

With an angry face, he pulls the gold hat and coat from the hunchback and throws them to the ground.

Gringoire knows this man. "It's Father Claude Frollo, an important priest from Notre-Dame!" he says to himself. "Is he crazy? Quasimodo will break him into little pieces."

Everyone waits for the hunchback to throw Father Claude to the ground. They know he is very strong. But Quasimodo falls on his knees in front of the priest and the two men speak by using hand signs. Then they leave the square silently and disappear down a dark, narrow street. Nobody follows them because everyone is afraid of Quasimodo.

"This has been a day of surprises: a beautiful gypsy girl, an ugly hunchback, a terrible priest, and a crazy witch," thinks Pierre Gringoire. "But where am I going to find supper and a bed?" He is now very hungry and cold, so he decides to follow the beautiful gypsy girl.

"She probably has a warm little house for herself and her goat," thinks the writer. "And I've heard that gypsies are good, kind people. Who knows...?"

Esmeralda and Djali walk quickly down a number of dark, lonely streets. Gringoire does not know this part of Paris. Soon he is lost, but he continues to follow the pretty pair. Then Esmeralda turns a corner and for a minute Gringoire cannot see her. He hears a loud female scream and runs to the corner.

The street is dark except for one small light in a narrow window. In the shadows, Gringoire can see the gypsy fighting with two men who are trying to carry her away.

"Help! Help! Police!" shouts Gringoire. He hurries toward Esmeralda, but one of the men turns and sees him. It is Quasimodo. The hunchback hits Gringoire. The young writer flies across the road and hits his head on the hard sidewalk. His eyes close and everything goes black.

"Murder! Murder!" screams the poor gypsy.

A group of soldiers suddenly arrives in the road.

"Stop, you criminals! Don't touch that woman!" shouts an officer of the King's Guard.

The handsome young soldier lifts Esmeralda out of Quasimodo's arms and places her in front of him on his horse. The surprised hunchback tries to attack the officer, but is stopped by fifteen of the officer's men. They catch Quasimodo, tie his hands behind his back, and take him away. The soldiers do not notice a second man, in a black coat, disappearing at the end of the street.

Esmeralda sits nicely on the officer's horse. She turns, places her two hands on the young man's shoulders, and looks at him closely for a few seconds. Then in her sweetest voice she says, "Kind officer, what is your name?"

"Phoebus de Châteaupers, at your service, my pretty lady," answers the officer of the King's Guard.

Esmeralda smiles and looks into the handsome man's eyes. "Thank you," she says softly.

Officer Phoebus smiles and smooths his mustache. The girl silently climbs off the horse and disappears into the night.

"That was a beautiful girl!" says Phoebus de Châteaupers. "I wanted to keep her."

The dark street is silent and empty now except for one body which is lying next to the sidewalk. Gringoire's clothes are wet and cold, and slowly he begins to wake up. "What happened?" he asks himself. Then he remembers Esmeralda and thinks, "I hope she escaped from that terrible hunchback."

The young writer gets up and begins walking again, but he is completely lost. When the streets end, he finds himself on a wet, dirty road. He is not alone. Here and there he can see strange black shapes moving down the road. Then he sees a red light in the sky. "Oh, wonderful!" cries Gringoire. "A fire and maybe some food."

Now, with the light from the fire, Gringoire can see the black shapes more clearly. One is a man who cannot see. Another is a