his weeping, as at first; and your Sancho showed so much compassion that he took a real of four, from the bosom, and was given as alms.

Sir Quixote moved on, and asked another man about his crime, who replied with even more audacity than before.

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

He was a student by habit, and one of the guards said he was a very talkative and very kind Latino.

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

–What crimes could he have –said Don Quixote–, if they haven't deserved more than being thrown overboard from the galleys?

"That's ten years," replied the guard, "which is like a quiet death. Don't want to know more, since that good man is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, who is also called Ginesillo de Parapilla."

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

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

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

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

–If they call –Gines replied–, but I will make sure they don't call me, or I'll fight with my teeth where I say so, Sir Knight. If you have something to give us, give it to us now, and God be with you, you're already angry with so much wanting to know other people's lives; and if the lady wants to know, let her know that I am Gine■s de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers.

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

–And I'd remove him –said Gine■s–, if he were to remain for two hundred ducats.

–Is it so good? –said Don Quixote.

—It's so good —Gines replied— that it's a bad year for Lazarillo de Tormes and for all those of that genre who have been written or will be written. What I should tell him is that it deals in truths, and that those truths are so beautiful and so painful that they cannot be matched by any lies.

—And what is the title of the book? —asked Don Quixote. —The life of Ginés de Pasamonte —replied the same. —And is it finished? —asked Don Quixote.

—How could it be finished —he replied—, if my life is not yet finished? What is written is from my birth until the last time they threw me out of the galleys.

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

“To serve God and the king, I have been four years again, and I know what the sponge cake and the cornbread know —replied Gines; and it doesn't weigh much on me to go to them, because there I will have a place to finish my book, for I have many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is more tranquility than would be needed, although it is not much more for what I have to write, because I know it by heart.”

—You seem skilled—said Don Quixote.

—And alas,— he replied — because misfortunes always pursue good wit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I helped Sancho, for his part, with the release of Ginés de Pasamonte, who was the first to jump into the free campaign and unshackled, and, attacking the fallen commissioner, he took away his sword and shotgun, with which, aiming at one and pointing at the other, never wasting a shot, there was no guard in the whole field, because they fled, as with Pasamonte's shotgun as with the many stones that the now free convicts threw at them.

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

wound, he would go out to look for the criminals, and he told his master that, and he begged him that after that they leave and ambush themselves in the sierra, which was nearby.

—That's fine —said Don Quixote —but I know what now needs to be done.

And calling all the cutthroats, who were in a frenzy and had stripped the commissioner down to his breeches, they all gathered around to see what he ordered, and he told them:

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

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

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

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

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

Only the donkey and Rocinante remained; the donkey, with his head bowed and thoughtful, shaking his ears from time to time, thinking that the storm of stones had not yet ceased, which his ears were pursuing; Rocinante, lying beside his master, who had also fallen to the ground from another stone; Sancho, in a ball and afraid of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote, utterly miserable at being so badly affected by those to whom he had done so much good.

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

Seeing himself so badly in disrepair, he said to his squire:

—Always, Sancho, I have heard it said that doing good for villains is like throwing water into the sea. If I had believed what you told me, I would have excused this misery; but it is already done: patience, and to learn from this for the future.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sancho quickly took it, and, although the suitcase was closed with a chain and its lock, he saw what was inside, which were four shirts of fine Holland and other things of canvas, no less curious than clean, and in a linen sack he found a good heap of gold escudos; and as he saw them, he said:

Blessed be all the heavens, that it has dealt us an adventure that will be profitable!

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

“It seems to me, Sancho, and it is not possible that it be otherwise, that some lost traveler must have passed through this sierra, and, stumbling upon bandits, they must have killed him, and brought him here to bury him in this so hidden part.”

–That can't be – Sancho replied –, because if they were thieves, they wouldn't leave this money here.

“You speak the truth,” said Don Quixote, “and yes, I don't foresee nor do I understand what this may be; but wait: let us see if in this book of memory there is anything written by which we may trace and come to knowledge of what we desire.”

Abriólo, and the first thing he found in the writing, as a draft, though in very good handwriting, was a sonnet, which, reading it aloud because Sancho also heard it, saw that it said in this way:

Love lacks knowledge.

He's either too cruel, or he's not my sorrow.

just as it condemns me

to the most tormented gender.

But if love is God, it's an argument.

nothing is overlooked, and that's very good reason

That a god should not be cruel. After all, who orders the terrible pain that I adore and feel?

If I say that you are you, Fili, I miss.

So much bad in so much good doesn't fit.

This ruin is falling from the sky.

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

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

—What thread is here?—said Don Quixote.

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

"All I said was Fili," replied Don Quixote, "and he, without a doubt, is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and, I swear, it must be reasonable for a poet to use it, or I know very little of the art."

—Then, you mean you understand him, gentlemen?

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

—Your Majesties —said Sancho—, that you would find something to satisfy us. Don Quixote returned and said:

This is prose, and it seems like a letter.

—Do you want a letter, sir? —asked Sancho.

—In the beginning it seems nothing but love—Quixote replied.

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

—Let me place —said Don Quixote.

And reading it aloud, as Sancho had begged him to do, he saw that it said this way:

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

Having just finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said:

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

And, leafing through almost the whole little book, I found other verses and letters, which some read and others did not; but what all contained were complaints, laments, distrusts, tastes and tastelessness, favors and disdain, some solemnized and others wept.

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

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

With great desire remained the Knight of the Sad Figure to know who the owner of the suitcase was, conjecturing, by the sonnet and letter, by the gold money, and by the so good shirts, that he must be of some principal enamored, to whom disdain and bad treatments from his lady must have led to some desperate end. But, as that uninhabitable and thorny place did not seem to have anyone from whom to inquire, he did not bother with anything other than to move forward, without taking another path than that which Rocinante wanted, which was the one he could walk on, always with imagination that could not be lacking in those thickets some strange adventure.

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

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

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

"That's how it will be," said the Man of Sad Figures, "and I'm very pleased that you're relying on my spirit, which will not fail you, though it lacks the spirit of the body. And come now little by little, or as you can, and make the eyes lanterns; we will surround this place: perhaps we'll encounter that man we saw, who, without a doubt, is none other than the owner of our discovery."

Sancho replied:

It would be far better not to look for him, because if we find him and if he were the owner of the money, of course I would have to return it; and so, it would be better, without making this useless diligence, to possess him in good faith until, through a less curious and diligent means, he appeared to be his true lord; and perhaps it would be in time to have spent it, and then the king would acquit me.

"You've engaged in that, Sancho – replied Don Quixote –; for, since we have fallen under suspicion as to who his master is, almost before, we are obliged to seek him out and confront him; and if we did not seek him, the vehement suspicion we have that he is our master puts us already in so much guilt as if he were. So, Sancho friend, don't let the searching for him trouble you, for if I find him, it will be taken away from me."

And so, Don Quixote struck Rocinante, and Sancho followed with his accustomed donkey; and, having circled part of the mountain, they found in a stream, dead and half eaten by dogs and ravens, a saddled and bridled mule; all of which confirmed in them more the suspicion that he who fled was the owner of the mule and the cushion.

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

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

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

–I found her too – the shepherd replied –, but I never wanted to raise her or reach her, fearing some theft and that she wouldn't be asked for it as stolen; it is the

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

"That's exactly what I say – replied Sancho –: I found it too, and I didn't want to reach it with a stone; I left it there and it stays there as it is, I don't want a dog with a bell."

–Tell me, good man –said Don Quixote–, do you know who owns these garments?

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

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

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

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

Chapter 24: Where the adventure in the Sierra Morena continues

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

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

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

The Knight of the Forest, having so much heard of the man with the Sorrowful Figure, did nothing but stare at him, and make him stare up and down; and after having well looked at him, he said to him:

If you have anything to give me to eat, for God's sake, give it to me; after I have eaten, I will do whatever you command me, in gratitude for such good wishes that have been shown to me here.

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

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

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

These reasons of the Rogue brought to mind the tale that his squire had told him, when he did not ascertain the number of goats that had crossed the river, and the story remained unfinished. But, returning to the Rogue, he continued saying:

This precaution I take is because I wanted to briefly go over the tale of my misfortunes; that bringing them to memory serves no other purpose than to add others, and the less you question me, the sooner I will finish telling them, since I won't leave out anything of importance to completely satisfy your desire.

Don Quijote promised it on behalf of others, and he began this way with this insurance:

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

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

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

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

When he heard a book of chivalry.

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

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

He didn't raise his head, nor did he answer a word; but after a good space of time, he raised it and said:

It's stuck in my mind, and there's no one in the world who could take it out of my head, and no one who would tell me anything different, and it would be a great shame for anyone to understand or believe the opposite – but that charming bastard of Master Elisabat was having an affair with Queen Madísima.

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

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

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

Allow me, my lord Knight of the Sad Figure; for he is as a villain as I am, and is not armored, I can safely satisfy myself with the offense he has done me, fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honor.

"That's right," said Don Quixote; "but I know he has no fault in what happened."

I calmed him with that, and Don Quixote asked the shepherd again if it was possible to find Cardenio, because he still longed greatly to know the end of his story. I told the shepherd what I had first said to him, that he didn't know for certain of his persistent fellow; but that if he walked much in those surroundings, he wouldn't fail to find him, either sane or mad.

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

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

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

"Now you understand me, Sancho – replied Don Quixote – you die because I've raised the challenge I have set you on the tongue. Let it be raised, and say what you wish, with the condition that this raising will not last longer than as soon as we go through these mountains."

"Sea as it is—said Sancho; let me speak now, that afterward God knows what will be; and beginning to enjoy this safe conduct, I ask, what do you good in returning so much for that Queen Magimasa, or whatever her name is? Or what business had that abbot to be her friend or not? For if your mercies were with it, then he was not her judge, I surely believe the madman would have gone ahead with his story, and they would have saved the blow of the pebbles, and the shouting, and more than six turnscoons."

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

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

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

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

"Neither do I say it nor do I think it," Sancho replied; "let them have it there; let them eat it with their bread; if they were courtesans, or not, God will have judged them; I come from my vineyards, I know nothing; I am not fond of knowing the lives of others; he who buys and lies, feels it in his purse. More, that I was born naked, I find myself naked: I neither gain nor lose; but if they were, what does it concern me? And many think there are hogs, and there are no stakes. But who can put locks on the field?" "More, they said it was from God."

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

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

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

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

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

-In my coach? – Sancho said.

"Yes," said Don Quixote; "because if you return quickly from where I intend to send you, my sorrow will soon end, and my glory will soon begin. And because it is not well that you should have such suspense, waiting for my reasons to be settled, I want you to know that the famous Amadis of Gaula was one of the most perfect."

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

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

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

"You have not told me," replied Don Quixote, "that I desire to imitate Amadis, making here of the despairing, the bewildered, and the furious, in order to imitate jointly with the valiant Don Roland, when he found in a fountain the signs that Angelica the Beautiful had committed an outrage with Medoro; from whose misery he became mad, and tore up the trees, muddied the waters of the clear fountains, slew shepherds, destroyed cattle, set fire to cottages, pulled down houses, dragged mares, and committed other a hundred thousand insolences, worthy of eternal name and writing? And, since I do not intend to imitate Roland, or Orlando, or Rotolando – that all these three names I had – part by part, in all the follies that he did and thought, I will make the sketch, as best I can, in those that seem to me most essential. And it may be that I shall be content with only the imitation of Amadis, who, without making follies of harm, but of tears and feelings, attained such fame as the greatest."

"It seems to me," Sancho said, "that the knights who did that were provoked and had cause to commit those follies and penances; but your lordship, what cause have you to go mad? What lady has scorned you, or what signs has he found that lead him to understand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has made some mockery of a Moor or a Christian?"

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

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

To which Sancho replied:

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

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

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

This is the place, oh heavens, where I weep and choose to lament the misfortune in which you yourselves have placed me. This is the site where the humor of my eyes will increase the flow of this small stream, and my constant and profound sighs will continuously move the leaves of these thorny trees, as a testimony and sign of the sorrow that my wounded heart suffers. Oh you, whoever you may be, rustic gods who have your dwelling in this uninhabitable place, heed the complaints of this unfortunate lover, who a long absence and imagined...

Jealousy has come to lament itself among these harshnesses, and to complain about the cruel condition of that ungrateful and beautiful woman, the end and the end of all human beauty! Oh you, nymphs and dryads, who have a habit of dwelling in the thickets of the mountains, let the light-hearted and lascivious satyrs, of whom you are, though in vain, loved, never disturb your sweet tranquility, let you help me lament my misfortune, or, at least, do not tire of this! Oh Dulcinea of Toboso, day of my night, glory of my sorrow. North of my paths, star of my fortune, let the heavens give you goodness as soon as you succeed in asking for it, let you consider the place and the state to which your absence has led me, and let you correspond with the good term to which it is owed to my faith! Oh solitary trees, that from now on you must be companions to my solitude, give me an indication, with the soft movement of your branches, that you do not despise my presence! Oh you, my squire, pleasant companion in my prosperous and adverse events, take well into memory what here I will do, so that you tell and recite to the entire cause of all this!

And saying this, he dismounted from Rocinante, and in a moment he took away the brake and the saddle; and, giving him a pat on the flanks, he said,

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

Seeing this, Sancho said:

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

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

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

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

"For God's sake – Sancho said – please look how those mortars are operated; for such a hardship it could end, and at that point, that the first one would finish the machine of that penance; and it would seem to me that, since it appears to your grace that they are necessary here, and that this work cannot be done without them, you would be content, because all of this is a sham and the opposite, you would be content. By giving them to her in the water, or in something soft, like cotton; and let me be excused, I will tell my lady that your grace gives them in the sharpest of penalties, harder than a diamond."

"I appreciate your good intentions, friend Sancho," Don Quixote replied; "but I wish to make you know that all these things I do are not for mockery, but..."

very truly; because otherwise, it would be to contravene the orders of chivalry, which tell us that we must not say any falsehood, under penalty of dismissal, and doing a thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore, my female soldiers must be truthful, firm, and dependable, without carrying any sophistry or fantasy. And it will be necessary that you leave me some lines to heal me, since fortune willed that we be left without the balm that we lost.

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

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

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

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

“That's true,” said the Sad Figure; “but what shall we do to write the letter?”

-And the pollen of the bee, too? -added Sancho.

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

—What are we to do with the firm?—Sancho said.

-Never were Amadis' letters signed – replied Don Quixote.

-That's all right– Sancho replied; but the bond must be signed, and that one is transferable, they will say the signature is false, and I will be left without anything.

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

-There, there!” said Sancho. “Is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, known by another name, Aldonza Lorenzo?”

-That is so -said Don Quixote-, and it is the one that deserves to be mistress of the whole universe.

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

and get angry about it.”

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

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

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

I took the book of memory, Don Quixote, and, moving to one side, began to write the letter with great composure, and when he finished he called Sancho and told him he wanted him to read it, because he would memorize it, in case he lost it on the way, because of his misfortune, everything could be feared. To which Sancho replied:

Write it down for me, my lord, twice or three times there in the book, and give it to him, that I will take it well guarded; because thinking that I am to take it into my memory is foolishness; that I have it so badly, that many times I forget my own name. But, with all that, tell me, my lord, that I will make much allowance for him; that it must go as a model.

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

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

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

Yours until death.

The Knight of the Sad Figure

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

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

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

-Let me place it- said Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

At least, I want, Sancho, and because it is so necessary, I want, I say, that you see me in leather, and make one or two dozen follies, which I will do in less than half an hour, because having you see them with your eyes, you can swear to your liking in the others you would add; and I assure you that you will not say as many as I intend to do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"As I will do," Sancho Panza replied.

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

I say, sir, that your grace has spoken very well: that I may swear without a burden of conscience that I have seen you do foolish things, it will be well if I even see one, though I have seen a very large one in your grace's workshop.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Millions of Ave Marias. And what fatigued him greatly was not finding another hermit there to confess to and with whom to seek solace; and so he amused himself by walking about the little meadow, writing and engraving many verses on the bark of the trees and on the fine sand, all arranged to his sadness, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those who could be found whole and who could be read after he was found there were no more than these that follow here.

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

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

From Toboso.

This is the place where

the most devoted admirer

He hides from his lord.

and it has come to such a bad state

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

that's a terrible mistake;

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

From Toboso.

Seeking adventures

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

not with his soft strap;

and touching his ankle

Here, Don Quixote wept.

Dulcinea's absences

From Toboso.

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

And he would be left wrapped in sighs and verses, to tell what happened to Sancho Panza in his master's management; and it happened that when going down the royal road, he set out in search of the one from Toboso, and one day he arrived at the inn where what had happened to him was, and how he had seen the letter when he had liked it well, when it seemed to him that he was again in the air, and he didn't want to enter it, even though he arrived at a time when he could and should have done it, because it was a day for eating and wanting to please with something hot, that there were great days when everything was cured meat.

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

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

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

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

My friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?

I then learned of Sancho Panza and determined to conceal the place and fortune where and how his master remained; and so he replied to them that his master remained occupied in some part and in some matter which was of much importance to him, which he could not discover, by the eyes which he had in his face.

-No, no -said the barber-, Sancho Panza, if you don't tell us where it is, we'll imagine, as we've already imagined, that you've killed and stolen him, since you come on top of his horse. Truly, you'll give us the honey, or something like it, my dear.

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

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

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

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

"How is that?" the barber replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's right," said Sancho. "Then, if I don't misremember, it continued... if I don't misremember: "He arrived and lacking any dream, and the wounded kisses your hands, ungrateful and very unfamiliar beautiful," and I don't know what he said about health and illness that he sent him, and he would go scuttling along like this, until he ended in 'Your until death, the Knight of the Sad Figure.'"

They were very pleased to see the good memory of Sancho Panza, and they praised him greatly, and they asked him to say the letter twice more, so that they themselves might memorize it to take it to their time. Sancho repeated it three times more, and others repeated it another three thousand foolish remarks. After this, I myself recounted the things of my master; but I did not speak a word about the misfortune that had befallen him in that inn where he refused to enter. I also told how his lord, when bringing him good news from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, intended to set out to find a way to become emperor, or at least a monarch; that was what they had arranged between the two of them, and it was a very easy thing to become so, according to the worth of his person and the strength of his arm; and that when he did, he would marry him, because he already would be a widower, and he would give him as a wife a maiden of the empress, heir to a rich and great estate of land, without islands or islets, which he no longer desired.

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

To which Sancho replied:

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

"They are usually given—replied the priest— some benefit, simple or cured, or some sacristy, which is worth them a great deal of rental income, plus the altar boy's stipend, which is usually estimated at the same amount."

"For that, it will be necessary," Sancho replied, "that the squire not be married, and that he know how to help at another church, at least; and if this is the case, woe to me, for I am married and do not know the first letter of the priest!" "What will become of me if my lord takes a fancy to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the custom and practice of

wandering knights?”

Don't be offended, Sancho my friend – said the barber; for here we shall beg your master to advise him to be emperor and not archbishop, because it will be easier for him, as he is braver than a student.

“That's how it has seemed to me,” Sancho replied; “though I must say that he has skill in everything. What I intend to do on my part is to pray to our Lord that he send you to places where he is most honored and where he makes me most gracious.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sancho arrived there, and seeing the two of them in that costume, he could not have laughter. Indeed, the barber came to everything the priest wished, and, changing the invention, the priest was informing him of the way he was to have it, and the words he was to say to Don Quixote to move him and force him to come with him, and abandon the fondness for the place he had chosen for his vain penance. The barber replied that without being urged, he would put him well in his place. He did not want to dress until they were beside where Don Quixote was, and thus, he folded his clothes, and the priest groomed his beard, and followed their way, guided by Sancho Panza; who was recounting to them what happened to him with the madman he found in the sierra, concealing however, the discovery of the chest and everything that was in it; for, surely, the young man was a little greedy.

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had left the markers of branches to determine the spot where he had left his lord; and, upon recognizing it, he told them that it was the entrance, and that they could dress themselves, if it was fitting for their lord's freedom; because they had told him before that going in this way and dressing in this fashion was the whole importance of rescuing his master from the bad life he had chosen, and that they charged him not to tell his master who they were, nor that they knew them; and that if he asked them, as he was to ask him, whether he had given the letter to Dulcinea, he should say yes, and that, because he did not know how to read, he had answered him orally, telling him that he sent him, under penalty of his misfortune, that he should come to see her immediately, which was something that mattered greatly to him; because with this and with what they thought to tell him they considered it a sure thing to reduce him to a better life, and to make with him that he would then set out to become emperor or monarch; that he need not fear about being a bishop.

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

Sancho squeezed himself through those ravines of the sierra, leaving the two of them in a place where a small and gentle stream flowed, offering them pleasant and cool shade from other rocks and some trees that were there. The heat and the day they arrived was that of August, which in those parts is usually very intense; the time was three in the afternoon: all of which made the place most pleasant, and that invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, as they did.

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

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

Longing

And who increases my pains?

Jealousy

And who's testing my patience? Absence.

In that way, in my ailment

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

And who will restore my glory?

Fortune

And who condones my grief?

The sky.

In that way, I hesitate.

to die from this strange illness

it increases my damage

love, fortune, and heaven.

Who will improve my luck?

Death.

And the good of love, who can reach it? Moving.

And his ills, who cures them? Madness.

That's not sensible.

to cure passion

when remedies are

death, move, and madness.

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

Sonnet

Beloved friendship, with gentle wings,

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

You ascended joyfully to the imperial halls.

From there, whenever you want, they will point out the just peace covered with a veil.

which sometimes reveals passion

Of good deeds that, in the end, are bad. Leave the heavens, oh friendship!, or do not allow deception to wear your livery.

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

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

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

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

She has been in doing the life I make, trying to draw me out of the best part; but since they do not know that I see, that in exiting this damage I must fall into another greater, perhaps they must have me for a man of weak words, and even, what would be worse, by nobody's judgment. And it would not be a wonder that it were so, because it appears to me that the force of the imagination of my misfortunes is so intense and can so much in my ruin, that, without me being able to be part to hinder it, I come to be left as stone, lacking all good sense and knowledge; and I come to understand this truth when some tell me and show signs of the things I have done while that terrible accident dominates me, and I know no more than to grieve in vain and curse, without profit, my fortune, and give as excuse for my madnesses the saying of the cause of them to all who wish to hear it; because seeing the wise what is the cause, they will not be astonished by the effects, and if they did not give me remedy, at least, they will not give me blame, turning their anger at my awkwardness into pity for my misfortunes. And if you, gentlemen, come with the same intention that others have come, before you proceed in your discreet persuasions, I beg you to hear the story, which has none, of my misadventures, because perhaps, after understanding, you will save yourselves from the work you will take in consoling a misery which is incapable of any comfort.

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

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

Lusinda Cardenio

Each day I discover in you values that force and compel me to esteem you, and thus, if you wished to free me from this debt without executing it against your honor, you could do so very well. I have a father who knows you and likes me well, who, without forcing my will, would fulfill what is justly yours, if you esteem me as you say, and as I believe.

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

Oh ambitious Mario, oh cruel Catiline, oh facinorous Sila, oh deceitful Galathea, oh traitorous Vellido, oh vengeful Julian, oh greedy Judas! Traitor, cruel, vengeful, and deceitful, what wrongs had you done to this sad one, who with so much plainness...

Did I discover the secrets and joys of your heart? What offense did I commit? What words did I say, or what advice did I give, that were not all aimed at increasing your honor and your profit? But what am I complaining about, wretched of my fate, since it is a certain thing that when misfortunes come, the current of the stars, as they come from high to low, suspending themselves with fury and with violence, there is no force on earth that can stop them, nor human industry that can prevent them? Who could have imagined that Don Fernando, a noble and illustrious knight, discreet, bound by my services, powerful to achieve whatever loving desire he asked for wherever he found himself, would have become hardened, as is often said, in taking me, a single sheep, which I still did not possess? But let these considerations be set aside, as useless and without benefit, and let us bind the broken thread of my unfortunate story.

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

I arrived at the place where I was sent; I delivered the letters to Fernando's brother; I was received well, but not dispatched well, because he ordered me to wait, to my great displeasure, eight days, and in a place where the duke did not see his

father, because his brother wrote him that he should send him certain money without his knowledge; and all of it was the invention of the false Fernando, for his brother had money enough to send me away immediately. This order he put me in a condition not to obey him, as it seemed to me impossible to sustain my life for so many days in the absence of Luscinda, and more so having left her with the sadness that I have told you; but, with all this, I obeyed, as a good servant, though I saw that it would be at the cost of my health. But after four days I arrived there, a man came in search of me with a letter, which he gave me, and in the superscription I recognized it to be from Luscinda, because the handwriting

It was his. Abrila, fearful and startled, believing that something big must have been the one that had moved her to write to me while I was absent, since she rarely did so. She asked the man, before reading it, who had given it to her and how long she had taken on the journey; he told me that passing through a city street at midday, a very beautiful lady called to her from a window, with tears in her eyes, and that with great haste she said: "-Brother, if you are Christian, as you seem to be, for love of God, please immediately send this letter to the place and the person named in the address, as everything is well known, and you will do a great service to our Lord; and so that you may have comfort to do it, take what is in this handkerchief." "-And saying this, he threw at me a handkerchief, in which were one hundred reales and this gold ring that I carry, with that letter that he gave me. And then, without waiting for my reply, he left the window; although first he saw me take the letter and the handkerchief, and by signs he told me that he would do what I commanded. And so, seeing me so well paid for the work that I could take in bringing it to him, and knowing by the address that you were the one to whom it was sent, because I, sir, know you very well, and also obliged by the tears of that beautiful lady, I decided not to trust another person, but to come myself to give it to you, and in ten and six hours that it took for it to be given to me, I have made the journey, which you know is of ten and eight leagues."

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

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

In sum, these were the reasons that contained her, and the ones that made me set out afterward, without expecting any other answer or more money; well clear then that the purchase of the horses, but the purchase of her liking, had moved Don Fernando to send me his brother. The anger that I conceived against Don Fernando, along with the fear of losing the pledge that I had earned with many years of service and desires, gave me wings, for, almost as in flight, another day I took my place, at the point and hour that suited me to go to speak to Luscinda. I entered secretly and left a mule in which I came to the good man who had brought her to me, and fortune then favored me so much that I found Luscinda standing at the grate, witness to our loves. Luscinda then greeted me, and I greeted her; but not as she ought to have greeted me, and I to greet her. But who is there in the world who can be praised for having penetrated and known the confused thought and changeable condition of a woman? None, certainly. Therefore, I say that as Luscinda saw me, she said:

Cardenio is dressed for the wedding; Fernando the traitor and my father the greedy one are already waiting for me in the sitting room, along with other witnesses who would sooner wish me dead than see me married. Do not trouble yourself, my friend, but try to find a way to prevent this sacrifice, for I carry a dagger hidden, which could thwart even the most determined forces, bringing about my death and the beginning of you knowing the will I have had and still have.

I replied to him, agitated and anxious, fearful that I wouldn't have a place to respond to her.

Do this, madam, your true works, your words; if you carry a dagger to prove yourself, here I carry a sword to defend you with it, or to kill me if fortune is against us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cardenio ended his long, unhappy and loving talk there; and as the priest was preparing to offer him some comforting words, a voice arrived in his ears that he heard in anguished accents saying what would be said in the fourth part of this narrative; that in this point, the wise and attentive historian Cide Hamete Benengeli ended the third part.

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

Delighted and fortunate were the times when the audacious knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, was introduced to the world, for having had such a noble determination as was to revive and return to the world the already lost and almost dead order of chivalry, we now enjoy, in our age, needing cheerful amusements, not only of the sweetness of its true story, but also of its tales and episodes, which, in part, are no less pleasing and ingenious and true than the story itself; which, continuing its tangled and rough thread, recounts that just as the cleric began to take precautions to comfort Cardenio, he

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

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

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

This, since it is not Luscinda, it is not a human person, but divine.

The waiter removed his cap, shaking it from side to side and beginning to brush and scatter some hair, as if the sun could have given them some.

envy. With this they discovered that the one who appeared a shepherdess was a woman, and delicate, and even the most beautiful that their eyes had yet seen, and even Cardenio's, had they not looked and known Luscinda; for afterward she affirmed that only the beauty of Luscinda could contend with her. The long and golden hair did not only cover her back, but concealed all around her beneath it, that if it were not for the feet, nothing else of her body resembled: such and like were they. In this, they served them as a comb, for what the feet in the water had resembled pieces of crystal, the hands in the hair resembled pieces of tightly packed snow; all of which, to greater admiration, and greater desire to know who she was, put the three who looked at her. Therefore they determined to show themselves; and at the movement they made of rising to their feet, the beautiful girl raised her head and, parting her hair from before her eyes with both hands, looked at those who made the noise; and as soon as they had seen them, she rose to her feet and, without waiting to put on shoes, nor to gather her hair, quickly formed a bundle, like that of clothes, which she had beside her, and wished to flee, full of confusion and startle; but she had not given six steps, when, unable to suffer the delicate feet the roughness of the stones, she stumbled upon the ground. Which being seen by the three, they rushed to her, and the priest was the first who said:

Stop, madam, whoever you may be; those you see here only intend to serve you: there is no point in your fleeing so impudently, for neither your feet nor we can endure it.

Amid all this, she wasn't saying a word, stunned and confused. The priest, therefore, approached her, and continued saying:

What your attire, madam, denies us, your hair reveals: clear signs that should not be disregarded, the causes that have disguised your beauty in so unworthy a guise, and betraying you to such solitude as this, in which it has been chance to find you, not to remedy your ills, at the very least, to offer you advice, since no evil can fatigue so much, or reach such an extreme of being, while life remains, that it avoids not hearing, even, the advice that is given to those who suffer it with good intentions. So, madam, or sir, whatever you wish to be, shed the startle that our sight has caused you, and tell us your good or bad fortune; for in us together, or in each of you, you will find someone who will help you to feel your misfortunes.

As the priest offered these reasons, the disguised girl was spellbound, gazing at them all without moving her lips or uttering a word, as if a rustic villager suddenly presented with strange and unfamiliar things would never have seen them before. But as the priest continued to offer her other reasons to the same effect, she gave a deep sigh, breaking the silence and saying:

"Because the solitude of these mountains hasn't been meant to conceal me, and the looseness of my dilapidated hair hasn't allowed my tongue to be deceitful, albeit it would be more out of courtesy than for any other reason to feign once again what I would actually believe you. I say this to you, gentlemen, for which I thank you for the offer you've made, which has put me under obligation to satisfy you in everything you've requested, because I fear that the relationship you'll make of my misfortunes will cause you, alongside the compassion, the gloom. Because you won't find remedy to fix them, nor solace to entertain them. But, with all this, because I won't waver in your intentions, having already been known to you as a woman and seeing myself as a young girl, alone and in this outfit, all things together and each one separately, that can overturn any honest credit, I will tell you what I would like to keep silent about, if I could."

He said all this without stopping, such a beautiful woman he seemed to be, with such a loose tongue, with such a soft voice, that we admired her discretion just as much as her beauty. And turning to make new offers and new pleas for her to fulfill what she promised, she, without doing more than beg, adjusted herself with all honesty and gathered her hair, settled into a seat of stone, and, with the three of them seated around her, straining to stop some tears that were coming to their eyes, with a calm and clear voice, she began the story of her life in this way:

In this Andalusia there is a place where one takes title by a duke, who makes him one of those called great in Spain; this one has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate and, apparently, of his good customs, and the younger, I do not know what he is heir to, but rather to the betrayals of Vellido and the deceptions of Galalon. These vassals are my parents, humble in lineage, but so rich that if their possessions were equal to their fortune, neither of them would desire anything more, nor would I fear being plunged into the misfortune I find myself in; because perhaps my little misfortune comes from the fact that they did not have it in not having been born illustrious. It is true that they are not so low that they can affront themselves from their state, nor so high that they take away my imagination that comes from their humility. They, in short, are farmers, plain people, without mixture of any ill-sounding race, and, as is often said, old rancorous Christians; but so rich that their wealth and magnificent treatment gradually acquire the name of *hidalgos* for them, and even of knights. Since it was from the greatest wealth and nobility that they valued was for me to consider myself as a daughter; and so, because they did not have another or another to inherit it as if they were parents and fans, I was one of the most favored daughters that parents ever favored.

It was the mirror of their age, the badge of their old age, and the subject to whom they directed themselves, measuring them with the sky, all their desires; of which, being so good, mine did not come out a point. And just as I was mistress of their spirits, so was I of their estate: for me they were received and dismissed, the servants; the reason and account of what was sown and gathered passed through my hand; the oil mills, the wine presses, the number of the great and small cattle, the number of the apiaries. Finally, of all that a rich farmer like my father can have and has, I had the account, and I was the mistress and lady, with so much my own interest and so much their pleasure, that I could not rightly exaggerate it. The moments of the day that were left to me, after having given what was convenient to the majors, the overseers, and other laborers, entertained me in exercises which are as lawful as necessary for young women, such as those offered by the needle and the leather board, and the treadle many times; and if ever, to refresh the spirit, these exercises she left, she took me to the entertainment of reading some devotional book, or to play the harp, because experience showed me that music composes broken spirits and alleviates the pains that arise from the soul. This, then, was the life that I had in my parents' house, which, if so particularly I have told, has not been for boasting, nor to make understand that I am rich, but to warn how without guilt I have come from that good state that I have said to the unfortunate in which now I find myself.

Therefore, it is the case that, having spent my life in so many occupations and such confinement, that of a monastery could be compared to it, without being seen, as far as I am concerned, to anyone of the household servants, because the days I went to mass were so in the morning, and so accompanied by my mother and other servants, and I so covered and reserved, that they barely saw my eyes more than from the place where I put my feet, and, with all this, those of love, or those of idleness, if you prefer to call them, could not be matched by those of the discerning.

There was no properly naming Don Fernando when the story was being told, when Cardenio's color changed in his face, and he began to perspire, with such great disturbance that the priest and the barber, who looked at it, feared that this accident of madness had come to him, as it had been heard that it occasionally did. But Cardenio did nothing but perspire and remain still, staring from one moment to another at the farmhand, imagining who she was; and she, without noticing Cardenio's movements, continued her story.

And he hadn't seen me well, when, according to him, I was so caught up in my loves that his demonstrations made it clear how much he held me. But to quickly end the story of my misfortunes, I want to go about the errands that Don Fernando did to declare his will in silence: I bribed everyone in my house; he gave and offered gifts and favors to my relatives; the days were all festivals and rejoicing in my street; the nights didn't let anyone sleep with the music; the bills that, without knowing how, came into my hands were infinite, full of lovelorn reasons and offers, with fewer letters than promises and

oaths. All of which didn't only harden me, but hardened me as if it were my own enemy, and that all the works that were done to reduce me to his will, were done to the opposite effect; not because I thought it wrong of Don Fernando to be so kind, nor that he had too many requests; because it gave me some kind of joy to be so loved and esteemed by such an important gentleman, and it didn't bother me to see in his papers my praises; that in this, as bad as women may be, it always pleases us to hear that we are called beautiful. But all of this was opposed by my honesty, and the continuous advice that my parents gave me, who already knew Don Fernando's will very well, because he already didn't receive anything so that everyone would know it.

My parents told me that my sole virtue and goodness left and deposited their honor and fame, and that I should consider the inequality between myself and Don Fernando, and that they would see that their thoughts, even if he said something else, were more directed to their liking than to my benefit; and that if I wished to put some inconvenience in the way for him to cease his unjust claim, they would immediately marry me to whoever I most desired, among the most important of our place and all those neighboring, for anything could be expected of his great fortune and my good reputation. With these certain promises, and with the truth they told me, I fortified my resolve, and never did I wish to respond to Don Fernando with a word that could, even from afar, reach his desire.

All these reproaches of mine, which he had intended to be the cause of his lascivious appetite, that is the name I wish to give to the will he showed me; and which, if she had been as she should have been, you would not have known it now, because the opportunity to tell you would have been lost. Finally, Don Fernando knew that my parents were trying to give me status, in order to take away from him the hope of possessing me, or at least, because I had more guards to protect myself, and this new suspicion was the cause for him to do what you now hear. And it happened that one night, while I was in my chamber with only the company of a maidservant who was serving me, with the doors well closed, out of fear that, through carelessness, my honesty would not be in danger, without knowing or imagining how, among these reproaches and precautions, and in the solitude of this silence and confinement, I found him before me, whose sight startled me so much that I took my eyes from mine and silenced my tongue; and thus, I was not powerful enough to speak, nor even he believed that I would be allowed to speak, because then he came to me, and taking me in his arms (because, as I say, I had no strength to defend myself, as I was startled), he began to tell me such reasons, that I do not know how possible it is that he has such skill in lying, that he knows how to compose them in such a way that they seem so true.

traitor whose tears accredited your words, and your sighs your intention. I, poor wretch, alone among mine, badly trained in such cases, began, not know how, to consider so many falsehoods true, but not so as to move me to compassion less than good were your tears and your sighs; and so, passing that initial shock, I began to recover some of my lost spirits, and with more spirit than I thought I could possess, I said:

"If I were, sir, in your arms as I am, in the arms of a fierce lion, and escaping from them would be assured to me whatever I did or said that was detrimental to my honesty, if that were possible, I would treat you as I would treat anyone who gave me as a husband, and I would tie my soul to my good wishes, which are as different from yours as you will see, if with force you wish to advance in them. You are my vassal, but not my slave; nor does your noble blood have the right to dishonor and the little humility of mine; and as long as I esteem myself, a villain and farmer, as you, sir and knight. With me, your forces will not be of any effect, nor will your riches have value, nor will your words be able to deceive me, nor your sighs and tears move me to pity. If any of these things that I have said were to be seen in the man my parents gave me to be husband, my will would be adjusted to his, and my will would not be of his; so that, as it would remain with honor, even if it remained without pleasure, I would give you what you, sir, now so strongly seek. All this I have said because it is not to think that it is beyond my reach that it was not my legitimate husband."

"-If you don't notice anything more than that, beautiful Dorotea (for this is the name of this unfortunate woman)," said the disloyal knight, "here I give you my hand as your servant, and the heavens are witnesses to this truth, and this image of Our Lady that you have here."

When Cardenio heard her say her name was Dorotea, he was startled again and simply confirmed his first opinion; but he did not want to interrupt the story, to see where it was going, which he already almost knew; he only said:

What is your name, madam? I've also heard that the same man may be pairing with your misfortunes. Proceed, for time will come when I will tell you things that will frighten you as much as they hurt you.

Dorotea repaired Cardenio's arguments and his strange, disordered attire, and she asked him if he knew anything about his estate, and told him to tell her; for if fortune had left anything good with him, it was his spirit for enduring any disaster that might befall him, sure that, in her opinion, none could come that might increase a point.

"I wouldn't lose patience, madam," Cardenio replied, "if it were true what I imagine; and up until now, no alliance is broken, nor does anything matter to you knowing it."

"Whatever it may be," Dorothea replied, "what happened in my story was that, taking the image that was in that room, Don Fernando put it as a witness to our betrothal; with very effective words and extraordinary oaths, he gave me the word to be my husband, since as soon as he finished saying them, I told him to look closely at what he was doing, and to consider the anger his father was to receive for seeing him married to a scullion, his slave; that my beauty was not enough to blind him, as it was not enough to find an excuse for his error, and that if I still have to do anything, by the love he had for me, it would be to let my fate run its course."

Just as with the quality I requested, because these so unequal marriages are never enjoyed or last long with the taste with which they begin.

All these reasons that I told him, and many others of which I don't recall; but they were not grounds for him to abandon his attempt, as much as the one who doesn't think to pay, who, in making the deal, doesn't consider the inconveniences.

I, at this season, made a brief speech to myself, and said to myself: "Yes, I will not be the first to have risen from humble to great state by way of marriage, nor will Don Fernando be the first to whom beauty, or blind affection, which is most certain, has made take company unequal to his greatness. For if I do not make nor use a new world, it is well to turn to this honor that fortune offers me, since in this it will not last longer than the showing of his will to me than the fulfillment of his desire; that, in short, for God I will be his wife. And if I want to cut with scorn, in term, I see that, not using the one who must, he will use the one of force, and I will come to be dishonored and without excuse of the guilt that he who does not know how much without her I have come to this point. For what reasons will be enough to persuade my parents, and others, that this knight entered my room without my consent?"

All these demands and responses spun instantly into my imagination, and, above all, they began to force me to accept what it was, without my thinking about it, my perdition, Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses he placed, the tears I shed, and finally, his disposition and gentleness, which, accompanied by so many displays of true love, could bend another so free and reserved heart like mine. I called my maid to accompany the witnesses from heaven on earth; Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths once more; he added new saints as witnesses; a thousand future curses were invoked if he didn't fulfill what he promised me; he moistened his eyes again and increased his sighs; he gripped me more tightly in his arms, from which I had never been left, and with this, and with returning from the chamber with my maid, I ceased to be so, and the end of being a traitor and a disgraced one.

The day following the night of my misfortune was still far from what Don Fernando wished; because after satisfying what appetite demands, the greatest pleasure is to withdraw from where one has been reached. I say this, because Don Fernando urged to depart from me, and thanks to the industry of my maid, who was the same one who had betrayed him there, he was in the street before dawn. And upon saying farewell to me, though not with such urgency and vehemence as when he came, he told me to be sure of his faith, and that his oaths be firm and true; and, for further confirmation of his word, he took off a rich ring from his finger and placed it on mine. Indeed, he departed, and I was left not knowing whether sad or joyful; it is well to say: I was left confused and thoughtful, and almost outside myself with this new occurrence, and I had not yet determined whether it was good or bad what had happened to me. I told him, as he departed, to Don Fernando that the same road as that one could lead to other nights, since it was now his until, when he wished, that fact be made public. But there came no other, unless it was the next, and I could not see him in the street or in the church in more than a month; that in vain I tired myself in seeking him, since I knew he was in the town and that the most days he went hunting, exercise of which he was very fond.

These days and these hours I knew so well that they were bitter and meager, and I knew I began to doubt them, and even to disbelieve in the faith of Don Fernando.

I also know that my maid heard then the words that in condemnation of her audacity she had not before heard; and I know that it was necessary for me to keep account with my tears and with the composure of my face, in order not to give occasion to my parents to ask me what I was about, and to force me to seek lies that you tell. But all this ended in one point, to the extent that respects were trampled upon and the honored speeches ended, and to the place where patience was lost and my secret thoughts were brought out into the open. And this was because, within a few days, it was said in the place how in a city nearby Don Fernando had married a maiden extremely beautiful in every respect, and of very important parents, though not as rich, that by her dowry she could aspire to such noble marriage. It was said that her name was Luscinda, with other things that occurred in her nuptials, worthy of admiration.

Oyo■ Cardenio the name of Luscinda, and did nothing else than to shrug her shoulders, bite her lips, raise her eyebrows, and let fall from her eyes two fountains of tears; but nevertheless Dorotea did not cease to follow her story, saying:

I received this sad news to my ears, and, instead of letting my heart fall in grief, so much anger and rage kindled within him, that it was almost a matter of course he would have gone out into the streets shouting, publishing the audacity and treachery that had become his. However, this fury was calmed at that time by the thought of carrying out that very same

night what I had set in motion; that is, of getting into this habit, which was given to him by one of those who call themselves 'swains' in the house of the farmers, who was a servant of my father, to whom I revealed all my misfortune, and I begged him to accompany me to the city where I understood my enemy to be. He, after having reprimanded my audacity and censured my determination, seeing me resolute, he offered to accompany me, as he said, to the ends of the earth. Then, at the moment, I tucked into a linen pillowcase a woman's dress and some jewels and money, for what might happen, and in the silence of that night, without letting my traitorous maid know, I left my house, accompanied by my servant and many imaginings, and I set off toward the city on foot, carried along by the flight of desire to reach it, rather than to hinder what I considered done, at least, to tell Don Fernando if he had done it with what soul. I arrived in two and a half days where I wanted, and upon entering the city I inquired about the house of Luscinda's parents, and the first person to whom I made the question, he responded more than I wished to hear. He told me that the house and everything that had happened in the betrothal of her daughter, a thing so public in the city, were the subject of gossip to recount throughout it. He told me that the night that Don Fernando betrothed himself to Luscinda, after she had given the yes to be his wife, he had taken a severe swoon, and upon arriving his husband to unbutton his chest to give him air, he found a paper written in the same hand as Luscinda's, in which it said and declared that she could not be wife of Don Fernando, because she was of Cardenio that, to which the man told me, was a principal gentleman of the same city; and that if she had given the yes to Don Fernando, it was because of not leaving the obedience of her parents. In resolution, such reasons it contained, that it gave to understand that she had intended to kill herself as she was finishing of being betrothed, and gave there the reasons for which she had taken her life; all of which they say confirmed a dagger that they found not in what part of her garments. All of this seen by Don Fernando, seeming to him that Luscinda had mocked and scorned and held her in little, he attacked her before his swoon returned, and with the same dagger that they found he wanted to give her stabs, and if her parents and those who were present did not hinder him. They said more: that then Don Fernando left, and that Luscinda had not returned from her idleness until another day, that she told to her parents how she was true wife of that Cardenio that I said. I knew more: that the Cardenio, according to them, was present at the betrothal, and that seeing her betrothed, which he never thought, he left the city in despair, leaving her first written a letter, in which it gave to understand the grievance that

Luscinda had fled, and as to how he was going where people would not see him. All of this was public and notorious throughout the city, and everyone spoke of it, and they spoke of it even more when they learned that Luscinda had offended her parents, and the city, for they could not find her in all of it, and her parents were losing their minds, and did not know what means to take to find her. This that I learned put my hopes to an end, and I thought it better not to have found Don Fernando, that I would not find him married, it seemed to me that the door was still not completely closed to my remedy, and I would make it understood that it might be that heaven had put that impediment in the second marriage, in order to make him know what he owed to the first, and to realize that he was a Christian, and that he was more obliged to his soul than to human respects. All these things churned in my imagination, and I comforted myself without having comfort, feigning long and fading hopes, in order to entertain the life that I already detest.

Therefore, being in the city without knowing what to do, since I couldn't find Don Fernando, a public announcement arrived at my ears, promising a great discovery to whoever found me, giving the signs of the age and the same attire I wore; and I heard that it was said that the boy who came with me had taken me out of my parents' house, which reached my soul, to see how much of a fall my credit was in, since it wasn't enough to lose him with my arrival, but to add to that with whom, being a subject so low and unworthy of my good thoughts. As soon as I heard the announcement, I left the city with my servant, who was already beginning to show signs of hesitating in the faith of fidelity promised to me, and that night we entered through the thicket of this mountain, with the fear of not being found. But as is often said that a bad call summons another, and that the end of one misfortune is the beginning of another greater, so it happened to me; for my good servant, until then faithful and secure, as he saw me in this solitude, incited by his own ardent affection rather than by my beauty, wanted to take advantage of the occasion that, to his apparent view, these desolate lands offered, and, with little shame and less fear of God or my respect, he demanded of me love; and, seeing that I responded with harsh and just words to his outrageous intentions, I abandoned the pleadings of whom he first thought to take advantage of, and he began to use force. But the just heavens, which few or no times ceases to look at and favor just intentions, favored mine, in such a way that with my few forces, and with little work, I found him by a ruin where I left him, nor do I know if dead or alive; and then with greater ease than my fright and fatigue demanded, I entered these mountains, without taking another thought or design than to hide in them and flee from my father and those who were searching for me on his part. With this desire, for how many months I had not known it, I entered them, where I found a shepherd who took me as his servant to a place that is in the entrails of this sierra, to which I have served as a colt all this time, striving to always be in the field to cover these hair which now, without thinking about it, have discovered me. But all my industry and all my solicitude has been and has been to no profit, since my master came in knowledge that I was not a man, and in him was born the same bad thought as in my servant; and as the fortune does not always give remedies with work, I did not find a ruin or a gorge from which to weary and weary the master, as I found for the servant, and thus, I had for a smaller inconvenience to leave him and hide again among these asperities that I tried with him my forces or my excuses. I say, therefore, that I returned to ambush, and

to seek where without impediment I could with sighs and tears beg the heavens to pity my misfortune and give me industry and favor to get out of it, or to leave life among these solitudes, without that a memory remain of this sad, which so without fault of his has given matter for that it be spoken and murmured in his and in foreign lands.

Chapter 29: Concerning the funny trick and order that was had in taking our beloved knight out of the most miserable penance in which he had been placed.

Gentlemen, this is the true story of my tragedy: look and judge now if the sighs you heard, the words you heard, and the tears that flowed from my eyes were sufficient to show themselves, in greater abundance; and, considering the quality of my misfortune, you will see that consolation will be in vain, for a remedy is impossible. I only beg you (which you can and should do with ease) that you advise me where I can spend my life without fear and alarm of being found by those who seek me; although I know that the great love my parents have for me ensures I will be well received by them, the shame that occupies me merely in thinking that, unlike them, I must appear before their presence, it is better for me to exile myself forever so as not to be seen, rather than to see their faces, with the thought that they look at mine, devoid of the honesty that should be promised to me.

He blurted out this, and a color covered his face that clearly showed the sentiment and shame of his soul. In her they felt as much pity as admiration for his misfortune; and although afterward the priest wished to console and advise him, he first took the hand of Cardenio, saying:

Well, ma'am, are you Dorothea, the only daughter of the wealthy Clenardo?

Dorothea was admired when she heard her father's name, and when she saw how little he was who he named, because it had already been said in what bad manner Cardenio was dressed, and so she said:

-And who are you, brother, who know my father's name? Because, as far as I remember, until now, in the entire telling of my misfortune, I haven't named him.

"I," responded Cardenio, "is that unfortunate man whom, according to you, señora, Luscinda said was his wife. I am the wretched Cardenio, to whom the misfortune of him who has put you in the state you are in has brought me so that you see me as you see me, broken, naked, lacking all human comfort, and, what is worst of all, lacking judgment, since I have him only when it seems appropriate to the heavens to give him for a brief space. I, Dorothea, am the one who finds himself present to the folly of Don Fernando, and the one who waited to hear the yes that Luscinda pronounces as being his wife. I am the one who had no spirit to see how his despair ended, nor what resulted from the paper that was found in his chest, because he had no soul suffering to see so many misfortunes together; and thus, I left the house and the patience, and a letter, which I left to a guest of mine, to whom I begged that he place it in the hands of Luscinda, and comes to these solitudes, with the intention of ending my life within them, which I, from that point, abhorred as a mortal enemy of mine. But fortune has not wanted to deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of judgment, perhaps to keep me for the good fortune that I have had in finding you; since it is true, as I believe it is, what you have told here, it could even have the heavens keep us both."

saved better event than those we thought, because, the budget that Luscinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is my lady, nor Don Fernando with her, because you are his, and he has so manifestly declared it, we can well expect that the heavens restore to us what is ours, for it is still in being, and has not been alienated or undone. And since this comfort we have, born not of a very remote hope, nor founded on varied imaginations, I beg you, madam, that you take another resolution in your honorable thoughts, since I intend to take it in mine, accommodating yourselves to wait for a better fortune; I swear to you by the faith of knight and Christian, that I will not abandon you until I see you in the power of Don Fernando, and that when with reasons I cannot attract him to know what you owe, I will then use the freedom that grants me the being a knight, and with just title challenge him, because of the absurdity that makes you, without remembering my wrongs, whose revenge I will leave to the heavens, to come to your assistance on earth.

With what Cardenio had said, Dorothea was astonished, and, not knowing what thanks to return for such great offers, she wished to take his feet to kiss them; but Cardenio refused, and the licentiate responded on behalf of both, approving of Cardenio's good speech, and, above all, he urged, advised, and persuaded them to go with him to his village, where they could repair the things lacking to them, and where order would be made as to how to find Don Fernando, or how to take Dorothea to her parents, or to do what seemed most convenient to them. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted the grace offered to them. The barber, who had been suspended and silent on everything, also offered his good words, and offered with no less willingness than the priest everything that might be good to serve them. He also recounted briefly the cause that had brought them there, with the strangeness of Don Quixote's madness, and how they awaited his squire, who had gone to search for him. It returned to Cardenio's memory, as if by dreams, the dispute he had with Don Quixote, and he told it to the others; but he could not say what was the cause of it.

In this, they heard voices and knew that the one who was giving them the news was Sancho Panza, who, having not found them in the place where he had left them, was calling out to them loudly. They went out to meet him and, asking him about Don Quixote, told him how he had found him naked in shirt, thin, yellow, and dying of hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and that since he had told him that she ordered him to leave that place and go to the town of Toboso, where she was waiting for him, he had replied that he was determined not to appear before her beauty until he had done enough boasting that would make him worthy of her grace. And that if things went on like this, he was in danger of never becoming emperor, as he was obliged to do, nor even bishop, which was the least he could aspire to: therefore, they should look into what should be done to get him out of there. The lawyer replied that he had no fear; that they would take him out of there, however unpleasant it might be. He then told Cardenio and Dorotea what they had planned for the remedy of Don Quixote, at least to take him home; to which Dorotea said that she would make the distressed maiden better than the barber, and moreover, that she had there clothes with which to make her natural, and that she would leave the charge of knowing how to represent all that was necessary to carry out his attempt, because she had read many books of chivalry and knew well the style that the well-behaved maidens used when asking their gifts to the knights errant.

"It is not necessary," said the priest, "but rather that he put it into effect; for, without a doubt, good fortune is showing itself in our favor, since, without a moment's thought, a door has been opened to you, gentlemen, to your benefit, and to us, one that we needed."

She then took Dorotea a full gown of a certain rich fabric and a mantle of another vivid green cloth, and from a box a necklace and other jewels, with.

And in an instant it was adorned, so as to appear like a rich and great lady. All of that, and more, he said that he had taken out of his house whatever was offered, and that until then he had not been offered an opportunity to converse with anyone needing it. He was exceedingly pleased with all her grace, agility, and beauty, and he confirmed Don Fernando's little knowledge of her, since such beauty was being disregarded. But Sancho Panza was the one who most admired her, as it was true that in all the days of his life he had seen such a beautiful creature; and thus he asked the priest with great eagerness who that so beautiful lady was, and what she was seeking in those troubled areas.

"This beautiful lady," the priest replied, "Sancho brother, is, as one who says nothing, the direct heir of Baron of the great kingdom of Micomicon, who comes to ask your lord a favor, namely, to remove a squint or injury that a wicked giant has inflicted upon him; and because of the fame that your lord has for being a good knight throughout all that has been discovered, Guinea has come to seek out this princess."

"Blessed are the sought and blessed the finding," said Sancho Panza, "and more if my lord is so fortunate that he overcomes this grievance and corrects this squint, killing that giant hideputa that your grace says he does, that if he were to kill him, if he were to find him, he would not be a ghost; for against ghosts my lord has no power whatsoever. But one thing I beg of your grace, among others, Master Scholar, and it is that, because my lord does not desire to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, that your grace advises him to marry this princess immediately, and he will be unable to receive orders from the archbishop, and he will come to his empire with ease; and I, to the fulfillment of my desires; for I have looked into it and find for myself that it does not suit me for my lord to be an archbishop, because I am useless to the Church, since I am married, and now walking about to bring dispensations in order to have income from the Church, having, as I do, a wife and children, would never end. So, sir, the whole point is that my lord marries this lady immediately, before I know her grace, and thus I do not call her by her name."

"Call yourself," the priest replied, "Micomicona, because calling his kingdom Micomicona, of course she must be called that too."

"There is no doubt about that," Sancho replied; "for I have seen many take the surname and nickname of the place where they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá, Juan de Ubeda, and Diego de Valladolid, and this very thing must be used there in Guinea: to take the crowns for the names of their kingdoms."

"That's how it must be," the priest said; "and as for you marrying your master, I will use all my powers to do it."

Sancho was so delighted as the priest was with his simplicity, and to see how perfectly fitted to the fantasy the same follies of his master were, for it clearly seemed that he was destined to become an emperor.

Yes, in this, Dorothea had been put upon the priest's beard, and the barber had accommodated the bull-dog beard to the face, and they told Sancho to lead them to where Don Quixote was; at which they warned him not to say that he knew the lawyer or the barber, because in not knowing them consisted all the touch to become emperor his master; for neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them, because it did not occur to Don Quixote the dispute that he had with Cardenio, and the priest, because it was not necessary then his presence; and so they left them to go before, and they began to follow them on foot, little by little. I did not cease to warn the priest

Dorotea had to do that; and she said they should disregard what she said; that everything would go perfectly, as they requested and depicted in the books of chivalry.

Three leagues had he gone, when he discovered Don Quixote amongst some intricate reeds, already dressed, though not armed, and as Dorothea saw him and was informed that Sancho was that one, she gave the spurs to her palfrey, followed by the well-bearded barber; and upon arriving beside him, the squire leaped from the mud and went to take Dorotea in his arms, who, dismounting with great agility, went to kneel before those of Don Quixote; and though he struggled to raise her, she, without rising, spoke to him in this manner:

From here I shall rise, oh valiant and striving knight, until your kindness and courtesy grant me a gift, which will bring honor and esteem to your person and for the most desolate and aggrieved maiden that the sun has seen. And if the strength of your mighty arm corresponds to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favor the unfortunate woman who comes from such distant lands, seeking you for remedy of her misfortunes.

"I will not answer you a single word, beautiful lady," Quixote replied, "nor hear more of your affairs until you rise from the ground."

"I will not rise, sir," she replied, "unless you first grant me the gift I ask for."

I grant and concede it – replied Don Quixote – as it cannot be fulfilled to the detriment or diminution of my king, my country, and that which comes from my heart and freedom possesses the key.

"It will not be to your detriment nor to your disadvantage," she replied, the painful maiden.

And in this, Sancho Panza reached his lord's ear and said to him, "very little."

Might your Lordship grant him the boon he asks, which is no small thing: it is merely killing a giant, and this one he desires is the high princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia.

"No matter who it may be," replied Don Quixote; "I will do what I am obliged to do, and what my conscience dictates to me, according to what I profess."

And returning to the maiden, she said:

Your great beauty, I grant you the gift you wish to ask of me.

"What I ask," said the maid, "is that your most magnanimous person come with me forthwith where I shall take you, and promise me that he shall not interfere in another adventure nor bring any suit whatsoever until I have exacted vengeance upon a traitor who, against all divine and human right, has usurped my kingdom."

"I tell you that I grant it thus," replied Don Quixote; and so, madam, from this moment forth, you may cast off the melancholy that wearies you, and make your flagging hopes revive with new vigor and strength; that, with the help of God and of my arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom, and seated upon the throne of your former and great state, despite and against the fools who would contradict it.

The troublesome maid struggled with much persistence to kiss his hands; but Don Quixote, who in everything was a measured and courteous knight, never consented; instead he made her raise her hand and embraced her with much courtesy and restraint, and ordered Sancho to have the stirrups of Rocinante adjusted and immediately arm him. Sancho took down the arms, which, as a trophy, were hanging from a tree, and, having adjusted the stirrups, promptly armed his lord; who, seeing himself armed, said:

Let's go, in the name of God, to support this great lady.

The barber was still on his knees, taking great care to conceal his laughter, and to prevent his beard from falling, for its falling might cause everyone to lose their good intentions; and seeing that the gift was already granted and with the diligence that Don Quixote was preparing to fulfill it, he rose and took his lady by the other hand, and together they climbed into the cart; then Don Quixote mounted Rocinante, and the barber arranged himself on his horse, Sancho remained on foot, where he again felt the loss of his russet color, due to the deficiency he then had; but all this he bore with pleasure, as if his lord were already on his way, and very near to becoming emperor; because he certainly thought that he was to marry that princess, and be, at least, king of Micomicon. The only thing that saddened him was to think that that kingdom was in the land of blacks, and that the people who, by their vassals giving him, would all be black; to which he then, in his imagination, found a good remedy, and said to himself: "What is given to me so that my vassals are black? There is nothing more than to burden them and bring them to Spain, where I can sell them, and to whom I will be paid in full, from whose money I can buy some title, or some office, with which to live peacefully all the days of my life? No, but rather sleep,

and have no wit or skill to manage things, and to sell thirty or ten thousand vassals – give me those fools! By God, I will fly them, you little scoundrel, as much as I can, and that, even though they are black, I will turn them white or yellow – come, they have stolen my finger!” With this he walked so solicitous and content, that he forgot the sadness of walking on foot.

They all watched this from the Cardenio bren■as, and the priest, and did not know what to do to join them; but the priest, who was a great pretender, then imagined what they would do to get what they desired, and he, with scissors that he carried in a case, quickly shaved Cardenio's beard, and dressed him in a dark cap, and gave him a black chain, and he remained in stockings and a jerkin; and he looked so different from what he had appeared before that he himself did not recognize him, though he looked at a mirror. Having done this, since the others had already gone ahead while they disguised themselves, they easily emerged onto the main road before them, because the undergrowth and bad footing of those places did not allow those on horseback to walk as easily as those on foot. In fact, they got onto the open plain, at the exit of the sierra, and as Don Quijote and his companions emerged, the priest kept looking at him from a great distance, giving signs that he was recognizing him, and after having looked at him for a good piece, he opened his arms and said aloud:

May the mirror of chivalry be found well, my good patriot Don Quixote of La Mancha, the flower and cream of courtesy, the protection and remedy for the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant.

And saying this, he had Don Quixote holding him by the knee of his left leg; who, frightened by what he saw and heard that man say and do, began to look at him attentively, and at last recognized him, and was terribly frightened to see him, and made a great effort to get away; but the cleric did not allow it, and Don Quixote said:

Allow me, my lord, that it is not reasonable for me to be on horseback, and a person as venerable as your lordship to be on foot.

“I will not consent to that in any way whatsoever – said the priest – you must make your greatness on horseback, for when one is on horseback, the greatest follies and adventures that have been seen in our age end; that it would be enough for me, though unworthy priest, to climb upon the flanks of these mules of these lords who walk with your grace, if they have not done so out of anger; and even I will reckon myself a knight riding on the horse Pegasus, or on the zebra or alopiana in which that famous Moor Muzaraque rode, who still lies enchanted on the great slope of Zulema, which is not far from the great Compluto.”

“I haven't yet fallen so deeply, my learned lord – replied Don Quixote; – and I know that my lady, the princess, will be served, by my love, to give your lordship the chair of her most noble lady; that he may rest upon his hips, if she suffers them.”

“If you suffer,” she replied, “and I also know that it will not be necessary to send it to the lord my squire; he is so courteous and so courtly that he would not allow a clerical person to travel on foot, but rather on horseback.”

That's how it is – the barber replied.

And he invited the priest to a spot with the chair, and he took it without making much ado. And it was the evil that, when climbing onto the buttocks, the barber, the mule, which, in fact, was for rent, was enough to say it was bad, as it raised a little in the rear, and gave two kicks in the air, whether to give them in the chest of Amase Nicola■s, or in the head, he gave the devil the fall, like Don Quixote. With all that, he was startled in such a way that he fell to the ground, with such little care for the beards, that they fell to the ground; and seeing them fall, he had no other remedy than to rush to cover his face with both hands and to complain that his teeth had been knocked out. Don Quixote, seeing all that mess of beards, without jaws and without blood, far from the face of the squire fallen, said:

“Praise God, what a great miracle is this! He has pulled his beard down and torn it from his face, as if taking it off a stall!”

The priest, who saw the danger that his invention would be discovered, then went to the beards and placed them where Nicholas lay, still speaking to him, and upon his head falling to his chest, he placed them murmuring words upon him, which he said was a proper balm for beards, as he would see; and when he had them put on, he stepped aside, and the squire was so well bearded and so healthy as before, that Don Quixote was especially amazed, and he begged the priest to teach him that balm when it took place; for he understood that its virtue was more than just to trim beards, since it was clear that when beards were removed, the flesh would be scarred and unwell, and that, since it healed all things, it would also be of use beyond beards.

“That's right,” the priest said, and promised to teach him the first time.

It was arranged that the priest should come up then, and they would move in bits and pieces the three of them, until they reached the sale, which was six leagues from there. With the three on horseback, that is, Don Quixote, the princess, and

the priest, and the three on foot, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, Don Quixote said to the maiden:

Your Majesty, my lady, guide me wherever you desire.

Before she could speak, the licentiate said:

To what kingdom does your lordship wish to guide? Is it, perhaps, to Micomicon? If it must be, I know little of kingdoms.

She, who was proficient in everything, understood that she had to answer yes, and so she said, "Yes, sir: that kingdom is my path."

"If so it is – said the priest –, we must pass through half of my town, and from there your Highnesses will take the defeat of Cartagena, where you can embark with good fortune; and if there is a favorable wind, a calm sea and without storm, in less than nine years you will be in sight of the great Meona lagoon, I mean, the Meotides, which is less than a hundred days' journey from your kingdom."

"Your grace is bewildered, my lord – she said; because it has not been two years since I departed from him, and in truth I never had good time, and, with all that, I have come to see what I so much desired, that is to the lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose news reached my ears as soon as I put my feet in Spain, and they moved me to seek him, to entrust myself in his courtesy and rely my justice of the value of his invincible arm."

No, sir; cease my praises—said Don Quixote to this squire—for I am an enemy of all sorts of flattery; and though this is not one, it still offends my noble ears like cold, lifeless statues. What I wish to say, madam, whether I have courage or not, shall be employed in your service until death; and thus, leaving this for his time, I beg the learned gentleman to tell me what is the cause that has brought him to these parts alone, and so lightly, without servants, that it frightens me.

I will respond with brevity – replied the priest; because you know, my lords, Don Quixote, that I and Master Nicolás, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to collect a certain sum of money that a distant relative of mine, who has been away in the Indies for many years, had sent me, and not a few, none passing sixty thousand pesos in coin, which is a considerable sum; and passing yesterday through these parts, we were met by four highwaymen who relieved us of our beards; and in such a manner that the barber put on false ones; and even this young man here – pointing to Cardenio – they gave him as if he were newly grown. And it is good that it is public fame in all these regions that those who robbed us are of a certain number of galleys, who it is said liberated, almost in this very spot, a man so valiant that, despite the commissary and the guards, he set them all free; and, without a doubt, he must have been out of his senses, or he must be as wicked as they are, or a man without soul and without conscience, since he wished to set the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the chickens, the fly among the honey: he wished to deceive justice, to go against his natural king and lord, since it was against his just commandments; he wished, I say, to take from the galleys their feet, to stir up the Holy Brotherhood, which had rested for many years; he wished, finally, to commit an act by which his soul would be lost and his body would not be gained.

Sancho told the priest and the barber about the adventure of the windmills, which his master ended with so much glory for himself, and for this reason the priest reinforced it, to see what Quixote did or said; to whom the color changed with each word, and he dared not say that he had been the liberator of that good people.

-These, then –said the priest– were those who stole from us. May God, for his mercy, forgive him who did not allow them to be brought to the due punishment.

Chapter 30: Concerning the discretion of the beautiful Dorotea, and other pleasant and amusing things.

As the priest was finishing, Sancho said:

Now, my dear lady, the man who made that commotion was my lord, and not because I didn't tell him before and warn him to watch what he was doing, that it was a sin to give them freedom, as they all went there in great splendor.

"A tavern –said Don Quixote to this fellow– does not concern knights-errant, nor is it their business to inquire whether the afflicted, chained and oppressed whom they meet on the roads go in that manner or are in that anguish, because of their faults, or their misfortunes; it is only their duty to help them as they are in need, focusing on their sorrows, and not on their boasts. I encountered a rosary and a garment belonging to a dissipated and unfortunate rogue, and I did what my religion bids me to do, and the rest is his own invention; and to anyone who has taken offense, except for the sacred dignity of the learned gentleman and his honorable person, I say that he knows little of the tricks of chivalry, and that he lies like a scoundrel and a bad-bred man; and I shall make him know this with my sword, where he holds it out longest."

And he said this, anchoring himself in the sterns and sinking the foredeck; for the barber's basin, which in itself was Mambrino's helm, was hung from the forward spar, bearing the livery of the ill treatment inflicted by the galleys.

Dorotea, who was discreet and possessed great charm, like someone who already knew Don Quixote's waning humor and who everyone mocked, but not Sancho Panza, did not want to be any less so, and seeing him so enraged, she said to him:

My lord, accept the gift that you have promised me, and which, according to it, cannot be involved in another adventure, however urgent it may be; quiet your breast, for had the learned gentleman known that with that invincible arm the prizes had been liberated, he would give three points in his mouth, and even bite his tongue three times, before saying a word that would be to your lordship's detriment.

"I swear it, truly," the priest said, "and even would have shaved off my beard."

"I will be silent, my dear madam," said Don Quixote, "and I will suppress the just anger that had risen in my breast, and I will remain quiet and pacific until you fulfill the promised gift; but, in payment for this good disposition, I beg you to tell me, if it does you harm, what is yours, and how many, who are they, and what are the people from whom I have to give you a proper, satisfied, and complete vengeance."

I'll do it, dear – Dorotea replied – if it doesn't make you angry to hear such sad and unfortunate things.

"Don't you be angry, my dear," he replied.

Dorotea replied:

Be attentive, my lords.

She hadn't said this; when Cardenio and the barber approached her, eager to see how the discreet Dorotea feigned her story, and Sancho did the same, as captivated by her as his master. And she, after having settled comfortably in the chair and guarded herself with coughing and other gestures, began to say in this way:

Firstly, I want your Lordships, my lords, to know that they call me...

And he stopped here a little because he had forgotten the name the priest had put on him; but he went to the remedy, because he understood what he was mistaken about, and said:

It's not a marvel, my dear, that your greatness is disturbed and hampered by recounting your misfortunes; they are such that they often erase the memory of those who mistreat them, to such an extent that even their own names are forgotten, as they have done with your great lordship, which has been forgotten that it is called the Princess Micomicona, legitimate heir to the great kingdom of Micomicona; and with this reminder, your great lordship can now easily reduce to its wounded memory all that it wishes to recount.

"That is the truth," replied the maidservant, "and from here on, I believe I won't need to record anything; I will manage my true story well enough on my own. Which is that my king father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call the art of magic, and he reached, through his science, that my mother, who was called the Queen Jaramilla, was to die before him, and that soon after he too would pass from this life, and I would be left an orphan of both parents. But he would say that it didn't fatigue him so much as confuse him to know for a very certain thing that a colossal giant, lord of a large island, which was almost bordering our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Dark View (because it is known that, though he has his eyes in their place and rightfully, he always looks backwards, as if he were a biscuit, and this he does out of malice and to frighten those who look at him), said that this giant, knowing my orphanhood, would pass over my kingdom with great power, and he would take it from me entirely, without leaving me a small village where he would take care of me; but that he could excuse all this misfortune if I were to marry him; however, to what he understood, he never thought that he would come to me in the will to make such unequal marriage; and in this he said the pure truth, because it has never happened to me to think of marrying that giant, but not with another one either, no matter how big and foolish he might be. He also said that my father would say that after he was dead and I would see that Pandafilando was beginning to pass over my kingdom, that I should not wait to put myself in defense, because it would be to destroy me, but that freely I should leave him dispossessed of the kingdom, if he wanted to excuse the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, because it would not be possible to defend myself from the devilish force of the giant; but that later, with some of mine, I should set out for the Spanish lands, where I would find the remedy for my ills finding a wandering knight, whose fame at that time would extend throughout this kingdom; who was to be called, if I don't remember wrong, Don Azote or Don Gigote."

Don Quixote would say, "Madam – said this rustic Sancho Panza – or, by another name, the Knight of the Sad Countenance."

"That's the truth," said Dorotea. "She said he would be tall of body, dry of face, and that on the right side, below the left shoulder, or around there, he would have a brown spot with certain hairs like bristles."

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

Here, Sancho, son, help me undress, that I may see if I am the knight that wise king prophesied.

"Why do you want to undress yourselves?" Dorotea said.

"To see if I have that mole your father said-" Quijote replied.

"There's no need to undress," said Sancho; "I know you have your lordship a mole quite plainly on the middle of your back, which is a sign of a strong man."

"That's enough," said Dorotea; "for with friends one need not look at small things, and whether he is at your shoulder or your back matters little: it's enough that he is present, for all is one flesh; and, without a doubt, my good father was right in everything, and I have been right in trusting the Lord Don Quixote; for he is the one for whom my father said so, since the signs of the face come with those of the good fame that this knight has, not only in Spain, but throughout La Mancha, since as soon as I had disembarked in Osuna, I heard so many pranks attributed to him, which immediately gave me what I was seeking."

-How did your grace land in Osuna, my lady –asked Don Quixote –, since it is not a seaport?

Before Dorotea could speak, the priest took her hand and said:

She must mean that after I landed in Malaga, the first part she heard about you was in Osuna.

"That's what I meant to say," Dorotea said.

-And this leads the way –said the priest--; and proceed, Your Majesty, forward.

"One must not proceed," replied Dorotea, "but rather, my luck has been so good in finding Lord Don Quixote, that I now count him and consider him my king and queen of all my kingdom, for he, by his courtesy and magnificence, has promised me the gift of going with him wherever I take him, that it will not be to any other place than to place him before Pandafileando de la Fosca Vista, to kill him, and restore to me what so reasonably is usurped from me; all of this must happen by word of mouth, as my good father, Tinacrio the Wise, has prophesied it; and he also said and wrote it in Hebrew or Greek letters, that I would not know how to read it, that if this knight of prophecy, after having slain the giant, wished to marry me, I would immediately grant him as my lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom, along with my person."

"What do you think, Sancho friend?" he said at this point. "Don't you hear what's happening? Didn't I tell you? See if we already have a kingdom to rule and a queen to marry."

"I swear it—said Sancho—that the bastard won't marry by opening Pandolfo's purse! See, it's bad for the Queen! May fleas from the bed bother me!"

And saying this, he gave two kicks in the air, with great glee, and then went to take the reins of Dorotea's whey, and causing it to stop, he knelt before her, begging her to give him her hands to kiss them, as a sign that she received him as her queen and mistress. Who would not have laughed at the bystanders, seeing the master's madness and the servant's simplicity? Indeed, Dorotea gave him the hands, and promised him to make him a great lord in his kingdom, when the heavens might do him so much good, that it would let him collect and enjoy it. Sancho thanked him with such words, that it renewed the laughter in everyone.

"This, gentlemen – she continued, Dorotea – is my story; all that remains to tell you is that of all the company I had from my kingdom, only this good, stout page remains, because everyone was swept away in a great storm we had in sight of the harbor, and he and I got out on two planks from the earth, by a miracle; and thus, it is all miracle and mystery the discourse of my life, as you have noticed. And if in anything I have been too much astray, or not so successful as I should have been, blame it on what the learned gentleman said at the beginning of my tale: that continuous and extraordinary labors take away memory from those who suffer them."

"That will not take me, oh noble and valiant lady!" – said Don Quixote – "I shall suffer countless hardships serving you, however great or unseen you may be; and thus, I once more confirm the gift I promised you and swear to go with you to the ends of the world, until I vanquish your fierce enemy, whom I intend, with the help of God and my arm, to hack off his proud head with the edges of this... I don't wish to say a fine sword, thanks to the service of Giles de Pasamonte, who carried off my own."

He said between his teeth, and continued saying:

And after having cut it to pieces and placed it in pacific possession of your state, you will be free to do with your person whatever most suits your character; for while I have the memory occupied and the will captivated, the understanding lost, to that... and I say no more, it is impossible for me to face, nor do I think, the prospect of marrying, even with the phoenix bird.

It seemed so bad to Sancho what his master had lately said about not wanting to marry, that, with great anger, raising his voice, he said:

I swear to you, and I vow it before you, Lord Don Quixote, with perfect reason: how is it possible that you doubt that you should marry such a high princess as this one? Do you think that he will offer him fortune after every such fortunate setback as the one that is now offered to him? Is he, by virtue of that, more beautiful than my lady Dulcinea? No, certainly, not even with half, and I still say that he doesn't even reach her shoe before you. Thus, I shall never achieve the county I hope for, if your Lordship goes about begging in the gulf. Let him marry, let him marry then, I commend him to Satan, and let that kingdom come into his hands, and in being king, make him a marquis or governor, and then, even if the devil takes it all.

Don Quixote, having heard such blasphemies said against his lady Dulcinea, could not endure it; and, raising his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho or saying "this mouth is mine," he gave him such a beating that he brought him down; and had it not been for Dorotea giving him voice to prevent it, he would surely have taken his life there.

"You think – he said, after a while – villainous rogue, that there will always be room for me to put my hand on your back, and that everything will be your wandering and my forgiveness? Don't think that, worthless, spoiled man, that without a doubt you are, because you've put your tongue in the unparalleled Dulcinea's mouth. And don't you know, wretch, fool, rascal, viper, that if it weren't for the valor she infuses in my arm, I wouldn't have it to kill a flea? Decide, you venomous tongue, and who do you think has won this kingdom and cut off the head of this giant, and made you a marqués, and I declare it all already done and settled, if it isn't the valor of Dulcinea, taking my arm as instrument of her mischief? She fights in me, and wins in me, and I live and breathe in her, and I have life and being. Oh, despicable fool, and how you are ungrateful: you see yourself raised from the dust of the earth to be lord by title, and you correspond to such a good deed with saying evil of who made you!

Sancho wasn't as run-down, for he didn't hear everything his master told him; and rising with a little haste, he went to position himself behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from there he told his master:

Tell me, sir: if your grace has determined not to marry this great princess, of course it will not be your kingdom; and if it is not, what favors can you do me? That is what I complain of; marry your grace one by one with this queen, now that we have her here like a gift from heaven, and then she can return with my lady Dulcinea; there must have been kings in the world who have been kept as favorites. I do not interfere with the matter of beauty; after all, if he is going to say it, I find both of them pleasing, since I have never seen my lady Dulcinea.

"How come you haven't seen her, blasphemous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "And you don't finish bringing me a message from her?"

"I tell you I haven't seen her so slowly—said Sancho—that I could have noticed particularly her beauty and her good points point by point; but like that, in bulk, it seems fine."

-Now I absolve you –said Don Quixote–, and forgive me the anger that I have given you; that the first movements are not in man's hands.

"I see it," Sancho replied; and thus, in me the desire to speak is always first movement, and I cannot stop myself from saying, just once, what comes to my tongue."

"With all that," said Don Quixote, "look, Sancho, at what you're saying; for so often does the lark go to the fountain... and I don't tell you more."

"Now, Sancho replied, God is in heaven, who sees the snares, and will be judge of those who do more evil: I in not speaking well, or your grace in not doing so."

"There is no more – said Dorotea – run, Sancho, and kiss my lord's hand, and beg forgiveness, and from this time forward walk more attentively in your praises and complaints, and do not speak ill of that lady Tobosa, whom I do not know except for service, and have confidence in God, who will not fail you in the state in which you live as a prince."

Sancho approached with a lowered head and asked for her hand to his lord, and he gave it to him with a composed demeanor; and after he had kissed her, he offered her a blessing, and told Sancho to step aside a little, that he needed to ask her and converse with her about things.

of great importance. Sancho did so, and they both withdrew a little ahead, and Don Quixote told him:

After you arrived, I haven't had space or place to ask you many particular questions about the embassy you carried and the answer you brought; and now, since fortune has granted us time and place, don't deny me the good fortune you can give me with such good news.

"Ask whatever you wish," Sancho replied; "I'll give everything such a good sale as I had an entrance. But I beg you, my lord, that you don't be so vengeful from now on."

"Why do you say that, Sancho?" Quijote said.

"Digolo—responded—because these troubles now were due to the brawl that the devil had between the two of them the other night, rather than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, although I don't have her, solely for your grace."

"Don't bother with those plastics, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "they give me a gloomy feeling; now forgive me then, and you well know that it is commonly said: 'To a new sin, a new penance.'"

As this was happening, they saw a knight riding by on a donkey, and when he came near they thought he was a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, no matter where he went, his eyes and his soul would leave him, barely had he seen the man when he knew he was Gines de Pasamonte, and by the thread of the gypsy he pulled the skein from his donkey, which was indeed the truth, for he was the mule upon which Pasamonte had come; who, not being known and in order to sell the donkey, had put on a gypsy costume, whose tongue, and many others, he knew how to speak, as if they were his own. Sancho scolded him, and recognized him; and scarcely had he seen and recognized him, when he shouted to him in a loud voice:

- Oh, rogue Ginesillo! Give me back my belongings, release my life, don't spoil my rest, give me back my donkey, give me back my gift! Flee, scoundrel; depart, rogue, and abandon what isn't yours!

It wasn't needed so many words or platitudes, because he jumped right away, Gine■s, and taking a trot that seemed like a race, he disappeared at a point and distanced himself from everyone. Sancho arrived at his wits' end, and, embracing him, he said:

How have you been, my darling, my rugged one, my companion?

And with this he kissed and caressed him, as if he were a person. The donkey remained silent and allowed himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him in any way. They all arrived and bid him farewell to the discovery of the badger, especially Don Quixote, who said that it did not annul the policy of the three dormice. Sancho thanked him for it.

As the two were engaged in these conversations, the priest told Dorotea that she had been very discreet, both in the story and in the brevity of it and in its similarity to those of the chivalry books. She said that she had spent many hours entertaining herself in them; but that she didn't know where the provinces and ports were, and that, therefore, she had told someone that she had disembarked in Osuna.

"I understood it that way," the priest said, "and that's why I then went to say what I said, so that everything was settled. But isn't it strange to see with what ease this miserable, self-important man invents all these falsehoods, simply because he adopts the style and manner of the follies in his books?"

"Yes, it is," said Cardenio; "and so rare and never seen, that I don't know if, wanting to invent and fabricate it falsely, I would have such a sharp wit that I could hit upon it."

"There's another thing about it," the priest said: "besides the simplicity that this good gentleman speaks of regarding his madness, if he is treated of other things, he discourses with very reasonable arguments and shows having a clear and peaceful understanding in everything; so, if his chivalries are not touched upon, no one will judge him except for being of very good understanding."

As they went on in this conversation, Don Quixote continued with his, and said to Sancho:

Let's, Fat Belly, let the hairy ones go to the sea with these of our grievances, and tell me now, without counting on any anger or resentment: Where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she reply? What face did she make when she read my letter? Who delivered it to her? And everything you see that in this case is worthy of being known, wondered about, and satisfied, without you adding or lying to please me, nor, less, do you intervene to take it away from her.

Sancho replied, "If you are going to tell the truth, no one has given me the letter, because I had no letter."

"That's how you say it," said Don Quixote, "because the little book of memory where I wrote her down I found in my possession after two days of your departure, which caused me great sorrow, for not knowing what you would do when you saw yourself without a letter, and I always believed you would return from the place where you cast it least."

"As it is – Sancho replied –, if I hadn't taken her to memory when your lordships read it to me, such that I told it to a sacristan, who conveyed it to me point by point, who said that in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of discord, he had never seen nor read such a lovely letter as that."

-And do you still have it in your memory, Sancho? -said Don Quixote.

"No, sir – replied Sancho – because after I gave it to him, as I saw it wouldn't be of much use, I let him forget it, and if something occurs to me, it's the matter of the sobajada, I mean, the sovereign lady, and lastly: Your until death, the Knight of the Sad Figure. And in between these two things I put more than three hundred souls, lives, and eyes of mine."

Chapter 30: Concerning the discretion of the beautiful Dorotea, and other pleasant and amusing things.

As the priest was finishing, Sancho said:

-Well, my dear lady, the man who made that commotion was my lord, and not because I hadn't told him before and warned him to watch what he was doing, that it was a sin to give them freedom, because everyone was there in great splendor.

"Majadero," said Don Quixote to this fellow, "does not concern knights-errant to ascertain whether the afflicted, chained, and oppressed whom they find on the roads go in that manner or are in that anguish, because of their sins, or because of their misfortunes; it is only for them to help them as needed, with their eyes on their sorrows, and not on their fawning; I encountered a rosary and a garment of dissipated and unfortunate people, and I did with them what my religion bids me, and the rest there is left to him; and to anyone who has disliked it, except for the sacred dignity of the learned gentleman and his honorable person, I say that he knows little of the business of chivalry, and that he lies like a scoundrel and a bad-bred man; and I will make him know this with my sword, where he holds it out for longer."

And he said this, anchoring himself in the ribs and sinking the shore; for the barber's basin, which in itself was Mambrino's helmet, hung suspended from the forward riding band, until it carried off the ill treatment inflicted by the galleys.

Dorotea, who was discreet and possessed great grace, as someone who already knew the waning humor of Don Quixote and who everyone mocked, did not want to be any less so, and seeing him so enraged, she said to him:

My lord, accept the gift you have promised me, and which, according to it, cannot be involved in another adventure, however urgent it may be; calm your breast, for if the learned gentleman knew that by that invincible arm the prizes had been liberated, he would give three points in his mouth, and even bite his tongue three times, before saying a word that would be to the detriment of your lordship.

"I swear it, truly," the priest said, "and he still would have taken my beard off."

"I will be silent, my dear madam," said Don Quixote, "and repress the just anger that had already risen in my breast, and I will remain quiet and pacific until you fulfill the promised gift; but, in payment for this good wish, I beg you to tell me, if it does you harm, what is your grievance, and how many, who are they, and what are the people from whom I have to give you full, satisfied, and complete vengeance."

I'll do that – Dorotea replied – if it's not to make you angry hearing such sad and unfortunate things.

-He won't get angry, my dear – replied Don Quixote. To which Dorotea responded:

Please be attentive.

She hadn't said this, when Cardenio and the barber got close to her, eager to see how discreet Dorotea feigned her story, and so did Sancho, who was as captivated by her as his master. And she, after having settled herself comfortably in the chair and protecting herself with coughing and other gestures, began to say in this way:

First, I want your Highnesses, my lords, to know that they call me...

And he stopped here a little because he had forgotten the name the priest had given him; but he realized the matter, because he understood what he was referring to, and said:

It's no wonder, my dear, that your greatness is disturbed and unsettled by recounting your misfortunes; they are such that they often erase the memory of those who mistreat them, to such an extent that even their own names are forgotten, as

they have forgotten your great lordship, which is called the Princess Micomicona, legitimate heir to the great kingdom of Micomicona; and with this reminder, your greatness can now easily reduce to its wounded memory everything it wishes to recount.

"That is the truth," replied the maidservant, "and from here on, I believe I will need to record nothing; I will fare well on my own with my true story. Which is that my king father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call the art of magic, and he reached, through his science, that my mother, who was called the Queen Jaramilla, was to die before him, and that from that little while he too would pass from this life, and I would be left orphaned of father and mother. But he would say that it did not fatigue him so much as confuse him to know by a very certain thing that a colossal giant, lord of a large island, which was almost bordering our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Dark View (because it is ascertained that, although he has his eyes in their place and rightfully, he always looks backwards, as if he were a bishop, and this he does out of malice and to frighten those who he looks at), I say that he knew that this giant, knowing my orphanhood, would pass over my kingdom with great power, and he would take it from me all, without leaving me a small village where he would take me in; but that he could excuse all this trouble and misfortune if I would willingly marry him; however, to what he understood, he never thought that I would come to me in will to make such unequal marriage; and he said in this pure truth, because it has never happened to me through thought to marry with that giant, but neither with any other, by great and outrageous that it was. He also said my father that afterwards when he would be dead and I would see that Pandafilando began to pass over my kingdom, that I should not wait to put myself in defense, because it would be to destroy me, but that freely I would leave dispossessed the kingdom, if he wanted to excuse the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, because it would not be possible to defend me from the devilish strength of the giant; but that afterwards, with some of mine, I would put myself on the road to the Spanish lands, where I would find the remedy for my ills, finding a knight-errant, whose fame at this time would extend throughout this kingdom; who was to be called, if I do not misremember, Don Azote or Don Gigote."

Don Quixote would say, "Madam – said this rustic Sancho Panza – or, by another name, the Knight of the Sad Countenance."

"That's the truth," Dorotea said. "She added that he would be tall, lean of face, and that on the right side, below the left shoulder, or around there, he would have a brown mole with certain hairs like bristles."

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

Here, Sancho, son, help me undress, that I may see if I am the knight that wise king prophesied.

"Why do you want to undress yourselves?" Dorotea said.

"To see if I have that mole that your father said-" replied Don Quixote.

"There's no need to strip off," said Sancho; "I know that your lordship has a mole quite plainly on the middle of his back, which is a sign of a strong man."

"That's enough," said Dorotea; "for with friends one need not look at small things, and whether he is at your shoulder or your back matters little: it is enough that there be fellowship, and he is where it be; for all is one flesh; and, without a doubt, my good father was right in everything, and I have been right in committing myself to the Lord Don Quixote; for he is the one for whom my father said so, since the signs of the face come with those of the good reputation that this knight has, not only in Spain, but throughout the whole of La Mancha, as soon as I had landed in Osuna, when I heard him tell such jokes, he immediately gave me the soul that was the very one he came to seek."

-How did your grace land in Osuna, my lady – asked Don Quixote –, since it is not a port of the sea?

Before Dorotea could speak, the priest took her hand and said:

She must mean that after I landed in Malaga, the first part where you heard of you was in Osuna.

"That's what I meant to say," Dorotea said.

-And this leads the way –said the priest-; and proceed, Your Majesty, forward.

"One must not continue," replied Dorotea, "but finally, my luck has been so good in finding Lord Quixote, that I now count him and consider him my king and queen of all my kingdom, for he, by his courtesy and magnificence, has promised me the gift of going with him wherever I take him, that it will not be to another place than to place him before Pandafilando de la Fosca Vista, to kill him, and restore to me what so reasonably has been usurped from me; all this must happen by word of mouth, since that is what my wise father, Tinacrio, prophesied; and he also said and wrote in Phoenician or Greek letters that I would not learn to read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after having slain the giant, wished to marry

me, I would immediately grant him without further objection as my legitimate wife, and give him possession of my kingdom, along with that of my person.”

“What do you think, Sancho friend?” he said at this point, Don Quixote. “Don’t you hear what’s happening? Didn’t I tell you? See if we already have a kingdom to rule and a queen with whom to marry.”

“I swear it – said Sancho – that the bastard won’t marry by opening Pandro’s mouth! It’s the queen who’s to blame! Let the fleas of hell crawl into my ears!”

And saying this, he gave two kicks in the air, with great delight, and then went to take the reins of Dorotea’s mud, and making her stop, he knelt before her, begging her to give him her hands to kiss, as a sign that she received him as her queen and mistress. Who would not have laughed at the bystanders, seeing the master’s madness and the servant’s simplicity? Indeed, Dorotea gave him the hands, and promised him to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when the heavens would do him so much good that it would leave him to collect and enjoy it. Sancho thanked him with such words, that it renewed the laughter in everyone.

“This, gentlemen – she continued, Dorotea – is my story; all that remains to tell you is that of all the company I had from my kingdom, only this good, stout page remains, because all of them were swept away in a great storm we had in sight of the harbor, and he and I got out on two planks from the earth, by a miracle; and thus, it is all miracle and mystery the discourse of my life, as you have noted. And if in anything I have been too much astray, or not so successful as I ought, blame it on what the learned gentleman said at the beginning of my tale: that continuous and extraordinary labors take away memory from those who suffer them.”

“That won’t take me, you, noble and valiant lady!” – said Don Quixote –, “I shall suffer countless hardships serving you, however great or unseen you may be; and thus, I again confirm the gift I promised you and swear to go with you to the end of the world, until I vanquish your fierce enemy, whom I intend, with the help of God and my arm, to carve the proud head with the edges of this... I don’t wish to say a good sword, thanks to Giles de Pasamonte, who carries mine.”

He said between his teeth, and continued saying:

And after having cut it to pieces and placed in peaceful possession of your state, you will be free to do with your person whatever most accords with your character; for while I have the memory occupied and the will captive, lost the understanding, to that one... and I say no more, it is impossible for me to face, nor do I think, marrying, even with the phoenix bird.

It seemed so badly to Sancho what his master had lately said about not wanting to marry, that, with great anger, raising his voice, he said:

I swear to you, and I vow it before you, Lord Don Quixote, with perfect reason: how is it possible that you doubt that you should marry such a high princess as this one? Do you think you will offer him fortune after every such fortunate mishap as that which is now offered to him? Is she, by virtue of that, more beautiful than my lady Dulcinea? No, certainly, not even with half, and I still say that she does not reach his shoe before this one. Thus, I shall never attain the county I hope for, if your Lordship goes around begging for favors in the Gulf. Let him marry, let him marry forthwith, I entrust him to Satan, and let that kingdom come into his hands, and in being king, make me a marquis or governor, and then, even if the devil takes it all.

Don Quixote, having heard such blasphemies said against his lady Dulcinea, could not endure it; and, raising his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho or saying “this mouth is mine,” he gave him such a beating that he brought him down; and if it were not because Dorotea called out to him not to give him more, he would assuredly have taken his life there.

“You think – he said, after a while – villainous rogue, that there will always be room for me to put my hand on your back, and that everything will be your errant wandering and my forgiveness? Don’t think that, wretched, spoiled man, that without a doubt you are, because you have put your tongue in the unmatched Dulcinea’s mouth. And don’t you know, you scoundrel, wag, viper, that if it weren’t for the valor she infuses in my arm, I wouldn’t have it to kill a flea? Decide, viperous tongue, and who do you think has won this kingdom and cut off the head of this giant, and made you a mark, when all this is already done and settled, if not the valor of Dulcinea, taking my arm as instrument of her mischief? She fights in me, and wins in me, and I live and breathe in her, and I have life and being. Oh, despicable fool, and how are you ungrateful: you see yourself raised from the dust of the earth to be lord of title, and you correspond to such good deed by saying evil of who made you!”

Sancho wasn’t as distressed, for he didn’t hear everything his master told him; and rising with a little haste, he went to stand behind Dorothea’s palfrey, and from there said to his master:

Tell me, sir: if your grace has determined not to marry this great princess, of course it will not be your kingdom; and since it is not, what favors can you do me? That is what I complain about; marry your grace one by one with this queen, now that we have her here like a gift from heaven, and then she can return with my lady Dulcinea; there have surely been kings in the world who have been kept as boyfriends. I do not interfere with beauty; that, in truth, if you are going to say so, I find both of them pleasing, since I have never seen my lady Dulcinea.

"How come you haven't seen her, blasphemous traitor?" – said Don Quixote. – "And you don't finish bringing me a message from her?"

"I tell you I haven't seen her so slowly – Sancho said – that I could have noticed particularly her beauty and her good points, bit by bit; but like that, in bulk, it seems fine."

-Now I forgive you – said Don Quixote – and forgive me the anger that I have given you; that the first movements are not in man's hands.

"I see it," Sancho replied; "and thus, in me the desire to speak is always first movement, and I cannot stop myself, not even for an instant, from saying what comes to my tongue."

"With all that," said Don Quixote, "look, Sancho, at what you're saying; for so often does the thrush go to the fountain... and I don't tell you more."

"Now, Sancho replied, God is in heaven, who sees the traps, and will be judge of whoever does more evil: I in not speaking well, or your grace in not doing so."

"There is no more –said Dorothea–, run, Sancho, and kiss my lord's hand, and beg pardon, and from this point forward walk more attentively in your praises and complaints, and do not speak ill of that lady Tobosa, whom I do not know unless it is for service, and have faith in God, who will not fail you in the state in which you live like a prince."

Sancho approached with a lowered head and asked for her hand to his lord, and he gave it to him with a composed air; and after he had kissed her, he gave her a blessing, and told Sancho to step back a little, that he had to ask her and converse with her about things.

of great importance. Sancho did so, and they both withdrew a little ahead, and Don Quijote told him:

After you arrived, I haven't had a place or space to ask you many particular questions about the embassy you carried and the answer you brought; and now, since fortune has granted us time and space, don't deny me the good fortune you can give me with such good news.

"Ask whatever you wish," Sancho replied; "I'll give everything such a good sale as I had an entrance; but I beg of you, my lord, that you be not so vengeful from this point forward."

"Why do you say that, Sancho?" he said Quixote.

"Digolo—responded—because these blows were mainly due to the brawl that the devil had between the two of them the other night, rather than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic, although I don't have her, solely for your grace."

"Don't bother with those plastics, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "they give me a gloomy feeling; now forgive me then, and you well know that it is commonly said: 'To a new sin, a new penance.'"

As this was happening, they saw a knight riding by the road they were traveling, a man on a donkey, and when he came near they thought he was a gypsy; but Sancho Panza, no matter where he went, his eyes and his soul would leave him, as soon as he saw the man he knew it was Ginés de Pasamonte, and from the thread of the gypsy he took the skein from his donkey, which was true, for he was the mule on which Pasamonte had come; who, not being known and in order to sell the mule, had put on a gypsy's costume, whose language, and many others, he knew how to speak, as if they were his own. Sancho scolded him, and recognized him; and as soon as he had seen and recognized him, he shouted to him in a loud voice:

- Oh, rogue Ginesillo! Give me back my clothes, release my life, don't foul my rest, give me back my donkey, give me back my gift! Flee, bastard; depart, rogue, and abandon what isn't yours!

It wasn't needed so many words or platitudes, because he jumped straight away, Gine■s, and taking a trot that seemed like a race, he disappeared at a point and distanced himself from everyone. Sancho arrived at his wits' end, and, embracing him, he said:

How have you been, my dear, my darling, my companion?

And with this he kissed and caressed him, as if he were a person. The donkey remained silent and allowed himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him in any way. Everyone arrived and bid him farewell to the discovery of the rocío, especially Don Quixote, who said that it did not annul the policy of the three little pigs. Sancho thanked him for it.

As they went on in these discussions, the priest told Dorotea that she had been very discreet, both in the story and in the brevity of it and in its similarity to those of the books of chivalry. She said that she had spent many hours entertaining herself in them; but that she didn't know where the provinces and ports were, and that, therefore, she had told someone that she had landed in Osuna.

"I understood it that way," the priest said, "and that's why I subsequently came to say what I said, so that everything was arranged. But isn't it strange to see with what ease this wretched, self-important man invents all these falsehoods, simply because he uses the style and manner of the follies in his books?"

"Yes, it is," said Cardenio; "and so rare and never seen, that I don't know if, wanting to invent and fabricate it falsely, I would have such a sharp wit that I could hit on it."

"There's another thing about it," the priest said: "aside from the simplicity that this good gentleman uses regarding his madness, if he is spoken to about other things, he discourses with very reasonable arguments and shows having a clear and placid understanding in all matters; so that, if his chivalrous exploits are not touched upon, no one will judge him except for his very good understanding."

As they went on in this conversation, Don Quixote continued with his, and said to Sancho:

Let's, Belly friend, let the hairy ones go to sea with this matter of our grievances, and tell me now, without harboring any anger or resentment: Where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she reply? What face did she make when she read my letter? Who delivered it to her? And everything you see that in this case is worthy of being known, questioned, and satisfied, without adding anything or lying to please me, nor, least of all, offering yourself to not take it away from her.

Sancho replied, "If you're going to tell the truth, no one gave me this letter, because I didn't have a letter."

"That's how you say it," said Don Quixote, "because the little book of memory where I wrote her down I found in my possession after two days of your departure, which caused me great sorrow, for not knowing what you would do when you saw yourself without a letter, and I always believed that you would return from the place where you cast it least."

"As it may be – Sancho replied –, if I hadn't taken her to memory when your lordships read it to me, so that I told it to a sacristan, who conveyed it to me point by point, he said that in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of discord, he had never seen or read such a lovely letter as that."

-Do you still have it in your memory, Sancho? - said Don Quixote.

"No, sir – Sancho replied – because once I gave it to him, as I saw it would not be of much benefit, I let him forget it, and if something occurs to me, it's the matter of 'sovereign lady,' and lastly: 'Your until death,' the Knight of the Sad Countenance. And in between these two things, I put over three hundred souls, lives, and eyes of mine."

Chapter 31: Of the savory arguments that passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire, and other events

"All that doesn't displease me; go on," said Don Quixote. "You've arrived, and what was she doing that queen of beauty?" Surely she was entangling pearls in her hands, or embroidering some enterprise with cinnamon gold, for that captive knight of hers."

"Don't find her – Sancho replied – but rather throwing two handfuls of wheat into a corral of her house."

-Now, imagine – said Don Quixote – that the grains of that wheat were pearls, touched by his hands. And if you looked, friend, at the wheat, would it be cardinal, or treacle?

—It was only blond—Sancho replied.

"Now, I assure you—said Don Quixote—that, having been beset by your hands, he made candied bread, without a doubt. But proceed forward: when you gave me my letter, did he kiss it? Did he put it on his head? Did he perform any ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did he do?"

"When I was going to give it to her," Sancho replied, "she was fleeing from the threshing of a good portion of wheat she had in the crib, and she told me, 'Put that letter on that sack; I can't read it until I've finished cribbing all that's here.'"

"Quiet lady!" said Don Quixote. "That must have been because you read it slowly and delighted in it. Come on, Sancho. And while you were in your business, what conversations did you have with me? What did you ask me about me? And you, what did you answer? Tell me everything, don't leave out the slightest detail."

"She didn't ask me anything," said Sancho; "but I told her in such a way that you, by your service, were making penance, naked from the waist up, stuck amongst these mountains as if he were a savage, sleeping on the ground, without eating bread from a tablecloth or without combing his beard, weeping, and cursing his fortune."

"To say that you cursed my fortune, you speak falsely—said Don Quixote; because before I bless it and will bless it every day of my life, for having made me worthy of deserving to love so high a lady like Dulcinea of Toboso."

"It's so high – Sancho replied –, that it leads me to it more than a span. –"And how is that, Sancho?" –said Don Quixote–. "Have you measured it?"

"I told you," Sancho replied, "that when I helped put a sack of wheat on a donkey, we got so close together that I could see I was carrying more than a good handspan."

"Well, it's true," replied Don Quixote, "that you do not accompany that grandeur and adorn it with a million thanks from the soul! But you won't deny me one thing: when you arrived beside her, didn't you sense a fragrant smell, an aromatic perfume, and some indefinable goodness that I cannot name? I mean, like a whiff or a scent as if you were in the trunk of some curious, wealthy merchant?"

"What I should say," said Sancho, "is that I smelled a bit masculine; and it must be that she, with all the exercise, was sweaty and a bit flushed."

"That wouldn't be it," Don Quixote replied; "it shouldn't be that you should be romanized, or that you should smell yourself; because I know well what the rose among thorns, the field lily, the spilled amber smells like."

"Everything can be," Sancho replied; "for many times that smell comes from me that then seemed to come from her grace, Lady Dulcinea; but there's no need to be amazed, for one devil looks like another."

"Well – continued Don Quixote – here is that I have just cleaned your wheat and sent it to the mill. What did he do when he read the letter?"

"The letter—said Sancho—he hadn't read it, because he said he didn't know how to read or write; he scratched it up and made little pieces of it, saying he didn't want to have it read by anyone, because its secrets wouldn't be known in the place, and that what I had told him about word of mouth regarding the love that your grace had for it and the extraordinary penance he was making for it was enough. And finally, he told me to tell your grace that he kissed his hands, and that there he would desire to see him more than to write to him; and that, thus, he commanded and begged him to make sure that, seeing this, he left those thickets and stopped making foolishness, and then set off on the road to Toboso, if anything more important didn't happen to him, because he had a great desire to see your grace. He laughed a great deal when I told him what your grace was called, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. He asked me if the aforesaid viceroy had gone there; he told me that he had, and that he was a very good man. I also asked him about the condemned men; but he told me that he hadn't seen any up to that point."

"Everything is going well so far," said Don Quixote. "But tell me: what jewel did you give you upon parting, because of the news you brought me? It is a customary and ancient practice among knights and ladies-in-arms to give their squires, maidens, or dwarfs who accompany them, gifts of rich jewels from their own ladies as a token of gratitude for their errands."

That may be so, and I consider her a good custom; but that must have been in the past times; because now one is only accustomed to give a piece of bread and cheese, which is what my lady Dulcinea gave me, from the fences of a corral, when I said goodbye to her; and moreover, it was the sheep cheese.

"It is extraordinarily liberal," said Don Quixote; "and if it didn't give you a golden bracelet, no doubt it was because he didn't have it at hand to give you; but good things come after Easter: I will see them, and all will be satisfied. Do you know what I am astonished at, Sancho? That I think you went and came in the air, for in less than three days you have taken to go and return from here to Toboso, having more than thirty leagues between them; therefore, I understand that that wise..."

A necromancer who has an account with me and is my friend (because by force there is one, and there must be, it's a pity that I wouldn't be a good knight errant), I say that this fellow must have helped you walk, without you feeling it; that there

are wise ones who take a knight errant sleeping in his bed, and without knowing how or in what way, another day a thousand leagues more than where you lay down last night. And if it weren't for this, knights errant couldn't help each other in their dangers, as they do step by step; that it happens that one is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some drake, or some fierce remnant, or with another knight, where he carries the worst of the battle and is already about to die, and when you don't notice him, he appears over there, on top of a cloud, or on a burning chariot, another knight friend of his, who was just before in England, who favors him and saves him from death, and at night he is in his inn, dining to his taste; and there are usually between one part and the other two or three thousand leagues. And all this is done by the industry and wisdom of these enchanterers who take care of these valiant knights. So, friend Sancho, it doesn't seem difficult to me to believe that in such a short time you have gone and come from this place to the place of Toboso, since, as I have said, some wise friend must have carried you on the breeze, without you feeling it.

"That's how it is," Sancho said; "because Rocinante was walking as if he were a Moorish donkey with bells on his ears."

"And as if I were carrying ambergris!" Quixote exclaimed. "And even a legion of demons, who are people who walk and make others walk, without tiring, everything they fancy. But, setting this aside, what do you think I should do now, near what my lady commands me to see? Though I see that I am obliged to fulfill her command, I also see myself as impossible of the gift I promised to the princess who comes with you, and chivalry forces me to fulfill my word before my liking. On one hand, the desire to see my lady harasses and exhausts me; on the other, the promised faith and the glory I am to achieve in this enterprise incite and call me. But what I intend to do will be to hurry and reach quickly where this giant is, and upon arriving, I will cut off his head, and peacefully place the princess in her state, and immediately turn around to see the light that my senses illuminate, to which I will give such excuses that she will consider good my delay, since she will see that it all contributes to an increase in her glory and fame, since all I have achieved, I will achieve and will achieve with weapons in this life, all comes from the favor she gives me and from being hers."

"Alas—said Sancho—, and how do you, my lord, injured thus with these helmets! Tell me, sir: do you intend to walk this road in vain, and let pass and lose such a rich and principal marriage, where they give in dowry a kingdom, which, to be sure, I have heard say has more than twenty thousand leagues of circumference, and is exceedingly abundant in all things necessary for the sustenance of human life, and is greater than Portugal and Castile together? Come, for the love of God, and have shame of what you have said, and take my advice, and forgive me, and marry yourself immediately at the first place where there is a priest; and if not, here is our licensed man, who will do it for pearls. And warn that I already have age to give advice, and that this that I give you comes formed, and that it is better a bird in hand than a vulture flying, because whoever has and chooses badly, if he is angry for good, he does not take revenge."

"Look, Sancho—Quixote replied—if the advice you give me to make me a king by slaying the giant, and to have the means to bestow favors upon you and fulfill your promise, is to tell you that without marrying I could easily fulfill your wish; because I will take from the Alhambra, before entering the battle, that, exiting victorious from it, since I won't marry, they will give me a part of the kingdom, so that I can give it to whoever I want; and when giving it to you, whom do you want to give it to—to you?"

"That is clear," Sancho replied; "but look, my lords, that I choose it towards the navy, because, if I were not content with the lodging, my black vassals could embark and I could do with them what I have said. And your lords don't take the trouble to go now to see my lady Dulcinea, but go kill the giant and let us conclude this business; for God's sake, I feel it in my bones that it will be of great honor and much profit."

"Listen, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are right, and I shall take your advice as soon as I go with the princess to see Dulcinea. And tell him not to say anything to anyone, nor to those who come with us, about what we have discussed and treated here; for Dulcinea is so reserved that she does not wish her thoughts to be known, it will not be well that I, or anyone for me, should discover them."

"Well, if that's the case," said Sancho, "how does your lordship make it that all those who defeat him with their arm go to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, being a sign of her name that she well likes and that he is her enamored? And it is of necessity that those who go must go to kneel before her presence, and say that they go from your lordship to give her obedience, how can their thoughts be concealed by both of them?"

—Oh, how foolish and simple you are! —said Don Quixote. —Do you not see, Sancho, that all of it tends to your greatest exaltation? Because you must know that in our style of chivalry it is a great honor to have many wandering knights serve her, without their thoughts extending further than to Segovia, simply because she is who she is, without expecting any reward from her many and good wishes, but instead contenting herself with accepting them from her knights.

—With that kind of love—said Sancho—I've heard preached that one must love Our Lord for himself alone, without any hope of glory or fear of pain moving us. Though I wished to love and serve him as best I could.

Go to hell the villain – said Don Quixote –, and what an abundance of prevarications you make to time! It doesn't seem you've even studied.

"Well, I don't know how to read at all," Sancho replied.

Master Nicholas told them to wait a little; that they wanted to stop and drink at a fountain that was there. Don Quixote followed, to Sancho's great pleasure, who was already tired of lying so much and feared his master would catch him with words; because, since he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant woman from Toboso, he had not seen her in all his life.

At this time, Cardenio wore the dresses that Dorotea brought when she was found, which, though not very good, gave him a great advantage over those he left behind. They gathered by the fountain, and with what the priest arranged at the inn, they satisfied, however little, the great hunger they all carried.

While I was in that, I noticed a young man passing by, who, having started to look with great attention at those in the fountain, soon attacked Don Quixote, grabbing him by the legs and starting to cry very deliberately, saying:

Oh, my lord! Do you not know me, my lord? Then look at me well; I am that young man Andrés who freed you from the oak where you were tied.

I recognized Don Quixote, and shaking his hand, he returned to those who were there, and said:

Because you see your mercies how important it is to have knights errant in the world, to mend the wrongs and abuses that are done in it by the insolent and wicked men who live in it, know you see that on the days past, passing I by a forest, I heard some cries and very sad voices, like those of a suffering and needy person; I then, driven by my obligation, went toward the part where I seemed to hear the lamentable voices, and I found tied to an oak this boy who is now before me, of whom I feel in my soul will be witness that I will not let him lie. I say that he was tied to the oak, naked with the middle horn up, and this villain was whipping him with the reins of a mare, who afterward I learned was his master; and as I saw him, I asked him the cause of such atrocious beating; he replied that the rascal was whipping him because he was his servant, and that certain neglects he had were born more of thief than of simple; to which this child said: "Sir, you do not beat me only because I ask for my wages." The master replied whatever arguments and excuses, which though they were heard from me, were not admitted. In resolution, I made him unbound, and I swore to the villain that I would take him with me and pay him one real over another, and even smoked. Is this true, son Andrés? Did you not notice with what power he commanded him, and with what humility he promised to do all that I imposed and notified and wished? Answer; do not be troubled nor doubt in anything; say what happened to these lords, so that it is seen and considered for the benefit that I say there are knights errant on the roads.

"Everything that your grace has said is much truth," the boy replied; "but the end of the business happened very differently than your grace imagines."

"How backward?" —Quixote retorted. "Then you don't pay the villain?"

"No, I didn't pay for it – the boy replied –, and as you, my lords, transported me from the forest and left me alone, he tied me again to the same oak and gave me once more so many lashings, that I was left like Saint Bartholomew stripped bare; and with each lash he would say a mocking remark about making sport of you, my lords, which, though I felt so much pain, made me laugh at what he said. Indeed, he treated me so badly that until now I have been recovering in a hospital from the evil that the evil villain inflicted upon me. All of this is due to you, my lords, because if he were to continue on his way and not come where they didn't call him, or meddle in other people's affairs, my master would be content to give me one or two dozen lashes, and then release me and pay what I owed him. But since you dishonored him so unnecessarily, and he said so many insults, he became enraged, and since your lords could not avenge him, when he saw himself alone he unloaded it all upon me, so that it seems to me that I will never be a man again in all my life."

-The damage is –said Don Quixote– in my going away from there, that I shouldn't have gone until you were paid; because I should surely know, by long experiences, that there is no villain who keeps a word he gives, if he sees that it is not to his advantage to keep it. But you remember, Andrés, that I swore that if I didn't pay you, I would go to find him, and that I would find him, even if he hid himself in the belly of the whale.

"That's the truth," Andrés said; "but I didn't get anything out of it." – "Now you'll see if you get something out of it," said Don Quixote.

And saying this, he rose very briskly and ordered Sancho to hold back Rocinante, who was grazing while they ate.

I asked Dorotea what she wished to do. She replied that she wanted to go and find the villain and punish him for his evil ways, and make Andrés pay him until the last shilling, despite all the villains in the world; to which she replied that she should warn him that she could not, according to the promised gift, engage in any enterprise until she had finished hers;

and that since he knew this better than anyone else, he should calm his heart until his kingdom returned.

"That is true," replied Don Quixote, "and it is necessary that Andrés be patient until the return, as you say, señora; that I renew my oaths and promises to swear again not to stop until he has avenged and paid him."

"I don't believe those oaths," said Andrés; "I'd much rather have something to take to Seville with me, that all the vengeance in the world—give me, if you have it, something to eat and I'll stay with God's mercy and all the wandering knights, as well as well they ride for themselves as they did for me."

He took a piece of bread and a piece of cheese from Sancho's supplies, gave them to the boy, and said:

Take some of your misfortune, brother Andrés. —What part of your misfortune reaches us? —Andrés asked.

"This bit of cheese and bread I give you," Sancho replied, "that God knows if I need it or not; because I make you know, friend, that the escuderos of the wandering knights are subject to much hunger and bad fortune, and even to other things that are better felt than spoken."

Andrés accepted his bread and cheese, and seeing that no one offered him anything else, lowered his head and took the path in his hands, as is often said. It is true that as he parted from him, he said to Don Quixote:

For God's sake, sir wandering knight, if I should meet you again, even if I see you tearing me to pieces, do not help me nor rescue me, but leave me with my misfortune; let it not be so great, let it not be greater than that which comes from your grace, whom God curses, and all wandering knights who have been born in the world.

Don Quixote was raised up to be chastised; but he started to run so that none dared to follow him. Don Quixote of the story of Andrés was completely scattered, and it was necessary for the others to be very careful not to laugh at him, lest he run completely away.

Chapter 32: About what happened to all of Don Quixote's band of followers

The good food was gone, they then saddled up, and without anything happening worthy of telling, they arrived another day at the market, to the astonishment and wonder of Sancho Panza; and though he wished not to enter into it, he could not escape it. The innkeeper, the innkeeper's daughter, Maritornes, who saw Don Quixote and Sancho coming, came out to receive them with signs of great joy, and he received them with a grave countenance and applause; and they told him to arrange for him a better bed than the previous time; to which the hostess replied that since she was paying him better than the last time, she would give it to him as a prince. Don Quixote said yes, and so they arranged a reasonable one in the same carrancho■n de marras, and he then lay down, because he had come very exhausted and lacking in judgment.

He was quite securely locked up when the guest attacked the barber, and sheared his beard, saying:

For my holy day, let him not take more of my tail to adorn his beard, and let my tail return to him; it's shameful that my husband is behaving like that, I say, the comb, which I used to hang from my good tail.

He wouldn't give it to her, though she pulled more, until the licentiate told him to give it to her; that it was no longer necessary to use that industry, but it should be discovered and shown in its own form, and he told Don Quixote that when the rogues robbed him, he had come to that stall fleeing; and that if he asked about the squire of the princess, they would tell him that she had sent him ahead to give notice to the people of her kingdom how she went and carried with her the liberator of all. With this the barber willingly gave the queue to the vendor, and likewise returned all the creditors that he had lent for Don Quixote's freedom. They scattered all the people of the beauty of Dorotea, and even the good stature of the youth Cardenio. The priest made them arrange to eat what was in the stall, and the guest, with hope of better pay, arranged for them a reasonable meal with diligence; and all this while Don Quixote was sleeping, and they appeared as if he wouldn't wake, because at that time the sleeping would bring him more profit than eating. They talked about food, with the vendor present, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes and all the travelers, about the strange madness of Don Quixote and the way they had found him. The guest told them what had happened to him and to the stablehand, and seeing if Sancho was there, as he did not see him, he told them about his sustenance, which they received with much pleasure. And as the priest said that the books of chivalry that Don Quixote had read had returned his judgment, the vendor said:

I don't know how that can be; truly, to my understanding, there isn't a better writer in the world, and I have there two or three of them, with other papers that have truly given me life, not just to me, but to so many others.

Because when it's time for the harvest, many harvesters gather here, and there's always one who knows how to read, who takes one of these books in his hands, and we surround ourselves with more than thirty of them, and we listen to them with so much pleasure that it takes away a thousand grays from me; at least, I can say that when I heard those furious and terrible blows that the knights make, it makes me want to do the same, and I wanted to be listening to them nights and

days.

"And me, no less –said the waitress; because I never have a good time at my house, unless you're listening to that one you're so absorbed in, that you've forgotten to sigh back then."

"That's the truth," Maritornes said; and I must confess that I also found those things very pleasing to hear, especially when it was told that the other lady was beneath some orange trees embraced by her gentleman, and that a chaperone was watching over them, consumed with envy and quite startled."

"And you, what do you think, young lady?" the priest said, speaking to the innkeeper's daughter.

"No, sir, in my soul – she replied; also, I hear him, and truly, though I do not understand it, I receive pleasure in hearing; but I do not delight in the blows that my father delights in, but in the lamentations that the gentlemen make when they are absent from their ladies; for truly, sometimes they make me cry, from compassion that I have for them."

-Then, you remedy women, madam – Dorotea said – if you were to cry because of you?

"I don't know what could have made her say that," the maid replied; "I only know that there are some women like that, so cruel, that they call them their tiger and lion knights, and other sorts of filth. And, Jesus! I don't know what kind of people they are, so heartless, that for not looking at a respectable man, they let him die, or go mad. I don't know for what all the fuss is about: if they do it because they find it honorable, they get what they want from them; that's all they desire."

Shut up, girl—said the washerwoman; it doesn't seem right for the maids to know or talk so much about these things.

"How he asked me, she replied, I couldn't help but retort."

"Now, then – said the priest – bring me, Mr. Guest, those books, that I want to see them."

– That's fine – he replied.

And entering his chamber, he took out an old small trunk, locked with a chain, and, opening it, he found within it three large books and some papers in very fine handwriting. The first book he opened saw that it was Don Quixote de la Mancha; and the other, Felixmarte of Hircania; and the other, the History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordoba, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. As the priest read the first two titles, the barber returned to his face, and said:

The lack of him and his niece are here now.

—They don't do it—the barber replied—, let me go with them to the pen, or to the chimney; because, truly, there's very good fire in it.

-Do you wish to burn my books? - he said to the lord.

- No more – the priest said – of these two: the one from Don Cirongilio and the one from Félixmarte.

-Well, perhaps -said the innkeeper-, are my books heretical or phlegmatic, that they want to burn?

"Sycophants," he said, "you mean, friend – not melancholic."

"That's so – replied the tavernkeeper. But if anyone wants to burn, let that one be of the Grand Captain and wish of Diego Garcia; I'll sooner let a son be burned than any of you."

"Brother mine," said the priest, "these two books are liars and are full of nonsense and fantasies, and this one of the Great Captain is true history and has the facts of Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba, who, because of his many and great deeds, deserved to be called throughout the world Great Captain, a famous and clear renown, and justly so; and this Diego García de Paredes was a principal knight from the city of Trujillo, in Extremadura, a valiant soldier, and of such natural strength that he would stop with one finger a mill wheel in the midst of his fury; and, when placed with a palisade at the entrance of a bridge, he stopped an entire innumerable army that did not pass it; and he did other such things, that if he counts and writes them himself, with his own proper modesty as a knight and a courtier, he would write another book and abandon the memory of the Hector's, Achilles and Roldans."

"Take it easy with my father!" said the sly merchant. "Watch out that it frightens him; of stopping a water wheel! For God's sake, now it's your turn to read what I read of Félixmarte of Hircania, who with one turn only defeated five giants by the waist, as if they were made of peas, like the little figurines children make. And he attacked again with a very large and powerful army, where he took more than a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from the foot to the head, and he routed them all, as if they were flocks of sheep. Now what will they say about the good Don Cirongilio of Tracia, who was as brave and spirited as you'll see in the book, where he recounts that while sailing down a river, a serpent of fire

came out of the middle of the water, and he, as he saw it, threw himself onto it, and got himself on top of its scaly back, and squeezed its throat with both hands with such force, that seeing the serpent that was drowning it, he had no other remedy than to let it go to the depths of the river, taking the knight with him, who never wanted to let it go?" And when they got down there, they found it in palaces and gardens so lovely, it was a wonder; and then the serpent turned into an old man, who told them so many things, that there's more to hear. Street, sir; if you heard that, you'd go mad with pleasure. Two pigeons for the Great Captain and for that Diego García who says!"

Hearing this, Dorothea said, silencing Cardenio.

Our guest is almost ready to begin the second part of Don Quixote.

"That's how it seems to me," Cardenio replied; "because, according to him, he believes that everything these books recount happened no more nor less than what they write, and he wouldn't make him believe anything else, monks barefoot."

Look, brother – the priest said – there was never a Felixmarte of Hircania, nor Sir Cirongilio of Tracia, nor any other knights like those described in the books of chivalry; for all of it is contrived composure and fiction of idle wits, composed for the purpose you describe, to occupy time, just as your readers are occupied by reading them. For truly, I swear to you, such knights never existed in the world, nor did such deeds or follies happen.

"Go bother another dog with that bone!" the innkeeper retorted. "As if I didn't know how many five is, and where my shoe pinches! Don't think for a moment you'll give me broth, because, for God's sake, I'm nothing white. Well, it's that I want you to understand that all that these good books say is nonsense and lies, being printed with the license of the lords of the Royal Council, as if they were people who were going to allow so much lies to be printed together, and so many battles and enchantments that ruin one's judgment!"

"As I've told you, my friend," the priest replied, "that it is done to entertain our idle thoughts; and just as it is permitted in well-ordered republics to have games of chess, of ball, and of tricks, to entertain some who neither want, nor ought, nor can work, so it is permitted to print and have such books, believing, as is true, that there will be none so ignorant that he considers any true history of these books. And if I were permitted now, and the audience required it, I would say things about what the books of chivalry ought to be in order to be good, which might be useful, and even pleasing to some; but I expect that time will come when I can communicate it to someone who can correct it, and in the meantime, believe what I have told you, sir vendor, and take your books, and there you will agree with their truths or falsehoods, and may they be of benefit to you, and may God prevent you from limping on the foot that limps your guest Don Quixote."

"That's not I –the waiter replied-; that I won't be so crazy as to become a knight errant; I see clearly that now what was used in that time, when these famous knights were said to be roaming the world, isn't used anymore."

Halfway along the plastic [model], Sancho was present, and he remained very confused and thoughtful about what he had heard said, and now that knights were no longer used, and that all books of chivalry were foolishness and lies, and he proposed in his heart to wait for the outcome of his master's journey, and if it did not turn out as his master thought, he would abandon it and return to his wife and his children to his usual work.

The waiter took the suitcase and the books, but the priest said to him:

Wait, I want to see what those papers are. They're written in such good handwriting.

He dismissed the guest, and giving them to read, he saw up to eight folds written by hand, and at first they had a large title that said: Novel of the Impertinent Curious Man. The priest read three or four lines for himself, and said:

It is true that I don't think the title of this novel is bad, and I have the will to read it all.

The vendor replied:

Well, may it please you, because I want to let you know that some guests who have been here have found it very pleasing, and they have asked for it with great eagerness; but I did not want to give it to anyone, thinking to return it to whoever I left this suitcase forgotten here with these books and these papers; that it is well possible that its owner will return here sometime, and that I will need the books back, I swear, I will return them to him; although a merchant, I am still a Christian.

You're right, my friend – said the priest; but, with all that, if the novel satisfies me, you'll see to it that it's moved.

"I might," he replied.

While the two were saying this, Cardenio had taken the novel and begun to read it; and it seemed to him as it did to the priest, I asked him to read it so that everyone could hear it.

-If I were to read -the priest said-, it would be better to spend this time sleeping than reading.

-I've had too much rest," said Dorotea, "it's to entertain the time by listening to a story, since I still don't have the calm spirit to sleep when it's reasonable.

"Well, in that way," the priest said, "I want to read it, purely out of curiosity: perhaps it might please you."

Master Nicholas begged him likewise, and so did Sancho; seeing this by the curate, and understanding that it would please everyone and he would receive him, he said:

Listen closely, everyone; the novel begins like this:

Chapter 33: Where the Story of the Curious Impertinent Is Told

In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province they call Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lotario, two wealthy and principal knights, and so good friends that, by excellence and antonomasia, all those who knew them were called the two friends. They were bachelors, young men of the same age and of similar customs; all of which was quite a cause for the two friends to correspond reciprocally. It is true that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous pursuits than Lotario, to whom they followed after the silos of the hunt; but when an opportunity offered, he abandoned Anselmo's tastes to follow those of Lotario, and Lotario abandoned his own to follow those of Anselmo; and in this way, their wills were so much in accord that there was no concert that so well matched them.

Anselmo was lost in love of a principal lady and beautiful girl of the same city, daughter of such good parents and so good herself, that she determined, with the agreement of her friend Lotario, without whom nothing was done, to offer herself as wife to her parents, and so it was executed; and he who carried the embassy was Lotario, and he who concluded the business, so pleased with his friend, that in a short time he was placed in the possession he desired, and Camila so happy to have attained Anselmo as husband, that she did not cease to give thanks to heaven and to Lotario, by whose means so much good had come to her. The first days, as all wedding days usually are, Lotario continued as he used to at his friend Anselmo's house, seeking to honor him, celebrate him, and rejoice him with all that was possible to him; but after the weddings were over, and the frequency of visits and congratulations having ceased, Lotario began to neglect carefully the visits to Anselmo's house, as it seemed to him (as is reasonable that it should seem to all who are discreet) that they should not be visited nor continued the houses of married friends in the same way as when they were single; because although good and true friendship cannot nor should be suspected in anything, nevertheless, the honor of the married man is so delicate that it seems that it can be offended even by the same brothers, much more by friends.

Anselmo informed Lotario about the remittance of Lothario, and he voiced great complaints, saying that if he had known that marrying was to be part of a plan not to be communicated to him as it usually was, he would never have done it; and that, because of the good correspondence they had while he was single, they had reached such a sweet name as being called friends; he forbade him, without any other occasion, from letting such a famous and pleasant name be lost; and thus, he implored him, if it were lawful to use such a term of speech between them, to return to being master of his house and to enter and exit it as before, assuring him that his wife Camila had no other liking or will than the one he wished her to have, and that because she had seen with what sorrows they both loved each other, she was confused to see so much evasiveness in him.

In response to all of this and many other reasons that Anselmo told Lotario to persuade him to return home as he should, Lotario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and warning that Anselmo was satisfied with his friend's good intentions, and they agreed that twice a week and on holidays Lotario would go to eat with him; and although this was thus arranged between the two of them, Lotario proposed that he would do no more than what he saw was most convenient for his friend's honor, whose reputation he valued more than his own.

The young man said rightly that whoever had been granted a beautiful wife by heaven should take care to have friends come to his house, just as he watched with what friends his wife conversed; for whatever is not done or arranged in public squares, in temples, at public festivals and gatherings (things that not all husbands deny their wives), is arranged and facilitated at the friend or relative's house to whom one finds the greatest satisfaction. He also said that married men needed each to have a friend who would warn them of the carelessness they might show in their conduct, because it often happens that with the great love a husband has for his wife, he either does not warn her, or does not tell her, in order not to anger her, about things she does or does not do that would be to her honor or to her discredit; and, being warned by a friend, she would easily remedy it in everything. But where would one find such a discreet and true friend as this Lotario asks? I do not know, certainly; only Lotario was this, who, with all diligence and warning, looked after the honor of his friend, and endeavored to shorten, trim, and curtail the days of the arrangement of his visits to his house, so that it would not seem objectionable to the idle public eye or to malicious and wandering eyes, given the good parts he thought he possessed, at the house of a woman as beautiful as Camila; for, since her goodness and worth could check every spiteful

tongue, he still did not want to cast doubt on her credit or that of his friend, and therefore he occupied and entertained himself with other things on the most of the days of the arrangement, which he understood were inexcusable; so, in complaints from one and excuses from the other, they spent many hours and parts of the day.

Thus, it happened that one of the two was walking with the other through a meadow outside the city, Anselmo told Lotario the following reasons:

You think, my friend Lotario, that because of the mercies God has bestowed upon me in making me the son of parents such as yours were, and in giving me, not with meager hand, the goods, those which they call natural, like those of fortune, I cannot repay with gratitude that reaches the received good, and especially because he made me in giving me to you for friend and to Camila for woman proper, two jewels, that I esteem, if not in the degree that I should, in the degree that I can. For with all these parts, which are usually the whole with which men usually and can live content, I live the most unfortunate and most ill-mannered man in the entire world; because I do not know of what days this part so tires and presses a desire so strange and so outside the common use of others, that I am amazed at myself, and I blame myself and laugh alone, and I try to conceal it and cover it with my own thoughts; and thus it has been possible for me to go out with this secret as if I were trying to tell it to everyone with industry. And since, indeed, he must go out to the public square, I want it to be at the square of your secret, trusted that, with him and with the diligence that you will put forth, as my true friend, in remedying me, I will soon be free from the anguish that causes me, and my joy will reach the degree that has reached my discontent, by my madness.

Lotario had the reasons of Anselmo, and did not know in what it was to end so long a prevention or preamble; and although he was stirring in his imagination what desire that could be which so fatigued his friend, he always kept him very far from the target of truth; and, to quickly escape the agony that caused him.

That suspension, he told him that he was causing considerable harm to his great friendship by going around in circles to tell them his most concealed thoughts, since one could certainly promise him counsel to amuse them, or already remedies to fulfill them.

"That is the truth," Anselmo replied, "and with that confidence I make you know, friend Lotario, that the desire that exhausts me is to think if Camila, my wife, is as good and as perfect as I believe, and I cannot ascertain in this truth, if it is not proven in a way that the proof demonstrates the quality of her goodness, like fire shows the quality of gold. For I have for myself, oh friend, that she is not a better woman than she is or is not sought, and that alone is strong enough that she does not bend to promises, gifts, tears, and the continuous importunities of ardent lovers. For what is there to thank a woman for being good, if no one tells her she is bad? What much that she is gathered and fearful, if she is not given occasion to loosen herself, and the one who knows she has a husband who, by coaxing her in the first move, will take away her life? Thus, the one who is good out of fear, or out of lack of place, I do not want to have her in that esteem that I have for the sought-after and pursued, who emerged with the crown of victory; so, for these reasons, and for many others that I could tell you to attest and strengthen the opinion that I have, I desire that Camila, my wife, pass through these difficulties, and harden and quality in the fire of being required and sought, and of whom has the courage to put her desires in her; and if she comes out, as I believe she will, with the palm of this battle, I will consider my fortune unparalleled; I could say that this is the fullness of my desires; I will say that it was my luck to have a strong woman, of whom the Wise man says who finds her? And when this happens in reverse of what I think, with the pleasure of seeing that I am correct in my opinion, I will carry without sorrow the that of reason may cause me my so costly experience; and I assume that nothing of those which you tell me against my desire will be of benefit to stop putting it into the work, want, oh friend Lotario!, that you arrange to be the instrument that shapes this work of my liking; I will give you place for that you do it, without failing you all that I see necessary to request a honest, honorable, gathered and disinterested woman. And it moves me, among other things, to trust of you this so arduous enterprise the seeing that if you are defeated Camila, it will not reach the defeat to all rigor and intensity, but only to have made what is to be done, for good respect, and thus, I will not be offended more than with the desire, and my injury will be hidden in the virtue of your silence, which well know that in what touches will be eternal like the of death. Thus, if you want that I have life that can say that it is, from the start you must enter this loving battle, not lukewarm or lazily, but with the eagerness and diligence that my desire asks, and with the confidence that our friendship assures me."

These were the reasons that Anselmo told Lotario, to all of which he was so attentive that he did not unfold his lips until he had finished; and seeing that he was saying no more, after he had been looking at him for a good space, as if he were looking at something he had never seen before, that caused him amazement and terror, he said:

I cannot persuade myself, oh friend Anselmo, that the things you have told me are not jesting; that you believe them truly spoken, I would not allow them to happen so far ahead, because without listening to you, your long speech would have been forewarned. I surely imagine, or you do not know me, or I do not know you. But no; I well know you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lotario; the damage is that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must have thought

that I am not the Lotario that I should be, because the things you have told me, neither are they of that Anselmo my friend, nor the things you ask should be asked of that Lotario that you know; for good friends must prove themselves to their friends and take care of them, as said

A poet, up to altars, who wished to say that one should not rely on their friendship in matters against God. For if this moved a gentile to friendship, how much better is it for the Christian, who knows that he should not lose divine friendship through any human. And when the friend would throw such a burden, putting aside the respect of heaven to attend to his friend's, it should not be for trivial and unimportant things, but for those in which his friend's honor and life are at stake. Tell me now, Anselmo: which of these two things are you in danger of losing, so that I may venture to please you and do a thing as detestable as you ask? None, of course; rather, you ask me, as I understand it, to seek and request that I take away your honor and life, and take it away from me together. For if I am to seek to take away your honor, it is clear that I take away your life, since a man without honor is worse than dead; and being I the instrument, as you want me to be, of so much of your evil, do I not come to be disgraced, and, as a consequence, without life? Listen, friend Anselmo, and be patient until I have finished deciding what is offered to me about what you have asked for your desire; there would be time for you to reply to me and for me to listen to you.

"Let me place it," said Anselmo; "say what you want. And Lotario continued saying:"

It seems to me, oh Anselmo, that you now have the wit that the Moors always have, those to whom the error of their sect cannot be made clear with annotations of the Holy Scripture, nor with reasons consisting of the speculation of the understanding, nor based on articles of faith, but that tangible, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, undeniable examples must be brought to them, with mathematical demonstrations that cannot be denied, such as when they say: "If we subtract equal parts from two equal parts, the remaining parts are also equal"; and if they do not understand this by word of mouth, as, in effect, they do not understand, they must be shown with their hands, and put before their eyes, and even with all this, no one is persuaded by them to understand the truths of my sacred religion. And this same term and manner I will use with you, because the desire that has been born in you is so misguided and so far outside of all that has even the shadow of reasonable, that it seems to me that it will be wasted time that I spend in making you understand your simplicity, which for now I do not want to give it another name, and I am still going to leave you in your foolishness, under penalty of your bad desire; but it does not allow me to use this rigor of friendship that I have for you, which does not consent that I leave you in such manifest danger of losing yourself. And so that you may see it clearly, tell me, Anselmo: Do you not tell me that I must request a withdrawal, persuade to an honest one, offer to an disinterested one, serve a prudent one? Yes, that you have told me. Since you know that you have a withdrawn, honest, disinterested, and prudent wife, what are you seeking? And if you think that of all my assaults a victorious one will emerge, as it will undoubtedly, what better titles do you think you should give her afterwards than those that she now has, or what will be more afterwards than what she is now? Or is it that you do not have her as you say, or that you do not know what you ask for? If you do not have her as you say, for what do you want to prove her, other than, as badly as possible, to make of her what most pleases you? But if she is as good as you believe, it will be an impertinent thing to make experience of the same truth, because, after having done so, you must retain the estimation that you first had. Therefore, it is a conclusive reason that to try things from which before harm could happen rather than benefit is a judgment without discernment and reckless, and more when one wants to try those to which one is not forced or compelled, and that from very far away they reveal that the attempt is manifest madness. Difficult things are attempted by God, or by the world, or by both together: those that are undertaken by God are those that the saints undertook, undertaking to live the life of angels in human bodies; those that are undertaken out of respect for the world are those of those who pass such endless waters, such diversity of climates, such strangeness of peoples, in order to acquire those they call

wealths of fortune; and those which are attempted by God and by the world together are those of the valiant soldiers, who scarcely see in the opposite wall open as much space as is the space which a round shot of artillery could make; when, putting aside all fear, without making a speech or warning of the manifest danger which threatens them, carried on the flight of the wings of desire to return by their faith, by their nation, and by their king, they boldly throw themselves into the middle of a thousand opposing dead that await them. These are the things that are usually attempted, and it is honor, glory and profit that would be attempted, although so full of inconvenience and dangers; but the one you say you want to attempt and put into effect, will not reach you glory of God, wealths of fortune, nor fame with men; because, since you go out with it as you wish, you will not be left more proud, nor richer, nor more honored than you are now; and if you do not go out, you will be in the greatest misery that can be imagined, because it will not benefit you to think that no one knows the misfortune that has befallen you; because it would suffice to afflict and undo you to know it yourself. And to confirm this truth, I want to tell you a story that made the famous poet Luis Tansilo, at the end of his first part of The Tears of Saint Peter, which says thus:

The pain grows and the shame grows.

in Pedro, when the day has shown itself
and even though he doesn't see anyone, he's embarrassed.
of himself, in order to see that he had sinned:
to have a generous chest is to see oneself judged.
He's so ashamed when he misses.
though another doesn't see heaven and earth.

So you won't excuse your pain with the secret, you must weep continuously, if not the tears of the eyes, the tears of the heart, like the doctor did, that simple one our poet tells us, who made the glass test, that, with a better speech, excused himself from doing it for the prudent Reinaldos; since that is poetic fiction, it contains within it moral secrets worthy of being warned, and understood, and imitated. Quite so, because what I now intend to tell you will end up bringing you to knowledge of the great error you want to commit.

Tell me, Anselmo, if the sky, or good fortune, had made you lord and legitimate possessor of a tiny diamond, whose goodness and quality had satisfied all the jewelers who saw it, and that all at once and by common opinion they said it reached in quality, goodness and fineness whatever the nature of such a stone could extend, and you yourself believed it so, without knowing anything to the contrary, would it be just that you came in desire to take that diamond, and put it between an anvil and a hammer, and there, with pure force of blows and arms, test if it is as hard and as fine as they say? And more, if you put it to work; that, should the stone resist such a foolish test, it would not add more value or more fame; and if it broke, which could be, would it not be lost everything? Yes, certainly, leaving its owner in estimation of that everyone should consider him simple. Now, imagine, Anselmo, that Camila is a tiny diamond, as in your estimation as in another's, and that it is not reasonable to put it in a position of breaking, since even if it remains whole, it cannot rise to more value than it now has; and if it were to be lost and not

resist yourself, consider from now on what would be lost without her, and with how much reason you could complain of yourself, for having been the cause of her ruin and your own. See that there is no jewel in the world that is worth so much as the chaste and honorable woman, and that all the honor of women consists in the good opinion that is held of them; and since the one of your wife is such, that it reaches the extreme of goodness that you know, why do you want to put this truth in doubt? Look, friend, that the woman is an imperfect animal, and that you should not put pregnancies upon her where she stumbles and falls, but rather remove them and clear her path from any inconvenience, so that without gloom she may run lightly to reach the perfection that is lacking in her, which consists in being virtuous.

The natives tell that the arminio is a creature with skin so pale, and that when hunters want to catch it, they use this trick: knowing the parts where it usually passes and goes, they tie them with mud, and then, by observing it, they lead it toward that place, and as the arminio reaches the mud, they stay there and let it get stuck and captured, so as not to cross the mire and lose and stain its whiteness, which it values more than freedom and life. The honest and chaste woman is arminio, and it is whiter and cleaner than snow, virtue of honesty; and he who wants it not to be lost, must first guard and preserve it, must use a different style than with the arminio, because it will not be put before him the mire of gifts and services of bothersome lovers, because perhaps, and even without perhaps, it does not have such virtue and natural strength that it could by itself overcome and pass through those pregnancies; and it is necessary to take them away and put before it the cleanliness of virtue and the beauty that is contained within the good reputation. It is likewise the good woman like a bright and clear crystal mirror; but it is subject to getting soiled and darkened by any breath that touches it. One must use it with the honest woman as one uses with sacred relics, and not touch them. One must guard and value the good woman as one guards and values a beautiful garden that is full of flowers and roses, whose owner does not allow anyone to walk around or handle it; it is enough that from afar and through the iron railings one enjoys its fragrance and beauty. Finally, I want to tell you a few verses that have come into my memory, that I heard in a modern comedy, which I believe is relevant to what we are discussing. A prudent old man advised another, father of a young woman, who would gather, guard, and confine her, and among other reasons, he said these:

The woman is made of glass.
but it cannot be proven
whether it can be broken or not, because everything could be.
It is easier to break, and not to be wise is not sensible.
at risk of breaking

What cannot be soldered. And in this opinion are all of them, and rightly so;

If there are Danaes in the world, there are also rains of gold.

When I have told you, Anselmo, until here, it has been for what concerns you, and now it is well that something be heard that concerns me; and if it hurts long, forgive me; for all it requires is the labyrinth into which you have entered and from which you want me to extract you.

You consider me a friend, and you want to deprive me of honor. This is against all friendship; and not only do you intend this, but you seek to take it from me as well. It is clear that you want me to take it from me, because when Camila sees me request her, as you ask, it is certain that she will consider me a man without honor and scorned, since I attempt and do a thing so far removed from what being who I am and your friendship obliges me. There is no doubt that you want me to take it from you, because when Camila sees me request her, as you ask, she will think that I have seen in her some lightness that gave me boldness to reveal my ill desire, and being considered dishonored, it falls to you, as something hers, her very dishonor. And from here arises what is commonly talked about: the husband of the adulterous woman, since he does not know it, nor has he given occasion for her not to be the one she must be, nor has it been in his hand, or in his carelessness and little respect, to hinder her misfortune; however, they call him and name him with a name of vice and lowliness, and in a certain way, those who know the wickedness of their wives look at them with eyes of contempt, instead of looking at them with pity, seeing that it is not by his fault, but by the pleasure of his bad companion, that he is in that misfortune. But let me say the cause by which the husband of the bad woman is dishonored, even if he does not know it, nor has he guilt, nor has he been part, nor given occasion, for her to be it. And do not tire of telling you; everything must benefit you.

When God created our first father in Paradise, the divine Scripture says that God instilled a dream in Adam, and that while he was sleeping, he took a rib from his left side, from which he formed our mother Eve; and as Adam awoke and saw it, he said: "This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones." And God said: "For this he shall leave his son and his mother, and they shall be two in one flesh; and then the divine sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such bonds that only death can untie them. And this sacrament has so much strength and virtue that it makes two different people be one same flesh; and it still does more in good married couples: that, although they have two souls, they have no more than one will. And from here comes that, as the flesh of the wife is one same with that of the husband, the stains that fall in her, or the defects that she seeks, are reflected in the flesh of the husband, although he has not given, as has been said, occasion for that damage. Because as the pain of the foot or of any member of the human horn feels all the horn, because it is all of one same flesh, and the head feels the damage of the ankle, without it having caused it, so the husband is a participant in the dishonor of the wife, because he is one same thing with her; and as the honors and dishonors of the world are all and come from flesh and blood, and the dishonors of the woman are of this kind, it is necessary that part of them fall on the husband, and he is considered dishonored without him knowing it. See, then, oh Anselmo!, at the danger that you put yourself in wanting to disturb the tranquility in which your good wife lives; see for what vain and impudent curiosity you want to stir up the humors that are now tranquil in the breast of your chaste wife; warn that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you will lose will be so much, that I will leave it in its place, because I lack words to make you understand it. But if all that I have said is not enough to move you from your bad purpose, you can certainly seek another instrument of your dishonor and misfortune; I do not intend to be one, although by it you lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss that I can imagine.

Callo he said this, the virtuoso and prudent Lotario, and Anselmo remained so confused and thoughtful that for a good space he could not answer him with words; but, in the end, he said:

With the attention you have seen me show, Lotario friend, I have heard what you wished to tell me, and in your reasons, examples, and comparisons I have seen the great discretion you possess and the extreme of true friendship you reach; and even myself I see and confess that if I do not follow your opinion and go after mine, I am fleeing from good and running after evil. Consider this, you must understand that I now suffer the illness that some women tend to have, that they find themselves wanting to eat earth, plaster, charcoal, and other worse things, even disgusting to look at, much less to eat; so it is necessary to use some artifice to make me recover, and this could be done with ease, only if you begin, though sluggishly and feigned, to request Camila, who will not be so tender, that at the first meetings you put her honesty to shame; and with only this principle I will be content, and you will have fulfilled what you owe to our friendship, not only giving me life, but persuading me not to err without honor. And you are obliged to do this for one reason only; and it is that, being I, as I am, determined to put this test in practice, you will not consent that I tell of my folly to another person, with which I would put in danger the honor that you seek not to lose; and when your own is not at the point that it must be in the intention of Camila while you solicit her, it matters little or nothing, since with brevity, seeing in her the firmness that we expect, you can tell her the pure truth of our trick, with which she will return your credit by being first. And since you can give me so little adventure and so much happiness by venturing, do not leave it undone, even though more

inconveniences are put before you, since, as I have already said, with only that you begin, I will consider the cause concluded.

Seeing Lotario the resolute will of Anselmo, and not knowing what more examples to bring him or more reasons to show him so that he would not follow her, and seeing that he threatened him that he would give another account of his bad desire, to avoid greater evil, he determined to please him and do what he asked, with the intention and purpose of guiding that business in such a way that, without altering Camila's thoughts, Anselmo would be satisfied; and so, he replied that he should not communicate his thoughts with another person; that he took into his charge that enterprise, which would begin when he gave it more pleasure. Anselmo embraced him tenderly and amorously, and thanked him for his offer, as if he had done him a great favor; and they agreed that from the following day the work would begin; that he would give him place and time as if he could speak alone with Camila, and also he would give him money and jewels to give her and to offer her. He advised him to give him music, to write verses in his praise; and that, when Anselmo would not wish to take on the work of making them, he himself would make them. Lotario offered himself to all, though with a different intention than Anselmo thought, and with this agreement they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camila, with anxiety and care, awaiting her husband, because that day he was delaying more than usual.

Lotario went home, and Anselmo remained where he was, as content as Lotario had been thoughtful, not knowing what course he would take to get out of that impudent business; but that night he thought about the way he would deceive Anselmo without offending Camila, and another day he came to eat with his friend, and he was well received by Camila, who received and gave him with great willingness, because she understood the good that her husband had for her.

They had just eaten, they raised the tablecloths, and Anselmo told Lotario to stay there with Camila while he went to a pressing matter; that he would return in an hour and a half. Camila begged him not to leave, and Lotario offered to keep her company; but nothing helped with Anselmo; he bothered Lotario to

Stay and wait for him, because he had to discuss one very important thing with him. He also told Camila not to leave Lotario alone until he returned. He knew so well how to feign the need or foolishness of his absence that no one could understand it was a feigned one.

Anselmo was there, and Camila and Lotario were left alone at the table, because the rest of the people at home had all gone to eat. Lotario found himself placed on the stand his friend desired, and with the enemy before him, so that he might conquer with his own beauty alone an entire squadron of armed knights: look, did Lotario have reason to fear him? But what he did was to put his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his hand open on his cheek, and asking for forgiveness from Camila for her bad manners, he said that he wanted to rest a little while Anselmo returned. Camila replied that it was better for him to rest on the stand than on the chair, and so she urged him to enter and sleep on it. Lotario refused, and he lay down to sleep until Anselmo returned, who, upon finding Camila in her room and Lotario asleep, thought that, as he had taken so long, the two of them had already had a place to speak, and even to sleep, and he did not see the hour when Lotario awoke, to go out with him and ask him of his fortune.

Everything happened as he wished. Lotario awoke, and then the two of them left the house, and then he asked Lotario what he desired, and Lotario replied to him that it hadn't seemed good that the first time it was discovered so completely, and so he had done nothing but praise Camila for her beauty, telling him that in all the city it was nothing but her beauty and discretion, and that this had seemed a good beginning to win her willingness, and to make her listen to him with pleasure, using in this of the artifice that the devil uses when he wants to deceive someone who is posted as a lookout to watch if: that he transforms into an angel of light, being him the one of darkness, and, putting before him good appearances, in the end he discovers who he is and comes out with his intention, if his deception is not discovered at the beginning. All this pleased Anselmo very much, and said that every day he would take the same place, even if he didn't leave the house, because in it he would occupy himself with things that Camila couldn't come to know of his artifice.

It happened, therefore, that many days passed without Lotario saying a word to Camila. She responded to Anselmo that he spoke to her and never could draw from her a small sample of anything good, nor even give a sign of a shadow of hope; rather, he told her that if she didn't get rid of that bad thought, he would tell her husband about it.

-It's fine like this,' said Anselmo. 'Until now Camila has resisted the words; it is necessary to see how she resists the actions; I will give you two thousand gold escudos tomorrow so that you offer them to her, and even give them to her, and as many more so that you buy jewels with which to bewitch her; women are usually fond of this sort of thing, and more so if they are beautiful, even if they are chaste; to this of becoming friendly and going about in a grand manner; and if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied and won't give you any more trouble.'

Lotario replied that, since he had already begun, he would carry out the entire enterprise to its end, because he understood it would be to emerge from it exhausted and defeated. Another day he received the four thousand escudos, and with them four thousand confusions, because he didn't know what to say to lie again; but, in fact, he determined to tell

her that Camila was as eager for gifts and promises as she was for words, and that there was no more weariness to be endured, because all the time was wasted in vain.

But luck, which guided things in a different way, ordered that, having left Anselmo alone with Lotario and Camila, as it had often done before, he locked himself in a room and, through the holes in the lock, he watched and listened to what

They were talking, and he saw that in more than half an hour, Lotario hadn't spoken a word to Camila, nor would he speak to her if he were there a century, and he realized that everything his friend had told him about Camila's answers was fiction and a lie. And to see if it was so, he left the room, and calling Lotario aside, he asked him what news he had and what temper Camila was in. Lotario told him he wouldn't give the matter another thought, because she responded so coldly and abruptly, that he wouldn't have the spirit to say anything to her again.

"Ah – said Anselmo – Lotario, Lotario, and how badly you correspond to what you owe me and to how much I trust you! Now I have been watching you for the place that grants access to this key, and I have seen that you haven't spoken a word to Camila; by which I understand that even the first ones you still consider worthy of being spoken to; and if this is so, as it undoubtedly is, what are you deceiving me for, or why do you seek to deprive me of the means that I could find to achieve my desire?"

Anselmo didn't say more, but what he had said was enough to leave Lotario running around in confusion; who, as if taking the having been found in a lie as a matter of honor, swore to Anselmo that from that moment on he would take it so much upon himself to be truthful and not lie, as he would see if, with curiosity, he observed it; much more than it would be necessary to use any diligence, because the one he thought he would put into it would dispel all suspicion. Anselmo believed him, and to give him more secure and less startled comfort, he determined to take an absence from his house for eight days, hiding himself in the house of a friend of his, who was in a village, not far from the city; with whom friend he arranged to send to call him, with all certainty, to have the opportunity with Camila of his departure.

Wretched and wrongly warned are you, Anselmo! What are you doing? What do you plot? What do you command? See what you do against yourself, plotting your dishonor and ordering your destruction. Good is your wife Camila; quiet and calmly you possess her; no surprises your taste; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her heaven on earth, the object of her desires, the fulfillment of her tastes, and the measure by which she measures her will, adjusting it in all things with yours and with that of the heavens. For if the mine of her honor, beauty, honesty, and reserve gives you without any effort all the wealth she possesses, and you desire to dig deeper into the earth, and seek new veins of unseen treasure, putting yourself in danger of all collapsing, since, in the end, it rests on the weak currents of her slender nature? See that he who seeks the impossible, it is just that the possible be denied to him, as a poet said better, saying:

I seek life in death, health in sickness.

in prison, freedom

in the closed-off area exit

and in traitor loyalty. But my luck, from whom I never expect any good, with the heavens has decreed.

That, well, I ask for the impossible, and I still haven't received the possible.

Anselmo went to the village again, telling Camila that while he was away, Lotario would come to look after her house and eat with her; that she should treat him as if he were her own person. Camila was afflicted, as a sensible and honorable woman, by the order her husband gave her, and told him to warn her that no one, while he was absent, should occupy the seat at her table; and that if he did it because he lacked confidence, she would know how to govern her house, and that she should try it once, and see by experience how much care was needed. Anselmo replied that it was his liking, and that he had only to make his head bow and obey her.

Anselmo was dismissed, and one day Lotario came to his house, where he was received by Camila with affectionate and honest welcome; and she never parted from him where Lotario might see him alone, because she was always surrounded by her servants, both men and women, especially by a young woman of his called Leonela, whom she much loved, as they had been brought up together since childhood in the house of Camila's parents, and when she married Anselmo she brought her with her. For the first three days Lotario said nothing to her, although he could, when the tables were cleared and people departed to eat with great haste, as Camila had ordered it; and even Leonela had command that she should eat before Camila, and that she should never remove herself from his side; but she, who in other things of her liking had occupied her thoughts and needed those hours and that place to occupy her with her pleasures, did not always obey her mistress's command; she would rather leave them alone, as if she had been ordered to do so. But Camila's honest presence, the gravity of her face, the composure of her person, were so great, that they restrained Lotario's tongue.

But the benefit that the many virtues of Camila had in silencing the tongue of Lotario was more detrimental to both of them, because if the tongue was silent, the mind would reason and there was room to contemplate, part by part, all the extremes of goodness and beauty that Camila possessed, enough to enchant a marble statue, not a human heart.

Watch Lotario look at the place and space where he had to speak of her, and he considered how worthy she was to be loved; and this consideration began little by little to assail the respects that Lotario had for Anselmo, and he a thousand times wished to absent himself from the city and go where Anselmo would never see him, nor would he see Camila; but he already made it impossible for him and restrained the pleasure he found in looking at her. He exerted himself and fought with himself to discard and not feel the joy that led him to look at Camila; he blamed himself alone for his folly; he called himself a bad friend, and even a bad Christian; he made speeches and comparisons between himself and Anselmo, and everyone stopped saying that Anselmo's madness and confidence were greater than his little fidelity, and that if he had excuse before God as he had for men regarding what he thought to do, he would not fear punishment for his fault.

Indeed, the beauty and goodness of Camila, together with the opportunity the ignorant husband had placed in her hands, secured the loyalty of Lotario in the land; and, without looking at anything other than what inclined his liking, after three days of Anselmo's absence, during which he was continuously battling to resist his desires, he began to woo Camila, with such turmoil and with such affectionate reasons, that Camila became suspended, and did nothing other than rise from where she was and enter her chamber, without uttering a word.

Due to this dryness, Lotario lost hope, which always arises together with love; he had previously cherished Camila above all others. She, having seen in Lotario what she had never imagined, did not know what to do; and, feeling that it was not a safe or well-executed matter to give her occasion or place to speak to him again, she determined to send that very night, as she had done before, a servant of hers with a billet to Anselmo, in which she wrote him these reasons:

Chapter 34: Where the Novel of the Curious Impertinent Continues

Just as it is often said that an army is poorly without its general and a castle without its lord, I say that a married woman and a young woman are much worse without their husbands, when just opportunities do not prevent it. I find myself so ill without you, and so unable to avoid suffering this absence, that if you do not come soon, I shall go to entertain myself at my parents' house, though I shall leave your [estate] unprotected; for the one you leave behind, if I have indeed received such a title, I believe she cares more for your pleasure than for what is due to you; and since you are discreet, I have nothing more to say to you, nor is it even well that I should say more.

Anselmo received this letter, and understood from it that Lothario had already begun the enterprise, and that Camila should have responded as he wished; and, exceedingly joyful at such news, he replied to Camila, in word, that she should make no change in her house in any way, because he would return with great haste. Camila was astonished by Anselmo's reply, which confused her more than before, because she dared not be in his house, still less go to the house of her parents; for, in the agreement, her honesty was in danger; and in the going, she went against the command of her husband. In short, she resolved in what was worst for her, which was in remaining, with determination not to flee from Lothario's presence, so as not to give cause to her servants, and she already felt heavy from having written to her husband, fearful that he would not think that Lothario had seen in her some awkwardness that would have moved him not to keep her decorum that he owed her. But, trusting in his kindness, she trusted in God and in his good thought, with which she would resist by keeping silent about all that Lothario would wish to tell her, without giving more account to her husband, so as not to put him in some trouble and work; and even she was seeking a way to excuse Lothario with Anselmo, when he asked her the occasion that had moved her to write that paper.

With these thoughts, more honorable than accurate or profitable, he spent another day listening to Lotario, who grasped her hand in such a way that he began to undermine the firmness of Camila, and her honesty had much to do with causing those eyes not to show any loving compassion that Lotario's tears and reasons in his chest had awakened. All of this Lotario noticed, and all of it inflamed him. Finally, it seemed to him that it was necessary, in the space and place given by Anselmo's absence, to close in on that fortress, and thus, he attacked her presumption with praises of her beauty, because there is nothing that yields and levels the fortified towers of the vanity of beautiful women more quickly than the same vanity, put in the tongues of flattery. Indeed, he, with all diligence, undermined the rock of her steadfastness, with such implements, that even if Camila were made of bronze, she would come to the ground. Lotario wept, begged, offered, flattered, persisted, and feigned, with so many feelings and so many verities, that he succeeded with Camila's decorum and came to triumph over what was least thought and most desired.

Camila surrendered; Camila yielded; but what about, if Lotario's friendship didn't stand? A clear example that shows that only passionate love is defeated.

With grace, and no one dared to challenge him with such a powerful enemy, because it was necessary divine forces to overcome his human ones. Only Leonela knew her lady's weakness, because the two bad friends and new lovers could not conceal it. Lotario refused to tell Camila Anselmo's pretension, nor that he had given her cause to reach that point, because he had not underestimated her love, and he thought that thus, by chance and without thinking, and not intentionally, he had provoked it.

Anselmo returned to his house a few days later, and he didn't regret seeing what was lacking in it, which was what he had least and most valued. He then went to see Lotario, and found him at his house; they embraced, and one asked about the news of his life, or of his death.

-The new things I can give you, oh friend Anselmo!- said Lotario-, are that you have a woman who nobly can be an example and crown of all good women. The words I have told her have been carried away by the air; the offerings have been little; the gifts have not been accepted; of some feigned tears my own has been made notable mockery. In resolution, as Camila is the measure of all beauty, is the archive where attends honesty and lives the moderation and respect, and all the virtues that can make loable and well-fortunate to a honest woman. Return to take your money, friend, for here I have it, without having had need to touch to them; that the steadfastness of Camila does not yield to such low things as are gifts nor promises. Content yourself, Anselmo, and do not wish to make more tests of those made; and, since on foot lean you have passed the sea of difficulties and suspicions that women usually and can have, do not wish to enter again into the deep shoal of new inconveniences, nor wish to make experience with another pilot of the goodness and strength of the ship that the heavens gave you in luck for you to pass the sea of this world; but make account that you are already in safe harbor, and fasten with the anchors of good consideration, and let yourself rest until they come to ask you the debt that no human lord can excuse for paying it.

Anselmo was overjoyed with Lotario's reasons, and he believed them as if they had been spoken by some oracle; but, nevertheless, he begged him not to abandon the undertaking, even if only for curiosity and amusement; although he wouldn't then make such strenuous efforts as he had until then; and that he only wanted him to write him a few verses in his praise, under the name of Clori, because he would make him understand Camila that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, in order to celebrate her with the decorum that she deserved, given her honesty; and that when Lotario didn't wish to take on the work of writing the verses, he would do it himself.

"That will not be necessary," said Lotario; "for the muses are not so hostile to me that they visit me for a few moments of the year. Tell Camila what you have said about the feigning of my loves; let the verses be made by me, if not as good as the subject deserves, they will at least be the best I can do."

As a result of this agreement was the impertinent and the traitor friend; and, returned Anselmo to his house, he asked Camila what she already wondered about that she hadn't asked her, namely, what he had told her why he had written the paper he had sent her. Camila replied that it had seemed to her that Lotario was looking at her a little more freely than when he was at home; but that she was already disillusioned and believed it had been her imagination, because Lotario was already fleeing from the old place and from being with her alone.

Tell Anselmo that she could certainly be sure of that suspicion, because he knew that Lotario was in love with a principal lady of the city, to whom he addressed himself under the name of Clori, and that, even if he wasn't, one shouldn't

Afraid of the truth about Lotario and the great friendship between them. And, had Camila not been warned by Lotario about the falseness of Clori's loves, and had he told Anselmo about it so that he might spend some moments on praising Camila, she certainly would have fallen into the desperate net of jealousy; but since she was already warned, she passed that shock without distress.

Another day, while the three were seated at a table, Anselmo begged Lotario to say something of the things he had composed for his beloved Chloris; for, since Camila did not know her, he could surely say whatever he wished.

"Although I might have known her," Lotario replied, "I would not have concealed anything; because when a lover praises his lady's beauty and her cruelty, no one approves of his good credit; but, whatever it may be, I will say that yesterday I composed a sonnet to the ingratitude of this Clori, who says thus:"

Sonnet

In the silence of the night, when

It occupies the sweet dream of mortals.

My poor account of my rich woes

I'm over the moon and spoiling my Clori.

And as the sun began to show itself through the rosy eastern doors.

with sighs and uneven accents

the old dispute is being renewed.

And when the sun, from its starry, upright seat, sent rays to the earth.

The weeping grows and doubles the groans. The night returns, and I return to the sad tale, and I always find, in my mortal striving,

to heaven, silent; to Clori, without eyes.

He liked the sonnet to Camila; but better to Anselmo, since he praised it, and she said that the lady was excessively cruel, as she did not correspond to so clear truths. To which Camila replied:

Then, is everything that lovelorn poets say is true?

“As poets, they don’t say it—Lotario replied; but as lovers, they are always as short as true ones.”

“There’s no doubt about it,” Anselmo retorted, “all to support and vouch for Lotario’s thoughts with Camila, as heedless of Anselmo’s artifices and already enamored with Lotario.”

And so, with the pleasure he felt about her things, and more, understanding that her wishes and writings to her were directed towards her, and that she was the true Clori, he asked her if she knew any other sonnets or verses, to say them.

“Yes,” Lotario replied; “but I don’t think it’s as good as the first, or, to put it better, less bad. And you can judge it well, because it’s this:”

Sonnet

I know I am dying; and if I am not believed.

It is more certain to die, as it is certain that I fall at your feet, oh beautiful ungrateful one, dead, than to repent and adore you.

I can rot in the region of oblivion.

of life and glory and of deserved favor

and you’ll see it there in my open chest.

How your beautiful face is sculpted.

I keep this relic for the tough.

a trance that threatens my past

it strengthens itself in that regard.

Woe to him who sails, beneath a dark sky, across an unused sea and a dangerous path.

Where north or the port is not offered!

I also praise this second sonnet by Anselmo as I had done with the first, and in this way he was adding link by link to the chain with which he bound and worked her dishonor, for when Lothario most dishonored her, he would tell her that she was more honorable; and with this, all the steps that Camila descended toward the center of her contempt, he raised to the summit of virtue and of her good fame, in the opinion of her husband. It happened that, one day, while Camila was alone with her maidservant, she said to her:

I am running, my friend Leonela, to see how little I have known to esteem myself, since I didn’t even let him acquire the entire possession that I gave him so quickly at my behest. I fear he will discount my haste or lightness, without seeing the force he made me for me not to resist him.

Don’t be upset about that, my dear – Leonela replied; it’s not a matter that warrants diminishing esteem, for what is given is given promptly, and indeed, what is given is good, and it is worthy of esteem in itself. And one often says that he who gives later, gives twice.

It is also often said – Camila said – that what costs little is valued less.

“That’s not for you to reason about,” Leonela replied, “because love, as I’ve heard said, sometimes flies, and sometimes walks; with the latter he runs, and with the former he moves slowly; it warms some, and burns others; it wounds some, and kills others; it begins its race for desires in the same point, and ends and concludes it in that same point; in the morning it lays siege to a fortress, and at night it holds it surrendered, because there is no force that resists it. And being so, what do you start at, or what do you fear, if the same must have happened to Lotario, having taken love as an instrument to render us the absence of my lord? And it was necessary that in it be concluded what love had determined, without giving time to time for Anselmo to make him return, and with his presence to leave the work imperfect; because love has no better minister to execute what it desires, which is the occasion; it uses the occasion in all its deeds, especially in the beginnings. I know this very well more from experience than from hearing, and some day I will tell you, madam; for I am also flesh and blood. And as much, madam Camila, that you did not surrender or give so soon, that you hadn’t first seen in the eyes, in the sighs, in the reasons and the gifts and donations of Lotario, all your soul, seeing in him and in his virtues how worthy Lotario was to be loved. For if this is so, don’t be alarmed by those cautious and fretful thoughts; but be sure that Lotario estimates you as you estimate him, and lives with contentment and satisfaction of that you have fallen into the loving bond, it is he who gives you courage and esteem, and that he not only has the four mares that people say good lovers must have, but an entire abbey; if not, listen to me, and you will see me tell you in chorus. He is, as I see and it seems to me, grateful, good, a knight, generous, in love, firm, valiant, illustrious, loyal, young, noble, honest, principal, precious, rich, and the mares that say, and then, taciturn, true. The X does not suit him, because it is a rough letter; the Y has already been said; the Z, guardian of your honor.”

Rio■se Camila of her maidservant, and she found her more pliable in matters of love than she had said; and she confessed so, revealing to Camila how she treated loves with a well-born youth of the same city; and from this, Camila was stirred, fearing it was that path by which her honor could be at risk. She urged her if their talks went beyond simply being so. She, with little shame and much ease, replied that they did. For it is a certain thing that the carelessnesses of the ladies take shame away from the maidservants, who, when they see the mistresses cast glances, do not give anything to themselves to prance about, nor do they let it be known.

Camila could do nothing but beg Leonela not to utter anything of her deed, in which she claimed to be her lover, and to treat his things with secrecy, lest it reach Anselmo or Lotario. Leonela replied that she would do so; but she did it in such a way that it fulfilled Camila’s fear that she would lose her credit through her. For the dishonest and audacious Leonela, once she saw that her mistress’s conduct was not as usual, she dared to enter and place her lover within the house, confident that, even if her lady saw her, she would not have the courage to reveal him; that this damage entails, among others, the sins of the ladies: that they become slaves of their own creations, and they obligate themselves to conceal their dishonor and baseness, as happened with Camila; that although she saw many and many times that her Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, not only did she not dare to rebuke her, but it gave her the opportunity to imprison him and remove all obstacles so that he would not be seen by her husband.

But he could not get rid of him, for Lotario never saw him once leave, until the breaking of dawn; who, not knowing who he was, first thought he must be some ghost; but when he saw him walk, stumble and conceal himself with care and respect, he fell from his simple thought, and came to another, which was the ruin of all, if Camila did not remedy it. Lotario thought that this man who had seen come out so late from Anselmo’s house had not entered it through Leonela, nor did he remember if Leonela was in the world: he only believed that Camila, just as she had been easy and light with him, was for another; that these additions bring with them the wickedness of the bad woman: that she loses the credit of her honor with the very one to whom she gave herself, begged and persuaded, and believes that with greater ease she gives herself to others, and gives infallible credit to any suspicion that comes to her about it. And it seems that it lacked Lotario in this point all his good understanding, and all his warned discourses fled from his memory; for, without making any good or reasonable, before Anselmo rose, impatient and blind with the jealous rage that entered him, dying to avenge himself of Camila, who in nothing had offended him, he went to Anselmo and said:

Go away, Anselmo, because I have been fighting with myself for many days, forcing myself not to tell you what is no longer possible and unjust to hide you so much. Know that Camila’s strength is already surrendered, and she subjects herself to everything I would like to do for her; and if I have taken so long to discover this truth, it has been to see if it was a mere whim of yours, or if you were doing it to test me and see if the loves that, with your permission, I have begun with her were treated with a firm purpose. I also believed that if she were the one who should and the one we both thought, she would already have realized my concern; but having seen that it takes time, I know that the promises you have given me are true, that when you make another absence from your house, you will speak to her in the bedroom where your jewels are stored – and it was true that Camila used to speak there; and I don’t want you to rush to take revenge prematurely, because the sin has not yet been committed except in thought, and it is possible that from this until the time of putting it into action, Camila’s will may change, and repentance may be born in its place. And so, since, in all or in part, you have always

followed my advice, follow and keep one that I now tell you, so that without deceit and with cautious warning, you may be satisfied with whatever you see that is most advantageous to you. Pretend to go away for two or three days, as you usually do, and make it so that you remain hidden in your bedroom, because the tapestries there and other things with which you can conceal yourself offer you much comfort, and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camila wants; and if it is the malice that one can fear before waiting, with silence, shrewdness, and discretion you can be the executioner of your grievance.

Anselmo remained absorbed, suspended, and astonished by Lotario's reasons, because he heard them at a time when he least expected to hear them, as he already considered Camila the victor in Lotario's pretended assaults, and was beginning to enjoy the glory of victory. He remained silent for a good while, staring at the ground without moving a muscle, and at last he said:

You have done it, Lotario, as I expected of your friendship; in everything I must follow your counsel; do as you wish and keep that secret that you see is suitable in such an unforeseen case.

I promised it to Lotario, and, withdrawing from it, he repented entirely of everything I had told him, realizing how foolishly he had acted, since he could take revenge on Camila, and not by such a cruel and dishonorable path. He cursed his understanding, rebuked his light-headed determination, and didn't know what means to take to undo what had been done, or to find a reasonable way out.

Camila; and as there was room for it, she found her alone that very day, and she, as she saw that she could speak to her, said to her:

Know, my friend Lotario, that I have a pain in my heart, that grips it tightly, that seems to want to burst forth from my chest, and it will be a marvel if it doesn't; for Leonela's disgrace has gone so far that every night she keeps a rake in this house with her until the day, at such a cost to my credit, whatever field remains open to judge him when he emerges at such unusual hours from my house. And what tires me is that I cannot punish her or restrain her: that she being secretary of our dealings has put a bridle on my mouth to silence hers, and I fear that some bad event will arise from here.

At first, when Camila was saying this, Lotario thought it was a trick to discredit the man he had seen leave Leonela, and not his own; but seeing her weep, and suffer, and ask for a remedy, he came to believe the truth, and, believing it, he had just been confused and entirely remorseful. However, with all this, he responded to Camila that she had no need of pity; that he would arrange a remedy to curb Leonela's insolence. He also told her what, instigated by the furious rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how he was planning to hide in the chamber, to see from there the little loyalty she held for him. He asked her forgiveness for this madness, and advice to remedy it and get out of this tangled labyrinth as well as her bad speech had put him.

Camila was left with the ability to hear what Lotario was telling her, and with much anger and many subtle reasons, she refuted and disguised her bad thought and the simple and poor determination she had had; but, as women naturally have, quick intelligence for both good and evil, more than a man, since it is lacking when she is set to make speeches, she immediately found Camila the way to remedy such, apparently, unremovable business, and told Lotario that he should make Anselmo hide where he was saying, because she thought to take comfort from his hiding so that from that time forward the two of them could enjoy themselves without any alarm; and, without fully revealing her thought, she warned him that he should take care that while Anselmo was hidden, he came when Leonela called him, and that he answer everything she told him as if he knew Anselmo was listening. Lotario insisted that she finish declaring her intention, because with more security and warning he would keep everything he saw necessary.

"I say – said Camila – that there's only what to save, unless I respond as I ask you – not wanting Camila to realize beforehand what she intended to do, fearful that she wouldn't follow the opinion that seemed so good to her, and seek others who couldn't be so good."

With this, Lotario departed; and Anselmo, another day, on the excuse of going to that village of his friend, set off, and returned to hide, as he could do with comfort, because Camila and Leonela had arranged it for him with ingenuity.

Therefore, Anselmo, with that start that one can imagine the one awaiting to see make a discovery of the entrails of his honor, turned in fear of losing the greatest good he thought he possessed in his beloved Camila. Already secure and certain Camila and Leonela that Anselmo was hidden, entered the chamber; and, as soon as they had placed their feet within it, Camila, giving a great sigh, said:

Oh, Leonela, my friend! Wouldn't it be better that I arrive to execute what I don't want you to know, because you're not trying to obstruct it, that you take the dagger of...

Anselmo, you ask me, and would you spend with her this infamous chest of mine? But do not do that; it will not be reasonable for me to carry the sorrow of another's guilt. First, I want to know what they saw in the audacious and dishonest eyes of Lotario that caused him to be emboldened to discover me such a bad desire as the one that has discovered me, in contempt for his friend and my dishonor. Put, Leonela, to that window and call him; that, without a doubt, he must be in the street, putting into effect his bad intention. But first he will put on the cruel honor mine.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Leonela," replied the shrewd and perceptive Leonela, "And what do you want to do with this dagger? Do you perhaps intend to take your own life or take Lotario's? Whatever of these things you wish to do will result in a loss of your credit and reputation. It's better that you conceal your grievance and not allow this bad man to enter our house while we're alone. Look, Mrs. Leonela, we're weak women, and he's a man, and determined; and since he comes with that bad intention, blind and passionate, perhaps before you carry out yours, he'll do what would be worst for you – to take your life. Woe to my Lord Anselmo, who has wanted to give such a blow to this poor fellow in his house! And now, Mrs. Leonela, if you kill him, as I think you wish to do, what shall we do afterward when he is dead?"

"What friend?" Camila replied. "Let him bury him, so that Anselmo can bury him, because it will be just that he has as rest the work that I took in putting him under the earth his own infamy. Call him, finish it, that all the time it takes me to take the proper revenge for my grievance seems to offend the loyalty that I owe to my husband."

Anselmo listened to all this, and with every word Camila said, his thoughts were changing; but when he understood that she was determined to kill Lotario, he wanted to go out and reveal himself, because such a thing would not be done; but he restrained himself from seeing what so much boldness and honest resolution was about, with the intention of going out before she was overtaken.

Take this to Camila as a strong faintness, and Leonela, throwing herself onto a bed that was there, began to cry bitterly and to say:

Alas, woe is me if I were so unhappy, that I should die here in my arms, the flower of honesty in the world, the crown of good women, the example of chastity...!

With other things like these, that none would listen to her who considered her the most wounded and loyal maiden in the world, and her lady by another new and persecuted Penelope. She soon returned from her swoon, and upon recovering her senses, she said:

Why don't you go, Leonela, to call the most loyal friend who saw the sun, or covered the night? Hurry, urge, provoke, walk, don't let the delay extinguish the fire of anger I have, and let threats and curses mark the just vengeance I await.

"I'm just about to call her, my dear," Leonela said; "but first, give me that dagger, because don't do anything, while I'm gone, so that she doesn't cry the rest of her life to all those who love you."

Be safe, Leonela friend, I won't – Camila replied; because since you're being bold, and simple, to your liking, in returning for my honor, I won't be so much like Lucrecia, of whom they say died without having committed any error, and without

I died first, he who had the cause of his misfortune. I will die, if I die; but it must be avenged and satisfied with him who has given me occasion to come to this place to weep over his offenses, born so innocent.

Leonela was much coaxed before she went to call Lotario; but, in the end, she did, and while she was returning, Camila said, as if speaking to herself:

God save me! It would have been more judicious to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done so many times before, rather than put him in a position, as I have already put him, that he should consider me dishonorable and malicious, even during the time I must take to disabuse him of this notion. It would have been better, without a doubt; but I would not be avenged, nor my husband's honor satisfied, if he were to return to where his wicked thoughts entered him in such a compromised state. Let the traitor pay with his life what I attempt with such lascivious desire: let the world know, if ever I should make it so, that Camila not only maintained her loyalty to her husband, but she also delivered vengeance upon him who dared to offend him. However, despite all this, I believe it would have been better to inform Anselmo of this; but I already pointed it out to him in the letter I wrote to the village, and I believe that he did not come to the remedy of the damage that I indicated to him there, because, being so good and trusting, he did not want or could believe that in the breast of his so firm friend could dwell a thought that was against his honor; nor did I believe it afterward, for many days, nor would I ever believe it, if his insolence had not gone so far, that the manifest gifts and the long promises and the continued tears did not reveal it to me. But for what purpose do I now make these speeches? Does he, by chance, need a bold resolution for any advice? No, certainly. Then, let the traitors die; here, let vengeance be done! Between the false, let him die, let him avenge, let him come, let him die, and let what happened happen! I have come into power that the heavens gave to me; I must surely come out of it, and, at most, I will emerge cleansed in my chaste blood, and in the impure of the most false friend who saw

friendship in the world.

And saying this, he walked through the room with the dagger drawn, taking such bewildered and outrageous steps and making such gestures that it seemed he lacked all judgment, and that he was no delicate woman, but a desperate rogue.

Anselmo looked at everything, hidden behind tapestries where he had concealed himself, and he admired everything, and it seemed to him that what he had seen and heard was enough to dispel suspicion, and he wished that the proof of Lotario's arrival were lacking, fearful of some sudden misfortune. And as he was about to appear and embrace his wife, he stopped because he saw Leonela returning with Lotario by her hand; and as Camila saw her, making with the dagger on the ground a large cut in front of him, she said:

Lotario, heed what I tell you; if you dare cross that line you see, not even reaching it, at the point where you see me attempting it, I will meet you there with this dagger in my hands. And before you answer me in this way, I want others to hear; and then you will answer me as you wish. First, Lotario, I want you to tell me if you know my husband, Anselmo, and what your opinion of him is; and second, I want to know if you know me. Answer me this, and do not trouble yourself, nor think much about what you are going to answer, for these are not difficulties I ask.

Lotario wasn't so ignorant; from the first point Camila told him to hide Anselmo, he hadn't realized what she intended to do, and so it corresponded with her intention so discreetly and so promptly.

The two made them believe that lie was more than just a truth, and so she answered Camila in this way:

I, beautiful Camila, did not think you would call me to ask me such things, with such an intention beyond my reach. If you do it to delay the promised mercy, from afar you could entertain it, because the more desirable the good, the more the hope is near to possess it; but do not say that I do not answer your questions, I tell you that I know your husband Anselmo, and we know each other from our most tender years; and I do not want to say what you well know of our friendship, in order not to make me a witness of the offense that the love makes him make, a powerful excuse for greater errors. You know me and I have in the same possession as he has of you; that, otherwise, by having fewer adornments than you have, I would not have gone against what I must be who I am, and against the sacred laws of true friendship, now by such a powerful enemy as love broken and violated for me.

If you confess that – she replied – you are a mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face do you dare appear before one who knows you are the mirror where one should look, in order to see with what little opportunity you have offended him? But he has fallen, alas, wretched of me! – in the account of who has made you have so little with what you must owe yourself, that it must have been some unfortunate blunder on my part, that I don't want to call dishonesty, since it wouldn't have proceeded from deliberate determination, but from some oversight of the women who think they have no one to be cautious with, which they often do inadvertently. If not, tell me: when, oh traitor!, did I answer your requests with any word or sign that might have awakened in you some shadow of hope to fulfill your infamous desires? When your loving words were not undone and rebuked by me with rigor and with harshness? When your many promises and great gifts were believed of me and admitted? But, because I seem to someone who cannot persevere in the loving attempt for a long time, if not sustained by some hope, I want to take the blame for your impudence, since, without doubt, some oversight on my part has sustained your care for so long, and thus, I want to punish myself and give myself the penalty that your fault deserves. And because you see that being with me so inhumane, it was impossible not to be so with you, I wanted to bring you to witness the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honor of my so honorable husband, offended by you with the greatest care that has been possible, and of me also with the little caution that I have had of avoiding the occasion, if I ever gave you, to favor and canonize your bad intentions. I return to say that the suspicion that I have that some oversight on my part engendered in you so confused thoughts is the one that most tires me out, and the one I most desire to punish with my own hands, because, punishing myself another executioner, perhaps my guilt would be more public; but before that I do, I want to die, and carry with me whoever satisfies the desire for revenge that I expect and have, seeing there, wherever it is, the penalty that gives disinterested justice and that does not bend to one who in such desperate terms has put me.

And with these reasons, with incredible force and lightness, he attacked Lotario with the dagger drawn, with such displays of intent to embed it in his chest that he almost doubted whether those demonstrations were false or true, because he was forced to use his industry and his strength to prevent Camila from giving him. She so vividly feigned that strange deception and ugliness, that, by the color of truth, she wanted to darken it with her own blood; because, seeing that she couldn't have Lotario, or pretending that she couldn't, she said:

Fate doesn't entirely satisfy my just wish, at least, it won't be so powerful that it removes my inability to satisfy it.

And, exerting himself to release the hand of the dagger, which Lotario held tightly, he drew it out, guiding its point as far as he could without inflicting a deep wound, and he inserted it and concealed it above the cuff on the left side, near the

shoulder, and then he collapsed to the ground, as if dead.

Leonela and Lotario were suspended and astonished by such an event, and they still doubted the truth of that deed, seeing Camila lying on the ground and bathed in her blood. Lotario hastened with great speed, horrified and breathless, to draw out the dagger, and upon seeing the small wound, he was freed from the fear he had until then held, and once more he marveled at the cleverness, prudence, and much discretion of the beautiful Camila; and, having done what was his duty, he began to make a long and sad lament about Camila's horn, as if she were dead, uttering many curses, not only upon himself, but upon the one who had been the cause of her tragic end. And as he knew that his friend Anselmo was listening, he said things that would inspire great pity in anyone who heard him, even though she was dead. Leonela took her in her arms and laid her on the bed, begging Lotario to go and find whoever secretly healed Camila; she also asked for his advice and opinion about what Anselmo would say about the lady's wound, if he should come before she was well. He replied that they said whatever they wished; that he was not one for giving useful advice; he simply told him to take care of removing the blood, because he was going where people would not see him. And with signs of great pain and feeling, he left the house; and when he was alone and partially unseen, he did not cease to make crosses, marveling at Camila's industry and the very proper manners of Leonela. He considered how informed Anselmo would be of having a second Porcia for a wife, and he wished to see him to celebrate both the lie and the most cleverly disguised truth that he could ever have imagined.

Leonela took the blood from her lady, which was no more than enough to prove her deception, and, washing the wound with a little wine, bound her as well as she knew how, saying such reasons while she was healing her, that though other reasons had not preceded them, they were enough to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camila a semblance of honesty. Joining with Leonela's words were those of Camila, calling her cowardly and lacking spirit, since she had failed to give him the time that was most necessary to take her life, which she so detested. She asked her maid for advice as to whether she should or should not give all that event to her beloved husband; and the maid told her not to tell him, because it would put him under an obligation to avenge himself on Lotario, which could not be without great risk to herself, and that the good woman was obliged not to give her husband occasion to laugh, but to take away from him all that was possible. Camila replied that she found his opinion very good, and that she would follow him; but that in any case it was necessary to seek what to say to Anselmo about the cause of that wound, which he could not help but see; to which Leonela replied that she, even when deceiving, did not know how to lie.

"As for me, sister—Camila replied—what do I know that would make me dare to fabricate or sustain a lie, if my life depended on it? And if we're not going to find a way to address this, it's better to tell her the bare truth, rather than being caught in a lie."

Don't be upset, madam: from here until tomorrow I'll think about what we should say, and perhaps because the wound is where it is, you can conceal it without him seeing it, and heaven will be pleased to favor our so just and so honored thoughts. Calm yourself, my dear, and try to calm your agitation, because my lord won't find you startled, and the rest, leave it to me, and to God, who always comes to the aid of good wishes.

Anselmo had been most attentive to listening and witnessing the representation of the tragedy of the death of his honor; which was represented with such strange and effective affections by the characters thereof, that it seemed as if they had been transformed into the very truth of what they were feigning. He greatly desired the night, and having a place to go out of his house to see his good friend Lotario, congratulating himself with him on the beautiful daisy he had found in the disillusionment of his wife's kindness. They took care to give him a place and comfort so that he might go out, and he, without hesitation, went out, and then went to seek Lotario; who, having found him, one cannot adequately recount the embraces he gave him, the things he said to express his joy, the praises he bestowed upon Camila. All of which Lotario listened to without being able to show any signs of joy, because he saw represented to him how his friend had been deceived, and how unjustly he offended him; and although Anselmo saw that Lotario was not rejoicing, he believed it to be his fault for having abandoned Camila wounded and for having been the cause; and thus, among other reasons, he told him not to be sorry for the affair of Camila, because, without doubt, the wound was slight, since there remained a concert of concealing it from him, and that, according to this, there was nothing to fear, but that from that moment on he should enjoy and rejoice with him, since by his industry and means he saw himself raised to the highest happiness he could desire, and he wished that his entertainments should not be other than composing verses in praise of Camila, making her eternal in the memory of the coming centuries. Lotario praised his good determination and said that he, for his part, would help to raise such illustrious building.

With this, Anselmo was the most deliciously deceived man that could have been in the world: he himself carried by his hand to his house, believing he carried the instrument of his glory, all the ruin of his fame. Camila received him with a face, apparently twisted, though with a laughing soul. This deception lasted for some days, until, after a few months, Fortune's wheel turned again, and the malice, so covered up in place, emerged with such artifice, costing Anselmo his life through

his impudent curiosity.

Chapter 35: About the fierce and colossal battle that Don Quixote had with some bottles of red wine, and the end of the novel of the curious impudent man.

There remained little left to read of the novel, when from the place where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza emerged in a flurry, shouting at the top of his voice:

Attend, sirs, quickly and aid my lord, who is embroiled in the most fierce and blocked battle that my eyes have ever seen. God preserve him, who has dealt a blow to the giant enemy of the lady princess Micomicona, who has cut off her head, severed it as if it were a turnip!

"What are you saying, brother?" the priest said, stopping his reading of what remained of the novel. "Are you serious, Sancho? How on earth can what you're saying be true, when the giant is two thousand leagues away?"

In this, they heard a great noise in the chamber, and Don Quixote saying aloud:

Try, thief, scoundrel, son of a bitch; I've got you here, and your dagger won't be of any use to you!

It seemed he was making great cuts in the walls. And Sancho said:

They don't have to stand around listening, but go on to break up the fight, or to help my master; although it will no longer be necessary, because, without a doubt, the giant is already dead, and giving account to God of his past and bad life; that I saw the blood run across the floor, and the severed head fallen to one side, that is as big as a large wine skin.

"Kill me," said the vintner to this man, "if Quixote or the Devil hasn't already given a cut to some of the skins of red wine that were full at his head, and the spilled wine must seem to this good man like blood."

And with this he entered the room, and all after him, and they found Don Quixote in the strangest costume in the world. He was in a shirt, which was not so complete, for in front he had only covered his thighs, and behind he had six fingers less; his legs were very long and thin, full of hair and not clean at all; he had on his head a small red hat with a greasy sheen, which belonged to the squire; on his left arm he had rolled up the bedsheet, with which Sancho Panza was very uneasy, and he knew very well the reason; and on his right arm, with his sword drawn, he was slashing about in all directions, saying words as if he were truly fighting with some giant. And it was good that he did not have his eyes open, because he was sleeping and dreaming that he was fighting with the giant; the intensity of the imagination of the adventure that was about to end made him dream that he had already reached the kingdom of Micomicon, and that he was already in the fight with his enemy;

He given so many cuts to so many hides, believing he had given them to the giant, that the entire room was full of wine. Seeing this by the server, he took so much anger, that he charged at Don Quixote like a knight, and with a blow he began to give him so many punches, that if Cardenio and the priest hadn't taken him away, he would have finished the giant's war; and, with all that, he didn't awaken the poor knight until the barber brought a large pot of cold water from the well, and he threw it all over his body at once, with which he awoke Don Quixote; but not with much agreement, that he couldn't see clearly as he was. Dorotea, who saw how short and subtly he was dressed, did not want to enter to see the battle of her helper and his opponent.

Sancho was searching the floor for the giant's head, and since he couldn't find it, he said:

I know very well that all of this house is enchantment; that the other time in this very same place where I now find myself, they gave me many kicks and blows, without knowing who gave them, and I never could see anyone; and now it doesn't seem like this head, which I saw cut with my own eyes, and the blood flowed from the horn like a fountain.

"What blood, what fountain do you speak of, enemy of God and his saints?" the tavernkeeper said. "Don't you see, thief, that blood and water are nothing more than these hides that are pierced here, and the red wine that, may I see the soul of whoever pierced them, swimming in the hells?"

"I know nothing," Sancho replied: "I only know that I am going to end up so miserable, that, because I cannot find this head, my dukedom will dissolve like salt in water."

And Sancho was worse awake than his master was sleeping: such were the promises his master had made to him. The waiter was despairing at seeing the squire's sullenness and the lord's malice, and he swore it would not be like last time, when they departed without paying, and that now his privileges of knighthood would not be worth anything to stop him from paying one thing and another, even if it cost him the treats they intended to throw at the poor, broken-down horses.

He had the priest's hands on Don Quixote, who, believing that the adventure was already over and that he stood before Princess Micomicona, knelt before the priest, saying:

Your greatness, high and famous lady, may well live securely today as I can do no harm with this ill-born creature; and I, from today, am released from the word you gave me, since, with the help of the high God and with the favor of him for whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it so well.

- Didn't I say that? – he said, listening to this. – Yes, I wasn't drunk, look, my master has already put salt on the giant! Certain are the bulls, my county is molded!

Who wouldn't have laughed at the pranks of the two, master and servant? Everyone laughed except the vendor, who was giving Satan; but, in any case, the barber, Cardenio, and the priest made just as much of it, that, with no little work, they found Don Quixote in bed, who fell asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep, and went out to the porch of the inn to comfort Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head; although they had to do more to appease the vendor, who was desperate over the sudden death of his hides. And the innkeeper said in voice and shout:

In a bad spot and at a weak hour, this wandering gentleman entered my house, whom my eyes never would have seen, so dearly it costs me. Last time he left with the cost of one night, dinner, bed, straw, and oats, for him and for his squire, and a wine skin and a donkey, saying that God had spared him, him and all the adventurers in the world, and that for this he was not obliged to pay anything, that it was written in the tariffs of the Wandering Knights; and now, out of respect, another lord came and took my tail off from me, and returned it to me with more than two cuartos of damage, completely ruined, that it cannot be used for what my husband wants it for; and finally, to top it all off, to beat my hides and spill my wine, that if I were to see his blood spilled. Let him not think so; for by the bones of my father and by the century of my mother, if they are not going to pay him a quarter on top of another, I would not be called as I am called, nor would I be a daughter of whom I am!

And other reasons she said the washerwoman with great anger, and her good maid Maritornes helped her. The daughter remained silent, and she smiled from time to time. The priest calmed everything, promising to satisfy their loss as best he could, of the hides as well as the wine, and especially of the loss of the tail, which they made so much account of. Dorotea comforted Sancho Panza telling him that whenever it seemed that their master had beheaded the giant, he promised, while becoming peaceful in his kingdom, to give him the best county that he had. He comforted himself with this, and assured the princess that he was certain that he had seen the head of the giant, and that, for further signs, he had a beard that reached his waist; and that if it didn't appear, it was because everything that happened in that house was through enchantment, as he had proven it again that he had laid it upon it. Dorotea said that she believed so, and that she had no regret; that everything would be well and would happen by asking.

They were all seated, and the priest wanted to finish reading the novel, because he saw that there was hardly any left. Cardenio, Dorotea and all the others begged him to finish it. He, who wanted to please everyone, and for whom he had promised to read it, continued the story, which said thus:

It happened, therefore, that, due to the satisfaction Anselmo had with Camila's goodness, he lived a happy and carefree life, and Camila, with industry, turned a bad face on Lotario, because Anselmo understood it in the opposite way of the will he had towards her; and for greater confirmation of her deed, Lotario asked Anselmo permission not to come to his house, since it was clearly evident to her the gloom she received through his gaze; however, the deceived Anselmo told him that he should not do such a thing in no way; and in this way, by a thousand means, Anselmo was the maker of her dishonor, believing it to be to his liking.

In this, the one who had Leonela in his sights as being qualified in his affections went so far that, without looking at anything else, he followed her at full gallop, relying on his lady to conceal her, and even warning her in such a way that she might carry out what little caution she possessed. In short, one night Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela's chamber, and wanting to see who they were, he felt that they were holding him back, which aroused in him even more desire to open it; and he exerted so much force that he opened it, and entered just as he saw a man jump out into the street; and, hurrying to reach him or know him, he failed to do either. Leonela embraced him, saying:

Be quiet, my lord, and don't stir, nor follow him who jumped from here: it's my affair, and a great one, that it's my husband.

Anselmo didn't want to believe it; instead, blinded by rage, he drew his dagger and wanted to wound Leonela, telling her to tell him the truth; if she didn't, he would kill her. She, filled with fear, not knowing what she was saying, told him:

Don't kill me, sir, because I'll tell you things more important than you can imagine.

"I'll kill you then," Anselmo said; "if not, you are dead."

"For now it will be impossible," Leonela said, "according to what I'm disturbed about; leave it until tomorrow, that's when you'll know a thousand things to admire about you; and be sure that the one who jumped out of this window is a young man from this city, who has given me his hand to be my husband."

Anselmo settled into this, and wished to await the word he had been asked to deliver, because he did not think he would hear anything against Camila, for he was so satisfied and secure in her kindness; and so, he left the room and left Leonela inside, telling her that she would not leave there until he told her what he had to say to her.

He then went to see Camila and told her everything that had happened to her with her maid, and the words he had given her to tell her of great things and importance. Whether Camila was frightened or not, there's no saying; because so much fear he had, believing truly, that Leonela was to tell Anselmo all she knew of his little faith, that she had no desire to wait if her suspicion proved false or not, and that very same night, when it seemed to her that Anselmo was sleeping, she gathered together her best jewels and some money, and, without feeling a loss, she left the house and went to Lotario's, to whom she recounted what was happening and asked him to hold her in account, or for the two of Anselmo to be absent wherever he could be sure. The confusion that Camila put Lotario in was so great that he did not know how to respond with words, nor did he know how to resolve what he would do. In the end, they agreed to take Camila to a monastery, in which her sister was prioress. Camila consented to this, and with the speed that the case demanded, Lotario took her and left her in the monastery, and he himself left the city afterward without giving anyone notice of his absence.

When it dawned, without noticing Camila was not by his side, with the desire he had to know what Leonela wanted to say, he rose and went to where she had been left locked up. He opened and entered the room, but he didn't find Leonela there; he only found sheets tightly pulled over the window, a sign and signal that she had fallen out of it and gone. He then returned very sad to tell it to Camila, and, not finding her in the bed or in the whole house, he was astonished. He asked the servants of the house about her; but none of them could give him a reason for what he was asking.

Suddenly, as he went to look for Camila, who had seen her chests open and that many of her jewels were missing, and with this he realized her misfortune, and that she was not Leonela the cause of her misfortune; and as he was, still undressed, sad and thoughtful, he went to tell her friend Lotario about her plight. But when he couldn't find her, and her servants told him that that night she had gone missing from the house, and had taken with her all the money she had, he lost his mind. And to finish concluding everything, returning to his house, he found that none of his servants or female servants were there, the house deserted and alone.

I didn't know what to think, what to say, or what to do, and little by little his judgment was slipping away. He contemplated and looked at himself in an instant, a man without a wife, without a friend, and without servants, abandoned, as he believed, by the heavens that covered him, and above all, without honor, because in Camila's absence he saw his ruin.

Finally, after a great piece, he resolved to go to his friend's village, where he had been when all that misfortune came about. He closed up his affairs, mounted his horse, and with labored breath set off; and scarcely had he ridden half the distance when, assailed by his thoughts, he was forced to dismount and hire his horse from a tree, to which he collapsed, giving tender and painful sighs, and there he remained until almost nightfall; and at that hour he saw a man coming on horseback from the city, and, after having greeted him, he asked him what news there was in Florence. The citizen replied:

It has been heard in her that many strange things have happened; because it is publicly said that Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived near San Juan, took Camila, Anselmo's wife, last night, nor does it seem Anselmo himself. All this was said by a servant of Camila, who last night found the governor hanging out with a sheet through Anselmo's windows. In fact, I don't know precisely how the business transpired; I only know that the whole city is astonished by this event, because it was unexpected from the great and familiar friendship of the two, whom they called friends.

-Do you happen to know the path that Lotario and Camila are taking?

-Not in the least, sir –said the citizen–, since the governor has been very diligent in searching for them.

Go with God, sir – said Anselmo.

-With you, you must respond - the citizen replied, and it must be so.

With such unhappy news he almost reached terms Anselmo, not only of losing his reason, but of ending his life. He arose as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who still did not know his misfortune; but as she saw him arrive yellow, consumed and dry, she understood that some grave evil had fatigued him. He then asked Anselmo to lay him down, and to give him something to write with. He did so, and they left him lying alone, because he so wished it, and even though they closed his eyes. Seeing himself alone, he began to burden his imagination with his misfortune, so clearly knowing that his life was ending; and thus, he ordered that news of the cause of his strange death be known; and beginning to write, before he could put down everything that remained, he lost his breath and left life in the hands of the pain that his

impudent curiosity caused him.

Seeing the master of the house, as it was already late and Anselmo did not call, he remembered to go and see if his indisposition had progressed, and he found him lying on his back, half the horn on the bed and the other half on the desk, upon which he was sitting, with the written paper and open, and he still held the pen in his hand. A messenger arrived at him, having called him first; and, finding him unresponsive and cold, he saw that he was dead. He was greatly astonished and deeply grieved, and he called the household to see the misfortune that had befallen Anselmo, and, finally, he read the paper, which he knew was written in his own hand, which contained these reasons:

A foolish and impudent man took my life. If news of my death reaches Camila's ears, know that I forgive her, because she was not obliged to perform miracles, nor did I need her to make them; and since I was the maker of my dishonor, there is no point...

Anselmo wrote as far as this, from which it became clear that at that point, without being able to finish his reasoning, his life ended. Another day, his friend informed the relatives of Anselmo of his death, who already knew his misfortune, and the monastery where Camila was, almost at the end of accompanying her husband on that forced journey, not because of the news of the deceased husband, but because of the news of his absent friend. It is said that, although she became a widow, she did not want to leave the monastery, nor, least of all, make monastic vows, until, not from there for many days, she received news that Lotario had died in a battle that at that time gave Monsignor de Lautrec to the Grand Captain Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba in the kingdom of Naples, where the repentant friend had fallen; knowing this by Camila, she made her vows, and ended in a few days, in the strict hands of sorrows and melancholies. This was the end they all had, born from such a reckless beginning.

"—Well—said the priest—I find this novel; but I cannot persuade myself that this is true; and if it is feigned, the author has feigned it badly, because one cannot imagine such a foolish husband who would make such an expensive experiment as Anselmo. If this case were between a rake and a lady, it could be carried through; but between husband and wife, there is something of the impossible about it; and as for the way it is told, I am not displeased with it."

Chapter 36: About other strange events that occurred during the sale

While I was in this, the vendor, who was at the door of the stall, said:

This next one is a beautiful troop of cockfighters; if they stop here, *gaudeamus teneamus*.

"What gesture is that?" he said.

-Four men -the innkeeper replied - came on horseback, on a pony, with spears and polearms, and all with black face veils; and with them came a woman dressed in white, in a litter, her face covered in distress, and two more footmen.

"Do you come very close?" he asked.

So close – the bartender replied – they're already here.

Hearing this, Dorotea covered her face, and Cardenio entered Don Quixote's chamber; and there had barely been room for this when they entered the inn, all those the innkeeper had spoken about; and mounting their horses, who were of very fine stature and disposition, they went to harass the woman who came from the stall; and one of them took her in his arms and seated her on a chair that was at the entrance of the chamber where Cardenio had hidden himself. In all this time, neither she nor they had removed their masks, nor spoken a word; only when the woman sat down on the chair, she gave a deep sigh, and dropped her arms, like a sick and fainting person. The footmen led the horses to the stables.

Seeing this, the priest, eager to know who those people were with such a suit and such silence, went where the waiters were, and asked one of them what he already wished to say; who replied to him:

Excuse me, sir, I don't know what kind of people these are; I only know that he shows himself to be very presumptuous, especially that one who took that lady in his arms that you've seen; and I say this because everyone else respects him, and he does nothing more than what he orders and commands.

-And who is the lady? - the priest asked.

"I also don't know that," the waiter replied; "because I haven't seen his face on the entire journey; I've sighed if I've heard him many times and given a few groans, as if with each of them he wants to give his soul. And it's not surprising that we know more about what we've said, because my companion and I have only been accompanying them for two days; because, having found them on the road, they begged us..."

They persuaded us to come with them to Andalusia, offering to pay us very well.

-And have you heard them named? - the priest asked.

"No, by the way – the waiter replied – because everyone walks with so much silence, it's wonderful; because you only hear their sighs and sobs, those of the poor lady, which move us to pity; and without a doubt we've believed that she is being forced wherever she goes; and, as one can gather from her habit, she is a nun, or is about to become one, which is the most certain thing, and perhaps because it wasn't by her own will that she became a nun, she is sad, as it seems."

Everything could be - said the priest.

And he let her go, she returned to where Dorothea was; who, having heard her sighing in the shoals, moved by natural compassion, approached her and said to her:

What's wrong, my dear? Look to see if any of them are useful or experienced in healing women; I offer you my goodwill to serve you.

Amid all this, the wounded lady remained silent; and though Dorotea returned with greater offers, she remained in her silence until the armored knight arrived, as the boy said the others obeyed, and he told Dorotea:

Don't exhaust yourselves, madam, in offering anything to that woman, because she has a habit of not appreciating anything that is done for her, and you won't get a reply from her if you don't want to hear a lie from her mouth.

"I never told it—said he to this season that had been silent there—before, because I was so true and had no lying traces, I now see myself in so much misfortune; and from you yourselves, I want you to be the witness, for your pure truth makes you false and a liar."

Here are the reasons Cardenio explained very clearly and distinctly, as one who was so close to the one who was saying them, and only the door to Don Quixote's room was in between; and as he heard them, a great voice said:

Oh my God! What is that I hear? What is that voice that has reached my ears?

The woman, startled by these cries, rose to her feet and began to enter the room; which seeing by the knight, he stopped her, without allowing her to move an inch. She, with her agitation and confusion, lost her taffeta, with which she had covered her face, and revealed an incomparable beauty and a miraculous face, though faded and astonished, because she was circling everywhere she could see with such haste that she appeared to be a person beyond reason; whose signs, not knowing why she was making them, caused great pity in Dorotea and in those who looked at her. The knight held her strongly by the back, and, being so occupied in holding her, he could not manage to rise, as, in fact, it fell completely; and raising her eyes, Dorotea, who was embraced by the woman, saw that the one who held her with anxiety was her husband, Don Fernando; and as soon as she recognized him, he threw out a long cry from the depths of his belly.

Heartbreaking! Oh!, she collapsed, fainting with her back to the wall; and if the barber hadn't been there to pick her up in his arms, she would have fallen to the floor.

The priest then came to remove the binds, to pour water on her face, and as she discovered him, Don Fernando recognized him, who was embracing the other, and he stood there like a dead man seeing her; but not because he ceased to have Luscinda, who was trying to free herself from his arms; she had known him in a sigh to Cardenio, and he had known her to her. Cardenio himself also heard Dorotea's "oh!" when she collapsed, and, believing it was his Luscinda, he left the room in a panic, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando, who had Luscinda embraced. Don Fernando then also recognized Cardenio; and the three of them, Luscinda, Cardenio, and Dorotea, remained speechless and stunned, almost without knowing what had happened to them.

They all called out and looked at each other: Dorotea to Don Fernando, Don Fernando to Cardenio, Cardenio to Luscinda, and Luscinda to Cardenio. But it was Luscinda who broke the silence first, speaking to Don Fernando in this way:

Leave me, Senhor Don Fernando, according to what you owe, to be what you are, since for no other respect do you do it, let me reach the wall of who I am, yew, to whom I could not be removed by your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your gifts. Note how the sky, by its unusual and hidden paths, has put my true husband before me; and you know well by a thousand costly experiences that only death was enough to erase him from my memory. Be, then, so clear disappointments so that you return, since you cannot do otherwise, the love in anger, the will in spite, and end me with him the life, as I surrender it before my good husband, I will give it for well spent: perhaps with my death he will be satisfied with the faith I kept until the last trance of life.

Meanwhile, Dorotea had returned to herself, and she had been listening to all the reasons that Luscinda had said, by which she came to know who she was; and seeing that Don Fernando still did not let her go from his arms, nor did he

respond to her arguments, she exerted herself as much as she could, she rose and went to kneel at his feet, and shedding a great quantity of beautiful and pitiful tears, thus she began to say to him:

If you are no longer mine, my lord, that the rays of that sun, eclipsed in your arms, are taken away and obscured your eyes, you have already seen that the one kneeling at your feet is the unfortunate one, until you wish it, and the miserable Dorotea. I am that humble laborer to whom you, by your kindness or by your liking, wanted to raise to the height of being yours; I am the one who, enclosed within the limits of honesty, lived a happy life until, with the voices of your disturbances, and, seemingly, just and loving feelings, she opened the doors of her discretion to you, a gift from you so ungrateful, as is clearly shown by having been forced to be in the place where you find me, and seeing you as you see me. But, with all this, I did not want you to think in your imagination that I have come here with the steps of my dishonor, having only brought you those of pain and feeling of being forgotten by you. You wanted me to be yours, and you did so in such a way that, even now you want me not to be, it will not be possible for you to stop being mine. Look, my lord, that it may be recompense for beauty and nobility for whom I have the incomparable will that you have. You cannot be of the beautiful Luscinda, because you are mine, and she cannot be yours, because she is of Cardenio; and it will be much easier for you, if you look at it, to reduce your will to wanting to love whom you adore, than to direct the one who hates you to well love you. You requested my attention; you begged my undivided attention; you did not ignore my quality; you...

You know very well the way in which I surrender myself to your will – there's no room or welcome for you to call yourself deceived. And if this is so, as it is, and you are as Christian as knight, why, after so many evasions, do you delay making me fortunate at the ends, as you did at the beginnings? And if you don't want me for what I am, that I am your true and legitimate wife, love me, at least, and admit me as your slave; that while I am in your power, I will consider myself fortunate and well-favored. Don't allow, by abandoning and neglecting me, for idle gossip to be made and joined in my dishonor; don't give such a bad old age to my parents, since they don't deserve the loyal services that, as good vassals, they have always done for yours. And if it seems to you that you must annihilate your blood by mixing it with mine, consider that few or no nobility there is in the world that hasn't gone this way, and that the one taken from women doesn't make the case in illustrious descendants, much less, that true nobility consists in virtue, and if this is lacking to you, by denying me what you so justly owe me, I will have more advantages of nobility than you have. In short, my lord, what I lately tell you is that, whether you want it or not, I am your wife: witnesses are your words, which have not and should not be false; if you do claim to be that for which you despise me; the signature you made will be a witness, and the sky, whom you called to witness what you promised me. And when all this is absent, your own conscience will not fail to speak out in the midst of your pleasures, returning to this truth that I have told you, and disturbing your best tastes and contentment.

"And other reasons," said the wounded Dorothea, with so much feeling and tears, that those who accompanied Don Fernando, and all the presents that were there, accompanied her in them. Don Fernando listened to her without replying a word, until she ended hers, and began with so many sobs and sighs, that a heart of bronze well deserved to be the one that did not become numb with displays of such pain. Looking at her, Luscinda was, no less wounded by her feeling than admired by her great discretion and beauty; and though she wished to reach her and say her some words of comfort, Don Fernando's arms did not allow her, holding her tightly. He, full of confusion and fright, after a good space of time that he had attentively looked at Dorothea, opened his arms, and leaving Luscinda free, said:"

You conquered, beautiful Dorothea, you conquered; because it's impossible to have the spirit to deny so many truths together.

Due to the swoon that Luscinda had suffered, and as Don Fernando left her, Cardenio, who had been standing there beside him because he didn't know him, immediately, without fear and taking all risks, rushed to support Luscinda, and, cradling her in his arms, he said:

If the merciful heavens please and wish that you already have a loyal, steadfast, and beautiful lady mine, I do not believe you will find her safer than in these arms which now receive you, and another time received you, when fortune willed that I might call you mine.

She put these reasons into Cardenio, and having begun to know him, first by the voice, and assuring herself that he was with her eyes, almost beyond sense and without having any account of honest respect, she threw her arms around his neck, and, joining his face with that of Cardenio, said to him:

Yes, my lord, you are the true owner of her, though more than the contrary fortune, and more threats that this life sustains in yours, prevent it.

This was a strange spectacle for Don Fernando and for all those present, as they marveled at such an unheard-of event. It seemed to Dorotea that Don Fernando had lost the color of his face, and that besides wanting to take revenge on Cardenio for seeing him raise his hand to Poniella with the sword; and as he thought it, with unheard speed he embraced him by the knees, kissing them and holding him tightly, not allowing him to move, and, without ceasing a moment his tears.

What do you intend to do, my sole refuge, in this unforeseen trance? You have your wife at your feet, and the one you desire to be so is in the arms of her husband. See if it suits you, or if you will be able to undo what the heavens have done, or if it will behoove you to wish to raise and equalize yourself with her, postponing all inconvenience, confirmed in her truth and firmness, before your eyes she holds hers, bathed in loving liquor, the face and breast of her true husband. For whom God is you beg, and for whom you are you implore, that this so notorious disappointment not only not increase your anger, but diminish it so that with quietude and serenity you allow these two lovers to have without impediment all the time that the heavens wish to grant them, and in this you will show the generosity of your illustrious and noble breast, and you will see the world that has with you reason more than appetite.

As Dorotea said, though Cardenio had Luscinda embraced, he did not take his eyes off Don Fernando, with determination that if he should see him make any movement to his detriment, he would strive to defend himself and to insult as best he could all those who showed themselves to his harm, even if it cost him his life; but this reason was supported by the friends of Don Fernando, and by the priest and the barber, who had been present at everything, without the good Sancho Panza being absent, and they all surrounded Don Fernando, urging him to look at the tears of Dorotea, and that, if true, as they without doubt believed it to be, as it had said in his reasons, that he would not allow himself to be defrauded of his just hopes; that he would consider that, not by chance, as it seemed, but with particular providence of the heavens, that they had all gathered in a place where none of them thought; and that the priest warned him that only death could separate Luscinda from Cardenio; and though they might divide them with blades of a sword, they would consider their death most felicitous; and that in the irremediable bonds it was great wisdom to force and overcome oneself, to show a generous heart, allowing that by sheer will of the two they might enjoy the good that the heavens had already granted them; that he should set his eyes with eagerness on the beauty of Dorotea, and he would see that few or none could equal her, much less give her advantage, and that he should join her beauty with her humility and the extreme of love that she had for him, and, above all, that he would warn him that if he boasted of being a knight and a Christian, that he could only fulfill the word given; and that, fulfilling it, he would fulfill with God and satisfy the discerning people, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, even if it be in a humble subject, as it accompanies with honesty, to be able to rise and equal itself to any height, without a sign of detriment of that which elevates and equals it to itself; and when the strong laws of taste are fulfilled, as in this no sin intervenes, he who follows them should not be blamed.

In effect, to these reasons were added all others, such and so many, that the valiant breast of Don Fernando (in short, as nourished with illustrious blood) swelled and was overcome by the truth, that he could not deny even if he wished; and the signal he gave of having surrendered and entrusted himself to the good opinion that had been proposed to him was to stoop and embrace Dorotea, saying:

Rise up, my dear lady; it is not fair that she who is at my feet should be the one I hold in my soul; and if even here I have not shown you what I say, perhaps it has been by order of the heavens, so that seeing in you the faith with which you love me, you may esteem it.

In what you deserve. What you reproach me with is that you do not censure my bad word and my great carelessness; for the very occasion and force that moved me to speak of myself, that same force compelled me to seek to be not yours. And let this be true, return and look at the eyes of the already contented Luscinda, and in them you will find excuse for all my errors; and since she found and achieved what she desired, and I have found in you what fulfills me, may she live safe and happy long and happy years with her Cardenio; for I will pray to heaven that they may live with my Dorotea.

And saying this, he took her to embrace, and to bring her face to face with his, with such tender feeling that it was necessary for him to be well aware that the tears would not give certain signs of his love and regret. They did not, indeed, do so for those of Luscinda and Cardenio, and even for almost all those who were present there; for they began to shed so many, some from their own joy, and others from that of others, that it seemed as if a serious and bad affair had happened to everyone. Even Sancho Panza was crying, though later he said that he was not crying, but merely because he saw that Dorotea was not, as he thought, the Queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many mercies. They spent some time together, along with the weeping, and admiration in all, and then Cardenio and Luscinda went to kneel before Don Fernando, thanking him for the grace he had bestowed upon them, with so courteous reasons that Don Fernando did not know how to answer them; and so he raised them and embraced them with demonstrations of much love and much courtesy.

I then asked Dorotea how she had come to that place, so far from her own. She, with brief and discreet reasons, told him everything she had previously told Cardenio; of which Don Fernando and those who came with him took such pleasure, that they wished it to be prolonged; such was the grace with which Dorotea recounted her misfortunes. And as it ended, said Don Fernando what had happened to him in the city after finding the paper, in the bosom of Luscinda, where she declared herself wife of Cardenio and unable to be his; he said he wanted to kill her, and would do so if her parents did not prevent it; and that, thus, he left his house disgraced and fleeing, with a determination to avenge himself with greater ease;

and that another day he knew how Luscinda had offended her from her parents' house, without anyone knowing where she had gone, and that, in resolution, after a few months he came to know that she was in a monastery, with a will to stay there for life, if he could not spend it with Cardenio; and as he knew it, choosing for her company those three knights, he came to the place where she was, to which he had not wanted to speak, fearing that knowing he was there, there would be more guard in the monastery; and so, waiting for a day when the porter would be open, he left the two in charge of the door, and he with another had entered the monastery looking for Luscinda, who they found in the cloister talking with a nun; and, seizing her, without giving her room for anything else, they had come with her to a place where they settled what they needed for her journey; all of which they had been able to do well to her safety, for the monastery was in the country, a good distance outside the town. He said that as Luscinda was in his power, she lost all senses; and that after recovering, she had done nothing but weep and sigh, without uttering a word; and that, thus, accompanied by silence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which for him was to have arrived at heaven, where all the misfortunes of the earth are ended and finished.

Chapter 37: Where the story of the famous princess Micomicona continues, with other amusing adventures.

All this Sancho listened to, not with little pain of his soul, seeing that his hopes were disappearing and going in smoke, and that the beautiful princess Micomicona had become Dorothea, and the giant in Don Fernando, and his master was sleeping in his dream, carelessly unaware of everything that had happened. It could not be assured whether Dorothea dreamed of what she possessed; Cardenio was in the same thought, and the thought of Luscinda ran on the same account. Don Fernando gave thanks to heaven for the mercy received and for having pulled him out of that intricate labyrinth where he was so close to losing his credit and his soul; and, finally, all those in the inn were happy and joyful at the good fortune they had had with so tangled and desperate affairs.

The priest managed everything perfectly, as discreetly as possible, and gave each person an account of the good achieved; but he who was most jubilant and satisfied was the laundress, due to the promise made to her by Cardenio and the priest to pay her for all the damages and interests incurred on behalf of Don Quixote. Only Sancho, as has already been said, was the afflicted, the unfortunate, and the sad one; and thus, with a sullen expression, he entered his master, who was just waking up, to whom he said:

Your Grace, Lord Triste Figura, may sleep as long as you wish, without concern for slaying any giant or returning the princess to her kingdom; for everything is already done and concluded.

"That's what I believe," replied Don Quixote, "because I had with the giant the most colossal and unprecedented battle that I think I shall have in all the days of my life, and by a stroke of luck, *zas!*, I knocked his head off the ground, and there was so much blood that spilled out, that the streams ran through the earth, as if they were of water."

"As if they were red wine, you might say, your grace – Sancho replied; because I want you to know, if you don't already know, that the dead giant is a punctured hide; and the blood, six quarters of red wine that it contained in its belly; and the severed head is... damn it, my mother, and take it all, Satan."

-What are you saying, madman?" Don Quixote retorted. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Rise, my lord," said Sancho, "and you will see the good message he has delivered, and what we have to pay, and you will see the queen transformed into a private lady, named Dorothea, with other events that, if you fall into them, you will admire."

"I don't marvel at anything –Quixote retorted; because, though you remember, the other time we were here, I told you that everything that happened here were things of enchantment, and it wouldn't be much different now."

"I would believe it all," Sancho replied, "if my rations were a desirable thing; but they were not, but real and truly; and I saw that the innkeeper who is here today had a strip of blanket, and he pushed himself toward the heavens with much skill and boldness, and with as much laughter as strength; and where people meet, for me, even though I am simple and sinful, there is no enchantment, but much toil and much misfortune."

Now, God correct me," said Don Quixote. "Give me clothes, and let me go out there; I want to see the events and transformations you speak of.

Don Quixote dressed himself, and meanwhile, as he was getting dressed, the priest told Don Fernando and the others the follies of Don Quixote, and the trickery he had used to take him out of the Poor Pen, where he imagined himself to be, out of spite from his lady. He also told them almost all the adventures that Sancho had recounted, of which they were greatly surprised and laughed, as it seemed to them what appeared to everyone; it was the strangest kind of madness that could fit into a foolish thought. The priest said further: that since the good success of the lady Dorothea prevented him from carrying out his plan, it was necessary to invent and find another in order to take him to his land. Cardenio offered to

continue the work, and Luscinda would play the part of Dorotea.

“No,” said Don Fernando, “it must not be like that: I want Dorotea to continue her invention; as the place of this good knight is not very far from here, I will ensure that a remedy is procured for her.”

It's no more than two days away.

Though I was more, I liked to do such good work.

He left off, in this, Don Quixote, armed with all his equipment, with the helmet, though dented, of Mambrino on his head, buckled with his lance and braced against his trunk or shield. It astonished Don Fernando and the rest to see Don Quixote's face, which was a league distant, dry and yellow, the dissimilarity of his arms and his dignified appearance, and they remained silent until he spoke; who, with great gravity and composure, fixing his eyes on the beautiful Dorothea, said:

I am informed, beautiful lady, of your master's ruin, and your being dissolved, for you have become a particular maid instead of the queen and great lady you once were. If this has been by order of the king necromancer of your father, fearing that I would not give you the necessary and due help, I say that he knew neither the whole nor the half of it, and was poorly versed in chivalrous tales; for if he had read and passed them over as attentively and with as much space as I do when I read and pass them over, he would find at every step how other knights of lesser fame than yours had accomplished things more difficult, not merely killing a giant, however arrogant he may be; for I did not spend many hours with him, and... I want to remain silent, because they won't tell me I lie; but time, discoverer of all things, will reveal it when we least think it.

Seen like that with two horns; not with a giant – the shepherd said to the young man.

And he ordered Don Fernando to be silent and not interrupt Don Quixote in any way; and Don Quixote continued saying:

I say, in short, tall and disinherited lady, that if, by the cause I have said, your father has made him thus metamorphosed into your person, do not give him any credit; for there is no one in the world for whom my sword will not find its way, with which, placing your enemy's head on the ground, I shall put the crown of yours upon your head, in a few days.

“Don Quixote didn't say more, and I waited for the princess to reply; she, as she already knew Don Fernando's determination to continue the deception until it brought Don Quixote to his homeland, responded with much skill and gravity:”

Whoever told you, valiant knight of the Sad Figure, that I had moved and exchanged my being, spoke falsely, for the same one who yesterday was I am today. It is true that certain fortunate events have been made in me, which have given me the best I could wish for; but because of this, I have not ceased being the one who was before, and of having the same thoughts of relying on the valor of your valiant and invincible arm that I have always had. So, my lord, let your kindness return honor to the father who begat me, and consider him a wise and prudent man, for with his knowledge I find a path so easy and so true to remedy my misfortune; I believe that if it were not for you, my lord, I would never have attained the fortune I have; and in this I say so much truth as the most esteemed lords who are present can be good witnesses. What remains is that tomorrow we set out, for today we can already accomplish a little work, and as for the good success that I hope for, I will leave it to God and to the valor of your heart.

“That is what the discreet Dorothea said, and hearing it, Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and with much anger, he told him:”

Now listen to me, Sanchuelo, you are the biggest fool there is in Spain. Tell me, vagabond thief, didn't you just tell me that this princess had turned into a maid named Dorotea, and that the head I understand I cut off a giant was the whore of your birth, with other nonsense that put me in the greatest confusion I've ever been in during all the days of my life? I swear... –and he looked to the sky and clenched his teeth–, I'm going to wreak havoc on you, I'm going to salt the backside of all those lying squires who are knights errant, from now on, in the world!

“Your Lordship, please be quiet,” Sancho replied, “it could well be that I was mistaken regarding the change of the Princess Micomicona; but as for the head of the giant, or, at the very least, the piercing of the hides and the fact that red wine was made from the blood, I don't doubt it, God preserve us, because the hides there are wounded, at the head of your Lordship's bed, and the red wine has made a lake of the room; and if not, you will see the eggs broken by the friar; I mean, you will see it when your Lordship, the swineherd, asks for the diminution of everything. As for the rest, that the Queen is as she was, I rejoice in my soul, because it suits my part, like every neighbor.”

Now I tell you, Sancho —said Don Quixote— that you are a fool, and forgive me, and that's enough.

“Enough,” said Don Fernando, “and let's not speak of this anymore; and since the lady princess says we should walk tomorrow, because it's already late today, let it be so, and we can spend this night in good conversation until the next day,

where we will all accompany Don Quixote, because we want to be witnesses of the valiant and unheard-of exploits he will undertake in the course of this great enterprise he is carrying out.”

“I am the one who is here to serve you and accompany you,” replied Don Quixote, “and I greatly appreciate the grace that is shown me and the good opinion that is held of me, which I will strive to ensure is true, even if it costs me my life, and even more so if it can cost me even more.”

Many words of restraint and many offers passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando; but a silence was imposed by a passenger who entered the venta in that season, who in his attire showed himself a Christian recently come from the lands of the Moors, because he was dressed in a coat of blue cloth, with short sleeves and without a collar; the breeches were also of blue linen, with a cap of the same color; he carried datile-soled boots and a Moorish purse, worn in a waistcoat that crossed his chest. He then followed him, atop a donkey, a Moorish woman dressed, with the face covered, wearing a turban on her head; he carried a small brocade cap, and wore an almalafa, which covered him from the shoulders to the feet.

He was a man of robust and graceful stature, in his early forty years, somewhat tanned with a dark face, with a long beard and a beard very neatly groomed; in his bearing, he showed that if he were well dressed, he would be judged a man of quality and good birth. He requested, upon entering, a room, and as they told him there wasn't one available at the inn, he showed receiving a heavy heart; and arriving at the one that seemed inhabited by the woman, he took her in his arms. Luscinda, Dorotea, the innkeeper, her daughter, and Maritornes, astonished by the new and never-before-seen attire, surrounded the woman, and Dorotea, who had always been graceful, reserved, and discreet, thought that both she and the one who brought her were dismayed by the lack of a room, and she said:

Don't be too sorry, my dear madam, for the discomfort that's lacking as a gift, since it's proper of markets not to be in them; but, with all that, if you should like to pose with us – referring to Luscinda – perhaps you've found other less good welcomes on this road.

The bewildered woman responded to nothing; she did nothing but rise from where she had been sitting, and, crossing her hands over her chest, inclining her head, she bent the horn to signify that she appreciated it. Because of their silence, they imagined that she must surely be a Moor, and that she didn't know how to speak Christian. Meanwhile, the captive arrived, who had been occupied with something until then, and seeing that all of them had her surrounded, the one who came with him, who when told, remained silent, he said:

Ladies, this maiden barely understands my tongue, nor does she know how to speak another except according to her homeland, and for this reason she should not have answered, nor does she answer, to what has been asked of her.

“No will be asked anything else,” responded Luscinda, “except offered for this night our company and part of the place where we shall accommodate ourselves, where the gift that comfort offers will be bestowed, with the willingness that compels us to serve all foreign people who need her, especially as she is a woman to whom we serve.”

“For her and for me—the captive replied—you kiss my hands, and I greatly esteem it, and in what is reasonable, the mercy offered, which, in such an occasion and from such persons as your judgment shows, is clearly seen to be very great.”

Tell me, sir –said Dorotea–, is this lady a Christian, or a Moor? Because her dress and silence make us think it is what we would not want it to be.

Morality is in the garment and in the horn; but in the soul it is very great Christian, because it has very great desires to be so.

“Then isn't she baptized?” she replied.

“There hasn't been room for that,” the captive replied, “since after leaving Argel, his homeland and land, and until now he hadn't seen danger of death so close, that it forced him to be baptized without first knowing all the ceremonies that our Holy Mother the Church commands; but God will be served that he be baptized soon, with the propriety that his position deserves, which is more than what his habit and mine show.”

With these reasons, he gained the attention of all who listened to him, so they knew who the captive and the prisoner were; but no one asked him about it at the time, in order to see that that season was more for providing them with rest than for questioning their lives. Dorotea took her by the hand, and led her to sit beside her, and begged her to remove the bandage. She looked at the captive, as if she were asking him to say what was being said and what she would do. He, in Arabic, told her that they were asking her to remove the bandage, and that she should do it; and so she removed it, and revealed a face so beautiful, that Dorotea considered her more beautiful than Luscinda, and Luscinda more beautiful than Dorotea, and all the bystanders knew that if anyone could be equal to the two, it was the captive, and even some

advanced him in some things. And as beauty has a prerogative and grace to reconcile minds and attract wills, then everyone yielded to the desire to serve and caress the beautiful captive.

I asked Don Fernando, the captive, what the Moor's name was, who replied that it was Lela Zoraida; and as she heard this, she understood what they had asked the Christian, and said with great haste, filled with sorrow and grace:

-No, no Zoraida; Maria, Maria! – indicating that her name was Maria and not Zoraida.

These words and the great affection with which the woman said them caused more than one tear to fall among those who heard them, especially in the women, who by nature are tender and compassionate. Luscinda embraced her with much love, saying:

Yes, yes, Maria, Maria.

And the woman replied:

Yes, yes, Maria; Zoraida, what does no mean?

As night fell, and in accordance with those who had come with Don Fernando, the waiter was diligent and careful in preparing a meal for them as good as he could manage. Thus, the hour arrived, and they all sat at a long table like

Tinelo, because it wasn't round or square at the sale, and they gave the head and principal seat, since he refused it, to Don Quixote, who wanted the lady Micomicona to be by his side, since she was his guardian. Then Luscinda and Zoraida sat down, and Frontier deltas Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the captive and the other knights, and by the ladies' side were the priest and the barber. And thus they dined with great pleasure, and it increased for him, seeing that, having stopped eating Don Quixote, moved by another spirit than the one that moved him to speak as much as he had spoken when dining with the shepherds, he began to say:

Truly, if one considers, my lords, great and unheard things are seen by those who profess the order of the walking chivalry. If not, what of any living person now able to enter this castle, and of the fortune that finds us, that judges and believes us to be what we are? Who could say that this lady at my side is the great queen that we all know, and that I am that Knight of the Sad Figure who walks there, in the mouth of fame? Now there is no doubt, but this art and exercise exceeds all that men have invented, and much more ought to be held in esteem as it is subject to more perils. Disperse those who say that letters give advantage to arms; I will tell them, and let them be who they may, that they do not know what they say. For the reason that such men often say and to which they adhere most is that the labors of the spirit exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised only with the horn, as if it were their exercise a trade of winos, for which nothing is needed but good forces, or as in this that we call arms the acts of strength are not enclosed, which require much understanding to execute them, or as if the spirit of the warrior who has an army at his charge, or the defense of a besieged city, so with the spirit as with the body. If not, see if it is attained with corporal forces to know and conjecture the enemy's intent, designs, stratagems, difficulties, to prevent damages that are taken; that all these are actions of the understanding, in whom the body has no part. Being, therefore, as arms require spirit, as do letters, let us now see which of the two spirits, that of the scholar or that of the warrior, works more; and this will come to be known by the end and destination to which each is headed; because that intention ought to be estimated more than it has a nobler end. It is the end and destination of the letters..., and I do not now speak of the divine, which have as their aim to carry and guide souls to heaven; that to a goal as infinite as this none other can be equaled: I speak of human letters, which their aim is to put justice in its right place and give to each what is his, and understand and make good laws be kept. End, certainly, generous and high, and worthy of great praise; but not of as much as that which attends to arms, which have as their aim and end peace, which is the greatest good that men can desire in this life. And thus, the first good news that the world and men had were those that angels gave us the night which was our day, when they sang in the air: "Glory in the heights, and peace on earth to men of good will"; and the salutation that the best teacher of the earth and the sky taught to his allies and favorites was to tell them that when they entered any house they should say: "Peace be in this house"; and other times he said to them: "My peace I give you; my peace I leave you; peace be with you," as a jewel and pledge given and left from such a hand; jewel, which without it, there can be no good, in the earth or in the sky. This peace is the true end of war; that is to say, arms are peace. Therefore, proposed this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it gives advantage to the end of the letters, let us now come to the labors of the body of the scholar and of the teacher of arms, and see which are greater.

In such a way and given such good terms, he continued his plastic of Don Quixote, which caused, at that time, none of those listening to him to...

He considered him mad; before, as was the custom with all men, weapons were foreign to them, and they listened to him willingly; and he continued saying:

I say, therefore, that the student's labors are these: primarily poverty, not because all are poor, but to put this case to its utmost extreme; and in having said that he suffers poverty, it seems there was nothing more to be said of his misfortune; for he who is poor has no good thing. He suffers this poverty in his parts, either in hunger, either in cold, either in nakedness, either all together; but, with all that, it is not so great that he does not eat, although it be a little later than what is used; it is of the leftovers of the rich, which is the greatest misery of the student, this that they call walking to the soup; and they lack no stranger brazier or chimney, that, if it does not heat, at least it tempers his cold, and, in short, they sleep at night under cover. I do not want to reach other trivialities, namely, of the lack of shirts and there is plenty of shoes, the rarity and little hair of the dress, nor that they fret so much, when good fortune befalls them some banquet. By this path that I have painted, harsh and difficult, stumbling here, falling there, rising there, turning to fall here, they reach the grade that they desire; which having attained, we have seen many who, having passed through these sirens and charybdis as carried on the flight of favorable fortune, say that we have seen them command and govern the world from a chair, turning their hunger into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their nakedness into galas, and their sleeping in a straw mat in resting in hollands and damask, justly deserved reward of their virtue. But opposed and compared their labors with those of the warrior soldier, they are very far behind in everything, as I will now say.

Chapter 38: Concerning the Curious Discourse Delivered by Don Quixote of the Arms and the Letters

Continuing, Don Quixote said:

Let us begin with the student, by reason of poverty and his parts, and let us see if he is richer than the soldier. And we shall see that there is none poorer in the same poverty, because he is attended to the misery of his pay, which comes or late or never, or what he fashions with his hands, with notable danger to his life and his conscience. And sometimes it is so naked that a cut cloak serves as gala and shirt, and in the middle of winter he is usually repaired from the inclemencies of the sky, being in the campaign bare, with only the breath of his mouth, which, as it comes from an empty void, I believe is ascertained to come cold, against nature. Let us wait that it arrives the night, to restore itself from all these discomforts in the bed that awaits it, which, if not by his fault, will never err in being tight; it can well measure in the earth the feet that it wishes, and revolve itself in it to its liking, without fear that the sheets will shrink it. Let it arrive, then, all this, the day and hour of receiving the degree of his exercise; let it arrive a day of battle; that there they will put the plume on his head, made of threads, to cure him of a bullet, which perhaps has passed him by the temples, or left him ruined of arm or leg. And when this does not happen, but that the merciful sky keeps him and preserves him healthy and alive, it may be that he remains in the same poverty that he was before, and that it is necessary that one and other encounter, one and other battle, and that of all he comes victorious, to grow in something; but these miracles are rarely won. But tell me, gentlemen, if you have looked into it: how much less are the rewarded by the war than those who have perished in it? Without doubt, you will answer that there is no comparison, and that they cannot be counted; the dead, and that they can be counted with three letters of arithmetic the rewarded living. All this is reversed in

Scribes; because of their skirts, which I don't want to say of their sleeves, they all need to amuse themselves; so, although the soldier's work is greater, the reward is much smaller.

But this may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, because those are rewarded by giving them offices that must necessarily be given to those of their profession, and these cannot be rewarded except with the same income of the lord to whom they serve; and this impossibility strengthens me more in reason. But let us leave this aside, which is a labyrinth of very difficult exit, but let us return to the preeminence of arms against letters, a matter that until now is to be ascertained, according to the reasons that each of their parts allege; and among these, the letters say that without them the arms could not be sustained, because war also has its laws and is subject to them, and that the laws fall beneath what the letters and scholars are.

This responds to the arms, for laws cannot be sustained without them, because arms defend republics, preserve kingdoms, guard cities, secure roads, clear seas of corsairs, and, finally, if not by them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, sea and land routes would be subject to the rigor and confusion that war brings with it during its duration and license to use its privileges and forces. And it is a reasoned thing that what costs the most is estimated and should be estimated the most. It costs a man time, vigils, hunger, nakedness, head fogginess, stomach indigestions, and other things attached to it to reach a man to be eminent in letters. But it costs a man to reach a man to be a good soldier everything that to the student in an even greater degree, because he has no comparison, for at every step he is at the risk of losing his life. And what fear of need and poverty can reach or fatigue the student, who arrives at the one who has a soldier, who, finding himself surrounded by a force, and being stationed or guarding in a rebel or knight, feels that the enemies are undermining towards the part where he is, and cannot move away from there by any means, nor flee the danger that threatens him so closely. Only what he can do is give notice to his captain of what is happening, so that he remedies it with some countermeasure, and he remains, fearing and waiting when suddenly he must rise to the clouds without wings, and descend to the depths without his will. And if this seems a small danger, let us see if it equals or gives advantage to the

one who embarks two galleons by their prows in the midst of a spacious sea, which being spiked and blocked, he leaves the soldier more space than that granted by two feet of board from the keel; and, with all this, seeing that he has before him so many ministers of death that threaten him as many cannons of artillery are aimed from the opposite side, that are not more than a spear's distance from his body, and seeing that at the first neglect of the feet he will go to visit the deep loins of Neptune, and, with all this, with intrepid heart, driven by honor that incites him, he puts himself to be target of so much arquebusería, and seeks to pass through such a narrow passage to the opposite ship. And what is most to be admired, is that barely one has fallen where he cannot rise until the end of the world, when another occupies his place; and if this one also falls into the sea, that as to an enemy he awaits, another and another succeeds him without giving time to the time of their deaths: valor and audacity the greatest that can be found in all the vicissitudes of war.

Blessed be those blessed centuries that lacked the appalling fury of these demonic instruments of artillery! To whose inventor I, for my part, believe is receiving the reward of his devilish invention in hell, with which a infamous and cowardly arm took the life of a valiant knight, and that, without knowing how or where, in the midst of the courage and bravado that kindles and animates valiant hearts, arrives a heedless bullet, fired by someone perhaps fleeing and startled by the brilliance that the fire made when discharged from the cursed...

machine, and in an instant cuts off the thoughts and life of whoever deserved to enjoy it for long centuries. And so, considering this, I am about to say that it weighs heavily on my soul to have taken this exercise of a wandering knight at such a detestable age as this one in which we now live; because although no danger frightens me, I still feel distrust concerning whether the gunpowder and tin have deprived me of the opportunity to become famous and known for the valor of my arm and the sharpness of my sword, for all that has been discovered of the earth. But let the heavens do what it will; the more I will be esteemed, if I go forth with what I intend, as greater dangers have been undertaken by the wandering knights of past centuries.

"All this long preamble," said Don Quixote while the others ate, forgetting to take food to his mouth, since, as Sancho Panza had told him on occasion, he should eat; that afterwards there would be room to say everything he wished. In which he had heard, a new pity came over him, to see that man who, apparently, had good understanding and good speech in all matters, had so thoroughly lost himself in treating him of his black and pungent chivalry. The curate told him that he had much reason in all that he had said in favor of arms, and that he, though learned and graduated, was of the same opinion."

They had just finished dinner, cleared the tables, and while the maid, her daughter, and Maritornes were seasoning the "camaracho" of Don Quixote de la Mancha, where it had been decided that on that night the solitary women there should gather, Don Fernando asked the captive to tell them the story of his life, because it could not but be a pilgrimage and a pleasing one, according to the examples he had begun to give, coming in company with Zoraida. To which the captive replied that he would gladly do as he was commanded, and that he only feared that the story would not be such as to please them; but that, nevertheless, for lack of obedience, he would tell it to them. The priest and all the others thanked him for it, and again begged him to do so; and he, seeing them beg so much, said that they were not in need of wizards where the power of commanding had so much force.

And so, be mindful, my lords, and you will hear a true speech for those who would not reach the liars who, with curious and thoughtful artifices, usually compose themselves.

With what he had said, everyone settled down and gave him a great silence; and he, seeing that they were already silent and waiting for him to speak, began to say in a pleasant and calm voice in this way:

Chapter 39: Where the captive recounts his life and events

In a place in the mountains of León, my lineage began, with whom nature was more grateful and liberal than fortune, although in the poverty of those towns, my father still maintained a reputation as a rich man, and truly he was if he managed to preserve his estate as it was given to him in splendor. And the condition he had of being liberal and extravagant stemmed from having been a soldier in his youth; for soldiery is a school where meanness becomes frankness, and frankness, prodigality. And if some soldiers are found miserable, they are like monsters that are rarely seen. My father passed the terms of generosity and bordered on being a spendthrift, which is of no benefit to a married man who has children who will succeed him in name and in being. Those my father had were three, all men, and all of age to choose a state. Seeing, therefore, that my father, as he said, could not go head to head against his condition, he wanted to deprive himself of the instrument and cause that made him a spendthrift and a benefactor, that is, to deprive himself of the estate, without which even Alexander seemed narrow. And so, one day calling us three alone in a room, he said reasons similar to those that I now say.

"Children, to let you know that I care for you, it's enough to know and say that you are my children; and to understand that I don't care for you badly is enough to know that I'm not going to intervene in what concerns preserving your estate. So that you understand from now on that I love you as a father, and that I don't want to destroy you as a stepfather, I'm going to do

one thing with you that I've been thinking about for many days with mature consideration. You are now old enough to take on a profession, or, at the very least, to choose a trade, so that when you are older, you honor and benefit from it. And what I've thought is to divide my estate into four parts: I will give three of them to you."

To each one what touches, without exceeding in value, and with the other I will remain to live and sustain myself as long as the heavens allow me to be given life. But I wanted that after each one had in their power the part that belongs to them in their property, one of the paths that I will direct follows. There is a proverb in our Spain, to my opinion, very true, as all are, because they are brief sentences drawn from the long and wise experience; and the one I say is: "Church, or sea, or royal house," as if it said more clearly: "Whoever wants to be worth and rich, follow, or the Church, or sail, exercising the art of merchandise, or enter to serve the kings in their houses"; because they say: "It is better to have a crumb of a king than mercy of a lord." I say this because I wanted, and it is my will, that one of you follow the letters, the other merchandise, and the other serve the king in war, because it is difficult to enter to serve him in his house; since war does not give many riches, it usually gives much value and much fame. Within eight days I will give you all your share in money, without deceiving you in an amount, as you will see by the work. Now tell me if you want to follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed."

And sending me, as the eldest, to respond, after having told him not to divest himself of the estate, but to spend all that was his will, for we were mere boys to earn it, I came to conclude that he would satisfy his wishes, and that mine was to continue the exercise of arms, serving him in God and my king. The second brother made the same offers, and chose to go to the Indies, with the estate being managed as it fell to him. The youngest, and, as I believe, the most discreet, said that he wanted to follow the Church, or to finish his begun studies in Salamanca.

Just as we had just agreed and chosen our exercises, my father embraced us all, and with as much brevity as he possessed, he carried out what he had promised; and giving each of us his share, which, to my recollection, amounted to three thousand ducats in money (because one of our uncles bought the entire estate and paid for it in full, because it should not stray from the main house), on the same day we all parted from our good father, and on that same day, it seemed to me inhuman that my father should grow old and have so little estate, I took from my three thousand two thousand ducats, because it was enough for me to settle down with what a soldier needed. My two brothers, moved by my example, each gave him a thousand ducats; so that my father remained with four thousand in money, and more three thousand, which, to appear, was worth the estate that belonged to him, which he did not want to sell, but keep with the roots. I say, in short, that we parted from him, and from that uncle that I have said, without much feeling and tears from all, we entrusted him to let us know, whenever there was comfort for it, of our events, prosperous or adverse. He promised it, and embracing and showering us with his blessing, the one took the journey from Salamanca, the other from Seville, and I the one from Alicante, where I learned that a Genoese ship was loading there wool for Genoa.

I have been twenty-two years since I left my father's house, and in all these years, since I have written some letters, I have heard nothing of myself or my brothers; and what I have spent in this speech of time, I will briefly state. I embarked in Alicante, arrived with a prosperous journey to Genoa, I went from there to Milan, where I accommodated myself with arms and some of a soldier's attire, with the intention of settling my place in Piedmont; and being already on the way to Alexandria from Palia, I received news that the Grand Duke of Alba was passing through Flanders. I changed my purpose, I went with him, I served him in the campaigns that he made, I found me in the death of the counts of Eguemón and of Hornos, I managed to be lieutenant of a famous captain from Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina, and after a certain time I arrived in Flanders, news was heard of the league that the Holiness of Pope Pius the Fifth had made with Venice and with Spain, against the common enemy, which is the Turk; which in that same

His fleet had won the famous island of Cyprus, which was under Venetian dominion: a lamentable and unfortunate loss.

It is true that I came because of the serene Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of our good King Don Philip, who was leading this great war effort; and all this incited and moved my spirit and desire to be present on the day that was awaited; and although I had forebodings, and almost certain promises, that I would be promoted to captain on the first opportunity offered, I wanted to abandon everything and come with me to Italy, as I did. And my good fortune wanted the Lord Don Juan of Austria to have just arrived in Genoa; he was going to Naples to join with the Venetian navy, as he had done later in Mecina. I say, in short, that I found myself on that felicitous day, already made captain of infantry, to whose honorable duty I was raised more by my good fortune than by my merits. And that day, which was so fortunate for the Christian world, because in it the world and all nations of error that they were in, believed that the Turks were invincible by sea, on that day, I say, where the Ottoman pride and arrogance was broken, among so many fortunate ones who were there (because more fortune they had the Christians who died there than those who were alive and victorious), I alone was the unfortunate; for, instead of being able to expect, if in the Roman centuries, some naval crown, I found myself that night following that famous day with chains at my feet and handcuffs on my hands. And it was of this fortune: that having the Uchali, king of Argel, boldly and fortunately cosin, boarded and surrendered the captain of Malta, who only three knights remained alive in

it, and these badly wounded, the captain of Juan Andrea came to rescue them, in which I went with my company; and doing what should have been done in such a case, I jumped onto the opposite galley, which deviating from the one that had boarded it, hindered my soldiers from following me, and thus I found myself alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, because they were so many; in short, they surrendered me full of wounds. And as you have already heard, sirs, I heard say that the Uchali saved himself with his entire squadron, I came to be captured in his power, and I was only the unfortunate among so many joyful ones and the captive among so many free; because fifteen thousand Christians reached the desired freedom that day, who all came to row in the Turkish fleet.

They took me to Constantinople, where the Great Turk Selim made my lord a naval commander, because I had fulfilled my duty in the battle, having carried by proof of his valor the banner of the religion of Malta. I found myself in the second year, which was the year of seventy-two, at Navarino struggling in the flagship of the three lanterns. I saw and noted the occasion that was lost there of not taking into port the entire Turkish fleet; because all the galleys and genizaros that came to it were certainly to be rammed into the same port, and they had their clothes and pasamaques, which are their shoes, ready to flee afterward on foot, without expecting to be fought; such was the fear that they had taken of our fleet. But the sky ordered it in another way, not by fault or negligence of the general who ruled over our men, but by the sins of Christendom, and because God wants and allows us to always have executioners who punish us. Indeed, the Uchali was gathered at Modon, which is an island that is next to Navarino, and throwing the people onto land, he fortified the mouth of the port, and it remained until the Lord Don Juan returned. In this voyage, the galley that was called La Presa was taken, of whom was captain a son of that famous corsair Barbarroja. It was taken by the captain of Naples, called La Loba, ruled by that ray of war, by the father of the soldiers, by that lucky and never defeated captain Don Alvaro de Bazán, Marquis of Santa Cruz. And I don't want to omit what happened in the capture of La Presa. The son of Barbarroja was so cruel, and treated his captives so badly, that as soon as the coming to the oars they saw that the galley Loba was entering them and that they were catching them, they all released the oars at once, and they seized of their captain, who was on the bench shouting to row quickly, and passing from bench to bench, from stern to bow, they gave him blows, until he had passed past the mast, it had already passed him.

Set yourself on fire: that was, as I have said, the cruelty with which they treated him, and the hatred they held for him. We returned to Constantinople, and the following year, which was that of seventy-three, it was known there that Don John had won Tunis, and taken that kingdom from the Turks, and placed it in possession of Muley Hamet, cutting off the hopes that Muley Hamida, the most cruel and valiant Moor that the world had, had of returning to reign in it. The Great Turk felt this loss greatly, and, using of the sagacity that all of his house have, he made peace with Venetians, who much more than he desired it, and the following year of seventy-four he attacked the Goleta, and the fort that beside Tunis the Lord Don John had left half-built. In all these trances I went at the oars, without hope of liberty whatsoever; at least, I did not expect to have it for ransom, because I had determined not to write the news of my misfortune to my father.

The Goleta was lost, and with it the fort; over which there were seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers paid, and of Moors and Arabs from all of Africa, more than four hundred thousand, accompanied by this great number of people with so many munitions and war equipment, and with so many supplies, that with hands and handfuls of earth they could cover the Goleta and the fort. The Goleta was first lost, previously held as impregnable, and was not lost due to the fault of its defenders (who did everything they could and should in its defense), but because experience showed the ease with which trenches could be raised in that desolate sand, as water was found two palms away, and the Turks did not find it two paces; and so, with many sacks of sand they raised the trenches so high that they surpassed the walls of the fort; and throwing knights at them, none could stop them, nor assist in the defense.

It was a common opinion that our men should not be confined to the Goleta, but rather wait in the countryside at the landing place, and those who say this speak from afar and with little experience of similar cases; for if in the Goleta and the fortress there were barely seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though more valiant, emerge into the campaign and remain as forces, against so many as the enemy possessed? And how is it possible to lose strength that is not supported, and more when the enemy were many and persistent, and in their own land? But it seemed to many, and it seemed to me, that it was a particular grace and mercy that the heavens bestowed upon Spain in allowing that office and layer of wickedness to be assailed, and that sponge and moth of endless money that was wasted there to no purpose, without serving anything other than to preserve the memory of having won it for the felicitous and invincible Charles V, as if it were necessary to make it eternal, as it is and will be. The fortress was also lost; but they were gaining ground centimeter by centimeter from the Turks, because the soldiers who defended it fought so valiantly and strongly that they killed twenty-five thousand enemies in twenty-two general assaults that they gave them. None were taken alive out of three hundred, signifying certain and clear evidence of their effort and valor, and of how well they had defended and guarded their posts. It was yielded a small fortress or tower that was in the middle of the breakwater, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a Valencian knight and famous soldier. Don Pedro Puertocarrero, the commander of the Goleta, was captured, who did everything possible to defend his force; and he felt so much the loss of having it lost, that from sorrow he died on the road to Constantinople, where he was taken captive. They captured alive also the commander of the

fortress, who was called Gabrio Cervello■n, a Milanese knight, a great engineer and valiant soldier. Many people of account died in these two forces, of whom was Paga■n de Oria, a knight of the Order of Saint John, of generous condition, as shown by the liberal generosity that he used with his brother, the famous Juan Andrea de Oria; and what most made his death pitiful was having died at the hands of some Arabs of whom he trusted, seeing already the fortress lost, who offered to take him in the habit of a Moor to Tabarca, which is a small passage or house that the ginoveses have in those riverbanks who exercise themselves.

At the Coral fishery; they cut off the heads of the Arabs and brought them to the Turkish naval general, who fulfilled with them our Castilian refrain: "Though treachery delights, the traitor hates himself"; and it is said that the general ordered those who brought him the present alive to be hanged, because they had not been betrayed.

Among the Christians who were lost at the fort was one named Don Pedro de Aguilar, native not so I know from what place of Andalusia, who had been ensign in the fort, a soldier of considerable account and of rare understanding; especially he had particular grace in what they call poetry. I tell you this because his fortune brought him to my galley and to my patron's bank, and to be a slave of my own patron; and before we departed from that port, this knight made two sonnets in the manner of epitaphs, one to the Goleta and the other to the fort. And truly, I have them to say, because I know them by heart and I believe they would cause displeasure before.

At the point where I named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and all three of them smiled; and when he came to speak of the sonnets, one of them said:

Before your Lordships proceed, I beg you to tell me what became of Don Pedro de Aguilar who said it.

"What is – he replied – is that after two years he spent in Constantinople, he fled in a monk's disguise with a Greek spy, and I don't know if he came free, because within a year after I saw the Greek in Constantinople and couldn't ask him about that journey."

"That's true," the knight replied, "because that Pedro is my brother, and he's now at our place, well and wealthy, married and with three children."

"Thanks be given to God," said the captive, "for so many mercies he has shown him; for there is none on earth, according to my opinion, who can attain to the lost liberty."

-And moreover -the knight replied-, I know my brother's sonnets. -Say them, then, your lordship -said the captive-, you will find you can say them better than I. -It pleases me -responded the knight-; and the one from the Gull said so too:

Chapter 40: Where the story of the captive continues

Sonnet

Blessed souls that pierce the mortal veil
freed and exempt, by the good you have wrought, you rose from the lowlands.
the highest and best in the sky
and, burning with rage and honorable zeal
of the horns the force you exerted
you stained the neighboring, sandy sea with foreign blood;
first, the value lacked life
In weary arms, which, dying, with being defeated, carry the victory.
And this is yours, your mortal fall.
between the wall and the iron, you are acquiring it
The fame the world gives you, and the glory of the heavens.
The same way I do – said the captive.

Well, the man from the fortress, if I remember correctly – the knight said–

Sonnet

From this barren, devastated land,
These little clumps scattered on the ground
the souls of three thousand soldiers
They moved on to a better home.
being, in vain, exercised
the strength of his/her/their strained arms
until, at last, with few and weary
They gave it their all.
And this is the ground that has continued to be.
full of sad memories
in past centuries and the present
But more just from his hard breast
They will have risen to the clear sky, souls.
Not even he held such brave horns.

The sonnets didn't seem bad, and the captive rejoiced at the news he received from his comrade, and, continuing his story, he said:

Yielding, therefore, the Goleta and the fort, the Turks ordered the dismantling of the Goleta (because the fort was such that there was no need to put an end to it), and to do this with more speed and less work, it was mined into three parts; but with none could what seemed least strong—that is, the old walls and all that remained standing of the new fortification made by the Fratin—be brought to the ground with ease. In resolution, the fleet returned to Constantinople triumphant and victorious, and just a few months later my lord, Uchali■, died, whom they called Uchali■ Fartax, which means in Turkish “the reddish renegade,” because he was, and it is customary among the Turks to name someone after some fault they have or some virtue they possess; and this is because there are among them only four noble families descending from the house

Otomana, and the others, as I have said, took names and surnames from the horns of the beasts, and from the virtues of the mind. Tin■oso served the Great Lord for fourteen years, being a slave, and after thirty-four years of his life, he renounced his faith, out of spite, because a Turk, while at the oars, gave him a slap, and to avenge himself, he left his faith. His valor was so great that, without taking the clumsy paths and roads that the most private of the Great Turk uses, he came to be king of Algiers, and afterwards, as a naval general, which is the third rank in that lordship. He was of Calabrian birth, and morally he was a good man, and he treated his captives with great humanity, that he came to have three thousand, who, after his death, were divided, as he left it in his will, among the Great Lord (who is also the heir son of those who die and enters with the most sons left by the deceased) and among his renegades; and I freed a renegated Venetian who, being a cabin boy on a ship, captured Uchali■ for him, and he loved him so much that he was one of the most favored servants of his, and he came to be the most cruel renegade that anyone has ever seen. His name was Aza■n Aga■, and he came to be very rich, and to be king of Algiers; with which I came from Constantinople, somewhat content, to be so near Spain, not because I thought to write to anyone the wretched event of mine, but to see if fortune was more favorable in Algiers than in Constantinople, where I had already tried a thousand ways to flee, and none had fortune or success; and I thought in Algiers to seek other means of attaining what I so desired, because my hope of having freedom was never abandoned me; and when in what I was fabricating, when I thought and put in operation, it did not correspond to the event with the intention, then, without abandoning me, it feigned and sought another hope that sustained me, although it was weak and slender. With this I amused myself, enclosed in a prison or house that the Turks call a bath, where they enclose Christian captives, those of the king as of some private persons, and those they call from the storehouse, which is to say, captives of the council, who serve the city in public works that it makes and in other trades, and these captives have a very difficult freedom; that, as they are of the common and have no particular master, there is no one to treat their ransom, although they have it. In these baths, as I have said, some private persons often take their captives, especially when they are for ransom, because there they have them loose and secure until the ransom comes. Also, the captives of the king who are for ransom do not go to work with the rest of the crowd, unless their ransom is delayed; that then, to make them write for him with more diligence, they make them work and go along slowly with the

others, which is no small labor.

I, well, was one of the ones for rescue; since it was known that I was captain, because I said my little chances and lack of wealth, I didn't take advantage of anything to prevent them from putting me in the number of the knights and people for rescue. They put a chain on me, more as a signal of rescue than to guard myself with it, and so life passed in that bath, with many other knights and important people, marked and held for rescue; and although hunger and nakedness could fatigue us sometimes, and even almost always, nothing fatigued us as much as hearing and seeing at every step the never-before-seen or never-heard cruelties that my master used with the Christians. Every day he would hang his own, impale this one, have that one's ears cut off; and this, for such little occasion, and so without it, that the Turks knew he did it no more than by doing it, and as it was their natural condition to be murderers of the entire human race. Only did I do well with him a Spanish soldier named Tal of Saavedra, who, having done things that would remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all to achieve freedom, never bothered him, nor did he order him to do so, nor did he say a bad word to him; and for the smallest of many things he did, we all feared that he would be impaled, and so he feared it more than once; and if it weren't because time doesn't allow it, I would now tell you about some of the things that this soldier did, that would entertain and admire you much better than with this story.

Therefore, I say that above our prison yard fell the windows of a rich and principal Moor's house, which, as is usual with Moor windows, were more

Here's the English translation of the provided text: There were holes that were windows, and even these were covered with thick, tightly woven tapestries. Therefore, it happened that one day, while in the attic of our prison with other three companions, testing our ability to jump with the chains, to entertain the time, being alone because all the other Christians had gone out to work, I happened to look and saw that through those closed windows, as I had said, seemed a reed, and at its end there was a canvas tied, and the reed was swaying and moving, almost as if it were making gestures to make us take it. We looked at it, and one of those with me was to go under the reed, to see if they let it go, or what they were doing; but as he arrived, they raised the reed and moved it to both sides, as if to say "no, with your head." The Christian returned, and they lowered it and repeated the same movements as before. Another of my companions, and it happened to him the same. Finally, the third, and he made it happen to the first and the second. Seeing this, I did not want to stop trying my luck, and as I arrived I put myself under the reed, they let it fall, and it gave to my feet inside the tub. I then went to untie the canvas, in which I saw a knot, and inside it came ten reeds, which are gold coins that they use under, that each one is worth ten reales of ours. If I was fooled by the discovery, there's no saying, because there was so much joy and admiration in thinking of where we had come from that good, especially for me, because the signs of not having wanted to let the reed go to me alone, clearly indicated that I was given a favor. I took my good money, broke the reed, returned to the attic, looked at the window, and I saw that through it came a very white hand; that they opened and closed it very quickly. With this we understood or imagined that some woman who lived in that house must have made that benefit; and as a sign that we would thank her we made gestures of Moorish custom, inclining the head, bending the body, and putting the arms on the chest. From there, we soon got out through the same window a small cross made of reeds, and then they brought it back in. This sign confirmed to me that some Christian must have been a prisoner in that house, and that was the one that made the good happen to us; but the whiteness of the hand, and the knots that we saw in it, dispelled this thought, because we imagined that it must have been a Christian renegade, to whom their lords usually took for legitimate women, and even still hold at fortune, because they esteem them more than those of their nation. In all our discourses, we were very far from the truth of the case, and thus, all our entertainment from that time on was to look and have as a north the window where it had appeared to us the star of the reed; but it was well fifteen days in which we did not see it, nor the hand, nor any other sign. And although in this time we tried with all diligence to know who lived in that house, and if there was any Christian renegade in it, no one ever told us other than that there lived a principal and rich Moor, called Agi Morato, alguazán who had been from the Pata, that is a trade among them of much quality; but when we were most careless about the fact that more cianís should fall there, we saw at that hour appear the reed, and another canvas in it, with another more grown knot; and this was when the tub was, as in the previous time, alone and without people. We made the customary test, going each one first than me, of the same three that we were; but to none yielded the reed except to me, because when I arrived, they let it fall. I untied the knot and found forty Spanish gold escudos and a paper written in Arabic, and at the end of the written, made a large cross. I saw the cross, I took the escudos, I returned to the attic, we all made our gestures, I made the sign that he would read the paper, they closed the window.

We all remained confused and delighted by what had happened; and as none of us understood Arabic, there was a great desire we had to understand what was contained in the paper, and greater the difficulty of finding someone to read it. In the end, I decided to trust a renegade, a native of Murcia, who had come to be a great friend of mine, and had placed bonds between us that forced him to keep the secret he was entrusted with; for some renegades, when they intend to return to Christian lands, bring with them some signatures of captives.

principal, in which they swear fealty, to the best of their ability, how this disgraced man is a man of good character, and that he has always done good to Christians, and that he desires to flee at the first opportunity that is offered. Some endeavor these oaths with good intention; others may use them with industry; that coming to steal from Christian lands, if they are lost or captured, they take their signatures and say that these papers show the purpose with which they came, which was to remain in Christian lands, and that is why they came in corsair with the others Turks. With this they escape that first impulse, and reconcile themselves with the Church, without being harmed; and when they see theirs, they return to Berberia to be what they once were. Others use these papers, and procure them with good intent, and remain in Christian lands. For one of the renegades that I have said was this my friend, who had signatures from all our comrades, where we accredited him as much as possible; and if the Moors found these papers, they would burn him alive. I knew that he knew Arabic very well, not only spoke it, but wrote it; but before he fully declared himself to me, I told him that I would read him that paper, that perhaps he had found it in a hole in my ranch. He opened it, and he looked at it and built it up, muttering between his teeth. He asked me if he understood it; he told me that very well, and that if he wanted me to declare it word by word, that I give him ink and pen, because he would do it better. We gave him what he asked for, and he slowly translated it, and as he finished, he said:

Everything that appears here in romance, without omitting the letter, is what contains this Moorish paper, and you must warn that where it says Lela Marie■n, it means Our Lady, the Virgin Mary.

We read the paper, and it said so:

When I was a girl, my father had a slave, who in my tongue showed me the Christian zala, and she told me many things about Lela Marie■n. The Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but with Ala■ because I saw her twice afterwards, and she told me to go to the land of Christians to see Lela Marie■n, who loved me very much. I do not know how I should go: I have seen many Christians through this window, and none of them have seemed like a gentleman to me. I am very beautiful and young, and I have many dollars to take with me; look at you if you can make how we go, and you will be there my husband, if you want, and if you do not want, I will not give anything to me; that Lela Marie■n will give me with whom I marry. I wrote this; look at whom you give to read it: do not trust anyone Moor, because they are all jackals. This I have much sorrow; that I would like that you did not discover you to anyone; because if my father knows it, he would throw me into a well, and he would cover me with stones. On the reed I will put a thread: tie there the answer; and if you do not have anyone who writes to you Arabic, tell me by signs; that Lela Marie■n will make you understand. She and Ala■ will guard you, and that cross that I kiss many times; that is how the captive commanded me.

Look, gentlemen, if it was reasonable that you admired and rejoiced at the reasons contained in this paper; and so, one thing and the other happened in such a way that the renegade realized that it was not the paper itself that had been found, but that someone among us had written it; and so, he begged us that if what he suspected was true, that we trust him and tell him, that he would risk his life for our freedom. And saying this, he drew from his chest a metal crucifix, and with many tears he swore by the God that the image represented, in whom he, though a sinner and a bad man, believed well and faithfully, to keep us loyalty and secrecy in all that we wished to reveal to him, because it seemed to him, and he almost divined, that through that paper, that he and all of us had gained freedom, and he found himself in what he so desired, that is, to be reduced to the guild of the Holy Church, his mother, from whom as a rotten member he was divided and separated, by his ignorance and sin.

With so many tears and with displays of such regret, the renegade said this, and we all, in a single accord, agreed and came to declare him the truth of the case; and thus, we informed him of everything, without concealing anything. We showed him the window through which the cane appeared, and he framed the house from there, and he resolved to take special and great care to find out who lived in it. We agreed with great anxiety that it would be well to respond to the overdue bill; and as we had someone who knew how to do it, then at the moment the renegade wrote down the reasons that I was noting to him, which were precisely the ones I will say, because of all the essential points that occurred to me in this event, none have gone from my memory, nor will they go while I have life. In fact, what was said to the debtor was this:

May the True Ala guard you, my dear lady, and that blessed Mary, who is the true mother of God, and who has placed you in heart that you may go to the land of Christians, because she loves you well. Pray to her that she may serve to show you how you can put into action what she commands you; for she is so good, she will do it. From my part and from that of all these Christians who are with me, I offer to do for you all that we can, until death. Do not cease to write to me and to warn me what you think to do, for I will always answer you; for the great Ala has given us a Christian captive who knows to speak and write your language so well as you see by this paper. So, without fear, you can warn us of everything you wish. And as you say that if you go to the land of Christians, you must be my wife, I promise you that as a good Christian; and know that Christians fulfill what they promise better than the Moors. Ala and Mary her mother be in your guard, my dear.

Written and sealed this paper, I waited two days for the bath to be alone, as usual, and then I went out along the usual path of the upturned stone, to see if the cane appeared, which didn't take long to peek out. Just as I saw it, although I

couldn't see who was putting it there, I showed the paper, as if to make them put the thread; but it was already in place in the cane, and from there it seemed to take our star, with the white flag of truce from the upturned stone. They let it fall, and I rose, and I found in the towel, all sorts of silver and gold coins, more than fifty escudos, which fifty times multiplied our joy, and confirmed the hope of having freedom. That very night our renegade returned, and told us that he had learned that the same Moor who had been told to us lived in that house, named Agi Morato, exceedingly rich in every respect, who had a single daughter, heiress to all his estate, and it was common opinion throughout the city that she was the most beautiful woman of the Berberia; and that many of the viceroys who came there had asked for her as a wife, and that she had never wanted to marry, and that he also knew that she had a Christian captive, who had already died; all of which coincided with what came in the paper.

We then entered into council with the renegade as to the order in which we should take the Moorish woman and come to the land of Christians, and, in the end, it was then remembered that we should wait for the second signal of Zoraida, for that was the name she now wished to call herself Maria; for we saw clearly that she and not another was the one who would find a way out of all those difficulties. After we had agreed on this, the renegade said that we need not be afraid; that he would lose his life, or set us free. For four days he was with people, which was the occasion for it to take four days to appear like a cane; after which, in the accustomed solitude of the cane, it appeared with the canvas so full, that a most felicitous birth promised. The cane and the canvas inclined themselves to me; I found in him another paper and one hundred escudos of gold, without any other money. There was the renegade; we read the paper to him within our ranch, which he said read as follows:

I don't know, my lord, how to give the order to go to Spain, nor has Lela Marie told me, although I have asked her; what can be done is that I will give you very many golden dollars; rescue yourselves with them, and yours.

Friends, and behold, I have come to the land of Christians, and buy there a boat, and return for the others; and as for me, I shall be found in the garden of my father, who is at the gate of Babylon alongside the fleet, where I am to be all summer with my father and my servants. From there, at night, you may take me out without fear, and bring me to the boat; and you must be my husband, because if not, I will ask Maren to punish you. If you do not trust anyone going on the boat, rescue yourself and go; I know you will return better than another, for you are a knight and Christian. Make sure you know the garden, and when you walk there you will know that the bath is alone, and I will give you much money. There, protect you, my lord.

This said and contained the second paper; which seen by all, each offered to wish himself to be the rescued, and promised to go and return with all punctuality, and I offered myself to the same; to all of which the renegade opposed himself, saying that in no way would he consent that any one should escape from liberty until they were all together, because experience had shown him how badly the free men fulfilled the words given in captivity; because many voices had spoken of some principal captives having used this remedy, dissuading one who was to go to Valencia or Mallorca with money to be able to build a boat and return for those who had been rescued, and who had never returned; because, he said, the liberty attained and the fear of not losing it again erased all obligations of the world from their memory. And in confirmation of the truth that he told us, he briefly recounted a case that had almost occurred in that very season with some Christian knights, the most strange that had ever occurred in those parts, where things of great fear and admiration happen at every step. Indeed, he came to say that what could and should be done was that the money that was to be given to rescue the Christian, should be given to him to buy there in Argel a boat, with the agreement of becoming a merchant and trader in Tetuan and on that coast; and that being the owner of the boat, it would easily be given a trace to take them out of the bath and embark them all. Much more that if the Moor, as she said, gave money to rescue them all, that being free, it was an easy thing even to embark in the middle of the day; and that the difficulty that was offered was greater that the Moors do not consent that a renegade buys or has a boat, unless it is a large vessel to go in course, because they fear that whoever buys a boat, mainly if he is Spanish, does not want it but to go to land of Christians; but that he would facilitate this inconvenience by making a tagarino Moor go with him in the company of the boat and in the gain of the merchandise, and with this shade he would come to be master of the boat, with which everything else would be finished. And since it had seemed best to me and to my comrades to send by the boat to Mallorca, as the Moor said, we did not dare to contradict him, fearful that if we did not do what he said, he would discover it, and put us in danger of losing our lives, if he discovered the business of Zoraida, for whose life we would all give ours; and thus we determined to put ourselves in the hands of God and of the renegade, and at that same point was answered to Zoraida saying that we would do all that he advised, because he had warned us as well as if Lela Marie had told him, and that in her alone was the delay of that business, or put it immediately in operation.

I offered him again to be his husband, and with this, another day occurred when I was alone in the bathroom, various times, with the cane and the towel, he gave us two thousand escudos in gold and a paper that said that the first Friday, that is, the Friday, would go to his father's garden, and before he left, he would give us more money; and that if that wasn't enough, we should let him know, that he would give us whatever we asked for, that his father had so many, that he

wouldn't diminish it, much more than she had the keys to everything. We then gave five hundred escudos to the deserter to buy the boat; I was rescued by eight hundred escudos, giving the money to a Valencian merchant who happened to be in Algiers at the time, who rescued me from the king, taking his word, promising that with the first ship that came from Valencia he would pay my ransom; because if he gave the money later, it would give the king suspicions that there had been many days

My ransom was in Algiers, and the merchant, because of his farms, had kept it quiet. Finally, my master was so talkative that I never dared for the money to be paid out.

On Thursday, before Friday when the beautiful Zoraida was to go to the garden, she gave us another thousand ducats and informed us of her departure, begging me to, if I rescued her, know later the garden of her father, and that in any case, seek an opportunity to go there and see her. I replied to her briefly that I would, and that I would take care to entrust us to Lela Marie with all the prayers she had taught her captive. Having done this, they ordered that the three of us be rescued, in order to facilitate the exit of the bathing, and because seeing me rescued, and them not, since there was money, they would not get excited and the devil would persuade them to do anything detrimental to Zoraida; that since they were who they were, I could assure myself of this fear, with all that, I did not want to put the business at risk, and thus, I made them rescue themselves by the same order that I rescued myself, handing over all the money to the merchant, so that with certainty and security he could make the bond; we never revealed our agreement and secret, due to the danger that it had.

Chapter 41: Where the captive still pursues his fate

It didn't pass fifteen days, when our renegade had already purchased a very good boat, capable of more than thirty people; and to secure his deed and give it color, he wanted to make, as he did, a journey to a place called Sargel, which is thirty leagues from Argel towards the part of Oran, in which there is a great deal of fig harvesting. Twice or three times he made this journey, in company of the tagarino who had said before. "Tagarinos" is the Berber name for the Moors of Aragon, and those of Granada, the Mudejares, and in the kingdom of Fez they call the Mudejares "elches," who are the people of whom that king serves most in war. I say, therefore, that every time he passed with his boat he ran aground in a cove that was not two crossbow shots from the garden where Zoraida waited; and there, very deliberately, the renegade would get into the boats that rowed the oars, either to make the "zala," or to practice jests about what he thought to do in reality; and so he went to Zoraida's garden, and asked for fruit, and her father gave it to him without knowing it; and although he wished to speak to Zoraida, as he later told me, and to say that he was the one who, by my order, was to take her to Christian lands, that she be content and safe, he was never able to do so, because the Moorish women do not show themselves to any Moor or Turk, unless their husbands or fathers send them. Christian captives are treated and communicated with, even more than what would be reasonable; and it would have weighed on me that he had spoken to her, that perhaps he would have stirred her up, seeing that his business was going through the mouths of renegades. But God, who ordered it otherwise, did not give place to the good desire that our renegade had; the one, seeing how surely he went and came to Sargel, and that he ran aground when, and as, and where he wanted, and that the tagarino, his companion, had no more will than what his order dictated, and that I was already rescued, and that only searching for some Christians who rowed the oars was missing, told me to look at which ones he wanted to bring with him, besides the rescued.

And that they should have it spoken for the first Friday, where it was determined that our departure should be. Seeing this, I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all brave oarsmen, and those who could most freely leave the city; and it was not little to find so many in that circumstance, because there were twenty Corsican barges, and they had taken all the oarsmen, and they were not found, unless their master had that summer remained without going in Corsica to finish a galiot that he had in the shipyard; to whom I did not say anything other than that on the first Friday in the afternoon they should leave one by one, discreetly, and return from the garden of Agi Morato, and that there they would await me until I arrived.

To each of them I gave this notice, simply so that though they might see other Christians there, they would not tell them but that I had ordered them to wait in that place. Having carried out this diligence, I was left to do another, which was the most convenient, and that was to warn Zoraida at the point where the business stood, so that she might be aware and on the alert, so that she would not be startled if we surprised her before she could imagine that the Christian boat could return. And so I determined to go to the garden and see if I could speak to her; and, on one day before my departure, on the occasion of gathering some herbs, I went there, and the first person I encountered was with her father, who spoke to me in a tongue that in all of Barbary, and even in Constantinople, is found among captives and Moors, that it is neither Moorish, nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a mixture of all languages, with which we all understand; therefore, in this manner of speech I asked him what he was seeking in his garden, and of whom he was.

Tell him that he was a slave of Arnau Mami (and this, because I knew for a very true fact that he was a very great friend of his), and that he was looking for all sorts of herbs to make a salad.

I asked him, as a consequence, if I was a rescuer or not, and how much my master demanded for me.

While in all these questions and answers, Zoraida, who had already seen me a great deal, came out of the garden house; and, as the Moorish women in no way avoid showing themselves to Christians, nor do they shy away, as I have said, she was given nothing to come where her father was with me; before, then when her father saw that she was coming, and as space allowed, he called her and ordered her to come.

There was so much to say about the beauty, the gentleness, the lavish and rich adornment with which my beloved Zoraida presented herself to my eyes; I will only say that more pearls hung from her very beautiful neck, ears, and hair than she had in her head. In the ankles of her feet, which exposed, according to her custom, revealed two bracelets (which were called anklelets or shanks of the feet in Moorish) of pure gold, with so many diamonds set into them, that she told me later that her father valued them at ten thousand dollars, and those that she carried on the arms of the hands were worth just as much. The pearls were in great quantity and very good, because the greatest gala and strangeness of the Moorish women is to adorn themselves with rich pearls and coral, and so there are more pearls and coral among Moors than among all other nations; and the father of Zoraida was known to have many and of the best that there were in Algiers, and to have likewise more than two hundred thousand Spanish escudos, of all of which was mistress this that now is mine. If with all this adornment she could then be beautiful, or not, by the relics that have remained in so many hardships it could be conjectured what she must have been in the prosperities.

I say, in short, that then she arrived in every extreme adorned and in every extreme beautiful, or, at least, as it seemed to me to be the most beautiful that I had ever seen until then; and with this, seeing the obligations I had set before me, it seemed to me that I had before me a divinity from heaven, come to earth for my pleasure and for my salvation. As she arrived, her father told her in his language how I was captive of her friend Arnau■te Mami■, and that she came to look for salad. She took my hand, and in that mixture of languages that I have said, I wondered if I was a knight, and what was the cause that did not redeem me. I replied to her that I was already redeemed, and that in the price I could see in what my lord esteemed me, since I had given for me a thousand five hundred zoltani■s.

Truly, if you were of my father, I would make you not be given to you by him as two more; because you Christians, you always lie whenever you say anything, and you make yourselves poor to deceive the Moors.

That could be so, madam – I replied; but in truth, I have treated you with my lord, and I will treat you with all the people in the world.

-And when are you leaving?– Zoraida said.

“Tomorrow, I think,” I said, “because there’s a boat from France here that sets sail tomorrow, and I plan to go out on it.”

“It’s better to wait for the Spanish to come – replied Zoraida – and go with them, not with the French, who aren’t your friends?”

“No,” I replied; “although it is true that a ship is coming from Spain, I will still wait, since it is more certain to depart tomorrow; because my desire to return to my land and to be with the people I love so much is so great that I will not allow myself to wait for any further comfort, even if it is better.”

“You must be, without a doubt, married in your country,” Zoraida said, “and that’s why you want to go see your wife.”

-I am not married—I replied—but I have given my word to marry upon arriving there.

-And was the lady you gave her beautiful? - Zoraida asked.

-It’s so beautiful – I replied – that it’s a shame to praise it so highly, and to tell you the truth, it seems just like you.

She was very happy to see her father, and she said:

“Christian, you must be very beautiful if you resemble my daughter, who is the most beautiful in all this kingdom. If not, look at her well, and you’ll see I’m telling the truth.”

Let us serve as an interpreter to the most cunning words and reasons, the father of Zoraida, as the most wily; although she spoke the bastard tongue that, as I have said, is used there, she more clearly declared her intention by gestures than by words. Being in these and other many reasons, a Moor arrived running, and shouted in great voices that four Turks had jumped over the fences or walls of the garden, and were taking the fruit, though it was not ripe. The old man was startled, and Zoraida did the same; for it is common and almost natural the fear that Moors have of Turks.

They have, especially the soldiers, who are so insolent and have so much power over the Moors who are subject to them, that they treat them worse as if they were their own slaves. I say, therefore, that his father said to Zoraida:

Daughter, retreat to the house and stay within, while I go to speak with these dogs; and you, Christian, seek your herbs, and go quickly, and take Ala■ with good news to your land.

I yielded, and he went to fetch the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who began to show signs of going where her father had sent her; but as soon as he concealed himself with the garden trees, when she, turning to me, her eyes filled with tears, she said to me:

-Tameji■, Christian, tameji■? – That means: “Hey, Christian, hey?” I replied:

Madam, yes; but no, in no way, without you: the first juma is waiting for us, and do not be alarmed when you see us; we will undoubtedly go to the land of Christians.

I told her this in such a way that she understood me very well about all the reasons that both of us had; and, placing her arm around her neck, with stumbling steps she began to walk toward the house; and fortune, which could be very bad if the heavens did not order it otherwise, allowed that, going as both of us had described, with an arm around her neck, her father, who was already returning from having sent the Turks, saw us in the way and manner that we had; and we saw that he had seen us; but Zoraida, warned and discreet, did not wish to remove the arm from my neck; instead she came closer to me and placed her head on my breast, bending her knees slightly, giving clear signals and indications that she was fainting, and I, likewise, made it clear that I was holding her against my will. Her father came running to where we were, and seeing his daughter in that way, he asked her what was the matter, but since she did not reply to him, her father said:

Without a doubt, with the shock of the entrance of these dogs, she fainted.

And taking it from my hands, she brought it to her chest, and she, giving a sigh and, her eyes still wet with tears, repeated:

“Go away, Christian, go away.” To which his father replied:

It doesn't matter, my daughter, that the Christian goes; no one has ever done you harm, and the Turks are already gone. Don't be alarmed by anything, for there isn't one that could give you nightmares; as I've already told you, the Turks, my dear, turned back the way they came.

“Sir, they startled her, as you've said – I told your father; but since she says I should leave, I don't want to give her sorrow: stay in peace, and, with your leave, I will return, if it be needed, for herbs to this garden; that, according to my lord, in

There aren't any better for salad than in him.

“All the ones you want can come back,” Agi Morato replied; “my daughter doesn't say this because you or any of the Christians weren't angering her, but because she said you should go, or because it was time you were looking for your herbs.”

With this I said farewell to both; and she, it seemed, ripped her soul away, went off with her father, and I, racked with the search for herbs, thoroughly circled the whole garden to my liking: I examined the entrances and exits, the strength of the house, and the comfort that could be offered to facilitate all our business. Having done this, I came back and told the traitor and my companions everything that had happened, and it was already time for me to enjoy, without alarm, the good fortune that Zoraida offered me. In short, time passed, and the day and term we had so desired arrived; and following all the order and seeming, with careful consideration and long discourse, as we had many times given, we had the good success we wished for; because on the Friday that followed the day that I spoke with Zoraida in the garden, our traitor, at dusk, set out with the boat almost bordering where the beautiful Zoraida was.

The Christians who were to pull the oars were forewarned and hidden in various parts of those surroundings. All were suspended and excited, awaiting me eagerly, eager to board the boat as they saw it; for they did not know the plot of the runaway, but thought that with enough effort they would succeed and win their freedom, taking the lives of the Moors who were inside the boat. Therefore, it happened that as I appeared and my companions, all the others hidden who saw us, began to arrive with us. This was already in time, as the city was already closed, and no one appeared throughout that campaign. While we were together, we doubted whether it would be better to go first for Zoraida, or to surrender first to the Moorish oarsmen who were pulling the oars in the boat; and in this doubt, our runaway arrived with us, telling us that in what we should stop, that it was time, and that all his Moors were careless, and the most of them, asleep. We told him what we would repair, and he said that what mattered most was to surrender first the boat, which could be done with great ease and without any danger, and then we could go for Zoraida. It seemed good to all what he said, and so, without stopping any longer, he guided us, we arrived at the boat, and he jumped in first, taking hold of a coil and saying in Moorish:

Don't move from here, or you'll regret it.

Yes, at this time, almost all the Christians had entered. The Moors, who were disheartened, seeing such talk about their grain, were astonished, and without any of them taking up arms, as they had very few or none, they were quickly seized by the Christians, who did this with great speed, threatening the Moors that if they raised their voice in any way, they would all be cut down immediately. Having already done this, half of ours remained on guard, with the traitor guiding us, we went to the garden of Agi Morato, and good fortune had it that, upon opening the door, it opened with so much ease as if it had never been closed; and thus, with great quietness and silence, we reached the house without being detected by anyone.

Beautiful Zoraida was waiting for us at a window, and as she felt, she asked in a low voice if we were Nizarani, as if she were asking if we were Christians. I told her that we were, and that we should descend. When she met me, she didn't stop a bit; because, without answering me a word, she descended instantly, opened the door, and showed herself to us so beautiful and richly dressed that I was stunned.

It became dear to me when I saw her, I took her hand and began to kiss her, and the traitor did the same, and my two comrades; and the others who didn't know the case did what they saw us doing, that it didn't seem like we were thanking her and recognizing her as the mistress of our freedom. The traitor said to her in Moorish tongue, "Is your father in the garden?" She replied that yes, and that she was sleeping.

"Well, it will be necessary to wake him up," the renegade replied, "and take him and all that has value in this beautiful garden with us."

"No," she said; "my father shall not be touched in any way, and in this house there is nothing else than what I carry, which is so much, that you will all be very rich and happy, and wait a little and you will see it."

And saying this, he re-entered, saying that he would soon return; that we should remain, without making any noise. I asked the traitor what had happened with her, who told me that nothing should be done more than Zoraida wished; she was already returning laden with a small chest full of gold shields, so many that she could barely sustain it. He wanted his father to awaken during the interval and feel the noise in the garden; and peering through the window, he then discovered that all those who were in him were Christians; and giving many, great and foolish voices, he began to say in Arabic: "—Christians, Christians! Thieves, thieves!" Because of those cries we were all put in great and fearful confusion; but the traitor, seeing the danger we were in, and how much he wanted to leave with that enterprise before being discovered, with great speed he went up where Agi Morato was, and together with him some of us; that I dared not abandon Zoraida, who, as if fainting, had fallen into my arms. In resolution, those who went up did so with such good fortune that in a moment they came down with Agi Morato, restraining his hands and putting a coarse bread on his mouth, which prevented him from speaking a word, threatening him that speaking would cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes so as not to see him, and his father remained astonished, ignoring how much of his will he had put in our hands; but then, when our feet were most needed, with diligence and speed we got into the boat; that those who had remained in it were waiting for us, fearful of some bad event happening to us.

It would scarcely be two hours passed of the night, when we were all on the boat, in which they had removed the father of Zoraida's hand restraints and the mouth cloth; but he ordered the renegade not to speak a word; that they would take his life. He, as he saw his daughter there, began to sigh tenderly, and more when he saw that I closely held her embraced, and that she, without defending herself, to complain or evade, was remaining; but, with all this, she was silent, because they did not put into effect the many threats that the renegade made to her. Seeing Zoraida already on the boat, and that we were about to put the oars into the water, and seeing there his father and the others moros that were tied up, he told the renegade that I should ask him to grant us mercy in setting these moros free, and to give freedom to his father; for sooner would he throw himself into the sea than see before his eyes and because of him, keep a father that had so much loved him captive. The renegade told me this, and I replied that I was very pleased; but he replied that it was not convenient, because if they left them there, they would name the land and stir up the city, and because of that, they would come out with light frigates, and take the land and sea, in such a way that we could not escape; that what could be done was to give them freedom upon reaching the first land of Christians. In this opinion we came all, and Zoraida, to whom it was made known, with the causes that moved us to not then do what she wanted, was also satisfied; and then, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers took his oar, and we began, entrusting ourselves to God with all hearts, to navigate around.

The islands of Mallorca, which is the land of Christians closest; but because of the wind, the tramontana, blowing a little and the sea being somewhat choppy, it was not possible to follow the defeat of Mallorca, and we were forced to abandon our return to Oran, without it not being without great sorrow on our part, in order not to be discovered from the place of Sargel, which falls sixty miles from Argel on that coast. And we also feared finding any galleys from those that usually come with merchandise from Tetuan, although each one for themselves, and all together, we boasted that if a galley of

merchandise was found, it would not be of those that run in piracy, which not only would not lose us, but we would take a boat where we could most securely end our journey. Zoraida, meanwhile, had her head between her hands while we sailed, and I felt that Lela Marien was calling to help us.

We could have sailed thirty leagues, when the sun rose, as three musket shots off shore, the whole seen deserted and without anyone discovering us; but, with all that, we forced our way into the sea, which was already somewhat more tranquil; and having entered almost two leagues, orders were given to make for headquarters while we ate, as the boat was well supplied, since those rowing said it was not the time to take any rest; that those not rowing should be given food; that they did not wish to let go of the oars in any way. This was done so, and in this a long wind began to blow, which forced us to set sail and leave the oars, and head for Oren, as it was impossible to make another voyage. Everything was done with great speed, and thus, sailing under sail we traveled for more than eight miles per hour, without harboring any other fear than encountering a pirate vessel. We gave food to the Moorish bandits, and the runaway consoled them by telling them that they were not going to be prisoners; that in the first opportunity they would be given freedom. The same was said to the father of Zoraida, who replied:

Anything else might have been expected of you and believed of your generosity and good will, oh Christians; but to give me freedom, you do not consider me so simple as I imagine it; you never put yourselves in danger of depriving me of it to return it so freely, especially knowing who I am, and the interest that may follow from giving it to me; an interest if you wish to give it a name, I offer you all that you would desire for me, or for that unfortunate daughter of mine, or if not, for her alone, she being the greatest and best part of my soul.

Saying this, he began to cry so bitterly that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraida to look at him; she, seeing him cry, was so touched that she rose from under my feet and went to embrace her father, and, joining her face to his, the two began such tender weeping that many of those who were there with us accompanied him in it. But when her father saw her adorned for a party and with so many jewels on her, he said to her in his tongue:

What is this, daughter, that yesterday as twilight approached, before this terrible misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary, homespun clothes, and now, without you having had time to dress, and without you having given yourself any new joy by adorning yourself and polishing yourself, I see you dressed in the finest clothes I could give you when our fortune was most favorable? Answer me this, it has me more perplexed and amazed than the very misfortune in which I find myself.

Everything the Moor told his daughter was declared a traitor by the renegade, and she did not answer him a word. But when he saw on the side of the boat the chest where she used to keep her jewels, which he well knew he had left for her in Algiers, and did not bring him to the garden, he became more confused, and asked her how that chest had

It has come into our hands, and what was coming from within. To which the renegade, without waiting for Zoraida to respond, replied:

Don't weary yourself, sir, in asking Zoraida, your daughter, so many things, for if one of me responds to you, it will satisfy you in all, and thus, I want you to know that she is a Christian, and she is the one who has been the sharpening stone of our chains and the freedom of our captivity. She comes here of her own will, as happy as you imagine, to see herself in this state, like one who emerges from the darkness into the light, from death to life and from suffering to glory.

"Is that what you're saying, daughter?" he said. —"That's so," she replied.

"Indeed—the old man replied—you are a Christian, and the one who has placed your father in the power of his enemies?"

Zoraida replied:

I am the one who is Christian; but not the one you have put me in this position; because my desire never extended to harming you or doing you wrong, but to making myself well.

And what are you up to, dear?

"That's what she said," she replied, "ask Lela Marie■; she'll be better able to tell you than I am."

As soon as the Moor heard this, he, with incredible speed, threw himself headlong into the sea, where, without a doubt, he would have drowned had it not been for the long and indecent dress he wore. He called out to Zoraida to rescue him, and we all rushed to him, and, having pulled him from the almafa, we dragged him halfway out of the water, senseless; so great was the pain Zoraida received, that, as if he were already dead, she shed over him a tender and painful lament. We turned him upside down; he vomited much water; he recovered himself after about two hours, during which the wind had changed, and it suited us to turn back towards land, and to paddle with oars, in order not to strike against it; but our good fortune wished that we arrived at a shoal that is made alongside a small promontory or cape that the Moors call the Cape

of the Wicked Woman; for in our language, cava means a bad Christian woman; and it is tradition among the Moors that in that place is buried the Cava, for whom Spain was lost; for cava in their language means a bad woman, and rumi■a, Christian; and they even consider it a bad omen to come to anchor when necessity forces them to it, because they never take it without her; since for us it was not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbor for our remedy, as the sea was troubled for us. We set our sentinels on land, and never left the oars out of our hands; we ate what the deserter had provided, and we begged God and Our Lady, with all our hearts, that he might help and favor us so that we might happily bring to an end this fortunate beginning. An order was given, at Zoraida's request, as we had cast ashore her father and all the other Moors who came bound there, for it did not suffice him, nor could he bear to see before his eyes her father and those of his land prisoners. We promised him to do so at the time of departure, since there was no danger in leaving them in that place, which was deserted. Our prayers were not in vain, that they were not heard in heaven; for, in our favor, the wind then calmed the sea, inviting us to return happily to pursue our begun journey. Seeing this, we released the Moors, one by one

We landed it, and they remained astonished; but when the father of Zoraida arrived, who was already in readiness, he said:

Why do you Christians think this bad woman demands I be given my freedom? Do you think it's out of pity that she does? No, of course not, but because it's due to the disturbance my presence will cause when she wants to execute her bad desires; and don't think she's been moved to change religion because she understands that yours is superior to ours, but because she knows that dishonesty is used more freely in your land than in ours.

And turning to Zoraida, holding her and another Christian with both arms, because some folly might not happen, he said:

"Oh, infamous maiden and ill-advised girl! Where are you going, blind and audacious, under the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Damnation to the hour when I begot you, and cursed be the gifts and delights in which I have raised you!"

But seeing that he was not going to end so soon, I hastened to put him in the ground, and from there, aloud, he continued in his curses and laments, begging Muhammad to pray that Allah destroy us, confound us, and end us; and when, because we had put the sail to the wind, we could not hear his words, we saw his actions, which were to tear out his beards, tangle his hair, and crawl on the ground; but once he strained his voice so much that we could understand that he was saying:

Come back, beloved daughter, return to earth, for I forgive you; give those men that money back, it's already theirs, and return to comfort this sad father of yours, who would leave his life in this desolate desert if you allow it.

Zoraida listened to all of it, felt it all, and wept, but couldn't say or reply a word, but:

Pray to Ala, my father, that Lela Marie, who is the cause of my being Christian, may console you in your sadness! Ala knows well that I could not have done anything other than what I have done, and that these Christians owe you nothing according to my will, since even if I wished not to come with them and remain in my home, it would have been impossible, according to the haste that my soul gave me to put into practice this one that to me seems as good as you, beloved father, you judge to be bad.

He said this, at the same time that his father didn't hear her, nor did we see her anymore; and so, comforting Zoraida, we all attended to our journey, which the wind itself made easy for us, to such an extent that we truly had the pleasure of seeing one day at dawn on the shores of Spain. But as so few times, or never, does pure and simple good come without being accompanied or followed by some evil that disturbs it or surprises it, our fortune, or perhaps the curses that the Moor had cast upon his daughter, decided that they must always fear any father they might encounter, it so happened that, while we were already engulfed and it was almost three hours past midnight, going with the sail extended high and low, the oars braced, because the favorable wind relieved us of the need to use them, with the light of the moon, which shone clearly, we saw near us a round vessel, that, with all the sails extended, slightly tilting the rudder before us; and this, so close, that we were forced to reduce speed so as not to collide with it, and they, likewise, exerted force on the rudder to give us room to pass. They had boarded the vessel and asked us who we were, and where we were sailing, and from where we came; but because they asked us this in French, our renegade said:

No one should answer; for these, without a doubt, are French corsairs, who do everything.

For this warning, no one answered a word; and having passed a little ahead, by which time the boat was already abeam, suddenly two pieces of artillery were discharged, and, as it seemed, both came with chains, for with one they cut our tree in half, and hit it and the sail in the sea; and at the moment firing another piece, the bullet came to strike in the middle of our boat, splitting it open completely, without doing any further harm; but as we found ourselves going down, we all began

to shout for help, and to beg the sailors in the boat to receive us, for we were drowning. They then calmed down, and throwing the esquife or boat into the sea, they entered it with twelve well-armed Frenchmen, with their carbines and lit ropes, and thus arrived alongside our boat; and seeing how few we were, and how the boat was sinking, they rescued us, saying that because we had used of the impudence of not answering them, this had happened to us. Our traitorous man took the chest of riches of Zoraida, and came with it into the sea, without anyone watching what he was doing. In resolution, we all passed with the Frenchmen, who, after having learned all that they wanted to know of us, as if we were our principal enemies, deprived us of everything we had, and Zoraida had taken from her even the shoes she carried on her feet; but it did not give me as much gloom as it gave Zoraida, as it gave me the fear that I had of them passing after taking of the rich and precious jewels, or taking from the jewel that she most valued. But the desires of this people do not extend beyond money, and never do they see greed; which then became so great that even they took away our clothes if they were of any benefit to them; and there was talk among them that they would throw us all into the sea wrapped in a sail, because they intended to trade in some ports of Spain under the name of being Bretons, and if they brought us alive they would be punished when discovered their theft; but the captain, who had dispossessed my beloved Zoraida, said that he was content with the prize that he had, and that he did not want to touch in any port of Spain, but to pass the Strait of Gibraltar at night, or as he could, and go to La Rochelle, from where he had departed; and thus, they took by agreement to give us the esquife of their ship, and everything necessary for the short navigation that remained to us, as they had done another day, at sight of land of Spain; with which sight all our misfortunes and poverty were forgotten of every point, as if they had not passed through us: that is the taste of attaining lost freedom.

About halfway through the day it was when they cast us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuits; and the captain, moved by some pity, upon embarking the most beautiful Zoraida, gave her forty ducats of gold, and would not allow them to take away from him these very clothes that she now wears. We entered the vessel; we thanked them for the good they did us, showing ourselves more grateful than complaining; they followed along, following the defeat of the strait; we, without looking to another north than the land that was shown to us before, we gave ourselves so much haste to travel, that when we put the sun down we were so close, that we could, to our liking, arrive before it was very late; but, in not wanting to make the moon and the sky appear dark in that night, and in not knowing the place where we were, it did not seem safe to land, as it seemed to many of us, saying that we should fall into it, even if it were in a few leagues and far from populated, because thus we would ensure the fear that reasonably should be had of the pirate ships of Tetuan, which sleep in Berberia and wake up on the coasts of Spain, and ordinarily make prey of, and return to sleep in their homes; but of the contrary opinions that was taken was that we should gradually approach, and that if the calm of the sea granted it, we should disembark where we could. It was so, and about midnight it was when we arrived at the foot of a very uneven and high

mountain, not so close to the sea, that would grant us a little space to land comfortably. We crashed onto the sand, stepped ashore, kissed the ground, and with tears of very joyful contentment we thanked all of God, our Lord, for the incomparable good he had done for us. We took from the boat the supplies it contained, dragged it onto land, and climbed a great distance up the mountain, because even there we were, and we couldn't yet assure our hearts, nor had we yet come to believe that it was Christian land that was already sustaining us.

Dawn came later than we wished. We had just climbed the entire mountain, in the hope of discovering some settlement or shepherd's huts, but although we strained our eyes, we saw no settlement, no person, no path, no road. With this, we decided to venture into the interior, for it could not be otherwise than that we would soon discover who would give us news of it. But what fatigued me most was seeing Zoraida go on foot through those hardships, which, as soon as I had placed her upon my shoulders, her weariness was more exhausting to her than her rest; and thus, she never again wanted me to take on that work; and with much patience and displays of joy, I always carried her by the hand, and we should have walked little less than a quarter of a league, when the sound of a small falcon reached our ears, a clear signal that there was a hawk nearby; and looking attentively to see if any resembled it, we saw at the foot of an oak a young shepherd, who was carving a stick with a knife, with great composure and indifference. We called out, and he, raising his head, got to his feet slightly, and subsequently, it was the runaway and Zoraida who were the first to be offered to him, and as he saw them in the habit of Moors, he thought that all the Berbers were upon him; and entering with strange lightness through the forest ahead, he began to shout the greatest cries in the world, saying:

Moors, Moors, there are in the land! Arm yourselves!

With these voices we were all confused, and didn't know what to do; but considering that the shepherd's voices were to stir up the land, and that the coastal cavalry was to come to see what it was, we agreed that the renegade should undress the Turkish clothes and wear a small jacket or captive's jacket that one of us gave him later, although he remained in a shirt; and thus, entrusting ourselves to God, we followed the same path that we saw the shepherd take, always waiting for when the coastal cavalry would fall upon us. And our thought deceived us; for it hadn't even been two hours when, having already emerged from those thickets into a plain, we discovered fifty knights, who with great lightness, running at a trot,

coming towards us, and as we saw them, we remained waiting for them; but as they arrived, and saw, instead of the Moors they were seeking, so poor Christian, they were confused, and one of them asked us if we were perhaps the occasion for which a shepherd had called up the weapon. “-Yes,” I said; and wanting to begin to tell him my story, and where we were coming from, and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us knew the rider who had asked the question, and said, without letting me say more words:

Thanks be given to God, sirs, that he has led us to such a good part! For if I am not mistaken, the land we tread is that of Vélez Málaga; and if my years of captivity have not erased from my memory the recollection that you, sirs, who ask me who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.

As soon as this was said, the captive Christian, when the rider threw himself from the horse and came to embrace the boy, saying:

Nephew of my soul and of my life, you are already known to me, and I have wept for you being dead, I, and my sister, your mother, and all of yours, who still live, and God has provided the means to give them life to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you.

“That’s right,” the waiter replied, “and we’ll have time to tell you everything.”

After the riders understood that we were Christian captives, they dismounted from their horses, and each offered us his own provisions to take us to the city of Vélez Málaga, which was a league and a half from there. Some of them returned to take the boat to the city, telling us where we had left it; others climbed onto the saddles, and Zoraida was on the horse of the Christian’s uncle. We went out to receive the whole town; as they already knew of some who had gone ahead, they learned of our arrival. They were not surprised to see free Christian captives, nor Moorish captives, because the people of that coast are accustomed to seeing one group or the other; but they were amazed by the beauty of Zoraida, who at that moment and season was at her peak, as much from the fatigue of the journey as from the joy of being already in Christian lands, without fear of getting lost; and this had brought such color to her face that, if it weren’t for the passion then, I would dare to say that there was no more beautiful creature in the world; at least, one that I had seen.

We went straight to the church to thank God for the grace received; and as Zoraida entered it, she said that there were faces that resembled those of Lela Marie■n. We told her they were images of her, and as best as could be, she made the renegade understand what they meant, so that she might adore them as if each were truly her. Lela Marie■n, whom we had spoken to. She, who has good understanding and a natural, clear disposition, then understood everything that was said about the images. From there, they took us and distributed us among different houses in the town; but the renegade, Zoraida, and I were taken by the Christian who had come with us, and in the house of her parents, who were moderately well-off in their fortune, they gave us gifts with as much love as if they were their own son.

For six days we remained at Vélez; and at the end of that time, the renegade, having made his report of whatever was convenient to him, went to the city of Granada to be reduced by the Holy Inquisition to the most venerable body of the Church; the other Christians liberated went each where he thought best; only Zoraida and I remained, with only the shields of courtesy given to Zoraida by the French, of which I purchased this animal in which she comes, and, serving her thus far as father and squire, and not as husband, we go with the intention of seeing if my father is alive, or if any of my brothers have had a more fortunate fate than mine; for having been made by heaven companion of Zoraida, it seems to me that no other fortune could come to me, however good it might be, which I would esteem more. The patience with which Zoraida bears the discomforts that poverty brings with it and the desire she shows to become Christian is so great, that it astonishes me, and moves me to serve her all the time of my life; for the liking I have of belonging to her and of her being my own, disturbs and undoes me not knowing if I will find in my land a corner where she shelters, and if time and death have made such a change in the property and life of my father and brothers, that scarcely will I find someone who knows me, if they have deserted us.

I have nothing more to tell you of my story; let your good understandings judge it as pleasing and wandering; I would have wished to have told it to you more briefly, since the fear of offending you with four circumstances has taken it from my tongue.

Chapter 42: About what happened most in the sale and many other things worth knowing.

The captive retorted, to whom Don Fernando said:

By the way, Captain, the way you’ve told this strange event is such that it equals the novelty and strangeness of the case itself. Everything is strange and rare, and full of accidents that amaze and suspend those who hear them; and the pleasure we’ve received from hearing it is such that, even if we found ourselves tomorrow engrossed in the same story, we would readily allow it to begin again.

And saying this, Cardenio and all the rest offered him with all that they could possibly offer, with words and reasons so loving and so true, that the captain was well satisfied with their intentions. Especially, Don Fernando offered that if he wished to return with him, he would make the Marquis, his brother, godfather to the baptism of Zoraida, and that, for his part, he would arrange it so that she could enter his lands with the authority and comfort that was due to her person. He gratefully accepted all this from the captive, but he refused to accept any of their liberal offers.

As it was, night was already arriving, and as it closed, a carriage arrived for sale, with some men on horseback. They asked for lodging; to whom the innkeeper replied that there wasn't a single square inch unoccupied throughout the inn.

-Even though that is so – said one of the horsemen who had entered –, it will not fail for the lord judge who is coming here.

This name was boosted by the host, and he said:

Sir, the reason for this is that I have no beds; if it is that your Lordship brings them, then it is good that he does, for my husband and I will be left without our room to accommodate your Lordship.

"It will be on time," the squire said.

But at this time a man had already stepped out of the carriage, who later showed his profession and position in his suit, because the long clothes, with the sleeves thrown back, that he wore, showed him to be a magistrate, as his servant had said. He carried with him a young girl, apparently no more than six and a half years old, dressed in a gown, so striking, so beautiful, and so valiant that it put everyone in admiration at her sight; so that if Dorothea, and Luscinda, and Zoraida, who were at the inn, had not seen such a beauty as this maiden, they would have believed that such a beauty could hardly be found. Don Quixote greeted him upon entering with the magistrate and the maiden, and as he saw him, he said:

You may, with your lordships, enter and make yourselves comfortable in this castle; for though it is narrow and poorly arranged, there is no narrowness or discomfort in the world that does not lend itself to arms and to letters, and more so when arms and letters guide and guard the beauty, as your lordships do in this beautiful lady, to whom not only must the castles be opened and manifested, but the cliffs be withdrawn, and the mountains divided and lowered, to offer welcome. I say, among your lordships, in this paradise, that here they will find stars and suns to accompany the sky that your lordships bring with them; here they will find the arms at their point and beauty at its extreme.

The auditor of Don Quixote's reasoning was greatly admired, to whom he began to look with very deliberate intent, and he was no less impressed by his stature than by his words; and without finding any with which to respond to him, he began to admire again when he saw before him Dulcinea, Dorotea, and Zoraida, who had come to see her and receive her, having heard of the new arrivals and what the fortune-teller had told them about the beauty of the maiden; but Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest made him more gracious and more courteous offers. Indeed, the auditor was bewildered, both by what he saw and by what he heard, and the beautiful women of the stall welcomed the beautiful maiden. In resolution, it was well that the auditor saw that all who were there were of importance; but the stature, appearance, and bearing of Don Quixote offended him; and having passed among them courteous offers, and tested the comfort of the stall, it was ordered as before ordered: that all the women should enter the small room previously mentioned, and that the men should remain outside, as in their guard. And so the auditor was pleased that his daughter, who was the maiden, should go away with those ladies, which she did with great willingness; and with part of the narrow bed of the vendor, and with half of that which the auditor carried, they made themselves comfortable that night, better than they had thought.

The captive, from the point where he had seen the listener, felt a surge of emotion and suspicions that he was his brother, he asked one of the servants who came with him what his name was and if he knew from what land he was. The servant replied that his name was Licenciado Juan Pérez de Viedma, and that he had heard it said that he was from a place in the mountains of León. With this information and with what he had seen, he was finally confirmed that he was his brother, having followed the learned professions, at the advice of his father; and agitated and delighted, calling Fernando aside, Cardenio

And he told the priest what was happening, certifying to him that that auditor was his brother. He had also told the servant how he had been appointed auditor to the Indies, in the Court of Mexico. He also learned how that young woman was his daughter, whose mother had died after her birth, and that he had become very rich with the dowry he received with her. He asked them for advice on how he should discover it, or how he could first find out if, after being discovered, his brother, seeing him poor, would mock him, or receive him with friendly greetings.

"Let me, for your sake, undertake that experience," the priest said; "much more than that, you will be very well received, sir, because your brother's good judgment and prudence reveal no signs of arrogance or unfamiliarity, nor that he will not know how to handle matters of fortune appropriately."

-With all that – said the captain – I wanted, not spontaneously, but by going around, to introduce him.

"I'm telling you," the priest replied, "that I will arrange it so that we all will be satisfied."

Yes, this was seasoned for the dinner, and everyone sat down at the table, except the captive and the ladies, who dined in their rooms anyway. In the middle of the dinner, the priest said.

I had a comrade with me in Constantinople, where I was a prisoner for some years; that comrade was one of the valiant soldiers and captains who were in all the Spanish infantry; yet, despite his strength and valor, he was a wretch.

-And what was the name of that captain, my lord? -the juror asked.

"Let him," replied the priest, "Ruy Pérez de Viedma, who was native to a place in the mountains of León; and he told me a case that had happened to his father and his brothers, that unless a man as true as he had prevented it, he would have taken it for advice from the stories the old women tell about the winter by the fire. Because he said that his father had divided his estate among three sons he had, and he had given them certain advice, better than those of Cato. And I believe it to be true that the one he chose to come to war had happened to him so well, that in a few years, by his valor and effort, with nothing but the strength of his virtue as his other arm, he rose to be captain of infantry, and to see himself on the road and acclaim of being soon master of the field. But fortune was against him, for wherever he could expect and have it, there he lost it, with losing his freedom in the felicitous day when so many obtained it, that was in the battle of Lepanto. I lost it in the Goleta, and afterwards, by various events, we found ourselves comrades in Constantinople. From there he came to Algiers, where I know that one of the most strange cases that has happened in the world occurred to him."

From there the priest continued, and briefly and concisely recounted what had happened with Zoraida to her brother; the judge was so attentive to everything, that he had never been so attentive before. He only reached the point where the Frenchmen dispossessed the Christians who were coming in the boat, and the poverty and need in which her companion and the beautiful Moorish woman had found themselves; he had not known in what they had been, nor if they had arrived in Spain, or if the Frenchmen had taken them to France.

Everything the priest said, the captain heard something off to the side, and he noticed all the movements his brother was making; and seeing that the priest

He finally reached the end of his story, letting out a great sigh and filling his eyes with tears, he said:

Oh, Lord, if you had known the news that has been told me, and how it touches me so closely that I am forced to offer samples of it with these tears, that, against my will and discretion, come forth from my eyes! That captain so valiant that you speak of is my eldest brother, who, as stronger and of higher thoughts than I or any younger brother of mine, chose the honorable and worthy exercise of war, which was one of the three paths that our father proposed to us, as your comrade told you in the council that, according to your opinion, you heard. I followed the path of letters, in which God and my diligence have placed me in the degree that you see. My youngest brother is in the Pyrenees, so rich, that with what he has sent to my father and to me, he has satisfied the part that he took, and even given to my father with enough to satisfy his natural generosity; and I myself have been able to treat myself with more decency and authority in my studies, and reach the position in which I see myself. My father still lives, dying, with the desire to know of his eldest son, and asks God with continuous prayers not to close his eyes to death until he sees his son alive; of which I marvel, being so prudent, how he has neglected to give news of himself to his father in so many labors and afflictions, or prosperous events; that if he knew it, or any of us, we would not need to wait for the miracle of the reed to achieve his rescue. But of what I now fear is to think if those Frenchmen had given him freedom, or had killed him to cover his theft. This all will be if I continue my journey not with that contentment with which I began it, but with all melancholy and sadness. Oh, good brother mine, and who now knows where you were; that I might go to seek you out and free you from your troubles, even at the cost of mine! Oh, who would carry news to our old father that you were alive, even if you were in the most hidden dungeons of Barbary; that from there they would take out his riches, those of my brother and mine! Oh, Zoraida beautiful and liberal, who could pay the good that you did to my brother! Who could find you at the rebirth of your soul, and at the weddings, that so much pleasure they gave to us all!

And all these and similar words the listener said, full of compassion for the newcomers who had been given by his brother, that all who heard him accompanied him in showing the feeling of pity they had for them. Seeing, therefore, that the priest had emerged so well with his intention and with what the captain desired, he did not want to keep them all later sad, and so he rose from the table, and entering where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand, and after her came Luscinda, Dorothea, and the daughter of the magistrate. The captain was waiting to see what the priest wished to do, which was that, taking him himself by the other hand, with both of them he went to where the magistrate and the other gentlemen were, and he said:

Cesen, sir judge, dry your tears and satisfy your desire for all good that I may wish for you, since you have before you your good brother and your good kinswoman. This one you see here is Captain Viedma, and she, the beautiful Moor woman who did so much good for him. The Frenchmen whom I told you about put them in the difficulty you see, so that you might show the generosity of your good heart.

The captain went to embrace his brother, and he placed both his hands on his chest, to look at him more apart; but when he had just known him, he embraced him so closely, spilling so tender tears of joy, that the most present of those were to accompany him in them. The words that the two brothers said, the feelings they showed, scarcely can be thought of, much less written. There, in brief reasons, they understood their events; there they showed put in its point the good friendship of two brothers; there the auditor embraced Zoraida; there he offered her his estate; there he made her embrace his daughter; there the beautiful Christian and the most beautiful Moorish woman renewed the

The tears of everyone. There, Don Quixote was alert, without uttering a word, considering these so strange events, attributing them all to the fantasies of wandering chivalry. There they agreed that the captain and Zoraida would return with their brother to Seville and inform his father of their discovery and freedom, so that, as was possible, he would come to meet them at Zoraida's weddings and baptism, in order not to be possible for the judge to leave the path that led, because of having new information that a fleet from Seville would depart to New Spain in one month, and it would be a great inconvenience to lose the journey.

In the resolution, everyone was pleased and joyful at the good success of the captive; and as the night was almost in two parts of its jornada, they agreed to gather and rest what remained of it. Don Quixote offered to make the guard of the castle, so that no giant or other bad character might be attacked, greedy for the great treasure of beauty that was enclosed in that castle. Those who knew him thanked him, and gave the judge an account of Don Quixote's strange humor, of which he received no little pleasure. Only Sancho Panza despaired at the delay of the gathering, and only he settled himself better than all, throwing himself upon the equipment of his donkey, which had cost him so dearly as will be seen later.

Therefore, the ladies gathered in their lodging, and others settled in as best they could; Don Quixote, having left the venta to act as watchman of the castle, as he had promised.

It happened, then, that with dawn not far from arriving, a voice so intoned and so good reached the ears of the ladies, that it compelled all of them to give it attentive hearing, especially Dorotea, who was awakening, beside whom Dona Clara de Viedma was sleeping, who was also called the daughter of the auditor. No one could imagine who the person was who sang so well, and it was a single voice, without any instrument accompanying it. Sometimes it seemed to them that he was singing in the courtyard; other times, in the stables, and in this confusion, very attentive, it arrived at the door of Cardenio's room, and said:

Whoever does not sleep, listen; what they will hear is the voice of a donkey boy who sings so sweetly, it enchants.

"I have heard it, sir," Dorotea replied.

And with that, Cardenio left, and Dorotea, paying all the possible attention, understood that what was being sung was this:

Chapter 43: Where the pleasant story of the mule boy is told, with other strange occurrences at the inn that took place.

Sailor I am of love

and I sail in its deep lagoon without hope

to reach any port. Following I will go to a star that I discover from afar, more beautiful and radiant than any that Palinuro saw.

I don't know where I'm being led.

and so, I sail confused.

The soul looks at it attentively, carefully, and carelessly. Impudent recitations, honesty against usage.

They are clouds that cover her when I try to see her most. Oh, bright and shining star.

I burn myself in its brilliance!

To the point where you hide yourself from me, it will be the point of my death.

As the singer arrived at this point, Dorotea thought it wouldn't be well for her to let Clara hear such a good voice; and so, moving her from one side to another, she woke her, saying to her:

Forgive me, child, for waking you, because I do it because I want you to hear the best voice you may have ever heard in your whole life.

Clara woke up feeling drowsy, and the first time Dorothea told her something, she didn't understand; when they asked her again, she repeated it, so Clara paid close attention; but as soon as she heard two verses sung by the singer, she felt such a strange tremor, as if she were sick from some serious accident in Quintana, and hugging herself tightly with Dorothea, she said:

Oh, woman of my soul and of my life! Why did you wake me up? The greatest good fortune that fortune could bestow on me was to have my eyes and ears closed, so I wouldn't see or hear that wretched musician.

What are you saying, child? I hear they say the singer is a donkey boy.

"He is only a lord of places," Clara replied, "and the one who has you in my soul with such certainty; if he doesn't want to let you go, he will not be taken away eternally."

Dorothea was admired by her, who seemed to her to be far ahead of the discretion promised by her few years, and so she said:

You speak in a way, Mrs. Clara, that I cannot understand you: state more clearly and tell me what you mean by soul and place, and of this music, which unsettles you so much. But don't tell me anything for now; I don't want to lose, in seeking your agitation, the pleasure I receive from hearing the singer; it seems to me that with new verses and a new tone, he returns to his song.

-It's a good time," Clara replied.

And, for not being foolish, he covered both eyes with his hands, of which Dorothea also admired; she, being attentive to what was being sung, saw that they continued in this manner.

Sweet hope, my dear.

breaking impossible barriers and hardships, you remain steadfast on the path

pretend and dress yourself up;

Don't faint at my sight.

With every step alongside your death.

They don't hurry.

honored triumphs nor any victory

neither can they be happy

those who, without contrasting with fortune, deliver worthless things

soft leisure appeals to all the senses.

What love sells her glories

faces, it's a great reason and it's fair treatment; for there is no richer garment.

that one who measures it by her pleasure;

it's obvious

What isn't valued is what costs little. Loving affections.

Perhaps they achieve the impossible things;

and also, even with mine

I still fall in love with the most difficult ones.

I don't doubt that.

unable to reach the sky from the ground.

Here, the voice ceased, and the beginning of new sobs for Clara; all of which kindled the desire of Dorotea, who wished to know the cause of such soft singing and such sad weeping; and so she asked him again what she wished to say before. Then Clara, fearful that Luscinda did not hear her, embracing Dorotea closely, put her mouth so near Dorotea's ear that she could surely speak without being perceived by another, and thus she said:

This singer, my dear madam, is the son of a nobleman of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two places, who lived on the border of my father's house at court; and although my father had the windows of his house with canvases in the winter and peep holes in the summer, I did not know what he was, or what he wasn't, that this nobleman, who walked to the study, saw me, and whether he did in the church or elsewhere. Finally, he fell in love with me, and he made it clear to me from the windows of his house with so many signs and so many tears, that I had to believe him, and even want him, without knowing what he wanted from me. Among the signs he made me was one of joining one hand with the other, giving me to understand that he would marry me; and although I indulged greatly in that it might be, as a single person and without a mother, I didn't know with whom he told it, and so I let him continue without giving him another favor if it wasn't, when my father was away from home and his was also, to raise a little the canvas or the peep hole, and let me see all; of which he made such a celebration, that he gave signs of becoming mad. This came to pass the time of my father's departure, which he knew, and not of me, since I never could have told him. He became ill, to which I understand, from sadness, and so, on the day that we departed, I never could have seen him to say goodbye to me even with my eyes; but after two days that we were walking, upon entering a inn in a place a day's journey from here, I saw him at the door of the inn, in the habit of a mule driver, so natural, that if I hadn't brought him so clearly in my soul, it would have been impossible to recognize him. I recognized him, he admired me and cheered me up; he looked at me furtively from my father, of whom he always hides when he passes in front of me on the roads and in the inns that we arrived at; and as I know who he is, and consider that for my love he comes on foot and with so much effort, I tremble with sadness, and wherever he puts his feet I put my eyes. I don't know with what intention he comes, nor how he has been able to escape from his father, who loves him extraordinarily, because he has no other heir, and because he deserves him, as your grace will see when he sees him. And more I will tell you: that everything that sings takes him out of his head; that I have heard say that he is very great student and poet. And more: that every time that I see him or hear him sing I tremble and start, fearful that my father recognizes him, and comes to know of our desires. In my life I have spoken to him a word, and, with all that, I love him in a way, that I will not be able to live without him. This is, my dear madam, all that I can tell you of this musician whose voice so much has pleased you; that in solitude you will do well to see that he is not a mule driver, as you say, but lord of souls and places as I have told you.

"Don't say any more, dear Dona Clara," Dorotea said, kissing her a thousand times; "don't say any more, I say, and wait for the new day; for I hope in God to guide your affairs, that they have the happy end that so honest principles deserve."

"Oh, Mrs. Clara," said Dona Clara, "what end can be expected, if your husband is so important and so rich, that it would seem to him even I cannot be his son's governess, much less his wife? I would not marry him for all the world; I only wish that this young man should turn back and leave me; perhaps with him not wishing me, and with the great distance of the road we have traveled, my grief would be alleviated; although I must say that this remedy I imagine will serve me very little. I don't know what the devil this has been, nor where this love that I have for him has entered, seeing as I am a young girl and he a young man, and truly I believe we are of the same age, and that I have not yet completed ten years."

and six years; that for the day of Saint Michael which is coming, my father says they are fulfilled.

Dorotea couldn't stop laughing when she heard how Dona Clara spoke as a child, saying:

Let us rest, madam, as little as remains of the night, and God will dawn and our crops will grow, or I'll regret it greatly.

They settled down with this, and a great silence was kept throughout the stall; only the daughter of the vendor and Maritornes her maid, who, as they already knew the foolishness in which Don Quixote was prone to indulge, and that he was outside the stall, armed and on horseback making the rounds, decided to spend two hours teasing him, or at least, to pass the time listening to his nonsensical talk.

It was, therefore, the case that in the entire sale there wasn't a window that opened onto the fields, but a hole of a pigeon's nest, through which they threw the straw outwards. The two maidens approached this hole and saw Don Quixote on horseback, leaning over his lance, giving, from time to time, such sorrowful and deep sighs, as if with each one his soul was torn away. And they also heard him saying in a soft, gifted, and loving voice:

Oh my lady Dulcinea of Toboso, extreme of all beauty, end and finish of discretion, archive of the best good manners, deposit of honesty, and, ultimately, idea of all that is profitable, honest, and delightful in the world! And what will your mercy now demand? If you have, perhaps, the thoughts in your captive knight, who, for only serving you, has wished to place his will? Tell me your news of her, oh light of the three faces! Perhaps you are now looking at him with envy, that she may be walking in some gallery of her luxurious palaces, or already with breasts upon some balcony, considering how,

preserving her honesty and grandeur, she must tame the storm that, for my poor heart, suffers, what glory she will give to my sorrows, what tranquility to my care, and, finally, what life to my death and what prize to my services. And you, sun, that you must surely be already urging your horses, for rising early and going out to see my lady, as you see her, salute her for me; but beware that when you see her and salute her, you do not give her peace on your face; I shall have more jealousy of you than you had of that light, ungrateful woman who made you so sweat and run through the plains of Thessaly, or by the banks of Peneo, I don't quite remember where you then ran jealous and enamored.

At this point, Don Quixote arrived with his so lamentable reasoning, when the daughter of the innkeeper began to scold him and say to him:

My lord, please come here if you are willing.

And so, returning to their signs and voice, Don Quixote turned his head, and in the light of the moon, which then was in its full clarity, he saw how they called him from the hole that to him seemed a window, and even with golden bars, as it is convenient that such rich castles have them; and then, in the instant, it was represented to him in his mad imagination that once more, as in the past, the beautiful maiden, daughter of the lady of that castle, defeated by her love, was returning to ask him; and with that thought, in order not to appear rude and ungrateful, he turned back the reins to Rocinante and reached the hole, and so as he saw the two maidens, he said:

It is a pity that I have you, beautiful lady, that you have placed your loving thoughts in a place where it is not possible to return them according to your great worth and kindness; and you should not blame this miserable wandering knight for whom Love is impossible to give his will to another than that which, in the point where his eyes saw her, made her mistress absolute of his soul. Forgive me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not make me more aware of your desires than I show myself more ungrateful; and if from the love that you have for me you find in me another thing with which to satisfy yourself, then let it be asked of me; that I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine, if you would give it to me in plain sight, even if you would ask me for a wince of the hairs of Medusa, which were all serpents, or already the same rays of the sun, enclosed in a globe.

"Nothing is needed of you, my lady, sir," said Maritornes at this point.

"Pray, my lady, what need has your grace?" replied Don Quixote.

"Just one of your beautiful hands – said Maritornes –, to be able to whisk away the great desire that has brought her to this hole, so at risk of her honor, that if her father had felt it, even the smallest fragment of her would have been the ear."

"I wish I could see that!" replied Don Quixote. "But he should keep a wary eye, if he doesn't want to end up as disastrous a fate as his father suffered for having laid his hands on the delicate limbs of his beloved daughter."

It seemed to Maritornes that Don Quixote would certainly shake the hand that had been asked of him, and, proposing in his mind what he was to do, he got down from the hole and went to the stables, where he took the groom of Sancho Panza's donkey, and with great speed he returned to his hole, at the same time that Don Quixote had placed his feet on the saddle of Rocinante in order to reach the wrought-iron window where he imagined the wounded lady to be; and when he gave her the hand, he said:

Take it, madam, that hand, or, to put it more clearly, that executioner of evildoers in the world; take that hand, I say, to anyone who hasn't touched another woman, not even the one who has complete possession of my whole body. I don't give it to you to kiss it, but to see the texture of its nerves, the strain of its muscles, the width and spaciousness of its veins; from which you will judge what kind of force that hand must possess.

-Now we'll see it - Maritornes said.

And tying a sliding knot around the rope, he threw it to the doll, and descending through the hole, he tied up what remained to the latch of the barn door, very firmly. Don Quijote, who felt the roughness of the rope on his doll, said:

It seems to me that you wound me more than you give me pleasure; do not treat her so badly, for she is not to blame for the evil that your will causes, nor is it right that so little be the fulfillment of your anger. See that whoever wants good does not punish so badly.

But nobody listened to all those reasons of Don Quixote anymore, because just as Maritornes tied him up, she and the other one left, dying of laughter, and they left him held so tightly that it was impossible to let go.

So, I was, as has been said, standing on Rocinante's feet, with my arm fully stuck in the hole, and tied by the ankle, to the bolt of the door, with great fear and care that if Rocinante strayed to one side or the other, I would be hanging by the arm; and so, I dared make no movement at all, seeing that one could expect Rocinante to remain perfectly still for a whole

century.

In the resolution, seeing Don Quixote tied up, and having already departed the ladies, it was given to imagination that all this was being done by way of enchantment, as it had been the previous time, when that same Moor, enchanted butler, had molested him in that very castle; and he cursed to himself his little discretion and speech, for having gone out so badly the first time of that castle, he had ventured to enter it the second, being a warning to knights-errant that when they have tried an adventure and have not come out of it well, it is a sign that it is not kept for them, but for others, and thus, they have no need to try it a second time. Nevertheless, he pulled at his arm, to see if he could be released; but he was so well held that all his efforts were in vain. It is true that he pulled with care, because Rocinante did not move; and although he wanted to sit down and get onto the stool, he could only stand or tear off his hand.

He was the wish of the sword of Amadis, against whom he had no enchantment whatsoever; there he was the curse of his fortune; there he exaggerated the harm his presence would cause in the world while he was enchanted; there he remembered again his beloved Dulcinea of Toboso; there he called his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in dreams and lying on the saddle of his donkey, did not remember his mother who had given birth to him at that moment; there he called the wise Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him; there he invoked his good friend Urganda to aid him, and finally, there he took the morning, so desperate and confused, that he bellowed like a bull; because he did not believe that with the day would be cured his misfortune, because he considered it eternal, having believed himself enchanted. And he made him believe this, seeing Rocinante move little or much; and he believed that in that way, without eating or drinking or sleeping, he and his horse would remain until that bad influence of the stars passed, or until another wiser enchantor disenchanting him.

But he became very attached to his belief, because as it was just beginning to dawn, when they arrived at the inn, four men on horseback, very well equipped and armed, with their rifles on the alert, they knocked loudly on the inn door, which was still closed, and Don Quixote, observing this from where he still continued to perform the watchman's duty, with an arrogant and loud voice said:

Knights, or squires, or whoever you may be, you have no right to call at the doors of this castle; it is perfectly clear that at such hours, either those within are sleeping, or they have no custom of opening their fortresses until the sun is spread across the ground. Depart outside and wait for the day to clear, and then we shall see if it is just, or not, that we open to you.

"What devil of a fortress or castle is this—one said—to force us into keeping those ceremonies? If you're the herald, order them to open the gates; we are travelers who don't want to give more grain to our horses and move on, because we're in a hurry."

"Do you fellows think I'm a wine merchant?" Don Quixote replied.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he replied; "but I do know you're saying nonsense about calling this place a castle."

"I'm a castle," retorted Don Quixote, "and one of the finest in all this province; and there are people within who have had the scepter in their hand and the crown on their head."

"It would be better to go the other way," the traveler said: "and the center in the head and the crown in the hand. And if it comes by hand, it must be within the company of representatives, of whom you often have those crowns and sceptres you mention; because in a sale so small, and where so much silence is kept as this, I don't believe worthy people of a crown and sceptre lodge there."

"You know very little of the world," Don Quixote retorted, "since you ignore the cases that usually occur in chivalry."

The companions grew tired of those who had come from the conversation with Don Quixote, and so they returned to call with great fury; and it was so that the innkeeper awoke, and all those who were in the inn, and thus he rose to ask who was calling. This happened at this time that one of the horses that came with the four who were calling arrived to smell Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, with drooping ears, remained motionless before his stretched lord; and, as, in short, being of flesh, although he appeared to be of wood, he could not help but resent and return to smell whoever came to caress him; and thus, he had not moved so much as when Don Quixote's companions deviated their feet, and, slipping from the chair, they came upon him on the ground, not to find him hanging by the arm; which caused him so much pain that he thought, or that the doll was cutting him, or that his arm was being torn from him; because he was so close to the ground that with the ends of the points of his feet he kissed the earth, which was to his disadvantage, because, as he felt what little was lacking for him to put the soles on the earth, he grew tired and stretched as much as he could to reach the ground, just as those who are in the torment of the saddle, when they are put to touch, do not touch, that they themselves

are the cause of increasing their pain, with the there which they put in stretching, deceived by the hope that is represented to them, that with a little more than stretching they will reach the ground.

Chapter 44: Where the unheard-of events of the sale continue

In effect, there were so many voices that Don Quixote gave, that the innkeeper, terrified, opened the doors quickly to see who was making such cries, and those outside did the same. Maritornes, who had already awakened the same voices, imagining what they might be, went to the pigeon cote and released, without anyone seeing him, the harness-holder who was supporting Don Quixote, and he then fell to the ground, in sight of the innkeeper and the pedestrians, who, upon reaching him, asked him what he was making such voices. He, without saying a word, removed the cord from the doll, and standing up, climbed onto Rocinante, raised his lance, straightened his lance, and, taking a large part of the field, returned at a brisk gallop.

Anyone who says that I have been justly enchanted, as my lady the Princess Micomicona gave me leave to do so, I deny them, I mock them, and I challenge them to single combat.

The new walkers of Quixote's words were admired; but the vendor took away that admiration, telling them that he was Don Quixote, and that they shouldn't pay any attention to him, because he was out of his mind.

They asked the vendor if a boy up to the age of fifteen had ever arrived at the stall, dressed as a mule driver, with such and such markings, like those of Don Clara's lover. The vendor replied that there was so much people at the stall, that he hadn't seen one of the ones they were asking about. But having seen one of them, the carriage that had come with the judge, he said:

He must be here, without a doubt, because this is the car he says he's still following; one of us should stay at the door and the others should go in to look for him; and it would even be better if one of us circled the yard, because he wouldn't get away through the fences.

That's how it will be done – he replied.

As they entered inside, one remained at the door and the other went around the shop; the shopkeeper saw this, and did not know how to direct them, since he well believed they were looking for that young man whose marks he had given him.

As this season the day was already clear; and, because of this and because of the fright Don Quixote had experienced, everyone was awake and getting up, especially Don Clara and Dorothea, the one with a start at having her lover so close, and the other with the desire to see him, had been able to sleep well the previous night. Don Quixote, who saw that none of the four travelers paid any attention to him, nor answered his request, was dying of frustration and anger; and if he found in the regulations of his chivalry that the knight errant could lawfully take and undertake another enterprise having given his word and faith not to enter into any until he had finished the one he had promised, he would attack them all and make them answer for their misbehavior; but because it seemed to him unsuitable and not well to begin a new enterprise until Micomicona was in his kingdom, he had to remain silent and keep still, waiting to see what progress the travelers were making; one of whom found the young man he was searching for, asleep by the side of a mule-driver, heedless that anyone was looking for him, still less that he was found. The man seized him by the arm and said:

By the way, Mr. Don Luis, you respond well to who you are, and the bed in which you find yourself is fitting with the gift your mother raised you with.

He wiped the drowsy eyes of the boy, and looked at the one he had grasped, and then realized it was his father's steward, that he received such a fright that he couldn't utter a word for a good space; and the steward continued saying:

Here, we must do nothing else, my lord Don Luis, but to be patient, and turn back home, if your grace does not like that your father and my lord gave it to the other world; because one cannot expect anything else from the sorrow that remains with your absence.

"How did my father know I was coming this way and in this suit?" – said Don Luis.

- a student – replied the servant – told you that whoever told you your thoughts was the one who discovered it, moved by pity for what he saw happening to your father, to your great disadvantage; and so he dismissed four of his servants in your search, and we are all here at your service, more pleased than

It can be imagined, by the good arrangement with which we will turn, leading you to the eyes that you love so much.

That's how I want it, or as the heavens command," he replied.

What do you want, or what will the heavens order unless they consent to your returning? Because there is no other possibility. All these reasons passed between the two of you, and the boy with the mules, who was with Don Luis, heard it; and rising from there, he went to tell what had happened to Don Fernando and Cardenio, and the others, who were already dressed; to whom he said how that man called Don to that boy, and the reasons that passed, and how he wanted to return to his father's house, and the boy did not want to. And with this, and with what they knew, because of the good voice that the heavens had given him, everyone came in great desire to know more particularly who he was, and even to help him if any force should wish to make him.

Dorotea left her room, and behind her came Lady Clara, all troubled; and Dorotea called Cardenio aside, and told him in brief reasons the story of the musician and Lady Clara; to whom he also told what happened concerning the servants of his father coming to seek her, and he said it so quietly that she ceased to hear it from him; and from this, she was so out of herself that if Dorotea did not succeed in having her, she fell to the ground; Cardenio told Dorotea that they should return to the room; and he would take care to remedy everything, and they did.

The four of them who had come to look for Don Luis were gathered around him, persuading him that he would later, without stopping to console his father. He replied that he could not do it in any way until a business in which his life, his honor, and his soul were at stake. Then the servants pressed him, saying that they would not return without him, and that they would take him, whether he wanted it or not.

—You won't do that, you won't —Mr. Luis replied—, unless you take me dead; although, in any case, it will be taking me without life.

By this season, everyone who was possible had come to the market, especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his comrades, the auditor, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who already thought there was no need to keep the castle guarded any longer. Cardenio, as he already knew the story of the boy, asked those who wanted to take him, what motivated them to want to take him against his will.

"Let's not give our father his life,," one of the four responded, "because of the danger this gentleman's absence puts us in."

Mr. Luis said so.

There's no need for him to see my things; I am free, and I'll return if I feel like it, and if not, none of you will force me.

"I offer you reason," the man replied; "and when that is not enough for you, it will suffice for us to do what we have come to do and what we are compelled to do."

"Let's see what this is about," the judge said at this time.

But the man, who knew him as a neighbor of his house, replied:

Do you not, my lord, know this gentleman, who is the son of your neighbor, who has absented himself from his father's house in a manner so indecent that you, my lord, can see?

Look at the juror most attentively and listened to him; and embracing him, he said:

What childish games are these, Mr. Don Luis, or what powerful causes have moved you to come in this way, and in this suit, which speaks so poorly of your quality?

The waiter's tears welled up in his eyes, and he couldn't respond to the judge; who, to the four, told them to calm themselves, that everything would be well; and taking Don Luis by the hand, he led him to one side and asked him what it had been.

And while he was asking her these and other questions, great voices were heard at the shop door, those of the two strangers who had that night been housed there, seeing all the people busy trying to find out what the four were seeking, had attempted to leave without paying what they owed; but the shopkeeper, who attended more to his business than to others, stopped them as they were leaving the door, and demanded his payment, and accused them of bad intent with such words, that it moved them to respond with their fists; and so they began to give him such a beating, that the poor shopkeeper had need to shout and ask for help. The shopgirl and her daughter saw no one more unoccupied to be able to help him than Don Quixote, whom the daughter of the shopgirl said:

Your mercy, noble sir, by the virtue God gave your poor father; two wicked men are grinding him like a millstone.

To which Don Quixote replied, with great space and much fervor:

Beautiful maiden, there is no place now for your petition, because I am hindered from entering another adventure until I have brought to a climax one in which my word has placed me. But whatever I may do to serve you, is what I now say: go and tell your father that he should occupy himself in that battle as best he can, and that he should not be defeated in any way, while I ask leave of the princess Micomicona in order to rescue her in her distress; that if she gives it to me, consider it certain that I shall take her from it.

"Woe to you, my penitent!" Maritornes said, standing before them. "Before your lord obtains that license, it is already my lord in the other world."

"Give me her, madam, that I may obtain the license I say – replied Don Quixote; for as long as I have it, it will do little harm to the case in which he is in another world; for I will draw him from there despite the world that contradicts him; or, at least, I will give you such vengeance against those who sent him there that you may be more than moderately satisfied."

And without saying more, he went to arrange matters with Dorotea, requesting of her with courteous and knightly words that her greatness would allow him license to approach and aid the Spanish of that castle, which was in a serious decline.

She gave him a cheerful disposition, and he then, grasping her shield and laying his hand on his sword, went to the door of the stall, where two miserable customers were still bringing bad luck to the vendor; but as he arrived, he embraced and stayed there.

He remained, though Maritornes and the ventera told him what he was intervening in, that he was helping his lord and husband.

"I'm going to do it," said Don Quixote, "because it is not my right to lay my hand on the sword against scoundrels; but call me here to my squire Sancho; let him attend to and avenge this defense and vengeance."

This was happening at the entrance to the shop, and there were the patched-up figures and mojigones, perfectly timed, all to the detriment of the shopkeeper and the rage of Maritornes, the shopkeeper and her son, who were despairing of seeing Don Quixote's cowardice and how badly her husband, lord and father, was suffering.

But let's leave him there, for there wouldn't be anyone to help him, or else he would suffer and fall silent if anyone dared to promise him more than he was capable of, and let's go back fifty paces, to see what Don Luis answered the magistrate, whom we left aside, questioning him about the cause of his arrival on foot and in such a wretched garment. To which, the boy, seized his hands strongly, as if some great pain were pressing on his heart, and shedding tears in abundance, he said:

My Lord, I know nothing else to say to you than that, as the heavens willed it and facilitated our neighborhood, I saw my lady Dona Clara, your daughter and my lady, from that instant, she became the lady of my will; and if you, her true lord and father, do not prevent it, on this very day she will be my wife. For her, I left my father's house, and for her, I put myself in this attire, to follow her wherever she went, like an arrow to the target, or a sailor to the north. She does not know of my desires more than what she has been able to understand from some times when she has seen my eyes weep from afar. Yes, Lord, you know the wealth and nobility of my parents, and how I am the only heir; if you deem these are reasons to tempt you to make me entirely fortunate, then receive him as your son; for if my father, driven by other designs of his, does not approve of this good that I sought to find, time has more power to undo and change things than human wills.

The ardent young man blurted out this, and the magistrate remained listening in suspense, confused and amazed, as he had heard the manner and discretion with which Don Luis had discovered his thoughts, as well as seeing that at the moment he did not know whom to consult in such sudden and unexpected business; and so, he did nothing but calm himself at that time and occupy his servants, who would not return that day, because time was needed to consider what was best for everyone. Don Luis kissed his hands with force, and even bathed them with tears, a thing that could soften a heart of marble, not only the magistrate's, who, as discreet, had already known how well it suited his daughter that marriage; since, if possible, he wished to effect it with the consent of Don Luis's father, of whom he knew intended to make his son's title.

By this season, the guests were at peace with the innkeeper, not through threats, but by persuasion and good reasons from Don Quixote, and he had paid him all he desired; while the servants of Don Luis awaited the end of the judge's talk and their master's decision, when the devil, who does not sleep, ordered that at that very spot the barber, whom Don Quixote had taken the helmet of Mambrino from, entered the inn, and Sancho Panza the donkey's fittings which he had bartered for those of his own; this barber, leading his donkey to the stables, saw Sancho Panza who was adorning something with the juggling sticks, and as he saw him do it, he dared to attack Sancho, saying:

"Oh, you thief, I have you here! Come on, my beloved and my valuables, with all your belongings that you stole!"

Sancho, who was suddenly confronted and heard the rebukes being given to him, held one hand in the basket and with the other gave the barber a slap, causing him to spit blood; but because of this, the barber did not relinquish the prize he had been making in the basket: instead, he raised his voice so much that all the people at the market rushed to settle the dispute and he said:

Here is the King and justice; that he wants to kill me, this thief, this highwayman, to collect my estate!

—"I deny it," Sancho replied; "I am not a highwayman; my lord Don Quixote won these spoils in a good war."

Don Quixote was already ahead, with much pleasure at seeing how well his squire defended and attacked, and you would from then on be a man of worth, and he proposed in his heart to make the knight a knight in the first opportunity offered, as it seemed to him that it would be well employed in him to fulfill the order of knighthood. Among other things that the barber said in the speech about the dispute, he came to say:

Gentlemen, this cart is mine as the debt I owe to God, and I know it as if I had borne it; and here is my donkey in the stable, that will not allow me to lie down; if not, try it, and if it does not come with all its parts, I will consider it infamous. And more: on the very day she was taken from me, they also took from me a new azofar shield, which had not been used, that was the property of a shield.

Here, Don Quixote could not be contained without replying, and intervening between them, separating them, placing the pack on the ground, keeping it in sight until the truth was revealed, he said:

—Because you, my lords, clearly and manifestly see the error in which this good retainer is, for he called "baci■a" to what was, is, and will be the helmet of Mambrino, which I took from him in a good fight, and I became lord of it with legitimate and lawful possession! I do not meddle with the albarda; what I know of it is that my retainer Sancho asked me permission to remove the tack of this cowardly defeated horse, and with it he adorned his own; I gave it to him, and he took it, and if it had not been for the transformation to appear in the events of chivalry, to confirm which, Sancho son, run and take here the helmet that this good man says was "baci■a."

"Pardon me, sir – said Sancho –, as we have no other proof of our intention than that which your lordship says, as charming is Mambrino's helmet as this good man's stable!"

"Do as I order," retorted Don Quixote; "not all the things in this castle must be guided by enchantment."

Sancho went to where the lady was and took her in his arms; and just as Don Quixote saw her, he took her in his hands and said:

Behold your Lordships with what face could this lackey say this is a lance, and not the helmet that I have said; and I swear by the order of knighthood that I profess.

that helmet was the same one I took off, without having added anything to it or taken anything away from it.

"There is no doubt about that," he said to this young Sancho; "for since my lord defeated him until now he has only fought with him one battle, when he bound the unfortunate ones in chains; and without this Baciemo, he wouldn't have gotten through it so well, because there were plenty of stones in that moment."

Chapter 45: Where the doubt about Mambrino's helmet and the quintain, and other adventures that occurred, was just recently ascertained, with all truth.

"What do you think, gentlemen – said the barber – of what these fine gentlemen insist upon, that this is not a beak, but a helm?"

-And whoever says otherwise – said Don Quixote – I will make him know that he lies, if he is a knight, and if he is a squire, that he lies a thousand times.

Our barber, who was present at everything, and who so well knew the humor of Don Quixote, wanted to strain his folly and carry on the mockery, so that everyone could laugh, and said to the other barber:

Sir barber, or whoever you may be, know that I too am of your trade, and I have more than twenty years of apprenticeship, and I know very well all the instruments of the barber's shop, without lacking one; and no more nor less did I for a time

In my youth, as a soldier, and I also know what a helmet is, and what a morion is, and what lace edging is, and other things pertaining to the military; I say, unless it appears better, always deferring to the best understanding, that this piece that is here before us and that this good man has in his hands is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being one as white is from black, and truth from falsehood; I also say that this, although it is a helmet, is not a whole helmet.

-No, by the way -said Don Quixote-, because half is missing, which is the bib. -That's right -said the priest, who had already understood his friend the barber's intention.

And the same confirmed Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions; and even the auditor, if he were not so preoccupied with Don Luis's business, would help, on his part, with mockery; but the anxieties of what he thought had him so suspenseful that he paid little or no attention to those donors.

"Save yourself, God!" the barber scoffed. "How possible is it that so many honorable people say this isn't a mouth, but a helmet? This thing seems capable of astonishing even the most discreet university. Enough: if this mouth is a helmet, then this blunderbuss too must be a horse's stall, as this gentleman has said."

-My blunderbuss seems like a good idea to you -said Don Quixote; but I've already said that I don't meddle in that.

"Whether it's a warhorse or a riding horse," the priest said, "it's more in the words of the Lord, Don Quixote; and as for these matters of chivalry, all these lords and I give him the advantage."

"Good God, my lords—said Don Quixote—that so many and so strange things have happened to me in this castle, in twice the time that I have lodged there, that I dare not affirm positively anything of what concerns what is contained within it, because I imagine that all that is dealt with therein proceeds by enchantment. The first time I was much fatigued by a charmed Moor who is there, and it did not go well with Sancho and his other companions; and last night I was suspended from this arm for nearly two hours, without knowing how or why I came to fall into that misfortune. So now, myself being in a matter of such confusion, in my opinion, it will be to fall into rash judgment. As for what is said about this being a helmet and not a visor, I have already answered that; but as for declaring whether it is a storm or a stable, I dare not give a definitive judgment; I leave it solely to the good pleasure of your mercies; perhaps, because you are not armed knights like myself, your mercies will not have to do with the enchantments of this place, and you will have free understandings, and you can judge of the things of this castle as they are real and truly, and not as they seemed to me."

"There is no doubt – he replied, Mr. Fernando – but that Mr. Don Quixote has said very well today, that it is our turn to define this case; and because I find it to have more foundation, I will secretly take the votes of these gentlemen, and of what results I will give a complete and clear notice."

For those who had the humor of Don Quixote, all this was matter of great laughter; but for those who ignored it, it seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, especially to Don Luis's four servants, and Don Luis himself no less, and to another three passengers who perhaps had arrived at the sale, who seemed to be clowns, as, in fact, they were. But he who most...

The barber was desperate, whose beard before his very eyes had become Mambrino's helmet, and who, without a doubt, thought he would become a wealthy horse keeper; and the one and the other laughed at seeing how Don Fernando took the vows of one another, speaking to them in their ears so that they would secretly declare whether it was a helmet or a horse keeper that jewel upon whom so much had been fought. And after he had taken the vows of those who knew Don Quixote, he said in a loud voice:

The fact is, good man, that I am tired of hearing so many opinions, because I see that none of you ask me what I wish to know, and instead tell me it's foolish to say that this is a donkey's stall, but a horse's stable; and even a sturdy horse; and so, you must be patient, because against your will and that of your donkey, this is a stable, and not a stall, and you have argued and proven very poorly on your part.

-I don't want her in heaven -said the barber -if all your Highnesses don't deceive themselves; and that she appears to me as my alarm, and not as a horse; but there go laws..., and I say no more; and truly I am not drunk; I haven't had breakfast, if I'm not to sin.

No less caused laughter the follies that the barber said about the madcap antics of Don Quixote, who at this season declared:

Here there is nothing more to do than for each one to take what is his, and may God bless it to whoever He gave it to, Saint Peter bless it.

One of the four said:

If it's not already mockery intended, I cannot persuade myself that men of such good understanding as they are, or appear to be, all those who are here, dare to say and assert that this was not a barber's kiss, nor that commotion; but as I see that they affirm it and say it, I understand that it lacks mystery to insist on a thing so contrary to what the very truth and the very experience show; for I swear it – and I throw it round – that they do not make me understand how many today live in the world in reverse, that this was not a barber's kiss, and that commotion of an ass.

-It could be from a jug,' the priest said.

"Such a lot is at stake," the servant said; "that the matter does not consist in that, but in whether or not it is a trick, as your mercies say."

Hearing this, one of the men who had entered, who had heard the complaint and dispute, full of anger and rage, said:

He is as shocking as my father; and whatever else he has said or will say is already spoiled.

-Like a simpleton, a villain – replied Don Quixote.

Raising his bolas, which he never let out of his hands, he was about to deliver such a blow to the head that, had the cuadrillero not intervened, he would have been left there lying. The bolas shattered on the ground, and the other cuadrilleros, seeing their comrade being treated badly, raised their voices pleading for assistance from the Holy Brotherhood.

The vendor, who was of the band, entered at the point with his stick and with his sword, and put himself beside his companions; the servants of Don Luis surrounded Don Luis, because they feared that with the commotion they would flee; the barber, seeing the house in uproar, took up his mace, and Sancho did the same; Don Quijote put his hand to his sword and charged at the band; Don Luis gave voices to his servants, that they let him alone and ran to Don Quijote, and to Cardenio and Don Fernando, who all favored Don Quijote; the priest gave voices, the vendor shouted, his daughter lamented, Maritornes wept, Dorotea was confused, Luscinda suspended, and Doña Clara fainting. The barber beat Sancho; Sancho ground the barber; Don Luis, whom a servant of his dared to seize his arm because he was going to flee, gave him a blow, which stained his teeth with blood; the judge defended him; Don Fernando had a bandman under his feet, measuring him with them to his liking; the vendor took to reinforce the voice, asking for favor from the Holy Brotherhood; so that the whole sale was cries, voices, shouts, confusion, fears, surprises, misfortunes, stabbings, bloody dummies, blows, knocks, and outpouring of blood. And in the midst of this chaos, machine and labyrinth of things, he was represented in memory to Don Quijote, who saw himself buried deep in the discord of the field of Agramante, and so he said, with a voice that thundered the sale:

Listen everyone; everyone is cramped up; everyone is silent; listen to me everyone, if everyone wants to stay alive.

And everyone listened to his great voice, and he continued, saying:

"Didn't I tell you, sirs, that this castle was haunted, and that some region of demons must dwell within it? As proof of this, I want you to see with your own eyes how discord from the battlefield of Agramante has passed here and been transferred among us. Look how they fight there with the sword, here with the horse, there with the eagle, here with the helmet, and we all fight, and we all don't understand each other. So, your lordship, lord judge, and your lordship, lord healer, let one serve as King Agramante and the other as King Sobrino, and let us have peace, because, by God Almighty, what a terrible squabble it is that so many important people are dying for such trifling reasons."

The squires, who didn't understand the sayings of Don Quixote, and were badly affected by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, did not calm down; the barber, yes, because in the brawl he had undone his beard and the tambourine; Sancho, at the slightest word of his master, obeyed as a good servant; the four servants of Don Luis were also stunned, seeing how little it was going to do him good not being there; only the tavern keeper persisted that the insolences of that madman, who with every step he disturbed the inn. Finally, the rumor subsided at that time, the tambourine remained in the stable until the day of the Judgment, and the helmet and the inn in the imagination of Don Quixote.

Having, therefore, regained composure and having become friends all through the persuasions of the judge and the priest, the servants of Don Luis returned to urge him to come with them immediately; and while he was following with them, the judge informed Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest as to what should be done in that case, relating to him the reasons that Don Luis had told him. In the end, it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants of Don Luis who he was and what his tastes were, that Don Luis should go with him to Andalusia, where he would be esteemed by his brother, the Marquis, as much as Don Luis deserved; for in this way it was known of Don Luis's intention that he would not return that time in his father's eyes, if they broke him into pieces. Understanding, therefore, the quality of Don Fernando and the intention of Don Luis, they decided among themselves that the three of them should relate what had happened to their

Father, and the other one stayed to serve Don Luis, and did not leave him until they returned for him, or saw what their father ordered.

In this way was appeased that machine of intrigues, by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of King Sobrino; but seeing the enemy of harmony and the emulator of peace scorned and ridiculed, and the little fruit that had been gained by having them all in such a confused labyrinth, it was agreed to try again with one's hand, resurrecting new intrigues and

anxieties. It is, therefore, the case that the dancers calmed themselves, having perceived the quality of those with whom they had fought, and withdrew from the dispute, deeming that in whatever way it happened, they would carry the worst of the battle; but to one of them, who was trampled and beaten by Don Fernando, it came to mind that among the commandments he carried for arresting some delinquents, he carried one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be arrested for the freedom he had given to the galleys, and as Sancho with much reason had feared.

Now, imagining this, he wanted to ascertain whether the signs from Don Quixote were correct, and drawing from the breast a parchment, he found the one he was looking for, and setting it to read from beginning to end, because he was a poor reader, he put his eyes on Don Quixote with each word he read, and he compared the signs of the commandment with Don Quixote's face, and he found that it was undoubtedly what the commandment said. And as soon as he had ascertained this, when he gathered up his parchment, in his left hand he took the commandment, and with his right he gripped Don Quixote's neck strongly, preventing him from encouraging, and in loud voices he said:

"Aid the Holy Brotherhood! And to show that I mean it, read this commandment, which contains that he be seized by this rogue!"

I took the commandment from the priest and saw how true was what the cuadrillero said, and how convenient it was with the signals with Don Quixote; and seeing him treated badly by that cunning villain, with anger at its fullest and cracking his bones in his body as best he could, he attacked the cuadrillero with both hands from the throat, so that if not rescued by his companions, he would leave his life before Don Quixote the prize.

The vendor, who had to favor those in his trade, then turned to seek favor. The vendor, seeing her husband in a dispute, raised her voice again, whose content was then carried by Maritornes and her daughter, asking for favor from heaven and those who were there. Sancho, seeing what was happening:

Revere the Lord, for all that my master says about the charms of this castle is true, for it is impossible to spend an hour within its walls in peace!

Don Fernando dismissed the quadrille leader and Don Quixote, and with the pleasure of both, he untied their wrists, one from the collar of the squire's, and the other from the throat of the knight himself, which they held firmly; but because of this, the quadrille leader continued to demand his prisoner, and to help him hand him over at his will, because this was convenient for the service of the king and the Holy Brotherhood, from whom they again asked for help and favor to make that arrest of that robber and brigand of the roads and racecourses. Don Quixote listened to these reasons with great composure and said:

Come here, you coarse and ill-bred people: do you call it straying from the path to offer freedom to the chained, release the prisoners, rush to the miserable, raise the fallen, remedy the needy? Ah, infamous people, worthy only by your low and vile understanding that the heavens do not communicate to you the value contained in knighthood.

Walk on, do not try to make you understand the sin and ignorance in which you are by not reverencing the shadow, much more the attendance, of any knight errant! Come here, gang of thieves, not swashbucklers, highwaymen with the license of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me: Who was the ignorant who signed a warrant of arrest against a man like myself? Who ignored that knights errant are exempt from all judicial jurisdiction, and that their law is their sword, their fueros their vigor, their pressing their will? Who was the fool, I repeat, who does not know that there is no execution of a gentleman with so many preeminences and exemptions as a knight errant acquires on the day he is armed a knight and delivers himself to the hard exercise of knighthood? What knight errant paid chest, alcabala, chapman of the queen, foreign currency, tollgate or boat? What tailor made him clothing that made him? What Castilian received him in his castle that made him pay the neckline? What king did not seat him at his table? What maid did not take to him and deliver him to him, surrendered to his entire manner and will? And finally, what knight errant has ever been, is or will be in the world, who does not have vigor to give him alone four hundred thalers to four hundred swashbucklers that put themselves before him?

Chapter 46: Of the Notable Adventure of the Couples, and the Great Ferocity of Our Good Knight Don Quixote

As Don Quixote was saying, he was persuading the priest and the dancers how Don Quixote was lacking in judgment, as it was seen by his actions and his words, and that they had no means to carry out that business, since even if they took him and brought him away, they would later have to set him free as mad; to which the man of command replied that it did not concern him to judge Don Quixote's madness, but to do what was commanded of him, and that once he was captured, he would be set free, no matter what.

-With all that – said the priest – you won't be taking him this time, nor will he allow himself to be taken, to what I understand.

In effect, the priest knew what the squire was saying, and the squire knew so many mad things to do, that if the cuadrilleros were more mad than he, they would not have known the lack of Don Quixote; and thus, they deemed it well to appease him, and even to be mediators in making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still attended to their dispute with great rancor; finally, they, as members of justice, mediated the cause and became arbitrators of it, to such an extent that both parties were, if not entirely satisfied, at least somewhat satisfied, because the helmets were exchanged, and not the girths and jerkins; and as for the helmet of Mambrino, the priest, in a confused and unintelligible way for Don Quixote, gave it for eight reales, and the barber made a receipt of the acknowledgment and of not being called a fraud then, or forever.

Therefore, let those two outstanding matters, which were the most important and weighty, be settled, so that the servants of Don Luis would be content to have the three of them return, and that one would remain to accompany him wherever Don Fernando wished to take him; and as good fortune and better luck had already begun to break ranks and to ease difficulties in favor of the lovers and the brave, he resolved to carry it out and give to everything a happy outcome, because the servants were satisfied with everything Don Luis wished; of which Don Quixote received so much joy that none in that season looked at her with a face that did not know the rejoicing of her soul. Zoraida, though she did not fully understand all the events she had witnessed, would be saddened and delighted as she saw and noticed the expressions of each person, especially of her Spanish lover, in whom she always had the eyes and carried the soul.

The merchant, who had not overlooked the gift and reward that the priest had made to the barber, demanded the collar of Don Quixote, with the detriment of his armor and lack of wine, swearing that he would not leave the inn Rocinante, nor the oath of Sancho, unless he was first paid up to the very last measure. The priest calmed him down and Don Fernando paid him, since the judge, of very good will, had also offered the payment; and in such a way were all at peace and quiet, that it no longer seemed like the inn was the discord of Agramante, as Don Quixote had said, but the same peace and tranquility of the time of Otavian; and it was common opinion that thanks should be given to the good intention and great eloquence of the señor priest and to the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Seeing, therefore, Don Quixote free and rid of so many affairs, as well as of his squire, it seemed to him that it would be well to continue his begun journey and bring to an end that great adventure for which he had been called and chosen; and so, with resolute determination, he went to lie down before Dorotea, who did not allow him to speak a word until he rose; and he, obeying her, rose, and said to her:

It is a common proverb, beautiful lady, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and experience has shown that the industry of the merchant brings a doubtful dispute to a good conclusion; but in no things is this truth shown more than in those of war, where speed and promptness prevent the arguments of the enemy, and achieves victory before the opponent even puts himself in defense. All this I say, high and precious lady, because it seems to me that our stay in this castle is already without profit, and could be of so much damage that we would cast it out to see someone one day; for who knows if through hidden spies and diligent work your enemy the giant of whom I am going to destroy, and, giving time to him, he would fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress against whom my diligence and the strength of my tireless arm would be of little value? Therefore, my dear lady, let us prevent, as I have said, with our diligence his designs, and let us then depart to good fortune; for it will not be more than yours to have it, as you desire, than the time I spend with your opponent.

"Callo y no said more Don Quixote, and I waited with much composure for the answer of the beautiful princess; who, with serene and courtly manner and suited to Don Quixote's style, replied in this way:"

I thank you, sir, for the desire you show to favor me in my great difficulty, just as a knight to whom it is adjacent and pertinent to favor the orphans and needy; and may the heavens that your wish and mine be fulfilled, so that you may see there are grateful women in the world. And as for my departure, let it be then; for I have no other will than yours: you may dispose of me in whatever manner and fashion you wish; that whoever once entrusted me with the defense of her person and placed in your hands the restoration of her lordships shall not want to go against what your prudence orders.

"To the hand of God," said Don Quixote; "for that is how a lady should be humbled, and I do not wish to lose the opportunity of raising her and placing her on her inherited throne. Let the game begin, because it is putting spurs to my desire and to the path, as it is often said that danger lies in delay. And since the heavens have not yet revealed any terrifying sight, nor has the infernal realm been seen, nothing to frighten or embolden me, saddle Rocinante, Sancho, and equip your donkey and the queen's palfrey, and let us bid farewell to the Castilians and these lords, and then proceed immediately to the point."

Sancho, who was present in everything, said, shaking his head from side to side:

Oh, Lord, Lord, and how much more evil there is in the village that is heard, pardon me if it is said of the honored performances!

What evil could there be in any village, or in all the cities of the world, that could be blamed on me, villain?

"If your lord is angered," Sancho replied, "I will be silent and cease saying what I am obliged to say as a good squire, and as a good servant ought to say to his lord."

"Say what you want," replied Don Quixote, "lest your words should frighten me; if you have him, act as you are; and if I do not have him, I shall act as I am."

"It's not that, sinner I was to God!" Sancho replied; "but I have for certain and by investigation that this lady who says she is queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon is not more than my mother; because, if what she says is true, she wouldn't be strutting about with anyone of those in the wheel, head over heels and every which way."

A scarlet blush with the reasons of Sancho Dorotea, because it was true that her husband, Don Fernando, had once, by stealing other eyes, taken part of the prize that deserved their wishes (which Sancho had seen, seeming to him that that maneuver was more of a courteous lady than a queen of such a great kingdom), and he could not or would not answer Sancho a word, but let him continue in his talk, and he was saying:

I say that, sir, because if after having walked roads and tracks, and endured bad nights and worse days, the fruit of our labors is to be taken by the one who is lounging in this establishment, there's no reason for me to hurry and saddle Rocinante, groom the donkey, and prepare the palfrey, since it's better that we stay put, and each whore gets her fill, and we eat.

Oh, woe is me, and how great was the anger that Don Quixote received hearing the disjointed words of his squire! I say it was so great, that, with a stammered and hurried tongue, he threw live fire into his eyes, saying:

"Oh, you fool, villain, ill-mannered, dissolute, ignorant, impertinent, unrestrained, audacious, gossiping, and abusive man! What words have you dared to utter in my presence and before these wretched women, and what dishonesties and impertinences have you allowed to fester in your confused imagination? Go from my presence, monster of nature, keeper of lies, repository of deceit, pit of churlishness, inventor of wickedness, publisher of nonsense, enemy of decency owed to royal persons! Go, do not appear before me, or face my wrath!"

And saying this, he raised his eyebrows, puffed out his cheeks, looked around everywhere, and with his right foot he delivered a mighty kick to the ground, signs of the anger that lay within his entrails. To whose words and furious demeanor Sancho was so cowed and fearful, that it might have been thought that in that instant the earth would have opened beneath his feet and swallowed him, and he did not know what to do, but turned his back and withdrew from the angered presence of his lord. But the discreet Dorotea, who already understood the humor of Don Quixote, said, to temper his rage:

Don't be offended, Sir Knight of the Sad Figure, by the nonsense your good squire has spoken, for perhaps he shouldn't say it without cause, nor can it be suspected of his good understanding and Christian conscience that he bears witness to anyone; and therefore, it must be believed, without doubting it, that, as in this castle, according to you, sir knight, you say, all things go and happen by way of enchantment, I say, perhaps Sancho had seen by this diabolical way what he claims he saw, so offensive to my honesty.

"By the omnipotent God, I swear—said to this sinner, Don Quixote—that your greatness has reached its point, and that a certain bad vision was shown to this sinner, Sancho, which made him see what could not otherwise be seen except through the illusion of charms; I know well of the goodness and innocence of this unfortunate man, who does not know how to raise testimonies for anyone."

"Thus it is, and thus it will be," said Don Fernando; "therefore, you must, my lords, forgive him and restore him to the grace of his order, as it was in the beginning, before such visions drove him from his senses."

Don Quixote replied that he forgave him, and the curate went for Sancho, who came very humble, and, kneeling, asked for his master's hand, and he gave it to him, and after having allowed him to kiss it, he gave him the blessing, saying:

Now you will see, Sancho son, it is true what I have told you many times that all things in this castle are done by magic.

"That's what I believe, Sancho—said he—except for the matter of the blanket, which really happened by ordinary means."

"Don't believe it," replied Don Quixote; "if it were so, I would avenge you then, and even now; but neither then nor now could I, nor did I see anyone in whom to take vengeance for your grievance."

Everyone wanted to know what that business about the blanket was, and the innkeeper told them point by point the flight of Sancho Panza, and everyone laughed about it, and didn't

Sancho would not run so much if his master again assured him it was enchantment; for the donkey's foolishness never reached the point where he believed he was pure truth and certainty, without any mixture of deception, that he had been fed by living people, and not by dreamed or imagined phantoms, as his master believed and asserted.

Two days had already passed since the time that had to be spent with that illustrious company was at the sale; and it seemed to them that it was time to depart, they gave orders that, without starting the work of returning Dorothea and Don Fernando with Don Quixote to their village, with the invention of the freedom of the queen Micomicona, the priest and the barber could take him, as they wished, and seek the cure for his madness in his homeland. And what they ordered was that they arranged for a cart driver with oxen who might happen to pass by there, so that he would take him in this way: they made a kind of cage, of woven sticks, capable of comfortably fitting Don Quixote within it, and then Don Fernando and his companions, along with Don Luis's servants and the musicians, together with the waiter, all, by order and appearance of the priest, covered their faces and disguised themselves, each in one way or another, so that Don Quixote would seem to be other people than those he had seen in that castle.

Having done this, with great silence they entered where he was sleeping and resting from the past quarrels. They approached him, who was sleeping, free and secure from such an event, and strongly bound his hands and feet, so that when he awoke with a start, he could not move, nor do anything other than marvel and stare before him at such strange sights; and then he realized what his continuous and varied imagination represented to him, and he believed that all those figures were ghosts of that enchanted castle, and that, without a doubt, he was already enchanted, since he could not move or defend himself, everything as he had thought would happen to the priest, designer of this machine. Only Sancho, of all the present, was in his right mind and in his own form; who, although he was short of having the same illness as his master, did not cease to know who those strange figures were; but he did not dare to unbutton his mouth, until he saw what ended that assault and imprisonment of his master, who also did not say a word, attending to see the whereabouts of his misfortune; that is, bringing there the cage, they locked him inside, and they hammered the wood so strongly that it could not be broken with two pulls.

He then leaned on his shoulders, and as he left the room, a fearful voice was heard, all that the barber, not the one with the hand-drum, but the other, was saying:

Oh Knight of the Sad Figure! Let not imprisonment settle upon you, for that is how it is best to end this adventure, which your great effort brought about. This will end when the furious lion, stained with white-necked doves, devours one, after the high-born heads have been brought under the soft yoke of marriage; from whose unheard union will emerge the brave cubs, imitating the sharp claws of the valiant father. And this will be before the follower of the fleeing Nymph makes two visits to the gleaming images with his rapid and natural course. And you, oh most noble and obedient squire who had a sword on a ribbon, beards on his face, and scent in his nostrils!, do not despair nor be discontented seeing carried before your very eyes the flower of walking chivalry; for soon, if the maker of the world pleases, you will find yourself so high and so sublimated that you will not recognize yourself, and the promises made to you by your good lord will not be broken. And I assure you, on behalf of the wise Mentironiana, that your wages will be paid, as you will see in the work; and follow the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight; for it is best that you go wherever you both seem to be.

And when he had finished the prophecy, he raised his voice abruptly, and afterward diminished it with such tender accent that even those who understood the art of mockery believed what he said.

Don Quixote was comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he afterward understood its full meaning, and saw that it promised him a union in holy and proper marriage with his beloved Dulcinea of Toboso, from whose happy womb would be born the children, who were his sons, for the eternal glory of La Mancha; and believing this firmly and steadfastly, he raised his voice, and giving a great sigh, he said:

Oh you, whoever you may be, who has so well prophesied of me! Pray that you ask of the wise sorcerer who holds my possessions, that he may not leave me to perish in this prison where they now carry me, until the joyful and incomparable promises made to me here are fulfilled; that if this is so, I shall consider the pains of my captivity my glory, and this relief these chains that bind me, not a harsh battleground this bed in which I am laid, but a soft bed and a blessed thalamus. And as for the comfort of Sancho Panza my squire, I trust in his goodness and good conduct that he will not leave me, whether in good or bad fortune; because when it does not happen, either by his own or by my short misfortune, I shall give him the island, or another equivalent thing, that I have promised him, at least his wage shall not be lost, as in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given to him, according to his many and good services, but to my own chance.

Sancho Panza bowed with great decorum, and he kissed both of her hands, for one could not, as they were both bound.

Then they took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it in the ox cart.

Chapter 47: Of the Strange Manner in Which Don Quixote de la Mancha Was Enchanted, with Other Famous Events

When Don Quixote saw himself in such a caged state and on top of the cart, he said:

I have read many and very serious stories about knights errant; but never have I read, nor seen, nor heard, that knights enchanted are carried in this way, and with the space that these lazy and slow animals promise; because they always carry them through the air, with strange lightness, enclosed in some dark and gloomy cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or already upon some hippogriff or other similar beast; but that they carry me now upon a cart of oxen, ¡woe to me that it confuses me! Perhaps chivalry and the enchantments of these our times must follow another path than that followed by the ancients. And it may also be that, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who has resurrected the already forgotten exercise of adventurous chivalry, they are also now again

Invented other kinds of enchantments, and other ways of treating the enchanted. What do you think of that, Sancho son?

I don't know what seems good to you – Sancho replied – because you're not as read as you are in the circulating writings; but, with all that, I would affirm and swear that these visions that are going around here are not entirely orthodox.

“Catholic? My father! – replied Don Quixote. – How can they be Catholic, if they are all demons, who have taken fantastic bodies to come and do this and put me in this state? And if you want to see the truth of it, touch them and feel it, and you will see that they have no body but of air, and that they consist of nothing more than appearance.”

“Good God, my lord—replied Sancho—I have touched him; and this devil who is here so quick is fat of flesh, and has another property very different from that which I have heard said that demons have; for, according to what is said, all smell of sulfur and stone and other bad odors; but this one smells of amber halfway a league.”

Young Sancho did this for Don Fernando, who, as such a lord, should have smelled what Sancho said.

“Don't be surprised, Sancho, my friend,” replied Don Quixote; “for I tell you that devils know a great deal, and since they bring with them scents, they smell of nothing at all, because they are spirits, and if they did smell, they could not smell good things, but only bad and fetid ones. And the reason is that like them, wherever they are, they carry hell with them, and they cannot receive any relief in their torments; and a good scent is a thing that delights and pleases, it is not possible for them to smell anything good; and if it seems to you that that demon you speak of smells of amber, or you are deceiving yourself, or he wants to deceive you into not considering him a devil.”

All these conversations took place between master and servant; and fearing that Don Fernando and Cardenio would see Sancho fall completely into the account of his invention, to whom he was already very close, they decided to shorten the affair by departing; and calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rocinante and saddled Sancho's donkey; which he did with great speed.

Yes, in this, the priest had arranged for the squires to accompany him to his place, giving them a little money each day. Cardenio abandoned the saddle of Rocinante, the lance, and the kiss, and by signals he ordered Sancho to climb onto his donkey and take hold of the reins of Rocinante, and he placed the two squires on either side of the cart with their pistols. But before the cart moved, the lady, his daughter, and Maritornes went to say goodbye to Don Quixote, pretending to weep with sorrow over his misfortune; to whom Don Quixote said:

Don't weep, my good ladies; for all these misfortunes are connected to those who profess what I profess; and if these calamities did not befall me, I would not consider myself a famous knight errant; because to knights of little name and fame such cases never happen, for there is no one in the world who remembers them. To valiant knights, yes; for they are envied for their virtue and bravery by many princes and many other knights, who seek to destroy the good by evil means. But, with all that, virtue is so powerful that, by itself, despite all the necromancy known by its first inventor Zoroaster, it will emerge victorious over all trials, and will give light to the world as the sun does in the sky. Forgive me, beautiful ladies, if some boor, through my carelessness, has offended you, and know that I never gave to anyone, willingly and knowingly. Pray to God that he rescue me from these prisons, where a malicious enchanter has put me; and if from them

I feel free; the favors you have done me here in this castle will not be forgotten, to reward you, to please you, and to compensate you as you deserve.

As the ladies of the castle watched Don Quixote, the priest and the barber bid farewell to Don Fernando and his companions, and to the captain and his brother, and all those happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lusinda. They embraced, and they agreed to keep each other informed of their adventures, with Don Fernando telling the priest where he would write to him to let him know how Don Quixote was progressing, assuring him that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to know it; and that he himself would also inform him of everything he saw that he might find pleasing, of his marriage and the baptism of Zoraida, and the fate of Don Luis, and Lusinda's return to her home. The priest offered to do

whatever was requested of him, with utmost punctuality. They embraced again, and continued with new offers.

The vendor went to the priest and gave him some papers, telling him he had found them in a savings of the suitcase where the Novel of the Impertinent Curious had been, and that since its owner hadn't returned there, he should take them all; that, since the man didn't know how to read, he didn't want them. The priest thanked him, and immediately opened them, seeing that at the beginning of the writing it said: "Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo," by which he understood it was some novel, and he concluded that, since the novel of the Impertinent Curious had been good, this one would also be, since they could be all of the same sort. And so, he kept it, intending to read it when he had the opportunity.

He mounted his horse, and his friend the barber, with his masks, because they didn't want to be recognized as belonging to Don Quixote, and they set off walking behind the cart. And the order they were carrying out was this: the cart went first, guided by its owner; on either side were the squires, as has been said, with their muskets; following them was Sancho Panza on his donkey, leading Rocinante by the reins; behind all this went the priest and the barber on their powerful mules, their faces covered, as has been said, with a grave and composed countenance, not walking faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat in the cage, his hands tied, his feet stretched out, and leaning against the railings, with as much silence and patience as if he were not a man of flesh, but a stone statue.

And so, with that space and silence they walked two leagues, arriving at a valley where it seemed to the barber-maker to be a suitable place to rest and give pasture to the oxen, and communicating this to the priest, it seemed to him that the barber should walk a little further, because he knew that behind a recess that was shown near there was a valley with more grass and much better than the one they wanted to stop in. He took the barber's opinion, and so they resumed their journey.

In this, the priest returned his eyes to the face, and saw that behind him came as many as six or seven men on horseback, well-mounted and outfitted, of whom they were promptly reached, because they were not walking with the sluggishness and calmness of oxen, but as one who goes on mulebacks with a desire to arrive quickly to intercept the sale, which was less than a league from there. The diligent ones arrived at the lazy ones and greeted them courteously; and one of those who came, who, in resolution, was a canon of Toledo and lord of those who accompanied him, seeing the concerted procession of the carriage, the light cavalry, Sancho, Rocinante, the priest, and more especially Don Quixote in chains and imprisoned, could not help but ask what that man was doing in such a manner; although he had already been made to understand, seeing the signs of the light cavalry, that he must be some roguish and highwayman, or other delinquent whose punishment fell to the Holy Brotherhood.

One of the escorts, to whom the question was made, replied as follows:

Sir, what it means for this gentleman to go about in this manner, he himself must say that, for we do not know it.

Oyo■, Don Quijote said the words, and he said:

With your kind permission, sirs, are you skilled and expert in the matter of wandering knighthood? Because if you are, I will relate my misfortunes to them; and if not, there's no point in me wasting my words.

And by this time the priest and the barber had already arrived, seeing that the pedestrians were engaging in conversations with Don Quixote de la Mancha in order that they might answer in such a way as not to be discovered their trickery.

The canonist, to which Don Quixote replied, said:

Truly, brother, I know more of chivalric romances than of Villalpando's Sums. So, if you're only going to speak with me about this, you can surely communicate to me whatever you wish.

"To the hand of God," replied Don Quixote. "Indeed it is, I desire, my lord knight, that you know that I am enchanted in this cage, by envy and fraud of wicked sorcerers; that the most virtuous quality is most persecuted by the wicked, as it is loved by the good. I am a knight errant, and not of those whose names never did recall themselves for to be eternally recorded in their memory, but of those who, against and despite the same envy, and of all the magicians whom I learned of in Persia, Brahmins from India, Ginosophists from Ethiopia, shall put their names in the temple of immortality, that they may serve as an example and model for the coming centuries, where knight-errants will see the steps they must follow if they wish to reach the summit and honor of arms."

"Says you, Sir Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha," the priest said, "that he is enchanted in this cart, not by his faults and sins, but by the bad intentions of those whom virtue infuriates and valor incenses. This is, sir, the Knight of the Sad Countenance, if you have ever heard his name; whose valiant deeds and great actions will be written in hard bronze and eternal marble, even though envy may weary itself in darkening them and malice in concealing them."

When the canon heard the prisoner and the free man speak in such a style, he was struck with amazement, and could not know what had happened to him; and in the same amazement fell all those who came with him. In this, Sancho Panza, who had approached to hear the conversation, in order to make it all appear better, said:

Now, gentlemen, you may like me well or dislike me badly because of what I say, the fact of the matter is that I am enchanted, my lord Don Quixote, just as my mother; he has his full reason, he eats and drinks and performs his bodily functions like other men, and as he did yesterday before they caged him. Considering this, how do you want me to understand that I am enchanted? Because I have heard many people say that enchanted people don't eat, don't sleep, don't speak, and my lord, if they don't go to him with their hands, he will speak more than thirty procurators.

And turning to look at the priest, he continued saying:

-Ah, Father, Father! Did your grace think I didn't know you, and think that I don't perceive and divine where these new enchantments are heading? Know that I know you, however much you conceal your face,

I know that you understand me, despite how much he hides his deceptions. In short, where envy reigns, virtue cannot live, nor where there is scarcity, generosity. Let the devil be damned; if it were not for his reverence, this would already be the hour that my lord was married to the Infanta Micomicona, and I would be a count, at the very least, since one could not expect anything else, as much of my lord's kindness as the Triste Figura, as of the greatness of my services! But I see that it is true what is said around, that the wheel of Fortune turns faster than a mill wheel, and that those who yesterday were flush with money, today are on the ground. It weighs heavily on me regarding my children and my wife; for when they could and should have expected to see their father enter through his doors as governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will see him enter as a stable boy. All this I have said, Reverend Father, is merely to make you aware of the ill treatment that is done to my lord, and look well, do not ask God in the other life for this imprisonment of my master, and take care of all those aids and possessions that my lord Don Quixote neglects in this time that he is imprisoned.

"Blind me with those lanterns!" the barber said at this point. "And you, Sancho, are you also part of your master's brotherhood? Long live the Lord, I'm seeing you'll have company in the cage, and you'll be as delighted as he is, so you must put up with his mood and his chivalry! You strayed badly with his promises, and at a bad time the island that you so desire has entered your helmets."

"I am not betrothed to anyone," Sancho replied, "nor am I a man who would allow himself to be betrothed, whether by the king or anyone else; and though poor, I am an old Christian, and I owe nothing to anyone; and if I desire islands, others desire worse things; and each one is the son of his deeds; and beneath being a man, I can become pope, let alone governor of an island, and let alone gaining such a master as mine, who lacks someone to listen to him. Your Grace look how I speak, Master Barber; it's not all about growing beards, and it's all about Peter leading to Peter. I say it because we all know each other, and no one will accuse me of lying. And in this matter of my master's enchantment, God knows the truth; and let him stay here, because it's a worse nuisance."

The barber refused to answer Sancho, because he did not perceive with his simplicity what he and the curate so diligently sought to conceal; and for this same reason the curate had told the canon that they should walk a little ahead, that he would reveal the secret of the cage, along with other things that pleased him. The canon did so, and, advancing with his servants and with him, he was attentive to everything that he wished to tell him about the condition, life, madness, and customs of Don Quixote, briefly recounting the beginning and cause of his delusion, and all the progress of his events, until he had placed him in that cage, and the design they had of taking him to his homeland, in order to see if by some means they would find a remedy for his madness.

The servants and the canon listened again to the pilgrim's extraordinary story of Don Quixote, and when they had finished hearing it, he said:

Truly, my lord priest, I find by my own account that these books of chivalry, which they call such, are harmful in the republic; and although I have read, carried away by a vain and false taste, almost the beginning of all that is printed, I have never been able to accommodate myself to reading any of them from beginning to end, because it seems to me that, what more, what less, all of them are one and the same thing, and one has no more in common with the other than that. And according to what seems to me, this genre of writing and composition falls under that of fables called *milesias*, which are disparate stories that only attend to delight, and not to teach; in contrast to what the fables called *apologues* do, which delight and teach together. And since the main intent of such books is to delight, I do not know how they can achieve it, going full of so many and so far-fetched absurdities; that is

Here's the English translation of the provided text: "Delight must be conceived as arising from the beauty and harmony one sees or contemplates in the things presented to their sight or imagination. And any thing that has within it ugliness and disorder cannot cause us any joy. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of parts to the whole, and the whole to

the parts, in a book or fable where a boy of sixteen cuts a giant in twain like a tower, and divides him into two halves as if he were a ship, and when they want to paint a battle, after having said that there are of the enemy a million competitors, as is against them the lord of the book, it is forced, no matter how unpleasant it may be, that we must understand that such a knight achieved victory by virtue of nothing more than his strong arm? For what shall we say of the ease with which a queen or empress, heiress, is conducted in the arms of a wandering and unknown knight? What reason, if not entirely barbarous and unlearned, can be content reading that a great tower full of knights goes by the sea forward, as a ship with prosperous wind, and tonight it darkens in Lombardia, and tomorrow it dawns in the lands of the Preste Juan of the Indies, or in other lands that neither were described by Ptolemy, nor saw Marco Polo? And if to this it were said to me that those who compose such books write them as things of lies, and that thus, they are not obliged to look at delicacies or truths, I would tell them that so much the more the lie seems true, and so much the more pleases it the more it is doubtful and possible. The fables must marry with the understanding of those who read them, being written so that, facilitating the impossible, leveling the glories, suspending the spirits, they admire, suspend, exult and entertain, so that they go at the same pace the admiration and the joy together; and all these things cannot do the one who flees from verisimilitude and imitation, in whom consists the perfection of what is written. I have not seen any book of chivalry that makes an entire fable body with all its members, so that the means correspond to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and the middle; but they compose them with so many members, that it seems more that they carry the intention to form a chimera or a monster that to make a proportionate figure. Besides this, they are in style harsh; in jokes, unbelievable; in loves, lascivious; in courtesies, badly looked at; long in battles, foolish in reasons, absurd in travels, and, finally, alien to all discreet art, and therefore worthy of being banished from the Christian republic, like useless people. The priest listened to him with great attention, and it seemed to him a man of good understanding, and that he had reason in everything he said; and so he told him that since he was of his own opinion, and had a penchant for books of chivalry, he had burned all of Don Quixote, which were many. And he told him the scrutiny that he had done them, and the ones that he had condemned to fire and left with life, of which the canon laughed a lot, and said that with all the bad things he had said of such books, he found in them a good thing, which was the subject they offered so that a good understanding could show itself in them, because they gave a long and spacious field by which without any hesitation the pen could run, describing shipwrecks, storms, encounters and battles, painting a valiant captain with all the parts that are required to be such, showing prudent, warning of the tricks of his enemies, eloquent speaker persuading or dissuading his soldiers, mature in council, prompt in what is determined, so valiant in waiting as in attacking; painting now a lamentable and tragic event, now a happy and unexpected event; there a beautiful lady, honest, discreet and reserved; here a Christian knight, valiant and measured; there a dissipated barbarian fanfaroon; here a courteous prince, valiant and well-regarded; representing goodness and loyalty of vassals, the glories and mercies of lords.”

Astrologer, cosmographer, musician, and intelligent scholar can now be displayed, and perhaps he may have the opportunity to show himself as a necromancer, if he so desires. He can display the cunning of Odysseus, the piety of Aeneas, the courage of Achilles, Hector’s misfortunes, Sinon’s betrayals, Eurialo’s friendship,

Alexander’s generosity, Caesar’s worth, Trajan’s clemency and truth, Zopiro’s fidelity, Cato’s prudence, and, finally, all those actions that can make a man illustrious, now putting them together, now dividing them into many. And being this done with placid style and ingenious invention, it will draw forth as much as possible to the truth, without doubt composing a fabric of many and beautiful tapestries woven, which afterward, when finished, will show such perfection and beauty, that it will achieve the end that is intended in the writings, namely, to teach and delight together, as I have already said. For the untied writing of these books gives rise to the author to show himself epic, lyrical, tragic, comic, with all those parts that enclose within them the sweetly and pleasing sciences of poetry and oratory; and also the epic can be written in prose as in verse.

Chapter 48: In which the canon continued the matter of the books of chivalry with other things worthy of his wit.

“As thus your Lordship says, Señor Canónigo —said the priest—, and for this reason those who have until now composed such books are more deserving of censure, having not had warning of any good discourse, nor the art and rules by which they might guide themselves and become famous in prose, as the two principal figures of Greek and Latin poetry do in verse.”

“At least I—replied the canon—have had a certain temptation to write a book of chivalry, including in it all the points I have mentioned; and if I am to confess the truth, I have written more than one hundred sheets. And to test whether they corresponded to my estimation, I have communicated them to men passionate about this legend, bold and discreet, and with others ignorant, who only heed to their liking.”

to hear absurdities, and of all I have found a pleasing approval; but, with all this, I have not proceeded forward, as if I were doing something foreign to my profession, and in order to see that the number of the simple is greater than that of the prudent, and that, since it is better to be praised by the few wise men than ridiculed by the many foolish, I do not want to

submit to the confused judgment of the vanished crowd, to whom by far more people read such books.

But what took it completely out of my hands, and even out of my thoughts of finishing it, was an argument I made with myself, taken from the comedies that are now being performed, saying: "If those that are now used, as well as those imagined from history, all or most are known absurdities and things that have no sense or logic, and, with all that, the common people listen to them with pleasure and accept them as good, being so far from being so, and the authors who compose them, and the actors who perform them say that they must be so, because that is what the common people want, and in no other way, and that those that have a line and follow the story as art demands do not serve but for four discerning people who understand them, and all the rest are left hungry for understanding their artifice, and it is better for them to earn a living with the many, rather than opinion with the few, thus my book will come to be, after having burned my eyebrows trying to keep the aforementioned precepts, and it will become the tailor by the roadside." And although I have sometimes tried to persuade the actors who are caught up in having the opinion they have, and that more people will attract and more fame they will earn by performing comedies that follow the art, rather than with the absurd ones, they are already so firmly established and embodied in their opinion, that there is no reason or evidence to get them out.

Remember that one day I told one of these stubborn ones:

Tell me, don't you recall that just a few years ago three tragedies were performed in Spain composed by a famous poet of these kingdoms, which were so admired, delighted, and moved everyone who heard them, whether simple folk or the elite, whether commoners or the chosen, and did they give more money to those three representatives alone than to the thirty best that have since been made here?

"Without a doubt – he replied, saying – you must say thank you to your Majesty for La Isabela, La Filis, and La Alejandra."

"And that is what I say—he replied I; and see if they kept to the precepts of art, and if by keeping them they ceased to be what they were and to please everyone. So the fault is not in the common people, who demand nonsense, but in those who do not know how to represent anything else. Yes, 'The Vengeful Ingratitude' was not nonsense, nor did it exist in the play of El Mercader amante, nor was it found in The Friendly Enemy, nor in other plays composed by some learned poets for their own fame and renown, and for the profit of those who represented them." And I added to these things, with which, in my opinion, I left him confused; but unsatisfied and unconvinced, to take him out of his erroneous thought.

Regarding what pertains to your lordship, Señor Canónigo – the priest said – there has awakened in me an ancient rancor I have with the comedies that are now used, such that it equals the one I have with chivalric books; because, as Tulio seems to believe, the comedy should be, according to him, a mirror of human life, an example of customs and an image of truth, those that are now represented are mirrors of folly, examples of foolishness and images of lasciviousness. For what greater folly can be found in the subject we treat, than for a boy in ribbons to appear in the first scene of the first act, and in the second to already be a man, unkempt? And what greater than to paint us a valiant old man and a cowardly boy, a rhetorical slave?

Here's the English translation of the provided text: "A counselor page, a greedy king, and a broom-wielding princess? What then, should I say about the observance kept in the times when the actions represented might occur, since I have seen the first day begin in Europe, the second in Asia, the third ended in Africa, and even, if it were of four days, the fourth ended in America, and thus, it would have happened in all four parts of the world? And if imitation is the principal thing that comedy must have, how is it possible to satisfy any common understanding that, by feigning an action set in the time of Pepin and Charlemagne, and the same one in which the main person attributes to the emperor Heraclius, who entered with the Cross in Jerusalem, and won the Holy House, as Godfrey of Bulloigne, having countless years between the two; and the comedy is founded on a feigned action, attributing truths of history and mixing pieces from other events to different people and times, and this, without traceable outlines, but with patent errors, utterly inexcusable? It's the bad thing that ignorant people say this is perfect, and that the rest is seeking frivolous things. But what, if we come to divine comedies? What false miracles do they feign in them, what apocryphal and misunderstood things, attributing miracles to one saint and another! And even in human comedies, they dare to feign miracles, without more respect or consideration than it seems right to them that this miracle and appearance, as they call it, should be for ignorant people to admire and come to the comedy; that all this is detrimental to the truth and in detriment to the stories, and even in shame for the Spanish minds; because foreigners, who with great punctuality keep the laws of comedy, consider us barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and foolishness of those we make. And it wouldn't be enough excuse to say that the main aim that well-ordered republics have, allowing public comedies to be made, is to entertain the community with some honest recreation, and to divert them sometimes from the bad humors that idleness often breeds; and that, since this is achieved with any comedy, good or bad, there is no reason to make laws, nor to tighten up those who compose and represent them, to make them as they should be made, since, as I have said, with any one it achieves what with them it intends. To which I would respond that this end would be achieved much better, without comparison, with good comedies than with those not so; because if one had heard the artful and well-ordered comedy, the listener would come out cheerful with the jokes,

taught with truth, amazed at the events, prudent with the reasons, warned with the deceptions, sagacious with the examples, angered at vice and enamored of virtue; that all these affections must arouse the good comedy in the mind of whoever listens to it, no matter how rustic and clumsy it is, and of all impossibility it is impossible not to delight and entertain, satisfy and please, the comedy that has all these parts much more than that which lacks them, as most of them lack, such as they are usually represented now. And they are not to blame for this, because there are some of them who know very well in what they err, and know extremely what they must do; but as comedies have become marketable goods, they say, and say true, that the performers would not buy them if they were not from that pen; and so the poet tries to adapt himself to what the performer who is to pay him for his work asks him. And that this is Truth, see it in many and infinite comedies that a very felicitous mind from these kingdoms has composed, with great pomp, with great dexterity, with so elegant verse, with so good reasons, with so serious sentences, and finally, so full of eloquence and high style, that it has filled the world with its fame; and by wanting to adapt themselves to the taste of the performers, not all have arrived at the point of perfection that they require. Others compose them so without looking at what they do, that afterwards of being represented they need the reciters to flee and absent themselves, fearful of being punished, as they have been many times, for having represented things detrimental to some kings and dishonoring some lineages. And all these inconveniences would cease, and even many more that I do not say, if there were in the Court a wise and discreet person who examined..."

All comedies previously represented, not only those performed at Court, but all that wished to be performed in Spain; without this approval, seal, and signature, no court would allow any comedy to be performed; and in this way, the comedians would take care to send their plays to Court, and could confidently represent them, and those who composed them would look upon what they did with more care and study, fearing to have their works passed by the rigorous examination of one who understood them; and in this way, good comedies would be made, and what was intended in them would be easily achieved; thus, the entertainment of the people, the opinion of the Spanish wits, the interest and security of the performers, and the saving of the trouble of censors. And if a charge were given to another, or to this very one, to examine the books of chivalry that were newly composed, some surely could emerge with the perfection that your grace has said, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, giving occasion for the old books to be darkened by the light of the new ones that emerged, for a honest pastime, not only for the idle, but for the most occupied, since it is impossible for this continuous armed bow to be sustained, nor can the condition and weakness of man be supported without some suitable recreation.

At this point in their colloquy arrived the canon and the priest, when, anticipating the barber, he arrived with them, and said to the priest:

Here, sir, is the place that I said was good for us to rest and have the oxen have fresh and abundant pasture.

That's how it seems to me," the priest replied.

And he told the canon what he intended to do, and he also wished to stay with them, a guest of the site of a beautiful valley that was offered to their sight. And thus, to enjoy the company of the priest, of whom he was already becoming acquainted, and to know more of Don Quixote's pranks, he ordered some of his servants to go to the market that was not far from there, and to bring from it what was to be eaten, for all, because he determined to spend the afternoon in that place; to which one of his servants replied that the old sack from the leftovers, which must have been in the market, brought word sufficient not to force taking from the market more than barley.

"That's right," said the canon, "take all the horses there, and bring back the mule."

While this was happening, seeing Sancho who could speak to his master without the continuous assistance of the priest and the barber, who had been suspected, arrived at the cage where his master was, and said to him:

My lord, in order to clear my conscience, I want to tell you what is happening near your enchantment; and it is that these two gentlemen who come here, with their faces covered, are the priest of our place and the barber; and I imagine they have given him this mark in this way, out of pure envy that they have, as your lordship is ahead of them in making his deeds famous. Consider, then, this truth, and see that it is not enchanted, but a messenger and a fool. To prove this, I want to ask you one thing; and if you answer me as I believe you will, you will touch it with your hand, and you will see that it is not enchanted, but that his judgment is disturbed.

"Ask whatever you wish, my son," replied Don Quixote; "I will satisfy you and answer to all your desires. And if those who go and come there with us are the priest and the barber, our compatriots and acquaintances, it may well seem that they are themselves; but that they are truly so and in..."

Don't believe that, in any way. What you must believe and understand is that if they resemble you, as you say, then those I've come to love must have taken that appearance and resemblance; because it's easy for sorcerers to take the figure

they desire, and they've taken those of our friends, to give you the opportunity to think what you think and put you in a labyrinth of imaginations, that you won't be able to get out of it, even if you had the rope of Theseus. And they've done that to make me hesitate in my understanding, and not know where this damage comes from; because if, on one hand, you tell me that the barber and the priest of our town accompany me, and, on the other hand, I see myself imprisoned, and know that human forces, which were not supernatural, weren't enough to imprison me, what do you want me to say or think, except that the way of my enchantment exceeds everything I've read in all the stories about knights who have been enchanted? So you can give yourself peace and calm in this of believing that they are the ones you say, because they are like that, like me, a Turk. And as for wanting to ask me something, tell me, and I'll answer you, even if you ask me from here to tomorrow.

"Protect me, Our Lady!" Sancho shouted with a great voice. "And is it possible that your lordships are so harsh in judgment and so lacking in substance, that they refuse to see that the pure truth I tell them, and that in this captivity and misfortune, malice outweighs charm?" But, since that is the case, I want to prove to them evidently how he doesn't delight. If not, tell me, may God save him from this storm, and may he be seen in the arms of my lady Dulcinea when it least seems...

"He just conjured me," said Don Quixote, "and asks what you wish; for I have already told you that I will answer you with all punctuality."

"That's what I ask," Sancho replied; "and what I want to know is that you tell me, without adding or taking anything away, but with all truth, as is expected of those who profess arms, as your lordship professes them, under the title of knights errant..."

"I tell you I don't lie," Don Quixote replied. "You've just ended your questions; you really tire me out with all your interjections and precautions, Sancho."

I state that I am confident in the goodness and truth of my lord; and, because it suits our story, I ask, speaking with deference, whether, after your lordship is confined and, as it seems to him, enchanted in this cage, he has developed a desire and will to cause greater or lesser floods, as is commonly said.

I don't understand that business of making water, Sancho; clarify yourself more, if you want me to answer you directly.

Is it possible that your Lordships don't understand how to handle minor or major leaks? Know that in the school they subject the boys to this. I mean what I say if you've taken pleasure in doing what isn't excused.

Yes, yes, I understand you, Sancho! And many times; and even now I have it. Take me out of this danger, it's not all clear!

Chapter 49: Where it deals with the discreet conversation that Sancho Panza had with his lord Don Quixote.

- Ah! - Sancho said. - There it is, what I wanted to know, like to the soul and like to life. Come here, my lord; could he deny what is commonly said about someone in a bad mood: "I don't know what that fellow is like, he doesn't eat, doesn't drink, doesn't sleep, nor does he answer questions, he seems to be possessed"? From which we conclude that those who don't eat, don't drink, don't sleep, or perform the natural works I describe are possessed; but not those who have the will, as your lordship has, and who drink when offered, and eat when they have it, and answer all questions asked.

You speak the truth, Sancho – replied Don Quixote; but as I have told you, there are many ways of enchantment, and it may be that they have shifted from one to another with time, and that now it is used that the enchanted make all that I do, although they did not do it before. Therefore, against the use of times one must not argue about what to do or what consequences to expect. I know and have for myself that I go as a knight, and this is enough for the security of my conscience; it would greatly form it if I thought that I was not enchanted and let myself remain in this lazy and cowardly cage, defrauding the aid that I could give to many needy and distressed people who ought to have it at this precise and extreme hour of need.

"Well, with all that – Sancho replied – I say that for greater abundance and satisfaction, it would be good if your lordships were to try and get out of this jail, as I am bound by all my power to facilitate it, and even to take you out of it, and try again to mount upon your good Rocinante, who also seems to be enchanted, as he goes from being melancholy and sad; and, having done this, let us try again to seek more adventures; and if it does not go well for us, we have time to return to the cage, in which I promise, as a good and loyal squire, to imprison myself along with your lordships, if it should happen that your lordships are so unfortunate, or I am so simple, that I fail to succeed with what I say."

"I am glad to do what you say, Sancho brother," Quijote replied; "and when you see an opportunity to put my freedom into action, I will obey you in everything and for everything; but you, Sancho, will see how you deceive yourself about my misfortune."

The knight-errant and the rogue squire engaged in conversation until they reached the place where, having dismounted, the priest, the canon, and the barber awaited them. The driver then drove off the oxen of the cart, letting them wander at their leisure in that green and tranquil spot, whose freshness invited enjoyment, not to such enchanted persons as Don Quixote, but to such warned and prudent persons as his squire; who begged the priest to allow his lord to go out for a while from his cage, because if they did not let him out, he would not keep that prison so clean as required by the decency of such a knight as his master. The priest understood, and said that he would gladly do what he asked, if he did not fear that when his lord was free, he would make his own of it, and go where people never saw him.

"I trust her escape," Sancho replied.

And I and everything—said the canon—and especially if he gives me the word as a knight, not to depart from us until it is our will.

"As long as I listen," replied Don Quixote, "rather than someone enchanted, like myself, who has no freedom to do with his person what he wishes, for whoever has enchanted him can make him unable to move from a place in three centuries; and if he had fled, he would make him come crashing back. —And that, then, was the case, they could well let him off, and especially since it was to the benefit of everyone; and he protested to them that he could not help but fatigue their noses, unless they deviated from it."

The canonist took his hand, though he had bound them, and beneath his good faith and word, he was loosed, to which he rejoiced infinitely and greatly at being out of the cage; and the first thing he did was stretch his whole body, and then he went where Rocinante was, and giving him two pats on the flanks, said:

I still hope in God and in his blessed Mother, flower and mirror of horses, that we shall see each other so soon, you with your lord at your back; and I, upon you, practicing the trade so that God may cast me into the world.

And saying this, Don Quixote withdrew with Sancho to a remote place, from which he came more relieved, and with more desire to put into practice what his squire ordered.

He observed the canon, and he marveled at the strangeness of his great madness, and at how, as he spoke and answered, he showed a remarkably good understanding; he only came to lose his temper when treated with chivalry. And so, moved by compassion, after everyone had seated themselves on the green grass to wait for the canon's replacement, he said to him:

Is it possible, my lord Hidalgo, that you have been able to so much with your grace from the bitter and fruitless reading of books of chivalry, that you have returned your judgment so that you believe that you are enchanted, with other things of that kind, so far from being true as is the same lie of truth? And how is it possible that there is human understanding that understands that there has been in the world that infinite number of Amadis, and that tumultuous crowd of so famous knight, so emperor of Trapisonde, so Felixmarte of Hircania, so palfrey, so walking maiden, so snakes, so tricks, so giants, so unheard adventures, so kind of enchantments, so battles, so confused encounters, so bizarre of garments, so enamored princesses, so squires counts, so graceless dwarves, so bill, so stumble, so brave women, and, finally, so many and so disparate cases as the books of chivalry contain? I must say that when I read them, as long as I do not put the imagination to think that they are all lie and lightness, they give me some pleasure; but when I fall into the account of what they are, I find the best of them on the wall, and even I would find him in the fire, if he were close or present, well as to deserving of such punishment, for being false and deceivers, and outside the agreement that the common nature asks, and as inventors of new sects and of a new way of life, and as one who gives occasion for the ignorant crowd to come to believe and to have as true so many foolishness as they contain. And they even have so much audacity, that they dare to disturb the minds of the discerning and well-born hidalgos, as it is well seen by what you have done, since they have brought you to terms, that it is forced to lock him up in a cage, and to bring him on a cart of oxen, as one brings or carries a lion or a tiger in place to win with him, letting him see. Oh, my lord Don Quixote, grieve for yourself, and reduce yourself to the guild of discretion, and know how to use of the much that the heavens were served to give, employing the most fortunate talent of your mind in another reading that results in the exploitation of your conscience and in the increase of your honor! And if still, carried by your natural inclination, you want to read books of hazan■as and of chivalry, read in the Sacred Scripture the one of the Judges; that there you will find grand truths and deeds as true as brave. A Viriato had Lusitania; a Caesar, Rome; a Hannibal, Carthage; an Alexander, Greece; a Count Fernan Gonzalez, Castile; a Cid, Valencia; a Gonzalo Fernandez, Andalusia; a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Extremadura; a Garci Perez de Vargas, Jerez; a Garcilaso, Toledo; a Don Manuel de Leon, Seville, whose lesson of his valiant deeds can entertain, teach, delight and admire the most high minds that read them. This will be reading worthy of the good understanding of your grace, my lord Don Quixote mine, of which you will come out erudite in history, enamored of virtue, taught in goodness, improved in customs, brave without temerity, bold without cowardice, and all this, for the honor of God, your benefit and fame of La Mancha, where, according to what I have known, brings your grace its beginning and origin.

With great attention, Don Quixote listened to the canon's reasons; and when he saw that he had finished them, after having been looking at him for a good space of time, he said:

It seems to me, my lord Hidalgo, that your grace's statement has led you to believe that there have never been any knights errant in the world, and that all books of chivalry are false, deceitful, harmful, and useless for the republic, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and most wrong in imitating them, having set myself to follow the most arduous profession of errant chivalry, which they teach, denying that there have never been in the world Amadis of Gaula or of Greece, nor all the other knights of which the writings are full.

"Everything is exactly as you are recounting it," the canon said.

To which Don Quixote replied:

He also added, saying that your Lordships had caused me great damage by those books, for they had turned my judgment and confined me in a cage, and it would be better for me to correct myself and change my reading, reading other more true books that delight and teach better.

That's how it is – said the canon.

"Well, I reply," said Don Quixote, "I find by my own account that the madman and the enchanted are your concern, since so many blasphemies have been uttered against a thing so widely received in the world and held so true, that whoever denies it, as your grace denies it, deserves the same penalty that your grace gives to books when he reads them and is angered by them. For one wishes to make it clear to no one that Amadis was not in the world, nor all the other adventurous knights of which stories are told, it would be to persuade that the sun does not shine, nor does ice cool, nor does the earth sustain; because what ingenuity could there be in the world that could persuade another that Amadis did not tell the truth about the Infanta Floripes and Guy de Borgon[■]a, and about Fierabra[■]s with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charles the Great, who said that it is as true as it is day? And if it is a lie, then it must also be that there was no Hector, no Achilles, no Trojan War, nor the Twelve Peers of France, nor King Arthur of England, who still walks and is now turned into a crow, and awaits him in his kingdom for moments. And they would also dare to say that the story of Guarno Mezquino is a lie, and of the demand of the Holy Grail, and that the loves of Don Tristan and the queen Iseo are apocryphal, as are the loves of Ginebra and Lanzarote, having people who almost remember having seen the duenna Quintan[■]ona, who was the best wine-carrier that Great Britain had. And this is so, that I remember my agu[■]ela, from parts of my father, when he saw some duenna with reverent robes, saying, "That one, grandson, resembles the duenna Quintan[■]ona." From which I argue that she must have known her, or at least, must have been able to see some portrait of her. For who can deny that the story of Pierres and the lovely Magalona is true, since even today one can see in the armory of the Kings the nail with which Pierres returned the wooden horse over whom the valiant Pierres flew, which is a little bigger than a cart wheel? And next to the nail is the chair of Babieca, and in Roncesvalles is the horn of Roland, the size of a large beam; from which it is inferred that there were twelve Peers, that there was Pierres, that there was Cides, and other knights like them."

what people say

that go with their adventures

If not, also tell me that it is not true that the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo was a "knight errant," that he went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras with the famous Lord of Charni, called Moses Pierres, and afterward, in the city of Basel, with Moses Henry of Remistan, emerging from both enterprises victorious and full of honorable fame; and the adventures and challenges that also ended in Burgundy were the valiant Spanish Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (of whose surname I state directly, as a man), defeating the sons of Count San Polo. Deny me likewise that he went to seek adventures in Germany, Don Fernando de Guevara, where he fought with Micer Jorge, knight of the house of the Duke of Austria; say that the jousts of Suero de Quinones, of the Paso, were a mockery; the enterprises of Moses Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Spanish knight, and many other pranks done by Christian knights, from them and from the foreign kingdoms, so authentic and true that I again say that he who denied them would lack all reason and good judgment.

The canon was delighted to hear Don Quixote's mixture of truth and falsehoods, and to see the news he had of all those things pertaining to his knight-errant adventures, and thus he replied to him:

I cannot deny, my lord Don Quixote, that some of what your grace has said is true, especially concerning the Spanish knights-errant; and likewise I wish to concede that there were twelve Pairs of France; but I do not want to believe that they did all those things that the Archbishop Turpin writes about them; because the truth is that they were knights chosen by the kings of France, who called them Pairs because they were all equal in value, in quality, and in bravery; at least, if they

were not, it was reasonable that they should be, and it was as a religion of those now used of Santiago or of Calatrava, which is supposed that those who profess it must be, or should be, valiant knights, brave, and well-born; and as now they say knight of Saint John, or of Alcántara, they said in that time knight of the twelve Pairs, because twelve equal were those who for that military religion were chosen. In what is said of the Cid there is no doubt, nor less of Bernardo del Carpio; but of that they did the pranks that they say, I believe there is very great doubt. In what is said of the spindle that your grace speaks of the Count Pierres, and that it is alongside the chair of Babieca in the armory of the Kings, I confess my sin; that I am so ignorant, or so short-sighted, that, although I have seen the chair, I have not seen to notice the spindle, and more being as great as your grace has said.

"That's where it is, without a doubt," replied Don Quixote; and by more signs, they say it's wrapped in a cowhide case, to prevent it from spoiling."

"Everything can be," the canon replied; "but according to the orders I received, I don't recall having seen it. However, granting that it is there, it doesn't force me to believe the stories of so many Amadis, nor the accounts of such a multitude of knights that are told about, nor is it reasonable that a man of your grace, so honorable and of such good parts and endowed with such good understanding, should be led to believe such countless and strange follies as those written in the absurd books of chivalry."

Chapter 49: Where it deals with the discreet conversation that Sancho Panza had with his lord Don Quixote.

—Ah! —said Sancho— I've got it: this is what I wanted to know, like to the soul and like to life. Come here, sir; could he deny what is commonly said about people who are in a bad mood: "I don't know what that fellow is like, he doesn't eat, or drink, or sleep, or answer questions, he seems to be possessed"? From which we draw that those who don't eat, or drink, or sleep, or do the natural works I say, are possessed; but not those who are willing, as your lordship is, and who drink when offered, and eat when they have it, and answer all those who ask them.

You speak the truth, Sancho — replied Don Quixote; but I have told you that there are many ways of enchantment, and it may be that they have shifted from one to another over time, and that now it is used that the enchanted make all that I do, although they did not do it before. Therefore, against the use of times, one must not argue about what to do or what consequences to expect. I know and have for myself that I go as a knight, and this is enough for the security of my conscience; it would greatly shape it if I thought that I was not enchanted and let myself remain in this lazy and cowardly cage, defrauding the help that I could give to many needy and destitute people who should have it at this precise and extreme hour of need.

"Well, with all that — Sancho replied — I say that, for greater abundance and satisfaction, it would be well if your Lordships were to try to get out of this jail; I willingly offer to do so with all my power, and even to take you out of it, and to try again to mount upon your good Rocinante, who also seems to be enchanted, as he goes from being melancholy and sad; and, having done this, let us try again to seek more adventures; and if things do not go well for us, we have time to return to the cage, in which I promise, as a good and loyal squire, to imprison myself together with your Lordships, should it happen that your Lordships are so unfortunate, or I so simple, that I fail to succeed with what I say."

"I am glad to do what you say, Sancho, my brother," Quijote replied; "and when you see an opportunity to put my freedom into action, I will obey you in everything and for everything; but you, Sancho, will see how you deceive yourself in the knowledge of my misfortune."

The knight-errant and the rogue squire engaged in conversation until they arrived where, having dismounted, the priest, the canon, and the barber awaited them. The herdsman then drove the cart oxen at their leisure across that green and peaceful spot, whose freshness invited enjoyment, not to people so enchanted as Don Quixote, but to those so cautious and discerning as his squire; who begged the priest to allow his lord to go out for a while from his cage, because if they did not let him out, he would not keep that prison so clean as a gentleman of his kind required. The priest understood and said that he would gladly grant his request, if he feared that when his lord was free, he would take advantage of it and go wherever people never saw him.

"I trust in his escape," Sancho replied.

And I and everything — said the canon —, and especially if he gives me the word as a knight, not to depart from us until it is our will.

"If I'm right — replied Don Quixote, who was listening to everything — it's much more the case of being enchanted, as I am, with no freedom to do with one's person what one wishes, because whoever has enchanted him can make him unable to move from a place for three centuries; and if he had fled, he would make him come back in a whirlwind. — And since this was the case, they could well let him off, and more so, being to the advantage of everyone; and he protested to them that

he could not help tiring their noses, if they did not deviate from there.”

The canon took the knight's hand, though he had tied them up, and beneath his good faith and word, he was unshackled, and he rejoiced in it infinitely and greatly at being released from the cage; and the first thing he did was stretch his whole body, and then he went to where Rocinante was, and giving him two pats on the flanks, he said:

I still hope in God and in his blessed Mother, flower and mirror of the horses, that we two shall see each other as we desire; you, with your lord at your back; and I, on top of you, practicing the trade so that God may cast me into the world.

And saying this, Don Quixote withdrew with Sancho to a remote part, from which he came more relieved, and with more desire to put into execution what his squire ordered.

He observed the canon, and he was amazed to see the strangeness of his great madness, and that as he spoke and replied he showed he possessed very good understanding. He only came to lose his temper, as had been said before, when dealing with him about chivalry. And so, moved by compassion, after everyone had seated themselves on the green grass to wait for the canon's replacement, he said to him:

Is it possible, sir Hidalgo, that you may have been so affected by your grace by the bitter and fruitless reading of the books of chivalry, that you have returned your judgment to such a state that you now believe you are bewitched, with other things of that kind, so far from being true as the very same lie of truth? And how is it possible that there is any human understanding that believes that there has been in the world that endless number of Amadis, and that tumultuous crowd of so famous a knight, so much emperor of Trapsonda, so much Felixmarte of Hircania, so much palfrey, so much walking maiden, so many serpents, so many rogues, so many giants, so many unheard adventures, so much genre of enchantments, so many battles, so many bizarre encounters, so much strangeness of costumes, so many enamored princesses, so many squires counts, so many graceless dwarves, so much money, so much stumbling, so many brave women, and, finally, so many and so disparate cases as the books of chivalry contain? I must say that when I read them, as long as I do not put my imagination to think that they are all lies and frivolity, they give me some pleasure; but when I realize what they are, I find the best of them on the wall, and even I would find him in the fire, if he were near or present, as worthy of such a punishment, for being false and deceivers, and outside the agreement that nature asks of the common nature, and as inventors of new sects and a new way of life, and as one who gives opportunity for the ignorant people to come and believe and consider true so many follies as they contain. And they have so much audacity, that they dare to disturb the minds of the prudent and well-born hidalgos, as it is well seen by what you have done with your grace, because they have brought you to terms, that it is forced to imprison him in a cage, and to bring him on a cart of oxen, as one brings or carries a lion or a tiger from place to place, to gain with him letting them see him. Oh, sir Don Quixote, grieve for yourself, and reduce yourself to the guild of discretion, and know how to use the much that the sky was given to give, employing the most felicitous talent of your mind in another reading that yields a profit of your conscience and an increase of your honor! And if still, carried by your natural inclination, you wish to read books of jests and chivalry, read in the Sacred Scripture the one of the Judges; that there you will find great truths and deeds as true as valiant. A Viriato had Lusitania; a Caesar, Rome; an Hannibal, Carthage; an Alexander, Greece; a Count Fernan Gonzalez, Castile; a Cid, Valencia; a Gonzalo Fernandez, Andalusia; a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Extremadura; a Garci Perez de Vargas, Jerez; a Garcilaso, Toledo; a Don Manuel de Leon, Seville, whose lesson of his valiant deeds can entertain, teach, delight and admire the most high-minded who read them. This will be reading worthy of the good understanding of your grace, sir my Don Quixote, from which you will come out learned in history, in love with virtue, taught in goodness, improved in customs, brave without temerity, bold without cowardice, and all this, for the honor of God, for your benefit and for the fame of La Mancha, where, according to what I have known, brings your grace its beginning and origin.

With great attention, Don Quixote listened to the canon's reasons; and when he saw that he had finished with them, after having been looking at him for a good space of time, he said:

It seems to me, my lord Hidalgo, that your grace's statement has led you to believe that there have never been any knights errant in the world, and that all books of chivalry are false, deceitful, damaging, and useless for the republic, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and most wrong in imitating them, having set myself to follow the most miserable profession of errant knighthood, which they teach, denying that there have never been in the world Amadis, nor of Gaul nor of Greece, nor all the other knights of which the writings are full.

“Everything is exactly as you are relating it,” the canon said to this man.

To which Don Quixote replied:

He also added that your grace had caused me great damage by those books, for they had turned my judgment and confined me like a bird, and it would be better for me to correct myself and change my reading, reading other more true books that delight and teach me better.

That's how it is – said the canon.

“Well, I reply, Don Quixote, I find, that you are free to do as you please, since so many blasphemies have been uttered against a thing so widely received and held as true, that whoever denies it, as your grace denies it, deserves the same punishment that your grace gives to books when he reads them and is angered by them. For one wishes to make it clear to no one that Amadis was not in the world, nor all the other adventurous knights of which stories are told, it would be to persuade that the sun does not shine, nor does the ice cool, nor does the earth sustain; because what ingenuity could there be in the world that could persuade another that Amadis was not true, and the story of the Infanta Floripes and Guy de Bourgogne, and Fierabras with the bridge of Mantible, which occurred in the time of Charlemagne, who said it is as true as it is day? And if it is a lie, it must also be that there was no Hector, no Achilles, no Trojan War, nor the Twelve Peers of France, nor King Arthur of England, who still walks now converted into a raven and awaits him in his kingdom for moments. And they would also dare to say that the story of Guarno Mezquino is a lie, and that of the demand for the Holy Grail, and that the loves of Don Tristan and the Queen Iseo are apocryphal, as are the loves of Ginebra and Lanzarote, having people who almost remember having seen the Duchess Quintanona, who was the best vintner Great Britain ever had. And this is so, that I remember my late grandfather telling me, when he saw a Duchess with reverent robes, “That one, grandson, resembles the Duchess Quintanona.” From which I argue that she must have known her, or at least, must have seen some portrait of her. After all, who could deny that the story of Pierre and the beautiful Magalona is true, since even today one can see in the armory of the Kings the nail with which Pierre turned the wooden horse back and forth, which is a little larger than a cart wheel? And next to the nail is the chair of Babiche, and in Roncesvalles is the horn of Roland, as big as a large beam; from which it is inferred that there were twelve Peers, that there was Pierre, that there was Cid, and other knights like him.”

what people say

to their adventures.

If not, also tell me that it is not true that the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo was a “caballero andante,” who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras with the famous Señor de Charni, called Señor Pierres, and afterward, in the city of Basel, with Señor Enrique de Remestán, exiting from both endeavors victorious and full of honorable fame; and the adventures and challenges that also ended in Burgundy were the valiant Spanish Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (of whose surname I state plainly, in a direct line of man), defeating the sons of the Count of San Polo. Deny me likewise that he went to seek adventures in Germany, Don Fernando de Guevara, where he fought with Micer Jorge, knight of the house of the Duke of Austria; say that the just tournaments of Suero de Quñones, of the Paso, were a jest; the enterprises of Señor Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzmán, a Spanish knight, and many other shenanigans carried out by Christian knights, of them and of the foreign kingdoms, so authentic and true, that I again say that he who denied them would lack all reason and good judgment.

The canon was delighted to hear Don Quixote's mixture of truth and falsehoods, and to see the news he had of all those things pertaining to his knight-errant adventures, and thus he replied to him:

I cannot deny, my lord Don Quixote, that some of what your grace has said is true, especially concerning the Spanish knights errant; and likewise I wish to concede that there were twelve Pairs of France; but I do not wish to believe that they did all those things that the Archbishop Turpin writes about them; because the truth is that they were knights chosen by the kings of France, to whom they were called pairs because they were all equal in value, in quality, and in bravery; at least, if they were not, it was reasonable that they should be, and it was as a religion of those now in use of Santiago or of Calatrava, which is supposed that those who profess it must be, or ought to be, valiant knights, brave and well-born; and as now they say knight of Saint John, or of Alcántara, they said in that time knight of the twelve Pairs, because twelve equal were those who for that military religion were chosen. As for the matter of the Cid there is no doubt, nor less of Bernardo del Carpio; but as for what they say they did of the tricks, I believe there is very much of it. As for the other of the nail that your grace speaks of the Count Pierres, and that it is beside the chair of Babieca in the armory of the Kings, I confess my sin; that I am so ignorant, or so short-sighted, that, although I have seen the chair, I have not seen to perceive the nail, and more being as great as your grace has said.

“There it is, without a doubt,” replied Don Quixote; and with more gestures, they say it's wrapped in a cowhide case, to prevent mold from forming.”

“Everything may be,” the canon replied; “but by the orders I received, I don't recall having seen it. However, granting that it is there, it does not force me to believe the stories of so many Amadis, nor those of such a multitude of knights as are told about them, nor is it reasonable that a man such as yourself, so honorable and of such good parts, and endowed with such good understanding, should be led to believe such numerous and strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry.”

Chapter 50: Of the Discreet Squabbles That Don Quixote and the Canon Had, with Other Events

"Well, that's that!" replied Don Quixote. "The books printed under the license of the kings and approved by those to whom they were referred, and which, as is generally liked and celebrated by the great and the little ones, the poor and the rich, the learned and the ignorant, the plebeians and knights, finally, of all kinds of people of any state and condition, had to be false, and more so, considering how much they appear to be true, for they tell us, father and mother, homeland, relatives, age, place, and pranks, point by point and day by day, what such a knight did, or what knights did?" My lord, do not say such blasphemy, and believe me, I advise you in this respect..."

He must do it discreetly, if not they'll see him, and he'll see the pleasure he receives from his legend. If not, tell me: is there greater joy than to see, as we say, here now a great lake of boiling fish bubbling, and that swim and cross it many seeds, serpents and lizards, and many other kinds of ferocious and terrifying animals, and that from the middle of the lake comes a sad voice that says: "You, knight, whoever you may be, who the fearful lake is watching, if you want to achieve the good that is hidden beneath these black waters, show the value of your strong chest and throw yourself into the middle of its black and burning liquor; because if you do not do so, you will not be worthy of seeing the high wonders that are enclosed and contained within the seven castles of the seven fairies that lie beneath this darkness?" And that no sooner has the knight finished hearing the fearful voice, when, without entering any more calculations with himself, without considering the danger to which he puts himself, and even without shedding the gloom of his strong weapons, he entrusted himself to God and to his lady, he throws himself into the middle of the boiling lake, and when he doesn't realize or know where he must stop, he finds himself among flourishing fields, with whom the Elysian Fields have nothing to do in anything?

He sees that the sky is more transparent, and that the sun shines with renewed clarity; he offers his eyes a peaceful forest of so green and lush trees, composed, which delights the eye with its verdure, and entertains the ears the sweet and unlearned song of the tiny, infinite, and painted songbirds that cross through the intricate branches. Here he discovers a stream, whose fresh waters, which seem like liquid crystals, flow over fine sands and white pebbles, which resemble polished gold and pure pearls; he sees a skillfully constructed fountain of variegated jasper and smooth marble; here he sees another, ordered in a wild fashion, where the small shells of mussels, with their twisted white and yellow houses of snails, placed in disordered order, mixed among them are pieces of shining crystal and intertwined emeralds, creating a varied spectacle, so that art, imitating nature, seems to vanquish it there. Here, suddenly, he discovers a strong castle or splendid palace, whose walls of solid gold, the turrets of diamonds, the doors of jacaranda; finally, he is so admirable in his composition, that, though the material from which he is formed is no less than diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, his appearance is of greater estimation. And is there more to see, after having seen this, than to see a good number of maidens come out of the castle door, whose coats and splendid dresses, if I were now to set out to tell them as stories tell us, would never end, and then take the one that seemed principal of all by the hand of the bold knight who threw himself into the fervent lake, and take him inside the rich palace or castle, without speaking to him, and undress him as his mother gave him birth, and bathe him with temperate waters, and then smear him with fragrant unguents, and dress him in a shirt of thin hemp, all fragrant and perfumed, and another maiden comes and throws a mantle over his shoulders, which, at least, less, they say it is worth a city, and even more? What is to see, then, when they tell us that, after all this, he is taken to another room, where he finds tables set, with so much concert, that he is suspended and admires? What is to see him pour water into his hands, all distilled of amber and fragrant flowers? What is to see him sit on a chair of ivory? What is to see him serve all the maidens, keeping a wonderful silence? What is to see him bring so much difference of dishes, so deliciously stewed, that his appetite does not know which to extend his hand to? Which should he hear the music that sounds while he eats, without knowing who sings it or where it sounds? And after the meal is finished and the tables are raised, the knight lies down on the chair, and perhaps grinding his teeth, as is custom, enters late through the door of the room another, even more beautiful maiden than the first, and sits by the knight, and begins to tell him what castle it is, and how she is enchanted in it, with other things that suspend the knight and admire the readers who are reading his story? I do not want to lengthen myself more in this, since from it one can gather that any part that is read from any

The story of the Wandering Knight will cause pleasure and wonder in anyone who reads it. And you may believe me, as I have told you before, read these books, and you will see how they will dispel the melancholy you may have, and improve your condition, if it is bad. I must say that after becoming a Wandering Knight, I am valiant, prudent, liberal, well-behaved, generous, courteous, bold, gentle, patient, enduring hardships, imprisonment, enchantment; and although I have been locked up in a cage for so little as a madman, I think, by the strength of my arm, favored by heaven, and not opposed by fortune, in a few days I will be king of some kingdom, where I can show the gratitude and generosity that my breast contains; my faith, sir, the poor man is unable to show the virtue of generosity with anyone, although he possesses it to a great extent; and gratitude, which consists only in the wish, is a dead thing, as is faith without works. For this reason I wanted the fortune to offer me quickly an opportunity where it made me emperor, to show my breast doing good to my friends, especially to this poor man, Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world, and I wanted to give him

a county that I have promised him many days ago; but I fear he will not have the skill to govern his state.

"Almost my last words, I heard Sancho say to his master, who said:"

Sir, you may work, my lord Don Quixote, in granting me that so promising county of your lordship and mine expected; that I promise you I shall not fail in my skill to govern it; and when I shall fail, I have heard said that there are men in the world who rent the estates of lords, and give them a little yearly, and they take care of the government, and the lord lies prostrate, enjoying the rent he receives, without curing himself of anything; and thus I shall do, and I shall not care for so much more, but then I shall relinquish everything, and I shall enjoy my rent like a duke, and then you may have it.

"That, brother Sancho—said the canon—understand in regard to enjoying the rent; however, the lord of the state must attend to administering justice, and it is here that skill and good judgment, and principally the good intention to succeed, enters; for if this lack is in the principles, the means and ends will always be astray, and thus does God usually help the simple man's good intention as he disfavors the shrewd man's."

"I don't care for those philosophies," Sancho Panza replied; "but I only know that I would have the county as soon as I knew how to rule it; I have so much soul as any other, and such a horn as the finest, and I would be as much king of my own affairs as any of them of theirs; and being so, I would do what I pleased, and do what I pleased, I would satisfy my fancy; and satisfying my fancy, I would be content; and being content, one has nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, it is finished, and the state comes, and to God and ourselves, as a blind man said to another."

Those aren't bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho; but, with all that, there's much to say about this matter of counties.

To which Don Quixote replied:

I don't know what more to say; I am only guided by the example set by the great Amadís de Gaula, who made his squire, the Count of Firme Island; and thus, I can, without a conscience, make Sancho Panza count, who is one of the best squires that knight-errant has ever had.

The canon of the absurd pronouncements that Don Quixote had uttered, in the manner with which he had painted the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, impressed him, along with the false claims made in the books he had read.

read, and finally, he admired the foolishness of Sancho, who with so much eagerness desired to attain the earldom that his master had promised him. Just as he was in this, the servants of the canon returned, having gone to market for the carpet remnant, and setting a table with a piece of carpet and the green grass of the meadow, under the shade of some trees they sat down and ate there, as the herdsman did not lose the comfort of that spot, as has been said. And while eating, at that very moment they heard a harsh crash and a bleat, that sounded among some brambles and thick bushes that were there, and at the same instant they saw emerge from those thickets a beautiful goat, with the skin all stained black, white, and brown. Behind her followed a shepherd giving her voice, and saying to her words to her accustomed use, to make her stop, or to return to the flock. The fugitive goat, fearful and distraught, came to the people, as to benefit herself of it, and there it stopped. The shepherd arrived, and seizing her by the horns, as if she were capable of speech and understanding, he said to her:

"Oh, dear, dear, speckled, speckled, and how are you getting on these days, limping about! What wolves frighten you, child? Won't you tell me what this is, beautiful one? But what else could it be, since you are a female, and cannot be at rest; what a miserable condition your life is, and the one of all those who imitate you! Return, return, friend; if you are not happy, at least you will be more secure in your den, or with your companions; if you are to keep and direct yourselves as you wander so without guidance and so misguided, in what can they stop?"

The shepherd's words pleased those who heard them, especially the canon, who told him:

For your life, brother, be quiet a little, and don't rush to return that goat to its herd so soon: for since she is a female, as you say, she must follow her natural course, even if you hinder her. Take this bite, and drink once, which will temper her anger, and while you do that, the goat will rest.

And saying this, and giving him the point of the knife of a rabbit's cured meat, it was all one. I took it and he thanked him, the shepherd; he drank and calmed down, and then said:

I didn't want you to think that because I spoke with this man in such a confused state, you would consider me a simple fellow; truly, your Highnesses, the words I said are not without mystery. I am rustic; but not so much, that I don't understand how to treat with men and with beasts.

"That's what I believe very well," the priest said; "I know from experience that the mountains breed scholars, and the shepherds' cottages enclose philosophers."

At least, Mr.—he replied—they receive disillusioned men; and in order that you believe this truth and feel it with your own hands, even if it seems that he is inviting me to do so without being insistent, if you do not anger yourselves over him and wish, gentlemen, to grant me a brief moment of attentive hearing, I will tell you a truth that proves what that gentleman—pointing to the priest—has said, and my own.

To this Don Quixote replied:

Just to see what this case has, whatever shadow of chivalric adventure, I, for my part, will hear you, brother, with great willingness, and so will all these lords, given how much they are of discreet people, and friends of curious news that suspend, delight, and entertain the senses, as, without a doubt.

I think you should tell your story. So begin, my friend; we're all listening.

"I'm taking my chance," said Sancho; "I'm going to that stream with this pie, where I intend to feast for three days; because I've heard my lord Don Quixote say that the squire of the knight-errant must eat whenever it's offered to him, until he can't stand it more, because they are often offered to enter into a so intricate forest that they can't manage to get out of it in six days; and if the man doesn't go well-fed, or if the purses are well provisioned, he can stay there, as he often does, in a state of gluttony."

You are right, Sancho—said Don Quixote; go wherever you wish, and eat what you can; for I am already satisfied, and all that remains is to give the soul its reflection, as I shall do by listening to the story of this good man.

"That's how we'll all get ours," the canon said.

And then I begged the shepherd to start what had been promised. The shepherd slapped the goat twice on the back, saying to it, "

Lie down beside me, Manchada; how much time do we have left to return to our place?

It seemed the goat understood, because as its owner sat down, she lay down beside him with much composure, and looking at his face, she gave the impression that she was attentive to what the shepherd was saying; who began his story in this way:

Chapter 51: What the Shepherd Told Everyone About What Happened to Don Quixote

Three leagues from this valley lies a village that, though small, is among the richest in all these surroundings. Within it lived a farmer, very honest and respected, and so much so that he was even more respected by virtue rather than by his wealth. But what made him the happiest, he said, was having a daughter of such extreme beauty, rare discernment, grace, and virtue that whoever knew her and looked upon her was astonished to see the extreme parts with which heaven and nature had enriched her. When she was a child, she was beautiful, and she continued to grow in beauty, and at the age of sixteen she was supremely beautiful. The fame of her beauty began to spread throughout all the neighboring villages.

What do I say, considering the neighbors, if it spread to the remote cities, and even entered through the halls of the kings, and the ears of all kinds of people, that as a strange thing, or as an image of miracles, people came from everywhere to see it? Her father kept it, and she kept it; there are no locks, guards, or latches that better protect a maiden than those of her own modesty.

The father's wealth and the daughter's beauty moved many, both from the town and strangers, to ask for her in marriage; but he, as it was fitting for him to dispose of so rich a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing to whom he should give her among the countless who importuned him. And among the many who had such a good wish for her, I was one, to whom many and great hopes of a good success were given, knowing that the father knew who I was, a native of the same town, clean in blood, in his youthful bloom, in the estate very rich, and in the mind no less finished.

With all these same parts, another from the same town also asked for it, which was the cause of suspending and weighing the will of the father, who seemed to have his daughter well employed with any of us; and, due to this confusion, he determined to tell it to Leandra, who was called that rich woman who has set me in misery, warning that, since we were both equal, it was well to leave the choice of her beloved daughter to choose as she liked; a thing worthy of imitation for all fathers who wish to put their children in a state. I don't say that they let them choose in bad and wicked things, but that they propose good things to them, and of the good things, that they choose as they like. I don't know who had Leandra; I only know that the father entertained us both with the little age of his daughter and with general words, which neither obliged us nor desobligated us either. His name is my competitor, Anselmo, and mine is Eugenio, because you go with news of the names of the people contained in this tragedy, whose end is still pending; but it is well understood that it will be disastrous.

In this season, a Vicente de la Roca came to our town, son of a poor farmer from the same place; this Vicente came from Italy and other various parts, having been a soldier. He was brought from our place, being a boy of no more than twelve years old, by a captain who, with his company, managed to pass through there, and the boy returned from there to twelve, dressed in a soldier's attire, painted with a thousand colors, full of a thousand crystal beads and subtle steel chains. Today a gala was being put on, and tomorrow another; but all were subtle, painted, of little weight and less value. The farmer folk, who are by their nature suspicious, and given the leisure of the situation, displayed the same malice, and he recounted point by point their galas and trophies, and found that the dresses were three, of different colors, with their stockings and hose; but he made so many disguises and inventions with them that if they were not counted, someone would swear that he had shown off more than ten pairs of dresses and more than twenty feathers. And it does not seem impertinence to go counting all this about the dresses, because they make up a good part of this story.

It was based on a sycamore that stood beneath a great oak in our square, and there it had us all with our mouths agape, awaiting the tales he spun. There was no corner of the world that I hadn't seen, no battle in which I hadn't found myself; I had killed more Moors than Morocco and Tunis possessed, and entered into more singular challenges, according to him, than Ghent and Luna, Diego García de Paredes, and others he named; and from all he had emerged with victory, without a single drop of blood having been spilled. On the other hand, he showed signs of wounds, although they were not visible, that made us understand they were arquebus shots in different encounters and factions. Finally, with an unprecedented arrogance, he called out to his equals and to those who knew him, and said that his father was his arm, his lineage his works, and that beneath being a soldier, he owed nothing to the same king. He added to these arrogance a little music and playing a guitar to

tear, as some said, making her speak; but they didn't stop there in their gratitude; that she also had it in her to be a poet, and thus, from every childhood that passed through the town, she composed a romance a league and a half long in writing.

This soldier, therefore, that I here have painted, Vicente de la Roca, this brave man, this gentleman, this musician, this poet, was seen and looked at many times by Leandra, from a window of his house that faced the square. He enchanted her with the gold ornaments of his showy suits; her romances, which he composed for her from each one, delighted her, and her ears were captivated by the jests he had referred to himself, and finally, that the devil must have ordered it, she came to fall in love with him, before any premonition of his soliciting her was born in him. And as in cases of love there is none that is more easily fulfilled than that which has the desire of the lady on its part, Leandra and Vicente were easily arranged, and before any of his many suitors realized his desire, she had already fulfilled it for her, having left the house of her beloved and dear father, who does not have her, and absenting herself from the village with the soldier, who left with more triumph from this enterprise than from all the many he applied himself to. The whole village admired the event, and even those who had news of it; I was suspended, Anselmo astonished, the father sad, his relatives affronted, solicitous of justice, the lively musicians ready; the roads were taken, the forests were scrutinized, and everything was sought, and after three days they found the capricious Leandra in a cave in a mountain, naked in a shirt, with few money and precious jewels that she had taken from her house. They returned her to the presence of the wounded father; they asked him his misfortune; she confessed without urging that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and under her word to be her husband, she persuaded her to leave her father's house; that he would take her to the richest and most sinful city that there was in the entire universe, which was Naples; and that she, badly warned and worse deceived, had believed it; and, stealing from her father, she delivered her to her on the same night that she had been missing; and that he took her to a barren mountain, and enclosed her in that cave where they had found her. She also told us how the soldier, without taking away her honor, stole everything she had, and left her in that cave, and went away: an event that once again put everyone in admiration. It became difficult for us to believe the young man's continence; but she affirmed it with so much truth that it was part of the reason the distraught father consoled himself, not making account of the riches that were taken from him, because they had left her daughter with the jewel that, if once it is lost, does not leave hope that it will ever be recovered. On the same day that Leandra disappeared from our eyes, and took her to imprison in a monastery of a village that is here nearby, hoping that time would spend some part of the bad opinion that she had put on. The few years of Leandra served as excuse for her fault, at least with those who did not have any interest in her being good or bad; but those who knew her discretion and much understanding did not attribute her sin to ignorance, but to her awkwardness and the natural inclination of women, who, for the most part, is often indiscreet and poorly composed.

Imprisoned Leandra, left Anselmo's eyes blinded, at least with nothing to look upon that could please him; mine in darkness, without a light to direct anything to pleasure; with Leandra's absence our sadness grew, our patience waned, we cursed the soldier's festivities and abhorred the little respect of Leandra's father. Finally, Anselmo and I agreed to leave the village and come to this valley, where he, tending a large number of his own sheep, and I a numerous flock of goats, also mine, passed our lives among the trees, giving passage to our passions, or singing together hymns of praise or vituperations of the beautiful Leandra, or sighing alone and apart, communicating with the heavens our quarrels. Following

our example, many other suitors of Leandra have come to these barren mountains using the same exercise; and there are so many, that it seems this place has become pastoral Arcadia, as it is full of shepherds and of reprimands, and there is no part

In it, where Leandra's beautiful name is not heard. It curses and calls her greedy, fickle, changeable, and dishonest; it condemns her for being frivolous and light-headed; it absolves and forgives her as such, and condemns her as justice and indignation; one celebrates her beauty, another denounces her condition, and, in short, everyone dishonors her, and everyone adores her, and from all this, so much madness extends that some complain of infidelity without ever having spoken it, and even someone laments and feels the furious illness of envy, which she never gave to anyone, because, as I have already said, her sin was known before her desire. There is no nook of penance, no margin of stream, no shadow of tree that is not occupied by some shepherd who recounts her misfortunes to the winds: the echo repeats Leandra's name wherever it can form; Leandra resounds in the mountains, Leandra murmurs in the streams, and Leandra holds us all suspended and enchanted, waiting without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these madmen, he who shows the least and most judgment is my competitor Anselmo, who, having so many other things to complain about, only complains of absence; and to the sound of a rabell, which he plays admirably, with verses in which he shows his good understanding, he sings his complaints. I follow a more easy path, and, in my opinion, the most correct one, which is to speak ill of the lightness of women, of their inconsistency, of their double treatment, of their dead promises, of their broken faith, and, finally, of their lack of understanding in placing their thoughts and intentions. And this was the occasion, gentlemen, for the words and reasons that I said to that goat when I arrived here; that being a female, I hold her in little, although she is the best of all my stock. This is the story that I promised to tell you. If I have been prolix in telling it, I will not be short with you; near here is my herd, and in it I have fresh milk and very savory cheese, with other various and seasoned fruits, no less pleasing to the eye as they are to the taste.

Chapter 52: Of the Indebtedness that Don Quixote Had with the Shepherd, with the Rare Adventure of the Deceptive Men, to Whom He Gave a Happy End at the Cost of His Sweat

General pleasure caused the shepherd's story to all who had heard it; especially the canon received it, who with strange curiosity noted the manner in which he had told it, so far from appearing rustic shepherd as close to showing himself a discreet courtier; and thus, he said that the priest had said very well that the mountains bred scholars. Everyone offered themselves to Eugenio; but the one who was most liberal in this was Don Quixote, who said:

By the way, you stubborn brother, if I were to find myself able to begin some adventure, and then later set off because you wished it to be good; I would take you from the monastery, where, without a doubt, she is held against her will, to Leandra, despite the abbess and all who would hinder it, and I would put her in your hands, so that you would treat her according to your will and manner, keeping, however, the laws of chivalry, which command that no maiden be subjected to any impropriety; although I hope in God our Lord that the force of a malicious sorcerer will not be so strong that the force of a better-intentioned sorcerer cannot prevail, and by then I promise you my favor and assistance, as my profession obligates me, which is none other than to aid the unfortunate and needy.

Look at the shepherd, and because he had seen Don Quixote with such bad hair and constitution, he was astonished, and he asked the barber, who was close to him:

Sir, who is this man, what is his size, and how does he speak?

"Who else could it be," the barber replied, "but the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha. He is the wrecker of wrongs, the corrector of misdeeds, the protector of maidens, the astonishment of giants, and the victor of battles?"

"That seems to me," replied the shepherd, "as it reads in the books of knights-errant, who did all that your grace says of this man; for I have, or your grace mocks, or this gentleman must have empty chambers in his head."

You're a colossal liar –said Don Quixote to this scoundrel–, and you're the empty one and the weakling; I'm fuller than she ever was, the bitch you were born to.

And saying and doing, he snatched a loaf of bread that he held beside him, and hurled it at the shepherd, striking him in the face with such fury that he plucked his nostrils; but the shepherd, who knew nothing of mockery, seeing how much he was tormented with such tricks, without respect for the rug, or the tablecloths, or all those who were eating, leaped upon Don Quixote and, seizing him by the neck with both hands, did not hesitate to drown him, if Sancho Panza did not arrive at that point, and seized him by the back, and struck him on the table, breaking plates, shattering cups, and spilling and scattering everything that was in it. Don Quixote, who saw himself free, hastened to climb upon the shepherd; who, with the face full of blood, ground against Sancho's feet, seeking some knife from the table to make some bloody vengeance; but they hindered him the canon and the priest; however, the barber managed it well, that the shepherd caught hold of Don Quixote beneath him, upon whom fell such a number of wet dummies, that from the face of the poor knight it rained

blood as much as from his own.

The canon and the priest were bursting with laughter, the quadrille dancers leaped with joy, they teased and tormented each other as dogs do when caught in the act; only Sancho Panza was despairing, because he couldn't shake off a servant of the canon, who was hindering his master from receiving assistance.

In a resolution, with everyone rejoicing and celebrating, except for the two brawlers who were being apprehended, they heard the sound of a trumpet, so sad that it made them turn their faces toward where it seemed to be sounding; but he who was most agitated to hear it was Don Quixote, who, though he was beneath the sheep, against his will and to a considerable extent bruised, said:

Demon devil, it's impossible that you would stop being so, since you have had valor and strength to hold me, beg you to make a truce, no more than for an hour; because the painful sound of that trumpet that reaches our ears seems to call us to a new adventure.

The shepherd, who was already tired of grinding and being ground, then left him, and Don Quixote rose up, returning his face to where the music was heard, and saw that at that time many men dressed in white were descending from a corner, as if they were disciplinarians.

It was the case that in that year the clouds had denied their dew to the earth, and processions, vigils and disciplines were made throughout all the places of that region, begging God to open his hand and let it rain upon them; and for this purpose, the people of one village nearby came in procession to a devout hermitage that was in a recess of that valley.

Don Quixote, seeing the strange attire of the disciplinarians, without recalling all the times he had seen them before, imagined it was a matter of adventure, and that it was his part, as a knight-errant, to attack them; and he confirmed this imagination further by thinking that an image carried covered in mourning must be some principal lady who were forced to wear those baggy and discombed clothes; and as this fell into his mind, he set off with great lightness at Rocinante, loosening the brake and the lance from his harness, and stopping him at a point; and asking Sancho for his sword, he mounted Rocinante and gripped his lance, and shouted to all those present:

Now, noble company, you shall see how important it is to have knights who profess the order of wandering knighthood; now I tell you, you shall see, in the freedom of that good lady who goes captive there, whether wandering knights are to be esteemed.

And saying this, he braced Rocinante's thighs, for he had no spurs, and at a gallop, as a running start is not read in this true story that Rocinante himself would never have believed, he went to meet the disciplinarians, namely the curate and the canon, and the barber, to stop him; but it was not possible, nor did the voices that Sancho gave him stop him, saying:

Where are you going, sir Don Quixote? What demons do you carry in your chest that incite you to go against our Catholic faith? Mark my words, woe betide me, that is a procession of disciplinaries, and that lady that they carry on the pedestal is the blessed image of the Virgin without blemish; look, sir, what he is doing; for this time it can be said that it is not what he knows.

In vain did you fatigue Sancho; for your master was so bent on reaching the inns and freeing the grieving lady, that he would not hear a word; and though he heard her, he would not return if the king commanded it. He therefore joined the procession, and stopped Rocinante, who already desired a little rest, and with a troubled and hoarse voice, said:

You, who, perhaps because you are not good, hide your faces, listen and heed what I say to you.

The first to stop were those the image carried; and one of the four clerics who sang the litanies, seeing the strange state of Don

Quijote, the weakness of Rocinante and other amusing circumstances that I observed and discovered in Don Quijote, replied:

Mr. brother, if you want to say something, say it quickly, because these brothers are starting to get ahead of themselves, and we can't, nor is it reasonable that we stop to hear anything, if it's not already brief, so it can be said in two words.

"In one I'll say it," replied Don Quixote, "and this is it: that you leave that beautiful lady free at once, whose tears and sad appearance clearly show that she is being opposed against her will and that some notorious rogue has done so; and I, who was born into the world to undo such wrongs, will not allow a single step forward without giving her the desired freedom she deserves."

In these reasons, everyone who heard them felt that Don Quixote must have been some madman, and they took up the matter to laugh heartily at it, which laughter put powder into Don Quixote's anger, because, without saying more, drawing his sword, he charged at the windmills. One of those carrying the pack, leaving the burden to his companions, went to meet Don Quixote, wielding a walking stick with which he supported the pack while she rested, and receiving in it a great cut from Don Quixote, with which he split her into two parts, with the last third remaining in his hand, he gave such a blow to Don Quixote on the shoulder, on the same side as the sword, that he could not deflect Don Quixote's lance against the villain's strength; the poor Don Quixote fell to the ground in a very bad state.

Sancho Panza, gasping for breath as he stretched out his hands, seeing him fallen, shouted at his squire not to give him another blow, because he was a poor knight enchanted, who had done no harm to anyone in all the days of his life. But what stopped the villain was not Sancho's shouts, but seeing that Don Quixote was not moving his feet or hand; and so, believing that he had died, he quickly raised his tunic to his belt, and fled by the bell-road like a fawn.

As they arrived at the place where Don Quixote was, all the members of his company; but those of the procession, having seen them coming running, along with the picadors with their crossbows, feared some mishap, and they all spun around the image; and with their helmets raised, wielding their disciplines, and the clerics their candlesticks, they awaited the assault with determination to defend themselves, and even to offend, if they could, their assailants; but fortune made it better than was thought, because Sancho did nothing other than throw himself upon the body of his lord, causing upon him the most painful and resounding cry in the world, believing him to be dead.

The priest was acquainted with another priest who had come in the procession; whose knowledge calmed the conceived fear of the two squadrons. The first priest gave the second, in two reasons, an account of who Don Quixote was, and thus he and the whole crowd of disciples went to see if the poor knight was dead, and they heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes saying:

Oh flower of chivalry, who with but a single thrust ended the career of your well-spent years! Oh honor of your lineage, honor and glory of all the county, and even of the whole world, which, lacking you within it, would remain filled with villains, without fear of being punished for their wicked follies! Oh liberal above all Alexanders, for in mere eight months of service you had given me the finest island that the sea sails! Oh humble with the proud and arrogant with the humble, bold in encountering dangers, suffering from insults, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourge of the bad, enemy of the vile, in short, a wandering knight, that is all that can be said about you!

With the voices and groans of Sancho, Don Quijote revived, and the first word he said was:

Whoever lives absent, sweet Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than this one. Help me, Sancho friend, to get me upon the enchanted cart; I am no longer able to oppress Rocinante's saddle, because I have this whole shoulder broken to pieces.

"I will do so willingly, my lord," Sancho replied, "and we return to my village, in the company of these lords who wish us well, and there we will order another expedition that will be more profitable and renowned for us."

"Well said, Sancho – replied Don Quixote –, and it will be great wisdom to let pass the evil influence of the stars that now runs."

The canon and the priest and barber told him that he would do very well if he followed their advice; and so, having received great pleasure from the simplicity of Sancho Panza, they put Don Quixote in the cart as before. The procession was re-established and continued on its way; the shepherd said goodbye to everyone, the dancers refused to go forward, and the priest paid them what was owed to them. The canon asked the priest to inform him of the news of Don Quixote, if he recovered from his madness, or if he continued in it, and with this, he took leave to continue his journey. In short, everyone dispersed and separated, leaving alone the priest and barber, Don Quixote and Panza and the good Rocinante, who was as patient with everything he had seen as his master.

The blacksmith started his oxen, and he arranged Don Quixote upon a bundle of hay, and with his accustomed cheerfulness he followed the path that the priest wished, and after six days they arrived at Don Quixote's village, where they entered in the middle of the day, which proved to be Sunday, and the people were all in the square, across the middle of which passed Don Quixote's cart. They rushed to see what came in the cart, and when they recognized their countryman, they were astonished, and a boy ran off to give the news to his mistress and his niece that his uncle and lord came lean and yellow, and lying upon a pile of hay and upon a cart of oxen. It was a pity to hear the cries that the two good ladies raised, the slaps that were given, the curses they threw again at the cursed books of chivalry, all of which was renewed when Don Quixote entered through his doors.

When the new arrival of Don Quixote came, Sancho Panza's wife attended, who had already known that she had been serving him as squire, and as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked was whether the donkey was good. Sancho replied that he was better than his master.

"Thanks be given to God – she replied –, that he has done so much good for me; but tell me now, friend: what good have you gotten out of your stables? What Gascon (saboyana) do you bring to me? What shoes do you bring to your children?"

—I don't bring anything for that—said Sancho—woman, although I bring other things from a more opportune moment and consideration.

"I'm very pleased to hear that," the woman replied: "Show me those things with more consideration and more time, my friend; I want to see them, so that my heart, which has been so sad and discontent, can be happy because of your absence."

"I'll show them to you at home, woman," said Panza, "and for now, be content; that being God's will that we once again set out on a journey to seek adventures, you will soon see me, Count, or governor of an island, and not of those nearby, but the best that can be found."

"Kill it that way, my husband; it's so much needed of us. But tell me: what is this about islands, that I don't understand?"

-It's not honey to the donkey's mouth – Sancho replied; – You'll see it in good time, woman, and you'll even admire me when you hear them call you lord of all your vassals.

"What are you saying, Sancho," replied Juana Panza, who was the name of Sancho's wife, although they were not relatives, but because it is customary in La Mancha for women to take their husbands' surnames."

Don't sugarcoat it, Juana, just for knowing all this so readily; it's enough that I tell you the truth, and shut your mouth. I only wanted to say, as a side note, that there's nothing more pleasurable in the world than being an honest squire to a wandering knight seeking adventures. It is true that of those found, ninety-nine usually come out fearful and twisted. Only I, from experience, because I've emerged unscathed from some, and ground down by others; but, with all that, it's a beautiful thing to await events crossing mountains, scouting jungles, stepping on nests, visiting castles, lodging in inns at one's leisure, without offering money to the devil.

All these plastics passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Juana Panza, while the housekeeper and niece of Don Quijote received him, undressed him, and laid him in his former bed. He looked at Mirabella with piercing eyes, and he didn't quite understand where he was. The priest ordered the niece to keep a close account of giving gifts to her uncle, and they were to be vigilant that he didn't escape again, recounting what had been necessary to bring him home. Here, the two raised their cries to the heavens once more; there, the curses of the books of chivalry were renewed; there they asked the heavens to confuse in the center of the abyss the authors of so many lies and foolishness. Finally, they were confused and fearful that they would see themselves without their master and uncle in the same situation as if he had made some improvement, and so it was that they imagined it.

But the author of this story, having sought with curiosity and diligence the facts of Quixote's third outing, has been unable to find any authentic news of them, at least not in genuine writings; only fame has preserved, in the memories of La Mancha, that Quixote, on his third departure from his home, went to Zaragoza, where he found a celebrated tournament held in that city, and there he experienced things worthy of his valor and good understanding. Nor was he able to ascertain anything of its ending, nor did he know if good fortune would present him with an old physician who possessed a leaden box that, as he said, had been found in the foundations of an ancient hermitage being rebuilt; within which box were found some parchment scrolls written in Gothic letters, but in Castilian verse, which contained many of his exploits and gave news of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the tomb of Don Quixote himself, with various epitaphs and praises of his life and customs.

And those who were able to read and correct them are those here presented by the reliable author of this new and never-before-seen history. Who, in offering them to the readers, as a reward for the immense work that cost him to inquire and search through all the Manchegan archives, to bring them to light, does not ask them to give him the same credit that they usually give to...

Ignoring the chivalric books, which are so valid in the world; with this one will consider it well paid and satisfied, and one will be encouraged to extract and seek others, if not so true, at least of so much invention and pastime.

The first words written on the parchment found in the lead box were these:

The Academics of Argamasilla, the place of La Mancha, in his life and death, the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha.

These writers have written.

The Moncongón, Academician of the Argamasilla to the Burial of Don Quixote

Inscription

The starlings that adorned the Mancha

More ravaged than Jason of Crete

the wind vane's trial

sharp where it was better wide.

the arm that stretches out her strength so wide

It arrived from Catay to Gaeta.

the most hideous and most discreet muse

I record verses in corrugated iron.

The Amadis left it unfinished.

and very little to Galaors had.

stumbling in their love and eccentricity

the one who made the Belianises fall silent

He who, on Rocinante, wandered.

lies beneath this tile.

Del Paniaguado, Academic of Argamasilla, In Praise of Dulcinea del Toboso

Sonnet

This face, disheveled and furrowed

high, bulging breasts

Dulcinea, queen of Toboso,

Who was the great Quixote fan?

He paid on both sides.

from the great Sierra Negra, and the famous

Montiel field, up to the herbaceous

Aranjuez plain, on foot and tired.

Rocinante's fault. Oh, cruel star!

this Manchegan lady, and this invitation

gentle gentleman, in tender years,

She left, dying, beautiful:

and he, though written in marble,

could not escape, of love, anger, and deceit.

From the capricious, discreet academic of Argamasilla, in the shade of Rocinante, the horse of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sonnet

On the magnificent diamond throne

With bloody plants, Mars is marked, frenetic the Manchego trembles his banner with arduous effort.

Hang up your arms and steel.

With which he destroys, scorches, rips, and shatters: new feats!, but invents the art.

a new style for the new paladin

And if Gaula prides itself on its Amadís,

for whose brave descendants Greece triumphed a thousand times and its fame expanded.

Today, Quijote crowned the classroom.

Do Belona preside, and he glories in it.

More than Greece or Gaul, the High Manche.

Your glories never stain the oblivion.

even Rocinante, in being a warhorse,

exceeds Brilladoro and Bayardo.

From the Jester, Academic Argamasilles, to Sancho Panza

Sonnet

Sancho Panza is this, in a small body.

but great in value, a strange miracle!

The simplest and most straightforward.

what the world has seen, I swear and certify.

Being a count wasn't a little thing.

if they were not conjured in their harm

Tacanian insults and offenses

era, they still don't forgive a donkey.

Someone was riding on him (to be honest, it's a lie).

this gentle squire, after the gentle

Rocinante and his master.

Oh, hopes of the people!

How are you with promising rest,

and finally paradise in shadow, in smoke, in dream

DEL CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMIC OF THE ARGAMASILLA, IN THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

Inscription

Here lies the well-grounded and troublesome knight.

To whom I lead Rocinante on one and other path. Sancho Panza the scullion also lies beside him, the most faithful squire.

the way the scullery worker handled it.

From the Titicoco, academic of Algarmilla, in the sepulchre of Dulcinea del Toboso.

Inscription

Rest here, Dulcinea;

And, though of rich meat, she turned her into dust and ashes, the terrible and hideous death. She was of haughty, meager stock.

and she showed glimpses of a lady; she was called after the great Quixote, and was glory of her village.

These were the verses that could be read; the rest, because the writing was so decayed, were entrusted to a scholar to declare them by conjecture. News has reached us that he has done so, at the cost of many vigils and much work, and that he intends to publish them, with the hope of a third outing of Don Quixote.

Maybe others play with a better pick. FINIS

