



# 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.

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## LESSON 2

It must have been hours later when she shook herself and said, "Oh, Mr. Tumnus, I'm so sorry to stop you and I do love that tune, but really I must go home. I only meant to stay for a few minutes."

"It's no good now, you know," said the faun, laying down its flute and shaking its head at her very sorrowfully. "No good?" said Lucy, jumping up and feeling rather frightened. "What do you mean? I've got to go home at once. The others will be wondering what has happened to me." But a moment later she asked, "Mr. Tumnus, whatever is the matter?" for the faun's brown eyes had filled with tears that began trickling down its cheeks, and soon they were running off the end of its nose.

"Mr. Tumnus, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy in great **distress**. "Don't. Please don't. What is the matter? Aren't you well? Dear Mr. Tumnus, do tell me what is wrong." But the faun continued **sobbing** as if its heart would break. And even when Lucy went over and put her arms round it and lent it her handkerchief, it did not stop. It **merely** took the handkerchief and kept on using it, wringing it out with

both hands whenever it got too wet to be any more use, so that presently Lucy was standing in a **damp** patch.

The faun continued to sob. "I'm crying because I'm such a bad faun." "I don't think you're a bad faun at all," said Lucy. "I think you are a very good faun. You are the nicest faun I've ever met." "You wouldn't say that if you knew," replied Mr. Tumnus between his sobs. "No, I'm a bad faun. I don't suppose there ever was a worse faun since the beginning of the world."

"But what have you done?" asked Lucy. "I've taken **service under** the White Witch. That's what I am. I'm in the pay of the White Witch," said the faun. "The White Witch? Who is she?" asked Lucy "Why, it is she that has got all Narnia **under her thumb**. It's she that makes it always winter. Always winter and never Christmas." "How awful," said Lucy. "But what does she pay you for?"

"That's the worst of it," said Mr. Tumnus with a deep **groan**. "I'm a **kidnapper** for her, that's what I am. Look at me, Daughter of Eve. Would you believe that I'm the sort of faun to meet a poor innocent child in the woods,

one that had never did me any harm and pretend to be friendly with it, and invite it home to my cave, all for the sake of **lulling** it asleep and then handing it over to the White Witch?" "No," said Lucy. "I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort."

"But I have," said the faun. "Well," said Lucy rather slowly, "that was pretty bad. But you're so sorry for it that I'm sure you will never do it again." "Don't you understand?" said the Faun, "it isn't something I have done. I'm doing it now, this very moment." "What do you mean?" cried Lucy, turning very white.

"You are the child," said Tumnus. "I had orders from the White Witch that if ever I saw a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve in the woods, I was to catch them and hand them over to her. And you are the first I've ever met.

"And I've pretended to be your friend and asked you to tea, and all the time I've been meaning to wait till you were asleep and then go and tell her." "Oh, but you won't, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy. "You won't, will you? Indeed, you really mustn't."

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"And if I don't," he said, beginning to cry again, "she's sure to find out. And she'll have my tail cut off and my horns sawn off, and my beard plucked out, and she'll wave her wand over my beautiful cloven hoofs and turn them into horrible solid hoofs like wretched horse's.

And if she is extra and specially angry she'll turn me into stone and I shall be only statue of a faun in her horrible house until the four thrones at Cair Paravel are filled and who knows if it will happen, or whether it will ever happen at all."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Tumnus," said Lucy. "But please let me go home." "Of course I will," said the faun. "Of course I've got to. I see that now. I hadn't known what humans were like before I met you. Of course I can't give you up to the Witch now that I know you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you back to the lamppost. I suppose you can find your own way from there back?" "I'm sure I can," said Lucy.

"We must go as quietly as we can," said Mr. Tumnus. "The whole wood is full of her spies. Even some of the trees are on her side." They both

got up and left the tea things on the table, and Mr. Tumnus once more put up his umbrella and gave Lucy his arm.

The journey back was not at all like the journey to the faun's cave. They stole along as quickly as they could without speaking a word, and Mr. Tumnus kept to the darkest places. Lucy was relieved when they reached the lamppost.

"Do you know your way from here, Daughter of Eve?" said Tumnus. Lucy looked very hard between the trees and could just see in the distance a patch of light that looked like daylight. "Yes," she said, "I can see the wardrobe door." "Then be off home as quick as you can," said the faun, "and can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?" "Why, of course I can," said Lucy, shaking him heartily by the hand.

"Farewell, Daughter of Eve," he said. "Perhaps I may keep the handkerchief?" "Of course" said Lucy, and then ran towards the far-off patch of daylight **as quickly as her legs would carry her**. Presently she felt coats and instead of crunching snow

under her feet she felt a wooden board and all at once she found herself jumping out of the wardrobe into the same empty room from which the whole adventure had started.

She shut the wardrobe door tightly behind her and looked around, panting for breath. It was still raining and she could hear the voices of the others in the passage. "I'm here," she shouted. "I'm here. I've come back. I'm all right."

Lucy ran out of the empty room into the passage and found the other three children. "It's all right," she repeated, "I've come back." "What on earth are you talking about, Lucy?" asked Susan. "Why?" said Lucy in amazement, "haven't you all been wondering where I was?"

"So you've been hiding, have you?" said Peter. "Poor old Lucy, hiding and nobody noticed. You'll have to hide longer than that if you want people to start looking for you."

"But I've been away for hours and hours." The others all stared at one another. "Batty," said Edmund, tapping his head. "Quite batty."

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“What do you mean, Lucy?” asked Peter. “What I said,” answered Lucy. “It was just after breakfast when I went into the wardrobe and I’ve been away for hours and hours, had tea and all sorts of things have happened.”

“Don’t be silly, Lucy,” said Susan. “We’ve only just come out of that room a moment ago and you were there then.” “She’s not being silly at all,” said Peter, “she’s just making up a story for fun, aren’t you, Lucy? And why shouldn’t she?” “No, Peter, I’m not,” she said. “It’s a magic wardrobe. There’s a wood inside it, it’s snowing and there’s a faun and a witch and it’s called Narnia. Come and see.”

The others did not know what to think, but Lucy was so excited that they all went back with her into the room. She rushed ahead of them, **flung** open the door of the wardrobe and cried, “Now, go in and see for yourselves.”

Then everyone looked in and pulled the coats apart. All they saw was a perfectly ordinary wardrobe. There was no wood and no snow, only the back of the wardrobe, with hooks. Peter went in and **rapped** his knuckles on it to

make sure that the wardrobe was solid.

For the next few days she was very miserable. She could have made it up with the others quite easily at any moment if she could have brought herself to say that the whole thing was only a story made up for fun.

But Lucy was a very truthful girl and she knew that she was really in the right and she could not bring herself to say this. The others who thought she was telling a lie, and a silly lie too, made her very unhappy.

The two elder ones did this without meaning it, but Edmund could be spiteful. He **sneered** at Lucy and kept on asking her if she’d found any other new countries in other cupboards she had found in the house.

A little later Edmund came into the room just in time to see Lucy vanishing into the wardrobe. He at once decided to get into it himself, not because he thought it a particularly good place to hide but because he wanted to go on teasing her about her imaginary country and her made up adventures.

Edmund noticed that his own voice had a **curious** sound, not the sound you would expect in a cupboard, but a kind of open-air sound. He also noticed that he was unexpectedly cold and then he saw a light.

Instead of finding himself stepping out into the spare room he found himself stepping out from the shadow of some thick dark fir trees into an open place in the middle of a wood.

There was crisp, dry snow under his feet and more snow lying on the branches of the trees. Overhead there was pale blue sky, the sort of sky one sees on a fine winter day in the morning. He shivered. He heard, very far off in the wood, a sound of bells.

He listened and the sound came nearer and nearer and at last there swept into sight a sledge drawn by two reindeer. The reindeer were about the size of **Shetland ponies** and their hair was so white that even the snow hardly looked white compared with them. Their horns were **gilded** and shone like something that was on fire when the sunrise caught them.

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Their harness was a scarlet leather and covered with bells. On the sledge, driving the reindeer, sat a fat **dwarf** who would have been about three feet high. Behind him, on a much higher seat in the middle of the **sledge** sat a great lady, taller than any woman that Edmund had ever seen.

She also was covered in white fur up to her throat, held a long straight golden wand in her right hand and wore a **golden crown** on her head. Her face was white, not merely pale but white like snow or paper except for her very red mouth. It was a beautiful face in other respects, but proud, cold and stern. "Stop!" said the lady, and the dwarf pulled the reindeer up so sharply that they almost fell down.

Then they recovered themselves and stood champing their bits and blowing. In the frosty air the breath coming out of their nostrils looked like smoke. "And what, are you?" said the lady, looking hard at Edmund. "I'm...I'm...my name's Edmund," he said awkwardly.

The lady frowned. "Is that how you address a queen?" she

asked, looking **sterner** than ever. "I beg your pardon, your majesty, I didn't know," said Edmund. "Not know the Queen of Narnia?" she cried. "Ha, you shall know us better afterwards. But I repeat, what are you?" "Please, your majesty," said Edmund, "I don't know what you mean. I'm at school. At least I was. It's the holidays now."

"But what are you?" said the queen again. "Are you a great overgrown dwarf that has cut off its beard?" "No, your majesty," said Edmund, "I have never had a beard. I'm a boy." "A boy?" she said. "Do you mean you are a Son of Adam?" Edmund stood still, saying nothing. He was too confused by this time to understand what the question meant. "I see you are an idiot, whatever else you may be," said the queen. "Answer me, **once and for all**, or I will lose my patience. Are you human?"

"Yes, your majesty," said Edmund. "And how did you come to enter my **dominions**?" "Please, your majesty, I came in through a wardrobe." "A wardrobe? What do you mean?" "I opened a door and just found myself here, your majesty,"

said Edmund. "Ha," said the queen, speaking more to herself than to him.

"A door. A door from the world of men. I have heard of such things. This may **wreck** it all. But he is only one, and he is easily dealt with." As she spoke these words she rose from her seat and looked Edmund full in the face, her eyes flaming.

At the same moment she raised her wand Edmund felt sure she was going to do something dreadful but he seemed unable to move. Then, just as he gave himself up for lost, she appeared to change her mind. "My poor child," she said in quite a different voice, "how cold you look. Come and sit with me here on the sledge and I will put my scarf round you and we will talk."

Edmund did not like this arrangement at all but he dared not disobey. He stepped on to the sledge and sat at her feet, and she put a fold of her fur scarf round him and **tucked it well in**.

"Perhaps something hot to drink?" said the queen. "Should you like that?" "Yes please, your majesty," said Edmund.

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## VOCABULARY

**Distress:** Great pain, anxiety or sorrow.

**Sobbing:** To cry convulsively.

**Merely:** Just, only, simply.

**Wringing:** To squeeze, twist and compress to force liquid from it.

**Damp:** Slightly wet, moist.

**Service under:** Working for.

**Under her thumb:**

Completely under someone's influence or control.

**Groan:** Low, mournful sound uttered in grief.

**Kidnapper:** Someone who abducts by force for use as a hostage.

**Lulling:** To put to sleep or rest by soothing means.

**Horns:** Bony growths on the heads of goats.

**Cloven hoof:** A hoof split into two toes.

**Wretched:** A very unhappy or unfortunate state, miserable.

**Cair Paravel:** Narnia's capital city.

**Spies:** A person employed to obtain secret information.

**Stole along:** To move stealthily, cautiously.

**Heartily:** Sincerely, genuinely, warmly, profoundly.

**As quickly as her legs would carry her:** As fast as she could run.

**What on earth are you talking about:** What do you mean, spoken with superiority.

**Batty:** Slang for eccentric or crazy.

**Making up a story:** Inventing a story, fantasising.

**Flung:** Past tense of fling, throw or hurl with force.

**Hooks:** Metal objects for hanging coats.

**Rapped:** Strike a quick, light blow.

**Made it up:** Apologised and been friends again.

**Sneered:** Showing scorn or contempt.

**Curious:** Strange and eager to know or learn something.

**Shetland ponies:** A short breed of pony from Scotland.

**Gilded:** Covered with a golden colour.

**Harness:** Straps used for pulling the reindeer sledge.

**Dwarf:** Very short human.

**Sledge:** Vehicle used for travelling over snow.

**Golden crown:** Headgear of a monarch.

**Champing their bits:** Biting on pieces of metal in the horse's mouth.

**Stern:** Harsher or stricter.

**Once and for all:** Now, for the last time, finally.

**Dominions:** Kingdom.

**Wreck:** Ruin or destruction.

**Flaming:** Fiery, burning.

**Wand:** A stick used by a magician.

**He gave himself up for lost:** Stopped trying to rescue himself.

**Tucked it well in:** Put it tightly inside his other clothes.

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## Q&A

**Question 1:** Why did the faun start sobbing and how did he feel about humans and Lucy?

**Question 5:** Why did Edmund follow Lucy into the wardrobe and when did he sense something strange was happening to him?

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

**Question 2:** What did the faun think the White Witch would do if she found out he had let Lucy go?

**Question 6:** What were Edmund's first thoughts about the lady on the sledge who said she was Queen of Narnia?

**Question 3:** What do you think Lucy thought about the faun?

**Question 7:** How would you describe the Queen of Narnia from what you know so far?

**Question 4:** Why was Lucy so surprised her brothers and sisters hadn't wondered where she was?

**Question 8:** How do you think Edmund felt after all the nasty things he said about her before?