

“Destiny guides our fortunes more favorably than we could have expected. Look there, Sancho Panza, my friend, and see those thirty or so wild giants, with whom I intend to do battle and kill each and all of them, so with their stolen booty we can begin to enrich ourselves. This is noble, righteous warfare...?”

"What giants?" Asked Sancho Panza.

"The ones you can see over there," answered his master, "with the huge arms, some of which are very nearly two leagues long."

"Now look, your grace," said Sancho, "what you see over there aren't giants, but windmills, and what seems to be arms are just their sails, that go around in the wind and turn the millstone."

"Obviously," replied Don Quijote, "you don't know much about adventures.”

„Adventures!“ Panza yelled in a furious tone „ This is not about adventures Master and those are no giants, those are windmills“

Quijotes eyes turned big and with an irritated voice he asked „What do you mean Panza, are you questioning me?“

Sancho replies with a decided voice „I was thinking about it Master, I was hesitant and afraid to offer you my thoughts but those are no giants to be fought, you obviously seems ignorant of the fact that those are windmills which harness the energy of the wind. With which we can collectively enrich ourselves without your noble warfare.“

Don Quijote swallows „Urgg“.

„Energy can be extracted from the incoming air by turbines of different shapes and sizes. Wing-like structures are used to convert the energy flow of the air into a mechanical rotational energy.

Panza continues

„An energy withdrawal from the wind takes place by delaying the air flow, it is deflected by the rotor blades, causing them to rotate. The efficiency depends only on the ratio of the two wind speeds before and behind the rotor. The ratio of extracted wind power to offered power can lead to an

enormous efficiency of energy, a free energy which might contribute to save and secure the days ahead of us.“.

Don Quijote swallows, riding in silence while facing his ignorance in shame.

A Few minutes later an exploding scream breaks the silence  
„Giannnnnttssssssssssss they are! Giaaannntsss!!!!“

Enraged and redheaded Don Quijote falls from the horse and lands face forward in a brown paddy of mud-like consistence.

With an irritated voice Sancho Panza continues: „You might have travelled a lot, experienced many adventures and developed a noble tone Master, but it seems to me that you are missing many items of crucial information. Not only are you are blind, you willingly let your thoughts drift in an ancient and forgotten world where unnecessary dramas play out in the shape of war and hate. Forgive me to say so but your life-cycles in a constant illusion“

„Giannnnnttssssssssssss!!!!“ Don Quijote screams again.

Sancho Panza gets off his overly fed donkey and helps his master who`s face is covered in what we can assume to be cow feces and further assists Don Quijote on his noble horse. In silence the two ride side by side into the sunset and through to the endless prairie.

- Miguel de Cervantes & The Dilldapp

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