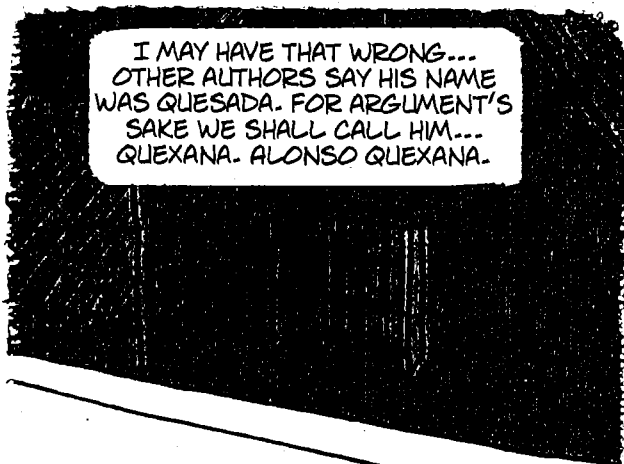


# ~ Chapter One ~

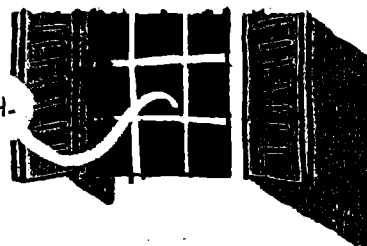
IN A CERTAIN VILLAGE IN LA MANCHA, WHOSE NAME I DON'T CARE TO REMEMBER, THERE LIVED A GENTLEMAN CALLED QUIXADA.



I MAY HAVE THAT WRONG... OTHER AUTHORS SAY HIS NAME WAS QUESADA. FOR ARGUMENT'S SAKE WE SHALL CALL HIM... QUEXANA. ALONSO QUEXANA.



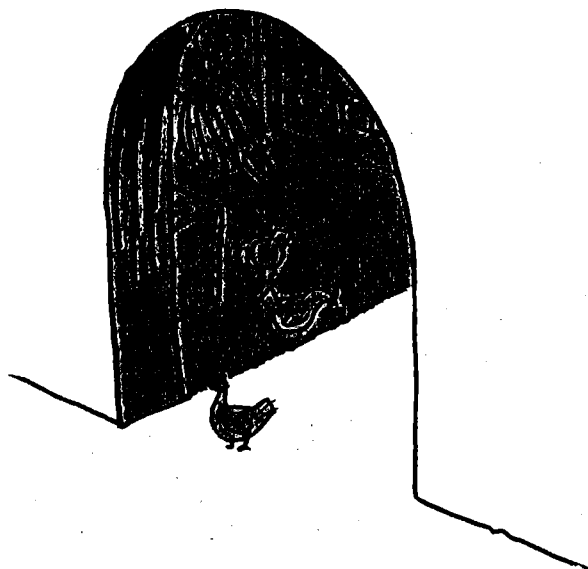
HEH.




SEÑOR QUESADA'S FAMILY CONSISTED OF A YOUNG NIECE, A PLUMP HOUSEKEEPER AND A NEGLECTED HUNTING DOG.



ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT WE STICK TO THE TRUTH IN THIS HISTORY.





WHEN OUR GENTLEMAN HAD  
NOTHING ELSE TO DO, WHICH  
WAS ALL YEAR ROUND, HE  
PASSED THE TIME READING  
BOOKS ON CHIVALRY.

HE SOLD MOST OF HIS  
LAND SO HE COULD BUY  
MORE AND MORE BOOKS.

HEH!

THE BOOKS BECAME  
HIS LIFE.

HE HAD EVERY BOOK ON THE  
ADVENTURES OF KNIGHTS-  
ERRANT THAT COULD BE HAD.

HE GOT LOST IN THE BOOKS -  
HE WEPT WITH AMADIS OF GAUL,  
AND CHEERED WHEN HIS BLAZING  
SWORD CUT GIANTS IN TWO...

HE FOUGHT BESIDE  
PALMERIN OF ENGLAND...

QUARRELLED WITH EL CID...

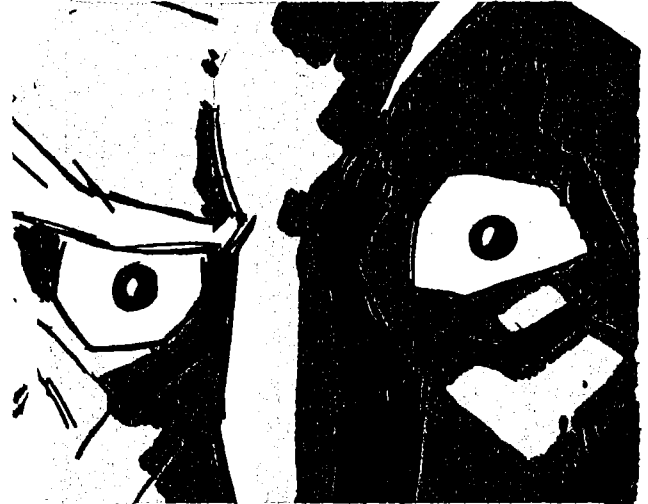
HE WAS CONCERNED FOR  
DON BELIANIS AND HIS  
ODDLES OF WOUNDS...

HE TACKLED OGRES, DRAGONS  
AND WIZARDS — HE EVEN HAD A  
GOOD WORD FOR THE GIANT  
MORGANTE.

EVENTUALLY, AFTER CONTORTING HIS  
THOUGHTS AND FLEXING HIS MIND DAY  
AND NIGHT FOR MONTHS ON END,  
OUR GENTLEMAN'S BRAIN SNAPPED.



AND INTO THIS BROKEN BRAIN CAME  
THE ODDEST FANCY EVER TO DANCE  
INTO THE MADDEST OF MINDS.



INSTEAD OF WRITING A BOOK SUCH  
AS THOSE HE LOVED...

HE WOULD BECOME ONE!

HE WOULD IMITATE THE KNIGHTS-ERRANT, HE WOULD DO BATTLE WITH THE WRONGS OF THE WORLD AND MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT.



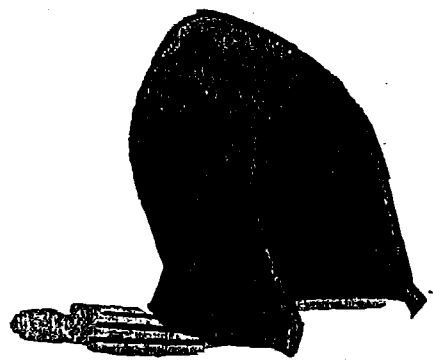
FOR THIS HE NEEDED A SUIT OF ARMOUR. THERE WAS ONE THAT HAD BELONGED TO HIS GRANDFATHER RUSTING IN THE LOFT.



KLANK  
KLUNK  
KLONK

UNCLE...?

IT NEEDED A SCRUB AND THE HELMET WAS MISSING A VISOR.



HE MADE ONE FROM CARDBOARD. IT PROBABLY WASN'T VERY RESISTANT TO SWORD BLOWS BUT IT LOOKED THE PART.



NEXT HE NEEDED A HORSE. HE HAD AN OLD NAG THAT TO HIS ADDLED EYES LOOKED JUST THE GALLANT STEED HE REQUIRED.



THE HORSE NEEDED A NAME BEFITTING THE MOUNT OF A FAMOUS KNIGHT. IT TOOK HIM JUST FOUR DAYS TO THINK OF ONE...



ROCINANTE!

AND NOW HE NEEDED A SUITABLE NAME FOR HIMSELF. THIS TIME IT TOOK HIM JUST EIGHT DAYS TO DECIDE UPON THE RIGHT NAME...



I AM DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA!



ALL THAT REMAINED WAS FOR HIM TO FIND A LADY-LOVE...

ONE CANNOT BE A KNIGHT WITHOUT A TRUE-LOVE TO BE ABSENT FROM - A DAMSEL TO SEND GIANTS' HEADS TO.



THERE WAS A LIKELY COUNTRY GIRL IN THE VILLAGE FOR WHOM HE HAD A LINGERING SORT OF INCLINATION...

NO MORE THAN A GLANCE HAD PASSED BETWEEN THEM.



AND IT MAY HAVE BEEN THAT SHE WASN'T EVEN LOOKING AT HIM. THE HISTORY IS UNCLEAR ON THIS POINT.

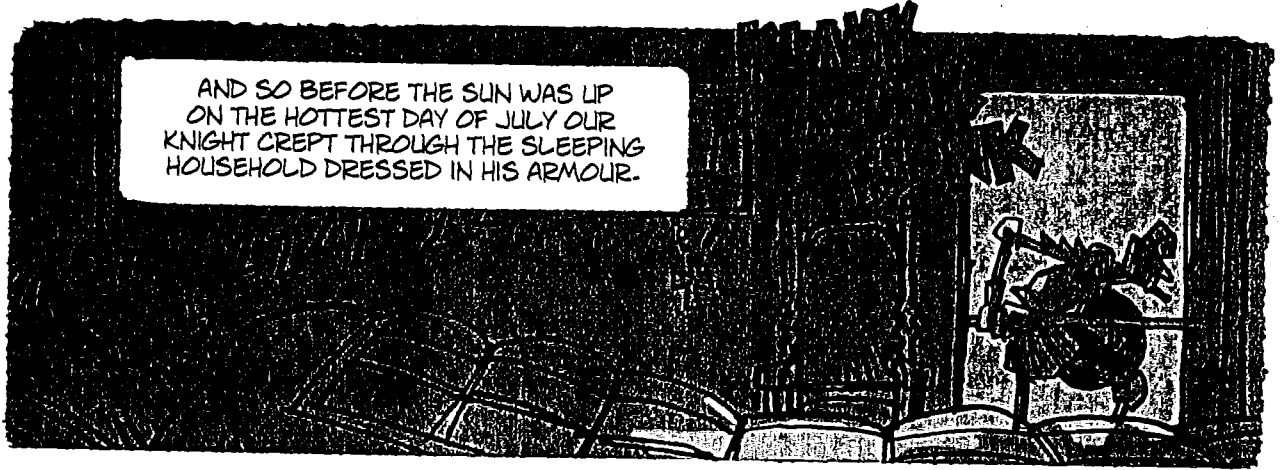


HER NAME WAS ALDONZA LORENZO, AND, AS WITH THE HORSE AND HIMSELF, HE FOUND A NAME FOR HER - ONE BEFITTING THE WOMAN WHO WOULD BE SOVEREIGN OF HIS HEART...



SHE WOULD BE DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

AND SO BEFORE THE SUN WAS UP  
ON THE HOTTEST DAY OF JULY OUR  
KNIGHT CREPT THROUGH THE SLEEPING  
HOUSEHOLD DRESSED IN HIS ARMOUR.



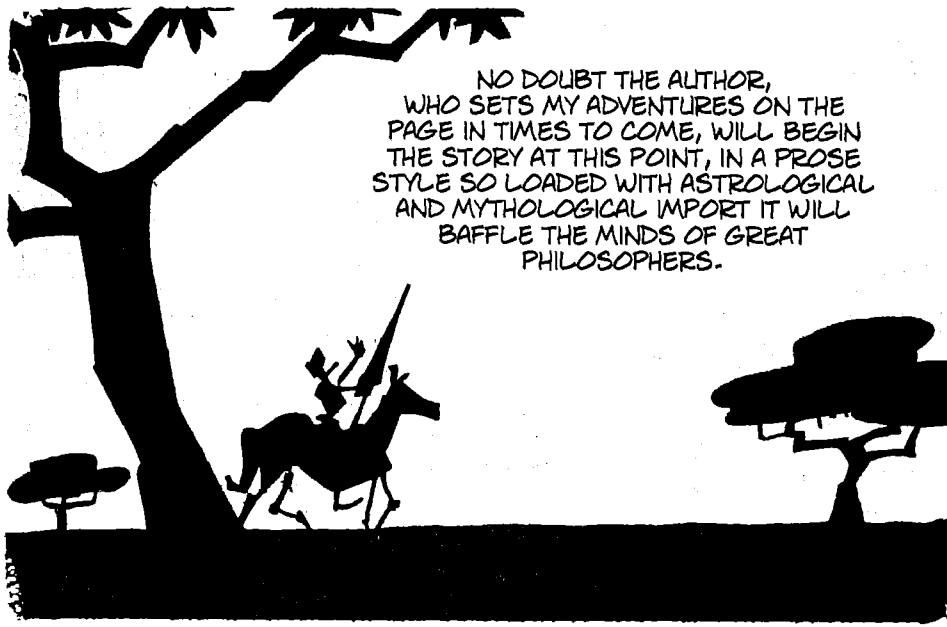
THUS DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA SET  
OUT ON THE FIRST  
OF HIS SALLIES...

HEH!

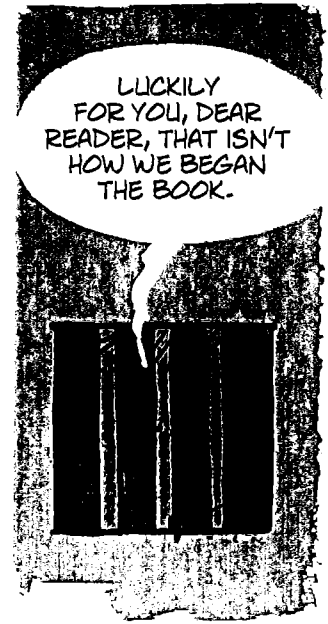


ROCINANTE!  
HASTEN! IT WOULD  
BE A CRIME TO DELAY  
ANY LONGER - THERE  
IS AN INJURED WORLD  
BEYOND THESE WALLS  
AND I MUST  
RESCUE IT!

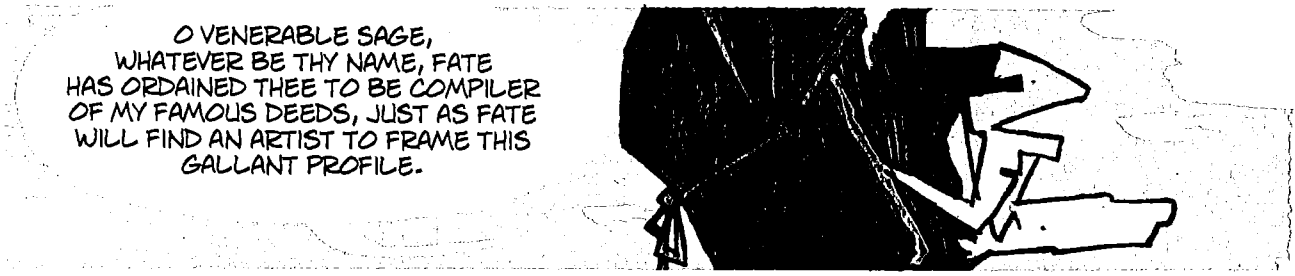




NO DOUBT THE AUTHOR,  
WHO SETS MY ADVENTURES ON THE  
PAGE IN TIMES TO COME, WILL BEGIN  
THE STORY AT THIS POINT, IN A PROSE  
STYLE SO LOADED WITH ASTROLOGICAL  
AND MYTHOLOGICAL IMPORT IT WILL  
BAFFLE THE MINDS OF GREAT  
PHILOSOPHERS.



LUCKILY  
FOR YOU, DEAR  
READER, THAT ISN'T  
HOW WE BEGAN  
THE BOOK.

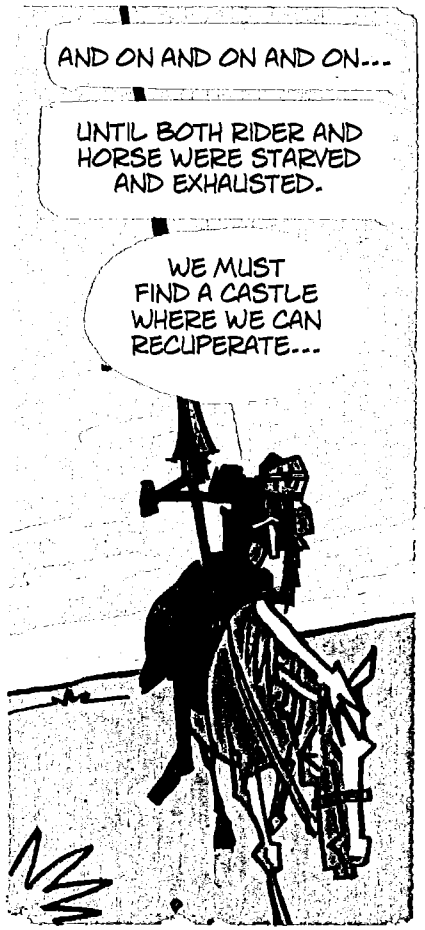


O VENERABLE SAGE,  
WHATEVER BE THY NAME, FATE  
HAS ORDAINED THEE TO BE COMPILER  
OF MY FAMOUS DEEDS, JUST AS FATE  
WILL FIND AN ARTIST TO FRAME THIS  
GALLANT PROFILE.



AND SO HE WENT ON...

O PRINCESS  
DULCINEA, MISTRESS  
OF THIS CAPTIVE HEART,  
ALL THAT I DO IS  
FOR YOUR LOVE...



AND ON AND ON AND ON...

UNTIL BOTH RIDER AND  
HORSE WERE STARVED  
AND EXHAUSTED.

WE MUST  
FIND A CASTLE  
WHERE WE CAN  
RECUPERATE...



GOOD  
FORTUNE, ROCINANTE  
— A CASTLE LIES  
YONDER!



LOOK! SILVER SPIRES, DRAWBRIDGE DOWN... WE SHALL WAIT FOR THE DWARF ON THE PARAPET TO BLOW HIS HORN AND WELCOME US IN.

THIS IS NOT A CASTLE. THIS IS AN INN.



THERE HE GOES, RIGHT ON CLUE.



WHAT THE...?

FEAR NOT, FAIR MAIDENS, THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD DOES NOT ALLOW ME TO COUNTENANCE INJURY TO SUCH HIGH-RANKING VIRGINS AS YOURSELVES.



WHAT A NUT!

LOVELY MANNERS THOUGH.



SEÑOR! WE HAVE NO BEDS FOR TONIGHT.



AH, YOU MUST BE THE CASTELLAN OF THIS FORTRESS. FEAR NOT, I CAN DO WITHOUT SILK SHEETS AND FINE BEDDING. I BESEECH THEE HOWEVER TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF ROCINANTE, HE IS THE FINEST STEED IN ALL THE LAND.



I HAVE A SMALL BOON  
TO ASK OF THEE, LORD,  
ONE THAT WILL BENEFIT  
ALL MANKIND!

A BOON?  
IT'LL COST  
YOU.



I ASK THAT YOU  
BESTOW THE HONOUR OF  
KNIGHTHOOD UPON ME.

I CANNOT SET ABOUT  
RIGHTING THE WRONGS OF  
A WORLD GONE BAD UNTIL I  
HAVE BEEN DUBBED A KNIGHT  
BY ONE AS ESTEEMED AS  
YOURSELF, LORD.

ANYTHING  
FOR AN EASY  
LIFE.



I WILL STAND VIGIL OVER  
MY ARMOUR TONIGHT IN  
YOUR CHAPEL.



MY CASTLE DOESN'T  
HAVE A CHAPEL AS SUCH...  
BUT YOU CAN DO WHATEVER  
YOU LIKE IN THE YARD.

SO WITH WATER TROUGH  
DOUBLING AS ALTAR, DON  
QUIXOTE STOOD HIS VIGIL.



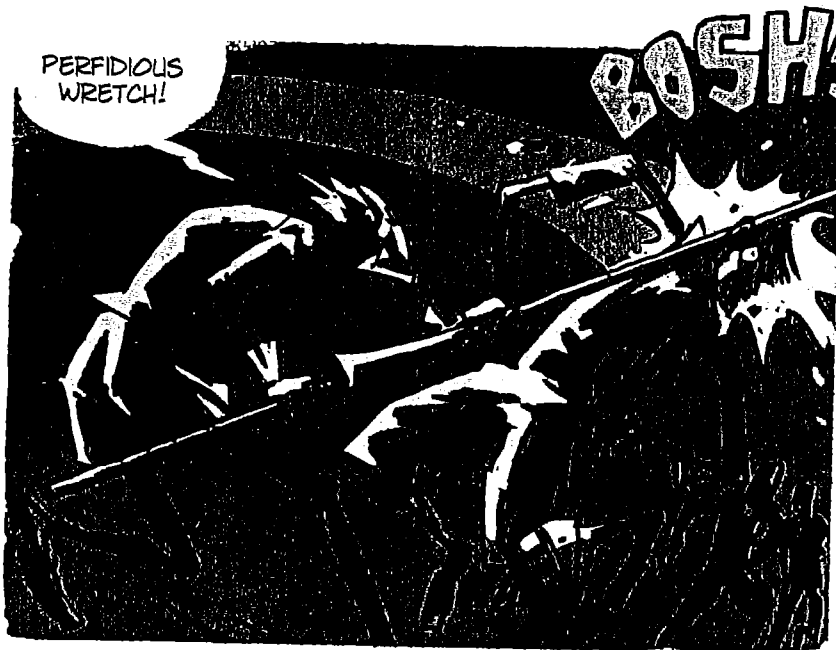
'ERE WE GO,  
LET'S CLEAR ALL  
THIS JUNK OUT OF  
THE WAY AND GIVE  
YOU LADIES A  
DRINK.



WHOEVER THOU ART,  
RASH KNIGHT, I WARN THEE  
— DO NOT PROFANE MY ARMS  
LEST INSTANT DEATH BE  
THE REWARD FOR THY  
TEMERITY!



THEY SAID  
THERE WAS SOME  
NUT IN THE YARD. THIS  
YOUR RUBBISH, IS IT?



PERFIDIOUS  
WRETCH!

**BASH!**



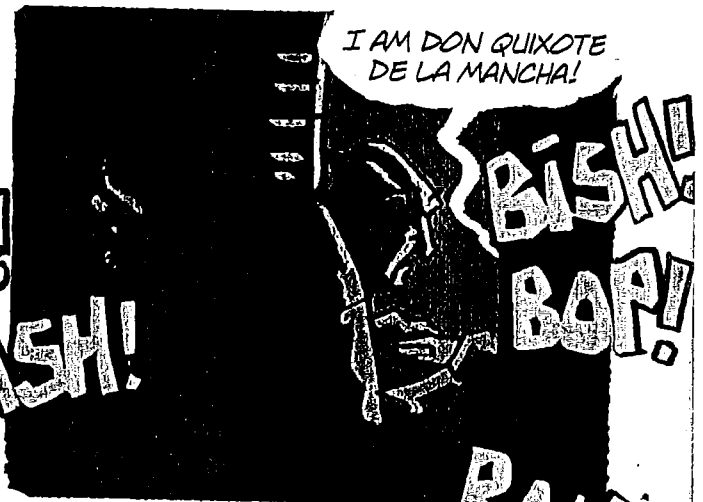
OI! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOIN',  
YOU LOON?



SCOUNDRELS!  
DASTARDS!

**RIFF!**

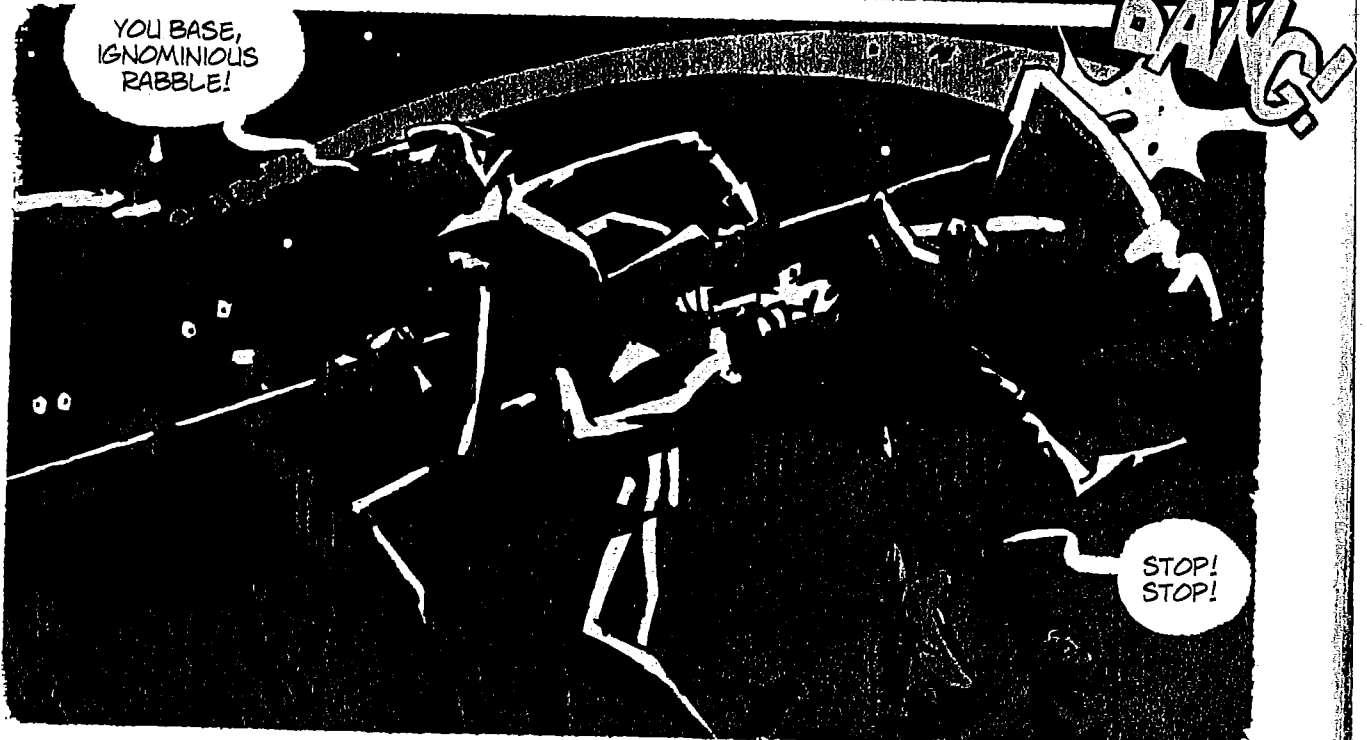
**BASH!**



I AM DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA!

**BASH!**

**BOP!**



YOU BASE,  
IGNOMINIOUS  
RABBLE!

**BANG!**

STOP!  
STOP!



I'M SORRY, YOUR GRACE, BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU BRAINING MY GUESTS — EVEN IF THEY ARE ONLY MULE DRIVERS!



WE'LL DO YOUR DUBBING NOW AND THEN YOU CAN CLEAR OFF! RIGHT?



THIS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS DUBBED A KNIGHT.

THREE DOZEN ONIONS, FOUR SACKS OF BARLEY, TEN BAGS OF OATS...



FETCH THAT LEDGER BOOK I KEEPS FOR THE BARLEY, ONIONS AND WHATNOT.

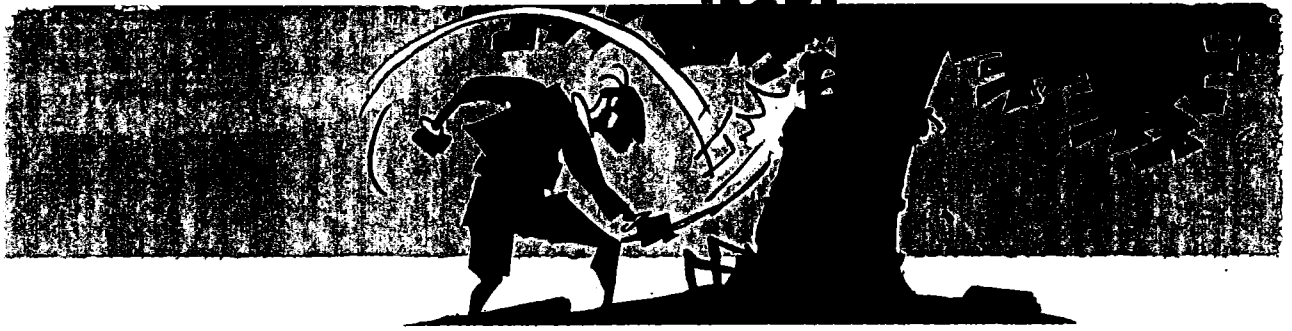


AND BY SUN-UP OUR KNIGHT WAS ON HIS WAY — READY FOR HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

THE CRAFTY OLD SOD LEFT WITHOUT PAYING!

02  
02  
02

# Chapter Two



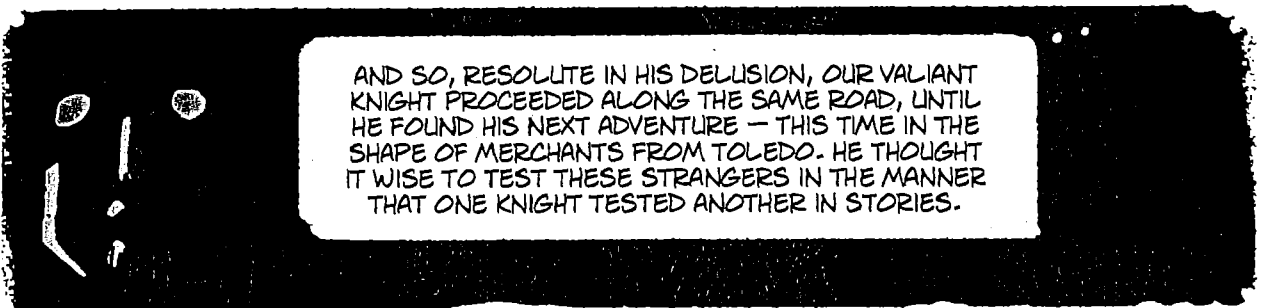
KNOW THAT I AM THE  
VALIANT KNIGHT DON  
QUIXOTE DE LA  
MANCHA — RIGHTER  
OF WRONGS!



AH, DULCINEA, IT IS THY GOOD FORTUNE  
TO HAVE ENSLAVED THE HEART OF A KNIGHT  
WHO JUST THIS MORNING HAD THE HONOUR  
OF KNIGHTHOOD BESTOWED UPON HIM  
AND HAS ALREADY REDRESSED THE  
GREATEST WRONG THAT INJUSTICE  
COULD DESIGN.



AND SO, RESOLITE IN HIS DELUSION, OUR VALIANT  
KNIGHT PROCEEDED ALONG THE SAME ROAD, UNTIL  
HE FOUND HIS NEXT ADVENTURE — THIS TIME IN THE  
SHAPE OF MERCHANTS FROM TOLEDO. HE THOUGHT  
IT WISE TO TEST THESE STRANGERS IN THE MANNER  
THAT ONE KNIGHT TESTED ANOTHER IN STORIES.



HALT! NO MAN SHALL PASS  
UNLESS HE FIRST ACKNOWLEDGE  
THERE IS NO CREATURE IN ALL  
CREATION MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN  
MY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO!



A KNIGHT-  
ERRANT?! IN  
THIS DAY AND  
AGE...?!

NO, NO, NO — THIS  
FELLOW'S JUST SOME  
HAPLESS LOON. LOOK AT  
HIM — HIS VISOR'S MADE  
OF CARDBOARD, FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKES!



SEÑOR KNIGHT, WE DO NOT KNOW THIS DULCINEA, BUT WE WILL GLADLY ACCEPT WHAT YOU SAY IF YOU SHOW US A SMALL PORTRAIT OF HER.

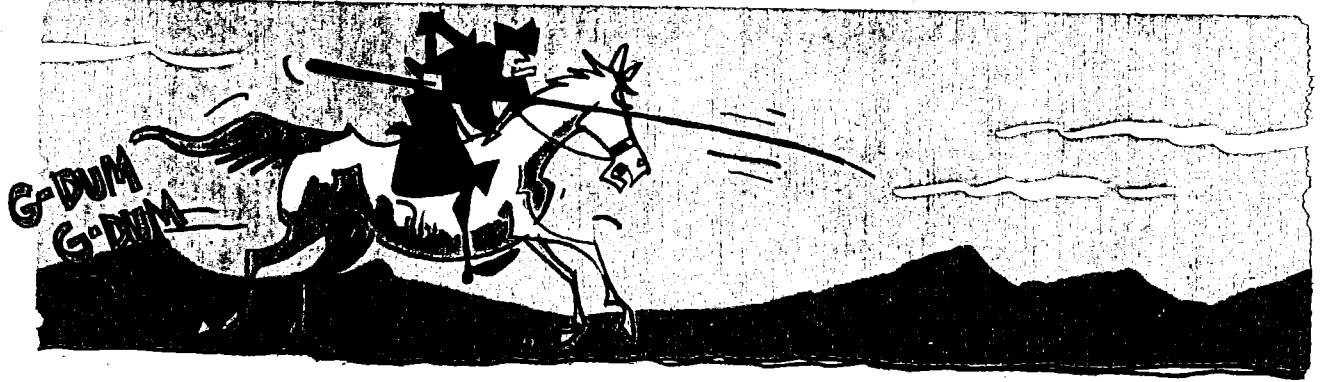
THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TEST LIES IN OBLIGING YOU TO BELIEVE IT WITHOUT EVIDENCE. CONFESS OR PREPARE FOR BATTLE!



LOOK, JUST SHOW US A PICTURE SO WE CAN SEE WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE! WE'RE SO TIRED WE'LL AGREE THAT SHE'S A BEAUTY EVEN IF YOU SHOW US A PICTURE OF A ONE-EYED PIG WITH A BEARD!

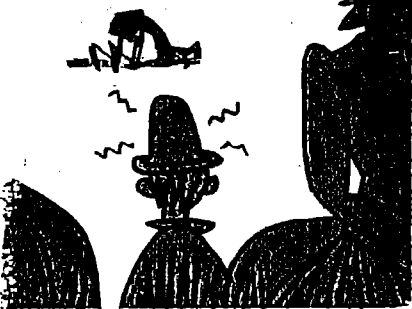


THOU SHALT PAY FOR THE BLASPHEMY THOU HAST LITTERED AGAINST THE TRANSCENDENT BEAUTY OF MY INCOMPARABLE LADY!





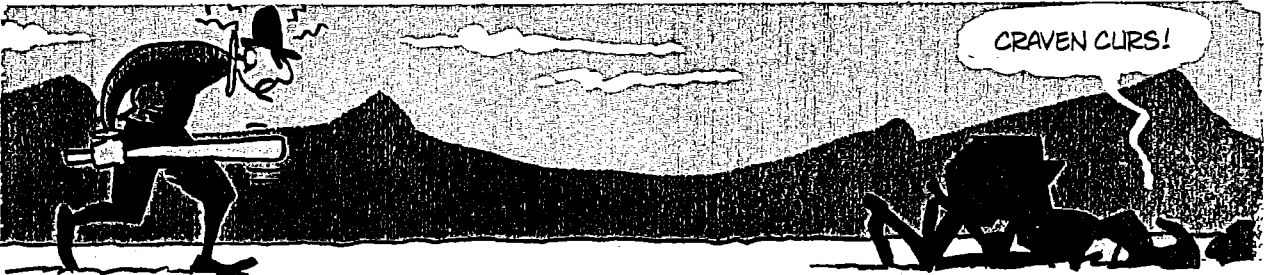
COME BACK, YOU COWARDS! HELP ME UP AND I'LL FIGHT THE LOT OF YOU! YOU POLTROONS!



LEAVE HIM BE, THE POOR MAN'S CLEARLY LOST HIS WITS.



APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE, MASTER, BUT THIS IDIOT NEEDS TEACHING A LESSON.



WACK!  
WACK!  
WACK!

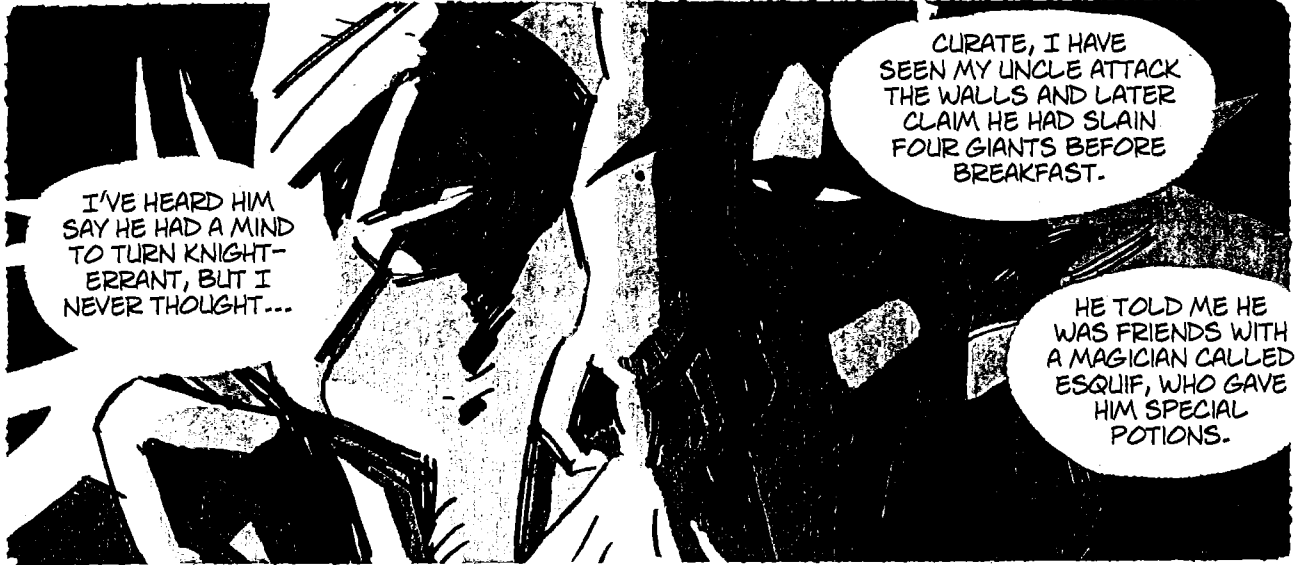


WACK!  
WACK!  
WACK!





# ~ Chapter Three ~



I'VE HEARD HIM SAY HE HAD A MIND TO TURN KNIGHT-ERRANT, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT...

CURATE, I HAVE SEEN MY UNCLE ATTACK THE WALLS AND LATER CLAIM HE HAD SLAIN FOUR GIANTS BEFORE BREAKFAST.

HE TOLD ME HE WAS FRIENDS WITH A MAGICIAN CALLED ESQUIF, WHO GAVE HIM SPECIAL POTIONS.

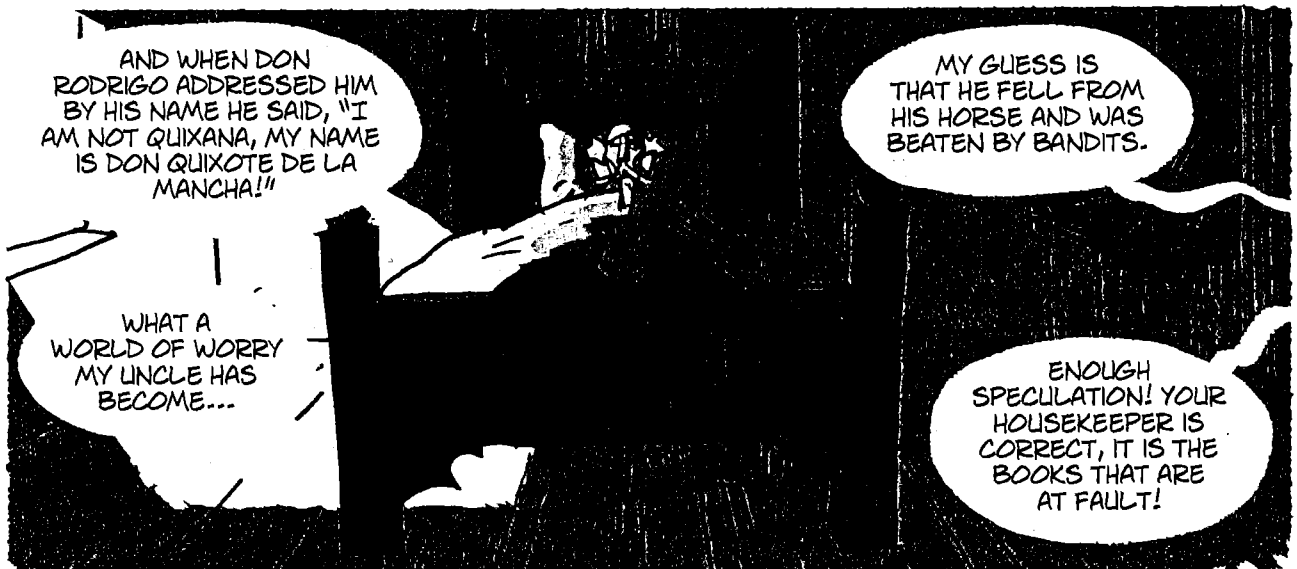


I HOPE I'M NOT TALKING OUT OF TURN, CURATE, WHEN I SAY HE HAS READ TOO MANY OF THOSE BOOKS.

I'M OF A MIND TO BURN THEM ALL. IT IS THE BOOKS THAT HAVE DONE THIS!

HE'S BEEN GONE FOR SIX DAYS! WHERE HAS HE BEEN?

IT'S LUCKY THAT DON RODRIGO FOUND HIM BESIDE THE ROAD AND BROUGHT HIM HOME.



AND WHEN DON RODRIGO ADDRESSED HIM BY HIS NAME HE SAID, "I AM NOT QUIXANA, MY NAME IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA!"

WHAT A WORLD OF WORRY MY UNCLE HAS BECOME...

MY GUESS IS THAT HE FELL FROM HIS HORSE AND WAS BEATEN BY BANDITS.

ENOUGH SPECULATION! YOUR HOUSEKEEPER IS CORRECT, IT IS THE BOOKS THAT ARE AT FAULT!

AND NOW WITH YOUR UNCLE  
CONFINED TO HIS BED WE  
HAVE THE CHANCE TO RID HIM  
OF THE PROBLEM.

MASTER NICHOLAS, YOU  
HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A  
BARBER TO HIM THESE LONG  
YEARS, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I SHARE ALONSO'S LOVE  
OF BOOKS ON CHIVALRY, BUT  
I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO AGREE  
WITH YOU — THE BOOKS ARE  
THE CAUSE OF HIS MADNESS.

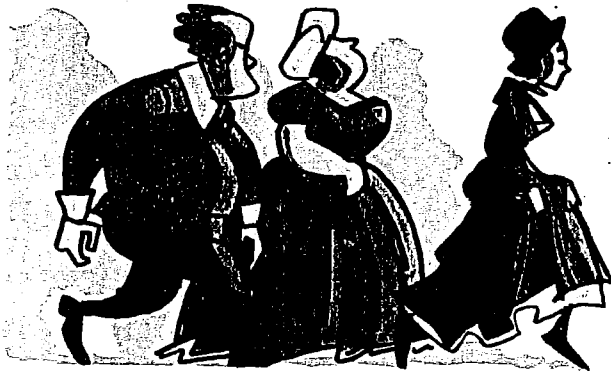
THEY MAY DESTROY  
OUR FRIEND IF WE DON'T  
DESTROY THEM FIRST!

OH, MY POOR  
HEART!

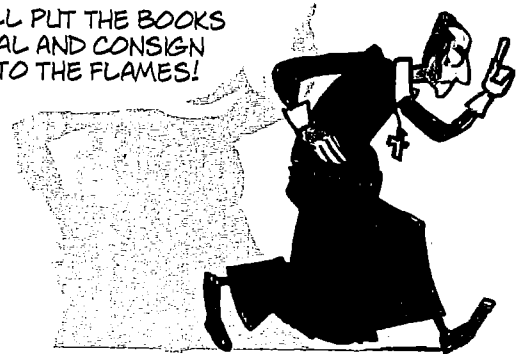


I FEEL RESPONSIBLE...  
I SHOULD HAVE SAID  
SOMETHING SOONER — I  
CAN'T BELIEVE HOW I'VE  
LET THIS HAPPEN...

I'VE HEARD  
ENOUGH! FETCH  
ME THE KEYS TO  
THE STUDY!



WE SHALL PUT THE BOOKS  
ON TRIAL AND CONSIGN  
THEM TO THE FLAMES!



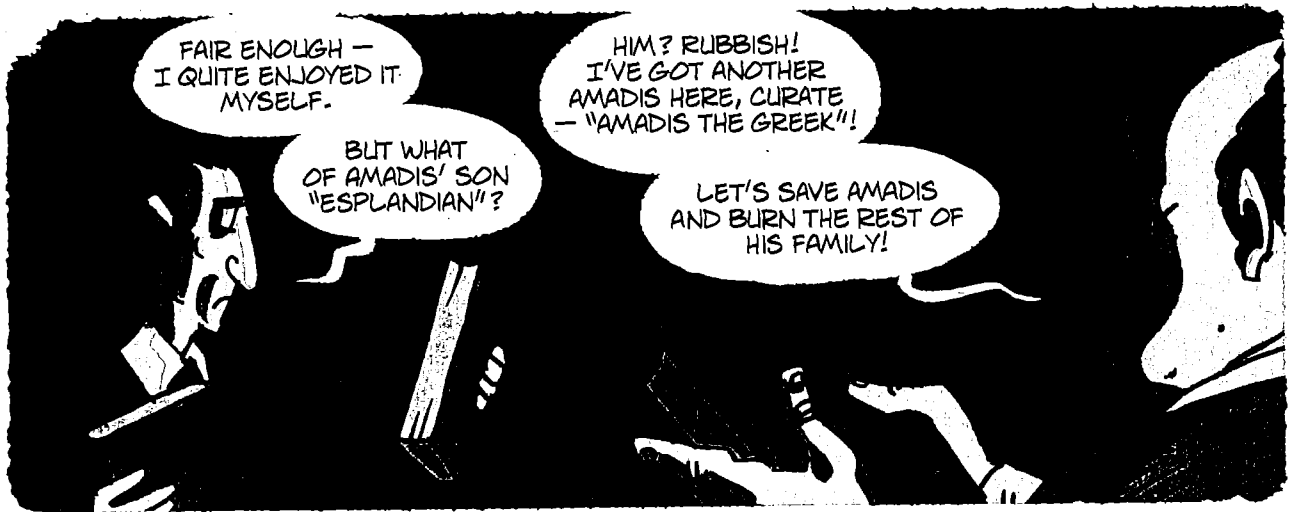
AND SO BEGAN  
THE TRIAL OF  
DON QUIXOTE'S  
LIBRARY...



HERE WE HAVE "AMADIS DE  
GALL", THE FIRST SPANISH  
BOOK OF CHIVALRY AND  
PERHAPS THE GUILTIEST  
OF ALL!

IT'S  
A CRACKING  
GOOD READ  
THOUGH!





FAIR ENOUGH —  
I QUITE ENJOYED IT.  
MYSELF.

BUT WHAT  
OF AMADIS' SON  
"ESPLANDIAN"?

HIM? RUBBISH!  
I'VE GOT ANOTHER  
AMADIS HERE, CURATE  
— "AMADIS THE GREEK"!

LET'S SAVE AMADIS  
AND BURN THE REST OF  
HIS FAMILY!



MADAM  
HOUSEKEEPER, WOULD  
YOU BE SO KIND AS TO  
BUILD A PYRE OF THESE  
BOOKS IN THE YARD?

GLADLY.

"DON OLIVANTE  
OF LAURA"?

NEITHER TRUE  
ENOUGH NOR  
FALSE ENOUGH.  
BURN IT!

"FELIX OF  
HYRCANIA"?



UGH! SO DRY  
— INTO THE FIRE!

"KNIGHT OF  
THE CROSS"?

THE DEVIL CAN  
HIDE BEHIND THE  
CROSS! INTO THE  
FIRE WITH HIM!

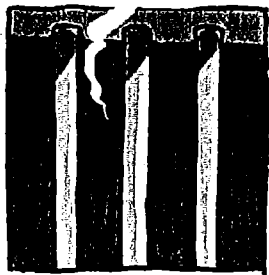
YOU KNOW... I'M  
OF A MIND TO JUST  
BURN THE REST AND  
BE DONE WITH IT.



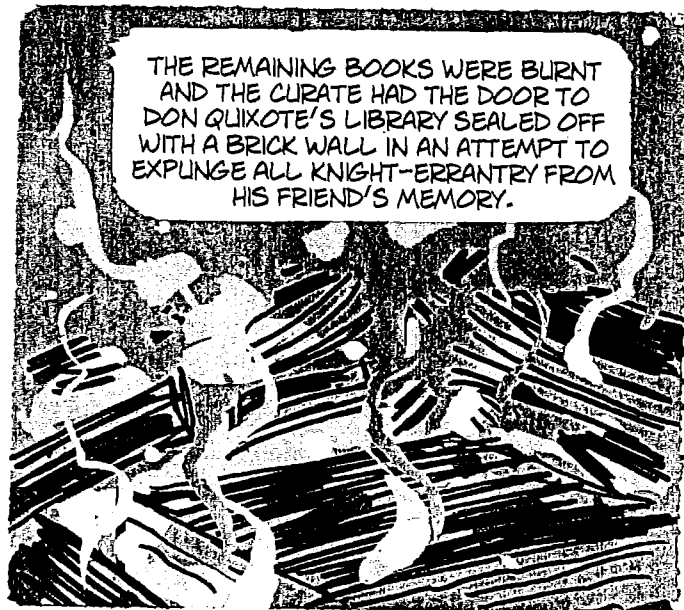
NOT THIS ONE! IT'S  
"GALATEA" BY CERVANTES.  
NOT A GREAT BOOK, BUT  
THE MAN'S A GOOD  
FRIEND OF MINE.

I HEAR HE'S  
LOCKED UP IN PRISON  
AGAIN. I CAN'T ADD TO HIS  
WOES BY BURNING  
HIS BOOK.

I CAN'T REMEMBER MEETING THE CURATE PRIOR TO ENCOUNTERING HIM IN THESE PAGES, SO I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN BE GOOD FRIENDS. BUT THOSE ARE HIS WORDS AS RECORDED IN THE OFFICIAL HISTORY AND IT IS MY DUTY TO STICK TO THE TRUTH AS IT IS WRITTEN.

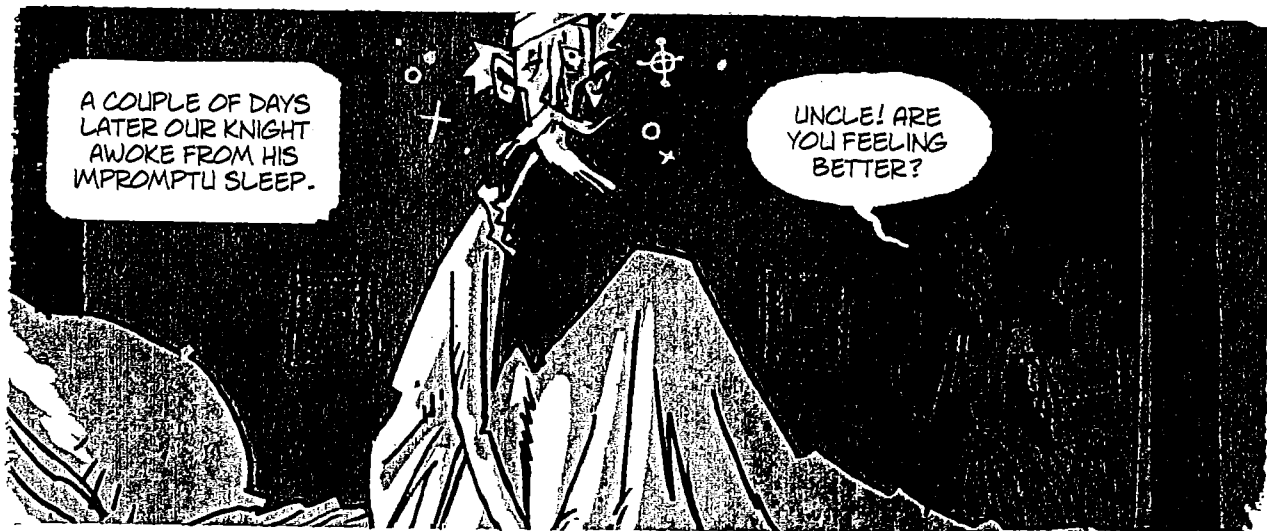


THE REMAINING BOOKS WERE BURNT AND THE CURATE HAD THE DOOR TO DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY SEALED OFF WITH A BRICK WALL IN AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLUNGE ALL KNIGHT-ERRANTRY FROM HIS FRIEND'S MEMORY.



A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER OUR KNIGHT AWOKE FROM HIS IMPROMPTU SLEEP.

UNCLE! ARE YOU FEELING BETTER?



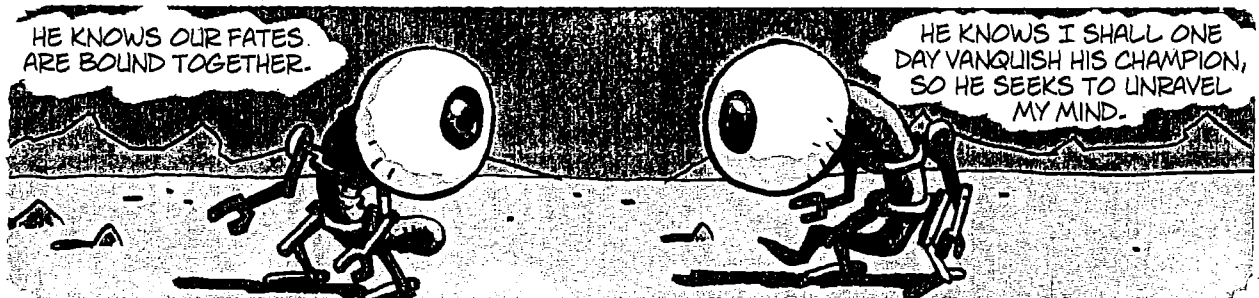
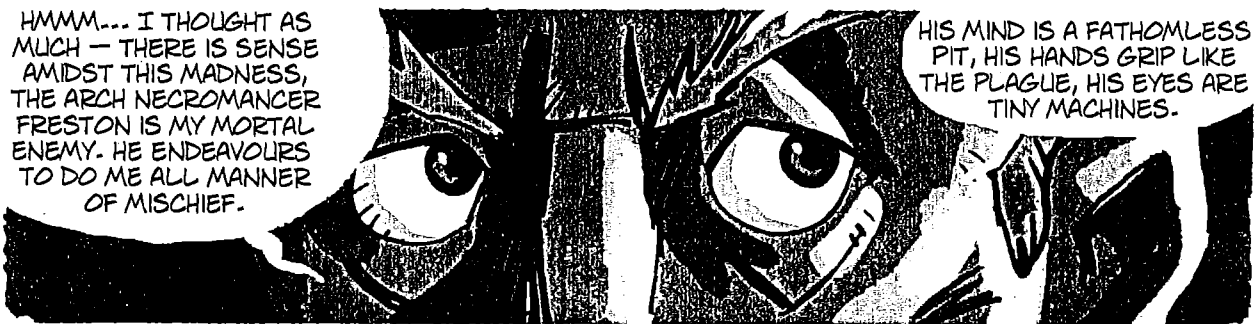
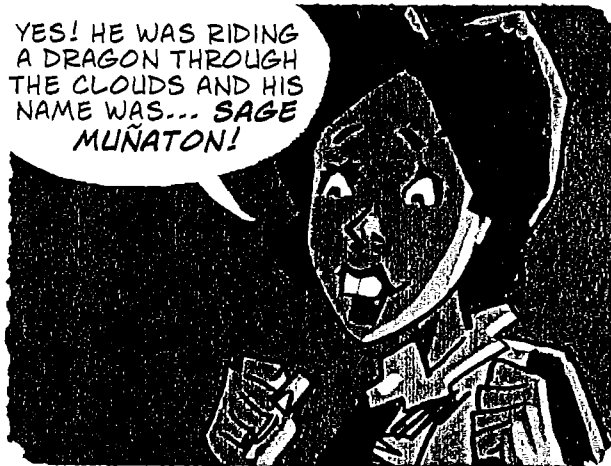
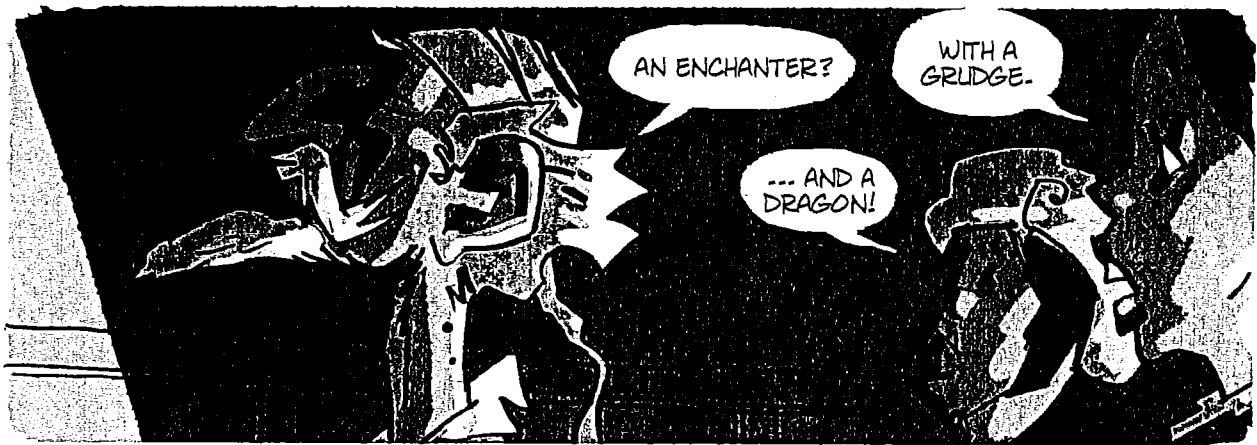
A KNIGHT DOES NOT CONCERN HIMSELF WITH SUCH TRIFLES AS PAIN AND UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCLUSE ME, I INTEND TO SPEND TIME IN MY STUDY WITH MY BOOKS.



WAIT, UNCLE!  
I'M AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A PROBLEM THERE....





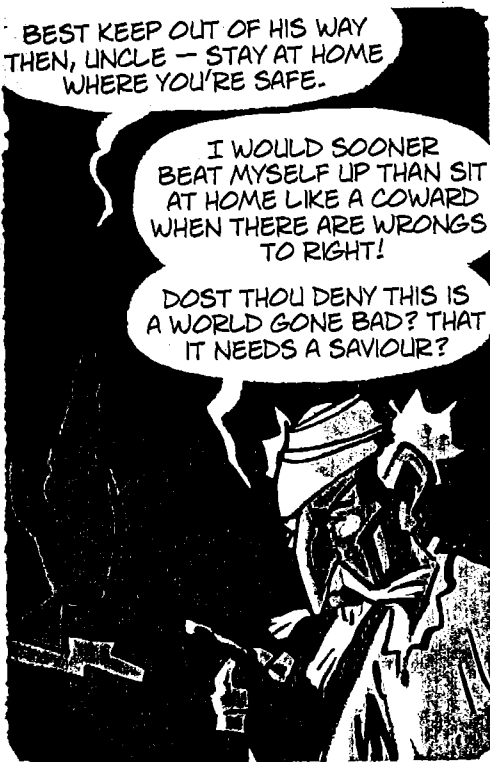
THOU CANST NOT IMAGINE WHAT IT IS, SWEET NIECE, TO HAVE ANOTHER CONSPIRING AGAINST ONE'S WITS.



BEST KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY THEN, UNCLE — STAY AT HOME WHERE YOU'RE SAFE.

I WOULD SOONER BEAT MYSELF UP THAN SIT AT HOME LIKE A COWARD WHEN THERE ARE WRONGS TO RIGHT!

DOST THOU DENY THIS IS A WORLD GONE BAD? THAT IT NEEDS A SAVIOUR?



THOU CANST NOT UNDERSTAND — THIS IS BECAUSE THOU ART A NIECE AND NOT A KNIGHT-ERRANT SUCH AS I!

WHEN I AM READY I SHALL RIDE OUT ONCE MORE AND SET RIGHT THE WRONGS!



AND THIS TIME I SHALL BE BETTER PREPARED — I SHALL HAVE PROVISIONS AND A SPARE SHIRT... AND A **SQUIRE!**



TWO WEEKS LATER AND DON QUIXOTE IS STILL THE ONLY TOPIC OF CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CURATE AND THE BARBER.

I WORRY THAT HE IS BEYOND OUR HELP. I HAVE TRIED TO SPEAK TO HIM.



HE WON'T SPEAK TO ANYONE...

EXCEPT THAT FELLOW, IT SEEMS. WHO IS THAT ANYWAY?



THAT'S SANCHO PANZA, HE'S JUST A HARMLESS DOLT. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT OUR DERANGED FRIEND COULD BE DISCUSSING WITH A DUNCE LIKE THAT.

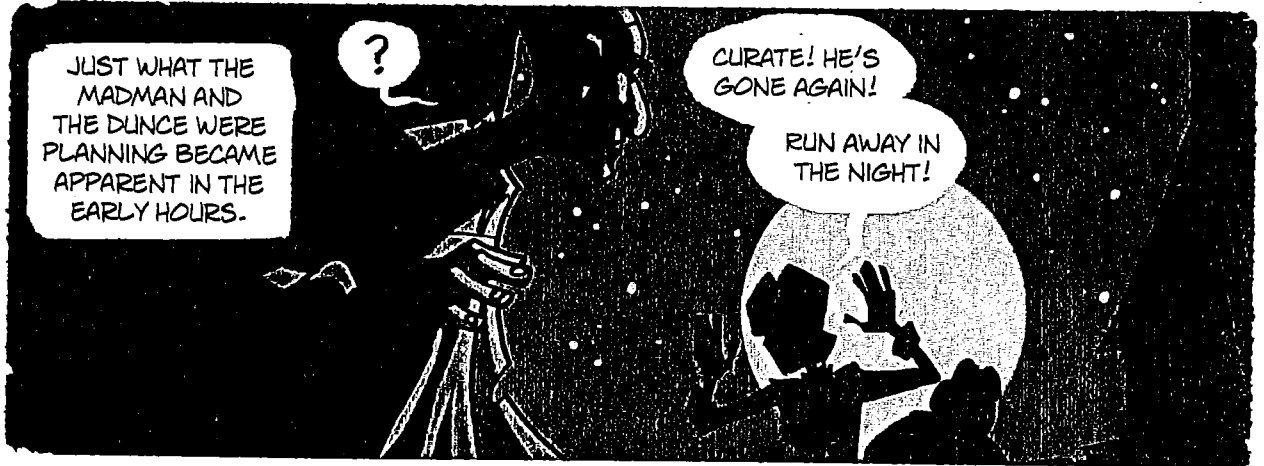


JUST WHAT THE MADMAN AND THE DUNCE WERE PLANNING BECAME APPARENT IN THE EARLY HOURS.

?

CURATE! HE'S GONE AGAIN!

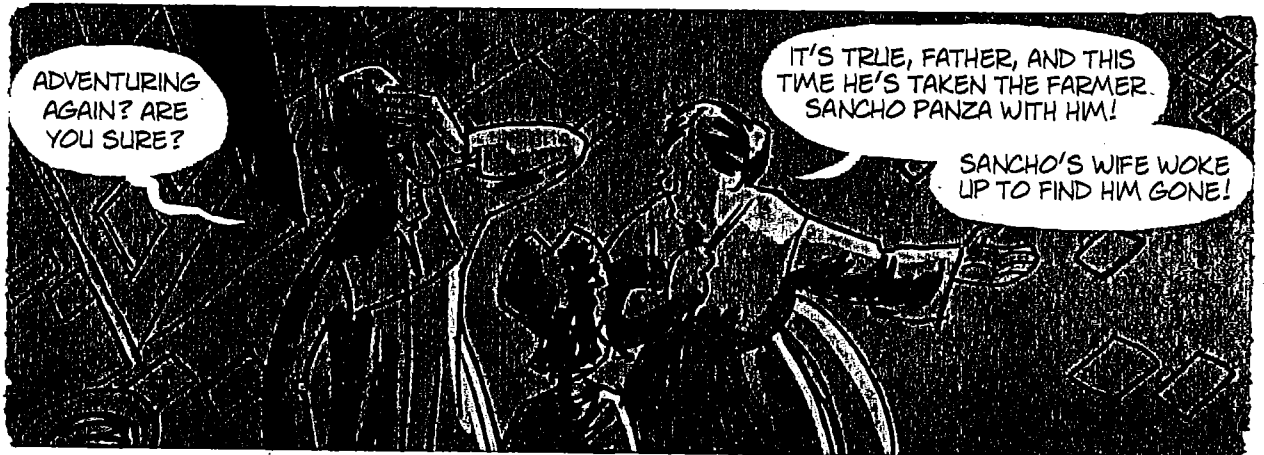
RUN AWAY IN THE NIGHT!



ADVENTURING AGAIN? ARE YOU SURE?

IT'S TRUE, FATHER, AND THIS TIME HE'S TAKEN THE FARMER. SANCHO PANZA WITH HIM!

SANCHO'S WIFE WOKE UP TO FIND HIM GONE!



HE COULD BE ANYWHERE BY NOW...

