up to see if they could find out what was going on, and caught sight of the wailing girl, together with the knight and the dogs. And shortly thereafter they came into the very midst of the company.

Everyone began shouting and bawling at the dogs and the knight, and several people rushed forward to the girl's assistance, but the knight, by repeating to them the story he had related to Nastagio, not only caused them to retreat but filled them all with terror and amazement. And when he dealt with the girl in the same way as before, all the ladies present (many of whom, being related either to the suffering girl or to the knight, still remembered his great love and the manner of his death) wept as plaintively as though what they had witnessed had been done to themselves.

When the spectacle was at an end, and the knight and the lady had gone, they all began to talk about what they had seen. But none was struck with so much terror as the cruel maiden loved by Nastagio, for she had heard and seen everything distinctly and realized that these matters had more to do with herself than with any of the other guests, in view of the harshness she had always displayed towards Nastagio; consequently, she already had the sensation of fleeing before her ensnared suitor, with the mastiffs tearing away at her haunches.

So great was the fear engendered within her by this episode, that in order to avoid a similar fate she converted her enmity into love, and, seizing the earliest opportunity (which came to her at that very evening), she privately sent a trusted maid servant to Nastagio, requesting him to be good enough to call upon her, as she was ready to do anything he desired. Nastagio was overjoyed, and told her so in his reply, but added that if she had no objection he preferred to combine his pleasure with the preservation of her good name, by making her his lawful wedded wife.

Knowing that she alone was to blame for the fact that she and Nastagio were not already married, the girl readily sent him her consent. And so, acting as her own intermediary, she announced to her father and mother, to their enormous satisfaction, that she would be pleased to become Nastagio's wife. On the following Sunday Nastagio married her, and after celebrating their nuptials they settled down to a long and happy life together.

Their marriage was by no means the only good effect to be produced by this horrible apparition, for from that day forth the ladies of Ravenna in general were so frightened by it that they became much more tractable to men's pleasures than they had ever been in the past.

**[The Sixth Story of the Ninth Day]**

Two young men lodged overnight at a cottage, where one of them goes and sleeps with the other, and the wife, being as it were a third wheel, lives in the same room, not sleeping in bed with her husband or with the other, the one who was with the daughter clammers into bed beside her father, mistaking him for his companion, and tells him all about it. A great fear then moves on the wife, realizing her mistake, gets into her daughter's bed, whence with a timely explanation she restores the peace.

Not long ago, there lived in the valley of the Mugnone a worthy man who earned an honest penny by supplying food and drink to wayfarers; and

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3. The wife is Paolina, one of the young ones.
4. This valley runs south from Florence into the Romagna.

although he was poor, and his house was tiny, he would from time to time, in cases of urgent need, offer them a night's lodging, but only if they happened to be people he knew.

Now, this man had a most attractive wife, who had borne him two children, as the first being a charming and beautiful girl of about fifteen or sixteen, as the second was an infant, not yet twelve months old, who was still being nursed at his mother's breast.

The daughter had caught the eye of a lively and handsome young Florentine gentleman who used to spend much of his time in the countryside, and was frequently in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passionately in love with her. Nor was it long before the girl, being and fell passion...
Having made a mental note of all these arrangements, Pinocchio waited until he was sure that everyone was asleep, then quietly left his bed, stole across to the bed in which his lady-love was sleeping, and laid down beside her. Although she was somewhat alarmed, the girl received him joyously in her arms, and they then proceeded to take their fill of that sweet pleasure for which they yearned above all else.

Whilst Pinocchio and the girl were thus employed, a cat, somewhere in the house, happened to knock something over, causing the man’s wife to wake up with a start. Being anxious to discover what it was, she got up and groped her way nked in the dark towards that part of the house from which the noise had come.

Meanwhile Adriano also happened to get up, not for the same reason, but in order to obey the call of nature, and as he was groping his way towards the door with this purpose in view, he came in contact with the candle deposited there by the woman. Being unable to pass without moving it out of his way, he picked it up and set it down beside his own bed; and after doing what he had to do, he returned to his bed and forgot all about it.

Having discovered the cause of the noise and assured herself that nothing important had fallen, the woman swore at the cat, and, without bothering to light a lamp and explore the matter further, returned to the bedroom. Picking her way carefully through the darkness, she went straight to the bed where her husband was lying; but on finding no trace of the candle, she said to herself: “How stupid I am! What a fine thing to do! Heavens above, I was just about to step into the bed where my guests are sleeping.” So she walked a little further up the room, found the candle, and got into bed beside Adriano, thinking him to be her husband.

On perceiving this, Adriano, who was still awake, gave her a most cordial reception; and without a murmur he tucked hard to windward over and over again, much to her delight and satisfaction.

This, then, was how matters stood when Pinocchio, who had gratified his longings to the full and was afraid of falling asleep in the young lady’s arms, abandoned her so as to go back and sleep in his own bed. But on reaching the bed to find the candle lying there, he moved on, thinking he had mistaken his host’s bed for his own, and ended up by getting into bed with the host, who was awakened by his coming. And being under the impression that the man who lay beside him was Adriano, Pinocchio said:

“I swear to you that there was never anything so delicious as Niccolosa. By the body of God, no man ever had so much pleasure with any woman as I have been having with her. Since the time I left you, I assure you I’ve been to the bower of bliss half a dozen times at the very least.”

The host was not exactly pleased to hear Pinocchio’s tidings, and having first of all asked himself what the devil the fellow was doing in his bed, he allowed his anger to get the better of his prudence, and exclaimed:

“What villainy is this, Pinocchio? I can’t think why you should have played me so scurrily a trick, but by all that’s holy, I shall pay you back for it.”

Now, Pinocchio was not the worst of young men, and on perceiving his error, instead of doing all he could to remedy matters, he said:

“Pay me back? How? What could you do to me?”

Whereupon the host’s wife, thinking she was with her husband, said to Adriano:

“Heavenly! Just listen to the way those guests of ours are arguing with one another!”

Adriano laughed, and said:

“Let them get on with it, and to hell with them. They had far too much to drink last night.”

The woman had already thought she could detect the angry tones of her husband, and on hearing Adriano’s voice, she realized at once whose bed she was sharing. So being a person of some intelligence, she promptly got up without a word, seated her baby’s cradle, and having picked her way across the room, which was in total darkness, she set the cradle down beside the bed in which her daughter was sleeping and scrambled in beside her. Then, pretending to have been aroused by the noise her husband was making, she called out to him and demanded to know what he was quarrelling with Pinocchio about. Whereupon her husband replied:

“Don’t you hear what he says he has done to Niccolosa this night?”

“He’s telling a pack of lies,” said the woman. “He hasn’t been anywhere near Niccolosa, for I’ve been lying beside her myself the whole time and I haven’t managed to sleep a wink. You’re a fool to take any notice of him. You men drink so much in the evening that you spend the night dreaming and wandering all over the place in your sleep, and imagine you’ve performed all sorts of miracles: it’s a thousand pities you don’t crop over and break your necks! What’s Pinocchio doing there anyway? Why isn’t he in his own bed?”

At which point, seeing how adversely the woman was concealing both her own and her daughter’s dishonesty, Adriano came to her support by saying:

“How many times do I have to tell you, Pinocchio, not to wander about in the middle of the night? You’ll land yourself in serious trouble one of these days, with this habit of walking in your sleep, and claiming to have actually done the fantastic things you dream about. Come back to bed, curse you!”

When he heard this, Adriano confessed what his wife had been saying, the host began to think that Pinocchio really had been dreaming all night, and seizing him by the shoulder, he shook him and yelled at him, saying:

“Wake up, Pinocchio! Go back to your own bed!”

Having taken all this in, Pinocchio now began to thresh about as though he were dreaming again, causing his host to split his sides with laughter. But in the end, after a thorough shaking, he pretended to wake up, and calling to Adriano, he said:

“Why have you woken me up? Is it morning already?”

“Yes,” said Adriano. “Come back here.”

Pinocchio kept up the pretence, showing every sign of being extremely drowsy, but in the end he left his host’s side and staggered back to bed with Adriano. When they got up next morning, their host began to laugh and make fun of Pinocchio and his dreams. And so, amid a constant stream of merry banter, the two young men saddled and loaded their horses, and, after drinking the health of their host, they mounted and rode back to Florence, feeling so less delighted with the manner than with the outcome of the night’s activities.

From then on, Pinocchio discovered other ways of consorting with Niccolosa, who meanwhile assured her mother that he had certainly been dreaming. And thus the woman, who retained a vivid memory of Adriano’s
embraces, was left with the firm conviction that she alone had been awake on the night in question.

[THE TENTH STORY OF THE TENTH DAY]

The Marquis of Saluzzo, obliged by the entreaties of his subjects to take a wife, follows his personal whims and marries the daughter of a peasant. She bears him two children, and he gives her the impression that he has put them to death. Later on, pretending that she has incurred his displeasure and that he has remarried, he arranges for his own daughter to return home and saves her off as his bride, having meanwhile turned his wife out of doors in no more than the shift she is wearing. But on finding that she endures it all with patience, he cherishes her all the more deeply, brings her back to his house, shows her their children, who have now grown up, and honors her as the Marchioness, causing others to honor her likewise.

A very long time ago, there succeeded to the marquise of Saluzzo a young man called Guaitieri, who, having neither wife nor children, spent the whole of his time hunting and hawking, and never even thought about marrying or raising a family, which says a great deal for his intelligence. His followers, however, disagreed of this, and repeatedly begged him to marry so that he should not be left without an heir nor they without a lord. Moreover, they offered to find him a wife whose parentage would be such as to strengthen their expectations and who would make him exceedingly happy.

So Guaitieri answered them as follows:

"My friends, you are pressing me to do something that I had always set as my task firmly against, seeing how difficult it is to find a person who will easily adapt to one's own way of living, how many thousands there are who will do precisely the opposite, and what a miserable life is in store for the man who stumbles upon a woman ill-suited to his own temperament. Moreover it is foolish to believe that you can judge the character of daughters from the ways of their fathers and mothers, hence claiming to provide me with a wife who will please me. For I cannot see how you are to know the fathers, or to discover the secrets of the mothers; and even if I were possible, daughters are very often different from either of their parents. Since, however, you are so determined to bind me in chains of this sort, I am ready to do as you ask, but so that I have only myself to blame if it should turn out badly. I must insist on marrying a wife of my own choosing. And I hereby declare that no matter who she may be, if you fail to honor her as your lady you will learn to your great cost how serious a matter it is for you to have urged me to marry against my will."

To this the gentlemen replied that if only he would bring himself to take a wife, they would be satisfied.

Now, for some little time, Guaitieri had been casting an appreciative eye on the manners of a poor girl from a neighboring village, and thinking her very beautiful, he considered that a life with her would have much to commend it. So without looking further ahead, he resolved to marry the girl, and

5. The title is Diiren, the young man who tells the last story of each day.

6. A town at the foot of the Alps about thirty miles south of Turin.