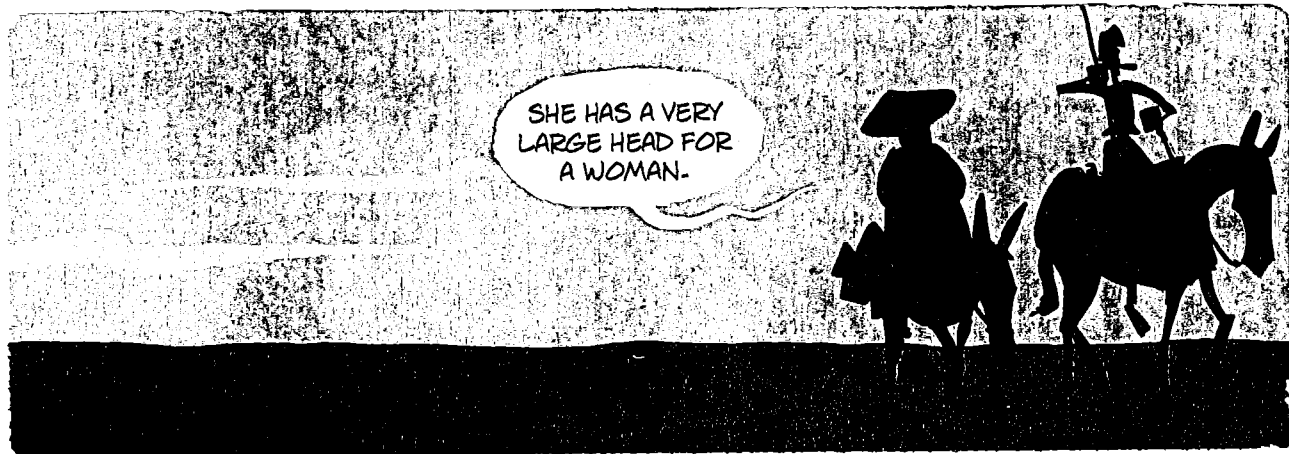
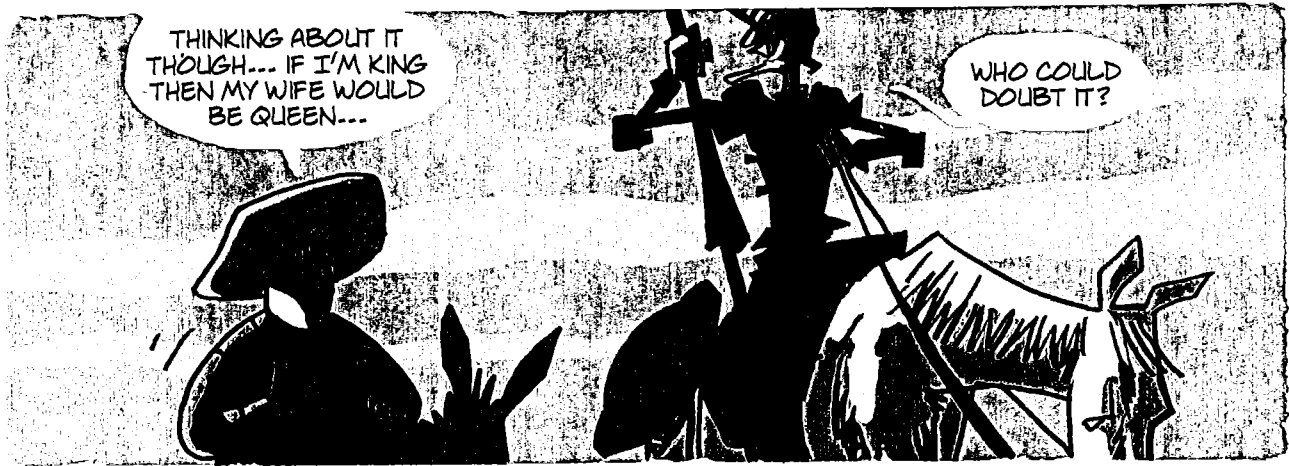
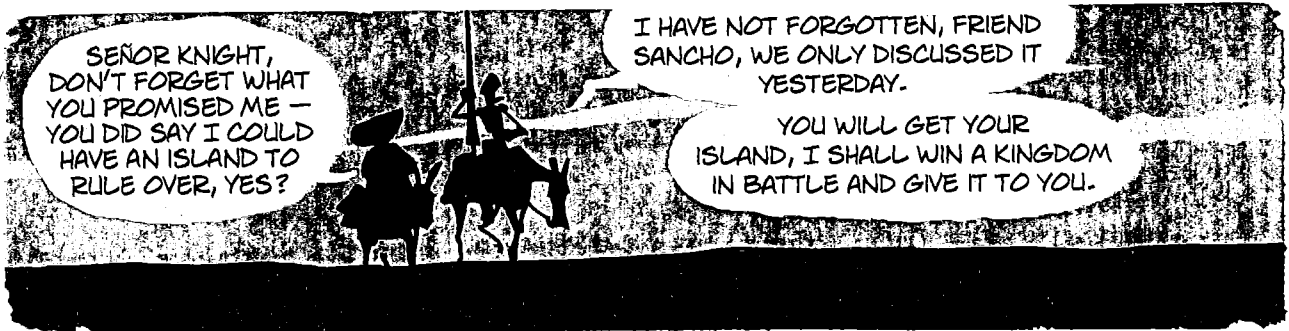


~ Chapter Four ~





MAYBE IF SHE CUT HER HAIR OFF A CROWN COULD FIT. BUT THEN...

SHHHH...



FORTUNE DIRECTS OUR AFFAIRS, MY SQUIRE - LOOK YONDER! AT LEAST THIRTY OUTRAGEOUS GIANTS IDLING IN THE SUN!

THE CHEEK OF THEM! I SHALL EXTIRPATE THE ENTIRE CURSED BROOD!



THEN WE SHALL ENRICH OURSELVES ON THEIR SPOILS, FOR GIANTS ARE AN EVIL BREED AND A LAWFUL PRIZE.



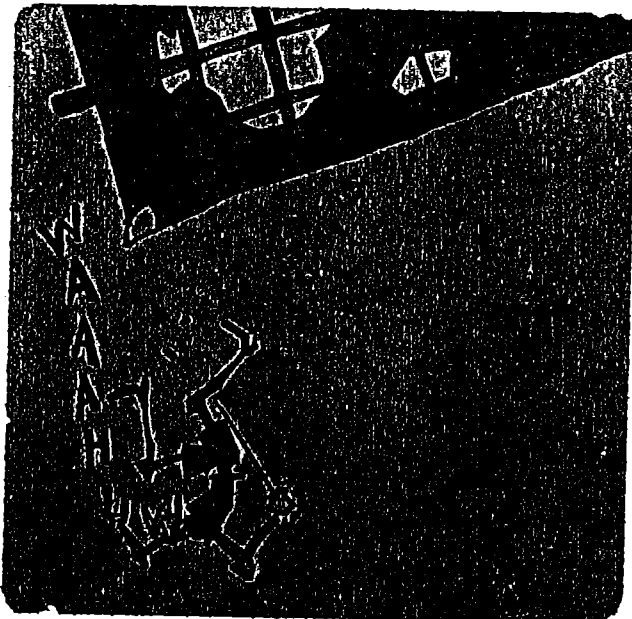
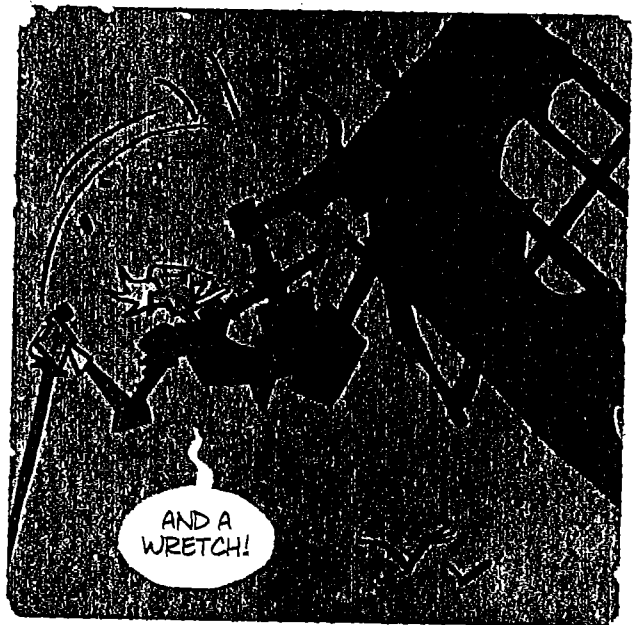
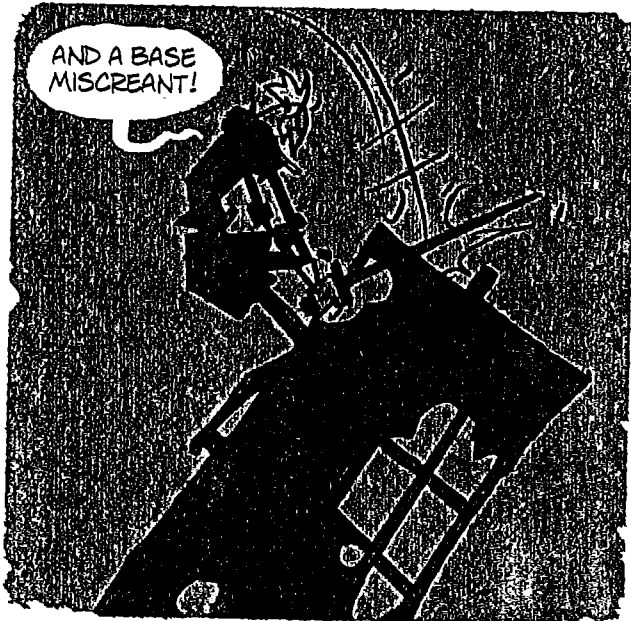
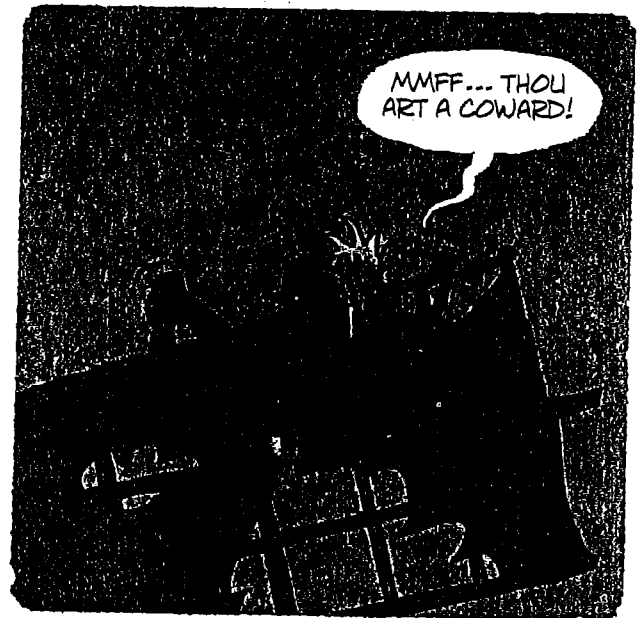
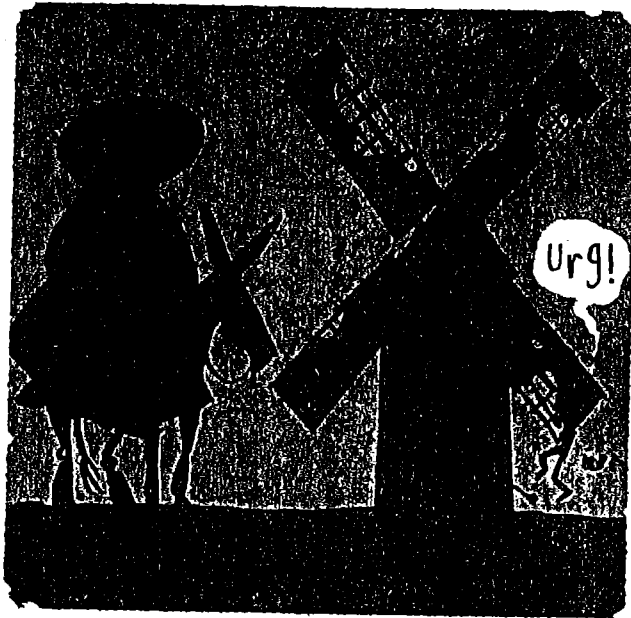
WHAT GIANTS?

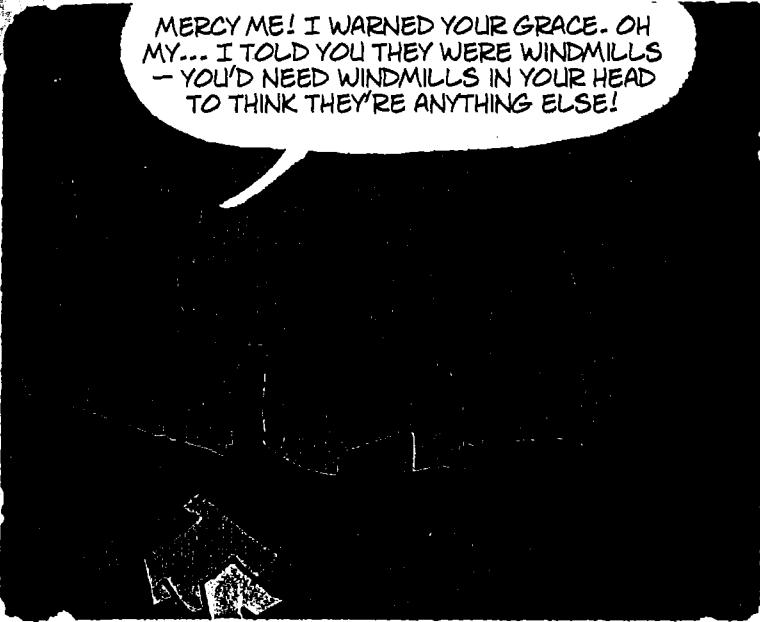


THOSE GIANTS OVER THERE - THE ONES WITH LONG ARMS. THEY'RE WAVING AT US, LOOK!

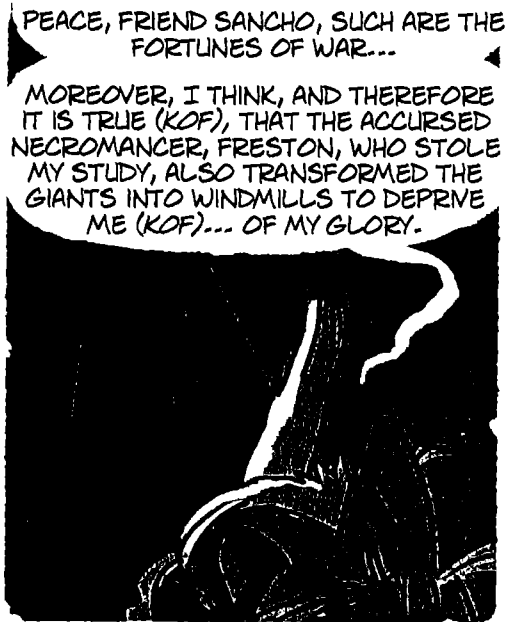
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SEÑOR. THEY ARE WINDMILLS.







MERCY ME! I WARNED YOUR GRACE. OH MY... I TOLD YOU THEY WERE WINDMILLS - YOU'D NEED WINDMILLS IN YOUR HEAD TO THINK THEY'RE ANYTHING ELSE!



PEACE, FRIEND SANCHO, SUCH ARE THE FORTUNES OF WAR...

MOREOVER, I THINK, AND THEREFORE IT IS TRUE (KOF), THAT THE ACCURSED NECROMANCER, FRESTON, WHO STOLE MY STUDY, ALSO TRANSFORMED THE GIANTS INTO WINDMILLS TO DEPRIVE ME (KOF)... OF MY GLORY.

WORRY NOT THOUGH, MY SQUIRE, THIS MEANS WE HAVE HIM ON THE RUN. HIS EVIL ARTS WILL NEVER DEFEAT MY TRUSTY SWORD...



THAT NIGHT...

THAT GRM BEAST SNAPPED MY LANCE - THIS BRANCH WILL SUFFICE AS A NEW ONE.

FANCY SOME FOOD OR WINE, YOUR GRACE?



NO! I SHALL FAST THE NIGHT AND FEAST SOLELY ON SAVOURY THOUGHTS OF MY SWEET DULCINEA.

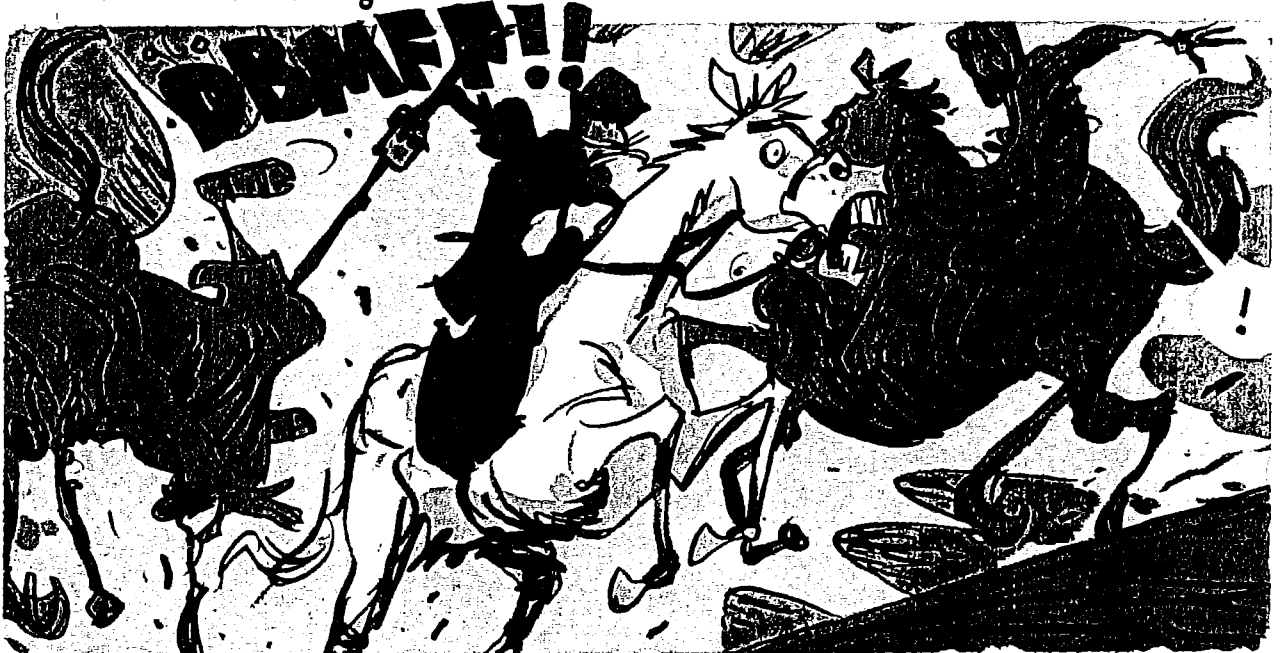
SUIT YOURSELF.



GOOD NIGHT, YOUR GRACE.

GOOD NIGHT, SANCHO.

THE NEXT DAY TOOK ITS CLUE FROM THE ONE BEFORE. KNIGHT AND SQUIRE ENCOUNTERED TWO BENEDICTINE MONKS TRAVELLING WITH THE COACH OF A BISCAYAN LADY AND HER SERVANTS ON THEIR WAY TO SEVILLE.





APOLOGIES, FATHERS, BUT MY MASTER IS A KNIGHT-ERRANT. THAT MEANS YOUR VALUABLES ARE NOW SPOILS OF WAR, IF YOU'D JUST HAND THEM OVER.



IS THIS GUY FOR REAL?

I'M NOT MESSING WITH HIM, BUT I RECKON WE CAN TAKE HIS FAT FRIEND.



O BEAUTEOUS LADY, THOU ART ONCE MORE AT LIBERTY FOR THE MONSTERS THAT ENSLAVED THEE NOW LIE PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND.



YOU MAD HEAD! LOOPY-LOO! LET OUR CARRIAGE GO WAY IT GO!



OR SO AS I AM BASQUE I KILL YOUR STUPID LIFE!

THUDI!



MY, THOU ART AN UNHAPPY CREATURE!

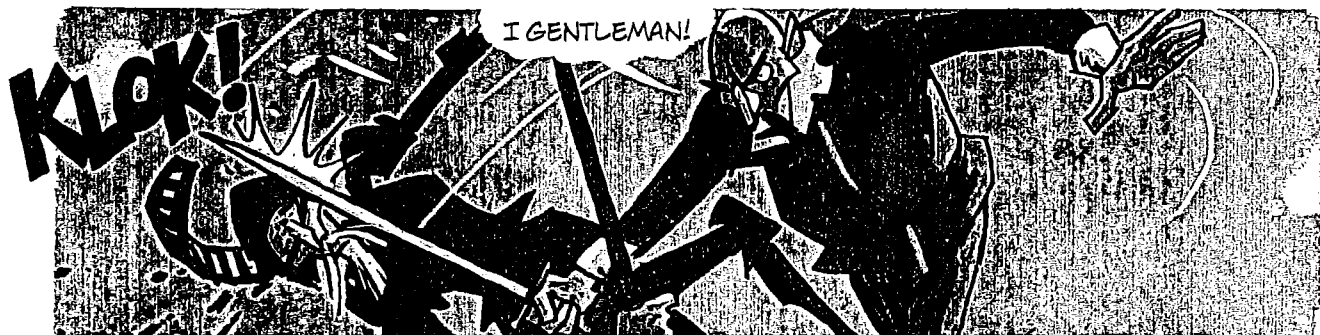


A KNIGHT-ERRANT CANNOT ENGAGE IN COMBAT WITH ONE WHO IS NOT A GENTLEMAN.

KLANG!



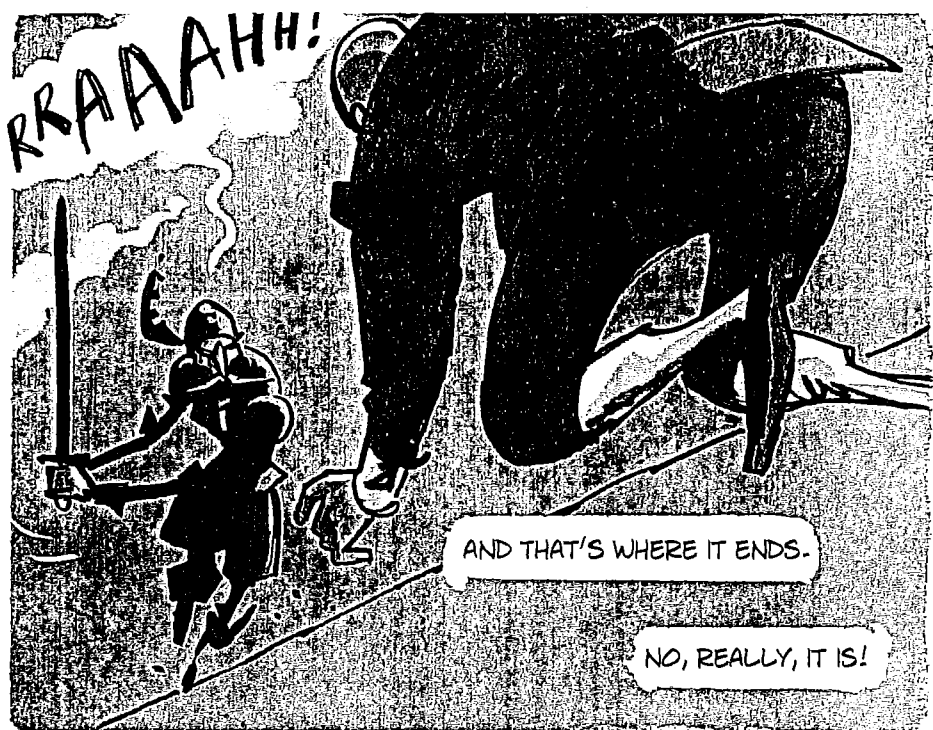
NOT A GENTLE-MAAN?



KLOK!

I GENTLEMAN!

O LADY OF MY SOUL, SWEET DULCINEA, COME TO THE AID OF THIS THY KNIGHT WHO, FOR THE SAKE OF THY VIRTUE, FINDS HIMSELF IN GRAVE PERIL.



RRRAAAHH!

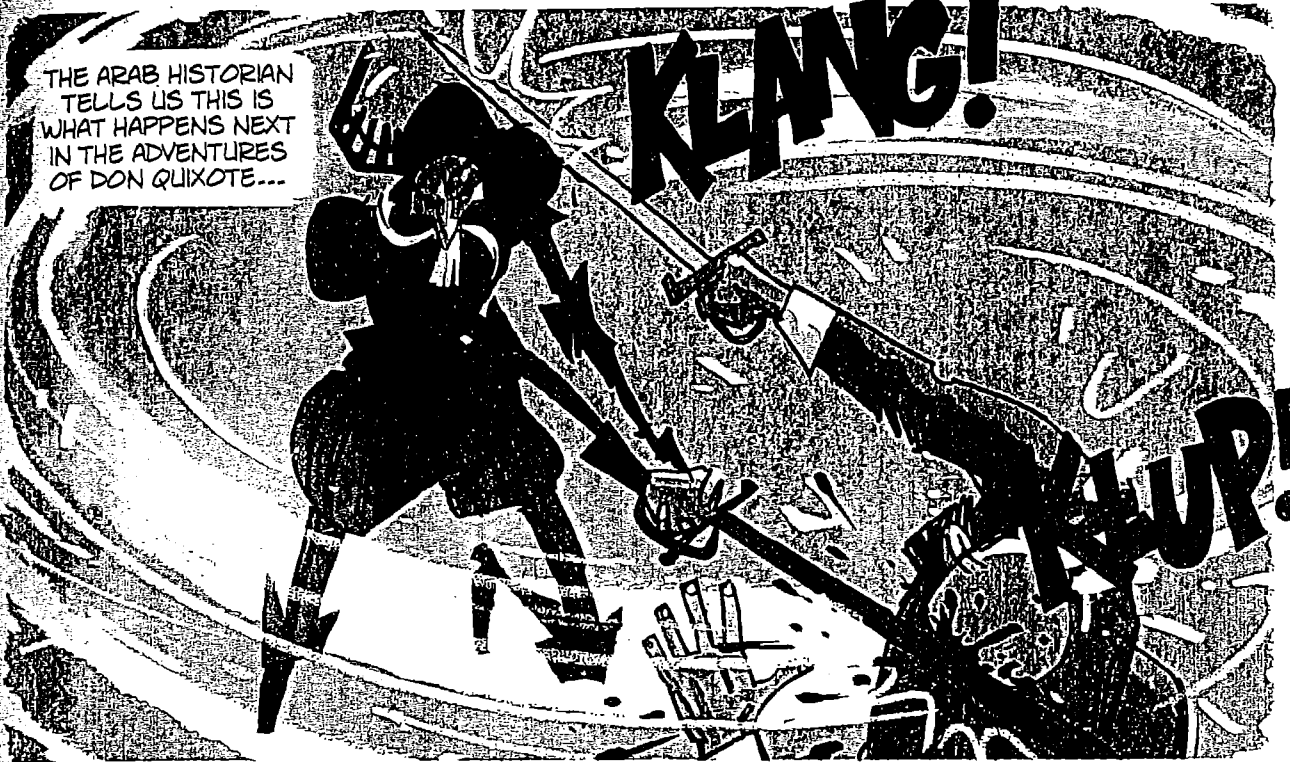
AND THAT'S WHERE IT ENDS.

NO, REALLY, IT IS!



THE ARAB HISTORIAN TELLS US THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE...

KLANG!



DOST THOUGH YIELD...?

YIELD?! HE'S HALF DEAD! O SEÑOR, LEAVE HIM BE!

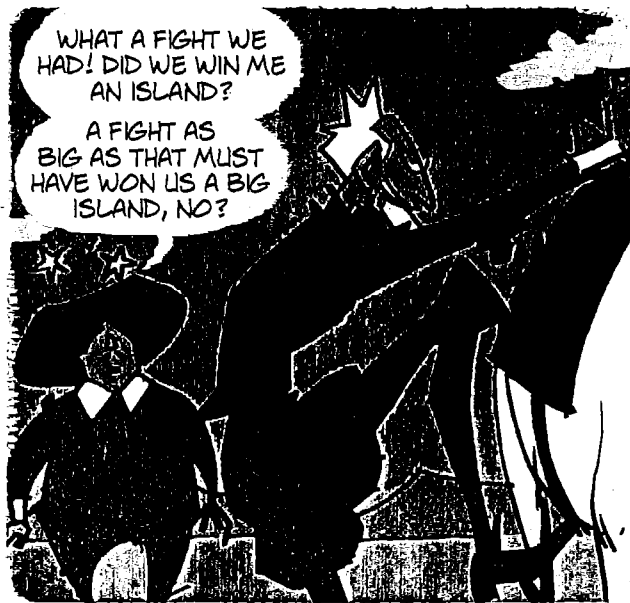


AS A COURTESY TO SUCH A BEAUTIFUL LADY I SHALL GRANT YOUR REQUEST ON ONE CONDITION.

SEE THAT THIS INFIDEL SHALL TRAVEL TO TOBOSO AND THERE PRESENT HIMSELF IN MY NAME TO MY LADY DULCINEA WHO SHALL DISPOSE OF HIM AS SHE SEES FIT.

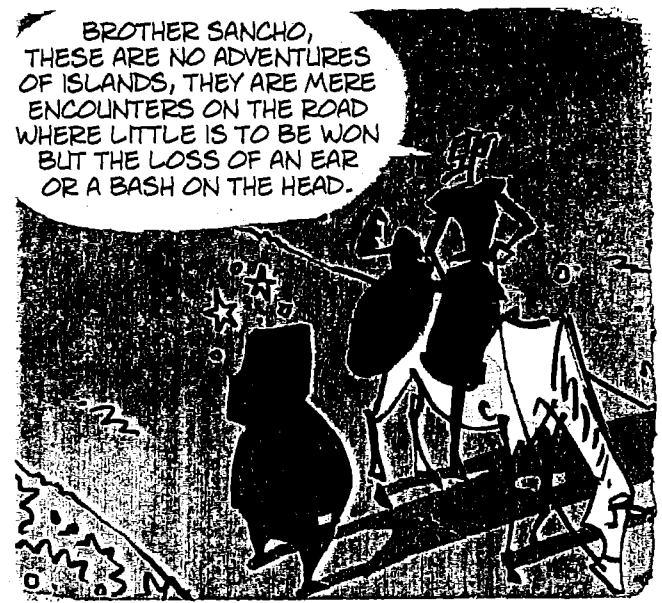
WHATEVER YOU SAY, JUST LEAVE US BE.





WHAT A FIGHT WE HAD! DID WE WIN ME AN ISLAND?

A FIGHT AS BIG AS THAT MUST HAVE WON US A BIG ISLAND, NO?



BROTHER SANCHO, THESE ARE NO ADVENTURES OF ISLANDS, THEY ARE MERE ENCOUNTERS ON THE ROAD WHERE LITTLE IS TO BE WON BUT THE LOSS OF AN EAR OR A BASH ON THE HEAD.



IT MIGHT BE AN IDEA IF WE HIDE FOR A BIT - THIS LOT WILL ALERT THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD TO US AND THEN WE'LL BE IN REAL BOTHER!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WHEN HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A KNIGHT-ERRANT BEING ARRESTED? REGARDLESS OF HOW MANY HOMICIDES HE COMMITS HE IS ALWAYS ABOVE THE LAW!

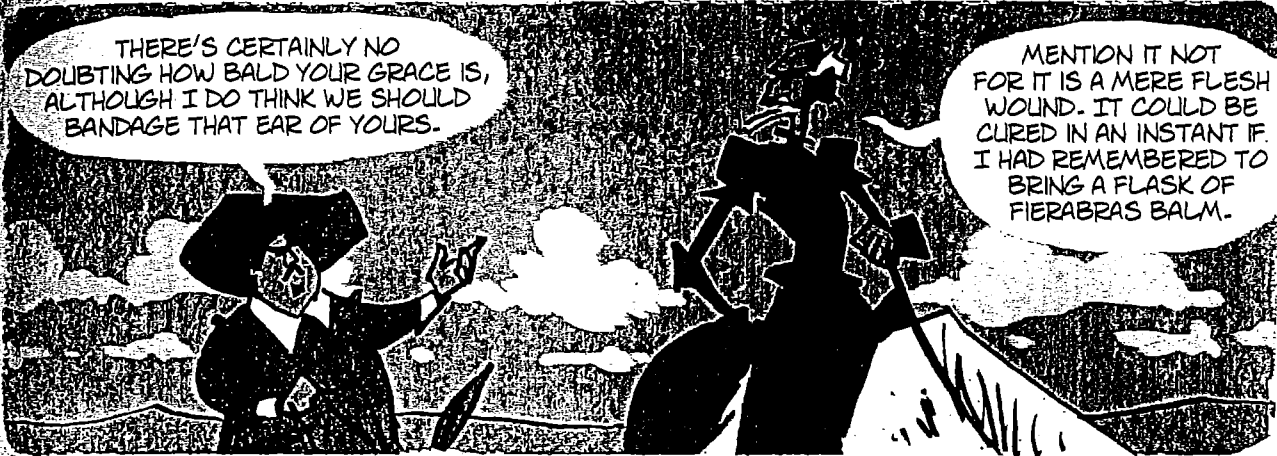


BUT TELL ME, TRUSTY SQUIRE, HAST THOU EVER READ IN HISTORIES OF A KNIGHT SO VALIANT AS I?

I MOST CERTAINLY HAVE NOT, YOUR GRACE!




AND YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT BECAUSE I CAN'T READ.



THERE'S CERTAINLY NO DOUBTING HOW BALD YOUR GRACE IS, ALTHOUGH I DO THINK WE SHOULD BANDAGE THAT EAR OF YOURS.


MENTION IT NOT FOR IT IS A MERE FLESH WOUND. IT COULD BE CURED IN AN INSTANT IF I HAD REMEMBERED TO BRING A FLASK OF FIERABRAS BALM.



WHO'S FIERY BRA AND WHAT'S HIS BUM GOTTA DO WITH YOUR EAR?

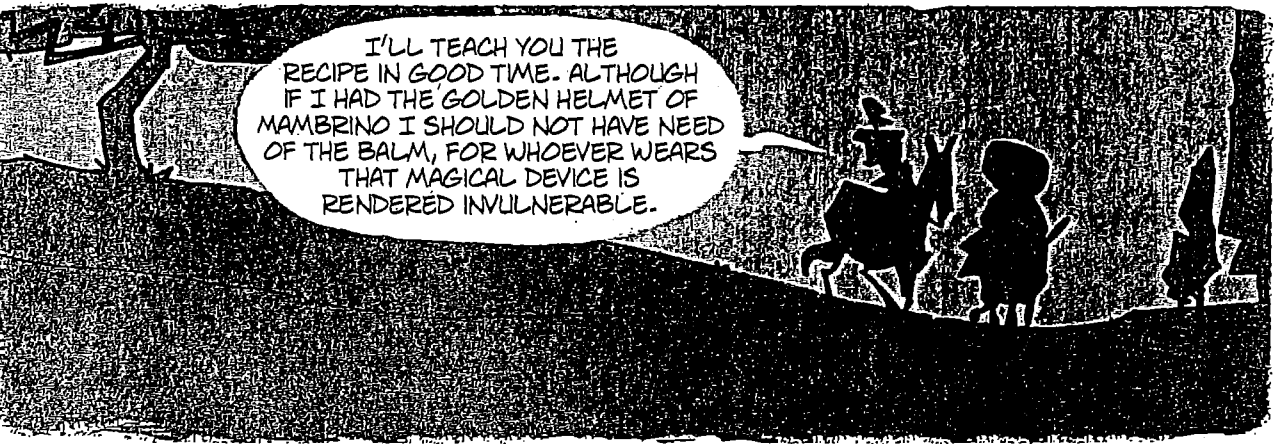
I SPEAK OF A MAGIC POTION THAT CURES ALL INJURIES - IT CAN EVEN CURE DECAPITATION.

THE RECIPE WAS TAUGHT TO ME BY A WIZARD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE.



HANG ON A MINUTE... WHAT ARE WE DOING ROAMING LA MANCHA GETTING BEATEN UP WHEN WE COULD GO INTO BUSINESS SELLING THAT POTION?

IN FACT, I RESIGN AS KING OF MY ISLAND - I'LL BE RICHER THAN A KING ANYWAY.



I'LL TEACH YOU THE RECIPE IN GOOD TIME. ALTHOUGH IF I HAD THE GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO I SHOULD NOT HAVE NEED OF THE BALM, FOR WHOEVER WEARS THAT MAGICAL DEVICE IS RENDERED INVULNERABLE.