

4.48 The World around Us: Don Quixote

This is the story of Don Quixote,
the most famous knight in history.

I 'm Don Quixote.

And his squire Sancho Panza.

Hey, amigos!

Don Quixote wasn't a real knight.

He was an ordinary man who loved to
read books about knights.

The soup is ready, señor.
- I 'm reading.

He read so many books about knights

that one day he imagined he was one.

I am now Don Quixote de la Mancha.
- Don Quixote who?

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Tomorrow I am leaving to help
the poor and the weak.

I think he must have had a knock on
the head.

He put a saucepan on his head as
a helmet

and he took a brush to use as
his lance.

Now to find a horse.

Don Quixote went to the stable
and chose an ancient, skinny horse.

Sturdy, spirited steed, I shall call you
Rosinante.

Now he's gone completely nuts.

The next morning, when the sun was just rising,

Don Quixote de la Mancha set out on his quest.

And he took his chubby neighbour Sancho Panza along to be his squire.

Will I get good food?

Good food in abundance.

That was enough for Sancho Panza.

He sprang onto his donkey and they set off on their chivalrous quest.

Now I have to have myself dubbed knight.

After a few hours they arrived at a simple inn.

I'm sure the lord of this castle will dub me knight.

That is no castle, señor.

Are you blind? If that is no castle, then I am no knight.

Go to its lord and give him these gold coins.

The innkeeper, now lord of a castle, was more than a little surprised.

I dub you knight.

Now I need a lady, to whom I can dedicate my noble deeds.

A simple peasant girl was visiting the inn.

Do you see that beautiful damsel?
- Where?

Dulcinea, you shall be the ladylove of

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

That's the first time anyone has called me a lady.

Our heroes resumed their quest.

After a long journey, they arrived in a valley that had 30 windmills.

At last, a chance to become renowned.

This feat of arms shall be the talk of the world.

What are you talking about?

Can't you see those 30 giants?
- Where?

Have your eyes failed again? There.
- But those are windmills.

They are giants to those who recognise them as giants.

Don Quixote dug his spurs into skinny Rosinante,

levelled his broom... I mean lance... and charged towards the giants.

The sails struck Don Quixote so hard

that he was thrown into the air and crashed down metres away.

That took the wind out of his sails.
Are you hurt, señor?

Such a trifling blow cannot harm a knight.

Shouldn't we go home?

The battered and bruised Don Quixote clambered back onto Rosinante.

Sancho got onto his donkey.

And they set off again,

along the dusty roads of Spain,
on their chivalrous quest.

Vaya con dios.