



# NARNIA

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**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 1

There were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy. They were sent away from London during the Second World War because of the **air-raids**. They were sent to the house of an old **professor** who lived **in the heart of** the country, ten miles from the nearest railway station and two miles from the nearest shop.

He had no wife and lived in a very large house with a **housekeeper** called Mrs. Macready and three servants. He was a very old man with **shaggy white hair** which grew over most of his face as well as on his head. They liked him almost at once.

But on the first evening when he came out to meet them at the front door he was so odd-looking that Lucy, who was the youngest, was a little bit afraid of him, and Edmund, who was the next youngest, wanted to laugh and had to keep on pretending he was blowing his nose to hide it.

As soon as they had said goodnight to the professor and gone upstairs on the first night, the boys came into the girls' room and they all talked it over. "**We've fallen on our**

**feet,**" said Peter. "This is going to be perfect. That old man will let us do anything we like." "I think he's a nice old man," said Susan. "Oh, come off it," said Edmund, who was tired and pretending not to be, which always made him bad tempered. "Don't go on talking like that."

"Talking like what?" said Susan, "and anyway it's time you were in bed." "Trying to talk like our mother," said Edmund. "And who are you to say when I'm to go to bed? Go to bed yourself." "Hadn't we all better go to bed?" said Lucy.

"There's sure to be a argument if we're heard talking here," she said. "No there won't," said Peter. "This is the sort of house where no one's going to mind what we do. Anyway, they won't hear us. It's about ten minutes' walk from here down to the dining room, and any amount of stairs and passages in between."

"What's that noise?" said Lucy suddenly. It was a far larger house than she had ever been in before and the thought of all those long passages and rows of doors leading into empty rooms was

beginning to make her feel a little frightened.

"It's only a bird, silly," said Edmund. "It's an owl," said Peter. "This is going to be a wonderful place for birds. I am going to bed now. Let's go exploring tomorrow, you might find anything in a place like this. Did you see those mountains as we came along? And the woods? There might be eagles. There might be stags and there'll be hawks.

"Badgers," said Lucy. "Foxes," said Edmund. "Rabbits," said Susan. But when the next morning came there was a steady rain falling, so thick that when you looked out of the window you could see neither the mountains, the woods nor even the stream in the garden.

"Of course it would be raining," said Edmund. They had just finished their breakfast with the professor and were upstairs in the room he had **set apart** for them: a long, low room with two windows looking out in one direction and two in another.

"Do stop grumbling, Ed," said Susan. "**Ten to one** it'll clear up in an hour or so. And in the meantime we're pretty lucky.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 1

There's a radio and lots of books." "Not for me," said Peter, "I'm going to explore in the house." Everyone agreed to this and that was how their adventures began. It was the sort of house that you never seem to come to the end of it was so big and it was full of unexpected places. The first few doors they tried to open led only into spare bedrooms, as everyone had expected they would.

But soon they came to a very long room full of pictures and there they found a suit of armour. After that was a room all hung with green, with a harp in one corner and then came three steps down and five steps up, and then a little upstairs hall and a door that led out onto a balcony. Then there were a whole series of rooms that led into each other and lined with books: most of them were very old books and some bigger than a bible in a church.

Shortly after that they looked into a room that was quite empty except for one big wardrobe, the sort that has a mirror in the door. There was nothing else in the room at all except a dead fly on the window-sill. "Nothing there," said Peter, and they all

**trooped out** again, all except Lucy. She stayed behind because she thought it would be worthwhile trying the door of the wardrobe, even though she felt almost sure that it would be locked. To her surprise it opened quite easily, and two **mothballs** dropped out.

Looking into the inside, she saw several coats hanging up, mostly long fur coats. There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell and feel of fur. She immediately stepped into the wardrobe and got in among the coats and rubbed her face against them, leaving the door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to shut oneself into a wardrobe.

Soon she went further in and found that there was a second row of coats hanging up behind the first one. It was almost quite dark in there and she kept her arms stretched out in front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the wardrobe. She took a step further in expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

"This must be a enormous wardrobe," thought Lucy,

going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the coats aside to make room for her. Then she noticed that there was something crunching under her feet. "I wonder, is that more mothballs?" she thought, **stooping down** to feel it with her hand. But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of the floor of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery, and extremely cold. "This is very strange," she said, and went on a step or two further.

The next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. "It is just like branches of trees," exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of her, not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a long way off.

Something cold and soft was falling on her. A moment later she found that she was standing in the middle of a wood at night-time with snow under her feet and snowflakes falling through the air. Lucy felt a little frightened, but she felt very inquisitive and excited as well.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 1

She looked back over her shoulder and there, between the dark tree trunks she could still see the open doorway of the wardrobe and caught a glimpse of the empty room from which she had walked out of.

She had, of course, left the door open, for she knew that it is a very silly thing to shut oneself into a wardrobe. It seemed to be still daylight there. "I can always get back if anything goes wrong," thought Lucy. She began to walk forward, crunch-crunch over the snow and through the wood towards the other light.

In about ten minutes she reached it and found it was a **lamppost**. As she stood looking at it, wondering why there was a lamppost in the middle of a wood and considering what to do next, she heard a pitter-patter of feet coming towards her. And soon after that a very strange person stepped out from among the trees into the light of the lamppost.

He was only a little taller than Lucy and he carried an umbrella over his head, white with snow. From the waist upwards he was like a man,

but his legs were shaped like a goat's: the hair on them was glossy black and instead of feet he had goat's hooves.

He also had a tail, but Lucy did not notice this at first because it was neatly caught up over the arm that held the umbrella so as to keep it from trailing in the snow. He had a red woollen muffler round his neck and his skin was rather reddish too. He had a strange but pleasant little face, with a short pointed beard and curly hair. Out of the hair there stuck two horns, one on each side of his forehead.

One of his hands held the umbrella, in the other arm he carried several brown-paper parcels. With the parcels and the snow it looked just as if he had been doing his Christmas shopping. He was a **faun**.

Lucy and the faun introduced themselves to one another. "Good evening," said Lucy. But the faun was so busy picking up its parcels that at first it did not at first reply. When it had finished, it made a little bow to her. "Good evening," said the faun.

"Excuse me, I don't want to be inquisitive but am I right in thinking that you are a

Daughter of Eve?" "My name is Lucy," she said, not quite understanding him. "But you are, forgive me, what they call a girl?" said the faun.

"Of course I'm a girl," said Lucy. "You are in fact human?" he asked. "Of course I'm human," said Lucy, still a little puzzled. "How stupid of me," said the faun, "but I've never seen a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve before. I am delighted. That is to say..." and then it stopped as if it had been going to say something it had not intended but had remembered in time.

"Delighted, delighted," it went on. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus." "I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy. "And may I ask, Daughter of Eve," said Mr. Tumnus, "how you have come into Narnia?" "Narnia? What's that?" said Lucy. "This is the land of Narnia, where we are now," said the faun. "All that lies between the lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you...you have come from the wild woods of the west?" "I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room," said Lucy.

# NARNIA

## LESSON 1

“Ah,” said Mr. Tumnus in a rather **melancholy** voice, “if only I had worked harder at geography when I was a little faun, I should know all about those strange countries. It is too late now.” “But they aren’t countries at all,” said Lucy, almost laughing. “It’s only just back there. It’s summer there.”

“Meanwhile,” said Mr. Tumnus, “it is winter in Narnia and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch a cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of the Spare Room where **eternal** summer reigns around the bright city of **War Drobe**, how would you like to come and have tea with me?”

“Thank you very much, Mr. Tumnus,” said Lucy. “But I was wondering whether I ought to be getting back.” “It’s only just round the corner,” said the faun, “and there’ll be a roaring fire, toast, sardines and cake.” “Well, it’s very kind of you,” said Lucy. “But I won’t be able to stay long.” “If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve,” said Mr. Tumnus, “I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us.

Lucy found herself walking through the wood arm in arm

with this strange creature as if they had known one another all their lives. They had not gone far before they came to a place where the ground became rough. There were rocks all about and little hills up and down.

At the bottom of one small valley Mr. Tumnus turned suddenly aside as if he were going to walk straight into an unusually large rock, but at the last moment Lucy found he was leading her into the entrance of a cave. As soon as they were inside she found herself blinking in the light of a wood fire.

Then Mr. Tumnus stooped and took a flaming piece of wood out of the fire with a neat little pair of **tongs** and lit a lamp. “Now we shan’t be long,” he said, and immediately put a kettle on. Lucy thought she had never been in a nicer place.

It was a little, dry, clean cave of reddish stone with a carpet on the floor and two little chairs (“one for me and one for a friend,” said Mr. Tumnus), a table, a **dresser** and a **mantelpiece** over the fire and above that a picture of an old faun with a grey beard, taken in the forest.

In one corner there was a door which Lucy thought must lead to Mr. Tumnus’ bedroom, and on one wall was a shelf full of books. Lucy looked at these while he was setting out the tea things. They had titles like “The Life and Letters of Silenus”, “Nymphs and Their Ways”, “Men, Monks and Gamekeepers—a Study in Popular Legend”, “Is Man a Myth?” “Now, Daughter of Eve,” said the faun.

And it really was a wonderful tea. There was a nice brown egg, lightly boiled for each of them, sardines on toast, buttered toast and toast with honey and then a sugar-topped cake. When Lucy was tired of eating the faun began to talk. He had wonderful tales to tell of life in the forest.

He told her about the midnight dances and how the **nymphs** who lived in the wells and the **dryads** who lived in the trees came out to dance with the fauns. “Not that it isn’t always winter now,” he added **gloomily**. Then to cheer himself up he took out from its case a strange little flute that looked as if it were made of straw. The tune he played made Lucy want to cry, laugh, dance and go to sleep.

# NARNIA

## VOCABULARY

**Air-raids:** Bombing by the German air force during World War II.

**Professor:** Highest academic rank in a university.

**In the heart of:** Deep inside.

**Housekeeper:** Maid.

**Shaggy white hair:** Long and untidy.

**Fallen on our feet:** To be lucky or to have had good fortune.

**Oh, come off it:** To disagree, showing to some degree that the speaker is stupid.

**Set apart:** In this context made available to them.

**Ten to one:** A bet, at the price of ten for every one.

**Armour:** Protective clothing for knights.

**Trooped out:** Walked out together.

**Mothballs:** They are placed in wardrobes to prevent moths from eating the clothing.

**Stooping down:** Bending down.

**Inquisitive:** Eager for knowledge, curious.

**Lamppost:** A post supporting a light in a street.

**Pitter-patter:** Rapid succession of footsteps.

**Muffler:** Scarf worn around the neck for warmth.

**Faun:** A rustic rural god or goddess of Roman mythology often associated with enchanted woods.

**Melancholy:** A feeling of sadness.

**Eternal:** Lasting forever.

**War Drobe:** It thinks the wardrobe is a place.

**Tongs:** Pinching implements for lifting something in or out of a fire.

**Dresser:** A dressing table or bureau.

**Mantelpiece:** A decorative ledge or frame over a fireplace.

**Nymphs:** Mythological gods.

**Dryads:** Similar to nymphs but live in trees.

**Gloomily:** State of being depressed or dejected.

**Flute:** A musical wind instrument.

# NARNIA

## Q&A

**Question 1:** Why were the four children sent from their home in London to live with the old professor in the countryside?

**Question 5:** Can you describe the physical features of the faun?

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

**Question 2:** Why would nobody hear what they were talking about when they first arrived in their bedrooms?

**Question 6:** Where is the land of Narnia situated?

**Question 3:** When they walked into the room that was quite empty, why did Lucy stay behind?

**Question 7:** What tales would you think the faun talked about to Lucy?

**Question 4:** What did Lucy first experience when she started walking out of the wardrobe into the snow?

**Question 8:** What did Lucy do when the faun took out its flute and start to play?