

## **AI-Generated Graded Readers**

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### **About This Edition**

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

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François Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

## THE FIRST BOOK

### Part 1

Many people open a book only to laugh. Others open a book to learn something wise. This book hopes to give both things at the same time. The story may look foolish at first sight, full of giants, strange adventures, and jokes. Yet the careful reader may discover something deeper inside it. A good bone is often hidden inside a rough shell, and a good thought may hide inside a comic tale.

If you see a dog with a bone, you may notice how seriously the dog works. He bites the bone, turns it over, and breaks it until he reaches the marrow hidden inside. The dog does not care about the outside. He wants the best part within. A wise reader should do the same when reading a strange book. Do not stop at the surface. Break the shell and search for the meaning inside.

For this reason, dear reader, you should not judge the story too quickly. The tale that follows may sometimes seem silly. You will see giants who drink rivers of wine, scholars who speak foolish words, monks who fight like soldiers, and kings who start wars for very small reasons. But if you read carefully, you may find wisdom hiding among the laughter.

Long ago, in the pleasant land of France, there lived a king named Grangousier. He ruled a peaceful country of farms, vineyards, and green hills. His people loved good food, good wine, and cheerful company. They were not rich in gold, but they were rich in laughter and friendship. Grangousier himself was a kind and generous man who preferred peace to war and good conversation to empty pride.

Grangousier had married a noble lady named Gargamelle. She was tall, strong, and cheerful, and the people of the land respected her greatly. The king and queen lived happily together, and their country enjoyed many peaceful years. They gave great feasts, welcomed travelers, and ruled their people with fairness.

One year, after a long and joyful harvest, the people held a great celebration. Huge tables were set in the fields. Barrels of wine were opened. The cooks prepared mountains of food, and everyone came to eat, drink, and sing together.

Among the dishes served that day were many plates of tripe, a favorite food in the country. The tripe was cooked in many ways—boiled, roasted, and mixed with spices. The smell of it filled the air. Gargamelle, who greatly enjoyed this food, ate with a very strong appetite.

She ate so much that some people later said the great feast had strange consequences. For soon after this celebration it became clear that the queen was expecting a child.

The news spread quickly through the kingdom. The people were delighted, for they hoped that the king and queen would soon have an heir who would continue the peaceful rule of Grangousier.

Yet the pregnancy of Gargamelle was unlike any other that the kingdom had ever seen. The months passed, and still the child did not appear. The tenth month passed, and still there was no birth. Then the eleventh month came.

Some people began to whisper that something unusual was happening. Physicians were called. Scholars discussed the matter. Astrologers looked at the stars. Each of them had a different explanation, and each believed his own explanation to be correct.

Grangousier himself did not worry very much. He believed that nature would take its course. “A child will come when the child is ready,” he said calmly. “Let us not trouble ourselves too much about it.”

At last the day arrived when the child decided to enter the world, and the manner of his birth was as extraordinary as everything that had happened before.

It was a day of great noise and confusion. Gargamelle suddenly cried out loudly, and many women hurried to assist her. The palace became full of running feet and worried voices.

Then something very strange occurred.

Instead of being born in the ordinary way, the child came into the world by an unexpected path. The story of this strange birth was told and retold for many years

afterward, and each person who told it added something new to the tale.

When the child finally appeared, everyone stared in amazement. The newborn baby was enormous. He was far larger than any ordinary child. His mouth opened wide, and his first cry filled the whole room.

But his first word was not a cry of pain or fear.

Instead, the giant child shouted loudly:

“Drink! Drink! Drink!”

Those who heard the cry looked at one another in astonishment. Some laughed. Others crossed themselves. The midwives shook their heads in wonder.

Grangousier, however, burst into cheerful laughter.

“This child will be a merry soul,” he said. “He enters the world asking for drink. That is a good sign in our country.”

The newborn child was immediately given wine mixed with water, according to the custom of the land. He drank it eagerly, and the people watching him began to laugh again.

Because the baby had entered the world asking for drink, the king decided to give him a name that would always remember that moment.

After thinking carefully, he declared that the child should be called *Gargantua*.

The name sounded strong and joyful, and it suited the enormous child perfectly. Soon the whole kingdom was speaking about the birth of Gargantua.

Stories about the giant baby spread from village to village. Some said he would grow into the greatest hero of the age. Others said he would drink all the wine of France before he became a man.

As the child grew, people discovered that Gargantua truly was different from ordinary children. His appetite was enormous. His strength was surprising. Even when he was very young, he seemed to fill the whole house with noise, movement, and laughter.

His father watched these signs with pleasure.

“Let him grow,” said Grangousier. “A child who laughs loudly will live well in the world.”

And so the strange and wonderful life of Gargantua began.

In the years that followed, he would learn many things, meet many teachers, travel to great cities, fight foolish wars, and build a new and surprising place where people could live freely.

But before any of those adventures happened, Gargantua first had to pass through the curious and often ridiculous days of childhood.

And those early days were already full of strange discoveries.

For even as a small boy, Gargantua had a mind that worked in ways no one expected.

## Part 2

The child Gargantua grew with astonishing speed. Before many weeks had passed, he was already as large as other children who were several years old. His nurses soon discovered that caring for him would not be easy work. A normal cradle was far too small for him, and ordinary clothing could not fit his enormous body.

King Grangousier ordered the best craftsmen of the kingdom to prepare new things for the child. Carpenters built a cradle as large as a small boat. Tailors sewed clothes from huge pieces of cloth. Even the bottles used for his milk had to be replaced by great jars.

But the most difficult matter was feeding him.

Gargantua's appetite was remarkable. When he cried, the sound filled the whole palace, and nothing could calm him except food or drink. The nurses tried many methods to satisfy him. Sometimes they sang to him. Sometimes they carried him through the gardens. Yet nothing worked as well as a full cup of milk.

Because of this, the king gathered many strong nurses to help care for the child. Some stories say that more than seventeen thousand cows were needed to supply the milk that Gargantua drank during his early childhood. Whether this number is true or not, everyone agreed that the young giant ate and drank far more than any ordinary child.

As Gargantua grew stronger, he began to explore the world around him. His

favorite activity was playing with objects that seemed enormous to other children but were only toys in his hands.

For example, he liked to play with wooden horses.

The craftsmen of the palace made him several great wooden horses so that he could ride around the courtyard. These toys were built from thick beams of oak and painted in bright colors. Gargantua climbed onto them with great excitement and galloped across the yard, shouting with joy.

When the servants saw him racing across the courtyard, they laughed and stepped aside to avoid being knocked down by the energetic child.

Yet Gargantua's childhood was not only full of noise and play. Even at a young age he showed signs of a curious and inventive mind.

One day he began to ask questions about everything he saw. Why did birds fly? Why did the river move? Why did people sleep at night? The nurses could not answer all these questions, and they often shook their heads in confusion.

King Grangousier watched his son carefully. He wished the boy to grow not only strong but also wise. Therefore he decided that Gargantua must soon begin his education.

At that time many learned men believed that the best education was given by scholars called Sophists. These teachers were proud of their knowledge of Latin and their complicated methods of study. They filled their lessons with long speeches and difficult rules.

Grangousier therefore invited one of these famous scholars to the palace.

The scholar arrived dressed in long robes and carrying many heavy books. He bowed deeply before the king and declared that he would teach the young Gargantua everything necessary for a great prince.

Gargantua was placed under the care of this teacher, who immediately began his lessons.

Unfortunately, the results were not very good.

The Sophist believed that learning meant repeating words again and again. He made Gargantua memorize long lists of Latin grammar rules. Every morning the boy had to sit at a desk and repeat the same phrases many times.

Gargantua tried to follow these lessons, but they did not interest him. His strong body wished to move, and his lively mind wanted to understand the world, not simply repeat words that he did not fully understand.

Nevertheless the teacher insisted on his method.

Gargantua spent hours sitting at a table, reading from dusty books and copying strange sentences. Often he did not understand what he was learning. Yet the Sophist believed that repeating the words was enough.

As the months passed, the young giant seemed to learn very little.

His father began to notice the problem. Although Gargantua was growing taller and stronger every day, his studies were not improving his understanding.

One day the king asked his son a simple question about the lesson he had been studying for many weeks.

Gargantua tried to answer, but his explanation was confused and uncertain. He could repeat many words from the book, yet he could not clearly explain their meaning.

Grangousier frowned slightly. He began to suspect that something was wrong with the method of teaching.

Soon after this, another strange event revealed Gargantua's natural intelligence in a very unexpected way.

One afternoon Gargantua began to think about a practical problem that every person must face in daily life. The question was simple: what is the best way to clean oneself after using the toilet?

This may seem a foolish subject, yet the young Gargantua approached it with the curiosity of a true philosopher. He decided to test many different materials to discover which one worked best.

He experimented with cloth, paper, leaves, and many other objects. Each time he carefully considered the result.

Finally he discovered that a soft goose's neck provided the most comfortable solution of all.

Gargantua explained his discovery with great seriousness, describing each experiment and its result. His speech was long and detailed, and it showed that he

had thought deeply about the problem.

When King Grangousier heard this explanation, he burst into loud laughter.

Yet he also realized something important.

Although the subject of Gargantua's experiment was comic, the reasoning behind it was clear and intelligent. The boy had observed the world, tested several ideas, and reached a conclusion based on experience.

This kind of thinking was far more valuable than the empty repetition of Latin grammar.

Grangousier turned to the scholar who had been teaching his son.

"My friend," he said, "you have made my son repeat many words, but he has not truly learned how to think."

The Sophist tried to defend his method with many complicated explanations. He spoke about ancient authorities and traditional systems of study.

But the king was no longer convinced.

"Learning should make a man wiser," he said quietly. "If a child spends years studying and understands nothing, then something is wrong with the teaching."

From that moment Grangousier began to consider a different plan for his son's education.

Gargantua, meanwhile, continued to grow stronger and more curious every day. His mind was full of questions, and the world seemed wide and interesting before him.

Soon a new teacher would arrive who would change the young giant's life completely.

And with that new teacher, Gargantua would begin a very different kind of education.

### Part 3

King Grangousier spent many days thinking about his son's education. He had hoped that the famous Sophist would make Gargantua wise, but the result had been disappointing. The boy could repeat many Latin sentences, yet he understood

very little of the world around him.

Grangousier did not wish to blame the child. Gargantua was lively, curious, and intelligent in his own way. The problem, the king believed, must lie in the method of teaching.

Therefore he decided to seek advice from wiser men.

One evening he invited several scholars and friends to dine with him. They sat together in the great hall of the palace. Candles burned on the long tables, and servants brought roasted meats, fresh bread, and wine from the royal vineyards.

As they ate, the king spoke openly about his worries.

“My son studies every day,” said Grangousier, “yet he seems to gain little wisdom. He learns words but not understanding. Tell me, my friends, what should I do?”

The guests looked at one another thoughtfully. At last one of them spoke.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “many teachers still follow the old methods of the schools. They make students repeat lessons without truly understanding them. But there are new scholars who believe that learning should follow nature and experience.”

Another guest nodded.

“There is a learned man named Ponocrates,” he added. “He believes that a student should train both the mind and the body. He studies ancient wisdom, but he also observes the world. Perhaps he could guide the education of Prince Gargantua.”

The king listened carefully. The name Ponocrates was known among scholars for his serious learning and practical wisdom.

“Send for him,” said Grangousier at last. “If he can teach my son to think clearly, I will welcome him gladly.”

Messengers were sent at once, and after some days the new teacher arrived at the palace.

Ponocrates was not dressed in the heavy robes of the Sophists. His clothes were simple and practical. His face showed both intelligence and calm patience. When he greeted the king, he spoke politely but without unnecessary ceremony.

Grangousier explained the situation.

“My son is strong and curious,” said the king, “but his studies have not brought him wisdom. I ask you to observe him and tell me honestly what you think.”

Ponocrates agreed.

“Before changing anything,” he said, “I must first understand the present method.”

The next morning he watched Gargantua’s daily routine.

The day began very late. Gargantua slept until the sun was already high in the sky. When he finally woke, the servants helped him dress slowly while he repeated parts of his Latin lesson.

Then he sat at a table and read from a book without understanding most of the words. His teacher explained the grammar again and again, while Gargantua tried to remain attentive.

After this long lesson came a heavy meal, followed by more reading and memorizing. Little time remained for exercise or fresh air.

Ponocrates observed all this quietly.

In the evening he spoke privately with the king.

“Your Majesty,” he said gently, “the prince has great natural ability. But the present method does not help him. His mind is forced to learn without joy, and his body grows lazy from too much sitting.”

“What would you change?” asked Grangousier.

Ponocrates smiled slightly.

“Everything.”

The king laughed.

“Then begin tomorrow.”

The next morning Gargantua’s life changed completely.

Instead of sleeping late, he was awakened early, while the sky was still pale with the light of dawn. At first he complained loudly, but Ponocrates insisted kindly yet firmly.

“A healthy mind begins with a healthy body,” said the teacher. “Rise, and greet the new day.”

Gargantua washed, dressed quickly, and stepped outside into the cool morning air. For the first time in many months he felt truly awake.

After a short prayer they began the day's exercise.

Gargantua ran through the gardens, lifted heavy stones, and practiced riding and fencing. The fresh air filled his lungs, and his body grew warm and strong.

Only after these exercises did he sit down to study.

But now the lessons were different.

Instead of repeating words without meaning, Ponocrates explained ideas clearly. When they read a passage in Latin or Greek, he showed Gargantua how it described real things in the world.

Sometimes they studied history and spoke about the actions of great kings and heroes. Sometimes they studied nature and walked through the fields to observe plants, rivers, and animals.

Every lesson connected learning with experience.

Gargantua began to enjoy his studies.

His mind, which had once wandered during the long grammar lessons, now followed each subject with lively interest. When he did not understand something, Ponocrates encouraged him to ask questions.

"Understanding grows through curiosity," the teacher often said.

The rest of the day followed a balanced rhythm.

After study came exercise. After exercise came reading, conversation, and sometimes music. Gargantua learned to ride skillfully, to swim strongly, and to handle weapons with control.

At meals Ponocrates encouraged thoughtful discussion rather than noisy eating. They spoke about what Gargantua had learned that day, examining each idea carefully.

Even leisure became part of education.

Gargantua played games that trained his mind as well as his body. Chess, puzzles, and debates all helped him learn how to think clearly.

In the evening they reviewed the day's lessons before sleep.

Under this new system Gargantua changed quickly.

His strength remained enormous, but his understanding grew stronger as well. He learned languages more easily, remembered history more clearly, and began to reason with surprising wisdom.

King Grangousier watched this transformation with great satisfaction.

“Now my son truly learns,” he said one evening.

Ponocrates bowed modestly.

“The prince already had the ability,” he replied. “He only needed the right path.”

Gargantua himself felt happier than before.

The world now seemed full of discoveries waiting to be made. Each day brought new knowledge, new exercise, and new experiences.

And so the young giant grew—not only in size, which was already extraordinary—but also in wisdom.

Soon his education would lead him beyond the quiet fields of his father’s kingdom.

For events were beginning to unfold that would soon bring Gargantua into the great city of Paris, where new adventures awaited him.

#### Part 4

Gargantua’s new education continued with great success. Each day followed the wise plan that Ponocrates had created. The young giant woke early, exercised his body, studied languages and history, observed nature, and discussed ideas with his teacher.

King Grangousier was pleased to see how his son was changing. Gargantua no longer seemed confused by learning. Instead, he approached each lesson with curiosity and energy.

Yet Ponocrates believed that the prince should see more of the world.

“Books teach much,” he told the king one evening, “but experience teaches even more. The prince should travel and meet different people. A great city will show him many things that cannot be learned here.”

Grangousier understood the wisdom of this advice.

“Where should he go?” the king asked.

“To Paris,” replied Ponocrates. “There he will see scholars, teachers, libraries, and many kinds of people. The city will test both his knowledge and his judgment.”

The king agreed.

Soon preparations began for Gargantua’s journey.

Because the young prince was enormous, an ordinary horse could not carry him. Therefore the king ordered a special animal to be brought from Africa—a gigantic mare of extraordinary strength.

This mare was almost as large as a small mountain of flesh and bone. Her tail alone was so long and thick that it could sweep across a whole field. When she moved, the ground seemed to shake beneath her hooves.

Gargantua mounted the great mare easily, and Ponocrates rode beside him. Servants and companions followed them as they left the peaceful lands of Grangousier.

As they traveled across the countryside, people came from villages to see the enormous rider and his extraordinary horse. Children ran beside the road, laughing and shouting with excitement.

Yet the great mare had a habit that soon caused trouble.

In one region of France there were countless horseflies that tormented travelers and animals. When the flies attacked the mare, she became irritated and began to swing her enormous tail.

With one powerful sweep she struck the fields around her.

The blow was so strong that it destroyed the flies—but it also flattened the crops growing in the nearby farms. Wheat fields, gardens, and even small trees were knocked down by the sweeping tail.

The farmers stared in shock at the damage.

Gargantua apologized to them kindly, and the king later compensated them for their loss. Still, the story of the giant mare that destroyed the flies of the region spread quickly through the countryside.

At last the travelers arrived near the great city of Paris.

Gargantua had never seen such a place before. The city was full of tall buildings,

crowded streets, markets, churches, and endless noise. Bells rang from towers, merchants called to their customers, and scholars hurried through the narrow streets carrying books.

When the Parisians first saw Gargantua riding his enormous mare, they could hardly believe their eyes.

Crowds gathered around him.

Some laughed. Some shouted questions. Others stared in wonder at the giant visitor who seemed taller than the houses around him.

Gargantua greeted them cheerfully. He was not proud or angry at the crowd's curiosity. Instead he laughed and spoke with them freely.

One day, while walking through the city, Gargantua passed the great church of Notre-Dame. High above the street hung the famous bells of the cathedral.

Gargantua looked up with interest.

“Those bells would make fine toys,” he said jokingly.

Without thinking too much about it, he climbed the tower and removed the bells. Because of his enormous strength, this was not difficult for him. He tied them to the neck of his mare and carried them away.

Soon the people of Paris realized that their bells were missing.

The city was filled with alarm.

Church officials, scholars, and city leaders gathered together to discuss what had happened. After much argument they decided to send a learned man to ask Gargantua to return the bells.

The man chosen for this mission was a scholar named Janotus de Bragmardo.

Janotus was famous for his speeches. He loved to speak in long, complicated sentences filled with Latin words and difficult phrases.

When he arrived before Gargantua, he began a long speech.

The speech continued for a very long time. Janotus spoke about ancient authorities, religious traditions, university privileges, and many other subjects that seemed only loosely connected to the bells.

Gargantua listened politely at first.

But as the speech continued, the young giant found it difficult to follow the

meaning. Janotus used so many strange words that the message became almost impossible to understand.

Ponocrates quietly whispered to Gargantua.

“This is the old style of learning,” he said softly. “Many words, but little clarity.”

At last Janotus finished his speech with great pride.

Gargantua smiled kindly.

“Master scholar,” he said, “if you had simply asked for the bells at the beginning, I would have returned them immediately.”

The giant laughed, and the bells were soon given back to the church.

The people of Paris were greatly relieved.

Yet the story of Janotus’s long and confusing speech became famous throughout the city. Many people laughed at the memory of the scholar who spoke so much without saying very much.

Gargantua continued his studies in Paris for some time. Under Ponocrates’ guidance he visited libraries, met scholars, and observed the life of the city.

His education was now truly complete.

But while Gargantua studied peacefully in Paris, events far away in his father’s kingdom were beginning to take a dangerous turn.

A small and foolish quarrel was growing into something much larger.

And that quarrel would soon bring Gargantua back home—not as a student, but as a leader in war.

## Part 5

While Gargantua studied in Paris, life in his father’s country continued peacefully for a time. King Grangousier ruled his land with patience and kindness. The farmers worked in the fields, the vineyards produced good wine, and the villages remained quiet.

Yet sometimes the greatest troubles begin from the smallest causes.

One day a group of shepherds from Grangousier’s land met several cake-bakers who were traveling along the road. The cake-bakers carried baskets filled with

fresh cakes which they intended to sell in nearby towns.

The shepherds, who had been working all morning, were hungry and wished to buy some cakes. They asked politely if they might purchase a few.

But the cake-bakers refused.

They said the cakes were already promised to other customers and that they could not spare any.

The shepherds repeated their request, this time offering a higher price. Still the bakers refused. Their answer became sharp and unfriendly.

Soon the conversation turned into an argument.

Angry words were exchanged. One of the shepherds tried to take a cake from a basket, and one of the bakers struck him with a stick. The shepherds pushed back, the bakers shouted loudly, and within moments the peaceful road had become a small battlefield.

Sticks were raised, fists were thrown, and baskets of cakes fell into the dust.

At last the shepherds drove the bakers away. The bakers fled down the road, angry and humiliated, leaving many cakes scattered behind them.

The shepherds gathered the fallen cakes and returned home laughing, thinking the matter finished.

But the cake-bakers had friends, and those friends carried the story to their lord.

The lord of that region was King Picrochole.

Picrochole was very different from Grangousier. Where Grangousier loved peace, Picrochole loved ambition and conquest. He dreamed of becoming a great ruler whose armies would march across many lands.

When the cake-bakers complained to him about the fight with the shepherds, Picrochole listened with growing anger.

His advisers gathered around him and began to speak excitedly.

“This is an insult,” one said.

“It is an attack upon your authority,” said another.

“If you allow this offense to go unpunished,” a third added, “other enemies will soon challenge your power.”

Picrochole’s imagination quickly transformed the small quarrel into a great

political insult.

“They have attacked my people,” he declared loudly. “This is an act of war!”

Some of his wiser advisers tried to calm him.

“Your Majesty,” one of them said carefully, “this was only a fight between travelers. Perhaps it would be better to send a message to King Grangousier and settle the matter peacefully.”

But Picrochole had already made up his mind.

His thoughts raced far beyond the simple quarrel. In his imagination he began to see himself conquering not only Grangousier’s lands but many other kingdoms as well.

“Once we defeat Grangousier,” he said excitedly, “we will march further. We will conquer the neighboring provinces. After that we will take the great cities. Soon all France will belong to us!”

His advisers, seeing his excitement, began to flatter him.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” they said. “Your victories will be famous throughout the world.”

And so, because of a few cakes on a dusty road, a war began.

Picrochole gathered his soldiers and ordered them to march into Grangousier’s lands.

The army advanced quickly, surprising the peaceful villages that lay near the border. Soldiers entered the countryside, shouting and seizing whatever they found.

News of the invasion soon reached King Grangousier.

The old king was deeply troubled. He had never wished for war, and he could hardly believe that such a conflict had begun over such a foolish quarrel.

“This is madness,” he said sadly.

Instead of immediately preparing for battle, Grangousier first tried to restore peace. He sent messengers to Picrochole, offering compensation for the cakes and asking for calm discussion.

But Picrochole refused to listen.

His army continued its advance.

Among the buildings threatened by the invading soldiers was a quiet abbey where monks lived and worked peacefully. The monks were not warriors. Their lives were devoted to prayer, study, and tending the gardens around their abbey.

When the soldiers approached, most of the monks became frightened. They began gathering their belongings, preparing to hide or flee.

But one monk behaved very differently.

His name was Friar John.

Friar John was strong, energetic, and not at all timid. When he saw the enemy soldiers approaching the abbey's vineyards, he became extremely angry.

"Those vineyards produce excellent wine," he said. "I will not allow anyone to destroy them."

The other monks tried to calm him.

"Brother John," they said, "we are men of peace. Let us pray and leave these matters to the soldiers."

But Friar John shook his head.

"Prayer is good," he replied, "but sometimes action is necessary."

Taking a large staff in his hands, he rushed toward the invading soldiers.

The soldiers were not prepared to face a furious monk who fought like a giant. Friar John struck left and right with his heavy staff, knocking down the attackers and driving them out of the vineyards.

The battle was noisy and chaotic. Soldiers fell into the vines, grapes scattered across the ground, and Friar John shouted loudly as he defended the abbey.

At last the attackers fled in confusion.

The vineyards were saved.

When the monks saw what had happened, they stared at Friar John with astonishment.

"Brother John," one of them said slowly, "you fight more like a soldier than a monk."

Friar John wiped the dust from his robe and smiled.

"Perhaps," he said cheerfully, "but the wine of this vineyard will taste better because it has been defended."

Meanwhile the news of Picrochole's invasion continued to spread.

Messengers rode quickly to Paris to inform Gargantua of the danger facing his father's kingdom.

When Gargantua received the message, he understood that his peaceful studies must end for a time.

The young giant prepared to return home.

The lessons of Ponocrates had made him wise—but now he would also need courage.

For the foolish war begun by King Picrochole was about to grow much larger.

## Part 6

The message from his father's kingdom reached Gargantua while he was still studying in Paris. A tired messenger arrived at the house where Gargantua lived with Ponocrates. Dust covered his clothes, and his horse was exhausted from the long ride.

When Gargantua read the letter from King Grangousier, his expression became serious.

The letter explained everything. It told of the quarrel between the shepherds and the cake-bakers, of Picrochole's sudden anger, and of the invading army that was already moving through the countryside.

Grangousier had written calmly, as was his nature.

He explained that he had tried to make peace and had even offered compensation for the cakes. Yet Picrochole had refused to listen and had chosen war instead.

"My son," the letter ended, "I do not love war. But I must protect my people. If you are able, return to us and lend your strength to the defense of our land."

Gargantua folded the letter slowly.

"My father needs me," he said.

Ponocrates nodded.

"Then we must leave at once."

Preparations were made quickly. Gargantua mounted his enormous mare once again, and his companions gathered around him. Among them was the clever warrior Gymnast, whose quick mind and agile body made him an excellent fighter.

The company rode out of Paris and began the journey toward Grangousier's kingdom.

Along the road they heard many rumors about the war. Some travelers spoke of villages already occupied by Picrochole's soldiers. Others told stories about the brave monk who had defended the vineyards.

Gargantua listened carefully to every report.

"A monk who fights like that must be an interesting man," he said with a smile.

As they traveled farther into the countryside, the signs of war became clearer. Fields had been trampled, houses burned, and frightened villagers fled from their homes.

Gargantua's cheerful face grew more serious.

"This war began for nothing," he said quietly. "Yet innocent people are suffering."

Ponocrates agreed.

"This is often the way of foolish ambition," he replied.

Soon they reached a place where enemy soldiers were guarding a narrow road. The soldiers had not yet heard of Gargantua's approach, and they stood carelessly beside their camp.

Gymnast studied them carefully.

"Allow me to deal with these men," he said.

Gargantua agreed.

Gymnast rode forward alone. His horse moved quickly and silently. When he reached the soldiers, he began speaking in a friendly voice, pretending to be a traveler.

The soldiers lowered their guard and approached him.

At that moment Gymnast acted.

With astonishing speed he leaped from his horse and struck the nearest soldier before the others understood what was happening. His movements were so quick

that the enemy became confused and disorganized.

Within moments several soldiers lay on the ground, and the rest fled in panic.

Gargantua and his companions rode forward.

“Well done,” Gargantua said.

Gymnast smiled modestly.

“Speed often wins battles before strength is needed,” he replied.

The road was now clear, and the company continued toward the heart of Grangousier’s lands.

Not far away, Friar John was still active.

After defending the vineyards, the energetic monk had joined the forces gathering to resist Picrochole’s invasion. His courage and enthusiasm quickly made him popular among the soldiers.

Friar John fought with joyful energy. Instead of long speeches about glory, he preferred direct action. Wherever the battle became difficult, the monk appeared with his heavy staff and loud laughter.

News of Gargantua’s return soon spread among the defenders.

When Gargantua finally arrived at his father’s castle, King Grangousier welcomed him warmly.

The old king embraced his son.

“I am glad you have come,” he said. “Your presence will give courage to our people.”

Gargantua greeted his father respectfully.

“I will do whatever is necessary to defend our land,” he replied.

Soon after his arrival, Gargantua met the famous monk.

Friar John entered the hall boldly, his robe dusty from battle and his staff still in his hand. His eyes were bright with energy.

Gargantua studied him with interest.

“So you are the monk who defended the vineyards,” said the giant.

Friar John laughed.

“Yes, my lord. Those grapes deserved protection.”

Gargantua laughed as well.

“I think we shall become good friends.”

From that moment the giant prince and the fighting monk formed a strong partnership.

Meanwhile King Picrochole continued to advance with his army.

But the situation was beginning to change.

Gargantua’s strength, Gymnast’s cleverness, and Friar John’s fearless spirit were now united in the defense of Grangousier’s kingdom.

The foolish war that had begun with a quarrel over cakes was about to reach its greatest battles.

And soon Picrochole would discover that his dreams of conquest were far less certain than he had imagined.

## Part 7

The arrival of Gargantua brought new courage to the defenders of King Grangousier’s land. Soldiers who had been uncertain now felt hope again. The giant prince was not only strong but also calm and thoughtful, and his presence inspired confidence.

Yet Gargantua did not rush blindly into battle.

Ponocrates had taught him that wisdom must guide strength. Therefore Gargantua first gathered information about the enemy’s movements. Scouts rode through the countryside and returned with reports about the army of King Picrochole.

It soon became clear that Picrochole’s forces were large but poorly organized. Many of his soldiers had been gathered quickly and had little discipline. Their king had promised them easy victory and great rewards, and they had followed him with excitement.

But war is rarely as simple as ambitious rulers imagine.

Gargantua spoke with his companions in the great hall of the castle.

“Our goal is not destruction,” he said. “My father sought peace first. Even now we fight only to protect our people.”

Friar John leaned on his heavy staff and nodded.

“That is well said,” the monk replied. “Still, if the enemy wishes to fight, we must answer them properly.”

Gymnast spread a map across the table.

“Their army has taken position near the rock of Clermond,” he explained. “If we move carefully, we can strike them where they are weakest.”

Gargantua studied the map thoughtfully.

“Then we will advance,” he said. “But we will act with discipline.”

The army of Grangousier soon marched forward. The soldiers moved through fields and forests, preparing to confront Picrochole’s forces.

When the two armies finally approached each other, the tension in the air was strong. Trumpets sounded, banners waved in the wind, and soldiers prepared their weapons.

Gargantua himself stood at the front of his army. His enormous height made him visible from far away, and his presence alone caused fear among the enemy soldiers.

Yet the first moments of the battle were strange.

While preparing for the fight, Gargantua paused to comb his hair. During the long journey from Paris, several cannonballs from earlier attacks had become tangled in his thick hair without anyone noticing.

As he combed, the heavy iron balls suddenly fell to the ground.

The soldiers around him stared in amazement.

Gargantua looked down and laughed.

“It seems the enemy has already tried to shoot at me,” he said. “Yet their weapons have only decorated my hair.”

The soldiers laughed, and their courage grew even stronger.

Soon the real battle began.

Gymnast led the first attack. Moving with speed and intelligence, he directed the soldiers to strike at the enemy’s weakest positions. The defenders advanced steadily, pushing back the confused forces of Picrochole.

Friar John fought with his usual enthusiasm.

Wherever the fighting was hardest, the monk appeared with his staff. He moved through the battle with astonishing energy, striking enemies left and right while shouting encouragement to his companions.

“Forward, friends!” he cried. “Good wine awaits us when this is finished!”

Gargantua himself entered the battle with tremendous power.

His enormous strength allowed him to move obstacles, break enemy defenses, and scatter groups of soldiers who dared to approach him. Yet he tried to avoid unnecessary cruelty.

“Drive them away,” he commanded, “but do not harm those who surrender.”

The fighting continued throughout the day.

Slowly but steadily, Picrochole’s army began to lose ground. The soldiers who had once believed in easy victory now found themselves facing determined resistance.

At last the defenders reached the strong position of Clermond, where Picrochole had hoped to hold his ground.

But the situation had already turned against him.

Gargantua led the final assault with calm determination. His army advanced with discipline, surrounding the enemy and breaking their defenses.

Seeing that defeat was near, Picrochole’s courage disappeared.

The king who had dreamed of conquering many kingdoms now thought only of escape. He mounted his horse and fled the battlefield as quickly as possible.

His soldiers, seeing their leader run away, lost all hope. Many threw down their weapons and surrendered. Others fled into the forests and hills.

The battle was over.

Gargantua stood among his victorious soldiers and looked across the field.

“This war began with foolish pride,” he said quietly. “Let it end with wisdom.”

Prisoners were treated fairly, and wounded enemies received care. King Grangousier soon arrived and embraced his son proudly.

“You have defended our land well,” said the old king.

Gargantua bowed respectfully.

“Peace is the best victory,” he replied.

But although the battle had ended, one important task still remained.

Friar John, whose courage had played a great role in the war, would soon receive a reward unlike any monastery the world had ever seen.

For Gargantua had begun to imagine a new kind of abbey—one that would be very different from the strict monasteries of the past.

## Part 8

After the defeat of Picrochole's army, peace slowly returned to the countryside. The villages that had been frightened by the invasion began to rebuild their homes and fields. Farmers returned to their work, and the vineyards once again filled the air with the smell of growing grapes.

King Grangousier showed great kindness to both his own people and the defeated enemies. Prisoners were not treated harshly. Instead they were given food and allowed to return home if they promised not to continue the war.

Gargantua supported his father's decision.

"Victory is greater when it brings peace," he said.

Among the heroes of the war, none was more celebrated than Friar John. Everywhere the soldiers told stories about the brave monk who had defended the vineyards and fought fearlessly in battle.

Friar John himself seemed surprised by all the praise.

"I only did what was necessary," he said with a cheerful smile. "A good vineyard deserves a good defender."

One evening Gargantua invited Friar John to dine with him and King Grangousier. They sat together at a long table filled with simple but excellent food. Wine from the saved vineyards flowed freely.

During the meal the three men spoke about many things—about war, about learning, and about the strange habits of monks.

Friar John spoke openly.

"Many monasteries," he said, "have become too strict and too dull. The monks spend their time repeating prayers without joy. They follow rules that sometimes

prevent them from living honestly and happily.”

Gargantua listened with interest.

“What kind of monastery would you prefer?” he asked.

Friar John thought for a moment.

“A place where people live freely,” he replied. “A place where men and women are educated, active, and honest. Not a place full of endless rules and sadness.”

Gargantua smiled.

The idea pleased him greatly.

“Then let us build such a place,” he said.

King Grangousier raised his eyebrows with curiosity.

“You mean to create a new abbey?” he asked.

“Yes,” Gargantua replied. “But it will not be like the old ones.”

The young giant began to describe his vision.

The new abbey would be large and beautiful. It would stand in a pleasant place with gardens, fields, and flowing water. The buildings would be bright and comfortable rather than dark and narrow.

Men and women would both live there, learning together and sharing their lives freely.

Friar John laughed with delight.

“That sounds very different from the monasteries I know,” he said.

Gargantua continued.

“There will be no strict rules forcing people to wake or sleep at certain hours. No bells will command them to eat or pray. Instead each person will live according to wisdom and natural desire.”

The king listened carefully.

“And what will guide them if there are no rules?” he asked.

Gargantua answered simply.

“One rule will be enough.”

He spoke the famous words slowly and clearly.

“Do what thou wilt.”

Friar John leaned forward with excitement.

“Explain that,” he said.

Gargantua nodded.

“When people are well educated and honorable, they naturally choose good actions. A free and intelligent person does not wish to do evil. Therefore, in such a community, freedom becomes the best rule.”

Ponocrates, who had also joined the conversation, approved of the idea.

“Education creates virtue,” he said. “If the people of this abbey are wise and well trained, they will live well without strict commands.”

The plan for the new abbey was soon prepared.

Architects were called. Builders gathered materials. Workers began constructing a magnificent complex unlike any religious house that had existed before.

The abbey was named *Thélème*.

Its buildings were elegant and spacious. Large windows allowed sunlight to fill the rooms. Gardens surrounded the halls, and fountains flowed with clear water.

The people who came to live there were carefully chosen. They were young men and women who were intelligent, energetic, and eager to learn.

Their clothing was beautiful but comfortable. They studied languages, music, science, and art. They practiced sports and enjoyed conversation.

Because no strict rules forced them to act, they behaved with natural discipline and respect for one another.

Each person rose when he wished, worked when he wished, and rested when he wished. Yet because they were well educated and honorable, their lives remained orderly and productive.

Visitors who saw the Abbey of Thélème were often amazed.

Some thought the idea strange at first. Yet when they observed the happiness and harmony of the community, many began to admire Gargantua’s vision.

Friar John himself became one of the leaders of the abbey.

Although he still loved a good fight and a good joke, he also helped guide the young members of the community. His energy and honesty made him popular among them all.

Thus the war that had begun with a foolish quarrel ended with the creation of something entirely new.

Instead of bitterness and destruction, Gargantua's victory produced a place devoted to learning, freedom, and joyful living.

Yet before the story ends completely, there remains one final curiosity.

For at the gates of the Abbey of Thélème there was written a strange and mysterious riddle—a riddle that puzzled many readers who tried to understand its deeper meaning.

## Part 9

When the Abbey of Thélème was finally completed, it became one of the most remarkable places in all the land. Travelers came from distant regions simply to see the strange new community that Gargantua had founded.

The abbey stood in a beautiful valley surrounded by green fields and clear streams. Tall buildings of bright stone rose above carefully arranged gardens. Large windows filled the rooms with sunlight, and broad halls allowed the residents to gather comfortably for study and conversation.

Unlike the ancient monasteries, which were often dark and narrow, the Abbey of Thélème seemed open and joyful. Music could often be heard from its courtyards. Students practiced fencing and riding in the fields, while others read books beneath the shade of tall trees.

Men and women lived there together in friendship and learning. They wore elegant clothes that suited their tastes, and they moved freely throughout the abbey without fear or strict supervision.

Many visitors asked the same question.

“How can such a place function without strict rules?” they wondered.

The answer lay in the education and character of the people who lived there.

Those admitted to Thélème were carefully chosen. They were not lazy or foolish. Instead they were intelligent, curious, and honorable young people who wished to improve themselves.

Because they were well educated and guided by good judgment, they naturally behaved with discipline and respect.

The famous rule of the abbey—\*Do what thou wilt\*—did not encourage selfish behavior. Instead it assumed that a truly educated person would choose wisely.

Gargantua often explained this idea to visitors.

“A person who is free and well taught,” he said, “does not wish to act dishonorably. Freedom and wisdom together create harmony.”

The daily life of the abbey reflected this belief.

Some residents woke early and exercised in the cool morning air. Others preferred to study quietly in the library before breakfast. There was no single schedule forced upon everyone.

Yet the community remained active and productive.

Students practiced languages, mathematics, and philosophy. Musicians performed together in the gardens. Athletes trained in riding, swimming, and fencing.

Conversation was encouraged at meals. Instead of silent dining halls, the tables were filled with thoughtful discussion, laughter, and friendly debate.

Friar John moved easily among the members of the abbey.

Although he had once been known mainly as a fearless fighter, he now showed another side of his character. He enjoyed teaching younger students practical skills and often organized energetic outdoor games.

“A healthy body,” he liked to say, “helps create a healthy mind.”

Ponocrates continued to guide the intellectual life of the abbey. His balanced philosophy shaped the education of all who lived there.

Under his influence the residents learned to connect study with real experience. Books were important, but observation and practice were equally valuable.

Gargantua himself visited the abbey frequently.

Whenever he arrived, the residents gathered to greet him. His enormous size still amazed newcomers, but his friendly manner quickly made them feel comfortable.

One day a group of visitors asked Gargantua whether the abbey would remain

peaceful forever.

Gargantua thought carefully before answering.

“Nothing in the world remains unchanged,” he said. “But if people continue to value knowledge, freedom, and kindness, the spirit of this place will survive.”

The visitors nodded thoughtfully.

Near the great gate of the abbey there was an inscription carved into the stone. The words were arranged in the form of a mysterious riddle. Many travelers stopped to read it, trying to understand its meaning.

Some believed the riddle described the future of the abbey. Others thought it was a playful joke from Gargantua himself.

The truth was not always clear.

Yet the presence of the riddle reminded everyone that wisdom often hides behind unusual words, just as the strange story of Gargantua hid thoughtful ideas beneath its comic surface.

In time the fame of the Abbey of Thélème spread far beyond the kingdom of Grangousier.

Scholars spoke about it in distant cities. Travelers carried stories of its freedom and learning to other lands. Some praised the idea as a vision of a better society.

Others doubted that such freedom could truly work.

Yet those who had seen the abbey with their own eyes knew that Gargantua’s experiment had created something extraordinary.

The young giant who had once been famous mainly for his enormous appetite had grown into a wise and thoughtful leader.

Through war he had defended his people. Through peace he had built something lasting.

And so the story of Gargantua’s early life came to its close.

From a strange birth and a noisy childhood, through education, travel, and battle, the giant prince had reached a deeper understanding of the world.

His adventures would not end here.

For in later years his son Pantagruel would continue the remarkable history of their family.

But that is another story.

For now the gates of Thélème remain open, the gardens remain bright, and the laughter of learning continues within its walls.

The riddle at the gate still waits for those who wish to read it—and perhaps to discover their own meaning inside its mysterious words.

## Part 10

The story of the Abbey of Thélème spread widely through the kingdom and far beyond it. Travelers who visited the place often carried its strange reputation with them to distant cities.

Some people praised Gargantua's creation with great enthusiasm.

"Here at last is a place where people live freely and wisely," they said. "Education and honor guide their actions, not fear of punishment."

Others were more doubtful.

"Human beings are weak," they argued. "Without strict rules they will soon become lazy and careless."

Yet those who truly observed the life of the abbey could not deny its success.

The residents of Thélème continued to study, train, and improve themselves. Their freedom did not lead them toward disorder but toward harmony. Because each person respected the others, the community remained peaceful.

Gargantua visited the abbey often and enjoyed watching its development.

One afternoon he walked slowly through the gardens with Ponocrates and Friar John. The sun shone warmly, and students could be seen reading, practicing music, or riding horses in the fields beyond the walls.

Gargantua looked around with satisfaction.

"This place shows what education can achieve," he said.

Ponocrates nodded.

"When people learn to think clearly, they learn to live well."

Friar John laughed loudly.

"And when they eat well and exercise well," he added, "they also live happily."

The three friends continued walking until they reached the main gate of the abbey.

There, carved into the stone above the entrance, stood the mysterious inscription that visitors often discussed. The words were arranged in a curious poetic form that many readers found difficult to interpret.

Gargantua looked at the inscription thoughtfully.

“Many people ask what this riddle means,” he said.

Friar John shrugged.

“Let them wonder,” he replied. “A little mystery keeps the mind active.”

Ponocrates smiled quietly.

“Perhaps the riddle has many meanings,” he suggested. “Wisdom often allows different interpretations.”

Indeed, the words of the inscription seemed to encourage reflection rather than provide a simple answer. Some readers believed it described the search for knowledge. Others thought it warned against false learning or empty pride.

Gargantua himself rarely explained the riddle directly.

Instead he encouraged visitors to think for themselves.

“Understanding grows through questioning,” he often said.

Time passed peacefully in the kingdom of Grangousier.

King Grangousier continued to rule wisely, maintaining peace with neighboring lands. The foolish ambition of King Picrochole had disappeared after his defeat. His former kingdom slowly returned to ordinary life, its people now less eager to follow reckless dreams of conquest.

Gargantua remained active in the affairs of the realm, assisting his father and guiding the future of the country.

Yet he never forgot the lessons of his own education.

He continued to study languages, history, and science. He spoke with scholars and travelers, always eager to learn something new. The enormous giant who had once struggled to understand his lessons had become a thoughtful and curious man.

Many young students visited Thélème hoping to join the remarkable

community.

Some were accepted and began their own journeys of learning. Others were encouraged to continue their studies elsewhere until they were ready for the freedom of the abbey.

The reputation of Thélème grew stronger each year.

Poets wrote about it. Philosophers discussed its ideas. Some people tried to imitate its system in smaller communities.

Whether they succeeded or not, the example of Gargantua's abbey continued to inspire debate about education, freedom, and the nature of human goodness.

As for Friar John, he remained exactly as lively as ever.

Although he had become one of the respected figures of the abbey, he never lost his cheerful energy. He still enjoyed good food, strong wine, and friendly arguments.

"Life should be lived fully," he often said. "Learning is serious, but joy is important too."

Visitors frequently found him laughing loudly in the gardens or organizing energetic competitions among the students.

Ponocrates, on the other hand, continued his calm and thoughtful work as a teacher. His balanced philosophy shaped the minds of many young scholars who passed through Thélème.

Together these different personalities created a lively and harmonious community.

In the evenings the residents often gathered in the great hall of the abbey. Music filled the room, voices rose in conversation, and laughter echoed beneath the high ceilings.

Gargantua sometimes joined these gatherings, enjoying the sight of people learning and living freely.

Watching them, he remembered his own childhood—the strange birth, the endless meals, the confusing lessons of the old teachers, and the wise guidance that had eventually changed his life.

The journey had been long and unusual.

Yet it had led to something valuable: the creation of a place where knowledge, strength, freedom, and friendship could exist together.

Thus the first great chapter in the history of Gargantua reached its natural end.

The giant prince had grown from a curious child into a wise leader. His adventures had transformed not only his own life but also the lives of many others.

Beyond the walls of Thélème the world continued to change, and new stories waited to be told.

But for the moment the gardens were peaceful, the students were studying, and the laughter of learning continued beneath the open sky.

The tale of Gargantua's youth had come to its close.

## THE SECOND BOOK

### Part 1

#### The Birth of Pantagruel

After the great events of the life of the giant Gargantua, the kingdom entered a time of peace and order. King Gargantua ruled wisely, and the people of his land lived in comfort. The vineyards produced rich wine, the farms gave good harvests, and scholars came from distant places to visit the famous Abbey of Thélème.

During these peaceful years Gargantua married a noble and wise lady named Badebec. She was the daughter of a great king from a distant land. Badebec was intelligent, gentle, and strong in spirit, and Gargantua loved her deeply.

Soon news spread through the kingdom that Queen Badebec was expecting a child.

The people rejoiced at this news. They hoped that the child would grow to be a wise prince who would continue the greatness of his father.

But the birth of the child did not come easily.

Queen Badebec suffered greatly during the long hours of labor. The doctors and midwives did everything they could to help her, but the birth was difficult because the child inside her was enormous.

At last the child was born.

The baby was a giant boy, already much larger than any ordinary newborn child. The room filled with astonishment as the attendants looked at the infant.

But their joy soon turned to sorrow.

Queen Badebec, exhausted by the terrible labor, did not survive the birth.

When Gargantua heard the news, he felt deep grief. His heart was torn between two powerful emotions: sorrow for the loss of his beloved wife and joy for the birth of his son.

For some time he did not know whether he should weep or celebrate.

At last he spoke quietly to the people around him.

“Nature has taken one life and given another,” he said. “We must accept both

joy and sorrow.”

He ordered that the queen should receive an honorable burial, worthy of her noble character. At the same time he welcomed his newborn son with great hope for the future.

The giant child grew quickly.

Because the boy had a powerful thirst even as a baby, the nurses often needed large quantities of milk and water to satisfy him. Whenever he drank, he seemed to swallow whole pitchers at once.

For this reason the child received the name *Pantagruel*.

The name meant something like \*all-thirsty\*, a sign of the great appetite and powerful nature that the boy already showed.

The young prince grew stronger every day. His size amazed everyone who saw him.

Yet Gargantua did not want his son to grow up foolish or ignorant. He remembered his own childhood and the mistakes that had once been made in his education.

Therefore he planned carefully for Pantagruel’s learning.

The king invited many wise teachers to his court. Among them were scholars who understood the new ideas of education that valued reason, observation, and knowledge of the world.

Pantagruel began his studies at an early age.

He learned languages, history, mathematics, and philosophy. He read ancient books and discussed their ideas with his teachers.

At the same time he trained his body. He learned to ride horses, to handle weapons, to swim in rivers, and to exercise in the open air.

The young giant showed great intelligence.

He listened carefully during lessons and asked thoughtful questions. His teachers soon realized that he possessed both a powerful body and a sharp mind.

Gargantua watched his son with pride.

“One day,” he said to his advisers, “this child will surpass even my own achievements.”

As Pantagruel grew older, it became clear that his education must continue in the great centers of learning. The universities of Europe were famous places where scholars from many lands gathered.

Therefore Gargantua decided that his son should travel and study among the most learned men of the age.

The best destination for such study was the great city of Paris.

Paris was the center of knowledge and debate. Its university attracted students from every corner of the world. There young scholars discussed philosophy, law, medicine, and theology.

When Pantagruel learned that he would travel to Paris, he felt great excitement.

“I wish to see these famous schools,” he said.

Gargantua agreed.

“You will go there not only to read books,” he replied, “but to understand the world.”

Preparations for the journey soon began.

Pantagruel gathered a small group of companions and teachers who would accompany him. They packed books, supplies, and equipment for the long road ahead.

The day of departure finally arrived.

Citizens gathered along the roads to watch the young giant prince begin his journey. His size still amazed those who saw him for the first time.

Pantagruel rode calmly at the front of the group, greeting the people with kindness.

Gargantua stood beside the road as his son prepared to leave.

“Remember what you have learned,” the king said. “Seek wisdom wherever you travel.”

Pantagruel bowed respectfully.

“I will return wiser than when I leave,” he promised.

With those words the young giant began the journey that would soon bring him into the lively and often strange world of Paris.

There he would meet scholars, students, and one very unusual man whose

friendship would change the course of his life.

For in Paris Pantagruel would soon meet the clever and unpredictable Panurge.

## Part 2

### A Giant Student

Pantagruel's journey to Paris lasted many days. The young giant traveled with several companions, teachers, and servants who helped manage the practical difficulties caused by his enormous size. Roads that were comfortable for ordinary travelers sometimes seemed narrow and crowded for a giant prince.

Yet Pantagruel remained cheerful throughout the journey.

He enjoyed seeing new landscapes and meeting different people along the road. Villagers often gathered to watch the tall traveler pass through their towns. Some stared with surprise, while others greeted him politely.

Pantagruel always answered with kindness.

"Learning belongs to everyone," he often said. "A traveler learns from every place he visits."

After many days the towers and roofs of Paris finally appeared on the horizon.

The city was large and busy. Bells rang from church towers, merchants shouted in crowded markets, and students hurried through the streets carrying books and papers.

Pantagruel had never seen such a lively place.

When he entered the city, the people of Paris immediately noticed the enormous visitor. Crowds gathered quickly around him. Some laughed with curiosity, while others whispered in amazement.

Children ran beside his horse, pointing at the giant student.

Pantagruel greeted them with friendly patience. He understood that his size naturally attracted attention.

Soon he reached the famous university of Paris.

The university buildings were filled with scholars from many lands. Students spoke different languages, argued about philosophy, and attended lectures from

famous teachers.

Pantagruel began attending these lectures with great interest.

He studied law, medicine, mathematics, and philosophy. His powerful memory allowed him to learn quickly, and his teachers soon noticed that he possessed an unusual intelligence.

Yet the university was not always a place of pure wisdom.

Many scholars loved long debates that seemed to continue forever without reaching clear conclusions. Some teachers used complicated language that made simple ideas sound difficult.

Pantagruel listened carefully to these discussions.

Sometimes he smiled quietly at the strange habits of certain scholars.

“Learning should help people understand the world,” he once said to a fellow student. “But some men use learning only to make their words sound important.”

Despite these strange habits, Pantagruel enjoyed his studies.

He spent long hours reading in the university libraries. Ancient books filled the shelves, containing knowledge from many centuries.

Yet Pantagruel also understood that learning did not exist only inside books.

Whenever possible he walked through the streets of Paris, observing the life of the city. Markets, workshops, and public squares all offered lessons about human nature.

One day, while walking through a busy street near the university, Pantagruel noticed a strange figure standing among the crowd.

The man looked poor but confident. His clothes were worn and patched, yet he carried himself with the attitude of someone who feared nothing.

What made the man even more unusual was the way he spoke.

As Pantagruel approached, the stranger began speaking in several languages at once. He greeted the giant prince in French, Latin, Greek, Italian, and even a few other languages that few people in Paris understood.

The crowd looked confused.

Pantagruel, however, listened carefully.

“You speak many languages,” he said calmly.

The stranger bowed slightly.

“A traveler must learn many ways to speak,” he replied.

Pantagruel studied him with interest.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Panurge,” the man answered.

The name soon became famous, but at that moment Pantagruel knew nothing about him.

Panurge continued speaking quickly.

“I have traveled through many countries,” he said. “I have studied with scholars, sailors, merchants, soldiers, and thieves. Each group teaches a different kind of wisdom.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“You sound like a man who enjoys life,” he said.

Panurge laughed.

“Life must be enjoyed,” he replied. “Otherwise learning becomes too serious.”

The two men quickly discovered that they enjoyed one another’s company.

Pantagruel admired Panurge’s intelligence and quick humor. Panurge, on the other hand, recognized the giant prince as a powerful and generous protector.

Soon they began spending time together regularly.

Panurge often joined Pantagruel during meals or walks through the city. His stories about his travels were always entertaining, though it was sometimes difficult to know whether every detail was true.

Yet even when Panurge exaggerated, his clever observations about people often contained surprising wisdom.

One evening the two friends sat in a quiet room discussing the strange customs of different countries.

Pantagruel spoke thoughtfully.

“Education teaches many useful things,” he said. “But experience also teaches important lessons.”

Panurge nodded.

“Books show us ideas,” he replied. “But life shows us reality.”

Their friendship grew stronger with each passing day.

Pantagruel soon introduced Panurge to several of his companions at the university. Among them were learned and courageous men who would later become famous friends of the giant prince.

One of these companions was Epistemon, a thoughtful scholar who possessed deep knowledge of many subjects.

Another was Carpalim, a quick and agile man known for his speed.

There was also Eusthenes, whose strength rivaled that of the strongest warriors.

Together these men formed a small circle around Pantagruel.

Their conversations were lively and often filled with laughter.

None of them yet knew that their peaceful student life in Paris would soon be interrupted by events far away.

For beyond the borders of the kingdom, a dangerous enemy was beginning to rise.

And before long Pantagruel would be called upon not only to study wisdom—but to defend his people.

### Part 3

#### The Clever Panurge

Pantagruel's friendship with Panurge soon became the most interesting part of his life in Paris. The strange traveler possessed an endless supply of stories, jokes, and clever tricks. Wherever Panurge appeared, laughter and curiosity followed.

Yet Panurge was not simply a joker.

He had traveled through many lands and had learned much about human behavior. Although he sometimes pretended to be foolish, his mind worked quickly and sharply.

Pantagruel soon understood this.

“You hide wisdom behind humor,” the giant prince once said.

Panurge smiled.

“Wisdom travels more easily when it wears a cheerful coat,” he replied.

Despite his intelligence, Panurge lived in constant poverty.

He had little money and often borrowed from friends. His clothes were patched and worn, and his purse was usually empty. Yet he never seemed worried about this situation.

“Money comes and goes,” he would say calmly. “But a clever mind always finds new opportunities.”

Pantagruel often helped him.

The giant prince was generous by nature, and he did not mind supporting a friend who brought so much life and energy into his world.

Still, Panurge did not like to depend completely on others.

Whenever he needed money, he used his imagination.

One day he explained one of his methods to Pantagruel.

“If a man wishes to borrow money,” he said, “he must first appear trustworthy.”

Pantagruel listened with curiosity.

Panurge continued.

“I greet the lender politely. I speak honestly about my situation. Then I promise to repay the money soon.”

“Do you always repay it?” Pantagruel asked.

Panurge laughed loudly.

“Not always,” he admitted. “But the promise helps me receive the loan.”

Pantagruel shook his head, smiling.

“Your logic is strange,” he said.

Panurge shrugged.

“The world itself is strange,” he replied.

Despite these questionable habits, Panurge remained loyal to Pantagruel. Whenever the giant prince needed advice or assistance, Panurge was ready.

His cleverness often solved difficult problems.

Meanwhile Pantagruel continued his studies at the university.

He attended lectures during the day and discussed philosophy with Epistemon and the other scholars in the evening. The group enjoyed long conversations about history, law, and human nature.

Yet not all scholars in Paris impressed them.

Some teachers loved complicated arguments more than clear understanding. They spoke endlessly about small details while ignoring larger truths.

Panurge often joked about these men.

One evening he described a scholar who had spoken for three hours without explaining a single useful idea.

“His words were like a long road that leads nowhere,” Panurge said.

Pantagruel laughed.

“Learning should guide us forward,” he replied, “not trap us in confusion.”

Their peaceful life in Paris continued for some time.

The group of friends studied together, explored the city, and enjoyed many lively conversations. Each of them brought a different talent to their circle.

Epistemon offered careful knowledge and reason.

Carpalim brought speed and quick action.

Eusthenes provided great strength.

Panurge added humor, imagination, and unpredictable ideas.

Pantagruel stood at the center of the group, guiding them with calm intelligence.

Yet one evening their quiet routine changed.

A messenger arrived from the kingdom of Gargantua.

The man looked tired and worried. Dust covered his clothes, and his horse was exhausted from the long journey.

Pantagruel read the message carefully.

The news was troubling.

A strange and violent people known as the *Dipsodes* had begun attacking the lands of his father. Their armies moved quickly through the countryside, threatening towns and villages.

The kingdom needed help.

Pantagruel folded the letter slowly.

His friends watched him in silence.

“My father’s people are in danger,” he said.

Epistemon spoke calmly.

“Then you must return.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes. Learning is important, but duty is greater.”

Panurge stood up immediately.

“If you go to war,” he said, “I will go with you.”

Pantagruel looked at him with surprise.

“War is dangerous,” he replied.

Panurge smiled.

“Life is dangerous,” he answered. “Besides, every army needs a clever man.”

Carpalim and Eusthenes also offered their support.

“We are your friends,” they said. “Where you go, we go.”

Pantagruel felt grateful for their loyalty.

“Then we will travel together,” he said.

Preparations began at once.

The group gathered supplies, weapons, and horses for the journey. Books were packed carefully, though they knew that their studies would soon be replaced by more serious duties.

The students of Paris watched with curiosity as the giant prince and his unusual companions prepared to leave the city.

Some wondered whether the scholars would truly become warriors.

Pantagruel himself hoped that the conflict might end peacefully.

Yet the reports from the countryside suggested that the Dipsodes were fierce enemies who respected only strength.

Soon the small company of friends rode out of Paris.

Their destination was the kingdom of Gargantua, where war was already beginning.

The giant student was now becoming a giant defender.

## Part 4

### The March Against the Dipsodes

Pantagruel and his companions left Paris quickly. The roads leading out of the great city were crowded with travelers, merchants, and students. Yet the group moved steadily forward, determined to reach the kingdom of Gargantua as soon as possible.

Pantagruel rode calmly at the front of the company. Behind him traveled Panurge, Epistemon, Carpalim, and Eusthenes. Each of them had prepared for the journey in his own way.

Carpalim carried light weapons and rode a fast horse. His quick movements made him an excellent scout.

Eusthenes rode more heavily, but his powerful strength made him dangerous in battle.

Epistemon brought books as well as weapons. Even on the road he continued reading whenever there was time.

Panurge carried very little.

When Pantagruel asked him why he traveled with so few supplies, Panurge answered with a smile.

“A clever man carries his best tools in his head,” he said.

Pantagruel laughed.

“Let us hope your cleverness will be useful in battle.”

As they traveled farther from Paris, the news of war became clearer.

Villagers spoke of the invading Dipsodes. These enemies were fierce and destructive. They moved through the countryside taking food, burning houses, and frightening the people.

Pantagruel listened carefully to these stories.

His expression became serious.

“No army should treat people in this way,” he said.

The group continued riding day after day.

Along the road they passed fields that had been damaged by soldiers and villages that had been abandoned by frightened families.

Pantagruel stopped whenever possible to help those in need. Food and supplies were given to villagers whose homes had been damaged.

Panurge watched this generosity with interest.

“You help everyone you meet,” he said.

Pantagruel nodded.

“A prince must protect his people,” he replied.

Panurge smiled slightly.

“Then I have chosen a good friend.”

One evening the group camped near a forest. As they sat around a small fire, Epistemon explained more about the enemy.

“The Dipsodes are strong fighters,” he said. “But they often lack discipline. Their armies move quickly but sometimes without careful planning.”

Pantagruel listened thoughtfully.

“Then intelligence will be as important as strength,” he replied.

Panurge leaned closer to the fire.

“In that case,” he said cheerfully, “we may have an advantage.”

The next morning Carpalim rode ahead to scout the road.

Because of his speed he could travel quickly and return with information before the main group moved forward.

After some time he returned with important news.

“Enemy soldiers are not far from here,” he reported. “A group of Dipsodes has entered a nearby village.”

Pantagruel stood up immediately.

“Then we must act quickly,” he said.

The small company rode toward the village.

As they approached, they could hear shouting and confusion. Several enemy soldiers were searching houses and taking whatever they could find.

When the soldiers saw the approaching riders, they laughed at first. They believed they faced only a small group of travelers.

But when Pantagruel came into full view, their laughter stopped.

The giant prince towered above them like a moving tower.

Panurge whispered quietly.

“Your size alone may win this battle.”

Pantagruel rode forward.

“Leave this village at once,” he commanded.

Some of the soldiers hesitated.

Others raised their weapons and prepared to fight.

The battle began quickly.

Carpalim moved with astonishing speed, striking before the enemy could react. Eusthenes fought with tremendous strength, pushing several soldiers back at once.

Pantagruel himself entered the fight carefully. Although his power was enormous, he tried not to harm more people than necessary.

Within a short time the enemy soldiers realized they could not win.

They fled from the village, leaving their stolen goods behind.

The villagers came out from their houses slowly.

When they saw Pantagruel and his companions, they thanked them with deep gratitude.

Pantagruel smiled kindly.

“You are safe now,” he said.

The group did not remain long. They knew that the main army of the Dipsodes was still somewhere nearby.

As they rode away from the village, Panurge looked back thoughtfully.

“This war will grow larger,” he said.

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes. But we will meet it together.”

Ahead of them lay the lands of Gargantua’s kingdom.

And somewhere beyond those hills the great army of the Dipsodes was preparing for battle.

## Part 5

### The Wisdom of Pantagruel

After driving the enemy soldiers away from the village, Pantagruel and his companions continued their journey. The road now led deeper into the lands ruled

by Gargantua.

As they traveled, they saw more signs of the invasion. Some farms had been damaged, and many villagers spoke fearfully about the approaching armies of the Dipsodes.

Yet the arrival of Pantagruel brought hope.

Word spread quickly through the countryside that the giant prince had returned and that he was gathering strength to defend the kingdom.

One afternoon the group reached a fortified town where several soldiers loyal to Gargantua had already gathered.

When the soldiers saw Pantagruel, they welcomed him with great excitement.

“The prince has come!” they shouted.

Pantagruel greeted them calmly.

“Tell me everything you know about the enemy,” he said.

The soldiers explained that the Dipsodes had been moving across the region in large groups. Their leaders seemed eager for quick victories, but their armies often moved without careful organization.

Epistemon listened closely to these reports.

“This confirms what we suspected,” he said. “They rely more on strength than on planning.”

Pantagruel thought carefully.

“Then we must use both strength and wisdom,” he replied.

That evening the companions gathered in a quiet room of the town hall to discuss their plans.

A map of the surrounding lands lay across the table.

Epistemon pointed to several roads and villages.

“The enemy forces appear to be moving toward the river valley,” he explained. “If they cross the river, they will reach the center of the kingdom.”

Pantagruel studied the map.

“Then we must stop them before they reach the river,” he said.

Panurge leaned over the table.

“There may be another way,” he suggested.

The others looked at him.

Panurge tapped a place on the map.

“If we block this narrow pass between the hills,” he said, “their army will not be able to move easily. A large force cannot travel quickly through a narrow road.”

Carpalim nodded.

“That is true. A small group could defend that position.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Panurge, your mind is sharper than your clothes suggest.”

Panurge laughed.

“My clothes are poor,” he replied, “but my thoughts are rich.”

The plan was soon decided.

Pantagruel and his companions would move toward the narrow pass and prepare to defend it before the Dipsodes arrived.

The next morning the small force set out.

Soldiers from the town joined them, eager to fight beside the giant prince.

The march through the hills was difficult, but by midday they reached the narrow passage that Panurge had described.

High cliffs rose on both sides of the road, leaving only a small path between them.

“This is the place,” Epistemon said.

Pantagruel looked around carefully.

“Yes. Here a small army can stop a large one.”

The soldiers quickly prepared their defenses.

Stones were moved into position, and the narrow road was partially blocked. Archers took positions on the slopes above the pass.

As the preparations continued, Panurge walked beside Pantagruel.

“Do you think the enemy will come soon?” he asked.

Pantagruel nodded.

“War moves quickly.”

Panurge smiled quietly.

“Then we shall soon see whether clever plans are stronger than large armies.”

They did not have to wait long.

Before the sun began to set, scouts returned with urgent news.

“The Dipsodes are approaching!” they reported.

Soon the sound of marching soldiers echoed through the hills. Dust rose along the distant road as the enemy army advanced toward the narrow pass.

The soldiers of Gargantua’s kingdom stood ready.

Pantagruel moved calmly among them, encouraging their courage.

“Stand firm,” he said. “This pass will protect us.”

When the first groups of Dipsodes reached the entrance to the pass, they stopped in surprise.

They had not expected resistance in such a place.

Their commanders shouted orders, urging the soldiers forward.

But the narrow road made movement difficult.

Archers from the hills above began shooting arrows. Stones rolled down from the slopes, blocking the path.

The enemy soldiers struggled to move forward.

At the center of the defense stood Pantagruel himself.

His enormous height made him visible above the battlefield. When the enemy soldiers saw the giant prince waiting for them, many hesitated.

Panurge stood beside him, watching carefully.

“Your size frightens them,” he said.

Pantagruel answered quietly.

“Fear alone does not win battles.”

The fighting soon began in earnest.

Enemy soldiers tried to push through the narrow road, but the defenders held their positions. Carpalim moved quickly along the line, carrying messages and striking enemies who came too close.

Eusthenes used his great strength to move heavy stones that blocked the path.

Epistemon directed the soldiers with calm intelligence.

Panurge watched every movement carefully, always ready to offer a clever suggestion when needed.

The battle for the narrow pass had begun.

And soon the strength of Pantagruel and the intelligence of his companions would be tested against the fierce army of the Dipsodes.

## Part 6

### The Battle at the Pass

The army of the Dipsodes continued advancing toward the narrow pass. Their soldiers were strong and loud, shouting confidently as they marched forward. They believed that their large numbers would easily defeat the smaller force that stood before them.

But when they reached the entrance of the pass, they discovered that the situation was very different from what they expected.

The road between the hills was narrow and steep. Large stones had been placed across the path, and soldiers loyal to Pantagruel stood ready behind them.

Above the road, archers waited among the rocks.

The Dipsode commanders shouted orders.

“Forward!” they cried. “Push them aside!”

Groups of soldiers rushed into the pass.

Immediately arrows flew down from the slopes. Stones rolled across the path, making it difficult for the attackers to move forward. The narrow road forced the enemy soldiers to crowd together.

Pantagruel stood at the center of the defense.

His enormous height made him easy to see, and his calm voice carried across the battlefield.

“Hold your ground,” he told the defenders.

The soldiers followed his command with determination.

Carpalim moved quickly along the lines. Because of his speed he could appear in several places almost at once. Whenever the enemy tried to break through, Carpalim struck suddenly and forced them back.

Eusthenes fought beside the main barricade. His great strength allowed him to

lift heavy stones and push attackers away from the narrow path.

Epistemon remained slightly behind the front line, watching the movement of the battle. Whenever the defenders needed guidance, he gave clear instructions.

Panurge stood beside Pantagruel.

The clever traveler did not rush directly into the fighting. Instead he observed the enemy carefully.

“They are strong,” Panurge said quietly, “but they grow impatient.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“An impatient army makes mistakes.”

The battle continued for many hours.

Again and again the Dipsodes tried to force their way through the pass. But each attack failed. The narrow road prevented them from using their full strength.

Gradually their confidence began to weaken.

Pantagruel noticed the change.

“Now is the moment,” he said.

With a powerful voice he called to his soldiers.

“Advance!”

The defenders pushed forward.

Pantagruel himself moved into the narrow path. His enormous strength allowed him to break the enemy’s front line. Soldiers who had once shouted with confidence now stepped back in fear.

The sight of the giant prince advancing toward them was terrifying.

Panurge followed closely behind, shouting encouragement to the defenders.

“Forward, friends! The enemy already fears us!”

Carpalim rushed ahead like a flash of lightning, striking quickly and returning to safety before the enemy could react.

Eusthenes pushed forward with great force, clearing the path.

Under this sudden pressure the Dipsodes began to lose order. Their soldiers tried to retreat, but the narrow pass made escape difficult.

Confusion spread through their ranks.

Soon the entire enemy army was moving backward down the road.

Pantagruel raised his hand.

“Do not chase them too far,” he commanded. “Our goal is to protect our land, not to destroy them completely.”

The defenders stopped their advance.

The Dipsodes continued retreating, leaving the pass behind them.

When the battle finally ended, the soldiers of Gargantua’s kingdom cheered with relief.

They had faced a larger army and had driven it away.

Pantagruel walked among his companions.

“You fought bravely,” he said.

Epistemon bowed slightly.

“Wisdom guided our actions.”

Carpalim smiled.

“Speed helped as well.”

Eusthenes laughed.

“And strength.”

Panurge added with a grin, “And perhaps a little clever thinking.”

Pantagruel laughed warmly.

“Each of you played an important part.”

As the sun began to set, the soldiers rested beside the quiet hills.

News of the victory quickly spread through the countryside.

Villagers who had feared the invasion now felt hope again.

Yet the war was not completely finished.

The army of the Dipsodes had retreated, but their leaders were still gathering strength for another attack.

Pantagruel knew that the conflict would soon continue.

But the victory at the pass had already shown something important.

Intelligence, courage, and friendship could defeat even the largest army.

And with companions like Panurge, Epistemon, Carpalim, and Eusthenes beside him, Pantagruel felt ready to face whatever battles might come next.

## Part 7

### The Return of the Enemy

After the victory at the narrow pass, Pantagruel and his companions allowed their soldiers to rest. The men had fought bravely throughout the day, and the difficult battle among the hills had exhausted them.

Fires were lit along the slopes as evening came. Soldiers prepared simple meals and spoke quietly about the events of the battle.

Many of them still seemed amazed that such a small force had defeated a much larger army.

Pantagruel walked among the men, speaking kindly to them and thanking them for their courage.

“Your discipline protected the kingdom today,” he said.

The soldiers listened with pride.

Not far away, Panurge sat beside a fire with Epistemon and Carpalim.

Panurge stared into the flames thoughtfully.

“The enemy will not give up so easily,” he said.

Epistemon nodded.

“A proud army often returns after defeat.”

Carpalim looked toward the dark road that led through the hills.

“If they return, we will see them quickly.”

Pantagruel soon joined them.

“You are right,” he said. “The Dipsodes still have many soldiers. Their leaders will not accept defeat without another attempt.”

Panurge leaned back and smiled slightly.

“Then perhaps we should prepare another surprise for them.”

Pantagruel looked at him with curiosity.

“What do you suggest?”

Panurge pointed toward the hills.

“If they attempt to pass here again, they will expect the same defense we used before. But if we change our position, we can confuse them.”

Epistemon listened carefully.

“Explain your idea.”

Panurge drew a rough shape in the dirt with a stick.

“Suppose we leave the pass open,” he said. “The enemy will think we have abandoned it. They will march forward confidently.”

Carpalim smiled.

“And then?”

Panurge continued drawing lines in the dirt.

“Then our soldiers attack from the sides of the hills.”

Pantagrue watched the simple map.

“You mean we surround them?”

Panurge nodded.

“Exactly.”

Epistemon considered the idea.

“It could work,” he said slowly. “But our soldiers must move carefully.”

Pantagrue looked at each of his companions.

“Very well,” he said. “We will try your plan.”

During the night the soldiers quietly moved their positions.

The barricades were removed from the road, and the defenders hid themselves among the hills and trees surrounding the pass.

By morning the road looked empty.

Soon scouts returned with news.

“The Dipsodes are coming again,” they reported.

Dust rose along the distant road as the enemy army approached once more. Their commanders believed that the defenders had retreated after the first battle.

The soldiers marched confidently into the pass.

But as they moved deeper between the hills, something felt strange.

The road was silent.

No arrows fell from the cliffs.

No stones blocked their path.

The army continued forward, puzzled but hopeful.

Then Panurge gave the signal.

From both sides of the hills the defenders suddenly appeared.

Soldiers rushed down from the slopes, shouting loudly. Arrows flew from hidden positions, and the narrow road filled with confusion.

The Dipsodes had walked directly into the trap.

Their commanders tried to give orders, but the sudden attack had broken their formation.

Pantagruel himself appeared at the front of the road, blocking their escape.

The giant prince stood like a wall before them.

Behind him his companions advanced.

Carpalim moved quickly through the battle, striking enemies who tried to escape.

Eusthenes used his powerful strength to push groups of soldiers backward.

Epistemon guided the defenders carefully, preventing the attack from becoming chaotic.

Panurge watched the enemy's movements with satisfaction.

"It seems the plan succeeded," he said.

Pantagruel nodded.

"Your cleverness helped us greatly."

The Dipsodes soon realized they were trapped.

Surrounded and confused, many of them dropped their weapons.

Others attempted to flee through the hills, but the defenders quickly blocked their escape.

Within a short time the battle was finished.

The army of the Dipsodes had been defeated again.

Pantagruel raised his hand to signal the end of the fighting.

"Enough," he said.

The soldiers obeyed immediately.

Prisoners were gathered together, but they were not treated cruelly. Pantagruel believed that unnecessary violence would only create more hatred.

As the defeated army left the pass under guard, the soldiers of Gargantua's

kingdom celebrated their victory.

Panurge stretched his arms happily.

“I must admit,” he said, “this has been an interesting adventure.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“And it may soon be finished.”

For after this second defeat, the leaders of the Dipsodes were beginning to understand that they had chosen the wrong enemy.

The war that had threatened the kingdom was approaching its final moments.

## Part 8

### The Defeat of the Dipsodes

After the second battle in the hills, the army of the Dipsodes was in great confusion. Many soldiers had been captured, and many others had fled into the forests and valleys surrounding the pass.

Pantagruel and his companions watched as the defeated enemy slowly withdrew from the area.

The giant prince did not wish to continue the fighting unnecessarily.

“The purpose of war is defense,” he said. “If the enemy chooses to leave our lands, we will not chase them.”

Epistemon agreed with this decision.

“Victory that brings peace is better than victory that brings endless conflict,” he said.

The soldiers of Gargantua’s kingdom spent the next day repairing the roads and helping the nearby villages recover from the damage caused by the invasion.

Pantagruel himself visited several towns that had suffered during the attacks.

The villagers greeted him with gratitude.

“You have saved us,” they said.

Pantagruel answered modestly.

“It was the courage of many people that protected this land.”

Meanwhile scouts continued watching the movements of the enemy army.

Soon they returned with important news.

“The Dipsodes are retreating completely,” the scouts reported.

Their leaders had realized that the invasion could not succeed. The soldiers were tired, confused, and afraid after their defeats.

When Pantagruel heard this news, he gathered his companions.

“Then the war is almost finished,” he said.

Panurge smiled widely.

“A short war is always the best kind.”

Carpalim laughed.

“Especially when we are the winners.”

Yet one last encounter still remained.

A group of Dipsode soldiers, separated from the main army, attempted to cross the countryside secretly in order to escape.

When Pantagruel learned of this movement, he decided to stop them before they could cause further trouble.

The small group of defenders rode out quickly.

They soon found the fleeing soldiers near a river crossing. The enemy looked tired and discouraged after the earlier battles.

When they saw Pantagruel approaching, their courage disappeared completely.

The giant prince rode forward slowly.

“Your war is finished,” he said.

The soldiers looked at one another.

Their weapons fell to the ground.

Without resistance they surrendered.

Pantagruel treated them fairly and ordered that they should be allowed to return safely to their homeland once the fighting had ended.

This final act convinced the remaining enemy soldiers that the war was truly over.

Within a short time the entire army of the Dipsodes had retreated beyond the borders of Gargantua’s kingdom.

Peace returned to the land.

Villagers came out from their homes and began rebuilding what had been damaged. Fields were repaired, houses restored, and roads reopened for travelers.

Pantagruel and his companions returned slowly toward the royal court.

Along the way they were welcomed everywhere they traveled.

People spoke with admiration about the courage of the giant prince and the intelligence of his companions.

Panurge enjoyed the attention very much.

“It is pleasant to be famous,” he said cheerfully.

Epistemon smiled.

“It is even more pleasant to survive the war.”

When Pantagruel finally reached the court of Gargantua, the king welcomed him warmly.

Father and son embraced with pride.

“You have defended the kingdom well,” Gargantua said.

Pantagruel answered respectfully.

“The victory belongs to many people.”

He introduced his companions to the king.

Gargantua listened with interest as the story of the battles was told.

When he heard about Panurge’s clever plan in the hills, the king laughed with delight.

“This man must remain near my son,” he said. “A clever mind is valuable in both war and peace.”

Panurge bowed politely.

“I am happy to serve a wise prince.”

The kingdom soon celebrated the end of the war.

Feasts were held in towns and villages. Music and laughter filled the streets as the people celebrated their safety.

Yet Pantagruel remained thoughtful even during these celebrations.

War had taught him many lessons.

Strength was important, but intelligence, friendship, and discipline were even more valuable.

And the companions who had fought beside him would continue to play important roles in the adventures that still lay ahead.

For although the war with the Dipsodes had ended, the life of Pantagruel was only beginning.

## Part 9

### Peace After the War

After the defeat of the Dipsodes, peace slowly returned to the kingdom of Gargantua. The villages that had been threatened by the invasion began to recover, and the roads once again filled with travelers and merchants.

Farmers returned to their fields. Craftsmen reopened their workshops. Markets that had once been silent now echoed with the sounds of trade and conversation.

Pantagruel spent many days traveling through the countryside to see the condition of the land.

Wherever he went, people greeted him with gratitude.

“You protected our homes,” they said.

Pantagruel answered with humility.

“The kingdom is strong because its people are strong.”

His companions traveled with him.

Epistemon often spoke with scholars and teachers in the towns they visited. He enjoyed discussing philosophy and history with anyone interested in learning.

Carpalim and Eusthenes preferred more active work. They helped repair damaged buildings and roads, using their strength and energy to assist the villagers.

Panurge, meanwhile, made friends everywhere he went.

His humor and lively conversation quickly attracted attention. People gathered around him to hear stories about the recent battles and about his many adventures in distant lands.

Of course, Panurge’s stories sometimes became larger and more dramatic with each telling.

One evening, while speaking in a village square, he described the battle in the hills.

“The enemy army was enormous,” Panurge said dramatically. “Thousands of soldiers surrounded us!”

Pantagruel smiled quietly.

Epistemon whispered to him, “The number grows every time he tells the story.”

Pantagruel laughed softly.

“Panurge understands the art of storytelling.”

Despite these exaggerations, Panurge remained a loyal companion.

His clever ideas and quick thinking had helped greatly during the war, and Pantagruel valued his friendship.

After visiting many towns, the group finally returned to the royal court.

King Gargantua welcomed them warmly once again.

A great celebration was held in honor of the victory.

Long tables filled the great hall of the palace. Musicians played cheerful songs while servants carried dishes of food and wine to the guests.

During the feast Gargantua asked Pantagruel to describe the battles in detail.

The giant prince spoke calmly about each event.

He explained how the narrow pass had helped the defenders, how the soldiers had worked together with discipline, and how Panurge’s clever plan had surprised the enemy.

The guests listened with great interest.

When Pantagruel finished speaking, Gargantua stood and raised his cup.

“My son has shown wisdom as well as strength,” he said. “And his companions have proven their courage and loyalty.”

The hall filled with applause.

Panurge raised his cup enthusiastically.

“To friendship!” he shouted.

Everyone laughed and repeated the toast.

Later that evening the celebration became quieter.

Pantagruel sat beside his father, speaking about the future.

“War has ended,” Pantagruel said. “Now we must think about how to preserve peace.”

Gargantua nodded thoughtfully.

“Peace requires wisdom,” he replied. “A kingdom must remain strong but also just.”

Pantagruel agreed.

“Education will remain important,” he said. “People who understand the world are less likely to follow foolish leaders.”

Gargantua smiled proudly.

“You have learned well.”

Nearby, Panurge and Epistemon continued their lively discussions with other guests.

Carpalim and Eusthenes laughed loudly while recalling moments from the battles.

The atmosphere of the hall was warm and joyful.

Yet Pantagruel knew that life would continue to bring new challenges.

The world was large and full of mysteries. Many lands lay beyond the borders of the kingdom, and many strange adventures waited for those willing to explore them.

Panurge seemed especially interested in such possibilities.

Later that night he approached Pantagruel.

“Now that the war is finished,” Panurge said, “perhaps we should travel again.”

Pantagruel looked at him with curiosity.

“Where would you like to go?”

Panurge smiled.

“Everywhere.”

Pantagruel laughed.

“The world is indeed large.”

Although no new journey began immediately, the idea remained in their minds.

The friendship between Pantagruel and Panurge would soon lead them toward many new adventures.

But for the moment the kingdom enjoyed a well-earned peace.

## Part 10

### The Beginning of New Adventures

The victory over the Dipsodes brought peace back to the kingdom of Gargantua. Roads that had once been filled with soldiers now welcomed travelers and merchants again. The fields produced strong harvests, and the villages slowly returned to their ordinary life.

Pantagruel remained at his father's court for some time.

During these peaceful months he continued his studies and spoke often with scholars who visited the kingdom. His education had begun in Paris, but he believed that learning never truly ended.

"A wise man continues to learn throughout his life," he once told Epistemon.

Epistemon agreed.

"Knowledge grows like a tree," he replied. "If we care for it, it becomes stronger each year."

Pantagruel also spent time discussing the future of the kingdom with his father.

Gargantua was pleased to see how thoughtful his son had become. The young giant no longer seemed simply a powerful warrior but also a wise leader who understood the responsibilities of rule.

"Strength alone cannot protect a kingdom," Gargantua said one evening. "Justice and wisdom must guide power."

Pantagruel listened carefully.

"I will remember that."

Meanwhile Panurge enjoyed the peaceful life of the court.

He quickly became well known among the nobles and visitors who gathered there. His stories, jokes, and clever observations made him a popular companion at feasts and gatherings.

Yet Panurge's habits remained unusual.

He often borrowed money and rarely seemed worried about his debts. When

friends asked how he planned to repay them, he answered with cheerful confidence.

“A clever mind will always find a solution,” he said.

Pantagruel sometimes laughed at these answers, but he also understood that Panurge’s intelligence was valuable.

One afternoon the two friends walked together through the gardens of the palace.

The air was warm, and birds moved among the trees.

Panurge looked toward the distant hills.

“The world is large,” he said.

Pantagruel followed his gaze.

“Yes.”

Panurge continued.

“There are many lands we have not seen and many mysteries we have not explored.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“You are thinking about travel again.”

Panurge nodded.

“Peace is pleasant, but adventure teaches many lessons.”

Pantagruel considered the idea.

“Perhaps one day we will travel together again,” he said.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Epistemon, Carpalim, and Eusthenes.

The companions had remained near the court after the war, and their friendship had grown even stronger.

Epistemon carried several books beneath his arm.

“I have been studying the histories of distant nations,” he said. “The world contains many strange customs.”

Carpalim stretched his arms.

“And many places where a man can test his courage.”

Eusthenes laughed.

“I would enjoy seeing new lands.”

Panurge looked at them all with satisfaction.

“You see?” he said to Pantagruel. “Everyone wishes for adventure.”

Pantagruel laughed.

“Perhaps the future will give us such opportunities.”

The companions spent the afternoon discussing different lands they had heard about from travelers and sailors. Some places sounded mysterious and wonderful. Others seemed dangerous and unpredictable.

Pantagruel listened carefully to every story.

Although he had already experienced battle and responsibility, he knew that his life was only beginning.

The world beyond the kingdom still held many challenges and discoveries.

As the sun slowly set behind the hills, the friends continued their conversation.

Their voices were calm and hopeful.

The war with the Dipsodes had ended, but the friendship among these men had only grown stronger. Together they would face whatever adventures the future might bring.

And so the early story of Pantagruel reached its peaceful conclusion.

The giant prince had grown from a remarkable child into a wise and courageous leader. His friendship with Panurge and the other companions had begun during his studies and had been strengthened during war.

The kingdom now enjoyed peace, guided by the wisdom of Gargantua and the strength of Pantagruel.

Yet beyond the borders of the land, the world remained wide and full of mysteries.

In time new journeys would begin, new questions would arise, and new stories would unfold.

But those adventures belong to another chapter in the long history of the giants.

For now the kingdom rested in peace, and the friends who had fought together could finally enjoy the calm after the storm.

## THE THIRD BOOK

### Part 1

#### Panurge's Fear

After the war with the Dipsodes, the kingdom enjoyed a long period of peace. Pantagruel remained at the court of his father, Gargantua, where scholars, travelers, and friends gathered to speak about many subjects.

Pantagruel often spent his time discussing philosophy with Epistemon, listening to the lively stories of Panurge, and enjoying the honest laughter of Friar John.

One day, however, Panurge appeared unusually serious.

He walked slowly into the great hall where Pantagruel and his companions were seated. His face showed worry, and he sighed deeply before speaking.

Pantagruel noticed the change immediately.

“My friend,” he said kindly, “you look troubled. What problem has entered your mind?”

Panurge sat down heavily.

“It is a very serious matter,” he said.

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Serious matters rarely trouble you,” the monk said. “Tell us what has happened.”

Panurge looked around the room before answering.

“I am thinking about marriage.”

The companions stared at him with surprise.

Pantagruel raised his eyebrows.

“Marriage?”

Panurge nodded slowly.

“Yes. I believe that a man should marry and build a household. A wife can bring comfort, order, and happiness to a man's life.”

Friar John leaned forward with amusement.

“You are thinking about comfort and order?” he said. “That is a new idea for you.”

Panurge ignored the joke.

“I wish to marry,” he continued, “but I fear the dangers of marriage.”

Pantagruel spoke calmly.

“Every important decision contains some risk. What dangers worry you?”

Panurge leaned closer and lowered his voice.

“I fear that my future wife may betray me.”

The room became quiet.

Panurge continued speaking rapidly.

“Many men marry, and later they discover that their wives are unfaithful. Such a man becomes the subject of laughter. His honor is destroyed.”

Friar John shrugged.

“Some wives are faithful,” he said. “Others are not. That is life.”

Panurge shook his head nervously.

“You do not understand my fear.”

Pantagruel spoke gently.

“Then explain it to us.”

Panurge stood up and began walking across the room.

“Imagine this,” he said. “A man marries a beautiful woman. At first everything is pleasant. But soon she begins to spend time with other men. She laughs with them. She whispers to them. And finally she betrays her husband completely.”

Friar John laughed again.

“If you marry such a woman, then yes, you will suffer.”

Panurge turned toward him quickly.

“Exactly! That is my fear.”

Pantagruel listened carefully.

“Your fear is not unreasonable,” he said. “But you cannot judge all women by the worst examples.”

Panurge sighed.

“Perhaps. But there is another danger.”

Pantagruel waited patiently.

“A wife,” Panurge continued, “may also spend her husband’s money foolishly. She may waste his wealth on clothes, parties, and useless things.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“You are afraid of losing money?”

Panurge nodded seriously.

“Of course. A poor husband is a miserable husband.”

Pantagruel smiled slightly.

“You fear betrayal and poverty.”

Panurge sat down again.

“Yes.”

Epistemon, who had been listening quietly, spoke for the first time.

“Marriage has always involved both hope and uncertainty,” he said. “A wise man must examine his own character before choosing such a path.”

Panurge looked at him quickly.

“That is exactly why I am worried. How can I know the future?”

Pantagruel answered calmly.

“The future cannot be known with certainty.”

Panurge shook his head.

“There must be some way.”

Friar John leaned back in his chair.

“You could ask a priest,” he suggested. “Or a fortune-teller.”

Panurge’s eyes suddenly brightened.

“Yes! That is a good idea.”

Pantagruel looked at him with curiosity.

“What are you thinking?”

Panurge spoke eagerly.

“If I could discover whether my future wife will betray me, then I could decide safely.”

Epistemon frowned slightly.

“Predicting the future is not simple.”

Panurge ignored the warning.

“There are many ways to discover signs of the future,” he said. “Dreams, books, stars, prophecies—someone must know the answer.”

Pantagruel folded his hands thoughtfully.

“You wish to learn whether you should marry.”

Panurge nodded.

“Yes. And I ask you, my wise friend, to help me.”

Pantagruel considered the question carefully.

“Marriage is not decided by fear alone,” he said. “A man must also consider love, responsibility, and character.”

Panurge sighed again.

“All those things are important. But first I must know whether disaster awaits me.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“If you fear disaster so much, perhaps you should not marry at all.”

Panurge immediately protested.

“But I wish to marry!”

The room filled with laughter.

Pantagruel raised his hand.

“Very well,” he said. “We will examine this question carefully.”

Panurge leaned forward eagerly.

“You will help me?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes. But remember that no method can promise perfect certainty.”

Panurge smiled nervously.

“Even a small sign will help.”

Thus began one of the strangest investigations ever attempted.

Panurge wished to know whether he should marry.

And in order to answer that question, Pantagruel and his companions would soon consult books, dreams, astrologers, doctors, philosophers, poets, and even fools.

Each would offer advice.

Yet whether any of them could truly solve Panurge's fear remained uncertain.

## Part 2

### Should I Marry?

The question of Panurge's marriage soon became the most discussed subject at the court. Wherever Pantagruel and his companions gathered, the same debate appeared again.

Panurge could think of nothing else.

One morning he arrived early at Pantagruel's study. The giant prince was reading a large book when Panurge entered the room.

Pantagruel looked up and smiled.

"You have come early today."

Panurge nodded.

"I could not sleep."

Pantagruel closed the book.

"Still thinking about marriage?"

Panurge sighed deeply.

"Always."

Pantagruel invited him to sit.

"Tell me honestly," he said. "Do you truly wish to marry?"

Panurge answered without hesitation.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Panurge thought for a moment.

"A wife can bring comfort to a man's life. She manages the household, shares his joys and troubles, and helps him grow old with dignity."

Pantagruel nodded.

"Those are good reasons."

Panurge raised a finger.

“But the dangers remain.”

Pantagruel leaned back calmly.

“You speak of betrayal and financial ruin.”

Panurge nodded quickly.

“Exactly.”

Pantagruel spoke patiently.

“If you choose a wise and honest woman, those dangers are small.”

Panurge shook his head.

“But how can I know that she will remain wise and honest?”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“You cannot know the future with certainty.”

Panurge stood and began pacing across the room again.

“There must be signs,” he insisted. “Surely the world offers some way to understand what lies ahead.”

Pantagruel answered calmly.

“A wise man does not attempt to control the future completely. Instead he prepares himself to face whatever may come.”

Panurge stopped walking.

“That is easy for a philosopher to say.”

Pantagruel laughed softly.

“Perhaps.”

Just then Epistemon entered the room.

He noticed the serious expressions immediately.

“Ah,” he said, “the marriage debate continues.”

Panurge turned toward him eagerly.

“Perhaps you can help.”

Epistemon sat down.

“What do you wish to know?”

Panurge spoke quickly.

“I want to know whether I should marry.”

Epistemon considered the question.

“That depends on your character and your expectations.”

Panurge shook his head impatiently.

“No, no. I want to know whether marriage will bring me happiness or disaster.”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Such knowledge belongs only to time.”

Panurge groaned.

“Everyone gives the same answer.”

Pantagruel spoke again.

“If you wish, we can examine the matter from different perspectives.”

Panurge looked hopeful.

“Different perspectives?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“We can consult books, scholars, astrologers, and other people who claim to understand the future.”

Panurge’s eyes widened.

“Yes! That is exactly what I hoped for.”

Epistemon raised an eyebrow.

“You believe that such methods will give you certainty?”

Panurge shrugged.

“Even a small sign would help me.”

Pantagruel agreed to begin with a simple method.

“We will consult a book,” he said.

Panurge leaned forward with excitement.

“A book?”

Pantagruel explained.

“Some people believe that opening a book at random can reveal hidden guidance.”

Epistemon smiled.

“An ancient method of interpretation.”

Panurge clapped his hands.

“Let us try it immediately.”

Pantagruel selected a large volume from his shelf.

The book contained many wise sayings from ancient writers.

Pantagruel closed his eyes for a moment, then opened the book at random.

He pointed to a line of text and read it aloud.

“Fortune favors the brave.”

Panurge stared at him.

“What does that mean?”

Epistemon considered the sentence.

“It suggests that courage leads to success.”

Panurge frowned.

“So it tells me to marry?”

Pantagruel shrugged.

“Perhaps.”

Panurge immediately looked worried again.

“Or perhaps it means that I must bravely avoid marriage.”

Epistemon laughed.

“You see how easily such signs can be interpreted in different ways.”

Panurge sighed loudly.

“Then the book does not help.”

Pantagruel closed the volume.

“Books often give wisdom,” he said, “but not always clear answers.”

Panurge rested his head in his hands.

“My problem remains.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“There are other ways people attempt to predict the future.”

Panurge looked up quickly.

“Such as?”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Dreams.”

Panurge’s eyes brightened again.

“Dreams may contain messages.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“If you dream tonight, we can examine the meaning together.”

Panurge stood up.

“Then I will sleep carefully.”

Pantagruel laughed.

“Sleep carefully?”

Panurge nodded seriously.

“Yes. If my dream contains the answer, I must remember it clearly.”

Thus the investigation into Panurge’s marriage continued.

Books had failed to give a clear answer.

Now the companions would turn to dreams.

And Panurge hoped that during the night the future might finally reveal itself.

### Part 3

#### Dreams and Signs

That night Panurge went to bed earlier than usual. He hoped that sleep would bring him a dream that could reveal the truth about his future.

Before lying down, he spoke seriously to Pantagruel.

“Tonight I will watch my dreams carefully,” he said.

Pantagruel smiled.

“Dreams are not always easy to understand.”

Panurge nodded.

“But if the dream contains a sign, we will discover it.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Be careful,” he said. “Sometimes dreams only reveal that a man has eaten too much for dinner.”

Panurge ignored the joke and went to sleep.

The night passed quietly.

In the morning Panurge rushed excitedly to Pantagruel’s chamber.

Pantagruel, Epistemon, and Friar John were already there.

Panurge looked both excited and confused.

“I had a dream,” he announced.

Pantagruel gestured for him to sit.

“Tell us everything.”

Panurge began describing the dream.

“I saw a beautiful woman standing beside me,” he said. “She was smiling and holding a golden ring.”

Friar John nodded.

“That sounds like marriage.”

Panurge continued.

“Then the woman suddenly changed. Her smile disappeared, and she began throwing stones at me.”

Epistemon raised an eyebrow.

“That part sounds less pleasant.”

Panurge spread his hands dramatically.

“Exactly! I do not know whether the dream promises happiness or disaster.”

Pantagruel listened carefully.

“Dreams often contain mixed symbols,” he said.

Panurge looked worried.

“Mixed symbols?”

Epistemon explained.

“Your dream may show both the hope of marriage and the fear that troubles your mind.”

Panurge groaned.

“Then the dream tells me nothing!”

Friar John laughed again.

“It tells us that you are confused.”

Panurge shook his head.

“I hoped for a clear answer.”

Pantagruel spoke calmly.

“Dreams rarely give clear answers.”

Panurge stood up and began pacing across the room once more.

“There must be another way.”

Epistemon thought for a moment.

“Some people believe that the stars influence human destiny.”

Panurge stopped walking immediately.

“Astrology!”

Pantagruel nodded.

“There are astrologers who study the movement of the stars.”

Panurge’s face brightened again.

“Then we must consult one.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“Astrologers often enjoy speaking about mysterious things.”

Panurge answered quickly.

“If one of them can see my future, I will listen carefully.”

Pantagruel agreed to the idea.

“Very well. We will consult a famous astrologer named *Her Trippa*.”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“He is known for his confidence.”

Panurge looked relieved.

“Confidence is exactly what I need.”

Later that day the companions traveled to visit the astrologer.

Her Trippa lived in a tall house filled with strange instruments. Charts of the stars covered the walls, and large books lay open on every table.

The astrologer himself looked thin and serious.

When Pantagruel entered the room, Her Trippa bowed respectfully.

“Your Highness,” he said.

Pantagruel introduced Panurge.

“My friend wishes to ask you an important question.”

Her Trippa nodded.

“I will consult the stars.”

Panurge stepped forward nervously.

“I wish to know whether I should marry.”

The astrologer began examining several charts.

He studied the positions of the planets and made many calculations.

Panurge waited anxiously.

After some time Her Trippa spoke slowly.

“The stars reveal many dangers.”

Panurge’s face became pale.

“Dangers?”

Her Trippa nodded.

“Your future wife may cause you trouble.”

Panurge groaned.

“I knew it!”

The astrologer continued.

“There may be betrayal, arguments, and financial difficulties.”

Panurge turned toward Pantagruel.

“You see? The stars confirm my fears.”

Pantagruel remained calm.

“Astrology often describes possibilities rather than certainties.”

Her Trippa lifted his hands mysteriously.

“The stars guide our fate.”

Friar John whispered quietly to Epistemon.

“He speaks like a poet.”

Epistemon smiled.

Panurge, however, took the prediction very seriously.

“Then I should not marry,” he said.

Pantagruel shook his head gently.

“Do not make such an important decision from one prediction.”

Panurge looked confused again.

“But the astrologer has spoken.”

Pantagruel answered patiently.

“If you wish to understand the question fully, we must consult other advisers.”

Panurge sighed deeply.

“Very well.”

Thus the search for certainty continued.

Dreams had brought confusion.

The stars had brought fear.

And Panurge still did not know whether marriage would bring him happiness—  
or disaster.

#### Part 4

##### The Astrologer’s Warning

After leaving the house of the astrologer Her Trippa, Panurge walked beside Pantagruel in deep thought. His face showed both worry and frustration.

“The stars have spoken,” Panurge said. “They promise betrayal and trouble.”

Pantagruel answered calmly.

“They describe possibilities, not destiny.”

Panurge shook his head.

“Possibilities are enough to frighten me.”

Friar John laughed loudly as they walked down the street.

“If you feared every possibility,” he said, “you would never leave your bed in the morning.”

Panurge frowned.

“Marriage is more dangerous than leaving a bed.”

Epistemon spoke quietly.

“Many men have lived happily in marriage.”

Panurge sighed.

“Yes, but many others have suffered.”

The companions returned to the palace where Pantagruel was staying. They gathered once again in the large hall to continue their discussion.

Panurge immediately began speaking.

“The astrologer has confirmed my fears,” he said. “My future wife will betray

me.”

Pantagruel sat down calmly.

“Her Trippa predicted difficulties,” he said. “But astrologers often enjoy dramatic predictions.”

Panurge looked at him with confusion.

“You do not believe the stars?”

Pantagruel answered carefully.

“The stars are beautiful and powerful, but human judgment should not depend entirely upon them.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Astrology sometimes describes general patterns rather than individual lives.”

Panurge looked disappointed.

“Then we must find another adviser.”

Friar John raised his hand.

“I know someone who enjoys giving advice.”

Panurge turned toward him eagerly.

“Who?”

Friar John grinned.

“A doctor.”

Panurge hesitated.

“A doctor?”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Doctors study the human body. Some of them also claim to understand human behavior.”

Panurge thought for a moment.

“Perhaps a doctor understands marriage.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“There is a well-known physician named *Rondibilis*. He is respected for his learning.”

Panurge looked hopeful again.

“Then we must visit him.”

Later that afternoon the companions traveled to the house of Doctor Rondibilis.

The doctor welcomed Pantagruel with great respect. His study was filled with books about medicine, anatomy, and philosophy.

Rondibilis greeted the visitors warmly.

“How may I assist you?”

Pantagruel explained the situation.

“Our friend Panurge wishes to know whether he should marry.”

The doctor looked at Panurge carefully.

“Marriage is a subject that concerns both the body and the mind,” he said.

Panurge leaned forward nervously.

“Please tell me honestly what you think.”

Rondibilis began speaking slowly, as if giving a lecture.

“Human beings possess natural desires,” he explained. “Marriage often helps guide those desires into stable and productive lives.”

Panurge nodded quickly.

“That sounds encouraging.”

The doctor continued.

“However, marriage also requires patience, discipline, and wisdom.”

Panurge’s smile began to fade.

Rondibilis folded his hands.

“Without these qualities, marriage may produce conflict and disappointment.”

Panurge looked worried again.

“Conflict?”

Rondibilis nodded.

“Men and women often possess different habits and expectations. If they do not understand one another, their household becomes unhappy.”

Panurge groaned quietly.

“This is exactly what I fear.”

Pantagruel asked calmly,

“Doctor, do you believe Panurge should marry?”

Rondibilis looked at Panurge thoughtfully.

“If he wishes to marry, he must accept both the joys and the dangers.”

Panurge raised his hands in frustration.

“Everyone gives the same answer!”

Friar John laughed again.

“Because it is the truth.”

Panurge shook his head.

“Truth should be clearer.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Life rarely offers perfect certainty.”

Panurge sighed deeply.

“Then I must continue searching.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Very well. If you wish, we can consult more advisers.”

Panurge brightened slightly.

“Yes. Someone must finally give me a clear answer.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“You may discover that the only clear answer is the one you choose yourself.”

Panurge looked doubtful.

“I prefer advice.”

The companions laughed.

Thus the strange investigation continued.

Astrologers and doctors had offered warnings but no certainty.

Panurge’s question remained unanswered.

And soon the companions would seek guidance from another kind of thinker—  
one whose philosophy was famous for its complicated reasoning.

## Part 5

### The Philosopher Trouillogan

The next adviser chosen by Pantagruel and his companions was a philosopher named *Trouillogan*. This man was known throughout the region for his learning

and for the strange way he answered questions.

Some people admired him as a deep thinker. Others believed that his ideas were so complicated that no one could truly understand them.

Panurge hoped that such a philosopher might finally give him a clear answer.

“A philosopher studies wisdom,” Panurge said. “Surely he will know whether I should marry.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Philosophers sometimes ask more questions than they answer.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Even so, it is worth hearing his thoughts.”

The companions traveled to Trouillogan’s house the next day.

The philosopher lived in a quiet building filled with books and papers. Shelves covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and large piles of manuscripts lay scattered across several tables.

Trouillogan himself sat at a desk, reading carefully.

When Pantagruel entered the room, the philosopher stood up respectfully.

“Welcome, Prince Pantagruel.”

Pantagruel greeted him politely.

“Master Trouillogan, we seek your advice.”

The philosopher nodded.

“Ask your question.”

Panurge stepped forward eagerly.

“I wish to know whether I should marry.”

Trouillogan looked at him silently for a moment.

Then he spoke.

“Perhaps.”

Panurge blinked.

“Perhaps?”

Trouillogan nodded calmly.

“Yes.”

Panurge waited.

The philosopher remained silent.

Panurge frowned.

“Is that your answer?”

Trouillogan replied,

“It is one answer.”

Panurge turned toward Pantagruel in confusion.

“I hoped for something clearer.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Let us ask another question.”

Pantagruel turned to the philosopher.

“Master Trouillogan, what advantages does marriage bring?”

The philosopher thought for a moment.

“Many.”

Panurge leaned forward.

“Such as?”

Trouillogan replied slowly,

“Companionship. Order. Stability.”

Panurge nodded eagerly.

“That sounds excellent.”

Pantagruel continued.

“And what dangers may marriage contain?”

Trouillogan answered calmly,

“Many.”

Panurge groaned.

“Again with the same answer!”

The philosopher continued speaking.

“Marriage may bring arguments, misunderstandings, and disappointment.”

Panurge threw his hands into the air.

“Then what should I do?”

Trouillogan looked at him carefully.

“You may marry.”

Panurge's face brightened.  
Then the philosopher added quietly,  
"Or you may not marry."  
The room fell silent.  
Friar John suddenly burst into laughter.  
"This philosopher is very wise," he said.  
Panurge looked furious.  
"He has told me nothing!"  
Pantagruel spoke calmly.  
"He has explained that both choices contain advantages and dangers."  
Panurge sighed loudly.  
"Everyone says the same thing."  
Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.  
"Philosophy often describes reality rather than removing uncertainty."  
Panurge shook his head.  
"I do not want philosophy. I want certainty."  
Trouillogan raised his eyebrows slightly.  
"Certainty is rare."  
Panurge sat down heavily.  
"Then philosophy is not very helpful."  
Pantagruel thanked the philosopher politely.  
"Your reflections have been valuable."  
Trouillogan bowed.  
"Wisdom often appears slowly."  
When the companions left the house, Panurge looked exhausted.  
"The astrologer frightened me," he said. "The doctor warned me. The philosopher confused me."  
Friar John laughed again.  
"Perhaps we should ask someone who speaks more simply."  
Panurge looked hopeful.  
"Who?"

Epistemon smiled.

“A poet.”

Panurge looked surprised.

“A poet?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“There is an old poet named *Raminagrobis* who lives nearby.”

Panurge brightened slightly.

“Poets understand human emotions.”

Friar John shrugged.

“Or they invent them.”

Pantagruel spoke calmly.

“Let us visit him tomorrow.”

Panurge nodded eagerly.

“Perhaps the poet will finally tell me whether marriage will make me happy—  
or miserable.”

But none of the companions suspected that their visit to the poet would be very  
unusual.

For *Raminagrobis* was already very old and very close to death.

And his strange final words would only deepen Panurge’s confusion.

## Part 6

### The Poet *Raminagrobis*

The next day Pantagruel and his companions traveled to visit the old poet  
*Raminagrobis*. The poet was famous for his verses and for his unusual thoughts  
about life and human nature.

Yet when they arrived at his house, they learned that the poet was very ill.

A servant led them quietly into a dim room where *Raminagrobis* lay in bed. The  
old man looked weak, and his breathing was slow. It was clear that he was  
approaching the end of his life.

Panurge immediately became nervous.

“Perhaps we should return another time,” he whispered.

Pantagruel shook his head gently.

“Let us speak with him. Even a short conversation may bring wisdom.”

The companions approached the bed.

Raminagrobis opened his eyes slowly and recognized Pantagruel.

“Prince Pantagruel,” he said softly.

Pantagruel bowed respectfully.

“Master poet, we hope we are not disturbing your rest.”

Raminagrobis smiled faintly.

“Visitors are welcome. When life grows short, conversation becomes precious.”

Panurge stepped forward nervously.

“Master Raminagrobis, I seek advice.”

The old poet looked at him with curiosity.

“Speak, then.”

Panurge explained his problem.

“I wish to marry,” he said. “But I fear that marriage will bring me unhappiness.”

Raminagrobis listened carefully.

When Panurge finished speaking, the poet closed his eyes for a moment.

The room remained silent.

At last the old man spoke again.

“Marriage,” he said slowly, “is like a sea voyage.”

Panurge leaned forward.

“A sea voyage?”

Raminagrobis nodded weakly.

“Sometimes the sea is calm and beautiful. Sometimes storms appear suddenly.”

Epistemon listened thoughtfully.

“That is a wise comparison.”

Panurge frowned.

“But should I sail or remain on land?”

The poet smiled slightly.

“Every sailor must decide whether the journey is worth the risk.”

Panurge groaned quietly.

“That is not a clear answer.”

Raminagrobis laughed softly.

“Clear answers are rare in life.”

The poet suddenly coughed and seemed weaker.

Pantagruel spoke gently.

“You should rest.”

But Raminagrobis raised his hand.

“One more thought.”

The room grew quiet again.

The old poet looked at Panurge.

“Fear often hides behind desire,” he said. “You wish to marry, yet you fear the consequences.”

Panurge nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Raminagrobis continued.

“A man who fears life too much will never live fully.”

Panurge stared at him.

“So you believe I should marry?”

The poet smiled faintly.

“I believe you must decide for yourself.”

Panurge sighed deeply.

“Everyone says that.”

Raminagrobis looked amused.

“Perhaps everyone says it because it is true.”

The old man closed his eyes again.

Pantagruel understood that the conversation had ended.

The companions quietly left the room.

Outside the house, Panurge looked frustrated.

“Another unclear answer,” he said.

Friar John shrugged.

“At least the poet spoke honestly.”

Epistemon added,

“His words contained wisdom.”

Panurge shook his head.

“Wisdom is not the same as certainty.”

Pantagruel placed a hand on his shoulder.

“You are searching for a perfect answer, but such answers rarely exist.”

Panurge sighed again.

“Then I must continue searching.”

Friar John suddenly had an idea.

“There is one more person you could ask.”

Panurge looked up hopefully.

“Who?”

Friar John grinned.

“A fool.”

Panurge blinked.

“A fool?”

Epistemon nodded.

“The king’s court jester, *Triboulet*, is known for strange wisdom.”

Panurge considered the suggestion.

“Perhaps a fool will speak more clearly than philosophers and poets.”

Pantagruel laughed.

“Then we will visit Triboulet.”

Panurge smiled nervously.

“Yes. Let the fool decide my future.”

Yet none of them knew that the fool’s answer would be the most frightening of all.

Part 7

The Fool Triboulet

The next adviser Panurge wished to consult was the court fool *Triboulet*. Though he was known as a jester, many people believed that fools sometimes spoke truths that wiser men avoided.

“A fool may see the world clearly,” Panurge said as they prepared to visit him. Friar John laughed loudly.

“Or he may simply enjoy frightening you.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“In any case, it will be interesting to hear his answer.”

Triboulet lived near the royal court, where he often entertained nobles and visitors. When Pantagruel and his companions arrived, they found him sitting in a small garden, tossing a wooden ball into the air and catching it again.

The fool looked up when he saw them.

His clothing was bright and colorful, and small bells hung from his hat.

Triboulet bowed playfully.

“Prince Pantagruel! What brings such serious company to a fool’s garden?”

Pantagruel greeted him kindly.

“We have come to ask your advice.”

Triboulet laughed.

“Advice from a fool?”

Panurge stepped forward eagerly.

“Yes. I wish to know whether I should marry.”

Triboulet stopped tossing the ball and stared at Panurge carefully.

Then he began walking slowly around him, studying him from every side.

Panurge grew uncomfortable.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

Triboulet answered quietly.

“I am examining the man who wishes to marry.”

Friar John laughed.

“Take your time. He is a strange specimen.”

Triboulet continued walking around Panurge.

Finally he stopped.

“Do you truly wish to marry?”

Panurge nodded.

“Yes. But I fear betrayal and disaster.”

Triboulet suddenly began laughing loudly.

“Then you have already imagined your future.”

Panurge looked confused.

“What do you mean?”

The fool leaned closer.

“A man who fears betrayal before marriage will see betrayal everywhere.”

Epistemon nodded thoughtfully.

“That is an interesting observation.”

Panurge frowned.

“But what should I do?”

Triboulet suddenly grabbed Panurge’s arm.

“If you marry,” he said sharply, “you will be beaten.”

Panurge jumped back in shock.

“Beaten?”

Triboulet nodded.

“Yes. Your wife will strike you.”

Friar John burst into laughter.

“That is a lively prediction.”

Panurge looked horrified.

“This is terrible!”

Triboulet continued speaking.

“You will lose your money. You will lose your peace. And you will lose your sleep.”

Panurge turned pale.

“I knew it!”

Pantagruel raised his hand calmly.

“Remember that a fool enjoys exaggeration.”

Triboulet grinned.

“Perhaps.”

Panurge looked desperate.

“Is there no hope?”

Triboulet shrugged.

“Hope exists everywhere.”

Panurge waited anxiously.

The fool smiled mischievously.

“But so does trouble.”

Friar John laughed again.

“That is the clearest answer we have heard all week.”

Panurge groaned loudly.

“Everyone gives the same answer in a different way!”

Pantagruel spoke calmly.

“You have now consulted astrologers, doctors, philosophers, poets, and fools.”

Epistemon nodded.

“And none of them has removed your uncertainty.”

Panurge sighed deeply.

“My mind is more confused than ever.”

Triboulet tossed the wooden ball into the air again.

“Perhaps confusion is the natural state of a man who asks too many questions.”

Pantagruel thanked the fool politely.

“Your words have given us much to consider.”

Triboulet bowed playfully.

“Return anytime. Fools are always ready to give advice.”

The companions left the garden and began walking back toward the palace.

Panurge walked slowly, staring at the ground.

“The fool predicts disaster,” he said quietly.

Friar John shrugged.

“Fools enjoy dark jokes.”

Epistemon added thoughtfully,

“Yet sometimes fools reveal truths others avoid.”

Panurge groaned again.

“Then I am doomed.”

Pantagruel placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“You are not doomed.”

Panurge looked up.

“Then what should I do?”

Pantagruel thought carefully.

“If ordinary advisers cannot solve your question, perhaps we must seek a greater source of wisdom.”

Panurge looked curious.

“What do you mean?”

Pantagruel spoke slowly.

“There exists a famous oracle known as the *Bottle Oracle*.”

Panurge stared at him.

“An oracle?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes. Many travelers say that it speaks the truth about difficult questions.”

Panurge’s eyes widened with hope.

“Then we must go there immediately.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Such a journey will require preparation.”

Panurge nodded eagerly.

“If the oracle can answer my question, I will travel anywhere.”

Thus Panurge’s strange investigation had reached a new stage.

The advice of scholars, poets, and fools had failed.

Now the companions would consider a journey to consult a mysterious oracle.

And that journey would lead them toward new adventures.

## Part 8

### Friar John’s Opinion

After their visit to the fool Triboulet, the companions returned to the palace once more. Panurge remained troubled, and his thoughts moved constantly between hope and fear.

That evening they gathered again in Pantagruel's great hall.

Panurge sat silently for a long time. Finally he spoke.

"The fool predicts disaster," he said. "The astrologer predicts betrayal. The doctor warns of conflict. The philosopher refuses to answer. The poet speaks in riddles."

Friar John leaned back in his chair.

"And yet you still wish to marry."

Panurge nodded slowly.

"Yes."

Pantagruel looked at him thoughtfully.

"Then perhaps you should listen to the advice of someone who speaks plainly."

Panurge looked up.

"Who?"

Pantagruel gestured toward Friar John.

"Our good friend the monk."

Friar John laughed loudly.

"You wish to hear my opinion about marriage?"

Panurge nodded eagerly.

"Yes. Everyone else speaks in difficult words. Perhaps you will speak clearly."

Friar John stroked his beard for a moment.

"Very well," he said. "I will speak honestly."

Panurge leaned forward nervously.

Friar John continued.

"Marriage is neither heaven nor hell. It is simply life shared with another person."

Panurge listened carefully.

"Sometimes that life is pleasant," the monk continued. "Sometimes it is difficult."

Panurge frowned.

“That sounds like everyone else.”

Friar John raised a finger.

“But I will add something important.”

Panurge waited.

“Marriage requires strength,” Friar John said.

Panurge blinked.

“Strength?”

Friar John nodded.

“A weak man blames his wife for every problem. A strong man accepts responsibility for his household.”

Epistemon nodded with approval.

“That is well said.”

Panurge looked uncertain.

“But what about betrayal?”

Friar John shrugged.

“Some wives are faithful. Some are not.”

Panurge groaned again.

“Everyone says that!”

Friar John continued calmly.

“The truth is simple. If you fear betrayal so much, then you must choose your wife carefully.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Good advice.”

Panurge thought for a moment.

“But how can I know which woman to trust?”

Friar John laughed.

“You cannot know everything.”

Panurge threw his hands into the air.

“Then the problem remains!”

Friar John leaned forward.

“Let me ask you a question.”

Panurge nodded.

“Very well.”

“Do you wish to marry because you love someone?” Friar John asked.

Panurge hesitated.

“Not exactly.”

Friar John smiled knowingly.

“Then perhaps you wish to marry because everyone else marries.”

Panurge thought carefully.

“Perhaps.”

Friar John nodded.

“That is not always the best reason.”

Pantagruel spoke gently.

“Marriage should not be chosen only because it is common.”

Panurge sighed.

“Then what should I do?”

Friar John answered simply.

“Either marry bravely or remain single happily.”

Panurge stared at him.

“Those are the only choices?”

Friar John nodded.

“Yes.”

The room became quiet for a moment.

Panurge rubbed his forehead.

“I hoped that someone would remove my uncertainty.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Uncertainty is part of human life.”

Panurge groaned softly.

“I dislike uncertainty.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Then perhaps we must follow the idea I mentioned earlier.”

Panurge looked up again.

“The oracle?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes.”

Panurge’s eyes brightened once more.

“If the oracle can answer my question, then my problem will finally be solved.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“Or you will simply find another puzzle.”

Panurge ignored the joke.

“Where is this oracle?”

Pantagruel explained.

“It is known as the *Bottle Oracle*. Travelers say that its answers contain deep wisdom.”

Panurge stood up immediately.

“Then we must go there.”

Pantagruel raised a hand.

“Such a journey will require preparation and planning.”

Panurge nodded eagerly.

“I am ready for any journey.”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Travel often brings unexpected discoveries.”

Friar John laughed.

“And unexpected trouble.”

Panurge looked determined.

“If the oracle can tell me whether I should marry, the journey will be worth it.”

Pantagruel nodded slowly.

“Then we must consider how such a voyage can be arranged.”

The companions continued their discussion late into the evening.

Their strange investigation had now taken a new direction.

Scholars, doctors, philosophers, poets, and fools had all offered advice.

Yet none had removed Panurge’s fear.

Now a greater adventure waited before them—the search for the mysterious oracle that might finally answer Panurge’s question.

## Part 9

### The Endless Debate

In the days that followed, Panurge could speak of nothing except the oracle. His mind was filled with the hope that the mysterious *Bottle Oracle* might finally answer his question.

Yet before beginning such a journey, Pantagruel wished to discuss the matter carefully with his companions.

One evening they gathered again in the great hall. The long table was covered with maps, books, and papers.

Pantagruel looked at his friends.

“Before we travel to the oracle,” he said, “we must consider whether this journey is truly necessary.”

Panurge immediately stood up.

“It is necessary for me.”

Friar John laughed.

“Your marriage has become a matter of national importance.”

Panurge ignored the joke.

“If the oracle can answer my question, I will finally have peace.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Oracles often answer in mysterious ways.”

Panurge frowned.

“Mysterious answers are still answers.”

Pantagruel leaned forward calmly.

“Let us examine the situation.”

Panurge sat down again.

Pantagruel continued.

“You have already consulted many advisers.”

Panurge counted them on his fingers.

“The astrologer. The doctor. The philosopher. The poet. The fool.”

Friar John added with a grin,

“And the monk.”

Panurge nodded.

“Yes.”

Pantagruel folded his hands.

“Each adviser gave a different opinion.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Yet all their answers contained a similar message.”

Panurge looked confused.

“What message?”

Epistemon spoke gently.

“They all suggested that the decision belongs to you.”

Panurge groaned.

“I hoped someone else would decide.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“That is the dream of many people.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Responsibility often frightens us.”

Panurge sighed.

“Responsibility is uncomfortable.”

Epistemon spoke again.

“Yet avoiding responsibility does not remove uncertainty.”

Panurge looked discouraged.

“Then my search has been useless.”

Pantagruel shook his head.

“Not useless. You have learned something important.”

Panurge looked curious.

“What?”

Pantagruel answered calmly.

“You have learned that wisdom appears in many forms.”

Panurge thought for a moment.

“Yes... but none of those forms gave me certainty.”

Friar John shrugged.

“Perhaps certainty does not exist.”

Panurge looked horrified.

“That cannot be true.”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Life often contains questions without perfect answers.”

Panurge shook his head stubbornly.

“Then I will search until I find one.”

Pantagruel studied his friend carefully.

“Your determination is impressive.”

Panurge leaned forward eagerly.

“Then you agree that we should visit the oracle?”

Pantagruel paused for a moment.

Finally he nodded.

“Yes.”

Panurge jumped to his feet.

“Wonderful!”

Pantagruel raised a hand.

“However, we must understand what this journey means.”

Panurge waited anxiously.

Pantagruel continued.

“The oracle lies far away. The voyage will require ships, supplies, and many preparations.”

Friar John smiled.

“That sounds like a proper adventure.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Travel often teaches us more than books.”

Panurge looked excited.

“Then the journey will bring knowledge.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Perhaps.”

Panurge paced across the room with growing enthusiasm.

“At the end of the journey, the oracle will speak.”

Friar John laughed.

“And what if the oracle answers like the philosopher?”

Panurge stopped walking.

“What do you mean?”

Friar John smiled mischievously.

“Perhaps the oracle will say, ‘Perhaps.’”

The room filled with laughter.

Panurge tried to smile, but his worry remained.

Pantagruel placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“No matter what the oracle says, the journey itself will be valuable.”

Panurge nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“And perhaps during the journey you will learn something about yourself.”

Panurge looked uncertain.

“About myself?”

Friar John laughed again.

“That may be the most dangerous discovery of all.”

The companions continued their discussion long into the night.

Plans for the voyage slowly began to form.

Ships would be prepared.

Supplies would be gathered.

Friends would join the expedition.

And somewhere far across the sea, the mysterious oracle waited.

Panurge believed that the oracle would finally solve his problem.

Whether that belief was true remained to be seen.

## Part 10

### The Decision to Seek the Oracle

After many days of discussion, Pantagruel and his companions finally reached a decision.

They would travel in search of the *Bottle Oracle*.

The news spread quickly throughout the palace. Servants prepared supplies, sailors gathered equipment, and travelers spoke excitedly about the coming journey.

Panurge was especially eager.

Each morning he visited Pantagruel to ask the same question.

“When will we depart?”

Pantagruel answered patiently.

“Soon.”

Panurge paced across the room with restless energy.

“The oracle will finally answer my question,” he said.

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Or it will give you another puzzle.”

Panurge frowned.

“This oracle is famous for wisdom.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Fame often grows larger than truth.”

Panurge ignored the warning.

“Even a mysterious answer will help me.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Perhaps the journey itself will bring the answer.”

Panurge shook his head.

“No. I want the oracle to speak clearly.”

Pantagruel stood and walked toward the window. Outside he could see workers preparing ships along the river.

The voyage would not be simple.

After a moment he turned back to his companions.

“This expedition will not be only about Panurge’s question,” he said.

Panurge blinked.

“What do you mean?”

Pantagruel explained calmly.

“During the journey we will visit many strange lands. We will meet unusual people and learn new ideas.”

Friar John grinned.

“That is the best reason for traveling.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Every journey becomes a lesson.”

Panurge looked slightly confused.

“But the most important lesson will be the oracle’s answer.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Perhaps.”

Panurge looked determined.

“When the oracle speaks, I will finally know whether to marry.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“And if the oracle tells you to marry?”

Panurge hesitated.

“Then I will marry bravely.”

Friar John continued.

“And if the oracle tells you not to marry?”

Panurge nodded.

“Then I will remain single happily.”

Friar John laughed.

“You speak as if the answer will be simple.”

Panurge frowned slightly.

“Why should it not be simple?”

Epistemon smiled quietly.

“Because wisdom often hides behind strange words.”

Panurge groaned softly.

“Everyone loves mysterious answers.”

Pantagruel placed a hand on his shoulder.

“No matter what happens, remember that friendship and courage are greater than fear.”

Panurge looked at his friend gratefully.

“Your friendship has helped me greatly.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“And our journey will continue that friendship.”

The companions walked outside together.

Along the river several ships were being prepared for the voyage. Sailors carried barrels of food and water onto the decks. Ropes were tightened, sails were repaired, and maps were carefully studied.

Friar John looked pleased.

“Now this looks like a proper adventure.”

Epistemon studied the ships thoughtfully.

“The sea will test our courage.”

Panurge stared at the water with excitement.

“And somewhere beyond the sea, the oracle waits.”

Pantagruel looked toward the horizon.

“Yes.”

The sun was slowly setting, and the river shone with golden light.

Soon the companions would begin their voyage.

They would travel across unknown seas.

They would visit strange islands and encounter many surprising events.

And at the end of their journey, the mysterious oracle might finally answer the question that troubled Panurge’s heart.

But for now the decision had been made.

The ships were ready.

The travelers were prepared.

And a new adventure was about to begin.

## THE FOURTH BOOK

### Part 1

#### Preparing the Voyage

After long discussion and many strange consultations, Pantagruel and his companions finally decided to begin their voyage in search of the *Bottle Oracle*. Panurge believed that the oracle would answer the great question that troubled his mind: whether he should marry.

Preparations for the journey began immediately.

Ships were gathered at the harbor, and workers hurried back and forth carrying supplies. Sailors repaired ropes, folded sails, and examined the strong wooden masts that would carry the vessels across the sea.

Pantagruel walked along the docks with Epistemon and Friar John while watching the preparations.

Panurge followed close behind them.

“Everything must be ready,” Panurge said nervously. “If the oracle can answer my question, we must reach it as quickly as possible.”

Friar John laughed.

“A voyage across the sea is never quick.”

Panurge frowned.

“But the sooner we arrive, the sooner my problem will end.”

Epistemon looked toward the ships thoughtfully.

“Journeys often create new problems as well as new answers.”

Panurge sighed.

“I hope the oracle speaks clearly.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Patience will be useful during this voyage.”

Several large ships had been prepared for the expedition. The strongest vessel would carry Pantagruel and his closest companions, while the other ships would hold supplies and sailors.

Soon another important figure arrived at the harbor.

This man was *Xenomanes*, a traveler who had visited many distant lands.

Pantagruel greeted him warmly.

“Master Xenomanes, we are grateful that you have agreed to guide our voyage.”

Xenomanes bowed respectfully.

“The sea is wide, and many strange places lie beyond the horizon. I will do my best to guide you safely.”

Panurge stepped forward eagerly.

“Have you ever visited the Bottle Oracle?”

Xenomanes shook his head.

“No. But I have heard many stories about it.”

Panurge leaned closer.

“Does it truly answer difficult questions?”

Xenomanes smiled slightly.

“Some travelers say that its answers are wise.”

Panurge looked hopeful again.

“Then my journey will not be wasted.”

Pantagruel turned toward another man standing nearby.

This man wore the clothing of a sailor and held a large compass in his hand.

“This is *Jamet Brayer*, our pilot,” Pantagruel explained.

Jamet Brayer bowed politely.

“I know these waters well,” he said. “If the winds are kind, we will travel safely.”

Friar John clapped the pilot on the shoulder.

“And if the winds are not kind?”

Jamet Brayer smiled calmly.

“Then we will rely on courage.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Good! Courage is always useful.”

As the day continued, the harbor grew busy with activity. Barrels of food were loaded onto the ships. Fresh water was stored carefully in strong containers. Maps were brought to the captain’s cabin so that the route could be studied.

Panurge walked around the harbor examining everything.

“We must not forget anything,” he said anxiously.

Epistemon followed him.

“You behave as if the voyage begins tomorrow.”

Panurge nodded.

“I wish it would begin tomorrow.”

Epistemon smiled.

“A wise traveler prepares patiently.”

Meanwhile Pantagruel spoke quietly with Xenomanes and the pilot about their route across the sea.

“What dangers may we encounter?” Pantagruel asked.

Jamet Brayer pointed toward the horizon.

“Storms are always possible,” he said. “And there are islands whose customs are very strange.”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Some islands welcome travelers. Others treat strangers with suspicion.”

Friar John listened with interest.

“Strange islands sound exciting.”

Panurge looked less enthusiastic.

“I prefer islands that speak clearly about marriage.”

The companions laughed.

As evening approached, the preparations were nearly complete.

The ships stood ready at the harbor, their sails tied neatly and their decks prepared for the voyage.

Pantagruel gathered his companions once more.

“Tomorrow we will begin our journey.”

Panurge felt a sudden mixture of excitement and fear.

“Tomorrow,” he repeated.

Friar John stretched his arms happily.

“At last, a real adventure.”

Epistemon looked thoughtfully toward the sea.

“The ocean always hides many surprises.”

Pantagruel placed a reassuring hand on Panurge’s shoulder.

“No matter what happens, we will face it together.”

Panurge nodded slowly.

“And at the end of the voyage, the oracle will answer my question.”

Pantagruel smiled gently but said nothing.

The sun slowly disappeared behind the horizon, and the harbor grew quiet.

The ships waited patiently in the water.

Soon the voyage would begin.

And the companions would sail toward lands that few travelers had ever seen.

## Part 2

### The Departure

Early the next morning the harbor was already full of movement. Sailors hurried across the docks, ropes were loosened, and the great sails were prepared for the wind.

Pantagruel and his companions arrived just as the sun began to rise above the sea.

The water shone with soft golden light.

Panurge looked out across the harbor with nervous excitement.

“Today we begin our voyage,” he said.

Friar John laughed.

“You have repeated that sentence twenty times.”

Panurge sighed.

“Because it is an important day.”

Epistemon watched the sailors working on the ships.

“A journey always begins with small actions,” he said. “Ropes tied, sails raised, anchors lifted.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Even great adventures begin quietly.”

Soon the pilot Jamet Brayer approached them.

“The wind is favorable,” he said. “We can depart immediately.”

Panurge clapped his hands.

“Excellent!”

Xenomanes studied the sky.

“The weather appears calm today.”

Friar John looked pleased.

“A calm sea is a good beginning.”

The companions boarded their ship. Sailors quickly pulled up the heavy anchor while others climbed the masts to release the sails.

The great white sails slowly opened in the morning wind.

Jamet Brayer stood beside the steering wheel and called out orders.

“Raise the main sail!”

The sailors worked quickly and skillfully.

The ship began to move slowly away from the harbor.

Panurge watched the shore disappear behind them.

“We are truly leaving,” he said.

Epistemon smiled.

“The land always looks peaceful when seen from the sea.”

Friar John leaned against the rail and looked out across the water.

“The ocean is wide and honest,” he said. “It does not hide its dangers.”

Panurge looked slightly worried.

“Let us hope it hides a few of them.”

Pantagrue stood calmly near the front of the ship.

The wind filled the sails, and the vessel moved steadily across the water.

Several other ships followed behind them, carrying supplies and sailors for the expedition.

Xenomanes pointed toward the distant horizon.

“Our journey will take us through many waters,” he explained. “Some seas are calm, while others are dangerous.”

Panurge listened carefully.

“Have many travelers visited the Bottle Oracle?”

Xenomanes shook his head.

“Very few.”

Panurge looked surprised.

“Why so few?”

Xenomanes smiled slightly.

“Because the journey is long, and the answer is not always simple.”

Panurge sighed.

“Everything about this question becomes complicated.”

Pantagruel spoke calmly.

“Perhaps the journey will help you understand the question better.”

Panurge looked doubtful.

“I hope it helps me understand the answer.”

The ship continued moving farther from the harbor.

Soon the land behind them appeared small and distant.

The open sea surrounded them in every direction.

Friar John looked pleased.

“Now we are truly travelers.”

Epistemon opened a book he had brought with him.

“The sea is an excellent place for reading and thinking.”

Panurge shook his head.

“I cannot read. My thoughts keep returning to the oracle.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Try to enjoy the voyage itself.”

Panurge walked slowly along the deck while watching the waves move beneath the ship.

The sound of the water was steady and peaceful.

For a moment he felt calmer.

“Perhaps this journey will not be so difficult,” he said.

Friar John laughed.

“Wait until we meet our first storm.”

Panurge immediately looked nervous again.

“Storm?”

Xenomanes nodded calmly.

“Storms are common at sea.”

Panurge sighed deeply.

“Then I hope the oracle appreciates how much trouble I am taking to ask my question.”

The companions laughed.

The ship continued sailing steadily across the wide ocean.

The wind carried them farther from the familiar land behind them.

Ahead lay unknown waters, strange islands, and many surprising events.

And somewhere beyond the horizon waited the mysterious oracle that Panurge believed would finally solve his problem.

### Part 3

#### The First Storm

For the first few days the voyage was calm and pleasant. The wind remained steady, and the sea moved gently beneath the ships.

Panurge began to relax.

Each morning he walked along the deck and looked out across the wide water.

“This journey is not so frightening,” he said one afternoon.

Friar John laughed loudly.

“You speak too soon.”

Epistemon closed the book he had been reading and looked toward the sky.

Dark clouds were slowly gathering in the distance.

Xenomanes noticed them as well.

“The weather may change soon,” he said quietly.

Panurge looked up immediately.

“Change?”

Jamet Brayer, the pilot, studied the horizon carefully.

“A storm may be approaching.”

Panurge turned pale.

“A storm?”

Friar John smiled.

“Now the adventure begins.”

The wind began to grow stronger.

Sailors hurried across the deck, tightening ropes and adjusting the sails.

Jamet Brayer gave calm and clear commands.

“Secure the cargo!”

“Lower the upper sails!”

The sailors moved quickly and efficiently.

Pantagrue watched the activity with calm confidence.

Panurge, however, gripped the railing nervously.

The sky darkened as the clouds moved closer.

Soon the wind began to roar across the sea.

Waves grew larger, and the ship began to rise and fall heavily.

Panurge staggered across the deck.

“This is terrible!”

Friar John stood firmly beside the mast.

“It is only a storm.”

Panurge shouted above the wind.

“Only a storm?”

Rain suddenly began falling in heavy drops.

The sailors worked hard to control the sails as the wind pushed against the ship.

Jamet Brayer shouted instructions while holding the steering wheel.

“Hold the course!”

“Keep the sails tight!”

The ship climbed up a great wave and then dropped down again into the dark water below.

Panurge grabbed a rope with both hands.

“If I survive this storm,” he cried, “I may never marry!”

Friar John laughed loudly despite the wind.

“The sea is already teaching you wisdom.”

Pantagruel walked steadily across the deck, helping the sailors where he could.

His great strength allowed him to move easily even as the ship shook beneath their feet.

Xenomanes stood beside the pilot and watched the waves carefully.

“The storm is strong,” he said, “but the ship is well built.”

Jamet Brayer nodded.

“If the wind does not grow worse, we will pass through safely.”

Lightning flashed across the sky, and thunder rolled across the sea.

Panurge closed his eyes.

“I should have remained on land!”

Epistemon spoke calmly.

“Storms always appear larger when we fear them.”

Panurge shook his head.

“This storm is large enough.”

The rain continued falling for many hours.

The sailors worked without rest as the wind pushed the ship across the wild sea.

Yet slowly the storm began to weaken.

The wind became softer, and the waves gradually grew smaller.

At last the clouds began to separate.

A small piece of blue sky appeared above them.

Jamet Brayer wiped the rain from his face.

“The storm is passing.”

The sailors relaxed slightly, though they continued their work.

Friar John stretched his arms happily.

“That was a fine storm.”

Panurge stared at him in disbelief.

“Fine?”

Friar John nodded.

“Yes. Storms remind us that we are alive.”

Panurge collapsed onto a bench.

“They also remind us that life is fragile.”

Pantagruel smiled kindly.

“You faced your first storm bravely.”

Panurge shook his head weakly.

“I would not call that bravery.”

Epistemon looked out across the calmer sea.

“The storm has passed, but our voyage continues.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the distant horizon.

“Soon we may see our first island.”

Panurge slowly stood up again.

“An island?”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Yes. Many strange lands lie in these waters.”

Panurge sighed.

“I hope the islands are calmer than the sea.”

Friar John laughed again.

“You may soon discover that islands contain their own storms.”

The ship continued sailing across the wide ocean.

Behind them the dark storm clouds slowly faded.

Ahead of them new lands waited to be discovered.

## Part 4

### The Island of the Shivering People

Two days after the storm, the sailors saw land in the distance.

“An island!” one of them shouted from the mast.

Panurge hurried to the front of the ship.

“Land already?” he said with surprise.

Xenomanes looked toward the horizon.

“Yes,” he said calmly. “That island appears on many maps.”

Jamet Brayer guided the ship closer while the sailors watched carefully for rocks near the shore.

As the ships approached the island, the companions noticed something unusual.

A group of people stood on the beach, waving their arms and jumping up and down.

Yet even from a distance the travelers could see that these people were shaking. Their bodies trembled constantly.

Panurge stared at them.

“Why are they moving like that?”

Friar John laughed.

“Perhaps they are dancing.”

Epistemon looked thoughtful.

“It does not look like dancing.”

The ships anchored near the shore, and Pantagruel and his companions went ashore in a small boat.

As they stepped onto the beach, the strange people approached them.

The travelers quickly noticed that the islanders were shivering violently.

Their teeth chattered, and their arms shook as if they were terribly cold.

Yet the weather on the island was warm and pleasant.

Panurge looked confused.

“Why are they shivering?”

One of the islanders stepped forward.

Even as he spoke, his whole body trembled.

“Welcome to our island,” he said, his voice shaking.

Pantagruel greeted him politely.

“Thank you. May we ask why your people tremble so much?”

The islander nodded sadly.

“It is our custom.”

Panurge blinked.

“Your custom?”

The islander explained.

“Long ago our ancestors believed that constant trembling showed humility and respect.”

Friar John raised his eyebrows.

“Respect for whom?”

The islander replied,

“For everyone.”

Epistemon looked surprised.

“Everyone?”

The islander nodded again.

“Yes. A person who stands still may appear proud. A trembling person shows that he is humble.”

Panurge looked puzzled.

“But you tremble even when speaking with friends.”

The islander smiled.

“That is our tradition.”

Friar John laughed quietly.

“Your arms must grow tired.”

The islander shrugged.

“We become used to it.”

Pantagruel observed the islanders carefully.

Some of them trembled so strongly that they could barely stand still.

Others shook more gently but continued the strange movement without stopping.

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Do your children also learn this custom?”

The islander nodded.

“Yes. From childhood we are taught to tremble politely.”

Panurge looked amazed.

“That seems very difficult.”

The islander smiled.

“At first it is difficult. Later it becomes natural.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“And what happens if someone stops trembling?”

The islander looked shocked.

“That would be extremely rude.”

Panurge whispered to Pantagruel,

“This island is stranger than the storm.”

Pantagruel smiled slightly.

“Every land has its own customs.”

The islanders invited the travelers to walk through their village.

As they entered the small town, the companions saw the same trembling everywhere.

Merchants trembled while selling food.

Workers trembled while carrying tools.

Even the town guards trembled while standing beside the gates.

Panurge watched them with growing amazement.

“How can they live like this?”

Epistemon replied calmly,

“People often believe that their own customs are the only natural ones.”

Friar John laughed.

“Imagine an army that trembles before battle.”

Pantagruel smiled.

“Perhaps they would still win if their courage remained strong.”

After some time the companions returned to the beach.

Panurge looked relieved when they climbed back into their boat.

“I prefer people who stand still,” he said.

Friar John laughed again.

“Wait until we visit the next island.”

Xenomanes nodded knowingly.

“These seas contain many unusual places.”

As the ships raised their sails once more, the trembling island slowly disappeared behind them.

Panurge looked back at the shore one last time.  
“The world is full of strange customs,” he said.  
Pantagruel nodded.  
“And our voyage has only begun.”

## Part 5

### The Island of Papefigues

After leaving the island of the shivering people, the ships sailed peacefully for several days. The sea was calm again, and the wind pushed the vessels steadily forward.

One morning Xenomanes pointed toward the horizon.

“Another island lies ahead,” he said.

Panurge immediately became curious.

“What kind of people live there?”

Xenomanes smiled slightly.

“They are called the *Papefigues*.”

Friar John raised his eyebrows.

“That is a strange name.”

Epistemon asked,

“Do you know why they are called that?”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Long ago they were punished for making a rude gesture toward the Pope.”

Panurge blinked.

“A gesture?”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“That must have been a bold gesture.”

Pantagruel looked thoughtful.

“What happened to them?”

Xenomanes explained.

“Their enemies accused them of disrespect and forced them to live on this

island.”

Panurge shook his head.

“People are often punished for small things.”

Soon the ships approached the island’s shore.

Unlike the previous island, this land appeared quiet and peaceful. Small farms covered the hills, and simple houses stood near the water.

Pantagruel and his companions went ashore to greet the inhabitants.

The Papefigures welcomed them politely.

Their leader, a calm and friendly man, greeted Pantagruel with respect.

“Welcome to our island.”

Pantagruel bowed slightly.

“We thank you for your hospitality.”

Panurge looked around the village with curiosity.

“Your island seems peaceful.”

The leader smiled.

“We live simple lives.”

Friar John asked,

“Is it true that you were punished for making a rude gesture?”

The man laughed softly.

“Yes. Many years ago our ancestors offended powerful people.”

Epistemon listened carefully.

“And that is why you live here?”

The leader nodded.

“Yes. Our enemies believed that we deserved exile.”

Panurge looked surprised.

“But your people seem kind and peaceful.”

The leader smiled again.

“Time changes many things.”

Pantagruel spoke kindly.

“Do you live happily here?”

The leader answered honestly.

“We live quietly. Our island is small, but we work hard and help one another.”

Friar John nodded approvingly.

“That sounds like a good life.”

Panurge looked thoughtful.

“Perhaps exile can sometimes become freedom.”

Epistemon smiled.

“That is a wise observation.”

The Papefigues invited the travelers to share a meal.

The companions sat together in a simple hall while the islanders brought bread, fruit, and fresh water.

Panurge enjoyed the food greatly.

“Your cooking is excellent,” he said.

The islanders laughed.

“Simple food often tastes best.”

During the meal the companions learned more about the island.

The Papefigues avoided conflict with other lands and preferred peaceful lives.

Their small community worked together to farm the land and care for their families.

Pantagruel admired their cooperation.

“Your people show great patience,” he said.

The leader nodded.

“When powerful enemies drive you away, patience becomes necessary.”

Friar John laughed.

“Or courage.”

After spending several hours on the island, the travelers prepared to continue their voyage.

The Papefigues gathered near the shore to say farewell.

Panurge waved happily.

“Your island is much more pleasant than the last one.”

The leader smiled.

“May your journey be safe.”

Pantagruel bowed politely.

“Thank you for your kindness.”

Soon the ships sailed away once more.

As the island grew smaller behind them, Panurge spoke quietly.

“That was a peaceful place.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Even small islands can contain great wisdom.”

Friar John stretched his arms.

“Let us see what the next island brings.”

Xenomanes looked ahead toward the open sea.

“Our voyage will continue through many lands.”

Panurge sighed softly.

“I hope one of them finally leads us closer to the oracle.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Patience, my friend.”

And so the ships sailed onward across the wide sea toward new discoveries.

## Part 6

### The Island of Papimanes

After leaving the island of the Papefigues, the ships continued their voyage for several more days. The sea remained calm, and the wind carried them steadily across the water.

One afternoon Xenomanes pointed toward a dark line on the horizon.

“Another island lies ahead,” he said.

Panurge leaned forward eagerly.

“What kind of island is this one?”

Xenomanes answered quietly.

“It is the island of the *Papimanes*.”

Epistemon raised his eyebrows.

“That name sounds similar to the Papefigues.”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Yes. The two peoples have been enemies for many years.”

Friar John laughed.

“Then this island may be less peaceful.”

Panurge looked nervous.

“Enemies always make me uncomfortable.”

As the ships approached the island, the travelers noticed that its harbor was filled with large buildings and tall towers.

Several guards stood along the shore watching the arriving vessels.

Pantagruel and his companions went ashore to greet the inhabitants.

Soon they were approached by several important men wearing rich clothing and large ceremonial hats.

One of them stepped forward proudly.

“Welcome to the island of the Papimanes,” he said.

Pantagruel greeted him politely.

“We thank you for receiving us.”

The man looked closely at the travelers.

“Where do you come from?”

Pantagruel explained their voyage.

“We are traveling in search of the Bottle Oracle.”

The Papimane leader nodded slowly.

“That is a long journey.”

Panurge spoke eagerly.

“Have you heard of the oracle?”

The leader shrugged.

“Many stories travel across the sea.”

As they walked through the town, the companions noticed many statues and images placed in the streets and buildings.

People stopped and bowed before these statues whenever they passed.

Epistemon observed the custom carefully.

“Your people show great respect for these figures,” he said.

The leader nodded proudly.

“They represent important authority.”

Friar John looked around with curiosity.

“Your respect seems very strong.”

The leader answered firmly.

“Respect must always be strong.”

Panurge whispered quietly to Pantagruel.

“These people look very serious.”

Pantagruel nodded slightly.

“Every society follows its own beliefs.”

As they continued walking, the companions saw citizens discussing rules and commands from distant authorities.

The Papimanes seemed very proud of obeying these instructions exactly.

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Your island appears very orderly.”

The leader smiled.

“Order is the foundation of our society.”

Friar John laughed quietly.

“Too much order can sometimes create trouble.”

The leader looked slightly offended.

“Our order protects us from chaos.”

Panurge quickly changed the subject.

“Your island is certainly impressive.”

After visiting several parts of the town, the companions returned to the harbor.

Pantagruel thanked the leader politely.

“We appreciate your hospitality.”

The Papimane bowed.

“May your voyage be successful.”

Soon the travelers returned to their ship.

As the island slowly disappeared behind them, Friar John spoke first.

“Those people enjoy strict rules.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Their society is built on strong authority.”

Panurge sighed.

“I prefer islands with simpler customs.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Our voyage shows us many different ways of living.”

Xenomanes looked ahead toward the sea once more.

“And many more islands still await us.”

Panurge leaned against the railing and looked toward the horizon.

“Somewhere beyond these islands lies the oracle.”

Friar John laughed.

“And many strange adventures before we reach it.”

The ship continued forward across the wide sea, carrying the companions toward new discoveries.

## Part 7

### Frozen Words at Sea

Several days after leaving the island of the Papimanes, the ships sailed into colder waters. The air became sharper, and the wind carried a strange chill across the sea.

Panurge wrapped his coat tightly around himself.

“The air feels different here,” he said.

Epistemon nodded.

“We must be traveling farther north.”

Friar John looked across the gray waves.

“Cold winds often bring strange weather.”

Xenomanes stood beside the pilot and watched the horizon carefully.

“These waters have many unusual stories,” he said.

Panurge looked curious.

“What kind of stories?”

Xenomanes smiled slightly.

“Some sailors say that strange sounds can appear here.”

Panurge blinked.

“Sounds?”

Friar John laughed.

“Perhaps the sea speaks.”

As the ships continued sailing, something unexpected happened.

One of the sailors suddenly pointed toward the air above the water.

“Look!”

The companions looked up.

Small shining shapes floated slowly through the air around the ship.

Some looked like tiny crystals, while others resembled small pieces of ice.

Panurge stared at them in amazement.

“What are those?”

Xenomanes nodded calmly.

“They are *frozen words*.”

Panurge looked confused.

“Frozen words?”

Epistemon raised his eyebrows with interest.

“Explain this phenomenon.”

Xenomanes spoke slowly.

“Long ago a great naval battle took place in these waters. During the battle, soldiers shouted many words—commands, cries, and insults.”

Panurge listened carefully.

“Yes?”

Xenomanes continued.

“Because the air was extremely cold, the words froze before they could fully travel through the air.”

Panurge stared at him in disbelief.

“The words froze?”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Now that is a strange story.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the floating shapes.

“As the weather grows warmer, the frozen words begin to melt.”

Just then a soft sound appeared near the ship.

“Attack!”

Panurge jumped.

“Did someone shout?”

Epistemon looked around.

“No one here.”

Another sound followed.

“Forward!”

Then another voice echoed faintly across the air.

“Victory!”

Panurge’s eyes widened.

“The words are melting!”

Friar John burst into laughter.

“So the battle continues after many years.”

The sailors gathered on the deck, watching the floating shapes carefully.

As each crystal melted, another sound appeared.

Some voices shouted orders.

Others cried in fear.

A few produced loud explosions like distant cannon fire.

Panurge covered his ears.

“This is the strangest sea in the world!”

Pantagrue watched the scene calmly.

“Nature sometimes preserves surprising memories.”

Epistemon looked fascinated.

“It is as if the past speaks again.”

Xenomanes nodded.

“These frozen words appear only in the coldest waters.”

Friar John stretched his arms happily.

“I would like to hear the entire battle.”

Panurge shook his head quickly.

“I prefer peaceful silence.”

Soon the floating crystals melted completely.

The strange voices faded away, and the sea became quiet once more.

Panurge looked relieved.

“At last it is over.”

Friar John laughed.

“You should be grateful that the frozen swords did not melt as well.”

Panurge stared at him in horror.

“Frozen swords?”

Friar John grinned.

“I am joking.”

Epistemon smiled.

“The world contains many wonders.”

Pantagruel looked toward the horizon.

“And our voyage continues.”

Xenomanes pointed ahead.

“Soon we will reach another island.”

Panurge sighed softly.

“I hope this island contains normal people.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“After frozen words, nothing will surprise you.”

The ships sailed onward through the cold sea, leaving the strange voices of the past behind them.

## Part 8

### The Island of the Lawyers

After the strange experience with the frozen words, the ships sailed for several days through quiet waters. The weather gradually became warmer again, and the

sea returned to its calm rhythm.

One afternoon a sailor at the top of the mast shouted down to the deck.

“Land ahead!”

Panurge hurried to the front of the ship.

“Another island?”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Yes. This island is known for a very unusual profession.”

Friar John looked curious.

“What profession?”

Xenomanes smiled.

“Lawyers.”

Panurge groaned.

“Lawyers?”

Epistemon looked thoughtful.

“That should be interesting.”

As the ships approached the shore, the companions noticed many large buildings near the harbor. Tall towers stood beside wide stone halls.

People gathered in groups along the streets, speaking loudly and waving their arms while arguing with one another.

Pantagruel and his companions went ashore.

Immediately they heard voices rising from every direction.

“You are wrong!”

“No, you misunderstand the law!”

“That interpretation is impossible!”

Panurge looked overwhelmed.

“Everyone here is arguing.”

Epistemon nodded.

“It appears to be their main activity.”

Soon a man wearing long black robes approached them.

“Welcome to our island,” he said proudly.

Pantagruel greeted him politely.

“Thank you. We notice that your people enjoy lively discussions.”

The man smiled.

“Discussion is the foundation of justice.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“Do you ever stop discussing?”

The man looked surprised.

“Why would we stop?”

Panurge pointed toward a group of men arguing near a building.

“What are they debating?”

The lawyer glanced over.

“They are discussing the ownership of a chicken.”

Panurge blinked.

“A chicken?”

The lawyer nodded.

“Yes. One man claims the chicken belongs to him. The other claims the same.”

Friar John laughed.

“How long have they been arguing?”

The lawyer answered calmly.

“Three years.”

Panurge stared at him.

“Three years?”

The lawyer nodded proudly.

“The law requires careful examination.”

Epistemon asked politely,

“Has anyone eaten the chicken yet?”

The lawyer shook his head.

“The chicken died long ago.”

Friar John burst into laughter.

“Then what remains to discuss?”

The lawyer looked serious.

“The principle of ownership.”

Panurge sighed.

“This island may be more dangerous than the storm.”

The lawyer guided them through the town.

Everywhere they looked, people stood in groups arguing loudly.

Some waved large books filled with laws and rules.

Others pointed angrily at documents while speaking rapidly.

Pantagruel asked calmly,

“Do your courts settle disputes quickly?”

The lawyer shook his head.

“Justice must not be rushed.”

Panurge whispered to Friar John,

“Nothing here moves quickly.”

Epistemon studied the scene with interest.

“They value reasoning above action.”

Friar John laughed.

“Too much reasoning can create endless confusion.”

As the companions continued walking, they saw a building filled with shelves of enormous books.

“What are these?” Panurge asked.

The lawyer smiled proudly.

“Records of legal arguments.”

Panurge looked frightened.

“How many are there?”

The lawyer answered calmly.

“Thousands.”

Friar John laughed again.

“If a thief lived here, he could escape simply by starting a debate.”

The lawyer did not appear amused.

Pantagruel thanked their guide politely after they finished their tour.

“Your island certainly values law and discussion.”

The lawyer bowed.

“Justice requires patience.”

Soon the companions returned to their ship.

As the island slowly disappeared behind them, Panurge leaned against the railing with relief.

“I am glad we did not stay there long.”

Friar John laughed.

“You might still be arguing about marriage.”

Epistemon smiled.

“Perhaps they would debate the question for twenty years.”

Pantagruel looked calmly across the sea.

“Our voyage continues.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the distant horizon.

“Another island lies ahead.”

Panurge sighed softly.

“I hope the next island spends less time arguing.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“After frozen words and endless lawyers, anything is possible.”

The ships sailed onward once more across the wide sea toward the next strange land.

## Part 9

### The Island of the Merchants

After leaving the island of the lawyers, the ships sailed steadily for several days. The wind was gentle, and the sea remained calm.

Panurge spent much of his time walking along the deck and thinking about the strange islands they had already visited.

“The world is larger and stranger than I imagined,” he said one morning.

Friar John laughed.

“And we have only begun our voyage.”

Xenomanes soon pointed toward another distant shore.

“There is another island ahead.”

Panurge looked toward the horizon.

“What kind of people live there?”

Xenomanes replied,

“Merchants.”

Panurge smiled slightly.

“Merchants are familiar people.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Trade connects many lands.”

As the ships approached the harbor, the companions saw large markets filled with activity.

Ships from many countries stood beside the docks. Workers carried crates and barrels across the busy streets.

Merchants stood beside tables covered with goods—cloth, spices, tools, and many other items.

Pantagrue and his companions went ashore to explore the town.

Immediately several merchants approached them eagerly.

“Welcome, travelers!” one man called. “Would you like to buy something?”

Another merchant held up a bright cloth.

“The finest cloth in the world!”

A third merchant displayed a small wooden box.

“A beautiful object for a great prince!”

Panurge looked amused.

“These people waste no time.”

Friar John laughed.

“Merchants always recognize opportunity.”

Pantagrue smiled politely but declined their offers.

“We are only visiting your island.”

The merchants continued speaking loudly.

“Perhaps you wish to sell something instead!”

Panurge whispered to Epistemon,

“They are very energetic.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Trade requires enthusiasm.”

As they walked through the market, the companions noticed that every conversation concerned buying and selling.

Even small disagreements between neighbors quickly turned into discussions about money.

Friar John observed a merchant arguing with a customer.

“That apple costs two coins!”

“Two coins? It is worth only one!”

Friar John laughed quietly.

“The language of trade.”

Panurge looked thoughtful.

“Merchants understand profit better than philosophers.”

Epistemon smiled.

“Profit is their philosophy.”

Soon a merchant approached Pantagruel with great excitement.

“You are a traveler, yes?”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes.”

The merchant continued,

“Travelers often carry valuable goods. Perhaps we can make an excellent trade.”

Pantagruel answered calmly,

“We are not merchants.”

The man looked disappointed but quickly turned to another group of customers.

Panurge watched the busy market with growing interest.

“These people think about money all day.”

Friar John nodded.

“Every island has its favorite subject.”

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“Some islands worship rules. Some respect authority. This island worships

trade.”

Panurge laughed softly.

“At least trade is honest.”

Friar John raised an eyebrow.

“Sometimes.”

After exploring the market for several hours, the companions returned to the harbor.

The noise of the merchants slowly faded as they boarded their ship.

Panurge looked relieved.

“That island was exhausting.”

Friar John laughed.

“You nearly bought a dozen strange objects.”

Panurge smiled.

“Trade can be tempting.”

Epistemon looked toward the open sea.

“Every island reveals another part of human nature.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“And our journey continues.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the distant horizon once again.

“Another island lies ahead.”

Panurge sighed.

“I hope the next island is quieter than the market.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Do not hope for quiet adventures.”

The ships sailed onward across the sea, leaving the noisy market island behind them and moving toward the next strange land.

## Part 10

### Toward the Oracle

After leaving the island of the merchants, the ships sailed for many days across

a wide and quiet sea. The weather remained clear, and the wind carried the vessels steadily forward.

Panurge spent long hours standing beside the railing and watching the horizon. “We must be closer to the oracle now,” he said one evening.

Xenomanes nodded.

“Yes. The lands ahead are said to lie near the final stage of our journey.”

Panurge felt both excited and nervous.

“After so many strange islands, I hope the oracle speaks clearly.”

Friar John laughed.

“Clear answers are rare companions.”

Epistemon smiled.

“Wisdom sometimes appears in unexpected forms.”

Pantagruel stood quietly at the front of the ship, looking across the calm water.

The voyage had already brought them through many strange experiences—storms, unusual customs, frozen words, and curious societies.

Each island had revealed something about the world and about human nature.

One afternoon Xenomanes approached Pantagruel.

“The waters ahead grow deeper and quieter,” he said. “Few ships travel here.”

Panurge looked alarmed.

“Few ships?”

Xenomanes nodded.

“The oracle lies far from ordinary trade routes.”

Friar John laughed.

“That explains why merchants have not tried to sell its answers.”

Panurge smiled slightly.

“If the oracle truly speaks wisdom, its answers will be worth more than gold.”

Epistemon replied calmly,

“Some answers cannot be measured with money.”

The sailors continued their work while the ships moved slowly across the shining sea.

At night the sky filled with bright stars, and the quiet ocean reflected their light.

Panurge stood beside Pantagruel one evening while watching the sky.

“Do you believe the oracle will truly answer my question?” he asked.

Pantagruel looked at him kindly.

“I believe that your search will lead to understanding.”

Panurge sighed.

“Understanding is good, but certainty would be better.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Perhaps the two are connected.”

The voyage continued for several more days.

The sailors reported that they were approaching the region described in ancient travel stories.

Xenomanes studied the maps carefully.

“We are close,” he said at last.

Panurge’s heart began to beat faster.

“Soon the oracle will speak.”

Friar John laughed softly.

“Or perhaps it will remain silent.”

Panurge shook his head.

“After traveling this far, I refuse to believe that silence awaits us.”

Pantagruel gathered the companions together on the deck.

“Our journey has brought us through many lands,” he said. “Each island revealed different customs and beliefs.”

Epistemon nodded.

“We have seen humility, authority, argument, trade, and many other forms of human behavior.”

Friar John added with a grin,

“And storms, frozen words, and noisy markets.”

Panurge smiled weakly.

“All of them were strange.”

Pantagruel looked toward the distant horizon.

“Soon we will reach the place where the oracle is said to speak.”

The sea ahead looked calm and mysterious beneath the fading sunlight.

The sailors adjusted the sails as the ships moved slowly toward their destination.

Panurge felt a mixture of hope and fear.

After so many questions, conversations, and adventures, the answer to his problem might finally appear.

Whether the oracle would bring certainty or deeper mystery, none of them could yet know.

But their voyage had brought them closer to that moment.

And somewhere beyond the quiet horizon, the final answer waited.

## THE FIFTH BOOK

### Part 1

#### The Continuing Voyage

After many weeks at sea, Pantagruel and his companions continued their voyage toward the mysterious *Bottle Oracle*. Their ships moved steadily across the wide ocean, guided by the knowledge of Xenomanes and the careful skill of the pilot Jamet Brayer.

The travelers had already seen many strange islands and customs. They had witnessed trembling people, endless arguments, and even the melting of frozen words in the cold air of the northern sea.

Yet Panurge's question remained unanswered.

One quiet morning Panurge stood beside the railing and looked across the water.

"We have traveled very far," he said.

Pantagruel joined him at the front of the ship.

"Yes."

Panurge sighed.

"Yet the oracle still lies ahead."

Friar John approached with a cheerful smile.

"Patience, my friend. Great answers often require long journeys."

Epistemon looked thoughtfully toward the horizon.

"Our voyage itself has been a form of learning."

Panurge shook his head slightly.

"Learning is useful, but I still wish to know whether I should marry."

Pantagruel smiled gently.

"Perhaps the answer will appear when the time is right."

The ships sailed through calm waters that day. The sea shone beneath the bright sun, and the wind carried the sails smoothly forward.

Xenomanes studied the sky carefully.

"We are entering a region where many unusual islands are said to exist."

Panurge looked curious.

“More strange islands?”

Friar John laughed.

“Of course. Our voyage would not be complete without them.”

Late that afternoon a sailor called from the mast.

“Land ahead!”

Panurge hurried forward once more.

A small island appeared on the horizon. Tall stone towers rose above the shoreline, and the faint sound of ringing bells drifted across the water.

Panurge listened carefully.

“Do you hear that?”

Epistemon nodded.

“Bells.”

Xenomanes smiled.

“That island is known for its many bells.”

Friar John laughed.

“An island of bells sounds peaceful.”

Pantagruel looked thoughtful.

“Or perhaps noisy.”

As the ships approached the island, the sound of bells grew louder.

Bells rang from towers, temples, and small buildings across the land.

The constant ringing filled the air with a strange rhythm.

Panurge covered his ears slightly.

“Do the bells ever stop?”

Xenomanes shook his head.

“The people of this island believe that bells bring order and protection.”

Friar John smiled.

“Then they must feel very safe.”

The ships anchored near the harbor.

Pantagruel and his companions prepared to go ashore and explore this unusual land.

Panurge looked toward the ringing towers.

“Every island teaches us something strange.”

Epistemon nodded.

“Perhaps this island will teach us something about noise.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Or about patience.”

Pantagruel stepped onto the shore with calm curiosity.

The bells continued ringing above them as the companions began exploring the island.

Their long journey toward the oracle had not yet reached its end.

And the next discovery was already waiting before them.

## Part 2

### The Island of the Ringing Bells

As soon as Pantagruel and his companions stepped onto the island, the ringing of bells surrounded them from every direction. Large bells hung from tall towers, while smaller bells were attached to doors, carts, and even the necks of animals.

The sound filled the air constantly.

Panurge looked around in amazement.

“Do these bells ever stop ringing?”

Xenomanes shook his head.

“Rarely.”

Friar John laughed.

“The people here must have strong ears.”

As the travelers walked through the harbor town, they saw that nearly every person carried a small bell.

Some bells were tied to their clothing. Others were held in their hands and shaken gently as they walked.

Panurge stared at them.

“Why do they carry bells everywhere?”

Soon a friendly local man approached them.

“Welcome, travelers,” he said politely.

Pantagruel greeted him.

“Thank you. May we ask why your island is filled with bells?”

The man smiled proudly.

“Bells keep our society in order.”

Epistemon looked curious.

“How do bells create order?”

The man explained.

“Every important moment in our lives is marked by the sound of a bell.”

Panurge blinked.

“Every moment?”

The man nodded.

“A bell rings when the sun rises. A bell rings when people begin work. A bell rings when meals are ready. A bell rings when people pray.”

Friar John laughed.

“That must be many bells.”

The man continued,

“Even small tasks are marked by bells.”

Panurge looked surprised.

“Small tasks?”

The man nodded seriously.

“When a meeting begins, a bell rings. When a meeting ends, another bell rings.”

Friar John crossed his arms.

“And when someone sneezes?”

The man thought for a moment.

“Sometimes.”

The companions laughed.

As they continued walking through the town, the travelers saw many bell towers rising above the houses. Each tower contained rows of bells of different sizes.

People moved through the streets in an organized rhythm, guided by the constant ringing.

Epistemon spoke thoughtfully.

“The bells organize their time.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Yes. Their lives follow the sound.”

Panurge looked slightly uncomfortable.

“I prefer to decide my own schedule.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Too many bells might drive a man mad.”

Suddenly a very large bell rang from the center of the town.

Its deep sound echoed across the island.

Immediately the townspeople stopped what they were doing.

Some walked toward a large building in the center of the square.

Panurge watched with curiosity.

“What does that bell mean?”

The local man answered calmly.

“It signals the beginning of our daily assembly.”

Epistemon asked,

“An assembly?”

The man nodded.

“Yes. The people gather to hear announcements and instructions.”

Friar John smiled.

“The bells command everyone.”

The man did not appear offended.

“They guide us.”

Pantagruel observed the scene with interest.

“Your system certainly creates order.”

The man bowed politely.

“Order protects society.”

After observing the assembly for some time, Pantagruel and his companions

returned toward the harbor.

The bells continued ringing behind them.

Panurge sighed.

“I feel relieved to leave that sound behind.”

Friar John laughed.

“Your ears will recover.”

Epistemon smiled slightly.

“Each island teaches us a new way of living.”

Pantagruel looked toward the open sea once again.

“And many islands remain before we reach the oracle.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the horizon.

“Another island lies ahead.”

Panurge leaned against the railing of the boat as they returned to their ship.

“I hope the next island is quieter.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“After the island of bells, silence will feel like paradise.”

The ships raised their sails once more and sailed away from the ringing island.

The sound of bells slowly faded behind them as the voyage continued across the wide sea.

### Part 3

#### The Island of the Talking Birds

After leaving the island of bells, the ships sailed for several days through calm and quiet waters. The wind remained steady, and the sea moved gently beneath the ships.

Panurge was pleased to hear the peaceful sound of the waves instead of the constant ringing.

“At last,” he said one morning, “a place without bells.”

Friar John laughed.

“Do not celebrate too soon. The sea always has another surprise.”

Xenomanes stood near the front of the ship, watching the horizon carefully.

“There is indeed another island ahead.”

Panurge sighed.

“Another one?”

Epistemon smiled.

“Our voyage is a journey of islands.”

As the ships approached the land, the travelers began hearing strange sounds floating across the water.

At first the sounds seemed like ordinary bird calls.

But soon the companions noticed something unusual.

The sounds resembled human voices.

Panurge looked confused.

“Did someone speak?”

Friar John shook his head.

“I heard birds.”

The strange voices continued.

“Come here!”

“Welcome!”

“Look above!”

Panurge stared into the sky.

A large group of colorful birds circled above the island.

Each bird cried out loudly, and the sounds clearly formed human words.

Panurge’s eyes widened.

“The birds are talking!”

Epistemon watched them with fascination.

“Remarkable.”

Xenomanes nodded calmly.

“This island is famous for its talking birds.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Perhaps they are wiser than the lawyers.”

The ships anchored near the shore, and Pantagruel and his companions went

ashore.

The birds flew above them, continuing their strange speech.

One bright red bird landed on a nearby branch.

“Welcome, travelers!” it called.

Panurge jumped back.

“It greeted us!”

Pantagruel smiled calmly.

“It seems these birds have learned human language.”

Epistemon looked thoughtful.

“Perhaps they have listened to many travelers.”

Soon the companions saw that the entire island was filled with birds.

Birds sat on rooftops, trees, and rocks.

Everywhere the travelers walked, the birds repeated words and phrases they had learned.

One bird shouted,

“Buy fresh fruit!”

Friar John laughed.

“That bird must have visited the merchant island.”

Another bird cried loudly,

“Objection!”

Epistemon smiled.

“And that one must have heard the lawyers.”

Panurge shook his head in amazement.

“The birds repeat everything they hear.”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Yes. Travelers often say that this island is filled with echoes of human speech.”

The companions continued walking through the island.

Sometimes the birds spoke friendly greetings.

Other times they repeated strange arguments or loud commands.

Panurge covered his ears when a group of birds suddenly shouted together.

“Attack! Forward! Victory!”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Those birds must have heard the frozen battle words.”

Pantagruel watched the birds with calm curiosity.

“They remind us how easily words travel.”

Epistemon nodded.

“And how quickly they lose their meaning when repeated without thought.”

After some time the companions returned to the shore.

Panurge looked relieved as they climbed back into their boat.

“Talking birds are entertaining,” he said, “but also exhausting.”

Friar John laughed.

“At least they did not charge us money or demand legal arguments.”

Epistemon smiled.

“Every island reflects a part of human life.”

Pantagruel looked toward the open sea again.

“And our voyage continues.”

Xenomanes pointed toward the distant horizon.

“Another island lies ahead.”

Panurge sighed.

“I hope the next island contains quiet people.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Quiet people are rare travelers.”

The ships sailed onward once more across the wide sea, leaving the talking birds behind them as they moved closer to the final stage of their journey.

#### Part 4

#### The Island of the Sleeping Judges

After leaving the island of the talking birds, the ships sailed for several more days across calm waters. The wind remained gentle, and the sky stayed clear and bright.

Panurge spent much of his time thinking about the strange islands they had

already visited.

“The world is full of unusual people,” he said one afternoon.

Friar John laughed.

“And we have not yet reached the strangest place.”

Xenomanes stood beside the pilot and studied the horizon.

“Another island appears ahead.”

Panurge sighed.

“Another?”

Epistemon smiled.

“Every island teaches us something new.”

As the ships approached the shore, the travelers noticed something unusual.

The island looked peaceful and orderly, yet the town appeared strangely quiet.

No voices could be heard from the streets.

Pantagruel and his companions went ashore to explore.

As they walked through the town, they saw many large buildings that resembled courts or meeting halls.

Inside these buildings sat many judges wearing long robes.

Yet something was very strange.

The judges were asleep.

Some leaned back in their chairs with their eyes closed.

Others rested their heads on large books of law.

Panurge stared at them.

“Are they all sleeping?”

Epistemon nodded slowly.

“It seems so.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“Perhaps justice is tiring work.”

The companions approached one of the sleeping judges.

The man’s robe was covered with symbols of authority, and a large book lay open before him.

Yet his eyes remained closed.

Panurge whispered,  
“Should we wake him?”  
Xenomanes shook his head.  
“It may not be necessary.”  
Just then a citizen approached them quietly.  
“Welcome, travelers,” he said softly.  
Pantagruel greeted him.  
“We thank you. May we ask why your judges are sleeping?”  
The citizen nodded calmly.  
“They are performing their duty.”  
Panurge blinked.  
“Sleeping is their duty?”  
The citizen smiled.  
“Our judges believe that careful thought requires deep rest.”  
Friar John laughed.  
“That is a very comfortable idea.”  
Epistemon asked,  
“How do they decide cases?”  
The citizen explained.  
“After resting, they wake and deliver their judgment.”  
Panurge looked puzzled.  
“But what happens while they sleep?”  
The citizen shrugged.  
“The arguments wait.”  
Friar John shook his head in amusement.  
“On the island of lawyers they argued forever. Here the judges sleep forever.”  
Pantagruel smiled slightly.  
“Two different solutions to the same problem.”  
The companions walked through several court buildings.  
Everywhere they saw the same strange scene—judges resting quietly while large books of law surrounded them.

Panurge whispered to Pantagruel,

“If my marriage case came before these judges, they might sleep for years.”

Friar John laughed loudly.

“That would give you plenty of time to decide.”

Epistemon looked thoughtful.

“Perhaps these people believe that time itself helps resolve disputes.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“Patience can sometimes bring clarity.”

After exploring the island for a short time, the companions returned to the harbor.

Panurge looked relieved as they boarded their ship again.

“Sleeping judges are peaceful,” he said, “but I would not trust them to answer my question.”

Friar John laughed.

“Perhaps the oracle will stay awake.”

Xenomanes looked ahead toward the horizon.

“The oracle’s island lies not far beyond these waters.”

Panurge felt a sudden excitement.

“Then our journey is nearly finished.”

Pantagruel smiled calmly.

“Yes. Soon we will reach the place we have been seeking.”

The ships raised their sails again and sailed away from the quiet island.

Ahead of them, somewhere across the calm sea, waited the mysterious temple where the Bottle Oracle would finally speak.

## Part 5

### The Temple Island Appears

After leaving the island of the sleeping judges, the ships sailed quietly across a wide and peaceful sea. The sky remained clear, and the wind moved gently across the water.

Panurge stood at the front of the ship almost every morning, watching the distant horizon.

His question had traveled with him across many islands and through many strange encounters.

Yet the answer still waited somewhere ahead.

One afternoon Xenomanes studied the sea carefully and then pointed toward the distance.

“Look there.”

The companions followed his gaze.

Far across the water a small dark shape rose from the sea.

Panurge leaned forward with excitement.

“Another island?”

Xenomanes nodded slowly.

“Yes.”

Pantagrue looked carefully at the distant land.

“Is it the island we seek?”

Xenomanes smiled quietly.

“I believe so.”

Panurge’s heart began to beat faster.

“The oracle?”

Xenomanes nodded again.

“The *Temple Island*.”

Friar John laughed with delight.

“At last!”

Epistemon watched the island thoughtfully.

“After so many strange places, we finally approach the goal of our journey.”

As the ships sailed closer, the travelers saw that the island was different from the others they had visited.

Tall white cliffs rose above the sea, and a great temple stood at the center of the island.

Its shining towers reached toward the sky.

The entire island seemed quiet and mysterious.

Panurge whispered,

“It looks sacred.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“A place of reflection.”

The ships approached the harbor slowly.

No busy markets, arguing lawyers, or ringing bells greeted them.

Instead the island remained peaceful and silent.

Several figures dressed in long robes waited near the shore.

As the companions stepped onto the beach, one of these figures approached them.

She was calm and dignified, and her clothing carried symbols of the temple.

Pantagruel greeted her politely.

“We come in search of the Bottle Oracle.”

The woman bowed gently.

“You have traveled far.”

Xenomanes whispered quietly,

“This is the temple priestess.”

Panurge looked at her eagerly.

“Can the oracle answer my question?”

The priestess studied him calmly.

“Many travelers come seeking answers.”

Panurge leaned forward anxiously.

“And do they receive them?”

The priestess smiled slightly.

“Those who listen carefully do.”

Friar John crossed his arms with curiosity.

“And those who do not listen?”

The priestess answered quietly,

“They return home unchanged.”

Epistemon looked impressed.

“Wise words.”

Pantagruel bowed respectfully.

“We hope to learn from the oracle.”

The priestess nodded.

“Then you must enter the temple.”

Panurge felt a mixture of excitement and fear.

After so many questions and adventures, the moment of truth was finally approaching.

The companions followed the priestess along a quiet path that led toward the great temple.

Tall stone columns stood at its entrance.

Strange symbols were carved into the walls.

The air inside the temple felt cool and peaceful.

Panurge whispered nervously,

“Is the oracle inside?”

The priestess nodded.

“Yes.”

Pantagruel looked calmly at his friend.

“Soon your question will be asked.”

Panurge took a deep breath.

After a long voyage across strange seas and mysterious islands, the companions had finally reached the place where the answer waited.

## Part 6

### Entering the Sacred Temple

The priestess led Pantagruel and his companions through the great stone entrance of the temple. Inside, the air felt cool and still. Soft light entered through tall windows high above their heads.

The temple was larger than it appeared from outside.

Long stone halls stretched in many directions, and the walls were covered with

ancient carvings.

Panurge walked carefully beside Pantagruel.

“This place feels very old,” he whispered.

Epistemon examined the carvings on the wall.

“These symbols appear to describe many journeys.”

Friar John looked around curiously.

“I see ships, travelers, and strange creatures.”

Xenomanes nodded.

“Many people have come here seeking the oracle.”

The priestess continued walking slowly ahead of them.

Her voice was calm and steady.

“The temple is a place of reflection. Those who enter must do so with patience.”

Panurge tried to remain calm, but his excitement was growing.

“I have waited a long time for this answer.”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“And the moment is now approaching.”

The companions followed the priestess deeper into the temple.

They passed through a wide hall filled with tall columns.

Between the columns stood statues of ancient travelers.

Each statue carried a small cup in its hands.

Panurge looked puzzled.

“Why do they hold cups?”

The priestess answered quietly.

“The cup is a symbol of knowledge.”

Epistemon nodded thoughtfully.

“To drink is to understand.”

Friar John laughed softly.

“I have always liked that idea.”

The priestess stopped before a large doorway.

Two tall stone doors stood partly open.

A soft golden light shone from the chamber beyond.

“Beyond this hall lies the sacred chamber,” she said.

Panurge swallowed nervously.

“Is the oracle there?”

The priestess nodded.

“Yes. But first you must prepare yourselves.”

Pantagruel looked respectfully at the priestess.

“What must we do?”

She pointed toward a small stone fountain beside the door.

Clear water flowed gently into a round basin.

“Travelers wash their hands here before entering,” she explained.

“It is a sign of respect.”

One by one the companions washed their hands in the cool water.

Panurge felt the cold water calm his nervous thoughts.

Friar John shook the water from his hands and smiled.

“This is the quietest place we have visited.”

Epistemon looked toward the shining chamber.

“A place meant for careful thought.”

When they had finished, the priestess slowly pushed the large stone doors open.

The companions stepped into the sacred chamber.

The room was round and filled with soft golden light.

At the center stood a small stone altar.

Upon the altar rested a mysterious bottle made of shining crystal.

Panurge stared at it in wonder.

“Is that the oracle?”

The priestess nodded.

“Yes.”

Pantagruel looked calmly at the shining bottle.

“After so many journeys, we have finally reached it.”

Panurge stepped forward slowly.

His question had traveled across the sea, through storms, strange islands, and many debates.

Now the moment of truth stood before him.

The priestess raised her hand gently.

“The oracle will soon speak.”

The companions waited silently in the golden chamber.

Soon Panurge’s long search for an answer would finally come to its end.

## Part 7

### The Priestess Bacbuc

The companions stood quietly inside the round chamber of the temple. Soft golden light filled the room, and the shining crystal bottle rested upon the stone altar at the center.

Panurge could hardly take his eyes away from it.

“That small bottle holds the answer?” he whispered.

The priestess turned toward him calmly.

“Yes.”

Pantagruel looked at her with respect.

“May we know your name?”

The woman bowed slightly.

“I am *Bacbuc*, priestess of the sacred temple.”

Epistemon nodded thoughtfully.

“We are honored to meet you.”

Bacbuc studied the travelers carefully.

“You have come a long distance.”

Xenomanes spoke politely.

“These men have crossed many seas seeking wisdom.”

Bacbuc’s eyes rested on Panurge.

“And you are the one who asks the question.”

Panurge nodded nervously.

“Yes. I wish to know whether I should marry.”

Friar John smiled quietly.

“A simple question that has caused a very long journey.”

Bacbus walked slowly around the altar, her movements calm and graceful.

“The oracle answers those who truly seek understanding,” she said.

Panurge stepped closer.

“I am ready.”

Bacbus raised her hand gently.

“Not yet.”

Panurge stopped immediately.

“Not yet?”

Bacbus nodded.

“Before hearing the oracle, a traveler must first listen.”

Epistemon looked curious.

“Listen to what?”

Bacbus pointed toward the quiet temple walls.

“To silence.”

The companions waited quietly.

The temple remained completely still.

After a few moments Bacbus spoke again.

“Many travelers arrive with noisy thoughts.”

Panurge looked slightly embarrassed.

“I have had many thoughts during this voyage.”

Bacbus smiled gently.

“Then allow them to rest.”

Pantagruel nodded in agreement.

“Wisdom grows in calm minds.”

Friar John crossed his arms and whispered to Epistemon.

“I prefer wisdom that speaks quickly.”

Epistemon smiled quietly.

“Patience, my friend.”

Bacbus continued speaking.

“The Bottle Oracle does not speak like ordinary voices.”

Panurge looked confused.

“How does it speak?”

Bacbus answered softly.

“Its message appears through understanding.”

Panurge frowned slightly.

“That sounds mysterious.”

Bacbus walked toward the altar and stood beside the crystal bottle.

“The oracle has guided many travelers.”

She looked again at Panurge.

“But each traveler must interpret the message.”

Friar John laughed softly.

“So even the oracle leaves some work for us.”

Bacbus nodded.

“Understanding is always the traveler’s responsibility.”

Pantagruel stepped closer to the altar.

The crystal bottle shone gently in the golden light.

“When will the oracle answer?”

Bacbus replied,

“Soon.”

Panurge’s heart began beating quickly again.

After so many debates, predictions, and strange encounters, the final answer now stood only moments away.

Bacbus raised both hands slowly.

“Prepare yourselves.”

The companions stood quietly around the altar.

The temple remained still and silent.

Panurge felt every moment pass slowly as he watched the shining bottle.

Soon the oracle would finally speak.

Part 8

The Sacred Ritual

The golden chamber remained quiet as Bacbuc stood beside the altar. The crystal bottle rested in the center, shining softly in the calm light.

Pantagruel and his companions waited silently.

Bacbuc spoke slowly.

“Before the oracle answers, we must perform the sacred ritual.”

Panurge looked anxious.

“What must we do?”

Bacbuc gestured toward the stone floor.

“Stand calmly and observe.”

The companions arranged themselves around the altar.

Pantagruel stood calmly beside Epistemon. Friar John folded his arms and tried to remain patient. Xenomanes watched quietly.

Panurge could hardly remain still.

Bacbuc lifted a small silver cup from the altar.

The cup was filled with clear liquid.

“This water comes from the sacred spring of the temple,” she explained.

Epistemon nodded with interest.

“A symbol of purification.”

Bacbuc dipped her fingers into the cup and sprinkled a few drops onto the stone floor.

Then she walked slowly around the altar.

Her voice became soft and rhythmic as she spoke ancient words.

The companions did not understand the language, but the sound of her voice filled the chamber with a calm and solemn feeling.

Panurge whispered nervously to Pantagruel.

“Do you know what she is saying?”

Pantagruel shook his head gently.

“Not the words.”

Epistemon listened carefully.

“It may be an ancient prayer.”

Bacbus completed her circle around the altar and placed the cup beside the crystal bottle.

She then lifted both hands and closed her eyes.

The chamber became completely silent.

Even the faint sound of wind outside seemed to disappear.

Panurge felt his heart beating loudly in the quiet room.

Bacbus opened her eyes again.

She turned toward the companions.

“The ritual prepares the mind for understanding,” she said.

Friar John spoke quietly.

“The temple certainly creates a powerful atmosphere.”

Bacbus nodded.

“Silence helps truth appear.”

She then looked directly at Panurge.

“You must now speak your question clearly.”

Panurge stepped forward slowly.

For a moment he hesitated.

After so many debates and predictions, his question still felt heavy in his mind.

Finally he spoke.

“Should I marry?”

His voice echoed gently across the chamber.

Bacbus nodded.

“Your question has been heard.”

She turned again toward the crystal bottle.

The companions watched closely.

The bottle seemed ordinary, yet something about it filled the room with quiet mystery.

Bacbus raised her hand and touched the bottle lightly.

“The oracle will now answer.”

Panurge held his breath.

Pantagruel remained calm and observant.

Epistemon watched carefully.

Friar John leaned forward with curiosity.

The moment that Panurge had waited for during the entire voyage had finally arrived.

The sacred chamber grew completely silent.

Then the oracle spoke.

## Part 9

### The Oracle Speaks

The chamber remained silent as Bacbuc stood beside the altar. Her hand rested gently upon the crystal bottle.

Panurge watched with wide eyes.

The companions waited without moving.

For several moments nothing happened.

Panurge whispered nervously,

“Is the oracle going to speak?”

Bacbuc raised her hand slightly, asking for silence.

Then a faint sound came from the crystal bottle.

At first it sounded like a soft breath.

The sound grew clearer.

A single word formed within the quiet chamber.

*“Drink.”*

The word echoed gently through the temple.

Panurge blinked in surprise.

“Drink?”

The chamber became silent again.

Bacbuc lowered her hand.

“The oracle has spoken.”

Panurge stared at the bottle.

“That is the answer?”

Friar John laughed softly.

“A short answer.”

Epistemon looked thoughtful.

“Simple words often carry deep meaning.”

Panurge looked confused.

“But what does it mean?”

Bacbuk turned calmly toward him.

“The oracle speaks clearly.”

Panurge shook his head.

“I asked whether I should marry.”

Bacbuk nodded.

“And the oracle answered.”

Panurge looked helplessly at Pantagruel.

“Do you understand it?”

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Perhaps.”

Epistemon stepped closer to the altar.

“In many traditions, drinking symbolizes knowledge.”

Friar John laughed.

“It can also symbolize joy.”

Panurge frowned.

“But how does drinking answer my question?”

Bacbuk spoke softly.

“The oracle invites you to drink deeply from life.”

Panurge listened carefully.

“From life?”

Bacbuk nodded.

“Experience brings wisdom.”

Pantagruel placed a hand on Panurge’s shoulder.

“Your journey itself has already begun that process.”

Epistemon added thoughtfully,

“You asked for certainty, but the oracle offers understanding.”

Friar John grinned.

“And perhaps a good bottle as well.”

Panurge looked again at the shining crystal bottle.

“So the oracle tells me to drink.”

Bacbuc nodded.

“Yes.”

Panurge slowly began to smile.

“Then perhaps the answer is not fear, but courage.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“That is a wise interpretation.”

The companions stood quietly for a moment.

The long journey across many islands had led to this simple word.

Yet the meaning of that word seemed larger than any complicated answer.

Bacbuc bowed gently.

“The oracle has fulfilled its purpose.”

Panurge looked calmer than before.

“I think I begin to understand.”

Friar John laughed.

“Then the journey was worth it.”

Pantagruel looked around the peaceful chamber.

“Wisdom often appears in simple forms.”

The companions slowly turned toward the temple entrance.

Their long search had reached its final moment.

And the answer they carried with them was a single word.

*Drink.*

## Part 10

### The Meaning of the Oracle

The companions remained standing in the quiet chamber for some time after

the oracle had spoken.

The word “*Drink*” still seemed to echo in Panurge’s thoughts.

He walked slowly around the altar and looked again at the crystal bottle.

“Such a small word,” he said quietly.

Pantagruel smiled gently.

“Yet powerful.”

Epistemon stepped forward thoughtfully.

“In ancient traditions, drinking often represents learning.”

Friar John laughed softly.

“And enjoyment.”

Panurge looked uncertain.

“But how does this help me decide about marriage?”

Bacbus spoke calmly.

“The oracle rarely answers in ordinary language.”

Panurge frowned slightly.

“Then why give such a simple word?”

Bacbus replied,

“Because simple words are easier to remember.”

Epistemon nodded.

“The message may be this: live fully, learn from experience, and accept the risks of life.”

Friar John smiled widely.

“That sounds like excellent advice.”

Pantagruel looked kindly at Panurge.

“You have spent much time fearing the future.”

Panurge sighed.

“Yes.”

Pantagruel continued,

“But life cannot be understood through fear alone.”

Panurge looked down at the stone floor.

“Perhaps I hoped the oracle would remove all uncertainty.”

Bacbus shook her head gently.

“Wisdom does not remove uncertainty.”

Epistemon added,

“It teaches us how to live with it.”

Panurge slowly nodded.

“Then the oracle tells me to experience life rather than hide from it.”

Friar John laughed.

“Exactly.”

Pantagruel smiled warmly.

“Courage often brings clearer answers than hesitation.”

The companions began walking slowly toward the temple entrance.

The golden light faded behind them as they left the sacred chamber.

Panurge felt strangely lighter than before.

The long debates, the strange islands, and the endless arguments about marriage now seemed distant.

The oracle’s word remained simple and clear.

*Drink.*

Outside the temple, the air felt warm and fresh.

The sea stretched peacefully toward the horizon.

Xenomanes pointed toward the harbor where their ships waited.

“Your voyage may soon continue.”

Panurge looked at the ocean thoughtfully.

“Yes. But now I travel with a different mind.”

Friar John clapped him on the shoulder.

“And perhaps with greater thirst.”

Epistemon smiled.

“The oracle has given you something more valuable than certainty.”

Pantagruel nodded.

“It has given you freedom.”

Panurge looked once more toward the temple.

The journey that had begun with doubt had ended with understanding.

He no longer searched for perfect answers.

Instead he felt ready to face the experiences that life might offer.

The companions walked back toward their ships as the sun slowly descended across the sea.

Their long voyage had brought them through many strange lands and many curious lessons.

And in the end, the wisdom of the oracle remained simple.

To live fully.

To learn deeply.

And to drink from the great cup of life.