

Don Quixote de la Mancha  
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First Part

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

Don Quixote of La Mancha

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The most true story in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to appear before your beauty.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And saying this, he went to enlist D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anyone would have helped me, replied Mr. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Quixote, arm yourself, knight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, not at all," replied Don

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laughing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or you don't know, ma'am.

You are false and disloyal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which still slept.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Go ahead, said the priest.

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

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

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

And me, too, added the niece.

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

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

"Who is that barrel?" the priest said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and with much joy he carried out what was ordered.

This is Platir the knight, the barber said.

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

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

And that's how it was done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's how it will be.

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

Oh, dear!, said the niece.

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

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

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

Here is the English translation:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is Filida's Shepherd.



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

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

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

Then followed the barber, the Songbook of López Maldonado.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote of La Mancha

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And it was done with great speed.

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

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

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

Fritón diría, dijo Don Quijote.

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

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

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

Who doubts that? she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well, who doubts it? replied Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What giants? Sancho Panza said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God do it as he can, replied Sancho Panza.

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

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

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

That's right.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He took off his glasses and his sunglasses.

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

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

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

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

This will be worse than the windmills, said Sancho.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hush, said Don Quixote.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wretch!" Sancho retorted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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