



# NARNIA

C.S. LEWIS

**Clive Staples Lewis was born on 29 November 1898 in Belfast and held academic positions at both Oxford and Cambridge universities. He is best known for his fictional work, especially *The Chronicles of Narnia* where his Christian faith had a profound effect on his work.**

The *Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* is set in the fictional land of Narnia, a fantasy world of magic, mythical beasts and talking animals. The book is about the adventures of four children who play the central roles in the story of that world and who are transported there via a wardrobe.

Later, they are called upon by the lion Aslan to protect Narnia from evil, where he is the guardian and saviour of Narnia.

When the children meet Aslan, they are awed by him, but they quickly grow more comfortable in his presence. They love him immediately, despite their fear.

He takes Peter aside to show him the castle where he will be king. Aslan knights Edmund, who has atoned for his sin of siding with the Witch and the children ascend to the thrones at Cair Paravel, the castle in Narnia. Aslan subsequently disappears and the children become adults and reign over Narnia for many years.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 4

“He has joined her side and been told where she lives, said Mr. Beaver. “I didn’t like to mention it before because he is your brother, but the moment I set eyes on him I said to myself ‘treacherous.’”

He had the look of someone who has been with the Witch and eaten her food. You can always tell them if you’ve lived long in Narnia. There’s something about their eyes. All she wants is to get all four of you. Once all of you were inside her house, her job would be done and there’d be four new statues in her collection before you’d had time to speak.

“But she’ll keep him alive as long as he’s the only one she’s got, because she’ll want to use him as a **decoy**, as **bait** to catch the rest of you with.” “Oh, can no one help us?” wailed Lucy. “Only Aslan,” said Mr. Beaver, “We must now go on and meet him. That’s our only chance now.”

You may now want to know what happened to Edmund. He had eaten his share of the dinner but he hadn’t really enjoyed it because he was thinking all the time about Turkish Delight. And he had heard the conversation and

hadn’t enjoyed it much either, because he kept on thinking that the others were taking no notice of him and trying to give him the cold shoulder.

They weren’t, but he imagined it. And then he had listened until Mr. Beaver tell them about Aslan and that they had arranged to meet him at the Stone Table. It was then that he began very quietly to edge himself under the curtain which hung over the door.

Edmund wasn’t quite so bad that he actually wanted his brother and sisters to be turned into stone, but he did want Turkish Delight and to be a prince and later a king.

She had been very nice to Edmund, or so he thought, much nicer than his **siblings** had been to him. He expected she was the rightful queen and that she’d be better than that awful Aslan. That was the excuse he made in his own mind for what he was doing. It wasn’t a very good one, for deep down inside him he really knew that the White Witch was bad and cruel.

He trudged across the snow and crossed the river on the

ice and walked up to the White Witch’s house. There was nothing **stirring**, not the slightest sound anywhere. Even his own feet made no noise on the deep newly fallen snow. He walked on and on, past corner after corner of the house, and past **turret** after turret to find the door. He had to go right round to the far side before he found it.

Edmund crept up to the arch and looked inside into the **courtyard**, and there he saw a sight that nearly made his heart stop beating. Just inside the gate, with the moonlight shining on it, stood an enormous lion crouched as if it was ready to spring. Edmund stood in the shadow of the arch, afraid to go on and afraid to go back, with his knees knocking together.

He stood there so long that his teeth would have been **chattering** with cold even if they had not been chattering with fear. Then very slowly and with his heart beating as if it would burst, Edmund **ventured** to go up to the lion. Even now he hardly dared to touch it, but at last he put out his hand, very quickly, and did. It was cold stone. He had been scared of a mere statue.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 4

He went in a little further. "Who's there? Stand still, stranger, and tell me who you are." "If you please, sir," said Edmund, trembling so much he could hardly speak, "my name is Edmund and I'm the Son of Adam that Her Majesty met in the wood the other day and I've come to bring her the news that my brother and sisters are now in Narnia." "I will tell Her Majesty," said a wolf. "Meanwhile, stand still on the **threshold**, as you value your life." Then it vanished into the house.

Edmund stood and waited, his fingers aching with cold and his heart pounding in his chest. Presently the grey wolf, Maugrim, the Chief of the Witch's Secret Police, came **bounding** back and said, "Come in, come in, fortunate favourite of the queen." And Edmund went in, taking great care not to tread on the wolf's paws.

The only light came from a single lamp and close beside this sat the White Witch. "I've come, your majesty," said Edmund, rushing eagerly forward. "How dare you come alone?" said the Witch in a terrible voice. "Did I not tell you to bring the others with you?"

"Please, your majesty," said Edmund, "I've done the best I can. I've brought them quite close. They're in the little house on top of the dam just up the river with Mr. and Mrs. Beaver." A slow cruel smile came over the Witch's face.

"Is this all your news?" she asked. "No, your majesty," said Edmund, and proceeded to tell her all he had heard before leaving the Beavers' house. "What, Aslan?" cried the queen. The queen, who was no longer attending to him, clapped her hands. Instantly the same dwarf whom Edmund had seen with her before appeared. "Make ready our sledge," ordered the Witch, "and use the harness without bells."

Edmund meanwhile had been having a most disappointing time. When the dwarf had gone to get the sledge ready he expected that the Witch would start being nice to him, as she had been at their last meeting. But she said nothing at all.

And when at last Edmund **plucked up his courage** to say, "Please, your majesty, could I have some Turkish Delight?" she replied, "silence, fool!" Then she appeared to

change her mind and said, as if to herself, "And yet it will not do to have the **brat** fainting on the way," and once more clapped her hands. Another dwarf appeared. "Bring the human creature food and drink."

The wolf shot away into the snow and darkness, as quickly as a horse can gallop. In a few minutes he had called another wolf and was with him down on the dam sniffing at the Beavers' house. But of course they found it empty.

It would have been a dreadful thing for the Beavers and the children if the weather that night had remained fine, for the wolves would then have been able to follow their trail. But the snow had begun again and the footprints were covered up.

The three children were on a green open space from which you could look down on the forest spreading as far as one could see in every direction. There, far to the east, was something **twinkling** and moving. "The sea," whispered Peter to Susan, and in the very middle of this open hilltop was the Stone Table. It was a great **grim** slab of solitary grey stone.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 4

It was supported on four upright stones and it looked very old. It was cut with strange lines and figures that might be the letters of an unknown language. The next thing they saw was a **pavilion** pitched on one side of the open place. A wonderful pavilion it was and high above it on a pole a banner bore a red **rampant** lion fluttering in the breeze which was blowing in their faces from the far-off sea. While they were looking at this they heard a sound of music on their right.

There, Aslan stood in the centre of a crowd of creatures who had grouped themselves around him in the shape of a half-moon. The Beavers and the children didn't know what to do or say when they saw him. When they tried to look at Aslan's face they caught a glimpse of his golden mane and great, royal, solemn, overwhelming eyes. They found they couldn't look at him and went all trembly.

"Go on," whispered Mr. Beaver. "No," whispered Peter, "you first." "No, Sons of Adam before animals," whispered Mr. Beaver back again. Susan whispered to Peter, "You're the eldest, you go first."

And of course the longer they went on doing this the more awkward they felt. Then at last Peter realised that it was up to him. "We have come, Aslan." "Welcome, Peter, Son of Adam," said Aslan. "Welcome, Susan and Lucy, Daughters of Eve. Welcome He-Beaver and She-Beaver."

"That," Aslan said to Peter, "is Cair Paravel of the four thrones, in one of which you must sit as king. I show it to you because you are the first-born and you will be high king over all the rest." Once more Peter said nothing, for at that moment a strange noise woke the silence suddenly.

It was like a bugle, but richer. "Sir, there is a messenger from the enemy who craves an audience." "Let him approach," said Aslan. The leopard went away and soon returned leading the Witch's dwarf. "What is your message, Son of Earth?" asked Aslan. "The Queen of Narnia and Empress of the Lone Islands desires a safe conduct to come and speak with you," said the dwarf, "on a matter which is as much to your advantage as to hers."

"The Queen of Narnia, indeed," said Mr Beaver. "Of

all the **cheek...**" Tell your mistress, Son of Earth, that I grant her safe conduct on the condition that she leaves her wand behind her at that great oak tree." A few minutes later the Witch herself walked out onto the top of the hill and came straight across and stood before Aslan.

The three children had not seen her before. They felt **shudders running down their backs** at the sight of her face. Though it was bright sunshine everyone felt suddenly cold. The only two people present who seemed to be quite at their ease were Aslan and the Witch herself. It was the oddest thing to see those two faces: the golden face of Aslan and the dead-white face of the queen so close together.

"You have a traitor there, Aslan," said the Witch. Of course everyone present knew that she meant Edmund. But Edmund had got past thinking about himself after all he'd been through that morning. He just went on looking at Aslan. It didn't seem to matter what the Witch said. "Well," said Aslan. "His offence was not against you." "Have you forgotten the Deep Magic?"

# NARNIA

## LESSON 4

asked the Witch. "Let us say I have forgotten it," answered Aslan **gravely**. "Tell you that?" said the Witch, her voice growing suddenly **shriller**. "Tell you what is written on that very Table of Stone which stands beside us? Tell you what is written in letters deep as a spear is long on the firestones on the Secret Hill? Tell you what is engraved on the **sceptre** of the Emperor-beyond-the-Sea?

"You at least know the Magic which the emperor put into Narnia at the very beginning. You know that every traitor belongs to me as my lawful prey and that for every treachery I have a right to a kill."

As time went on and after much fighting and devious scheming from the wicked witch, the final battle was all over a few minutes. Most of the enemy had been killed in the first charge of Aslan and his companions. When those who were still living saw that the Witch was dead they either gave themselves up or **took flight**. The next thing Lucy knew was that Peter and Aslan were shaking hands.

"It was all Edmund's doing, Aslan," Peter was saying.

"We'd have been beaten if it hadn't been for him. The Witch was turning our troops into stone right there. But nothing could stop him. He fought his way through three **ogres** to where she was just turning one of your leopards into a statue.

"And when he reached her he had the sense to bring his sword smashing down on her wand instead of trying to go for her directly and simply getting made a statue himself for his pains. That was the mistake all the rest were making. Once her wand was broken we began to have some chance."

"There are other people wounded," said Aslan while she was still looking eagerly into Edmund's pale face. "Yes, I know," said Lucy crossly. "Wait a minute." "Daughter of Eve," said Aslan in a graver voice, "others also are at the point of death. Must more people die for Edmund?"

"I'm sorry, Aslan," said Lucy, getting up. And for the next half-hour they were busy, she attending to the wounded while he restored those who had been turned into stone. When at last she was free to come back to Edmund she

found him standing on his feet and not only healed of his wounds but he was looking better than she had seen him look for ages. And there on the field of battle Aslan made him a knight.

That evening after tea the four children all managed to get down to the beach again and get their shoes and socks off and feel the sand between their toes. But next day was more solemn. For then, in the Great Hall of Cair Paravel, that wonderful hall with the ivory roof and the west wall hung with peacock's feathers and the eastern door which looks towards the sea, in the presence of all their friends and to the sound of trumpets, Aslan solemnly crowned them and led them to the four thrones amid deafening shouts of, "Long Live King Peter! Long Live Queen Susan! Long Live King Edmund! Long Live Queen Lucy!"

So the children sat on their thrones and sceptres were put into their hands and they gave rewards and honours to all their friends, to Tumnus the faun and to the Beavers, the leopards, the centaurs, the dwarfs and the lion. And that night there was a great feast.

# NARNIA

## VOCABULARY

**Decoy:** To entice or trap someone into danger.

**Bait:** Prepare a trap to allurement or entice.

**Wailed:** A mournful cry.

**Give someone the cold shoulder:** To ignore someone.

**Siblings:** Brother and sisters.

**Stirring:** Moving.

**Turret:** Small tower.

**Courtyard:** An area open to the sky.

**Chattering:** Rapid coming together of the teeth.

**Venture:** To be uncertain of the outcome.

**Threshold:** Entrance.

**Bounding:** Leaping.

**Plucked up his courage:** Forced himself to overcome fear or timidity.

**Brat:** Spoilt, annoying child.

**Trail:** Footprints.

**Twinkling:** Shining gleam that varies repeatedly between bright and faint.

**Grim:** Dreary, forbidding or uninviting.

**Pavilion:** Building for exhibitions, etc.

**Rampant:** Flourishing or spreading unchecked.

**Cheek:** Impudence or effrontery.

**Shudders running down their backs:** To cause you to feel extremely worried or frightened.

**Gravely:** Deeply serious.

**Shrill:** High pitched and loud.

**Sceptre:** An ornamented staff carried by rulers on ceremonial occasions as a symbol of sovereignty.

**Take flight:** To run away.

**Ogres:** Giant monsters.

**For his pains:** For his efforts.

**Sceptre:** Ceremonial staff of a monarch.

# NARNIA

## Q&A

**Question 1:** After the children arrive in Narnia, why do they do to Tumnus' house and what do they find?

**Question 5:** What does the White Witch do to people hoarse at her house in the north?

**Overview:** Write in your own words what you thought of the story so far and your interpretation of its meaning.

**Question 2:** After following the robin they meet Mr. Beaver. What is his solution to releasing Mr. Tumnus?

**Question 6:** What is Aslan and what can he do to save Mr. Tumnus?

**Question 3:** Why do you think Edmund went missing and what was the reason for his sudden departure?

**Question 7:** Why do you think Edmund has gone to find the White Witch?

**Question 4:** What would happen if two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve sat at those four thrones?

**Question 8:** Do you really think Edmund has betrayed his brother and sisters? If so, why?