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Chapter 1

LUCY LOOKS INTO A WARDROBE

ONCE there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy. This story is about something that happened to them when they were sent away from London during the 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 post office. He had no wife and he lived in a very large house with a housekeeper called Mrs Macready and three servants. (Their names were Ivy, Margaret and Betty, but they do not come into the story much.) He himself was a very old man with shaggy white hair which grew over most of his face as well as on his head, and 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 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 good night 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 and no mistake," said Peter. "This is going to be perfectly splendid. That old chap will let us do anything we like."

"I think he's an old dear," said Susan.

"Oh, come off it!" said Edmund, who was tired and pretending not to be tired, which always made him bad-tempered. "Don't go on talking like that."

"Like what?" said Susan; "and anyway, it's time you were in bed."

"Trying to talk like 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 row if we're heard talking here."

"No there won't," said Peter. "I tell you 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 that 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 creepy.

"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 shall go to bed now. I say, let's go and explore 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. There'll be hawks."

"Badgers!" said Lucy.

"Foxes!" said Edmund.

"Rabbits!" said Susan.

But when 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 nor 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 well off. There's a wireless 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 the adventures began. It was the sort of house that you never seem to come to the end of, and it was full of unexpected places. The first few doors they tried led only into spare bedrooms, as everyone had expected that they would; but soon they came to a very long room full of pictures and there they found a suit of armour; and 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 kind of little upstairs hall and a door that led out on to a balcony, and then a whole series of rooms that led into each other and were lined with books - most of them very old books and some bigger than a Bible in a church. And shortly after that they looked into a room that was quite empty except for one big wardrobe; the sort that has a looking-glass in the door. There was nothing else in the room at all except a dead blue-bottle 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 worth while 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 moth-balls 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 any 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 - then two or three steps always expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

"This must be a simply 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 queer," she said, and went on a step or two further.

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. "Why, 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. She looked back over her shoulder and there, between the dark tree trunks; she could still see the open doorway of the wardrobe and even catch a glimpse of the empty room from which she had set out. (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 lamp-post. As she stood looking at it, wondering why there was a lamp-post in the middle of a wood and wondering 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 lamp-post.

He was only a little taller than Lucy herself and he carried over his head an umbrella, 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 hoofs. 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, and out of the hair there stuck two horns, one on each side of his forehead. One of his hands, as I have said, held the umbrella: in the other arm he carried several brown-paper parcels. What with the parcels and the snow it looked just as if he had been doing his Christmas shopping. He was a Faun. And when he saw Lucy he gave such a start of surprise that he dropped all his parcels.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed the Faun. 第一章　露茜窥探衣橱 从前，有这么四个孩子，他们的名字分别叫彼得、苏珊、爱德蒙和露茜。下面讲的故事就是他们亲身经历过的事情。 那是在战争时期，为了躲避空袭，他们被送离伦敦，来到一位老教授的家里。这位老教授的家在英国的中部，离最近的火车站有十英里远，离最近的邮局也有两英里。他没有老伴，和女管家玛卡蕾蒂太太以及另外三个仆人一起，住着一所很大很大的房子（这三个仆人一个叫爱薇，一个叫玛格丽特，还有一个叫蓓蒂，但她们在这个故事中出现的不多）。教授已经老态龙钟，一头蓬乱的白发。孩子们一来就喜欢上了他。但在头天傍晚，当他从大门口出来迎接他们一行的时候，他的这副怪模样使年龄最小的露茜感到有点害怕，而爱德蒙呢（除了露茜他年龄最小），却忍不住要笑，他只好一次又一次的装做擦鼻涕，这才没有笑出声来。 第一天晚上，他们向老教授道了晚安，就一起上楼，两个男孩来到女孩子的寝室，互相交谈起来。 “我们的确运气不错，”彼得说，“这儿太好了，我们高兴干啥就可以干啥，这位老先生是不会管我们的。” “我看他是个惹人喜欢的老头。”苏珊说。 “哎呀，别东拉西扯了！”爱德蒙说，他已经很累了，但偏偏装作不累的样子，每当这时，他往往要发脾气，“别再说这些啦！” “说什么才好？”苏珊回了他一句，“你该睡了。” “你倒学着妈妈教训起我来了，”爱德蒙说，“你是什么人？我什么时间睡，还要你管！你自己去睡吧。” “大家都睡，好不好？”露茜调解说，“如果人家听见我们还在这儿说话，非要骂我们不可。” “根本不会，”彼德说，“我不是说过，在老教授家里，谁也不会管我们的吗？再说，他们也不会听见我们讲话。从这里下去到饭厅，中间有这么多楼梯和过道，大约要走十分钟的路。” “什么声音？”露茜突然问道。这所房子比她以前住过的任何一所房子都要大得多，一想到那些长长过道和一排排通向空荡荡的房间的门，她就感到有点儿害怕，浑身都起了鸡皮疙瘩。 “傻东西，这是鸟儿叫。”爱德蒙说。 “这是猫头鹰的叫声。”彼得说，“这里是各种鸟儿栖息的最好场所。我要去睡啦。喂，我们明天去探险吧。在这样一个地方，随便什么东西你也许都可以找到。在来的路上，你们看见了那些山没有？还有那些树林？那里也许有鹰啊，鹿，鹫啊。” “有獾吗？”露茜问。 “还有蛇！”爱德蒙说。 “还有狐狸呢！！”苏珊说。 但第二天早晨，却冷沥沥地下起雨来了。雨很大，透过窗子朝外望去，你既看不见山，也看不见树林，甚至连花园里的小溪也看不见。 “没有办法，天大概还要下雨，我们只好听天由命喽，”爱德蒙说。他们刚和教授一起吃好了早饭，就来到楼上教授给他们安排的房间。这是一个狭长而又低矮的房间，两头各开着两扇窗子可以看到外面。 “别发牢骚，艾德，”苏珊说，“说不定过个把小时以后，天会转晴。就是现在，也不是没有什么可玩的。这里有无线电，还有许多书。” “我才不稀罕这些玩意儿呢，”彼得说，“我要在这所住宅内进行探险。” 大家都同意彼得的这个建议，一场奇遇就是这样开始的。这所住宅，你似乎永远也走不到它的尽头，里边净是些意料不到的地方。他们先试着打开了几扇门，原来是几间无人居住的空房间，这是大家事先预料到的。接下来，他们进了一个非常狭长的房间，墙上挂满了画，他们还在屋内发现了一副盔甲。然后，他们又进了另一个房间，里面全是绿色的装饰物，只是在角落里放着一把竖琴。这以后，他们走过一下一上的两段楼梯，来到楼上的一间小厅，小厅有一扇门通向外面的阳台。从小厅出来以后，他们又走进了一连串各自相通的房间，里面都放满了书，这些书绝大部分都是很旧的，有些比教堂里的《圣经》还要大。他们在这里逗留了片刻，又顺路走进另一个空荡荡的房间望了一下，只见里面放着一只很大很大的衣橱，橱门上镶着镜子。除了窗台上面放着一个褪了色的蓝花瓶以外，别的什么也没有了。 “这有啥意思？”彼得说。大家都跟着走出去了，只有露茜一个人留在后面。她想试试能否把那个大衣橱打开，尽管她几乎肯定衣橱的门是锁着的。她自己都没有想到，橱门竟然很容易的被打开了，里面还滚出了两颗樟脑丸。 她朝橱里仔细看了一下，里面并排挂着好几件外套，几乎全都是长长的皮外套。这些衣服摸上去软绵绵的，还带有樟脑丸的清香，露茜高兴极了。她一步跨进衣橱，挤到皮衣中间，把她的小脸蛋贴在毛茸茸的皮衣上轻轻地摩擦。当然喽，她让橱门开在那儿，因为她知道，一个人把自己关在衣橱里是非常愚蠢的。她往里挪动了一下身子，发现在第一排衣服的后面还挂着一排衣服，里面黑糊糊是。她把两只手往前伸，生怕自己的脸碰到了橱的后壁。她向前又跨了一步，接着两步，三步，想用手指尖摸到木头的橱壁，但她始终没能摸到。 “这个衣橱多大啊！”露茜一边暗自想，一边又继续往前走。她不时拨开交迭着的柔软的皮衣，为自己开路。这时，她感到脚底下有什么东西在“吱嘎”“吱嘎”作响。“我难道踩着了樟脑丸了？”她想，一边蹲下身来用手去摸。然而她摸到的不是坚硬而又光滑的木头橱底，而是一样柔软的、粉末似的、冰冷的东西。“多么奇怪啊？”她一边说，一边又朝前走了一两步。 她很快就发现，碰在她脸上和手上的已不再是软绵绵的皮毛了，而是一种又坚硬又粗糙甚至有点戳手的东西。“哎呦，这像树枝嘛！”露茜一声惊叫。这时，她看见前面亮着一盏灯。本来衣橱后壁只有几英寸远，但这盏灯看上去却在老远老远的地方。一种轻飘飘的冰冷的东西落在她身上。一会儿以后，她发现自己站在深夜的树林中，雪花正从空中飘落下来，她的脚下全是积雪。 露茜有点害怕起来，但同时又感到好奇和兴奋。她回头望去，穿过树干与树干之间的幽暗的空隙，依然可以看到敞开着的橱门，甚至还可以瞥见她从那里进来的那间空屋。（当然，她是让橱门开着的，因为她知道，把自己关在衣橱里是件非常愚蠢的事）。那里好像还是白天。“即使出了什么事，我也能回去。”露茜想。她又继续朝前走，“嘎吱”、“嘎吱”的踩着积雪，穿过树林，一直朝着那盏灯走去。 大约走了十分钟，她就到了那里，原来这是一根灯柱。正当她凝神望着灯柱，猜测着为什么在树林中有一个灯柱，考虑着下一步该怎么办的时候，她猛地听到一阵“啪嗒”“啪嗒”的脚步声。没多久，从树林中走出一个样子奇怪的人，一直来到灯柱下面。 这人只比露茜略高一点，头上打着一把伞，伞上满是雪，一片白色。他的上半身看起来像人，但他的腿却像山羊，上面的毛黑油油的；他没有脚，却长着山羊的蹄子。他还有一条尾巴，但露茜最初并没有看见。因为怕拖在雪地里搞脏，他把它放在拿伞的那个手臂弯里。他的颈项里围着一条红色的羊毛围巾，红扑扑的小脸，长相有点奇怪，却又惹人喜欢。他留着尖尖的短胡子，长着卷曲的头发，额头两边各长着一只角。他一只手撑着伞，另一只手臂抱着几个棕色的纸包。看起来，他很像刚买了东西回来准备过圣诞节的。原来，他就是古罗马农牧之神丰讷。当他发现露茜时，他大吃一惊，手中所有的纸包都掉落在雪地上。 “天哪！”羊怪惊叫了一声。

Chapter 2

WHAT LUCY FOUND THERE

"GOOD EVENING," said Lucy. But the Faun was so busy picking up its parcels that at first it did not reply. When it had finished it made her a little bow.

"Good evening, good evening," said the Faun. "Excuse me - I don't want to be inquisitive - but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?"

"My name's Lucy," said she, not quite understanding him.

"But you are - forgive me - you are what they call a girl?" said the Faun.

"Of course I'm a girl," said Lucy.

"You are in fact Human?"

"Of course I'm human," said Lucy, still a little puzzled.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Faun. "How stupid of me! 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, O Lucy Daughter of Eve," said Mr Tumnus, "how you have come into Narnia?"

"Narnia? What's that?" said Lucy.

"This is the land of Narnia," said the Faun, "where we are now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you - you have come from the wild woods of the west?"

"I - I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room," said Lucy.

"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 no doubt 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 - at least - I'm not sure. It is summer there."

"Meanwhile," said Mr Tumnus, "it is winter in Narnia, and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Room where eternal summer reigns around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and had 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 - and toast - and sardines - and cake."

"Well, it's very kind of you," said Lucy. "But I shan'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. That's the way. Now - off we go."

And so 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 and there were rocks all about and little hills up and little hills 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) and a table and a dresser and a mantelpiece over the fire and above that a picture of an old Faun with a grey beard. In one corner there was a door which Lucy thought must lead to Mr Tumnus's 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 or Nymphs and Their Ways or Men, Monks and Gamekeepers; a Study in Popular Legend or Is Man a Myth?

"Now, Daughter of Eve!" said the Faun.

And really it was a wonderful tea. There was a nice brown egg, lightly boiled, for each of them, and then sardines on toast, and then buttered toast, and then toast with honey, and then a sugar-topped cake. And when Lucy was tired of eating the Faun began to talk. He had wonderful tales to tell of life in the forest. He told 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; about long hunting parties after the milk-white stag who could give you wishes if you caught him; about feasting and treasure-seeking with the wild Red Dwarfs in deep mines and caverns far beneath the forest floor; and then about summer when the woods were green and old Silenus on his fat donkey would come to visit them, and sometimes Bacchus himself, and then the streams would run with wine instead of water and the whole forest would give itself up to jollification for weeks on end. "Not that it isn't always winter now," he added gloomily. Then to cheer himself up he took out from its case on the dresser a strange little flute that looked as if it were made of straw and began to play. And the tune he played made Lucy want to cry and laugh and dance and go to sleep all at the same time. 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 and then the tears began trickling down its cheeks, and soon they were running off the end of its nose; and at last it covered its face with its hands and began to howl.

"Mr Tumnus! Mr Tumnus!" said Lucy in great distress. "Don't! Don't! What is the matter? Aren' 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 him and lent him her hand kerchief, he did not stop. He merely took the handker chief 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.

"Mr Tumnus!" bawled Lucy in his ear, shaking him. "Do stop. Stop it at once! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big Faun like you. What on earth are you crying about?"

"Oh - oh - oh!" sobbed Mr Tumnus, "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."

"Oh - oh - 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.

"My old father, now," said Mr Tumnus; "that's his picture over the mantelpiece. He would never have done a thing like this."

"A thing like what?" said Lucy.

"Like what I've done," said the Faun. "Taken service under the White Witch. That's what I am. I'm in the pay of the White Witch."

"The White Witch? Who is she?"

"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; think of that!"

"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 wood, one that had never done 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 (for she wanted to be truthful and yet not be too hard on him), "well, that was pretty bad. But you're so sorry for it that I'm sure you will never do it again."

"Daughter of Eve, 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 wood, 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 an 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. "Yo won't, will you? Indeed, indeed you really mustn't."

"And if I don't," said he, 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 clove hoofs and turn them into horrid 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 goodness knows when that 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; not now that I know you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you back to the lamp-post. I suppose you can find your own way from there back to Spare Oom and War Drobe?"

"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, and they went out into the snow. 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 lamp-post again.

"Do you know your way from here, Daughter o 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 - c-can you ever forgive me for what meant to do?"

"Why, of course I can," said Lucy, shaking him heartily by the hand. "And I do hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account."

"Farewell, Daughter of Eve," said he. "Perhaps I may keep the handkerchief?"

"Rather!" said Lucy, and then ran towards the far off patch of daylight as quickly as her legs would carry her. And presently instead of rough branch brushing past her she felt coats, and instead of crunching snow under her feet she felt 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." 第二章 柜中天地

乎要笑出声来，“就在我后面不远的地方，真的呀，那儿还是夏天。” “可是，”图姆纳斯先生说，“在那尼亚，现在却是冬天。这里的冬天是这样漫长。嗯，我们这样站在冰天雪地里谈话会着凉呢。啊，夏娃的女儿，你来自遥远的空屋之国，那里，永恒的夏天统治着光明的衣橱之城。你愿意到我家里和我一起吃点茶点吗？” “不了，图姆纳斯先生，”露茜说，“我该回去了，谢谢你。” “只要转个弯就到了，”羊怪说，“我家里生着很旺的炉火，有烤面包，沙丁鱼，还有鸡蛋糕。” “啊，你真好，”露茜说，“但我只能稍坐一会儿。” “请你抓住我的手臂，夏娃的女儿，”图姆纳斯先生说，“这样，我们就可以合撑一把伞了。好，请跟我走吧。” 露茜就这样，和这个奇怪的人手挽着手穿过了树林，好像他们老早就是好朋友似的。 没过多久，他们来到了一个地方，这里的路面高低不平，到处都是石头，起伏的小山连绵成片。在一个小山谷的谷底，图姆纳斯先生突然拐向一旁，向着一块大石头径直走去，最后，露茜发现他正领着她来到一个洞口。他们一走进洞内，露茜就感到两眼被木柴火照得睁不开来。图姆纳斯先生蹲下去，用一把小巧的火钳，从火堆里夹出一块正在燃烧的木柴头，点亮了一盏灯。“马上就好啦！”他一边说，一边把一个水壶放在火上。 露茜想，她从来没有到过比着更舒适的地方。窑洞不大，四壁的石头泛着红光，洞内很干净，地上铺着一条地毯，摆着两张小椅子（“一张我坐，另一张给朋友坐。”图姆纳斯先生说），还有一张桌子，一个碗橱，火炉上有个壁台，壁台的上方挂着一幅白胡子老羊怪的画像。窑洞的一角有一扇门，露茜想，这一定是通向图姆纳斯先生的卧室的。门边的壁橱上面放满了书，书名有：《森林之神的生活和学习》、《山林水泽中的仙女》、《人、僧侣和猎场看守人》、《民间传说的研究》、《人类神秘吗？》等等，羊怪摆出餐具的时候，露茜就翻看着这些书。 “好了，夏娃的女儿，就请吃吧。”羊怪说。 说实在话。这是一顿很丰盛的茶点，先是每人一只深黄色的煮鸡蛋，煮得很嫩，接着是沙丁鱼盖烤面包，然后又是奶油面包，蜂蜜拌烤面包，白糖蛋糕，应有尽有。等露茜一点儿也不想再吃的时候，羊怪就和她攀谈起来。他有许多有关林中生活的精彩的故事。他向她描述了夜半舞会的盛况，讲水仙和树仙怎样出来和农牧之神一起跳舞，讲长长的打猎队伍怎样追逐乳白色的仙鹿，这种仙鹿如果你捕捉到了，它就会给你带来希望。他还讲了森林里的宴会，讲了怎样和机灵的红发矮神在离地面很深的矿井和岩洞里寻宝。最后，他讲了林中的夏天。那时，树木都披上了绿装，年迈的森林之神常常骑着肥壮的驴子来拜访他们。有时，酒神巴克斯也亲自光临。巴克斯一来，河里流着的水都变成了酒，整座森林一连好几个星期都沉浸在节日的欢宴中。“哪里像现在这样，冬天总是没完没了啊！”他话头一转，显得很是忧伤。为了振奋精神，他从碗橱上面的箱子里拿出一根小笛子吹了起来，这笛子看起来很奇怪，好像是用稻草秆做的。那曲调使露茜一会儿想哭，一会儿想笑，一会儿想跳舞，一会儿又想睡觉。露茜一直感到恍恍忽忽的，过了好几个钟头，她才醒转过来，对羊怪说： “哦，图姆纳斯先生，打断了你的演奏，实在抱歉。我非常喜欢这种曲调，可是我得回去了，真的，我本来只想逗留几分钟的。” “现在不行啊，你知道吗？”羊怪说，他放下笛子，非常悲伤地对她摇了摇头。 “怎么不行？”露茜被吓得猛地跳了起来，“你说什么？我要马上回去。别人还以为我出了什么事呢！”接着，她又问羊怪：“图姆纳斯先生，这究竟是怎么一回事？”这时，羊怪那棕色的眼睛里噙满了泪水，泪水沿着双颊一滴一滴地往下淌，又从鼻尖底下滚落了下来。最后，他用双手捂住了脸，号啕大哭起来。 “图姆纳斯先生，图姆纳斯先生，”露茜感到很难过，“别哭！别哭！到底是怎么回事？你哪儿不舒服吗？亲爱的图姆纳斯先生，你得告诉我呀！”但羊怪依旧哭个不停，好像他的心都要碎了似的。露茜走过去，双手搂住了他，把她的手绢儿掏出来递给他，他还是不停的抽泣。他接过手绢，一边哭，一边擦着眼泪，手绢湿的不能再用时就用双手拧几下，不一会儿，露茜脚下的一小块地方就湿漉漉的了。 “图姆纳斯先生！”露茜摇着他的身子，在他的耳边大声喊道，“停住，立即停住！你应该为自己感到羞愧，一个像你这样伟大的农牧之神！究竟是什么事情使你哭的这样伤心？” “呜，呜，呜。”图姆纳斯抽噎着，“我哭，因为我是这样坏的一个农牧之神。” “不，你决不是一个坏的农牧之神。”露茜说，“你是一个非常好的农牧之神。你是我遇到过的最好的农牧之神。” “呜，呜，你如果知道了事情的真相，你就不会这样说了。”图姆纳斯先生抽泣着回答，“我是一个坏的农牧之神。我想，从开天辟地以来，再也没有一个比我更坏的农牧之神了。” “那么你到底做了些什么坏事？”露茜问。 “我的年迈的父亲，”图姆纳斯先生说，“你瞧，挂在壁炉台上面的就是他的画像，就不会做出这样的事来。” “什么样的事？”露茜问。 “我所做的事，”羊怪回答，“是替白女巫效劳。我干的就是这种事情，我是被白女巫收买的。” “白女巫？她是什么人？” “哎哟，这还用问吗？就是她，控制了整个那尼亚；就是她，使那尼亚全年都是冬天，从来没有圣诞节，请你想想看，这是一种什么样的情景呀！” “多可怕呀！”露茜说，“但是她要你干些什么？” “她要我干的是丧尽天良的事，”图姆纳斯先生长叹一声说，“我专门替她拐骗小孩，这就是我干的勾当。夏娃的女儿，这你会相信吗？我就是这样的一个农牧之神，在森林里遇到一个可怜的天真无辜的孩子以后，我就假装和他交朋友，请他到我的洞里来，骗他睡熟以后，就把他给白女巫送去。” “这我不相信，”露茜说，“我能肯定，你不会做出这种事情来的。” “可是我已做了。”羊怪说。 “嗯，”露茜的语调慢了下来（因为她不愿撒谎，又不想对他过分严厉），“这确实是太没有良心了。但是，你为此这样的难过，我相信你决不会再做这样的事了。” “夏娃的女儿，你还不明白吗？”羊怪说，“这不是我以前干过的事，而是此刻我正在干的事。” “你想干什么？”露茜尖叫一声，脸色一下子变得煞白。 “你就是那种孩子。”图姆纳斯先生说，“我早就从白女巫那里得到命令，如果我在树林里发现亚当和夏娃的儿女，我就必须把他们抓来，送交给她。你是我遇到的第一个孩子。我假装和你交朋友，邀请你来吃茶点，我一直在等着，想等你睡熟以后，我就去向她报告。” “嗯，不过，你不会去报告的，对吗？真的，真的，你千万不能去告诉她啊！” “假如我不去告诉她，”说着，他又哭了起来，“她最后总会发现，她就要割去我的尾巴，锯断我的角，拔掉我的胡子。她还会挥动她的魔杖打掉我这美丽的偶蹄，把它们变成像劣马那样可怕的单蹄。如果她恼羞成怒，她就会把我变成石头，变成她那可怕的庭院里一座羊怪石像，直到凯尔·巴拉维尔的四个国王的宝座被人类占去以后为止。可是，谁知道这样的事情哪一天才能发生。到底是否会发生呢。” “非常对不起，图姆纳斯先生，”露茜说，“请你让我回家吧。” “当然要让你回家，”羊怪说，“我一定得这样做。在遇见你以前，我不知道人类是什么样子。现在我明白了。既然认识了你，我就不能把你交给白女巫。但是我们必须立刻离开这儿。我把你送回到灯柱那儿。我想，到了那儿以后，你就可以找到回衣橱和空屋的路了。” “我相信能找到的。”露茜说。 “我们走的时候，尽可能不要有声音，”图姆纳斯先生说，“整座森林都布满了她的暗探，甚至有些树木也站在她那边。” 他们站起身来，连茶具也没有收拾，图姆纳斯先生又撑起了伞，让露茜夹着，两人出了门，走进了雪地里。他们一声不响地抄着小路，从树林中最隐蔽的地方急匆匆地跑着，一直跑到灯柱面前，露茜才松了一口气。 “夏娃的女儿，你认得从这里回去的路吗？”图姆纳斯问。 露茜在树林里仔细的看了看，瞧见远方有一片亮光，看起来很像阳光。“认得。”她说，“我已看见了橱门。” “那你就赶快走吧，”羊怪说，“还有，你——你肯原谅我本来想做的坏事吗？” “说到哪里去了，”露茜十分诚恳地握着他的手说，“我只是衷心地希望你不要因为我而遭到麻烦。” “再见了，夏娃的女儿。”他说，“这块手绢可以让我随身带走吗？” “当然可以。”露茜说完，就急急忙忙向着远处有亮光的地方飞奔过去。不一会，她就感到从她身上擦过的已不再是粗硬的树枝而是柔软的衣服了，她脚下也不是“嘎吱”“嘎吱”的雪，而是坚硬的木板了。一眨眼，她发现自己已离开了衣橱，来到了原来的那间空屋——这一段奇异的经历就是从这间空屋开始的。她紧紧地关上了橱门，向四周张望了一下，不停地喘着粗气。雨仍在下着，她清清楚楚地听见他们还在走廊里说话呢。 “我在这儿哪。”她高兴喊着说，“我在这儿哪。我回来啦，平平安安地回来啦。” ①夏娃——《圣经》故事中人类的始祖。据《创世纪》记载，上帝用泥土造人，取名亚当，并以亚当的骨头造了他的妻子夏娃，把他们放在伊甸园中，后来两人偷吃禁果犯罪，同被逐出伊甸园。

Chapter 3

EDMUND AND THE WARDROBE

Lucy ran out of the empty room into the passage and found the other three.

"It's all right," she repeated, "I've comeback."

"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 Lu, 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," said Lucy.

The others all stared at one another.

"Batty!" said Edmund, tapping his head. "Quite batty."

"What do you mean, Lu?" 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, and 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, Lu? And why shouldn't she?"

"No, Peter, I'm not," she said. "It's - it's a magic wardrobe. There's a wood inside it, and 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."

"Why, you goose," said Susan, putting her head inside and pulling the fur coats apart, "it's just an ordinary wardrobe; look! there's the back of it."

Then everyone looked in and pulled the coats apart; and they all saw - Lucy herself saw - a perfectly ordinary wardrobe. There was no wood and no snow, only the back of the wardrobe, with hooks on it. Peter went in and rapped his knuckles on it to make sure that it was solid.

"A jolly good hoax, Lu," he said as he came out again; "you have really taken us in, I must admit. We half believed you."

"But it wasn't a hoax at all," said Lucy, "really and truly. It was all different a moment ago. Honestly it was. I promise."

"Come, Lu," said Peter, "that's going a bit far. You've had your joke. Hadn't you better drop it now?"

Lucy grew very red in the face and tried to say something, though she hardly knew what she was trying to say, and burst into tears.

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 to do it, but Edmund could be spiteful, and on this occasion he was spiteful. He sneered and jeered at Lucy and kept on asking her if she'd found any other new countries in other cupboards all over the house. What made it worse was that these days ought to have been delightful. The weather was fine and they were out of doors from morning to night, bathing, fishing, climbing trees, and lying in the heather. But Lucy could not properly enjoy any of it. And so things went on until the next wet day.

That day, when it came to the afternoon and there was still no sign of a break in the weather, they decided to play hide-and-seek. Susan was "It" and as soon as the others scattered to hide, Lucy went to the room where the wardrobe was. She did not mean to hide in the wardrobe, because she knew that would only set the others talking again about the whole wretched business. But she did want to have one more look inside it; for by this time she was beginning to wonder herself whether Narnia and the Faun had not been a dream. The house was so large and complicated and full of hiding-places that she thought she would have time to have one look into the wardrobe and then hide somewhere else. But as soon as she reached it she heard steps in the passage outside, and then there was nothing for it but to jump into the wardrobe and hold the door closed behind her. She did not shut it properly because she knew that it is very silly to shut oneself into a wardrobe, even if it is not a magic one.

Now the steps she had heard were those of Edmund; and he 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. He opened the door. There were the coats hanging up as usual, and a smell of mothballs, and darkness and silence, and no sign of Lucy. "She thinks I'm Susan come to catch her," said Edmund to himself, "and so she's keeping very quiet in at the back." He jumped in and shut the door, forgetting what a very foolish thing this is to do. Then he began feeling about for Lucy in the dark. He had expected to find her in a few seconds and was very surprised when he did not. He decided to open the door again and let in some light. But he could not find the door either. He didn't like this at all and began groping wildly in every direction; he even shouted out, "Lucy! Lu! Where are you? I know you're here."

There was no answer and Edmund noticed that his own voice had a curious sound - not the sound you 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.

"Thank goodness," said Edmund, "the door must have swung open of its own accord." He forgot all about Lucy and went towards the light, which he thought was the open door of the wardrobe. But 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. 阅读速度：90/min

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. Straight ahead of him he saw between the tree-trunks the sun, just rising, very red and clear. Everything was perfectly still, as if he were the only living creature in that country. There was not even a robin or a squirrel among the trees, and the wood stretched as far as he could see in every direction. He shivered.

He now remembered that he had been looking for Lucy; and also how unpleasant he had been to her about her "imaginary country" which now turned out not to have been imaginary at all. He thought that she must be somewhere quite close and so he shouted, "Lucy! Lucy! I'm here too-Edmund."

There was no answer.

"She's angry about all the things I've been saying lately," thought Edmund. And though he did not like to admit that he had been wrong, he also did not much like being alone in this strange, cold, quiet place; so he shouted again.

"I say, Lu! I'm sorry I didn't believe you. I see now you were right all along. Do come out. Make it Pax."

Still there was no answer.

"Just like a girl," said Edmund to himself, "sulking somewhere, and won't accept an apology." He looked round him again and decided he did not much like this place, and had almost made up his mind to go home, when 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 branching horns were gilded and shone like something on fire when the sunrise caught them. Their harness was of scarlet leather and covered with bells. On the sledge, driving the reindeer, sat a fat dwarf who would have been about three feet high if he had been standing. He was dressed in polar bear's fur and on his head he wore a red hood with a long gold tassel hanging down from its point; his huge beard covered his knees and served him instead of a rug. But behind him, on a much higher seat in the middle of the sledge sat a very different person - a great lady, taller than any woman that Edmund had ever seen. She also was covered in white fur up to her throat and 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 or icing-sugar, except for her very red mouth. It was a beautiful face in other respects, but proud and cold and stern.

The sledge was a fine sight as it came sweeping towards Edmund with the bells jingling and the dwarf cracking his whip and the snow flying up on each side of it.

"Stop!" said the Lady, and the dwarf pulled the reindeer up so sharp that they almost sat 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, pray, are you?" said the Lady, looking hard at Edmund.

"I'm-I'm-my name's Edmund," said Edmund rather awkwardly. He did not like the way she looked at him.

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?" cried she. "Ha! You shall know us better hereafter. 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." 第三章　爱德蒙和衣橱 露茜从空屋里奔出来，一口气跑到走廊里，找到了另外三个人。 “好啦，好啦。”她连声说，“我可回来啦！” “露茜，你大惊小怪些什么？”苏珊问。 “啊？”露茜感到很惊异，“你们干吗不问问我到哪里去过？” “你躲起来了，是不是？”彼得说，“可怜的璐啊，你就躲这么一会儿，谁也不会理你。如果你想要别人来找你，你就得躲上更长的时间。” “但是我已到那里去了好几个钟头啦！”露茜说。 三个人都惊讶地瞪起了眼睛，我看看你，你看看我。 “发疯啦！”爱德蒙拍着他的脑袋瓜说，“真是发疯啦！” “我是说，“露茜回答道，“吃了早点以后，我走进了衣橱，我在里边呆了好几个钟头，人家请我吃了茶点，我还遇到了许多奇怪的事。” “别说傻话，露茜，”苏珊说，“我们刚从空屋里出来，你躲在哪里就这么一会儿工夫。” “她一点儿也不傻，”彼得说，“她是在编造一个很有趣的故事，是吗，露茜？这有什么不好呢？” “不，彼得，我不是编故事。”她辩解说，“这是一个非常神秘的衣橱，里面有一座森林，正在下着雪，那里有一个农牧之神和一个女巫，那个国家叫那尼亚，你们来看吧。” 她这么一说，其余的人更加莫名其妙了，但露茜越说越激动，他们就都跟她一起回到了屋里。她急匆匆地抢先推开了橱门说：“喏，你们自己进去看吧。” “你这个笨蛋，”苏珊把头伸进橱里，把皮衣向两边拨开说，“这只不过是一个普通的衣橱，瞧，那儿不是衣橱的后壁吗！” 大家都朝衣橱里仔细地观察了一番，把皮衣拨开以后，他们都看见——露茜自己也看见——这完全是一只普通的衣橱。里面没有树林，也没有雪，只有衣橱的后壁，上面钉着一些衣钩。彼得跨进衣橱里，用手指头轻轻地敲了敲，证实这确实是衣橱的后壁。 “你真会说谎啊，璐。”他一边走出来，一边说，“我得承认，我们真的被你骗了，我们几乎听信你说的话。” “我一点儿也没说谎，”露茜说，“的的确确是真的，刚才的情况不是这样。我敢发誓，这是真的。” “你过来，璐，”彼得说，“这样就更不对了，你说了谎，还不想改正。” 露茜急得满脸通红，她想争辩，但又不知说什么好，忽然，她大声哭了起来。 以后接连好几天，露茜一直闷闷不乐。如果她不顾事实随口承认这个故事只是编出来让大家开开心的，那她就很容易随时与大家和好。但露茜是一个非常诚实的小姑娘，她坚信自己是对的，她不肯随便乱说。可是别人呢，都认为她在说谎，而且是说了一个非常愚蠢的谎，这使她感到非常的委屈。彼得和苏姗批评她说谎并不是有意奚落她，但爱德蒙却是有点故意找茬，这次，他抓住了把柄似的不断取笑露茜，一次又一次地问她是不是在屋内别的橱里又发现了别的国家。那几天本该是非常令人愉快的日子，天气很好，他们从早到晚都在外边，洗澡啦，钓鱼啦，爬树啦，掏鸟窝啦，躲在石楠树丛中玩啦，但露茜对这些却一点也不感兴趣。这样的情况一直延续到以后的又一个阴雨天。 那一天，直到下午，雨还没有停，一点也没有转晴的迹象。他们决定做捉迷藏的游戏，其他三个人躲，由苏珊负责“捉”。大家刚散开，露茜就走进了放衣橱的那间空屋。她并不想躲到橱里去，因为她知道，如果那样做的话，就只会使旁人再次谈论起那件令人难堪的事来。但她很想到橱里去看一看，因为这些天来，她开始怀疑那尼亚和农牧之神只不过是个梦罢了。她想，房子这样大，结构又是这样复杂，可躲藏的地方多得很，先到橱里看一看，再躲到旁的地方，时间总是来得及的。但她一走进衣橱，就听见外边走廊里有脚步声，她没有别的办法，只好跳了进去，并顺手带上了橱门。她没有将门关严，因为她知道，即使这不是一个神秘的衣橱，一个人把自己关在衣橱里也是非常愚蠢的。 原来是爱德蒙跑进来了，他走进屋内，刚好看见露茜的身影消失在衣橱中。他急忙追上去，这倒不是他把衣橱看做是躲藏的好地方，而是因为他想继续嘲笑她编造的那个国家的故事。他拉开橱门，里边像平常一样挂着外套，还有樟脑丸的气味，黑糊糊，静悄悄的，不见露茜的人影。“她以为我是苏珊来找她的，”爱德蒙自言自语地说，“所以她一直躲在衣橱里不吱声。”于是，他一步跨进去，关上了门，也忘记了这样做有多傻。他随即在暗中摸索起来，他原以为不消几秒钟就能摸到她，但使他吃惊的是，他怎么也摸不到。他想去开门，让亮光透一点进来，可他没能找到橱门。他气得四下乱摸，还高声喊着： “露茜，璐！你躲在哪里呀？还不出来，我知道，你就在这儿。” 没有回答，爱德蒙发现他的声音非常奇怪，不像你所想象的在橱里的那种声音，而像是在旷野里发出来的。他感到冷的出奇。正在这时，他看见前面有一线亮光。 “谢天谢地。”爱德蒙说，“一定是橱门自己荡开了。”他已经将露茜忘的一干二净，只顾朝着那亮光走去，他还以为那里就是开着的橱门呢。但他马上发现，他并没有走出衣橱返回空屋，而是从浓密的枞树荫里走进了林中的一片空地。 他的脚下踩着又干又脆的雪，树林上也堆着一簇一簇的积雪，头顶上空是一片蔚蓝的天，这就像人们在冬天晴朗的早晨看到的那种天上的颜色。太阳刚从正前方的树干间升起，鲜红鲜红的。四周一片寂静，好像在那个国家，除了他以外，什么生灵也不存在了。在树林中间，连一只知更鸟和松鼠也没有，森林向四面八方伸展开去，一望无际。他不禁打起了寒战。 这时他忽然想起，他是来寻找露茜的，他也想到，他对她讲的故事是多么反感，而现在周围的一切证明她讲的情况原是真的。他想露茜一定就在附近什么地方，所以他高声喊叫着：“露茜！露茜！我是爱德蒙，我也来了。” 没有回答。 “她是因为我最近错怪了她而生我的气吧。”爱德蒙想。虽然他不愿意承认自己错了，但也不想一个人孤零零地站在这个陌生、寒冷而又孤寂的地方，于是他又喊了起来： “喂，露茜，以前我不相信你说的话，请你原谅。现在我已明白，你说的是对的。赶快出来，我们和好吧。” 仍然没有回答。 “真是女孩子气，”爱德蒙自言自语地说，“一个劲地闹别扭，人家向她赔礼道歉了，她还是不睬人。”他又看了看四周，感到实在没有必要在这里逗留。他正要准备回家的时候，听见遥远的树林里传来了铃儿的响声。他仔细倾听着。铃声越来越近，最后他看见，一辆雪橇由两匹驯鹿拉着疾驰而来。 这两匹驯鹿和谢德兰群岛的矮种马差不多大小，它们身上的毛比雪还要白，它们头上的叉角在朝阳的映照下闪烁着红光。它们脖子上的套具是用深红色的皮革制成的，上面带着铃铛。坐在雪橇上赶鹿的是个肥胖的小妖，如果他站直了的话，大约只有三英尺高。他穿着北极熊皮做的衣服，头上围着一条红色的头巾，长长的金黄色的穗子从它的顶上垂下来；他的大胡子一直垂到两膝，简直可以当作一条围巾来使用。在他后面，在雪橇中间一个高得多的座位上，坐着一个与众不同的女人，她比爱德蒙以前见过的任何一个女人都要高大。她也全身穿着雪白的毛皮衣服，右手握着一根又长又直的金棍，头上戴着一顶金冠。除了她那血红的嘴以外，她的脸就像雪、纸或冰糖一样白。她的脸孔还算漂亮，但却显得十分骄横和冷酷。 雪橇向爱德蒙疾驰而来，铃儿“叮当”“顶当”地响着，小妖“噼噼啪啪”地挥着鞭子，雪向雪橇的四边飞溅，看上去真像一幅美丽的图画。 “停！”坐在雪橇上的那个女人说，小妖猛地拉了一下驯鹿，驯鹿几乎都坐了起来。它们很快恢复了原状，立在那儿，“格格”地咬着嘴里的嚼子，呼呼直喘气。在这种严寒的天气里，它们鼻孔里呼出来的热气看起来就像烟雾一般。 “喂，你是干什么的？”那个女人问，两眼紧盯着爱德蒙。 “我，我，我的名字叫爱德蒙。”爱德蒙局促不安地说。他很不满意她打量他时的那种神情。 那女人皱起了双眉，“你就这样对女王讲话吗？”她说，样子显得更加严厉了。 “请原谅，陛下，我不知道你是女王。”爱德蒙说。 “不认识那尼亚的女王？”她尖声喊道，“哈，很快你就会认得的。回我的话：你到底是干什么的？” “陛下，”爱德蒙说，“我不懂你的意思，我在上学——确实是这样，陛下——这几天学校放假。”

Chapter 4

TURKISH DELIGHT

"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 never had a beard, I'm a boy."

"A boy!" said she. "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 shall lose my patience. Are you human?"

"Yes, your Majesty," said Edmund.

"And how, pray, did you come to enter my dominions?"

"Please, your Majesty, I came in through a wardrobe."

"A wardrobe? What do you mean?"

"I - 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 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 that 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 mantle 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 mantle 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, whose teeth were chattering.

The Queen took from somewhere among her wrappings a very small bottle which looked as if it were made of copper. Then, holding out her arm, she let one drop fall from it on the snow beside the sledge. Edmund saw the drop for a second in mid-air, shining like a diamond. But the moment it touched the snow there was a hissing sound and there stood a jewelled cup full of something that steamed. The dwarf immediately took this and handed it to Edmund with a bow and a smile; not a very nice smile. Edmund felt much better as he began to sip the hot drink. It was something he had never tasted before, very sweet and foamy and creamy, and it warmed him right down to his toes.

"It is dull, Son of Adam, to drink without eating," said the Queen presently. "What would you like best to eat?"

"Turkish Delight, please, your Majesty," said Edmund.

The Queen let another drop fall from her bottle on to the snow, and instantly there appeared a round box, tied with green silk ribbon, which, when opened, turned out to contain several pounds of the best Turkish Delight. Each piece was sweet and light to the very centre and Edmund had never tasted anything more delicious. He was quite warm now, and very comfortable.

While he was eating the Queen kept asking him questions. At first Edmund tried to remember that it is rude to speak with one's mouth full, but soon he forgot about this and thought only of trying to shovel down as much Turkish Delight as he could, and the more he ate the more he wanted to eat, and he never asked himself why the Queen should be so inquisitive. She got him to tell her that he had one brother and two sisters, and that one of his sisters had already been in Narnia and had met a Faun there, and that no one except himself and his brother and his sisters knew anything about Narnia. She seemed especially interested in the fact that there were four of them, and kept on coming back to it. "You are sure there are just four of you?" she asked. "Two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve, neither more nor less?" and Edmund, with his mouth full of Turkish Delight, kept on saying, "Yes, I told you that before," and forgetting to call her "Your Majesty", but she didn't seem to mind now.

At last the Turkish Delight was all finished and Edmund was looking very hard at the empty box and wishing that she would ask him whether he would like some more. Probably the Queen knew quite well what he was thinking; for she knew, though Edmund did not, that this was enchanted Turkish Delight and that anyone who had once tasted it would want more and more of it, and would even, if they were allowed, go on eating it till they killed themselves. But she did not offer him any more. Instead, she said to him,

"Son of Adam, I should so much like to see your brother and your two sisters. Will you bring them to see me?"

"I'll try," said Edmund, still looking at the empty box.

"Because, if you did come again - bringing them with you of course - I'd be able to give you some more Turkish Delight. I can't do it now, the magic will only work once. In my own house it would be another matter."

"Why can't we go to your house now?" said Edmund. When he had first got on to the sledge he had been afraid that she might drive away with him to some unknown place from which he would not be able to get back; but he had forgotten about that fear now.

"It is a lovely place, my house," said the Queen. "I am sure you would like it. There are whole rooms full of Turkish Delight, and what's more, I have no children of my own. I want a nice boy whom I could bring up as a Prince and who would be King of Narnia when I am gone. While he was Prince he would wear a gold crown and eat Turkish Delight all day long; and you are much the cleverest and handsomest young man I've ever met. I think I would like to make you the Prince - some day, when you bring the others to visit me."

"Why not now?" said Edmund. His face had become very red and his mouth and fingers were sticky. He did not look either clever or handsome, whatever the Queen might say.

"Oh, but if I took you there now," said she, "I shouldn't see your brother and your sisters. I very much want to know your charming relations. You are to be the Prince and - later on - the King; that is understood. But you must have courtiers and nobles. I will make your brother a Duke and your sisters Duchesses."

"There's nothing special about them," said Edmund, "and, anyway, I could always bring them some other time."

"Ah, but once you were in my house," said the Queen, "you might forget all about thern. You would be enjoying yourself so much that you wouldn't want the bother of going to fetch them. No. You must go back to your own country now and come to me another day, with them, you understand. It is no good coming without them."

"But I don't even know the way back to my own country," pleaded Edmund. "That's easy," answered the Queen. "Do you see that lamp?" She pointed with her wand and Edmund turned and saw the same lamp-post under which Lucy had met the Faun. "Straight on, beyond that, is the way to the World of Men. And now look the other way'- here she pointed in the opposite direction - "and tell me if you can see two little hills rising above the trees."

"I think I can," said Edmund.

"Well, my house is between those two hills. So next time you come you have only to find the lamp-post and look for those two hills and walk through the wood till you reach my house. But remember - you must bring the others with you. I might have to be very angry with you if you came alone."

"I'll do my best," said Edmund.

"And, by the way," said the Queen, "you needn't tell them about me. It would be fun to keep it a secret between us two, wouldn't it? Make it a surprise for them. Just bring them along to the two hills - a clever boy like you will easily think of some excuse for doing that - and when you come to my house you could just say "Let's see who lives here" or something like that. I am sure that would be best. If your sister has met one of the Fauns, she may have heard strange stories about me - nasty stories that might make her afraid to come to me. Fauns will say anything, you know, and now -"

"Please, please," said Edmund suddenly, "please couldn't I have just one piece of Turkish Delight to eat on the way home?"

"No, no," said the Queen with a laugh, "you must wait till next time." While she spoke, she signalled to the dwarf to drive on, but as the sledge swept away out of sight, the Queen waved to Edmund, calling out, "Next time! Next time! Don't forget. Come soon."

Edmund was still staring after the sledge when he heard someone calling his own name, and looking round he saw Lucy coming towards him from another part of the wood.

"Oh, Edmund!" she cried. "So you've got in too! Isn't it wonderful, and now-"

"All right," said Edmund, "I see you were right and it is a magic wardrobe after all. I'll say I'm sorry if you like. But where on earth have you been all this time? I've been looking for you everywhere."

"If I'd known you had got in I'd have waited for you," said Lucy, who was too happy and excited to notice how snappishly Edmund spoke or how flushed and strange his face was. "I've been having lunch with dear Mr Tumnus, the Faun, and he's very well and the White Witch has done nothing to him for letting me go, so he thinks she can't have found out and perhaps everything is going to be all right after all."

"The White Witch?" said Edmund; "who's she?"

"She is a perfectly terrible person," said Lucy. "She calls herself the Queen of Narnia though she has no right to be queen at all, and all the Fauns and Dryads and Naiads and Dwarfs and Animals - at least all the good ones - simply hate her. And she can turn people into stone and do all kinds of horrible things. And she has made a magic so that it is always winter in Narnia - always winter, but it never gets to Christmas. And she drives about on a sledge, drawn by reindeer, with her wand in her hand and a crown on her head."

Edmund was already feeling uncomfortable from having eaten too many sweets, and when he heard that the Lady he had made friends with was a dangerous witch he felt even more uncomfortable. But he still wanted to taste that Turkish Delight again more than he wanted anything else.

"Who told you all that stuff about the White Witch?" he asked.

"Mr Tumnus, the Faun," said Lucy.

"You can't always believe what Fauns say," said Edmund, trying to sound as if he knew far more about them than Lucy.

"Who said so?" asked Lucy.

"Everyone knows it," said Edmund; "ask anybody you like. But it's pretty poor sport standing here in the snow. Let's go home."

"Yes, let's," said Lucy. "Oh, Edmund, I am glad you've got in too. The others will have to believe in Narnia now that both of us have been there. What fun it will be!"

But Edmund secretly thought that it would not be as good fun for him as for her. He would have to admit that Lucy had been right, before all the others, and he felt sure the others would all be on the side of the Fauns and the animals; but he was already more than half on the side of the Witch. He did not know what he would say, or how he would keep his secret once they were all talking about Narnia.

By this time they had walked a good way. Then suddenly they felt coats around them instead of branches and next moment they were both standing outside the wardrobe in the empty room.

"I say," said Lucy, "you do look awful, Edmund. Don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right," said Edmund, but this was not true. He was feeling very sick.

"Come on then," said Lucy, "let's find the others. What a lot we shall have to tell them! And what wonderful adventures we shall have now that we're all in it together." 第四章　土耳其软糖 “但你究竟是干什么的？”那女人又问，“你是个剃掉了胡子，长得特别高大的小妖吗？” “不，陛下，”爱德蒙说，“我还没有长胡子呢，我是个男孩。” “一个男孩！”她说，“你是说你是亚当的儿子？” 爱德蒙一愣，没有开口。他被问的莫名其妙，一点也不懂这句话的意思。 “我看，不管你是干什么的，你都像个白痴，”女王说，“回答我的问题，就这么一次了，别惹我发怒，你是人吗？” “是的，陛下。”爱德蒙说。 “那么，我问你，你是怎么来到我统治的这个地方的？” “陛下，对不起，我是从一个衣橱进来的。” “一个衣橱？这是怎么一回事？” “陛下，我，我开了橱门，一跑到里面，就发现我在这儿了。”爱德蒙回答说。 + “哈哈！”女王像是在自言自语，“一扇门，一扇通向人类世界的门！以前我也听说过这样的事。这下可糟糕了。不过，他只有一个人，还容易对付。”她一边说，一边从她的座位上站起来，死死的盯着爱德蒙的脸，眼里射出恶狠狠的光焰。她挥起手中的棍子。爱德蒙想，她一定要干什么可怕的事情了。他似乎觉得自己已动弹不得。正当他感到自己快要死的时候，那女王又好像改变了主意。 “我可怜的孩子，”她说话的腔调变得不同了，“瞧，你被冻得这个样子！坐到我雪橇上来吧，我给你裹上披风，好一起谈谈心。” 爱德蒙内心不愿意，但又不敢违抗，他只好跨上雪橇，坐在她脚旁。她把毛皮披风的一角披在他身上，将他裹的紧紧的。 “你想喝点什么热的东西吗？”女王问。 “谢谢，陛下。”爱德蒙说，他的牙齿在不停地打战。 女王从身边掏出一个很小的瓶子，它看上去是铜做的。然后，她伸出手臂，从瓶里倒出一滴东西滴在雪橇旁边的雪地上。爱德蒙看到，这一滴东西在落地前像宝石一样闪闪发光，但它一碰到雪，便发出一阵咝咝的响声，顿时就变成了一个宝石杯，杯子里盛满了饮料，还直冒热气。那个小妖马上拿起杯子，递给爱德蒙，皮笑肉不笑地向他鞠了一个躬。爱德蒙呷了一口，感到舒服多了。这是他从没尝到过的奶油饮料，非常甜，泡沫很多，他喝下以后，一直暖到脚跟。 “亚当的儿子，只饮不吃是傻瓜，”女王过了一会儿说，“你最喜欢吃什么东西呀？” “土耳其软糖，陛下。”爱德蒙说。 于是，女王又从瓶子里倒出一滴东西滴到雪地上，地上立即出现了一个圆盒子，用绿丝带扎着，把它一打开，里面装着好几磅最好的土耳其软糖。每一块又甜又软，爱德蒙从没有吃过比它还要好吃的东西。他现在感到非常暖和，非常舒适。 在他吃软糖的时候，女王接二连三地问了他许多问题。开始，爱德蒙竭力让自己记住，嘴里塞满了东西讲话是不礼貌的，但没有多久他就忘得干干净净，只顾狼吞虎咽地吃软糖。他吃得越多，就越是想吃，一点儿也没想到为什么女王要问他这么多问题。最后，他把一切情况都告诉了她：他有一个哥哥，一个姐姐和一个妹妹，他的妹妹也曾到过那尼亚，还遇见了一个农牧之神，除了他们兄妹四人以外，没有谁知道那尼亚的情况。女王听到他们有兄妹四人，似乎感到特别有兴趣，她反反复复地问：“你能肯定你们正好是四个人吗？亚当的两个儿子和夏娃的两个女儿，不多也不少？”爱德蒙嘴里塞满了软糖，一遍又一遍地回答：“是的，我已经告诉过你了。”现在他都忘了称她“陛下”，但她好像并不在乎。 最后，土耳其软糖全吃完了，爱德蒙的眼睛滴溜溜地看着那个空盒子，巴不得她再问他一声是不是还想吃。女王很可能知道他此时的思想活动。因为，爱德蒙虽然没有说出口，但她却十分清楚，这种土耳其软糖是一种施了妖法的迷魂糖，不管哪个吃了以后，都会越吃越想吃，只要有得吃，他就不会住口，一直吃到被毒死为止。女王并没有再给他吃，只是说： “亚当的儿子，我多么希望能够看到你的哥哥和姐妹啊！请你把他们带到我这儿来好吗？” “我一定照办。”爱德蒙说，两只眼睛依旧盯住那只空盒子。 “如果你再来的话——当然要把他们一起带来——我就会给你更多的土耳其软糖吃。但现在不能给你，因为这种魔法只能使用一次。当然，到了我的家，情况就不同了。” “那么我们现在就到你家里去好吗？”爱德蒙试探着问道。他刚坐上雪橇时，担心她会把他带到一个非常陌生的地方去，他将永远回不来了，可是现在，他的这种担心已被抛到了九霄云外。 “我家是个很舒适的地方。”女王说，“我肯定你会喜欢，那里有好些房间是专门放土耳其软糖的。再说，我自己没有孩子，我很想领一个漂亮的男孩当王子。你哪一天把另外三个人带到我家来，我就哪一天让你当王子。” “为什么不让我现在就去呢？”爱德蒙说，他脸色变得通红，嘴和手指上面都黏糊糊的。不管女王怎么夸奖她，他乍看起来既不聪明又不漂亮。 “哦，假如我现在就把你带回家去，”她说，“我就见不到你的哥哥、姐姐和妹妹了。我很想认识他们。你将成为王子，以后还要做国王，但你还必须有大臣和贵族。我将封你的哥哥当公爵，封你的姐姐和妹妹当作女公爵。” “他们没有什么值得你特别器重的，”爱德蒙说，“而且，我可以随便在哪一天把他们带来。” “不错，但是如果你现在到了我的家里，”女王说，“你就会把他们忘得干干净净，你就会只顾自己玩乐，而不想再去找他们了。不行！你现在必须回到你自己的国家去，过几天和他们一起到我这儿来，不和他们一起来是不行的。” “但我不认得回去的路。”爱德蒙恳求说。 “这容易。”女王回答说，“你看见那盏灯吗？”她用手中的棍子指了指，爱德蒙转过身去，看见了露茜曾在那儿碰见了农牧之神的那个灯柱。“一直往前走，到灯柱那边，就能找到通向人世间的路，嗯，现在请你看另外一条路，”她指着相反的方向问，“顺着树梢的上头看过去，你看到有两座小山吗？” “看到了。”爱德蒙回答。 “好哇，我住的地方就在那两座小山之间。你下次来的时候，只要找到灯柱，朝着那两座小山的方向，穿过这座森林，就可以到我住的地方。你要让这条河流一直紧靠在你的右边。但必须记住，你得带着你的哥哥、姐姐和妹妹一起来。如果只来你一个人，可别怪我发怒。” “我将尽我最大努力。”爱德蒙回答说。 “嗯，顺便说一句，”女王说，“你不必把我的情况告诉他们。我们两人必须严守秘密，这将是非常有趣的事情，你说是不是？要让他们来了以后大吃一惊。你只要想办法把他们带进那两座小山就行了——一个像你这样聪明的孩子要找个这样的借口还不容易——你到了我家以后，只消说一声，‘让我们看看谁住在这儿’或别的这一类的话就行了。据我看来，这是再好不过的办法。如果你的妹妹见到过一个农牧之神，她或许听到过关于我的什么坏话。她可能怕到我这儿来。那些农牧之神最会瞎说一通，现在……” “陛下，”爱德蒙插嘴问道，“请你再给我一块土耳其软糖，让我在回家的路上吃吃好吗？” “不行，不行，”女王大笑着说，“一定要等到下一次，”她一边说，一边向小妖打了一个继续赶路的手势，于是雪橇便疾驶而去，女王朝爱德蒙挥手喊道，“等到下一次，等到下一次。别忘了，过几天就到我家里来。” 正当爱德蒙凝视着远去的雪橇的时候，他忽然听见有人在喊他的名字。他掉转头来，看见露茜正从树林的另一个方向朝他走了过来。 “噢，爱德蒙！”她惊喜地喊了起来，“你也进来了！还好玩吗？” “是啊，”爱德蒙说，“你看，你以前说的事是真的，这真的是个神秘的衣橱。我必须向你道歉，可是你刚才究竟在哪里？我到处找你呢。” “要是我知道你也进来了，我一定会等你。”露茜说，她高兴极了，一点也没注意到爱德蒙说话时是多么急躁；他的脸色是多么红，多么奇怪。“我和亲爱的农牧之神图姆纳斯先生一起吃过饭，他平安无事，上次他把我放走了，白女巫没有对他怎么样，他说这件事女巫没有发觉，他大概不会遇到什么麻烦了。” “白女巫？”爱德蒙问，“她是谁呀？” “她是个十分可怕的女巫。”露茜说，“她自称是那尼亚的女王，可是她根本没有资格作女王。所有的农牧之神、水神、树神小妖和动物，凡是心肠好的，都对她恨之入骨。她能把人变成石头，她能做出各种各样恐怖的事来。她施行一种妖术，使那尼亚一年到头都是冬天，始终过不上圣诞节。她手持魔杖，头戴王冠，坐在驯鹿拉的雪橇里，到处跑着。” 爱德蒙软糖吃得太多，早已感到不很舒服，现在听说和他交朋友的那个女人原来是个危险的女巫，他就感到更不舒服了。虽然如此，与别的东西相比，他还是喜欢吃土耳其软糖。 “所有这些情况，是谁告诉你的？”他问。 “农牧之神图姆纳斯先生。”露茜说。“你不要总是相信农牧之神的话。”爱德蒙说，装出一副比露茜更加了解农牧之神的样子。 “这话是谁说的？”露茜问。 “大家都知道，”爱德蒙说，“随你问哪一个都行。但是，冒雪站在这儿有什么好玩的，我们还是回去吧。” “也好，”露茜说，“哦，爱德蒙，你也来了，我感到很高兴。我们两人都到过那尼亚，别人一定会相信我们了。那该多有趣呀！” 爱德蒙却暗自认为，对他来说，那尼亚并不像露茜说的那样有趣，但是他不得不在大家面前承认露茜是对的。他敢肯定，别人都会站在农牧之神和别的动物一边，而他却站在女巫这一边。如果大家都知道那尼亚的情况，那他就有口难辨了，也无法保守他的秘密了。 不知不觉，他们已经走了好远，忽然他们发现，他们周围已不再是树枝而是衣服了，转瞬间，两人已站在衣橱的空屋里了。 “哎呦，”露茜说，“你的脸色多么难看啊，爱德蒙，你不舒服吗？” “我很好。”爱德蒙回答，但这并不是真话，他感到很不舒服。 “那么走吧，”露茜说，“我们找他们去，我们有许多话要告诉他们！如果我们四个人全到了里边，我们将会遇到很多奇异的事情！”

Chapter 5

BACK ON THIS SIDE OF THE DOOR

BECAUSE the game of hide-and-seek was still going on, it took Edmund and Lucy some time to find the others. But when at last they were all together (which happened in the long room, where the suit of armour was) Lucy burst out:

"Peter! Susan! It's all true. Edmund has seen it too. There is a country you can get to through the wardrobe. Edmund and I both got in. We met one another in there, in the wood. Go on, Edmund; tell them all about it."

"What's all this about, Ed?" said Peter.

And now we come to one of the nastiest things in this story. Up to that moment Edmund had been feeling sick, and sulky, and annoyed with Lucy for being right, but he hadn't made up his mind what to do. When Peter suddenly asked him the question he decided all at once to do the meanest and most spiteful thing he could think of. He decided to let Lucy down.

"Tell us, Ed," said Susan.

And Edmund gave a very superior look as if he were far older than Lucy (there was really only a year's difference) and then a little snigger and said, "Oh, yes, Lucy and I have been playing - pretending that all her story about a country in the wardrobe is true. just for fun, of course. There's nothing there really."

Poor Lucy gave Edmund one look and rushed out of the room.

Edmund, who was becoming a nastier person every minute, thought that he had scored a great success, and went on at once to say, "There she goes again. What's the matter with her? That's the worst of young kids, they always -"

"Look here," said Peter, turning on him savagely, "shut up! You've been perfectly beastly to Lu ever since she started this nonsense about the wardrobe, and now you go playing games with her about it and setting her off again. I believe you did it simply out of spite."

"But it's all nonsense," said Edmund, very taken aback.

"Of course it's all nonsense," said Peter, "that's just the point. Lu was perfectly all right when we left home, but since we've been down here she seems to be either going queer in the head or else turning into a most frightful liar. But whichever it is, what good do you think you'll do by jeering and nagging at her one day and encouraging her the next?"

"I thought - I thought," said Edmund; but he couldn't think of anything to say.

"You didn't think anything at all," said Peter; "it's just spite. You've always liked being beastly to anyone smaller than yourself; we've seen that at school before now."

"Do stop it," said Susan; "it won't make things any better having a row between you two. Let's go and find Lucy."

It was not surprising that when they found Lucy, a good deal later, everyone could see that she had been crying. Nothing they could say to her made any difference. She stuck to her story and said:

"I don't care what you think, and I don't care what you say. You can tell the Professor or you can write to Mother or you can do anything you like. I know I've met a Faun in there and - I wish I'd stayed there and you are all beasts, beasts."

It was an unpleasant evening. Lucy was miserable and Edmund was beginning to feel that his plan wasn't working as well as he had expected. The two older ones were really beginning to think that Lucy was out of her mind. They stood in the passage talking about it in whispers long after she had gone to bed.

The result was the next morning they decided that they really would go and tell the whole thing to the Professor. "He'll write to Father if he thinks there is really something wrong with Lu," said Peter; "it's getting beyond us." So they went and knocked at the study door, and the Professor said "Come in," and got up and found chairs for them and said he was quite at their disposal. Then he sat listening to them with the tips of his fingers pressed together and never interrupting, till they had finished the whole story. After that he said nothing for quite a long time. Then he cleared his throat and said the last thing either of them expected:

"How do you know," he asked, "that your sister's story is not true?"

"Oh, but -" began Susan, and then stopped. Anyone could see from the old man's face that he was perfectly serious. Then Susan pulled herself together and said, "But Edmund said they had only been pretending."

"That is a point," said the Professor, "which certainly deserves consideration; very careful consideration. For instance - if you will excuse me for asking the question - does your experience lead you to regard your brother or your sister as the more reliable? I mean, which is the more truthful?"

"That's just the funny thing about it, sir," said Peter. "Up till now, I'd have said Lucy every time."

"And what do you think, my dear?" said the Professor, turning to Susan.

"Well," said Susan, "in general, I'd say the same as Peter, but this couldn't be true - all this about the wood and the Faun."

"That is more than I know," said the Professor, "and a charge of lying against someone whom you have always found truthful is a very serious thing; a very serious thing indeed."

"We were afraid it mightn't even be lying," said Susan; "we thought there might be something wrong with Lucy."

"Madness, you mean?" said the Professor quite coolly. "Oh, you can make your minds easy about that. One has only to look at her and talk to her to see that she is not mad."

"But then," said Susan, and stopped. She had never dreamed that a grown-up would talk like the Professor and didn't know what to think.

"Logic!" said the Professor half to himself. "Why don't they teach logic at these schools? There are only three possibilities. Either your sister is telling lies, or she is mad, or she is telling the truth. You know she doesn't tell lies and it is obvious that she is not mad For the moment then and unless any further evidence turns up, we must assume that she is telling the truth."

Susan looked at him very hard and was quite sure from the expression on his face that he was no making fun of them.

"But how could it be true, sir?" said Peter.

"Why do you say that?" asked the Professor.

"Well, for one thing," said Peter, "if it was true why doesn't everyone find this country every time they go to the wardrobe? I mean, there was nothing there when we looked; even Lucy didn't pretend the was."

"What has that to do with it?" said the Professor.

"Well, sir, if things are real, they're there all the time."

"Are they?" said the Professor; and Peter did'nt know quite what to say.

"But there was no time," said Susan. "Lucy had no time to have gone anywhere, even if there was such a place. She came running after us the very moment we were out of the room. It was less than minute, and she pretended to have been away for hours."

"That is the very thing that makes her story so likely to be true," said the Professor. "If there really a door in this house that leads to some other world (and I should warn you that this is a very strange house, and even I know very little about it) - if, I say, she had got into another world, I should not be at a surprised to find that the other world had a separate time of its own; so that however long you stay there it would never take up any of our time. On the other hand, I don't think many girls of her age would invent that idea for themselves. If she had been pretending, she would have hidden for a reasonable time before coming out and telling her story."

"But do you really mean, sir," said Peter, "that there could be other worlds - all over the place, just round the corner - like that?"

"Nothing is more probable," said the Professor, taking off his spectacles and beginning to polish them, while he muttered to himself, "I wonder what they do teach them at these schools."

"But what are we to do?" said Susan. She felt that the conversation was beginning to get off the point.

"My dear young lady," said the Professor, suddenly looking up with a very sharp expression at both of them, "there is one plan which no one has yet suggested and which is well worth trying."

"What's that?" said Susan.

"We might all try minding our own business," said he. And that was the end of that conversation.

After this things were a good deal better for Lucy. Peter saw to it that Edmund stopped jeering at her, and neither she nor anyone else felt inclined to talk about the wardrobe at all. It had become a rather alarming subject. And so for a time it looked as if all the adventures were coming to an end; but that was not to be.

This house of the Professor's - which even he knew so little about - was so old and famous that people from all over England used to come and ask permission to see over it. It was the sort of house that is mentioned in guide books and even in histories; and well it might be, for all manner of stories were told about it, some of them even stranger than the one I am telling you now. And when parties of sightseers arrived and asked to see the house, the Professor always gave them permission, and Mrs Macready, the housekeeper, showed them round, telling them about the pictures and the armour, and the rare books in the library. Mrs Macready was not fond of children, and did not like to be interrupted when she was telling visitors all the things she knew. She had said to Susan and Peter almost on the first morning (along with a good many other instructions), "And please remember you're to keep out of the way whenever I'm taking a party over the house."

"Just as if any of us would want to waste half the morning trailing round with a crowd of strange grown-ups!" said Edmund, and the other three thought the same. That was how the adventures began for the second time.

A few mornings later Peter and Edmund were looking at the suit of armour and wondering if they could take it to bits when the two girls rushed into the room and said, "Look out! Here comes the Macready and a whole gang with her."

"Sharp's the word," said Peter, and all four made off through the door at the far end of the room. But when they had got out into the Green Room and beyond it, into the Library, they suddenly heard voices ahead of them, and realized that Mrs Macready must be bringing her party of sightseers up the back stairs - instead of up the front stairs as they had expected. And after that - whether it was that they lost their heads, or that Mrs Macready was trying to catch them, or that some magic in the house had come to life and was chasing them into Narnia they seemed to find themselves being followed everywhere, until at last Susan said, "Oh bother those trippers! Here - let's get into the Wardrobe Room till they've passed. No one will follow us in there." But the moment they were inside they heard the voices in the passage - and then someone fumbling at the door - and then they saw the handle turning.

"Quick!" said Peter, "there's nowhere else," and flung open the wardrobe. All four of them bundled inside it and sat there, panting, in the dark. Peter held the door closed but did not shut it; for, of course, he remembered, as every sensible person does, that you should never never shut yourself up in a wardrobe. 第五章　回到了橱门这一边 因为彼得和苏珊还在捉迷藏，所以爱德蒙和露茜花了好长时间才找到他俩。当大家一起聚集到放有盔甲的那间狭长屋子里以后，露茜大声说： “彼得！苏珊！一点也不错，爱德蒙也看见了，那里有一个国家，可以从衣橱里边进去。爱德蒙和我进去过了，把所有的情况都告诉他们。” “艾德，这到底是怎么一回事？”彼得问。 现在我们写到这个故事中最令人不愉快的部分。在这以前，爱德蒙一直感到很不舒服，一直在生露茜的气，但对露茜究竟采取什么行动，他一时还没有拿定主意。现在彼得突如其来地问起他这个问题，他就把心一横，决定干出他所能想到的最不光彩的事情，来整一下露茜。 “告诉我们吧，艾德。”苏珊说。 艾德显出老成持重的样子，好像他比露茜要大得多(实际上两人只相差一岁)。他噗嗤一笑说：“噢，对啦，露茜和我一直在做游戏，她故意说上次讲的衣橱里有个国家的故事是真的。当然喽，我们只是开开玩笑，其实，那儿什么东西也没有。” 可怜的露茜看了爱德蒙一眼，便一口气奔到了屋外。 爱德蒙现在变得越来越不像话了，他自以为已经取得了极大的成功，立刻接下去说道：“她又去啦，她是中了魔法还是怎么的？小孩子就是爱胡闹，他们老是……” “听我说，”彼得转过身来，两眼盯住了他，十分气愤地说：“住口！自从她上次瞎扯了一些衣橱的事以来，你对她总是凶声凶气的，现在你跟她一起躲进了衣橱里做游戏，又把她气走了。我看，你这样做完全不怀好意。” “但她讲的通通都是胡说八道。”爱德蒙说，彼得的话使他大吃一惊。 “当然都是胡言乱语，”彼得说，“问题的严重性就在这里。在家的时候，璐是好好的，但到了乡下以后，她看上去要么神经不很正常，要么就是谎话连篇。但无论是哪种情况，你想想看，你今天嘲笑她，对她喋喋不休说个不停，明天你又去怂恿她，这对她有什么帮助？” “我原来想，我原来……”爱德蒙说，可是他又想不出说什么好。 “你想什么来着，”彼得说，“你尽想坏主意。你对比你小的孩子总喜欢这一套，我们以前在学校里就经常看到你这样。” “别说了，”苏珊说，“你们互相埋怨又有什么用处?我们还是去找找露茜吧。” 他们找了好长一段时间，才找到了露茜。果然不出大家所料，她正哭的伤心。无论他们怎么说，露茜都坚持她说的情况是真的。 “不管你们怎么想，也不管你们怎么说，我都无所谓。你们可以去告诉教授，也可以写信告诉妈妈，随便你们怎么做都可以。我只知道我在那里碰见了一个农牧之神。我要是留在那里多好啊！你们净欺侮人。” 这是一个十分不愉快的夜晚。露茜感到很委屈，爱德蒙也开始感到，他的计划并没有像他预料的那样奏效。那两个年龄大些的孩子却真以为露茜的精神不大正常。在她入睡以后很久，他们还站在走廊里小声议论着。 第二天早上，他们决定把全部情况都告诉教授。“假如他也认为露茜真的有什么毛病，他将写信去告诉爸爸，”彼得说，“我们可管不了这样的事。”于是，他们就去敲老教授书房的门。教授说了声“请进”，便站起身来，找了椅子让他们坐下，还说有事尽管来找他，他乐意为他们效劳。然后他坐下来，将手指合拢，静静地听他们把整个故事讲完。听完以后，他好长时间没有吭声，最后他清了清嗓子，出乎意外地问道： “你们怎能断定露茜讲的故事就不是真的呢？” “哦，，但是……”苏珊刚想开口又停住了。从老人的脸色可以看出，他是十分严肃的。过了一会儿，苏珊鼓起了勇气说：“但是爱德蒙亲口告诉我们，他们只是假装说说玩的。” “有一个关键问题倒值得你们仔细考虑，”教授说，“根据你们的经验——请原谅我提出这个问题——你们认为谁更诚实一些，是你们的弟弟，还是你们的妹妹？” “这真是一个十分有趣的问题，先生，”彼得说，“直到现在为止，我应该说，露茜要比爱德蒙诚实。” “你认为怎样呢，我亲爱的孩子？”教授转过头来又问苏珊。 “嗯，”苏珊说，“我嘛，基本上和彼得的看法相同。但关于森林和农牧之神的故事总不可能是真的。” “这个问题我就不清楚了，”教授说，“但是，随口指责一个你们都认为是诚实的人说谎，这倒是一个非常严重的问题。” “我们担心的倒不是露茜说谎，”苏珊说，“我们认为很可能露茜精神有了毛病。” “你的意思是说她发了疯？”教授非常冷静地说，“嗯，这个你们很容易判断。你们只要观察观察她的脸色，再和她交谈交谈，就可以断定出来了。” “但是……”苏珊刚开口又不说了。她做梦也没想到像教授这样的大人会说出这种话来，她真被搞糊涂了。 “逻辑！”教授多半自言自语地说，“现在这些学校为什么不教你们一点逻辑呢？这件事只有三种可能：或是你们的妹妹说了谎，或者是她精神不正常，要不，她讲的就是真话。你们都说她向来不说谎，她的精神又没有什么问题。那么在发现更充分的证据之前，我们就只能假定她讲的是真实的。” 苏珊两眼紧盯着他，从他脸上的表情，她可以肯定他不是在和他们开玩笑。 “但是，这怎么可能呢，先生？”彼得问。 “为什么就一定不可能呢？”教授反问了一句。 “因为，”彼得说，“假如是真的，为什么不是每个人每次到橱里都能发现那个国家呢？有一次，我们到橱里看的时候，根本没有发现什么别的情况，还是露茜亲自领着我们去看的呢，她自己也没有说她看到了旁的东西。” “这有什么关系呢？”教授说。 “有关系，先生。如果是真的，那些东西就应该始终都在那里。” “始终？”教授问道，彼得不知如何回答才完全正确。 “但是露茜躲在橱里只有一眨眼工夫，”苏珊说，“即使橱里有这么一个地方，她也不曾有时间去呀。我们刚从空屋里出来，她就跟在我们后面溜出来了，前后还不到一分钟，她却硬是说离开了好几个钟头。” “正因为如此，她说的故事才更像真的，”教授说，“如果这间屋里真的有一个门通向某一个别的世界(我得提醒你们，这是一栋非常神秘的房屋，即使是我，对它也了解很少)——就算她真的到了另一个世界，那我们也不应该感到奇怪，那个世界一定有它自己的时间概念，所以不管你在那儿逗留多久，也不会占去我们这个世界的任何一点时间。另外我还认为，像她这样年龄的女孩子，是不可能自己编造出这样的故事来的。假如她想说谎，她就会在里面多藏一段时间，然后再出来讲她的故事。” “先生，你是说，“彼得问道，“在这栋房屋里，譬如说，就在附近，到处都有可能有别的世界吗？” “这是非常可能的，”教授说，他一边摘下眼镜擦擦干净，一边又自言自语，“我真不懂，这些孩子在学校里，到底学了些什么东西？” “这叫我们怎么办？”苏珊说，她感到这场谈话已经开始离题了。 “孩子们，”教授突然抬起头来，用一种非常严肃的神情看着他俩说，“有一个计划值得一试，但谁也没有提起过。” “什么计划？”苏珊问。 “这个我们就别去管它了。”他说。那次谈话就这样结束了。彼得做了许多工作，使爱德蒙不再嘲笑露茜，她和别人都不想再谈衣橱的事，这已成了使人不快的话题。所以，在相当长的一段时间里，一切奇遇似乎都已成了过去，但事实却并不如此。 教授的这栋房屋——即使他自己，也了解得很少——是这样古老，又是这样闻名，全国各地的人都常常要求来此参观，这所房屋在旅游指南一类的书上，甚至在历史书上，都有所记载，在各式各样的故事中都谈到过，其中有些故事比我现在对你讲的这个故事还要离奇。每当观光的人要求进屋看看的时候，教授总是满口答应，女管家玛卡蕾蒂太太就带领着他们到各处转转，给他们介绍画儿啦，盔甲啦，以及图书馆里稀有的书籍啦。玛卡蕾蒂太太不很喜欢孩子，当她给客人们滔滔不绝地讲述她所知道的各种掌故时，她是不喜欢别人从旁边插嘴打扰的。几乎在孩子们来的第一天早上，她就向苏珊和彼得交代说(同时还交待了许多别的规矩)：“请你们记着，我领人参观的时候，你们要躲远一点儿。” “就好像我们当中会有人故意要跟一群陌生的大人浪费半天似的。”爱德蒙说。其余三人也有同样的想法。谁知，第二次奇遇就是由此引起的。 几天以后，彼得和爱德蒙正望着那副盔甲出神，想试试能否把它拆卸下来，两个女孩忽然奔进屋里说：“不好啦，玛卡蕾蒂带着一群人来了！” “真糟糕！”彼得说，四个人很快就从另外一头的门溜掉了。他们溜出来以后先进了那间休息室，后来又跑到了图书馆，这时他们突然听到前面有说话的声音，他们都以为玛卡蕾蒂太太带着观光的人群到后楼去了，而没有像他们预料的那样到前楼来。以后，不知是他们自己昏了头，还是玛卡蕾蒂太太要来抓他们，还是这所住宅的魔力再次显现，要把他们赶往那尼亚，他们似乎感到每到一处都有人跟踪着。最后，苏珊说：“啊，这些游客真够讨厌！喂，让我们躲到放衣橱的那间空屋里去吧，等他们走了以后再说，谁也不会跟我们到那儿去的。”但他们刚进空屋，就听见走廊里有人在讲话，接着又是摸门的声音，一看，门把手已在移动了。 “赶快！”彼得说，“没有别的地方可躲了！”他猛地一下推开了橱门。四个人蜷缩在黑咕隆咚的衣橱里边，不停地喘气。彼得带上了橱门，但并没有把它关紧，因为，像每一个有理智的人一样，他懂得，一个人怎么可以把自己关在衣橱里面呢？

Chapter 6

INTO THE FOREST

"I wish the Macready would hurry up and take all these people away," said Susan presently, "I'm getting horribly cramped."

"And what a filthy smell of camphor!" said Edmund.

"I expect the pockets of these coats are full of it," said Susan, "to keep away the moths."

"There's something sticking into my back," said Peter.

"And isn't it cold?" said Susan.

"Now that you mention it, it is cold," said Peter, "and hang it all, it's wet too. What's the matter with this place? I'm sitting on something wet. It's getting wetter every minute." He struggled to his feet.

"Let's get out," said Edmund, "they've gone."

"O-o-oh!" said Susan suddenly, and everyone asked her what was the matter.

"I'm sitting against a tree," said Susan, "and look! It's getting light - over there."

"By Jove, you're right," said Peter, "and look there - and there. It's trees all round. And this wet stuff is snow. Why, I do believe we've got into Lucy's wood after all."

And now there was no mistaking it and all four children stood blinking in the daylight of a winter day. Behind them were coats hanging on pegs, in front of them were snow-covered trees.

Peter turned at once to Lucy.

"I apologize for not believing you," he said, "I'm sorry. Will you shake hands?"

"Of course," said Lucy, and did.

"And now," said Susan, "what do we do next?"

"Do?" said Peter, "why, go and explore the wood, of course."

"Ugh!" said Susan, stamping her feet, "it's pretty cold. What about putting on some of these coats?"

"They're not ours," said Peter doubtfully.

"I am sure nobody would mind," said Susan; "it isn't as if we wanted to take them out of the house; we shan't take them even out of the wardrobe."

"I never thought of that, Su," said Peter. "Of course, now you put it that way, I see. No one could say you had bagged a coat as long as you leave it in the wardrobe where you found it. And I suppose this whole country is in the wardrobe."

They immediately carried out Susan's very sensible plan. The coats were rather too big for them so that they came down to their heels and looked more like royal robes than coats when they had put them on. But they all felt a good deal warmer and each thought the others looked better in their new get-up and more suitable to the landscape.

"We can pretend we are Arctic explorers," said Lucy.

"This is going to be exciting enough without pretending," said Peter, as he began leading the way forward into the forest. There were heavy darkish clouds overhead and it looked as if there might be more snow before night.

"I say," began Edmund presently, "oughtn't we to be bearing a bit more to the left, that is, if we are aiming for the lamp-post?" He had forgotten for the moment that he must pretend never to have been in the wood before. The moment the words were out of his mouth he realized that he had given himself away. Everyone stopped; everyone stared at him. Peter whistled.

"So you really were here," he said, "that time Lu said she'd met you in here - and you made out she was telling lies."

There was a dead silence. "Well, of all the poisonous little beasts -" said Peter, and shrugged his shoulders and said no more. There seemed, indeed, no more to say, and presently the four resumed their journey; but Edmund was saying to himself, "I'll pay you all out for this, you pack of stuck-up, selfsatisfied prigs."

"Where are we going anyway?" said Susan, chiefly for the sake of changing the subject.

"I think Lu ought to be the leader," said Peter; "goodness knows she deserves it. Where will you take us, Lu?"

"What about going to see Mr Tumnus?" said Lucy. "He's the nice Faun I told you about."

Everyone agreed to this and off they went walking briskly and stamping their feet. Lucy proved a good leader. At first she wondered whether she would be able to find the way, but she recognized an oddlooking tree on one place and a stump in another and brought them on to where the ground became uneven and into the little valley and at last to the very door of Mr Tumnus's cave. But there a terrible surprise awaited them.

The door had been wrenched off its hinges and broken to bits. Inside, the cave was dark and cold and had the damp feel and smell of a place that had not been lived in for several days. Snow had drifted in from the doorway and was heaped on the floor, mixed with something black, which turned out to be the charred sticks and ashes from the fire. Someone had apparently flung it about the room and then stamped it out. The crockery lay smashed on the floor and the picture of the Faun's father had been slashed into shreds with a knife.

"This is a pretty good wash-out," said Edmund; "not much good coming here."

"What is this?" said Peter, stooping down. He had just noticed a piece of paper which had been nailed through the carpet to the floor.

"Is there anything written on it?" asked Susan.

"Yes, I think there is," answered Peter, "but I can't read it in this light. Let's get out into the open air."

They all went out in the daylight and crowded round Peter as he read out the following words:

The former occupant of these premises, the Faun Tumnus, is under arrest and awaiting his trial on a charge of High Treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia, Chatelaine of Cair Paravel, Empress of the Lone Islands, etc., also of comforting her said Majesty's enemies, harbouring spies and fraternizing with Humans.

signed MAUGRIM, Captain of the Secret Police, LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

The children stared at each other.

"I don't know that I'm going to like this place after all," said Susan.

"Who is this Queen, Lu?" said Peter. "Do you know anything about her?"

"She isn't a real queen at all," answered Lucy; "she's a horrible witch, the White Witch. Everyone all the wood people - hate her. She has made an enchantment over the whole country so that it is always winter here and never Christmas."

"I - I wonder if there's any point in going on," said Susan. "I mean, it doesn't seem particularly safe here and it looks as if it won't be much fun either. And it's getting colder every minute, and we've brought nothing to eat. What about just going home?"

"Oh, but we can't, we can't," said Lucy suddenly; "don't you see? We can't just go home, not after this. It is all on my account that the poor Faun has got into this trouble. He hid me from the Witch and showed me the way back. That's what it means by comforting the Queen's enemies and fraternizing with Humans. We simply must try to rescue him."

"A lot we could do! said Edmund, "when we haven't even got anything to eat!"

"Shut up - you!" said Peter, who was still very angry with Edmund. "What do you think, Susan?"

"I've a horrid feeling that Lu is right," said Susan. "I don't want to go a step further and I wish we'd never come. But I think we must try to do something for Mr Whatever-his-name is - I mean the Faun."

"That's what I feel too," said Peter. "I'm worried about having no food with us. I'd vote for going back and getting something from the larder, only there doesn't seem to be any certainty of getting into this country again when once you've got out of it. I think we'll have to go on."

"So do I," said both the girls.

"If only we knew where the poor chap was imprisoned!" said Peter.

They were all still wondering what to do next, when Lucy said, "Look! There's a robin, with such a red breast. It's the first bird I've seen here. I say! - I wonder can birds talk in Narnia? It almost looks as if it wanted to say something to us." Then she turned to the Robin and said, "Please, can you tell us where Tumnus the Faun has been taken to?" As she said this she took a step towards the bird. It at once flew away but only as far as to the next tree. There it perched and looked at them very hard as if it understood all they had been saying. Almost without noticing that they had done so, the four children went a step or two nearer to it. At this the Robin flew away again to the next tree and once more looked at them very hard. (You couldn't have found a robin with a redder chest or a brighter eye.)

"Do you know," said Lucy, "I really believe he means us to follow him."

"I've an idea he does," said Susan. "What do you think, Peter?"

"Well, we might as well try it," answered Peter.

The Robin appeared to understand the matter thoroughly. It kept going from tree to tree, always a few yards ahead of them, but always so near that they could easily follow it. In this way it led them on, slightly downhill. Wherever the Robin alighted a little shower of snow would fall off the branch. Presently the clouds parted overhead and the winter sun came out and the snow all around them grew dazzlingly bright. They had been travelling in this way for about half an hour, with the two girls in front, when Edmund said to Peter, "if you're not still too high and mighty to talk to me, I've something to say which you'd better listen to."

"What is it?" asked Peter.

"Hush! Not so loud," said Edmund; "there's no good frightening the girls. But have you realized what we're doing?"

"What?" said Peter, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"We're following a guide we know nothing about. How do we know which side that bird is on? Why shouldn't it be leading us into a trap?"

"That's a nasty idea. Still - a robin, you know. They're good birds in all the stories I've ever read. I'm sure a robin wouldn't be on the wrong side."

"It if comes to that, which is the right side? How do we know that the Fauns are in the right and the Queen (yes, I know we've been told she's a witch) is in the wrong? We don't really know anything about either."

"The Faun saved Lucy."

"He said he did. But how do we know? And there's another thing too. Has anyone the least idea of the way home from here?"

"Great Scott!" said Peter, "I hadn't thought of that."

"And no chance of dinner either," said Edmund. 第六章　进入森林 “玛卡蕾蒂，快点把这些人带走吧。”不一会儿，苏珊忍不住说，“我抽起筋来了，多难受啊。” “樟脑的气味太难闻了！”爱德蒙接着说。 “我到希望这些外衣的口袋里多放些樟脑丸，”苏珊说，“这样就不会有蛾子了。” “有什么东西戳到我背上了。”彼得说。 “你们感到冷吗？”苏珊问。 “你这么一说，我倒真的冷起来了。”彼得说，“真该死，这里还潮呼呼的呢。这到底是怎么啦?我坐的地方一下子变得湿漉漉的了。”他一下子跳了起来。 “我们还是出去吧。”爱德蒙说，“他们已经走啦。” “哟！”苏珊突然尖叫一声，大家都问她是怎么一回事。 “我靠着一棵树坐在这儿。”苏珊说，“看，那边有亮光了。” “啊，真的，”彼得说，“瞧那儿，到处都是树。潮呼呼的东西是雪。啊，我现在真的相信我们也到了露茜来过的森林里了。” 彼得的话一点也不错。四个孩子全站在那儿，在冬天阳光的照耀下，他们眨巴着眼睛。在他们后面是挂在衣钩上的外套，在他们面前是覆盖着雪的树木。 彼得转过身朝着露茜说：“我以前不相信你说的话，现在我向你道歉。真对不起，让我们握手，好吗？” “好。”露茜一边说，一边和他握手。 “那么，”苏珊说，“我们下一步该怎么办？” “怎么办？”彼得说，“还用说吗，当然到森林里去探险罗。” “哦，”苏姗跺着脚说，“多冷呀，拿几件外套先穿上，你们说好吗？” “这怎么行，衣服不是我们的。”彼得犹豫不决地说。 “我相信谁也不会有什么意见，”苏珊说，“我们又不想把它们带到屋外去，我们甚至不会把它们带出衣橱。” “我倒没考虑到这一点，苏，”彼得说，“经你这么一说，我看当然可以。只要你们在橱里什么地方拿的，还放在什么地方，就不会有谁说你们是小偷了。据我猜测，这整个国家就在衣橱里边。” 于是，他们就立即执行了苏珊的这个合情合理的计划。衣服太大，他们套在身上，一直拖到脚后跟，就像是穿了龙袍似的。但他们都感到暖和多了，相互一打量，也都觉得这样打扮显得更好看了，与冰天雪地的风光也更相配了。 “我们可以装扮成北极探险家。”露茜说。 “就这样，不用什么打扮，也够威风的了。”彼得一边说，一边领着大家朝森林前进。头上乌云密布，似乎在傍晚前还要下一场大雪。 “喂，”走了一会儿以后爱德蒙说，“如果我们要到灯柱那边去的话，我们就应该向左边靠一点儿。”他一时忘记了，他必须装得像是他以前没来过这儿。话刚说出口，他就意识到自己露了马脚。大家停了下来，都盯住他看。彼得吹了一声口哨。 “你原来到过这儿，”他说，“那次露茜说在这儿碰见你，你却一口咬定她说谎。”接着是死一般的沉寂。“唉，各种各样难对付的人都有……”彼得说着，耸了耸肩膀，就没有往下再说什么。看来，也确实没有更多的话可说了，过了一会儿，四个人又重新开始他们的旅程。只有爱德蒙心里暗暗在想：我总有一天要惩罚你们一下，你们这一伙自命不凡的伪君子。 “我们到底往哪里走啊？”苏珊问道，她这样说，主要是为了岔开刚才的话题。 “我看，应当让露茜做向导，”彼得说，“也只有她配做向导。璐，你打算带我们上哪儿去？” “去看看图姆纳斯先生，好不好？”露茜答道，“他就是我对你们讲过的那个善良的农牧之神。” 大家一致同意这个建议，于是就立即出发。他们一边轻快地跑着，一边跺着脚。事实证明，露茜是个好向导。起初，她担心自己找不到路，但她在一个地方认出了一棵长得古里古怪的树，后来又认出了一个树桩，终于把大家带到了一个崎岖不平的地方，然后进了那个小山谷，没多久就到了图姆纳斯先生的洞口，但他们所看到的却是一幅十分可怕的景象，他们都大吃一惊。 门已被扭脱了下来，断成了好几截，洞内又黑又冷，又潮湿，满是霉味。看来，这个地方已有好些日子没有人住了。雪从洞口吹进来，堆积在门口，里面还混杂着一些黑糊糊的东西，再一看，是烧剩下来的木炭屑和炭灰。很明显，是有人把烧着的柴火扔到了洞内，然后又把它们踩灭了。陶罐打碎在地上，羊怪父亲的画像被人用刀子砍成了碎片。 “这地方糟蹋的简直不成样子。”爱德蒙说，“到这儿来有啥意思呢？” “这是什么呀？”彼得一边蹲下身子一边说。他发现地毯上钉有一张纸。 “上面写些什么？”苏珊问。 “上面好象有字，”彼得回答，“但在这儿看不清楚，我们还是拿到外面去看吧。”他们都跑到了洞外，围着彼得听他念道： 本处原主农牧神图姆纳斯，因反对那尼亚女王、凯尔·巴拉维尔城堡的女主人、孤岛女皇杰蒂丝陛下，庇护女王陛下的敌人，窝藏奸细，与人类友好，罪行严重，现已被捕，即将受审。 女王陛下万岁！ 保安局长封列士·尤尔夫 （签名） 孩子们互相瞪着眼睛。 “我说不上我到底是否喜欢这个地方。”苏珊说。 “这个女王是谁，璐？”彼得问，“你知道她的情况吗？” “她哪里是什么女王，”露茜回答说，“她是个可怕的女巫，就是那个白女巫。森林里所有的人都恨她。她对全国都施行了一种妖术，所以这里一年到头都是冬天，始终没有圣诞节。” “我，我怀疑继续走下去是不是有什么意义，”苏珊说，“我是说，这里似乎不十分安全，也没有多少有趣的地方。天气越来越冷，我们又没带吃的东西。不如现在就回家吧。” “哦，不能，不能，”露茜马上说，“难道你们还不清楚吗？既然清楚了，我们就不能这样回家。都是为了我，可怜的羊怪才闯下了这样大的祸。靠了他的掩护，我才没有遭到女巫的毒手，他告诉了我回去的路。这张纸上说他庇护女王的敌人、与人类友好就是指这些。我们必须赶快想办法救他。” “我们连吃的东西也没有，还能做旁的事吗？”爱德蒙说。 “你，住嘴！”彼得说，他还在对爱德蒙生气，“你的意见呢，苏珊？” “露茜说得不错。”苏珊说，“我一步也不想走了，唉，如果我们不到这儿来，多好啊。但我想，我们必须替那个先生——他叫什么名字？我记不清楚了——我说的是那个农牧之神，想想办法。” “我也这样想，”彼得说，“我也担心我们身上没带吃的东西，我同意回去拿点儿食品再来。但是，我们一出去以后，恐怕就不能再到这个国家来。我看，我们得继续前进。” “我也这样想。”两个女孩子异口同声地说。 “要是我们知道这个可怜的人被囚禁在什么地方就好了。”彼得说。 大家默不作声，考虑着下一步该怎么办。突然，露茜对大家说：“你们看，那里有一只知更鸟，它的胸脯是多么的红啊。它是我在这儿看到的第一只鸟。哎呀，难道那尼亚的鸟儿会讲话吗？它看来好像有什么话要对我们说似的。”说着，她就转过身对知更鸟说：“请问，你知道图姆纳斯先生被押送到什么地方去了吗？”她说着，又朝着鸟儿走近了一步。那知更鸟立即就跳着飞走了，不过它就落在紧紧相邻的一棵树上。它停在那儿，紧紧地盯着他们，好像它完全懂得他们说的话似的。四个孩子几乎把什么都忘了，一起向它靠近了一两步。看到他们走近了，那鸟儿又飞到了另外一棵树上，仍然紧盯着他们。（你肯定没看到过胸脯比它还要红、眼睛比它还要亮的知更鸟） “我说呀，”露茜说，“我真的相信它是要我们跟着它走呢。” “我看也是这样。”苏珊说，“彼得，你看呢？” “嗯，我们可以试试。”彼得说。 那知更鸟好像完全懂事似的，它不断地从一棵树飞到另一棵树，总是飞落在他们前面仅仅几码远的地方，使他们很容易跟上它。它就这样引着他们慢慢地走下山坡。它每停一处，那儿的树枝上就掉下一阵雪来。没过多久，头上的乌云散开了，太阳出来了，茫茫雪原变得更加耀眼晶莹。他们就这样一直走了大约半个小时，两个女孩子一直走在前面。这时，爱德蒙对彼得说：“如果你们不再这样高傲自大、目中无人，我有话要对你们说，你们最好听听。” “你要说什么？”彼得问。 “嗬，小声点，”爱德蒙说，“别吓了女孩子。你有没有意识到我们是在干什么吗？” “什么？”彼得压低了声音问。 “我们跟随的这个向导，它的情况我们一点也不清楚。我们怎么知道那鸟儿站在哪一边呢？难道它就不会把我们带到危险的地方去吗？” “这是一种荒唐的想法。在我读过的所有的故事中，知更鸟都是善良的鸟儿。我敢肯定，知更鸟不会站在错误的一边。” “就算是这样吧，哪一边是正确的呢？我们又怎么知道农牧之神是正确的，而女王（是的，我知道人家告诉我们她是女巫）是错误的呢？他们两边的情况我们的确一点也不知道。” “羊怪救了露茜的命。” “这是羊怪自己这样说的，我们又哪里知道呢？另外，又有谁知道回家去的路呢？” “天哪！”彼得说，“这些问题我事先还没有认真考虑过呢！” “而且，饭也吃不上！”爱德蒙说。

Chapter 7

A DAY WITH THE BEAVERS

WHILE the two boys were whispering behind, both the girls suddenly cried "Oh!" and stopped.

"The robin!" cried Lucy, "the robin. It's flown away." And so it had - right out of sight.

"And now what are we to do?" said Edmund, giving Peter a look which was as much as to say "What did I tell you?"

"Sh! Look!" said Susan.

"What?" said Peter.

"There's something moving among the trees over there to the left."

They all stared as hard as they could, and no one felt very comfortable.

"There it goes again," said Susan presently.

"I saw it that time too," said Peter. "It's still there. It's just gone behind that big tree."

"What is it?" asked Lucy, trying very hard not to sound nervous.

"Whatever it is," said Peter, "it's dodging us. It's something that doesn't want to be seen."

"Let's go home," said Susan. And then, though nobody said it out loud, everyone suddenly realized the same fact that Edmund had whispered to Peter at the end of the last chapter. They were lost.

"What's it like?" said Lucy.

"It's - it's a kind of animal," said Susan; and then, "Look! Look! Quick! There it is."

They all saw it this time, a whiskered furry face which had looked out at them from behind a tree. But this time it didn't immediately draw back. Instead, the animal put its paw against its mouth just as humans put their finger on their lips when they are signalling to you to be quiet. Then it disappeared again. The children, all stood holding their breath.

A moment later the stranger came out from behind the tree, glanced all round as if it were afraid someone was watching, said "Hush", made signs to them to join it in the thicker bit of wood where it was standing, and then once more disappeared.

"I know what it is," said Peter; "it's a beaver. I saw the tail."

"It wants us to go to it," said Susan, "and it is warning us not to make a noise."

"I know," said Peter. "The question is, are we to go to it or not? What do you think, Lu?"

"I think it's a nice beaver," said Lucy.

"Yes, but how do we know?" said Edmund.

"Shan't we have to risk it?" said Susan. "I mean, it's no good just standing here and I feel I want some dinner."

At this moment the Beaver again popped its head out from behind the tree and beckoned earnestly to them.

"Come on," said Peter,"let's give it a try. All keep close together. We ought to be a match for one beaver if it turns out to be an enemy."

So the children all got close together and walked up to the tree and in behind it, and there, sure enough, they found the Beaver; but it still drew back, saying to them in a hoarse throaty whisper, "Further in, come further in. Right in here. We're not safe in the open!"

Only when it had led them into a dark spot where four trees grew so close together that their boughs met and the brown earth and pine needles could be seen underfoot because no snow had been able to fall there, did it begin to talk to them.

"Are you the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve?" it said.

"We're some of them," said Peter.

"S-s-s-sh!" said the Beaver, "not so loud please. We're not safe even here."

"Why, who are you afraid of?" said Peter. "There's no one here but ourselves."

"There are the trees," said the Beaver. "They're always listening. Most of them are on our side, but there are trees that would betray us to her; you know who I mean," and it nodded its head several times.

"If it comes to talking about sides," said Edmund, "how do we know you're a friend?"

"Not meaning to be rude, Mr Beaver," added Peter, "but you see, we're strangers."

"Quite right, quite right," said the Beaver. "Here is my token." With these words it held up to them a little white object. They all looked at it in surprise, till suddenly Lucy said, "Oh, of course. It's my handkerchief - the one I gave to poor Mr Tumnus."

"That's right," said the Beaver. "Poor fellow, he got wind of the arrest before it actually happened and handed this over to me. He said that if anything happened to him I must meet you here and take you on to -" Here the Beaver's voice sank into silence and it gave one or two very mysterious nods. Then signalling to the children to stand as close around it as they possibly could, so that their faces were actually tickled by its whiskers, it added in a low whisper -

"They say Aslan is on the move - perhaps has already landed."

And now a very curious thing happened. None of the children knew who Aslan was any more than you do; but the moment the Beaver had spoken these words everyone felt quite different. Perhaps it has sometimes happened to you in a dream that someone says something which you don't understand but in the dream it feels as if it had some enormous meaning - either a terrifying one which turns the whole dream into a nightmare or else a lovely meaning too lovely to put into words, which makes the dream so beautiful that you remember it all your life and are always wishing you could get into that dream again. It was like that now. At the name of Aslan each one of the children felt something jump in its inside. Edmund felt a sensation of mysterious horror. Peter felt suddenly brave and adventurous. Susan felt as if some delicious smell or some delightful strain of music had just floated by her. And Lucy got the feeling you have when you wake up in the morning and realize that it is the beginning of the holidays or the beginning of summer.

"And what about Mr Tumnus," said Lucy; "where is he?"

"S-s-s-sh," said the Beaver, "not here. I must bring you where we can have a real talk and also dinner."

No one except Edmund felt any difficulty about trusting the beaver now, and everyone, including Edmund, was very glad to hear the word "dinner".

They therefore all hurried along behind their new friend who led them at a surprisingly quick pace, and always in the thickest parts of the forest, for over an hour. Everyone was feeling very tired and very hungry when suddenly the trees began to get thinner in front of them and the ground to fall steeply downhill. A minute later they came out under the open sky (the sun was still shining) and found themselves looking down on a fine sight.

They were standing on the edge of a steep, narrow valley at the bottom of which ran - at least it would have been running if it hadn't been frozen - a fairly large river. Just below them a dam had been built across this river, and when they saw it everyone suddenly remembered that of course beavers are always making dams and felt quite sure that Mr Beaver had made this one. They also noticed that he now had a sort of modest expression on his, face - the sort of look people have when you are visiting a garden they've made or reading a story they've written. So it was only common politeness when Susan said, "What a lovely dam!" And Mr Beaver didn't say "Hush" this time but "Merely a trifle! Merely a trifle! And it isn't really finished!"

Above the dam there was what ought to have been a deep pool but was now, of course, a level floor of dark green ice. And below the dam, much lower down, was more ice, but instead of being smooth this was all frozen into the foamy and wavy shapes in which the water had been rushing along at the very moment when the frost came. And where the water had been trickling over and spurting through the dam there was now a glittering wall of icicles, as if the side of the dam had been covered all over with flowers and wreaths and festoons of the purest sugar. And out in the middle, and partly on top of the dam was a funny little house shaped rather like an enormous beehive and from a hole in the roof smoke was going up, so that when you saw it {especially if you were hungry) you at once thought of cooking and became hungrier than you were before.

That was what the others chiefly noticed, but Edmund noticed something else. A little lower down the river there was another small river which came down another small valley to join it. And looking up that valley, Edmund could see two small hills, and he was almost sure they were the two hills which the White Witch had pointed out to him when he parted from her at the lamp-post that other day. And then between them, he thought, must be her palace, only a mile off or less. And he thought about Turkish Delight and about being a King ("And I wonder how Peter will like that?" he asked himself) and horrible ideas came into his head.

"Here we are," said Mr Beaver, "and it looks as if Mrs Beaver is expecting us. I'll lead the way. But be careful and don't slip."

The top of the dam was wide enough to walk on, though not (for humans) a very nice place to walk because it was covered with ice, and though the frozen pool was level with it on one side, there was a nasty drop to the lower river on the other. Along this route Mr Beaver led them in single file right out to the middle where they could look a long way up the river and a long way down it. And when they had reached the middle they were at the door of the house.

"Here we are, Mrs Beaver," said Mr Beaver, "I've found them. Here are the Sons and Daughters of Adam and Eve'- and they all went in.

The first thing Lucy noticed as she went in was a burring sound, and the first thing she saw was a kindlooking old she-beaver sitting in the corner with a thread in her mouth working busily at her sewing machine, and it was from it that the sound came. She stopped her work and got up as soon as the children came in.

"So you've come at last!" she said, holding out both her wrinkled old paws. "At last! To think that ever I should live to see this day! The potatoes are on boiling and the kettle's singing and I daresay, Mr Beaver, you'll get us some fish."

"That I will," said Mr Beaver, and he went out of the house (Peter went with him), and across the ice of the deep pool to where he had a little hole in the ice which he kept open every day with his hatchet. They took a pail with them. Mr Beaver sat down quietly at the edge of the hole (he didn't seem to mind it being so chilly), looked hard into it, then suddenly shot in his paw, and before you could say Jack Robinson had whisked out a beautiful trout. Then he did it all over again until they had a fine catch of fish.

Meanwhile the girls were helping Mrs Beaver to fill the kettle and lay the table and cut the bread and put the plates in the oven to heat and draw a huge jug of beer for Mr Beaver from a barrel which stood in one corner of the house, and to put on the frying-pan and get the dripping hot. Lucy thought the Beavers had a very snug little home though it was not at all like Mr Tumnus's cave. There were no books or pictures, and instead of beds there were bunks, like on board ship, built into the wall. And there were hams and strings of onions hanging from the roof, and against the walls were gum boots and oilskins and hatchets and pairs of shears and spades and trowels and things for carrying mortar in and fishing-rods and fishing-nets and sacks. And the cloth on the table, though very clean, was very rough.

Just as the frying-pan was nicely hissing Peter and Mr Beaver came in with the fish which Mr Beaver had already opened with his knife and cleaned out in the open air. You can think how good the new-caught fish smelled while they were frying and how the hungry children longed for them to be done and how very much hungrier still they had become before Mr Beaver said, "Now we're nearly ready." Susan drained the potatoes and then put them all back in the empty pot to dry on the side of the range while Lucy was helping Mrs Beaver to dish up the trout, so that in a very few minutes everyone was drawing up their stools (it was all three-legged stools in the Beavers' house except for Mrs Beaver's own special rockingchair beside the fire) and preparing to enjoy themselves. There was a jug of creamy milk for the children (Mr Beaver stuck to beer) and a great big lump of deep yellow butter in the middle of the table from which everyone took as much as he wanted to go with his potatoes, and all the children thought - and I agree with them - that there's nothing to beat good freshwater fish if you eat it when it has been alive half an hour ago and has come out of the pan half a minute ago. And when they had finished the fish Mrs Beaver brought unexpectedly out of the oven a great and gloriously sticky marmalade roll, steaming hot, and at the same time moved the kettle on to the fire, so that when they had finished the marmalade roll the tea was made and ready to be poured out. And when each person had got his (or her) cup of tea, each person shoved back his (or her) stool so as to be able to lean against the wall and gave a long sigh of contentment.

"And now," said Mr Beaver, pushing away his empty beer mug and pulling his cup of tea towards him, "if you'll just wait till I've got my pipe lit up and going nicely - why, now we can get to business. It's snowing again," he added, cocking his eye at the window. "That's all the better, because it means we shan't have any visitors; and if anyone should have been trying to follow you, why he won't find any tracks." 第七章　在海狸家里的一天

正当两个男孩在后面低声谈话的时候，两个女孩突然“啊”地一声停住了脚步。“知更鸟，”茜喊道，“知更鸟飞走啦！”它真的飞走了，一点踪影也看不见了。 “现在我们怎么办？”爱德蒙说，他看了彼得一眼，意思是说：“我是怎么警告你的？我说得不错吧！” “嘘，你们看！”苏珊说。 “什么？”彼得问。 “那儿靠左边点儿，树林中有什么东西在动。” 他们拼命睁大眼睛搜索，看得眼睛都感到有点难受。 过了一会儿，苏珊说：“瞧，它又动起来了。” “这次我也看到了，”彼得说，“它还在那儿，这会儿跑到那棵大树后面去了。” “那是什么东西呀？”露茜问道，她竭力装出不害怕的样子。 “谁知道它是什么？”彼得说，“它老是躲着我们，就怕被人看见。” “我们回去吧。”苏珊说。这时，虽然谁也没有大声说出来，但每个人都突然意识到刚才爱德蒙低声对彼得讲起的困难，他们迷路了。 “它像什么样子呀？”露茜问。 “它是，它是一种动物。”苏珊说。过了一会儿，她又喊道：“你们快来看，快！它又出来啦！” 这一次他们都看清楚了，一张长满了络腮胡子的毛茸茸的脸，从一棵树后面探出来看着他们。但这一回它并没有立即缩回去，却用它的爪子对着嘴巴，就好像人们把手指头放在嘴唇上，示意别人安静下来的样子。然后它又消失了。孩子们都屏住呼吸，站在那儿。 过了一会儿，这个奇怪的动物又从那棵树后面出来。它向四周看了一下，好像害怕有人注意似的，向他们“嘘”了一声，并打着手势，招呼他们到它所在的那块密林中去，接着它又消失了。 “我知道它是什么。”彼得说，“它是海狸，我已看见了它的尾巴。” “它要我们到那里去，”苏珊说，“它叫我们别做声。” “这我知道。”彼得说，“问题是我们去还是不去？璐，你看怎么样？” “我看这只海狸很老实。”露茜说。 “真的吗，我们是怎么知道的呢？”爱德蒙问。 “我们得冒一次险。”苏珊说，“我是说，老站在这儿没有用。我肚子饿了。” 这时，海狸又突然从树后探出头来，向他们诚恳地点头示意。 “来吧，”彼得说，“让我们试它一试。我们都靠紧点儿，如果海狸是敌人，我们就跟它干一仗。” 于是，孩子们紧靠在一起，朝着那棵树走过去，一直走到树后面海狸原先站的地方，但海狸却从那里又继续朝后退去了。它压低了嗓门用一种嘶哑的声音对他们说：“往里，再往里，到我这儿来，在外面有危险。”它把他们一直引到一个非常幽暗的地方。那里有四棵树紧挨在一起，树枝与树枝连成一片，雪落不到下面来，因而地上可以看见褐色的泥土和松针。他们到了这儿以后，海狸才开始和他们说话。 “你们是亚当的儿子和夏娃的女儿吗？”它问。 “是的。”彼得答道。 “嘘——”海狸说，“声音不要太大，即使在这儿，我们还是不够安全。” “哎呀，你怕谁？”彼得说，“这里除了我们以外，再也没旁的人了。” “这里有树。”海狸说，“它们老把耳朵竖着。它们当中绝大多数站在我们一边，但也有背叛我们倒向她那一边的，你们知道我说的是倒向谁吗？”它接连点了好几下头。 “要是说到两边的话，”爱德蒙说，“我们怎们知道你是朋友而不是敌人？” “请你别见怪，海狸先生，”彼得解释说，“你看，我们彼此之间还不熟悉呢。” “对，对，”海狸说，“我这里有一样纪念品。”说着，它就拿出一件白色的小东西。孩子们都惊讶地注视着。突然，露茜说道：“哦，这是我的手帕，是我送给可怜的图姆纳斯先生的。” “不错，”海狸说，“我可怜的伙伴，他在被捕以前听到了风声，就把这手帕交给我，说如果他有什么意外，我就必须在这个地方与你们会面，并领你们到……”说到这里，海狸的声音低得听不见了。它非常神秘的向孩子们点点头，又向他们做了一下手势，叫他们尽量靠近它站着，以致孩子们的脸都碰到了它的胡子，感到痒痒的。它低声地补充说： “据说阿斯兰正在活动，也许已经登陆了。” 现在，一种非常奇怪的现象发生了。这些孩子们和你一样，一点也不知道阿兰斯是谁。但海狸一提起阿兰斯，他们每个人身上就有一种异样的感觉。也许有时你在梦中碰到过类似的情况。往往你在白天听到一样新鲜事情，到了梦中，它的意义就大得非常出奇——不是导致一场可怕的噩梦，就是美好的无法用语言表达，使你终身难忘，巴不得能不断重温这个美梦。现在的情况就是这样。一听到阿兰斯的名字，每个孩子都感到心里有一样东西在跃动。爱德蒙感到有一种莫名其妙的恐惧，彼得感到突然变得无所畏惧了，苏珊感到有一种芬芳的气息和一首美妙动听的乐曲在她身旁荡漾，露茜呢，感到特别兴奋和喜悦，就像你在某一个早上醒来想到假期或夏季就要从今天开始时的心情一样。 “你谈谈图姆纳斯先生的情况吧。”露茜说，“他在哪儿？” “嘘——”海狸说，“这儿还不是说话的地方，我必须带你们到一个可以交谈和吃饭的去处。” 现在除了爱德蒙以外，谁也不怀疑海狸了，每个人包括爱德蒙在内都很高兴听到“吃饭”这个词儿。所以，他们全都跟在这位新朋友后面急急忙忙地朝前走去了。海狸的速度快的令人吃惊，领着他们在森林里最浓密的地方走了一个多小时。正当大家感到疲惫不堪、饥饿难忍的时候，前面的树木变得稀疏了，地面的坡度也变陡了。向下没走几步，他们就走出了树林。头顶上是晴朗蔚蓝的天空，太阳依旧照耀着，举目四望，冰清玉洁，风光如画。 他们现在站在一个又陡又狭的山谷边上，要不是封冻，谷底准会是一条汹涌澎湃的大河。就在他们脚下，有一条水坝穿河而过。他们一看见水坝，就猛地想到海狸很会筑坝，而且他们几乎可以肯定，脚下的这条水坝就是这位海狸先生筑的。他们也注意到，它的脸上露出一种特别谦虚的表情，就像你去参观人家的一个园地或阅读人家写的一本书时，你所看到的园丁或作者本人常有的那种表情一样。苏珊说：“这条水坝筑的多好啊！”海狸先生这一次没有说“别做声”，却连声说：“只不过是个小玩意儿！只不过是个小玩意儿！它还没有全部完成呢！”当然，海狸这样说只是出于惯常的礼貌。 在坝的上游一侧，原来是个很深的水池，而现在一眼看去却是一片平坦的暗绿色的冰池。坝的下游一侧要低得多，结的冰更多，但不像上游那样平滑，全部冻成了泡沫的形状，现出波浪起伏的样子，原来，在河流结冰以前，河水过坝以后就是这样飞奔而下，溅起无数的浪花。坝的一侧在原先漫水和过水的地方现在成了一堵闪闪发光的冰墙，上面好像挂满了许多晶莹洁白的鲜花、花环和花冠。在大坝的中间，有一间十分有趣的小屋，样子就像一个巨大的蜂箱，这时从屋顶的一个洞中正冒出炊烟。所以你一看到它，特别是在肚子饿得咕咕叫的时候，你就会立刻想到已经有什么东西煮在锅里了，肚子就会饿得更慌。 这些是其他三个孩子看到的主要情景，而爱德蒙却注意到了别的东西。顺着这条河流往下不远的地方，还有一条小河，它是从另外一个小山谷里流出来和这条大河汇合的。爱德蒙抬头向那个山谷望去，看见有两座小山，他几乎能肯定，它们就是那天白女巫与他在灯柱那儿分别时指给他看的那两座小山。他想，那两座小山之间一定就是她的宫殿，离他大约只有一英里远，甚至还不到。他想起了土耳其软糖，想起了当国王（“我不知道彼得将会怎样喜欢这些东西呢？”他暗暗问自己），一个可怕的念头在他的头脑里产生了。 “我们马上就要到家啦，”海狸说，“看来我的太太正等着我们呢。好，我来带路，但是请大家小心点儿，不要滑倒。” 坝顶相当宽，上面完全可以走路，但是对人类来说，终究有些不便，因为上面覆盖着冰雪，另外，朝下看看，虽然结满了冰的水池是平坦的，但在另一侧，落差还很大，有些怕人。海狸先生领着他们成单行走到坝的中间。站在这里他们可以看到。沿着那条河流向上有一条很长的路，沿着河流向下也有一条很长的路。他们一到坝的中间，就到了那间小屋的门口了。 “我们回来啦，太太，”海狸先生说，“我找到他们了。他们就是亚当和夏娃的儿女。”说着，把他们全让进了屋。 露茜走进屋，立刻听到一种“咔嚓”“咔嚓”的声音，看到一个面容慈祥的海狸老妈妈。她嘴里咬着一根线，坐在角落里，正忙着踏缝纫机，那种“咔嚓”“咔嚓”的声音就是从缝纫机上发出来的。孩子们一进屋，她随即就把手中的活儿停了下来，起身迎接。 “终于把你们盼来啦！”她伸出两只满是皱纹的苍老的爪子说，“你们终于来啦！我做梦也没有想到我还能看到这一天！土豆煮在锅里，水壶已经响了，哎，海狸先生，你替我搞些鲜鱼回来才好哩！” “行，我就去。”海狸先生说着，提了一个桶，就走出了屋子，彼得也跟着一起走了。他们越过结满冰的深池，来到一个地方，这里冰上有一个小窟窿，这是海狸每天用斧子凿开的。 海狸先生静悄悄地往洞边一坐（天这么冷，他似乎也不在乎），目不转睛地注视着洞里的河水，突然，他把爪子伸进水中，说时迟，那时快，它一下子就逮住了一条漂亮的鳟鱼①。就这样，他一连逮到了许多好鱼。 在海狸和彼得出去捕鱼的时候，两个女孩子帮助海狸太太把水壶灌满，收拾吃饭桌子，切面包，热菜，又从屋角的一个桶中替海狸先生舀出一大杯啤酒。最后，他们把煎鱼的锅子放到炉子上，倒进油烧热。露茜认为，海狸夫妇的家虽然完全不像图姆纳斯先生的窑洞，却也非常小巧舒适。室内没有书，没有画，两个墙洞便是他们的床，看上去就像轮船上倚壁而设的地铺一样。屋顶下面挂着火腿和一串串的洋葱，靠墙放着胶靴、油布、斧子、羊毛剪、铲、泥刀、和其他运灰泥的工具，还有钓鱼竿、鱼网和鱼篓。桌上的台布虽然粗糙，却很干净。 正当油锅嘶嘶响的时候，彼得和海狸先生拎着鱼回来了，这些鱼海狸先生已经在外面用刀剖开洗净。你们一定能想象到现捕的鱼放在锅中煎的时候味道有多美，肚子饿得咕噜咕噜叫的孩子们又是多么希望它们早点煎好，而在海狸太太说“我们马上就开饭”以前，他们已是饿得十分厉害了。苏珊把土豆滤干后又把它们放回炉口的空锅里去烤，露茜帮海狸太太把鳟鱼盛进盘中。这样，不到几分钟，大家就把凳子摆好，准备吃饭了（海狸家里除了放在灶边供海狸太太坐的特制的摇椅以外，都是三条腿的凳子）。有一罐子牛奶专门给孩子们喝（海狸先生只喝啤酒），桌子中间放着一大块深黄色的奶油，吃土豆的时候，奶油由各人随意自取。孩子们都认为——我也同意他们的看法——当你吃着半小时以前还活着，半分钟以前从锅里盛出来的鱼时，是没有任何食品能够和它比美的。鱼吃完以后，海狸太太出乎大家意外地从炉子里拿出热气腾腾的黏糊糊的果酱卷儿。同时，把水壶移到炉子上。所以孩子们吃好果酱卷以后，茶就已经准备好了。孩子们喝了茶，又把凳子往后移动了一下，靠墙倚着，心满意足地舒了一口气。 “现在，”海狸先生把空啤酒杯往旁边一推，把茶杯拿到面前说：“请你们等我抽袋烟，好吗？不用说，我们现在可以着手干我们的事了。天又下起雪来啦，”他抬头望了望窗外继续说道，”这就更好了，雪一下，就不会有人来找我们了；另外，如果有人想跟踪你们的话，他也发现不了你们的任何足迹。” ①鳟鱼：背部淡青略带褐色，侧线下部银白色，全身有黑点。

Chapter 8

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DINNER

"AND now," said Lucy, "do please tell us what's happened to Mr Tumnus."

"Ah, that's bad," said Mr Beaver, shaking his head. "That's a very, very bad business. There's no doubt he was taken off by the police. I got that from a bird who saw it done."

"But where's he been taken to?" asked Lucy.

"Well, they were heading northwards when they were last seen and we all know what that means."

"No, we don't," said Susan. Mr Beaver shook his head in a very gloomy fashion.

"I'm afraid it means they were taking him to her House," he said.

"But what'll they do to him, Mr Beaver?" gasped Lucy.

"Well," said Mr Beaver, "you can't exactly say for sure. But there's not many taken in there that ever comes out again. Statues. All full of statues they say it is - in the courtyard and up the stairs and in the hall. People she's turned" - (he paused and shuddered) "turned into stone."

"But, Mr Beaver," said Lucy, "can't we - I mean we must do something to save him. It's too dreadful and it's all on my account."

"I don't doubt you'd save him if you could, dearie," said Mrs Beaver, "but you've no chance of getting into that House against her will and ever coming out alive."

"Couldn't we have some stratagem?" said Peter. "I mean couldn't we dress up as something, or pretend to be - oh, pedlars or anything - or watch till she was gone out - or- oh, hang it all, there must be some way. This Faun saved my sister at his own risk, Mr Beaver. We can't just leave him to be - to be - to have that done to him."

"It's no good, Son of Adam," said Mr Beaver, "no good your trying, of all people. But now that Aslan is on the move-"

"Oh, yes! Tell us about Aslan!" said several voices at once; for once again that strange feeling - like the first signs of spring, like good news, had come over them.

"Who is Aslan?" asked Susan.

"Aslan?" said Mr Beaver. "Why, don't you know? He's the King. He's the Lord of the whole wood, but not often here, you understand. Never in my time or my father's time. But the word has reached us that he has come back. He is in Narnia at this moment. He'll settle the White Queen all right. It is he, not you, that will save Mr Tumnus."

"She won't turn him into stone too?" said Edmund.

"Lord love you, Son of Adam, what a simple thing to say!" answered Mr Beaver with a great laugh. "Turn him into stone? If she can stand on her two feet and look him in the face it'll be the most she can do and more than I expect of her. No, no. He'll put all to rights as it says in an old rhyme in these parts:

Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight,

At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,

When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death,

And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again.

You'll understand when you see him."

"But shall we see him?" asked Susan.

"Why, Daughter of Eve, that's what I brought you here for. I'm to lead you where you shall meet him," said Mr Beaver.

"Is-is he a man?" asked Lucy.

"Aslan a man!" said Mr Beaver sternly. "Certainly not. I tell you he is the King of the wood and the son of the great Emperor-beyond-the-Sea. Don't you know who is the King of Beasts? Aslan is a lion - the Lion, the great Lion."

"Ooh!" said Susan, "I'd thought he was a man. Is he - quite safe? I shall feel rather nervous about meeting a lion."

"That you will, dearie, and no mistake," said Mrs Beaver; "if there's anyone who can appear before Aslan without their knees knocking, they're either braver than most or else just silly."

"Then he isn't safe?" said Lucy.

"Safe?" said Mr Beaver; "don't you hear what Mrs Beaver tells you? Who said anything about safe? 'Course he isn't safe. But he's good. He's the King, I tell you."

"I'm longing to see him," said Peter, "even if I do feel frightened when it comes to the point."

"That's right, Son of Adam," said Mr Beaver, bringing his paw down on the table with a crash that made all the cups and saucers rattle. "And so you shall. Word has been sent that you are to meet him, tomorrow if you can, at the Stone Table.'

"Where's that?" said Lucy.

"I'll show you," said Mr Beaver. "It's down the river, a good step from here. I'll take you to it!"

"But meanwhile what about poor Mr Tumnus?" said Lucy.

"The quickest way you can help him is by going to meet Aslan," said Mr Beaver, "once he's with us, then we can begin doing things. Not that we don't need you too. For that's another of the old rhymes:

When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone

Sits at Cair Paravel in throne,

The evil time will be over and done.

So things must be drawing near their end now he's come and you've come. We've heard of Aslan coming into these parts before - long ago, nobody can say when. But there's never been any of your race here before."

"That's what I don't understand, Mr Beaver," said Peter, "I mean isn't the Witch herself human?"

"She'd like us to believe it," said Mr Beaver, "and it's on that that she bases her claim to be Queen. But she's no Daughter of Eve. She comes of your father Adam's" - (here Mr Beaver bowed) "your father Adam's first wife, her they called Lilith. And she was one of the Jinn. That's what she comes from on one side. And on the other she comes of the giants. No, no, there isn't a drop of real human blood in the Witch."

"That's why she's bad all through, Mr Beaver," said Mrs Beaver.

"True enough, Mrs Beaver," replied he, "there may be two views about humans (meaning no offence to the present company). But there's no two views about things that look like humans and aren't."

"I've known good Dwarfs," said Mrs Beaver.

"So've I, now you come to speak of it," said her husband, "but precious few, and they were the ones least like men. But in general, take my advice, when you meet anything that's going to be human and isn't yet, or used to be human once and isn't now, or ought to be human and isn't, you keep your eyes on it and feel for your hatchet. And that's why the Witch is always on the lookout for any humans in Narnia. She's been watching for you this many a year, and if she knew there were four of you she'd be more dangerous still."

"What's that to do with it?" asked Peter.

"Because of another prophecy," said Mr Beaver. "Down at Cair Paravel - that's the castle on the sea coast down at the mouth of this river which ought to be the capital of the whole country if all was as it should be - down at Cair Paravel there are four thrones and it's a saying in Narnia time out of mind that when two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve sit in those four thrones, then it will be the end not only of the White Witch's reign but of her life, and that is why we had to be so cautious as we came along, for if she knew about you four, your lives wouldn't be worth a shake of my whiskers!"

All the children had been attending so hard to what Mr Beaver was telling them that they had noticed nothing else for a long time. Then during the moment of silence that followed his last remark, Lucy suddenly said:

"I say-where's Edmund?"

There was a dreadful pause, and then everyone began asking "Who saw him last? How long has he been missing? Is he outside? and then all rushed to the door and looked out. The snow was falling thickly and steadily, the green ice of the pool had vanished under a thick white blanket, and from where the little house stood in the centre of the dam you could hardly see either bank. Out they went, plunging well over their ankles into the soft new snow, and went round the house in every direction. "Edmund! Edmund!" they called till they were hoarse. But the silently falling snow seemed to muffle their voices and there was not even an echo in answer.

"How perfectly dreadful!" said Susan as they at last came back in despair. "Oh, how I wish we'd never come."

"What on earth are we to do, Mr Beaver?" said Peter.

"Do?" said Mr Beaver, who was already putting on his snow-boots, "do? We must be off at once. We haven't a moment to spare!"

"We'd better divide into four search parties," said Peter, "and all go in different directions. Whoever finds him must come back here at once and-"

"Search parties, Son of Adam?" said Mr Beaver; "what for?"

"Why, to look for Edmund, of course!"

"There's no point in looking for him," said Mr Beaver.

"What do you mean?" said Susan. "He can't be far away yet. And we've got to find him. What do you mean when you say there's no use looking for him?"

"The reason there's no use looking," said Mr Beaver, "is that we know already where he's gone!" Everyone stared in amazement. "Don't you understand?" said Mr Beaver. "He's gone to her, to the White Witch. He has betrayed us all."

"Oh, surely-oh, really!" said Susan, "he can't have done that."

"Can't he?" said Mr Beaver, looking very hard at the three children, and everything they wanted to say died on their lips, for each felt suddenly quite certain inside that this was exactly what Edmund had done.

"But will he know the way?" said Peter.

"Has he been in this country before?" asked Mr Beaver. "Has he ever been here alone?"

"Yes," said Lucy, almost in a whisper. "I'm afraid he has."

"And did he tell you what he'd done or who he'd met?"

"Well, no, he didn't," said Lucy.

"Then mark my words," said Mr Beaver, "he has already met the White Witch and joined her side, and been told where she lives. I didn't like to mention it before (he being your brother and all) but the moment I set eyes on that brother of yours I said to myself `Treacherous'. He had the look of one who has been with the Witch and eaten her food. You can always tell them if you've lived long in Narnia; something about their eyes."

"All the same," said Peter in a rather choking sort of voice, "we'll still have to go and look for him. He is our brother after all, even if he is rather a little beast. And he's only a kid."

"Go to the Witch's House?" said Mrs Beaver. "Don't you see that the only chance of saving either him or yourselves is to keep away from her?"

"How do you mean?" said Lucy.

"Why, all she wants is to get all four of you (she's thinking all the time of those four thrones at Cair Paravel). Once you were all four 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 go on and meet him. That's our only chance now."

"It seems to me, my dears," said Mrs Beaver, "that it is very important to know just when he slipped away. How much he can tell her depends on how much he heard. For instance, had we started talking of Aslan before he left? If not, then we may do very well, for she won't know that Aslan has come to Narnia, or that we are meeting him, and will be quite off her guard as far as that is concerned."

"I don't remember his being here when we were talking about Aslan -" began Peter, but Lucy interrupted him.

"Oh yes, he was," she said miserably; "don't you remember, it was he who asked whether the Witch couldn't turn Aslan into stone too?"

"So he did, by Jove," said Peter; "just the sort of thing he would say, too!"

"Worse and worse," said Mr Beaver, "and the next thing is this. Was he still here when I told you that the place for meeting Aslan was the Stone Table?"

And of course no one knew the answer to this question.

"Because, if he was," continued Mr Beaver, "then she'll simply sledge down in that direction and get between us and the Stone Table and catch us on our way down. In fact we shall be cut off from Aslan. "

"But that isn't what she'll do first," said Mrs Beaver, "not if I know her. The moment that Edmund tells her that we're all here she'll set out to catch us this very night, and if he's been gone about half an hour, she'll be here in about another twenty minutes."

"You're right, Mrs Beaver," said her husband, "we must all get away from here. There's not a moment to lose." 第八章　饭后发生的情况 “现在，”露茜说，“请你告诉我们，图姆纳斯先生到底出了什么事？” “啊，真糟糕。”海狸先生摇着头说，“那可是非常非常糟糕的事。毫无疑问，他是被警察带走的。这个情况我是从一只鸟儿那里探听到的，它亲眼看见他被他们带走的。” “那么他被带到什么地方去了呢？”露茜问道。 “嗯，最后看到他们的时候，他们是朝北去的。大家都知道那意味着什么。” “但是我们不懂啊。”苏珊说。海狸先生非常忧郁地摇了摇头说：“恐怕他们把他带到她的住所去了。” “他们要拿他怎么样，海狸先生？”露茜喘着气问。 “唉，”海狸先生说，“这就难说了，凡是被抓去的能够出来的不多，全变成了石头雕像啦。据说，在她住的院子里，楼上，厅堂里都堆满了石头雕像。她把人们……”他顿了一下，继续颤栗着说，“通通变成石头了。” “但是，海狸先生，”露茜说，“难道我们就一点办法也没有了吗？我是说我们应该想一切办法去救他。这是多么可怕啊，而且，不是为了我，他就不会遭这个罪。” “孩子们，我并不怀疑，如果你们能有办法的话，你们可以救他的命，”海狸太太说，“但是，你们怎么能强行进入她的住所，再活着出来呢？” “我们是不是可以用些计谋呢？”彼得说，“例如，我们打扮成小贩或旁的什么人，或者注意好了，等她不在家时，偷偷地潜入她的宫中，或者……唉，她真是该死。总之，我们得想一切办法救他出来。海狸先生，这位农牧之神不顾他自己的生命危险救了我的妹妹，我们怎能眼巴巴的不顾他的死活，看着他受苦呢？” “不行啊，亚当的儿子，”海狸先生说，“你们再想办法也没用。唉，听说阿斯兰回来了……” “哦，对啦，给我们讲讲阿斯兰的情况吧！”几个人异口同声地说，说到阿斯兰，那种神奇的感觉，就像春天来临的第一个信号，就像喜讯拨动着他们的心弦。 “阿斯兰是谁呀？”苏珊问。 “阿斯兰？”海狸先生说，“这你还不知道吗？他是国王，他是森林之王，但他不经常在这儿。不论在我父亲的一生中，还是在我的一生中，他都没来过。但现在有确实的消息说，他已经回来了。目前他就在那尼亚。他一定要将白女巫彻底消灭。能够救图姆纳斯先生的就是他，而不是你们。” “她不会也把他变成石头吗？”爱德蒙说。 “我的小祖宗啊，亚当的儿子，你问的问题是多么简单幼稚啊！”海狸先生哈哈大笑地回答说，“把他变成石头？如果她敢在他面前站起来，正视他一眼，她就算是有种的了。我能肯定她不敢这样做。阿斯兰要重整河山，如同一首古老的诗歌中所写的那样： 阿斯兰出现在我们面前， 是非颠倒的现象就会改变； 人们一听到他的吼声， 阿斯兰一露他的牙齿， 漫漫严冬就会消逝不见； 他的鬃毛轻轻一抖， 我们就会重睹春天。 你们见到以后就会知道了。” “我们要去见见他吗？”苏珊问道。 “当然罗，夏娃的女儿，我就是为了这个才把你们带到这儿来的。我把你们带到跟他相会的地方去。”海狸先生说。 “他，他是人吗？”露茜问。 “阿斯兰是人？！”海狸先生严肃地说，“当然不是。我已告诉过你们，他是森林之王，是海外大帝之子。你不知道谁是百兽之王吗？阿斯兰是一头狮子，一头雄狮，是伟大的百兽之王。” “哦，哦，哦，”苏珊说，“我原来还以为他是人呢。那么他——会伤人吗？和一头狮子相会，我会感到非常害怕。” “你们会感到害怕，亲爱的，这一点也不奇怪，”海狸太太说，“如果有谁在阿斯兰面前两膝不发抖，他不是一个非凡的勇士，就是一个傻瓜。” “这样说来不是太吓人了吗？”露茜说。 “害怕吗？”海狸先生说，“你没有听见我的太太说的话吗？他当然使人望而生畏，但他是善良的。他是王，懂了吗？” “即使我见到他会感到害怕，我还是渴望去见他。”彼得说。 “说得对，亚当的儿子，”海狸先生说，他用脚爪猛地拍了一下桌子，震得满桌的杯子和碟子都叮当直响。“你们应该去见他，我这儿已经得到口信，约你们去与他相会。如果可能的话，就在明天，在石台那儿。” “石台在哪儿？”露茜问。 “我会给你们带路的，”海狸先生说，“它在这条河流的下游，离这儿好远呢，我送你们到那儿。” “还要走这么远的路，图姆纳斯先生不知会怎么样？”露茜问。 “你们能帮助他的最快的办法就是去找阿斯兰，”海狸先生说，“只要他和我们在一起，我们就会有办法，但这并不是说我们就不需要你们，这里还有几行古老的诗句： 一旦亚当的亲骨肉登上 凯尔·巴拉维尔的王位， 罪恶的年代就会一去不复返。 所以，既然阿斯兰来了，你们又来了，一切都得结束了。我们很久以前——具体什么时候，谁也说不清楚——就听说阿斯兰到这一带来过，但这里从来也不曾有过你们人类的足迹。” “这正是我搞不清楚的地方，海狸先生，”彼得问，“我是说，难道女王自己就不是人吗？” “她就希望我们相信她是人类，”海狸先生说，“她就是以此自封为女王的，但她根本不是夏娃的女儿，她是你父王亚当的……”说到这里，海狸先生鞠了一个躬，“第一个妻子李丽丝生的，李丽丝是个妖精，所以她身上既有女巫的血统，又有巨人的血缘。在这个女巫身上，没有一滴真正人类的血液。” “怪不得她这样坏，海狸先生，”海狸太太说。 “对极了，太太，”他答道，“关于人类也许有两种看法（我不想冒犯在场的人），但对看起来像人类而又不是人类的东西，就不存在两种看法。” “我认识善良的小妖，”海狸太太说。 “我也认识，”她的丈夫说，“但真正善良的极少，他们最不像人。总之，你们应该听我的劝告，当你们遇见任何要想变做人而还没有变成的，或过去曾经是人而现在已不是的，或应该是人实际上不是人的什么生灵，你们就必须提高警惕，随时准备好你们的斧子。白女巫总是害怕那尼亚会出现人类，她提防你们已有好几年了。如果她知道你们四个人都在这儿，她就会变得更加狠毒。” “这是什么原因？”彼得问。 “这就要说到一个古老的预言，”海狸说，“在凯尔·巴拉维尔，也就是这条河流入海口附近的那个城堡，照理它应该是整个国家的首都，有四个国王的宝座。很久很久以前，谁也记不清是什么年代了，在那尼亚有这样一种传说，一旦亚当的两个儿子和夏娃的两个女儿坐上这四个王位，不仅白女巫的统治，而且连同她的生命都将一起完蛋。这就是刚才我们来的路上为什么要这样小心翼翼的原因，因为假如让她知道了，她要害死你们，就像我抖抖胡子这样容易。” 孩子们一直这样聚精会神地听着海狸先生讲话，他们好长时间都没有去注意别的情况。他说到最后，大家都寂静无声的时候，露茜突然说道： “哎哟，爱德蒙到哪儿去啦？” 先是一阵可怕的沉默，接着大家都问：“谁最后看见他的？不见他有多少时候啦？他到屋外去了吗？”大家马上冲到门口去看。外面大雪纷飞，水池上面绿色的冰已经不见了，而盖上了一条厚厚的雪毯。站在小屋的门口，你几乎看不见两边的河岸。他们在屋前屋后四下寻找，两脚深陷在刚下的柔软的雪中。“爱德蒙！爱德蒙！”他们拼命地喊着，嗓子都喊哑了。但是，他们的喊声似乎全被寂静的大雪淹没了，甚至连一句回声也听不到。 最后，他们懊丧地回到屋里。“太可怕了！”苏姗说，“啊，如果我们不到这儿来该有多好啊。” “我们究竟怎么办呢？海狸先生？”彼得问。 “怎么办？”海狸先生说，他已经穿上了雪靴，“怎么办？我们必须立即出发，一刻也不能停留！” “我们最好分成四个搜寻小组，”彼得说，“朝各个方向去找，找到他以后立即回到这儿来，还有……” “分成搜寻小组，”海狸先生问，“干什么去呀？” “当然去找爱德蒙罗！” “不必去找他啦，”海狸先生说。 “你这是什么意思？”彼得说，“他还不可能走远。我们必须把他找回来。你说不用去找他，这是什么意思？” “不必找他的理由是，”海狸先生说，“我们已经知道他到哪儿去了！”大家听了，一时摸不着头脑，都惊讶地瞪起了眼睛。“你们难道还不知道吗？”海狸先生接下来说，“他到白女巫哪儿去了，他已经背叛了我们。” “哦，不会的，我敢肯定，”苏姗说，“他不会干出这种事来的。” “他不会？”海狸先生紧盯着三个孩子问，孩子们的话刚到了嘴边又咽了下去，因为他们每个人的心里都立刻明白过来，爱德蒙肯定已经干了那样的事。 “但他认得路吗？”彼得说。 “他以前来过这个国家吗？”海狸先生问，“他有没有一个人单独来过？” “他来过，”露茜低声说，声音低得人们几乎都听不见。 “他有没有告诉你们做了些什么，遇见了谁吗？” “嗯，没有，”彼得说。 “那么，你们就听我说，”海狸先生说，“他见过白女巫，他已经加入她那一边了，他知道她住在哪儿。我起先不高兴讲，因为他是你们的兄弟，但我一见到你们这位兄弟，就知道他不可靠。他脸上有一种特别的表情，只有和女巫在一起、吃过她东西的人脸上才有这种表情。如果你们在那尼亚的时间长了，就可以根据他们的眼神把他们辨别出来。” “不管怎样，”彼得几乎用一种哽咽的声音说，“我们还得去找他，他到底是我们的兄弟，即使他是个小畜生，他毕竟还是个小孩子。” “到女巫住的地方去找他？”海狸太太说，“你们难道还不明白，救他或者救你们自己的惟一办法，就是避免和她接触，不让她看见吗？” “这到底是什么意思？”露茜说。 “哎哟，她一心想的就是要把你们四人一网打尽，她一直在觊觎着凯尔·巴拉维尔的四个王位。你们四个人一到她的住所里面，她正好下手。你们还来不及开口，就已成了四座新的石头雕像。但是如果抓住他一个人，她就会让他活着，因为她要把他作为钓饵，用来引诱你们其余的人上钩。” “啊，难道就没有人帮助我们了吗？”露茜大声哭了起来。 “只有阿斯兰，”海狸先生说，“我们一定要去见他，这是我们眼下惟一的办法。” “亲爱的孩子们，据我看来，”海狸太太说，“要紧的是知道他什么时候溜走的。他能告诉女巫多少取决于他听到了多少。例如说，在他溜走前，我们已经开始谈到阿斯兰了吗？如果还没有，我们就照常可以干得很好，因为女巫还不知道阿斯兰已经来到了那尼亚，也不知道我们将去见阿斯兰，不知道我们将尽可能地避开她。” “我记不清我们谈论阿斯兰时他是不是还在这儿……”彼得说，但露茜马上打断了他的话。 “哦，他在的，”她很难过地说，“你可记得，就是他要打听女巫能不能将阿斯兰也变成石头吗？” “天哪，正是他，”彼得说，“他就是喜欢问这一类的问题。” “糟了，糟了，”海狸先生说，“还有一个问题，当我告诉你们在石台会见阿斯兰时他还在这儿吗？” 没有谁能回答这个问题。 “因为，如果他那时也在的话，”海狸先生继续说道，“那么，女巫知道了这一情况，她就会驾着雪橇直奔石台，插到我们和石台中间，在半路上堵截我们。这样，我们和阿斯兰的联系就会被切断。” “但是这还不是她首先要干的事，”海狸太太说，“在我看来，她不会那样干。如果爱德蒙告诉了她我们都在这儿，她今晚就会到这里来抓我们。假如她是半小时以前溜走的，再过二十分钟，她就会赶到我们这儿来。” “你说得对，太太，”海狸先生说，“我们必须立刻出发，全部离开这儿！”

Chapter 9

IN THE WITCH'S HOUSE

AND now of course you want to know what had 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 there's nothing that spoils the taste of good ordinary food half so much as the memory of bad magic food. 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 told them about Aslan and until he had heard the whole arrangement for meeting Aslan at the Stone Table. It was then that he began very quietly to edge himself under the curtain which hung over the door. For the mention of Aslan gave him a mysterious and horrible feeling just as it gave the others a mysterious and lovely feeling.

Just as Mr Beaver had been repeating the rhyme about Adam's flesh and Adam's bone Edmund had been very quietly turning the doorhandle; and just before Mr Beaver had begun telling them that the White Witch wasn't really human at all but half a Jinn and half a giantess, Edmund had got outside into the snow and cautiously closed the door behind him.

You mustn't think that even now Edmund was quite so bad that he actually wanted his brother and sisters to be turned into stone. He did want Turkish Delight and to be a Prince (and later a King) and to pay Peter out for calling him a beast. As for what the Witch would do with the others, he didn't want her to be particularly nice to them - certainly not to put them on the same level as himself; but he managed to believe, or to pretend he believed, that she wouldn't do anything very bad to them, "Because," he said to himself, "all these people who say nasty things about her are her enemies and probably half of it isn't true. She was jolly nice to me, anyway, much nicer than they are. I expect she is the rightful Queen really. Anyway, she'll be better than that awful Aslan!" At least, that was the excuse he made in his own mind for what he was doing. It wasn't a very good excuse, however, for deep down inside him he really knew that the White Witch was bad and cruel.

The first thing he realized when he got outside and found the snow falling all round him, was that he had left his coat behind in the Beavers' house. And of course there was no chance of going back to get it now. The next thing he realized was that the daylight was almost gone, for it had been nearly three o'clock when they sat down to dinner and the winter days were short. He hadn't reckoned on this; but he had to make the best of it. So he turned up his collar and shuffled across the top of the dam (luckily it wasn't so slippery since the snow had fallen) to the far side of the river.

It was pretty bad when he reached the far side. It was growing darker every minute and what with that and the snowflakes swirling all round him he could hardly see three feet ahead. And then too there was no road. He kept slipping into deep drifts of snow, and skidding on frozen puddles, and tripping over fallen tree-trunks, and sliding down steep banks, and barking his shins against rocks, till he was wet and cold and bruised all over. The silence and the loneliness were dreadful. In fact I really think he might have given up the whole plan and gone back and owned up and made friends with the others, if he hadn't happened to say to himself, "When I'm King of Narnia the first thing I shall do will be to make some decent roads." And of course that set him off thinking about being a King and all the other things he would do and this cheered him up a good deal. He had just settled in his mind what sort of palace he would have and how many cars and all about his private cinema and where the principal railways would run and what laws he would make against beavers and dams and was putting the finishing touches to some schemes for keeping Peter in his place, when the weather changed. First the snow stopped. Then a wind sprang up and it became freezing cold. Finally, the clouds rolled away and the moon came out. It was a full moon and, shining on all that snow, it made everything almost as bright as day - only the shadows were rather confusing.

He would never have found his way if the moon hadn't come out by the time he got to the other river you remember he had seen (when they first arrived at the Beavers') a smaller river flowing into the great one lower down. He now reached this and turned to follow it up. But the little valley down which it came was much steeper and rockier than the one he had just left and much overgrown with bushes, so that he could not have managed it at all in the dark. Even as it was, he got wet through for he had to stoop under branches and great loads of snow came sliding off on to his back. And every time this happened he thought more and more how he hated Peter - just as if all this had been Peter's fault.

But at last he came to a part where it was more level and the valley opened out. And there, on the other side of the river, quite close to him, in the middle of a little plain between two hills, he saw what must be the White Witch's House. And the moon was shining brighter than ever. The House was really a small castle. It seemed to be all towers; little towers with long pointed spires on them, sharp as needles. They looked like huge dunce's caps or sorcerer's caps. And they shone in the moonlight and their long shadows looked strange on the snow. Edmund began to be afraid of the House.

But it was too late to think of turning back now.

He crossed the river on the ice and walked up to the 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. It was a huge arch but the great iron gates stood wide open.

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. And 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. How long this really lasted I don't know, but it seemed to Edmund to last for hours.

Then at last he began to wonder why the lion was standing so still - for it hadn't moved one inch since he first set eyes on it. Edmund now ventured a little nearer, still keeping in the shadow of the arch as much as he could. He now saw from the way the lion was standing that it couldn't have been looking at him at all. ("But supposing it turns its head?" thought Edmund.) In fact it was staring at something else namely a little: dwarf who stood with his back to it about four feet away. "Aha!" thought Edmund. "When it springs at the dwarf then will be my chance to escape." But still the lion never moved, nor did the dwarf. And now at last Edmund remembered what the others had said about the White Witch turning people into stone. Perhaps this was only a stone lion. And as soon as he had thought of that he noticed that the lion's back and the top of its head were covered with snow. Of course it must be only a statue! No living animal would have let itself get covered with snow. 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 frightened of a mere statue!

The relief which Edmund felt was so great that in spite of the cold he suddenly got warm all over right down to his toes, and at the same time there came into his head what seemed a perfectly lovely idea. "Probably," he thought, "this is the great Lion Aslan that they were all talking about. She's caught him already and turned him into stone. So that's the end of all their fine ideas about him! Pooh! Who's afraid of Aslan?"

And he stood there gloating over the stone lion, and presently he did something very silly and childish. He took a stump of lead pencil out of his pocket and scribbled a moustache on the lion's upper lip and then a pair of spectacles on its eyes. Then he said, "Yah! Silly old Aslan! How do you like being a stone? You thought yourself mighty fine, didn't you?" But in spite of the scribbles on it the face of the great stone beast still looked so terrible, and sad, and noble, staring up in the moonlight, that Edmund didn't really get any fun out of jeering at it. He turned away and began to cross the courtyard.

As he got into the middle of it he saw that there were dozens of statues all about - standing here and there rather as the pieces stand on a chess-board when it is half-way through the game. There were stone satyrs, and stone wolves, and bears and foxes and cat-amountains of stone. There were lovely stone shapes that looked like women but who were really the spirits of trees. There was the great shape of a centaur and a winged horse and a long lithe creature that Edmund took to be a dragon. They all looked so strange standing there perfectly life-like and also perfectly still, in the bright cold moonlight, that it was eerie work crossing the courtyard. Right in the very middle stood a huge shape like a man, but as tall as a tree, with a fierce face and a shaggy beard and a great club in its right hand. Even though he knew that it was only a stone giant and not a live one, Edmund did not like going past it.

He now saw that there was a dim light showing from a doorway on the far side of the courtyard. He went to it; there was a flight of stone steps going up to an open door. Edmund went up them. Across the threshold lay a great wolf.

"It's all right, it's all right," he kept saying to himself; "it's only a stone wolf. It can't hurt me", and he raised his leg to step over it. Instantly the huge creature rose, with all the hair bristling along its back, opened a great, red mouth and said in a growling voice:

"Who's there? Who's there? Stand still, stranger, and tell me who you are."

"If you please, sir," said Edmund, trembling so that 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 - quite close, in the Beavers' house. She - she wanted to see them."

"I will tell Her Majesty," said the 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, and 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 - or else not so fortunate."

And Edmund went in, taking great care not to tread on the Wolf's paws.

He found himself in a long gloomy hall with many pillars, full, as the courtyard had been, of statues. The one nearest the door was a little faun with a very sad expression on its face, and Edmund couldn't help wondering if this might be Lucy's friend. The only light came from a single lamp and close beside this sat the White Witch.

"I'm 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 riverwith 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, "Aslan! Is this true? If I find you have lied to me -"

"Please, I'm only repeating what they said," stammered Edmund.

But 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." 第九章 妖婆的房子 （女巫的房子）" 说到这里你们当然都想知道爱德蒙出了什么事。他吃完了他那份午餐，不过他并没有吃得津津有味，因为他一直想着土耳其软糖——回味起施过魔法的食品，吃再好的普通食品也倒胃口。而且他听到这番谈话也觉得不是滋味，因为他老是想着别人都不理他、冷落他。其实并非如此，都是他想象出来的。后来他一直听到海狸先生告诉他们有关阿斯兰的事，还听到在石桌跟阿斯兰见面的整个安排。于是他开始悄悄挪到挂在门上的帘子下。因为提到阿斯兰，他就有一种神秘而恐怖的感觉，正如其他人听了这个名字就有一种神秘而可爱的感觉一样。 就在海狸先生背诵“亚当的骨肉”那首诗时，爱德蒙已经悄悄拧动了门把手；在海狸先生告诉他们白妖婆根本不是真的人，而是一半精灵一半巨人以前，爱德蒙已经走到外面雪地里，还小心地随手把门带上。 即使到了这会儿，你们也千万别认为爱德蒙坏得真正想让他的兄弟姐妹被妖婆变成石头。他的确想吃土耳其软糖，而且想当王子(日后当个国王)，还想出出彼得骂他坏蛋这口恶气。至于妖婆会怎么对待其他人，他虽不希望她对他们特别好——当然不能给他们和他同等待遇——但他竟然相信，或者是自以为相信，她不会对他们干出什么坏事。“因为，”他暗自说，“凡是说她坏话的人都是她的敌人，也许这些坏话里面有一半都是假的。不管怎么说，她对我挺好的、比他们待我要好多了。我当她真正是合法的女王。无论如何，她总比可恶的阿斯兰要好吧！”至少，这就是他脑子里为自己所干的事找的借口。不过这个借口并不高明，因为在他内心深处，他也真正知道白妖婆又凶狠又残酷。 他出来后看到外面正在下雪，首先明白过来的是他把自己的大衣扔在海狸夫妇家里了。眼下当然没有机会回去拿大衣。其次明白过来的是天几乎黑了，因为他们坐下来吃午饭时已经快三点了，而且冬天的白昼短。他原先没估计到这一点，但他得充分利用这一点。所以他竖起衣领，拖着脚步，穿过堤坝顶部(幸亏下了雪，上面才没那么滑)，向远处河边走去。 等他到了远处的河边，情况就不大妙了。天一点点变黑，再加上雪花围着他打转，他连三英尺以外都看不清。再说，那儿没有路。他老是滑到深深的雪堆里，滚到结了冰的水潭里，绊在倒下的树干上，从陡峭的河岸上滑下去，小腿在岩石上擦破了皮，弄得浑身又湿又冷，到处是伤。寂静和孤独是可怕的。其实，要不是他偶尔对自己说，“等我当上纳尼亚国王，我首先要干的事就是修几条像样的路。”我真以为他可能会放弃整个计划，回去认个错，跟其他人和好呢。当然这句话使他想到当国王以及他要干的一切事情，这就大大鼓舞了他。他在脑子里拿定主意要有什么样的王宫，有多少汽车，以及种种有关私人电影院的事，主要的铁路往哪儿开，他要针对海狸和堤坝制定什么法律加以限制，还把不准彼得乱说乱动的计划作了最后修改；这时天变了。先是雪停了，接着突然刮起一阵风，冷得要命；最后，云散了，月亮出来了。一轮明月照在一片白雪上，几乎跟白天一样亮—— 只是那些阴影把他搞得糊里糊涂。 要不是在他到达另一条河的时候月亮出来了，他根本就找不到路——你们记得，他们刚到海狸夫妇家时，他已经看到了一条小一点的河在下游汇入这条大河。如今他走到这条小河边，就转身沿着这河往上游走。不过小河源头的那个小山谷比他刚刚离开的那个山谷更陡峭，岩石更多，而且满地都是枝叶丛生的灌木，因此他在黑暗中根本没法过去。尽管这样，他也弄得浑身透湿，因为他得弯着腰在树枝下走，大块大块的雪就都滑到他背上了。碰上这种倒霉事，他就格外想自己多么恨彼得——好像这一切都是彼得的错。 但他终于走到一块比较平坦的地方，山谷也开阔起来。就在离他很近的地方，小河的另一边，两座小山当中一块小平原的中央，他看见了那幢想必属于白妖婆的房子。而且月亮也比任何时候都更明亮。那幢房子其实是一座小城堡，看上去全是塔楼。小小的塔楼上面是又长又尖的顶，像针尖, 又像笨蛋学生或巫师戴的尖角帽。在月光照耀下，塔楼长长的影子在雪地上显得古里古怪的！爱德蒙对这幢房子开始感到害怕了。 不过这会儿想转身回去也太晚了。他踏在冰上走过了河，一直走向这幢房子。没有一点动静，连他自己两只脚踩在刚下的深深的雪里也没有声音。他走啊走啊，走过一个又一个墙角、一个又一个塔楼去找门。他绕了一大圈才找到门。原来是座大拱门，不过大铁门是敞开的。 爱德蒙蹑手蹑脚走进拱门，朝院子里张望，看见的那副情景差点使他的心都停止跳动了。就在大门里面，月光照耀下，有一只大狮子蹲在那儿，好像准备跳起来似的。爱德蒙就站在拱门的阴影里，两膝直打哆嗦，又怕走过去，又怕走回来。他站在那儿好久好久，牙齿即使不是怕得打战也早巳冷得打战了。我不知道他在那儿真正站了多久，不过爱德蒙似乎觉得过了好几个小时。 后来他终于想知道那狮子干吗蹲着一动也不动——因为自从他看见它以来，它就纹丝儿没动过。这会儿爱德蒙放大胆走近点，一边仍然尽量躲在拱门的阴影里。他现在从狮子站的架势看出，它根本不可能看见他。(“但假如它转过头来呢？”爱德蒙想道。)事实上它正盯着另外什么东西——就是一个小矮人，他背对狮子站在大约四英尺以外的地方。 “啊哈！”爱德蒙想，“等它扑向那小矮人，那时就是我逃命的机会了。”但狮子仍然一动也不动，小矮人也一样。爱德蒙这时终于想起其他人说过的白妖婆把人变成石头的事。也许这只是一只石狮吧。他一想到这点就注意到狮子背上和头顶上都积满了雪。它当然一定只是个石像！活生生的动物决不会让自己身上积满雪的。于是，爱德蒙慢慢大着胆向狮子走去，一颗心好像要跳出来似的。即使现在他也不大敢摸它，但他终于伸出手来很快地摸了一下。原来是冰冷的石头。只不过是个石像，竟然就把他吓住了！ 爱德蒙感到如释重负，因此尽管天那么冷，他突然从头到脚都暖和了。同时他脑子里有了个似乎十分称心的念头。 “也许，”他想，“这就是大家都在谈论的伟大的狮王阿斯兰吧。她已经抓住它把它变成石头了。这么一来他们在它身上打的如意算盘也就落空了！呸！谁怕阿斯兰呀？” 他就这么站在那儿幸灾乐祸地看着石狮子，不一会儿他干了一件孩子气的蠢事。他从口袋里掏出一个铅笔头，在狮子上唇涂上两撇胡子，还给它加上了一副眼镜。涂罢他说，“可笑的老阿斯兰！成了石头你有什么想法啊？你自以为很了不起吧？”不过尽管他在狮子脸上乱涂，大石兽看上去仍然很可怕，又伤心，又高贵，目光仰望着月亮。爱德蒙戏弄石狮，却并没因此真正感到好玩。他掉转身子，穿过院子走进去。 他刚走到院子当中就看见四周有好多石像——到处都是，倒有点像下到一半时棋盘上的棋子。有石头的森林神(希腊神话中传说的半人半兽的神，人行，有马或山羊般的耳朵和尾巴), 石头的狼啊、熊啊、狐狸啊、山猫啊。还有些可爱的石头看上去像女人，其实是树精。有一个大石像形状像人头马（希腊神话中传说的半人半马的怪物，人头马身），还有一匹有翅膀的马，还有一条长长的软体动物，爱德蒙当它是龙。这些石像看上去都那么古怪，在明晃晃、冷冰冰的月光下栩栩如生，而且完全静止不动，使人穿过院子时感到非常可怕。在院子正中央站着一个巨大的人体，足有一棵树那么高，面相凶猛，长着一部蓬松的大胡子，右手拿着根大棒。虽然爱德蒙知道这只是一个石头巨人，不是活的，他仍然不愿意走过巨人身边。 这会儿他瞧见院子那头有个入口透出一点暗淡的光。他走到那儿，那儿有几级石阶通向一扇开着的门。爱德蒙走上石阶，只见门槛上躺着一匹大狼。 “没关系，没关系，”他不停地自言自语道，“那只是一只石狼而已。它不会伤害我的。”他抬起脚要跨过它。那只巨兽立刻站起来，背上的毛根根竖起，张开血盆大嘴，吼着说： “谁在那儿？谁在那儿？站着别动，陌生人，告诉我你是谁。” “劳驾通报一下，先生，”爱德蒙哆哆嗦嗦，都快说不出话了，“我名叫爱德蒙，我就是女王陛下前几天在森林里遇见过的亚当的儿子，我到这儿来报信，我们兄弟姐妹现在都在纳尼亚——很近，就在海狸夫妇家。她——她想见见他们。” “我会禀报女王陛下的，”那匹狼说，“同时，要是你珍惜你这条命，就站在门槛上别动。”说着它就走进去不见了。 爱德蒙站在那儿等着，他的手指冻得好疼，心头怦怦直跳。不一会儿那只灰狼，芬瑞斯·乌尔夫，妖婆的秘密警察头子跳着回来了，说道，“进来吧！进来吧！幸运的女王宠儿——否则就没那么幸运了。” 爱德蒙就此走了进去，一路小心翼翼别踩在狼爪子上。 他发现自己来到一间有许多柱子的长长的阴暗的大厅，跟院子里一样满是石像。离门最近的石像是一只小羊怪，神情十分伤心，爱德蒙不禁想知道这会不会是露茜的朋友。大厅里只点了一盏灯，白妖婆就紧挨在这盏灯后面坐着。 “我来了，陛下。”爱德蒙说着，心急慌忙地冲上前去。 “你竟敢一个人来？”妖婆用可怕的声音说，“我不是吩咐你把其他几个一起带来吗？” “请别见怪，陛下，”爱德蒙说，“我已尽了最大努力。我已把他们带到附近。他们就在河上堤坝顶上那座小房子里——跟海狸先生、海狸太太在一起。” 妖婆脸上慢慢露出一丝冷酷的微笑。 “你的消息就这么些吗？”她问。 “不，陛下。”爱德蒙说，并开始把离开海狸夫妇家以前他听到的事全部告诉厂她。 “什么！阿斯兰！”女王叫道，“阿斯兰！这是真的吗？要是我发现你对我说谎——” “请别见怪，我只是重复他们说的话而已。”爱德蒙结结巴巴地说。 不过女王已经不再注意他，她拍了拍手。爱德蒙上回看见跟着女王的那个小矮人立刻出现了。 “备好雪橇，”妖婆命令说，“用没有铃挡的挽具。”

Chapter 10

THE SPELL BEGINS TO BREAK

Now we must go back to Mr and Mrs Beaver and the three other children. As soon as Mr Beaver said, "There's no time to lose," everyone began bundling themselves into coats, except Mrs Beaver, who started picking up sacks and laying them on the table and said: "Now, Mr Beaver, just reach down that ham. And here's a packet of tea, and there's sugar, and some matches. And if someone will get two or three loaves out of the crock over there in the corner."

"What are you doing, Mrs Beaver?" exclaimed Susan.

"Packing a load for each of us, dearie," said Mrs Beaver very coolly. "You didn't think we'd set out on a journey with nothing to eat, did you?"

"But we haven't time!" said Susan, buttoning the collar of her coat. "She may be here any minute."

"That's what I say," chimed in Mr Beaver.

"Get along with you all," said his wife. "Think it over, Mr Beaver. She can't be here for quarter of an hour at least."

"But don't we want as big a start as we can possibly get," said Peter, "if we're to reach the Stone Table before her?"

"You've got to remember that, Mrs Beaver," said Susan. "As soon as she has looked in here and finds we're gone she'll be off at top speed."

"That she will," said Mrs Beaver. "But we can't get there before her whatever we do, for she'll be on a sledge and we'll be walking."

"Then - have we no hope?" said Susan.

"Now don't you get fussing, there's a dear," said Mrs Beaver, "but just get half a dozen clean handkerchiefs out of the drawer. 'Course we've got a hope. We can't get there before her but we can keep under cover and go by ways she won't expect and perhaps we'll get through."

"That's true enough, Mrs Beaver," said her husband. "But it's time we were out of this."

"And don't you start fussing either, Mr Beaver," said his wife. "There. That's better. There's five loads and the smallest for the smallest of us: that's you, my dear," she added, looking at Lucy.

"Oh, do please come on," said Lucy.

"Well, I'm nearly ready now," answered Mrs Beaver at last, allowing her husband to help her into; her snow-boots. "I suppose the sewing machine's took heavy to bring?"

"Yes. It is," said Mr Beaver. "A great deal too heavy. And you don't think you'll be able to use it while we're on the run, I suppose?"

"I can't abide the thought of that Witch fiddling with it," said Mrs Beaver, "and breaking it or stealing it, as likely as not."

"Oh, please, please, please, do hurry!" said the three children. And so at last they all got outside and Mr Beaver locked the door ("It'll delay her a bit," he said) and they set off, all carrying their loads over their shoulders.

The snow had stopped and the moon had come out when they began their journey. They went in single file - first Mr Beaver, then Lucy, then Peter, then Susan, and Mrs Beaver last of all. Mr Beaver led them across the dam and on to the right bank of the river and then along a very rough sort of path among the trees right down by the river-bank. The sides of the valley, shining in the moonlight, towered up far above them on either hand. "Best keep down here as much as possible," he said. "She'll have to keep to the top, for you couldn't bring a sledge down here."

It would have been a pretty enough scene to look at it through a window from a comfortable armchair; and even as things were, Lucy enjoyed it at first. But as they went on walking and walking - and walking and as the sack she was carrying felt heavier and heavier, she began to wonder how she was going to keep up at all. And she stopped looking at the dazzling brightness of the frozen river with all its waterfalls of ice and at the white masses of the tree-tops and the great glaring moon and the countless stars and could only watch the little short legs of Mr Beaver going pad-pad-pad-pad through the snow in front of her as if they were never going to stop. Then the moon disappeared and the snow began to fall once more. And at last Lucy was so tired that she was almost asleep and walking at the same time when suddenly she found that Mr Beaver had turned away from the river-bank to the right and was leading them steeply uphill into the very thickest bushes. And then as she came fully awake she found that Mr Beaver was just vanishing into a little hole in the bank which had been almost hidden under the bushes until you were quite on top of it. In fact, by the time she realized what was happening, only his short flat tail was showing.

Lucy immediately stooped down and crawled in after him. Then she heard noises of scrambling and puffing and panting behind her and in a moment all five of them were inside.

"Wherever is this?" said Peter's voice, sounding tired and pale in the darkness. (I hope you know what I mean by a voice sounding pale.)

"It's an old hiding-place for beavers in bad times," said Mr Beaver, "and a great secret. It's not much of a place but we must get a few hours' sleep."

"If you hadn't all been in such a plaguey fuss when we were starting, I'd have brought some pillows," said Mrs Beaver.

It wasn't nearly such a nice cave as Mr Tumnus's, Lucy thought - just a hole in the ground but dry and earthy. It was very small so that when they all lay down they were all a bundle of clothes together, and what with that and being warmed up by their long walk they were really rather snug. If only the floor of the cave had been a little smoother! Then Mrs Beaver handed round in the dark a little flask out of which everyone drank something - it made one cough and splutter a little and stung the throat, but it also made you feel deliciously warm after you'd swallowed it and everyone went straight to sleep.

It seemed to Lucy only the next minute (though really it was hours and hours later) when she woke up feeling a little cold and dreadfully stiff and thinking how she would like a hot bath. Then she felt a set of long whiskers tickling her cheek and saw the cold daylight coming in through the mouth of the cave. But immediately after that she was very wide awake indeed, and so was everyone else. In fact they were all sitting up with their mouths and eyes wide open listening to a sound which was the very sound they'd all been thinking of (and sometimes imagining they heard) during their walk last night. It was a sound of jingling bells.

Mr Beaver was out of the cave like a flash the moment he heard it. Perhaps you think, as Lucy thought for a moment, that this was a very silly thing to do? But it was really a very sensible one. He knew he could scramble to the top of the bank among bushes and brambles without being seen; and he wanted above all things to see which way the Witch's sledge went. The others all sat in the cave waiting and wondering. They waited nearly five minutes. Then they heard something that frightened them very much. They heard voices. "Oh," thought Lucy, "he's been seen. She's caught him!"

Great was their surprise when a little later, they heard Mr Beaver's voice calling to them from just outside the cave.

"It's all right," he was shouting. "Come out, Mrs Beaver. Come out, Sons and Daughters of Adam. It's all right! It isn't Her!" This was bad grammar of course, but that is how beavers talk when they are excited; I mean, in Narnia - in our world they usually don't talk at all.

So Mrs Beaver and the children came bundling out of the cave, all blinking in the daylight, and with earth all over them, and looking very frowsty and unbrushed and uncombed and with the sleep in their eyes.

"Come on!" cried Mr Beaver, who was almost dancing with delight. "Come and see! This is a nasty knock for the Witch! It looks as if her power is already crumbling."

"What do you mean, Mr Beaver?" panted Peter as they all scrambled up the steep bank of the valley together.

"Didn't I tell you," answered Mr Beaver, "that she'd made it always winter and never Christmas? Didn't I tell you? Well, just come and see!"

And then they were all at the top and did see.

It was a sledge, and it was reindeer with bells on their harness. But they were far bigger than the Witch's reindeer, and they were not white but brown. And on the sledge sat a person whom everyone knew the moment they set eyes on him. He was a huge man. in a bright red robe (bright as hollyberries) with a hood that had fur inside it and a great white beard, that fell like a foamy waterfall over his chest.

Everyone knew him because, though you see people of his sort only in Narnia, you see pictures of them and hear them talked about even in our world - the world on this side of the wardrobe door. But when you really see them in Narnia it is rather different. Some of the pictures of Father Christmas in our world make him look only funny and jolly. But now that the children actually stood looking at him they didn't find it quite like that. He was so big, and so glad, and so real, that they all became quite still. They felt very glad, but also solemn.

"I've come at last," said he. "She has kept me out for a long time, but I have got in at last. Aslan is on the move. The Witch's magic is weakening."

And Lucy felt running through her that deep shiver of gladness which you only get if you are being solemn and still.

"And now," said Father Christmas, "for your presents. There is a new and better sewing machine for you, Mrs Beaver. I will drop it in your house as, I pass."

"If you please, sir," said Mrs Beaver, making a curtsey. "It's locked up."

"Locks and bolts make no difference to me," said Father Christmas. "And as for you, Mr Beaver, when you get home you will find your dam finished and mended and all the leaks stopped and a new sluicegate fitted."

Mr Beaver was so pleased that he opened his mouth very wide and then found he couldn't say anything at all.

"Peter, Adam's Son," said Father Christmas.

"Here, sir," said Peter.

"These are your presents," was the answer, "and they are tools not toys. The time to use them is perhaps near at hand. Bear them well." With these words he handed to Peter a shield and a sword. The shield was the colour of silver and across it there ramped a red lion, as bright as a ripe strawberry at the moment when you pick it. The hilt of the sword was of gold and it had a sheath and a sword belt and everything it needed, and it was just the right size and weight for Peter to use. Peter was silent and solemn as he received these gifts, for he felt they were a very serious kind of present.

"Susan, Eve's Daughter," said Father Christmas. "These are for you," and he handed her a bow and a quiver full of arrows and a little ivory horn. "You must use the bow only in great need," he said, "for I do not mean you to fight in the battle. It does not easily miss. And when you put this horn to your lips; and blow it, then, wherever you are, I think help of some kind will come to you."

Last of all he said, "Lucy, Eve's Daughter," and Lucy came forward. He gave her a little bottle of what looked like glass (but people said afterwards that it was made of diamond) and a small dagger. "In this bottle," he said, "there is cordial made of the juice of one of the fireflowers that grow in the mountains of the sun. If you or any of your friends is hurt, a few drops of this restore them. And the dagger is to defend yourse at great need. For you also are not to be in battle."

"Why, sir?" said Lucy. "I think - I don't know but I think I could be brave enough."

"That is not the point," he said. "But battles are ugly when women fight. And now" - here he suddenly looked less grave - "here is something for the moment for you all!" and he brought out (I suppose from the big bag at his back, but nobody quite saw him do it) a large tray containing five cups and saucers, a bowl of lump sugar, a jug of cream, and a great big teapot all sizzling and piping hot. Then he cried out "Merry Christmas! Long live the true King!" and cracked his whip, and he and the reindeer and the sledge and all were out of sight before anyone realized that they had started.

Peter had just drawn his sword out of its sheath and was showing it to Mr Beaver, when Mrs Beaver said:

"Now then, now then! Don't stand talking there till the tea's got cold. Just like men. Come and help to carry the tray down and we'll have breakfast. What a mercy I thought of bringing the bread-knife."

So down the steep bank they went and back to the cave, and Mr Beaver cut some of the bread and ham into sandwiches and Mrs Beaver poured out the tea and everyone enjoyed themselves. But long before they had finished enjoying themselves Mr Beaver said, "Time to be moving on now." 第十章 魔法开始破了 话分两头，这会儿我们得回到海狸夫妇和另外三个孩子身上来了。海狸先生刚说完“一刻也不能耽搁”，大伙儿都开始匆匆忙忙穿上大衣，只有海狸太太开始拿起一些口袋放在桌上，说：“好了，海狸先生，把那块火腿拿下来。这是一包茶叶，还有糖，一些火柴。谁到角落的瓦罐里拿两三个面包出来。” “你在干什么呀，海狸太太？”苏珊叫道。 “给我们每个人收拾一份东西，小宝贝，”海狸太太十分冷静地说，“你们不想上路时没东西吃吧？” “可我们没时间了！”苏珊说着扣上大衣领上的扣子， “她随时都可能到这儿的。” “我就是这么说的。”海狸先生插嘴说。 “你们别胡说，”它妻子说，“好好想想，海狸先生。她至少要在一刻钟以后才能到。。 “如果我们要赶在她前头先到石桌那儿，”彼得说，“我们不是要尽可能抢先一步吗？” “你得记住一点，海狸太太，”苏珊说，“她到这儿一看，发现我们走了，就会飞速离开的。” “她会的，”海狸太大说，“不过我们无论如何也赶不到她前面，因为她乘着雪橇，我们是走着去的。” “那么——我们就没希望了？”苏珊说。 “好了，你们乖，别大惊小怪，”海狸太太说，“请从那个抽屉里拿出六条干净手绢吧。我们当然还有一线希望。我们赶不到她前面，不过我们可以隐蔽起来，走一条她意想不到的路，也许能成功。” “对极了，海狸太太，”它丈夫说，“不过该是我们动身的时候了。” “你也别大惊小怪的，海狸先生，”它妻子说，“瞧，这样就好些了。这儿有四份东西，最小的一份就给我们当中最小的一个：那就是你，宝贝儿。”她看着露茜加了一句。 “哦，求你快点吧。”露茜说。 “好吧，现在我差不多都准备好了。”海狸太大终于回答说，一面让丈夫帮它穿上雪地靴，“我想，缝纫机太重，带不了吧？” “是啊，太重了，”海狸先生说，“重得不得了。我看我们赶路你总不见得能用上缝纫机吧？” “想到妖婆乱动我的缝纫机我就受不了，”海狸太太说． “她八成会把缝纫机弄坏或偷走。” “哦，请快点吧！请快点吧！”三个孩子说。就这样他们才终于出了门，海狸先生锁上门。(“这会耽误她一点时间。”它说。)他们就此出发了，大家都把自己的一份行李扛在肩上。 他们上路时雪已经停了，月亮也出来了。他们排成单行走着——海狸先生走在头里，随后是露茜，再后是彼得、苏珊，海狸太太走在末尾。海狸先生带他们穿过堤坝，走到河的右岸，然后走到河岸下面树丛里一条崎岖不平的小路上。月光照耀下，山谷两边的峭坡高耸入云。 “最好尽可能在下面走，”海狸先生说，“她只能从上面走，因为不能把雪橇赶到下面来。” 如果是坐在安逸的扶手椅里，往窗外眺望，看到的也许算得上是一幅美景；尽管事情到了这个地步，露茜开头对这儿还是很欣赏的。不过随着他们走啊走的，她背上的口袋也越来越重了，她开始怀疑自己怎么坚持得下去。河面以及水帘子都结了冰，她不再去看那条亮得耀眼的冰河，也不去看树顶上大团大团的雪，以及那光芒四射的大月亮和数不清的星星，只看着前面海狸先生那短小的腿在雪地里啪哒啪哒地走，仿佛永远也停不下来似的。接着月亮不见了，雪又开始下了。最后露茜累得几乎是边走边睡了。突然，她发现海狸先生离开河岸往右走，领着他们奋力爬上陡峭的山坡，走进密集的灌木丛中。等到她完全清醒过来，她发现海狸先生钻进山坡上的一个小洞里，那个洞几乎完全被灌木丛遮住，一直走到洞口才看得见。事实上等她明白是怎么回事，已经只看得见它那扁扁的短尾巴了。 露茜赶紧弯下腰跟着它爬了进去。接着她听到身后急急忙忙爬行的声音和喘气声，不一会儿，他们五个都进了洞。 “这到底是哪儿呀？”彼得说，黑暗中他的声音听上去又疲倦又乏力。(我希望你们知道我说的声音乏力是什么意思。 “这是海狸遇难时一个老的藏身处，”海狸先生说，“是一大秘密。地方虽不怎么样，不过我们一定得睡上几小时。” “要不是你们动身时都那么手忙脚乱，我本来可以带几个枕头来的。”海狸太太说。 这儿跟图姆纳斯先生的石窟可相差太远了，露茜想着——只是一个洞，不过洞里还算干燥，而且是泥土地。洞非常小，因此当他们全都躺下时，就成了一大堆皮毛和衣服。这样躺着，再加上他们长途跋涉身上也暖和了，他们果真觉得相当舒服。要是这洞里的地稍微平整一点就更好了。随后海狸太太在黑暗中传过来一个小小的长颈瓶子，每个人都就着瓶子喝了一口——喝了这东西叫人直呛．嗓子眼火辣辣的，不过咽下肚去以后倒使人感到暖和得舒心—— 大家立刻就睡着了。 露茜觉得似乎只过了片刻(虽然实际上已是好几小时以后了)，她一觉醒来感到身子有点冷，而且僵硬得可怕，心想能洗个热水澡该有多好。随后她就觉得有一束长胡子撩在脸蛋上怪痒痒的，又看到洞口有冰凉的阳光照进来。这一来她当然立刻完全清醒了，而且大家也都醒了。事实上他们全都坐了起来，眼睛嘴巴都张得大大的，倾听着他们昨晚走路时一直想着的声音(有时他们还想象着听到了呢)。那就是铃铛的声音。 海狸先生一听见声音顿时就钻出洞去。也许你会像露茜当时所想的那样，觉得它这么做是犯傻了。其实这么做倒是很聪明的。它知道自己能躲在山坡顶上的灌木丛中不让人看见；最主要的是它想看看妖婆的雪橇往哪条路走。其他几个都坐在山洞里等着，满腹疑虑。他们大概等了五分钟。接着听见了什么动静，吓得他们要命。他们听见了说话声； “哦，”露茜想，“它被发现了。她逮住它了！” 出乎意外的是，过了一会儿，他们竟听见海狸先生的声音在洞口叫他们了。 没事儿，”它大声叫道，“出来吧，海狸太太。出来吧，亚当和夏娃的儿女们。没事儿，原来它不是她！”这句话当然有点不通，不过海狸激动起来就是那么说话的；我是说在纳尼亚——在我们的世界里海狸通常是根本不说话的。 于是海狸太太和孩子们就匆匆忙忙走出洞来，大家在阳光下直眨眼睛，身上全是土，看上去脏兮兮的，又没梳洗过，个个都睡眼惺松。 “来吧！”海狸先生叫道，它高兴得几乎要跳舞了，“来看哪，这对妖婆是个沉重的打击！看来她的权力已经完蛋了。” “你到底什么意思，海狸先生？”他们大家一齐爬上了陡峭的山坡时，彼得喘着气问。 “我不是告诉过你们吗？”海狸先生回答说，“她把这儿变得一年到头都是冬天，而且从来不过圣诞节。我不是告诉过你们吗？好吧，你们来看哪！” 于是他们全都站在山坡顶上，放眼望去。 只见一辆雪橇，有几只驯鹿，挽具上挂着铃铛。不过这些驯鹿比妖婆的驯鹿大多了，它们也不是白鹿，而是棕色的鹿。雪橇上坐着一个人，大家一见这人就认识了。他个头高大，身穿一件鲜红的袍子(像冬青果那么红)，戴一顶里面有皮毛的风帽，一部白色的大胡子像满是泡沫的水帘子垂在胸前。人人都认识他，尽管只是在纳尼亚才见到他这种人．但甚至在我们的世界里——就是在衣柜门这一边的世界里——我们也见过他们的画像，听人谈起过他们。不过一旦你在纳尼亚真正看到他们，这就不大一样了。在我们的世界里，有些圣诞老人的画片把他画得只是外貌有趣、逗人而已。不过现在孩子们真正站在他面前瞧着他，就觉得并不完全是这样。他是那么魁梧，那么高兴，那么真实，他们全都静了下来。他们感到非常高兴，但也非常严肃。 “我终于来了，”他说，“她把我赶走多年了，但我终于进来了。阿斯兰在行动，妖婆的魔法在减弱。” 露茜只觉得浑身上下快活得颤抖起来，这种感觉只有在你心情庄严而宁静时才会有。 “好了，”圣诞老人说，“给你们礼物吧。海狸太太，给你一台更好的新缝纫机，我路过你们家时会把缝纫机送去的。” “请别见怪，先生，”海狸太太说着行了个屈膝礼，“房子锁上了。” “锁和门闩对我没什么关系。”圣诞老人说，“至于你嘛、海狸先生，等你回到家，就会看到你的堤坝完工了，修好了，所有裂缝都不漏了，还配上了一道新的水闸门。” 海狸先生高兴得嘴巴张得老大，什么话也说不出来。 “彼得，亚当的儿子。”圣诞老人说。 “在，先生。”彼得说。 “这些是你的礼物，”圣诞老人说，“是工具，而不是玩具。用上这些东西的时候也许就快到了，好好带着吧。”说着他递给彼得一把剑和一面盾。盾是银色的，当中有一只扑腾的红狮，就像刚摘下的熟草莓那么红。剑柄是金铸的，还配有剑鞘和佩剑用的腰带，以及一切用剑必备的东西，而且剑的尺寸和重量对彼得也正合适。彼得接过这些礼物时默默无言，态度严肃，因为他觉得这是一份十分庄严的礼物。 “苏珊，夏娃的女儿，”圣诞老人说，“这些是给你的。”他递给她一张弓、一只装满箭的箭袋和一只小小的象牙号角。 “你必须在紧急时才能使用这弓箭，”他说，“因为我无意让你去打仗。这弓箭百发百中。一旦你拿起这只号角，吹响了，不管你在哪儿，我想你都会得到帮助。” 最后他才说，“露茜，夏娃的女儿。”露茜走上前去。他给她一只小瓶子，看上去好像是玻璃的(不过事后人们说那瓶子是钻石做的)和一把小匕首。“在这个瓶子里，”他说，“有一种妙药，是用长在太阳之山上的一种火花的汁提炼的。如果你或是你哪个朋友受了伤，洒上几滴就能治好。这把匕首是给你在紧急时自卫的。因为你也用不着打仗。” “怎么，先生，”露茜说，“我想——我不知道——不过我想，我会够勇敢的。” “不是那个意思，”他说，“让女人打仗是丑陋的。现在呢，”——说到这儿他突然看上去不那么严肃了——“还有一些东西是眼下给你们大家的！”他拿出(我猜是从他背上那只大口袋里拿出来的，不过没人看见他怎么拿的)一只大托盘，上面有五套杯碟，一钵方糖，一罐奶油，一只嘶嘶直响的滚烫大茶壶。接着他叫道：“圣诞快乐！真命国王万岁！”说着一扬鞭子，他们还没看清他已经动身了，他就驾着驯鹿拉的雪橇走得没影了。 彼得刚从剑鞘里抽出剑给海狸先生看，海狸太太就说： “好了，好了，别站在那儿说话，说得茶凉了。像个男人的样子。来帮帮忙把托盘搬下去，我们就要吃早餐了。幸亏我想到把面包刀带来了。” 于是他们走下陡峭的山坡，回到洞里，海狸先生切了点面包和火腿，做成夹肉面包，海狸太太斟茶，大家吃得津津有味。不过没等他们好好享用多久，海狸先生就说，“现在是行动的时候了。”

Chapter 11

ASLAN IS NEARER

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? You - you - said -" she answered, "Silence, fool!" Then she appeared to change her mind and said, as if to herself, a "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," she said.

The dwarf went away and presently returned bringing an iron bowl with some water in it and an iron plate with a hunk of dry bread on it. He grinned in a repulsive manner as he set them down on the floor beside Edmund and said:

"Turkish Delight for the little Prince. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Take it away," said Edmund sulkily. "I don't want dry bread." But the Witch suddenly turned on him with such a terrible expression on her face that he, apologized and began to nibble at the bread, though, it was so stale he could hardly get it down.

"You may be glad enough of it before you taste bread again," said the Witch.

While he was still chewing away the first dwarf came back and announced that the sledge was ready. The White Witch rose and went out, ordering Edmund to go with her. The snow was again falling as they came into the courtyard, but she took no notice of that and made Edmund sit beside her on the sledge. But before they drove off she called Maugrim and he came bounding like an enormous dog to the side of the sledge.

"Take with you the swiftest of your wolves and go at once to the house of the Beavers," said the Witch, "and kill whatever you find there. If they are already gone, then make all speed to the Stone Table, but do not be seen. Wait for me there in hiding. I meanwhile must go many miles to the West before I find a place where I can drive across the river. You may overtake these humans before they reach the Stone Table. You will know what to do if you find them!"

"I hear and obey, O Queen," growled the Wolf, and immediately he 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 night had remained fine, for the wolves would then have been able to follow their trail - and ten to one would have overtaken them before they had got to the cave. But now that the snow had begun again the scent was cold and even the footprints were covered up.

Meanwhile the dwarf whipped up the reindeer, and the Witch and Edmund drove out under the archway and on and away into the darkness and the cold. This was a terrible journey for Edmund, who had no coat. Before they had been going quarter of an hour all the front of him was covered with snow - he soon stopped trying to shake it off because, as quickly as he did that, a new lot gathered, and he was so tired. Soon he was wet to the skin. And oh, how miserable he was! It didn't look now as if the Witch intended to make him a King. All the things he had said to make himself believe that she was good and kind and that her side was really the right side sounded to him silly now. He would have given anything to meet the others at this moment - even Peter! The only way to comfort himself now was to try to believe that the whole thing was a dream and that he might wake up at any moment. And as they went on, hour after hour, it did come to seem like a dream.

This lasted longer than I could describe even if I wrote pages and pages about it. But I will skip on to the time when the snow had stopped and the morning had come and they were racing along in the daylight. And still they went on and on, with no sound but the everlasting swish of the snow and the creaking of the reindeer's harness. And then at last the Witch said, "What have we here? Stop!" and they did.

How Edmund hoped she was going to say something about breakfast! But she had stopped for quite a different reason. A little way off at the foot of a tree sat a merry party, a squirrel and his wife with their children and two satyrs and a dwarf and an old dogfox, all on stools round a table. Edmund couldn't quite see what they were eating, but it smelled lovely and there seemed to be decorations of holly and he wasn't at all sure that he didn't see something like a plum pudding. At the moment when the sledge stopped, the Fox, who was obviously the oldest person present, had just risen to its feet, holding a glass in its right paw as if it was going to say something. But when the whole party saw the sledge stopping and who was in it, all the gaiety went out of their faces. The father squirrel stopped eating with his fork half-way to his mouth and one of the satyrs stopped with its fork actually in its mouth, and the baby squirrels squeaked with terror.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the Witch Queen. Nobody answered.

"Speak, vermin!" she said again. "Or do you want my dwarf to find you a tongue with his whip? What is the meaning of all this gluttony, this waste, this selfindulgence? Where did you get all these things?"

"Please, your Majesty," said the Fox, "we were given them. And if I might make so bold as to drink your Majesty's very good health - "

"Who gave them to you?" said the Witch.

"F-F-F-Father Christmas," stammered the Fox.

"What?" roared the Witch, springing from the sledge and taking a few strides nearer to the terrified animals. "He has not been here! He cannot have been here! How dare you - but no. Say you have been lying and you shall even now be forgiven."

At that moment one of the young squirrels lost its head completely.

"He has - he has - he has!" it squeaked, beating its little spoon on the table. Edmund saw the Witch bite her lips so that a drop of blood appeared on her white cheek. Then she raised her wand. "Oh, don't, don't, please don't," shouted Edmund, but even while he was shouting she had waved her wand and instantly where the merry party had been there were only statues of creatures (one with its stone fork fixed forever half-way to its stone mouth) seated round a stone table on which there were stone plates and a stone plum pudding.

"As for you," said the Witch, giving Edmund a stunning blow on the face as she re-mounted the sledge, "let that teach you to ask favour for spies and traitors. Drive on!" And Edmund for the first time in this story felt sorry for someone besides himself. It seemed so pitiful to think of those little stone figures sitting there all the silent days and all the dark nights, year after year, till the moss grew on them and at last even their faces crumbled away.

Now they were steadily racing on again. And soon Edmund noticed that the snow which splashed against them as they rushed through it was much wetter than it had been all last night. At the same time he noticed that he was feeling much less cold. It was also becoming foggy. In fact every minute it grew foggier and warmer. And the sledge was not running nearly as well as it had been running up till now. At first he thought this was because the reindeer were tired, but soon he saw that that couldn't be the real reason. The sledge jerked, and skidded and kept on jolting as if it had struck against stones. And however the dwarf whipped the poor reindeer the sledge went slower and slower. There also seemed to be a curious noise all round them, but the noise of their driving and jolting and the dwarf's shouting at the reindeer prevented Edmund from hearing what it was, until suddenly the sledge stuck so fast that it wouldn't go on at all. When that happened there was a moment's silence. And in that silence Edmund could at last listen to the other noise properly. A strange, sweet, rustling, chattering noise - and yet not so strange, for he'd heard it before - if only he could remember where! Then all at once he did remember. It was the noise of running water. All round them though out of sight, there were streams, chattering, murmuring, bubbling, splashing and even (in the distance) roaring. And his heart gave a great leap (though he hardly knew why) when he realized that the frost was over. And much nearer there was a drip-drip-drip from the branches of all the trees. And then, as he looked at one tree he saw a great load of snow slide off it and for the first time since he had entered Narnia he saw the dark green of a fir tree. But he hadn't time to listen or watch any longer, for the Witch said:

"Don't sit staring, fool! Get out and help."

And of course Edmund had to obey. He stepped out into the snow - but it was really only slush by now - and began helping the dwarf to get the sledge out of the muddy hole it had got into. They got it out in the end, and by being very cruel to the reindeer the dwarf managed to get it on the move again, and they drove a little further. And now the snow was really melting in earnest and patches of green grass were beginning to appear in every direction. Unless you have looked at a world of snow as long as Edmund had been looking at it, you will hardly be able to imagine what a relief those green patches were after the endless white. Then the sledge stopped again.

"It's no good, your Majesty," said the dwarf. "We can't sledge in this thaw."

"Then we must walk," said the Witch.

"We shall never overtake them walking," growled the dwarf. "Not with the start they've got."

"Are you my councillor or my slave?" said the Witch. "Do as you're told. Tie the hands of the human creature behind it and keep hold of the end of the rope. And take your whip. And cut the harness of the reindeer; they'll find their own way home."

The dwarf obeyed, and in a few minutes Edmund found himself being forced to walk as fast as he could with his hands tied behind him. He kept on slipping in the slush and mud and wet grass, and every time he slipped the dwarf gave him a curse and sometimes a flick with the whip. The Witch walked behind the dwarf and kept on saying, "Faster! Faster!"

Every moment the patches of green grew bigger and the patches of spow grew smaller. Every moment more and more of the trees shook off their robes of snow. Soon, wherever you looked, instead of white shapes you saw the dark green of firs or the black prickly branches of bare oaks and beeches and elms. Then the mist turned from white to gold and presently cleared away altogether. Shafts of delicious sunlight struck down on to the forest floor and overhead you could see a blue sky between the tree tops.

Soon there were more wonderful things happening. Coming suddenly round a corner into a glade of silver birch trees Edmund saw the ground covered in all directions with little yellow flowers - celandines. The noise of water grew louder. Presently they actually crossed a stream. Beyond it they found snowdrops growing.

"Mind your own business!" said the dwarf when he saw that Edmund had turned his head to look at them; and he gave the rope a vicious jerk.

But of course this didn't prevent Edmund from seeing. Only five minutes later he noticed a dozen crocuses growing round the foot of an old tree - gold and purple and white. Then came a sound even more delicious than the sound of the water. Close beside the path they were following a bird suddenly chirped from the branch of a tree. It was answered by the chuckle of another bird a little further off. And then, as if that had been a signal, there was chattering and chirruping in every direction, and then a moment of full song, and within five minutes the whole wood was ringing with birds' music, and wherever Edmund's eyes turned he saw birds alighting on branches, or sailing overhead or chasing one another or having their little quarrels or tidying up their feathers with their beaks.

"Faster! Faster!" said the Witch.

There was no trace of the fog now. The sky became bluer and bluer, and now there were white clouds hurrying across it from time to time. In the wide glades there were primroses. A light breeze sprang up which scattered drops of moisture from the swaying branches and carried cool, delicious scents against the faces of the travellers. The trees began to come fully alive. The larches and birches were covered with green, the laburnums with gold. Soon the beech trees had put forth their delicate, transparent leaves. As the travellers walked under them the light also became green. A bee buzzed across their path.

"This is no thaw," said the dwarf, suddenly stopping. "This is Spring. What are we to do? Your winter has been destroyed, I tell you! This is Aslan's doing."

"If either of you mention that name again," said the Witch, "he shall instantly be killed." 第十一章 阿斯兰快到了 爱德蒙在这段时间里却过得大失所望。小矮人去准备雪橇时，他本来希望妖婆会好好款待他，就像他们上次见面时那样。谁知她什么也没说。最后当爱德蒙鼓起勇气说，“请别见怪，陛下，能给我一些土耳其软糖吗？你——你—— 说——”她回答说，“安静，笨蛋！”后来她又像改变主意了，仿佛自言自语地说，“让这个小崽子昏倒在路上总是不行的。”说着她又一次拍拍手，又来了一个小矮人。 “给这个人拿点吃喝的东西来。”她说。 小矮人走开了，不一会儿就拿来一只铁碗，里面盛了点水，还有一只铁盘子，上面放了一大块干面包。他把东西放在爱德蒙身边的地板上，还咧嘴一笑，那副神情实在令人厌恶，他说： “小王子的土耳其软糖来了。哈！哈！哈！” “把它拿走，”爱德蒙生气地说，“我不要吃干面包。”不料妖婆突然向他扑来，脸上的神情那么可怕，他只好赔个不是，一点点啃起那块面包来，可是面包太干，他简直咽不下 “在你再吃到面包之前，有这个吃你该高兴。”妖婆说。他还在那儿咬啊嚼啊，第一个小矮人已回来报告雪橇准备好了。白妖婆站起来就走，同时命令爱德蒙跟她一块儿去。他们走到院子里时，雪又下起来了，但她对此并不在意，还叫爱德蒙到雪橇上坐在她身边。临出发前她又招呼芬瑞斯·乌尔夫，它就像条大狗似的跳到雪橇旁边。 “你带上跑得最快的狼，马上到海狸家里去。”妖婆说，“你们在那儿不管找到什么，统统都杀掉。如果他们已经走了，那就全速赶到石桌去，但别给人看见。你们躲在那儿等着我。我得向西走好多英里，才找得到一个能驾雪橇过河的地方。你可以趁那些人没到达石桌前先赶上他们。要是找到了他们，你总知道该怎么干！” “遵命，女王。”那只狼吼道，说着立刻飞奔到黑暗的雪地里，就像骏马腾空那么快。转眼工夫它又叫来一只狼，一起奔向堤坝，在海狸夫妇的房子里四处嗅闻。不过房子当然是空的。要是那天晚上天气一直很好，对海狸夫妇和孩子们倒是祸害了，因为狼会跟踪他们的足迹——十之八九在他们进洞以前就会赶上他们。但这会儿又开始下雪了，气味也淡了，连脚印也都给淹没了。 同时小矮人赶着驯鹿，跟妖婆和爱德蒙出了拱门，然后一路向黑暗的冰天雪地里驶去。对爱德蒙来说这可真是一次可怕的旅程，因为他没有大衣。他们走了还不到一刻钟，他面前就积满了雪—一会儿他就不再掸雪花了，因为尽管他掸得快，刚掸掉就又积起一堆来，而且他很累。不一会儿他就浑身湿透了。哦，他多惨啊。目前看来妖婆并不打算给他当国王了啊！他为了让自己相信她是好人，善心人，她这一边才是真正正义的一边，而对自己说过的种种话，如今听起来都是些蠢话了。他愿意放弃一切，这会儿就去找大家——甚至彼得！如今惟一能安慰他自己的办法就是尽量相信这整个事件是场梦，他随时会醒过来。他们走啊走啊，过了一个小时又一个小时，似乎真成为一场梦了。 这一路上花的时间长得很，哪怕我再写上多少页也写不完。不过我就跳过这一段，先说说这时雪停了，天亮了，他们在阳光下飞驶着。他们还在继续赶路，除了雪地上不断的嗖嗖声，驯鹿挽具的嘎吱声，什么声音也没有。最后，妖婆终于说：“我们看看这儿有什么？停下！”他们这才停下了。 爱德蒙多么希望她开口说说吃早饭的事！可是她停下来的理由却完全不同。离雪橇不远的一棵树下坐着快快乐乐的一伙：松鼠夫妇和孩子，还有两个森林神，一个小矮人．一只老雄狐，全都围着桌子坐在矮凳上。爱德蒙看不清他们在吃什么，不过味道闻起来真香，而且似乎还用了冬青做装饰，他简直不敢相信自己看见了葡萄干布丁之类的东西。雪橇停下时，那只狐狸，显然是在场年纪最老的，刚刚站起身来，右爪举起一只杯子，似乎要说些什么。但等这一伙看到雪橇停下，是谁乘在上头时，大家脸上的欢乐神情就全部消失了。松鼠爸爸的叉子举到嘴边，半途就停下不吃了。还有一个森林神嘴里含着叉子就停下了，松鼠娃娃都吓得吱吱叫。 “这是什么意思？”妖婆女王问道。没人回答。 “说呀，坏蛋，”她又说，“难道你们想要我的小矮人用鞭子叫你们开口吗？你们大吃大喝，铺张浪费，纵情欢乐，是什么意思？这一切东西你们究竟从哪儿弄来的？” “你别见怪，陛下，”狐理说，“这些都是给我们的。请恕我冒昧，让我为陛下的健康干杯——” “这些东西是谁给你们的？”妖婆问。 “圣诞老——老——老人。”狐狸结结巴巴地说。 “什么？”妖婆吼道，从雪橇上一跃而起，向那些受惊的动物走近几大步。“他没到这儿来过，他决不会到这儿来！你们竟敢——可是不。说你们是在说谎，那么就可以宽恕你们。” 这时一只小松鼠竟然完全昏了头。 “他来过了——他来过了——他来过了！”一面吱吱叫着，一面用小匙敲桌子。 爱德蒙看见妖婆咬咬嘴唇，雪白的脸蛋上沁出一滴血。接着她举起了魔杖。 “哦，别，别，请不要。”爱德蒙叫道，但就在他大声喊叫时，她已经挥动了魔杖，刚才一群动物欢宴的地方，立刻出现了一个个动物的石像(其中一只就永远举着石叉凝固在离嘴一半的地方)，围坐在一张石桌前，桌上是石盘和石头的葡萄干布丁。 “至于你，”妖婆说，重新坐上雪橇时给了他一下耳光，打得他昏头昏脑，“这就是你替奸细和叛徒求情的教训。上路！”在这个故事中爱德蒙还是第一次为别人感到难过呢。想到那些小小的石像就此坐在那儿度过寂静的白天、黑暗的夜晚，日复一日，年复一年，直到身上长满苔藓，最后甚至脸部也会分解，这似乎太可怜了。 这会儿他们又稳稳地飞驶向前。不久爱德蒙就注意到他们冲过去时溅起的雪比昨晚湿多了。同时他也注意到自己已经不大觉得冷了。天变得雾蒙蒙的。事实上，雾气越来越浓，天也越来越暖和。雪橇也远远没有原来行驶得那么快了。开头，他以为这是因为拉雪橇的驯鹿累了，但不久他就看出这不是真正的原因。雪橇猛地一动，朝边上滑去，还不断颠簸，就像撞上了石头。尽管小矮人鞭打可怜的驯鹿，雪橇还是越来越慢。他们周围似乎还有种怪异的声音，但雪橇行驶和颠簸的声音，加上小矮人吆喝驯鹿的声音，响得爱德蒙没法听清楚，直到后来雪橇突然困住了，寸步不能动弹。出了这事以后，一时四下寂静。爱德蒙总算能好好听一听那声音了。原来那是一种又奇特又可爱的沙沙声、潺潺声—— 但毕竟也不算太奇特，因为他知道自己以前听见过这种声音——要是他想得起在哪儿听见的就好了！接着他突然想起来了。那是流水声。虽然看不见，但就在他们周围，那是小溪潺潺欢唱，水流淙淙，噗噗冒泡，水花四溅，甚至(远处)激流咆哮。等他明白严冬已过，他心头也猛地一跳(虽然他压根不知道为什么)。离他们更近的树木的枝干上都在滴滴答答地滴水。随后，当他看着一棵树时，他看见一大块积雪从树上滑落下来，这是他进入纳尼亚以来第一次看见一棵冷杉树的深绿色。但他没时间多听多看，因为妖婆说话了。 “别坐在那儿干瞪眼，笨蛋！来帮个忙。” 爱德蒙当然只好服从。他踩到雪地里——不过目前这儿都是成雪水了——开始帮小矮人把雪橇从陷进去的泥潭里拉出来。他们终于把雪橇拉了出来，小矮人对驯鹿十分凶狠，雪橇总算又动了，他们又走了一小段路。这会儿雪真的完全融化了，四面八方都出现了一小块一小块的绿草地。除非你也像爱德蒙那样长时间看着一片冰雪世界，否则很难想象看了无穷无尽的白雪之后，看到那一片片绿地，心情有多么欣慰。此时雪橇又停下了。 “不行啊，陛下，”小矮人说，“我们在融雪中没法驾雪橇。” “那我们就得走。”妖婆说。 “走着去我们永远也赶不上他们，”小矮人咕哝道，“他们先走一步。” “你是我的顾问还是我的奴隶啊！”妖婆说，“照我说的办。把这个人的手绑在身后，拉住绳子一头。再带上你的鞭子。把驯鹿的挽具割断，它们自己会找到路回家。” 小矮人服从命令，不一会儿爱德蒙就被反绑着双手，被迫尽快赶路。他不断滑倒在雪水中、泥浆里和湿草地上，每次他一滑倒，小矮人就骂他，有时还给他一鞭子。妖婆走在小矮人后面，嘴里不停地说：“快点！快点！” 块块绿地随时随刻都在变大，块块雪地都在缩小。随时随刻都有更多的树木脱下雪袍。不久，你无论朝哪儿看，白色都不见了，只见深绿的冷杉树，光秃秃的橡树那黑色多刺的树枝，以及山毛榉和榆树。接着薄雾由白色转为金色，一会儿就完全消失了。道道美妙的阳光射向森林的地面，从当头的树梢之间可以看到一片蓝天。 不久发生了更奇妙的事情。他们突然绕过一个拐角，来到一片银白色的白桦树林中的空地，爱德蒙看见空地上四面八方都开满了黄色的小花——白苣菜。水声更响了。不一会儿他们果真穿过了一条小河。他们还发现河边长出了雪莲花。 “少管闲事！”小矮人说，他看见爱德蒙扭头看花，就恶毒地用力拉拉绳子。 不过这当然阻止不了爱德蒙观看。只过了五分钟他就注意到一棵老树脚下长着十几朵藏红花——有金色的、紫色的和白色的。接着又传来了一种比水声更美妙的声音。在他们走的那条小路附近，一只鸟突然在树枝上吱吱叫了起来。不远处另一只鸟儿喳喳叫着回答。此后，仿佛听到信号似的，四面八方都唧唧喳喳叫个不停。一时间满耳都是鸟鸣声。不到五分钟，鸟的音乐响彻了整个树林，爱德蒙不论往哪儿看，都看得见一只只鸟儿或落在树枝上，或在空中飞翔，或喧闹不休。 “快点！快点！”妖婆说。 这会儿雾已经消失得无影无踪，天空变得越来越蓝，不时还有几片白云匆匆掠过。宽阔的林间空地上开着朵朵樱草花。一阵微风吹过，摇曳的树枝上露珠纷纷洒落，拂来清凉、美妙的香味。树木都开始活过来了。落叶松和白桦树披上了绿装，金莲花金光灿灿。不久山毛榉就长出了娇嫩、透明的叶子。行人在树下走过，光线也变成绿色的了。一只蜜蜂嗡嗡叫着穿过他们走的那条小径。 “这不是融雪，”小矮人说着突然停下，“这是春天。我们怎么办？说真的，你的冬天已经给赶跑了。这是阿斯兰干的。” “如果你们有谁再提起那个名字，”妖婆说，“就叫他立刻送命。”

Chapter 12

PETER'S FIRST BATTLE

WHILE the dwarf and the White Witch were saying this, miles away the Beavers and the children were walking on hour after hour into what seemed a delicious dream. Long ago they had left the coats behind them. And by now they had even stopped saying to one another, "Look! there's a kingfisher," or "I say, bluebells!" or "What was that lovely smell?" or "Just listen to that thrush!" They walked on in silence drinking it all in, passing through patches of warm sunlight into cool, green thickets and out again into wide mossy glades where tall elms raised the leafy roof far overhead, and then into dense masses of flowering currant and among hawthorn bushes where the sweet smell was almost overpowering.

They had been just as surprised as Edmund when they saw the winter vanishing and the whole wood passing in a few hours or so from January to May. They hadn't even known for certain (as the Witch did) that this was what would happen when Aslan came to Narnia. But they all knew that it was her spells which had produced the endless winter; and therefore they all knew when this magic spring began that something had gone wrong, and badly wrong, with the Witch's schemes. And after the thaw had been going on for some time they all realized that the Witch would no longer be able to use her sledge. After that they didn't hurry so much and they allowed themselves more rests and longer ones. They were pretty tired by now of course; but not what I'd call bitterly tired - only slow and feeling very dreamy and quiet inside as one does when one is coming to the end of a long day in the open. Susan had a slight blister on one heel.

They had left the course of the big river some time ago; for one had to turn a little to the right (that meant a little to the south) to reach the place of the Stone Table. Even if this had not been their way they couldn't have kept to the river valley once the thaw began, for with all that melting snow the river was soon in flood - a wonderful, roaring, thundering yellow flood - and their path would have been under water.

And now the sun got low and the light got redder and the shadows got longer and the flowers began to think about closing.

"Not long now," said Mr Beaver, and began leading them uphill across some very deep, springy moss (it felt nice under their tired feet) in a place where only tall trees grew, very wide apart. The climb, coming at the end of the long day, made them all pant and blow. And just as Lucy was wondering whether she could really get to the top without another long rest, suddenly they were at the top. And this is what they saw.

They 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 - except right ahead. There, far to the East, was something twinkling and moving. "By gum!" whispered Peter to Susan, "the sea!" In the very middle of this open hill-top was the Stone Table. It was a great grim slab of grey stone supported on four upright stones. It looked very old; and it was cut all over with strange lines and figures that might be the letters of an unknown language. They gave you a curious feeling when you looked at them. The next thing they saw was a pavilion pitched on one side of the open place. A wonderful pavilion it was - and especially now when the light of the setting sun fell upon it - with sides of what looked like yellow silk and cords of crimson and tent-pegs of ivory; and high above it on a pole a banner which 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; and turning in that direction they saw what they had come to see.

Aslan stood in the centre of a crowd of creatures who had grouped themselves round him in the shape of a half-moon. There were Tree-Women there and Well-Women (Dryads and Naiads as they used to be called in our world) who had stringed instruments; it was they who had made the music. There were four great centaurs. The horse part of them was like huge English farm horses, and the man part was like stern but beautiful giants. There was also a unicorn, and a bull with the head of a man, and a pelican, and an eagle, and a great Dog. And next to Aslan stood two leopards of whom one carried his crown and the other his standard.

But as for Aslan himself, the Beavers and the children didn't know what to do or say when they saw him. People who have not been in Narnia sometimes think that a thing cannot be good and terrible at the same time. If the children had ever thought so, they were cured of it now. For when they tried to look at Aslan's face they just caught a glimpse of the golden mane and the great, royal, solemn, overwhelming eyes; and then 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 Peter, "What about you? Ladies first."

"No, you're the eldest," whispered Susan. And of course the longer they went on doing this the more awkward they felt. Then at last Peter realized that it was up to him. He drew his sword and raised it to the salute and hastily saying to the others "Come on. Pull yourselves together," he advanced to the Lion and said:

"We have come - Aslan."

"Welcome, Peter, Son of Adam," said Aslan. "Welcome, Susan and Lucy, Daughters of Eve. Welcome He-Beaver and She-Beaver."

His voice was deep and rich and somehow took the fidgets out of them. They now felt glad and quiet and it didn't seem awkward to them to stand and say nothing.

"But where is the fourth?" asked Aslan.

"He has tried to betray them and joined the White Witch, O Aslan," said Mr Beaver. And then something made Peter say,

"That was partly my fault, Aslan. I was angry with him and I think that helped him to go wrong."

And Aslan said nothing either to excuse Peter or to blame him but merely stood looking at him with his great unchanging eyes. And it seemed to all of them that there was nothing to be said.

"Please - Aslan," said Lucy, "can anything be done to save Edmund?"

"All shall be done," said Aslan. "But it may be harder than you think." And then he was silent again for some time. Up to that moment Lucy had been thinking how royal and strong and peaceful his face looked; now it suddenly came into her head that he looked sad as well. But next minute that expression was quite gone. The Lion shook his mane and clapped his paws together ("Terrible paws," thought Lucy, "if he didn't know how to velvet them!") and said,

"Meanwhile, let the feast be prepared. Ladies, take these Daughters of Eve to the pavilion and minister to them."

When the girls had gone Aslan laid his paw - and though it was velveted it was very heavy - on Peter's shoulder and said, "Come, Son of Adam, and I will show you a far-off sight of the castle where you are to be King."

And Peter with his sword still drawn in his hand went with the Lion to the eastern edge of the hilltop. There a beautiful sight met their eyes. The sun was setting behind their backs. That meant that the whole country below them lay in the evening light - forest and hills and valleys and, winding away like a silver snake, the lower part of the great river. And beyond all this, miles away, was the sea, and beyond the sea the sky, full of clouds which were just turning rose colour with the reflection of the sunset. But just where the land of Narnia met the sea - in fact, at the mouth of the great river - there was something on a little hill, shining. It was shining because it was a castle and of course the sunlight was reflected from all the windows which looked towards Peter and the sunset; but to Peter it looked like a great star resting on the seashore.

"That, O Man," said Aslan, "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."

And once more Peter said nothing, for at that moment a strange noise woke the silence suddenly. It was like a bugle, but richer.

"It is your sister's horn," said Aslan to Peter in a low voice; so low as to be almost a purr, if it is not disrespectful to think of a Lion purring.

For a moment Peter did not understand. Then, when he saw all the other creatures start forward and heard Aslan say with a wave of his paw, "Back! Let the Prince win his spurs," he did understand, and set off running as hard as he could to the pavilion. And there he saw a dreadful sight.

The Naiads and Dryads were scattering in every direction. Lucy was running towards him as fast as her short legs would carry her and her face was as white as paper. Then he saw Susan make a dash for a tree, and swing herself up, followed by a huge grey beast. At first Peter thought it was a bear. Then he saw that it looked like an Alsatian, though it was far too big to be a dog. Then he realized that it was a wolf - a wolf standing on its hind legs, with its front paws against the tree-trunk, snapping and snarling. All the hair on its back stood up on end. Susan had not been able to get higher than the second big branch. One of her legs hung down so that her foot was only an inch or two above the snapping teeth. Peter wondered why she did not get higher or at least take a better grip; then he realized that she was just going to faint and that if she fainted she would fall off.

Peter did not feel very brave; indeed, he felt he was going to be sick. But that made no difference to what he had to do. He rushed straight up to the monster and aimed a slash of his sword at its side. That stroke never reached the Wolf. Quick as lightning it turned round, its eyes flaming, and its mouth wide open in a howl of anger. If it had not been so angry that it simply had to howl it would have got him by the throat at once. As it was - though all this happened too quickly for Peter to think at all - he had just time to duck down and plunge his sword, as hard as he could, between the brute's forelegs into its heart. Then came a horrible, confused moment like something in a nightmare. He was tugging and pulling and the Wolf seemed neither alive nor dead, and its bared teeth knocked against his forehead, and everything was blood and heat and hair. A moment later he found that the monster lay dead and he had drawn his sword out of it and was straightening his back and rubbing the sweat off his face and out of his eyes. He felt tired all over.

Then, after a bit, Susan came down the tree. She and Peter felt pretty shaky when they met and I won't say there wasn't kissing and crying on both sides. But in Narnia no one thinks any the worse of you for that.

"Quick! Quick!" shouted the voice of Aslan. "Centaurs! Eagles! I see another wolf in the thickets. There - behind you. He has just darted away. After him, all of you. He will be going to his mistress. Now is your chance to find the Witch and rescue the fourth Son of Adam." And instantly with a thunder of hoofs and beating of wings a dozen or so of the swiftest creatures disappeared into the gathering darkness.

Peter, still out of breath, turned and saw Aslan close at hand.

"You have forgotten to clean your sword," said Aslan.

It was true. Peter blushed when he looked at the bright blade and saw it all smeared with the Wolf's hair and blood. He stooped down and wiped it quite clean on the grass, and then wiped it quite dry on his coat.

"Hand it to me and kneel, Son of Adam," said Aslan. And when Peter had done so he struck him with the flat of the blade and said, "Rise up, Sir Peter Wolf's-Bane. And, whatever happens, never forget to wipe your sword."

Now we must get back to Edmund. When he had been made to walk far further than he had ever known that anybody could walk, the Witch at last halted in a dark valley all overshadowed with fir trees and yew trees. Edmund simply sank down and lay on his face doing nothing at all and not even caring what was going to happen next provided they would let him lie still. He was too tired even to notice how hungry and thirsty he was. The Witch and the dwarf were talking close beside him in low tones.

"No," said the dwarf, "it is no use now, O Queen. They must have reached the Stone Table by now."

"Perhaps the Wolf will smell us out and bring us news," said the Witch.

"It cannot be good news if he does," said the dwarf.

"Four thrones in Cair Paravel," said the Witch. "How if only three were filled? That would not fulfil the prophecy."

"What difference would that make now that He is here?" said the dwarf. He did not dare, even now, to mention the name of Aslan to his mistress.

"He may not stay long. And then - we would fall upon the three at Cair."

"Yet it might be better," said the dwarf, "to keep this one" (here he kicked Edmund) "for bargaining with." 第十二章 彼得初战告捷 小矮人和妖婆正在说这些话时，好几英里之外的海狸和孩子们正在走啊走的，恍如进入一个美妙的梦境。他们早就把大衣扔下了。如今他们相互间不再说什么“瞧，有只翠鸟！”或“嗨，风信子！”也不再说“那股可爱的香味是什么？” 或“听听那只画眉！”他们默默走着，深深陶醉其中，从暖和的太阳地里走进阴凉、碧绿的灌木丛中、又走到宽阔、长满苔藓的林间空地，空地上高高的榆树当头搭起枝叶茂密的绿荫，然后他们又走进密密麻麻一大片开着花的红醋栗中，走到山楂丛中，那儿的香味几乎能醉倒人。 他们眼看冬天消失，整个森林在几小时内就从一月到了五月，也跟爱德蒙一样感到惊奇。他们甚至没有像妖婆那样肯定这是阿斯兰到了纳尼亚才会出现的事，但他们都知道是妖婆的咒语变出了没完没了的冬天；因此他们全知道这个不可思议的春天一开始，妖婆的阴谋诡计就失败了，而且大大失败了。融雪持续了一段时间，他们大家都明白妖婆再也不能用雪橇了。此后他们就不再匆匆忙忙赶路，也容许自己多休息几回，休息时间更长一些。他们眼下当然很疲劳；但不是那种所谓筋疲力尽——只是没精打采，觉得恍恍惚惚的，而且心里很平静，就像在户外待了漫长一天，终于到头时的感觉。苏珊一只脚后跟磨起了一个小水疱。 他们早就离开了那条大河的河道，因为必需稍稍往右转(就是说稍稍向南)才能到达石桌那儿。即使这条路不是他们该走的路，一旦融雪开始，他们也不能老沿着河谷走，因为有了那么多融雪，河里很快就发大水了——一股来势惊人、咆哮轰鸣的黄浊洪水——他们走的小路就会淹在水里了。 这会儿太阳快下山了，天色更红，影子也拉长了，花儿也开始要收拢了。 “现在不远了。”海狸先生说着开始带领他们上山，穿过一段深深的、松软的青苔(他们疲劳的双脚踩在上面倒觉得很舒服)，那地方只稀稀拉拉长着一些高大的树木。在漫长的白天结束时爬山，大家都喘不过气来。露茜心里正在想，不好好休息一阵子，自己能不能爬上山顶；但突然间，他们就到山顶上了。 他们站在一片绿油油的空地上，在那儿你可以俯瞰森林，除了正前方，目光所及都是绵延不绝的森林。东边远处，有什么东西闪闪发亮，还在晃动。“天哪！”彼得悄声对苏珊说，“大海！”山顶这块空地的正中就是石桌。那是一块很大的灰色石板，下面撑着四块笔直的石头。石桌看上去年代悠久，上面刻满了奇怪的线条和符号，可能是一种无名语言的字母吧。你看着这些符号．一种好奇的感觉就会油然而生。他们看到的第二件东西是空地一边搭起的一个帐篷，那是一个奇妙的帐篷——尤其是这会儿落日的余晖正照在帐篷上——帐篷面子看上去像杏黄缎子，深红的绳索，象牙色的帐篷桩；帐篷的支柱上，高高挂着一面绣着一只腾跃的红色狮子的旗子，正迎风飘扬，这阵从远处海面吹来的微风也轻拂着他们的脸。他们正看着这帐篷，只听见右面传来一阵音乐，便不由向那边转过身去，这才看见了他们特地来看的东西。 阿斯兰站在一群生物中间，它们围着它形成一个半月形。有树精和水精(在我们的世界里称为森林女神和水仙女)，她们都有弦乐器;音乐就是她们演奏的。有四只巨大的人头马，身体像英国饲养场里的骏马，头部像严厉而俊美的巨人。还有一匹独角兽，一匹人头牛，一只鹈鹕，一只鹰和一条大狗。阿斯兰身边站着两头豹，一头拿着它的王冠，另一头举着它的旗帜。 说到阿斯兰，海狸夫妇和孩子们都不知道看见它时该怎么办、怎么说。没有到过纳尼亚的人往往认为决不会有好人让人见了害怕的。如果孩子们以前这么认为，眼下他们已经纠正了这种想法。因为当他们想看看阿斯兰的脸时，只看了一眼金色的鬃毛和那双威武、高贵、庄严、慑人的眼睛，他们就觉得自己不能正眼看它了，大家都不禁在发抖。 “去吧。”海狸先生悄声说。 “不，”彼得悄声说，“你先走。” “不，亚当的儿子走在动物前面。”海狸先生又悄悄回了他一句。 “苏珊，”彼得悄声说，“你怎么样？女土先走嘛。” “不，你年龄最大。”苏珊悄声说。当然他们这样拖得越长，就越感到尴尬。后来彼得才终于明白这事全靠他了。他抽出剑来，举敛致敬，匆匆对其他几个说：“快来吧，你们定下神来。”他向狮王走去，说道： “我们来了——阿斯兰。” “欢迎，彼得，亚当的儿子，”阿斯兰说，“欢迎，苏珊和露茜，夏娃的女儿。欢迎，公海狸和母海狸。” 它的声音深沉、圆润，不知怎么竟消除了他们的不安。他们如今只觉得又高兴又平静，站在那儿不说话也不觉得尴尬了。 “可是第四个在哪儿呢？”阿斯兰问。 “他想要出卖他们，投靠白妖婆，哦，阿斯兰。”海狸先生说。于是彼得只好说： “这事多少得怪我，阿斯兰。我对他发脾气，我想那反而促使他变坏了。” 阿斯兰不吭声，既没说原谅彼得，也没责怪他，只是站在那儿，金色的大眼睛直望着他。大伙觉得似乎没什么可说的了。 “请问——阿斯兰，”露茜说，“有什么办法救救爱德蒙吗？” “要想尽办法，”阿斯兰说，“不过这事可能比你们想象的更困难。”接着它又沉默了一会。直到那一刻，露茜还始终认为它的脸看上去多么高贵、刚毅、宁静；如今她突然发觉它看上去也很忧伤。不过这种神情一会儿就过去了。狮王摇摇鬃毛，两只爪子一拍(露茜想，“要是它不知道刚中带柔，这对爪子可吓人呢。”)，开口说道： “现在准备好宴席，女士们，把夏娃的女儿带到帐篷里去，照顾好她们。” 女孩子走了以后，阿斯兰伸出一只爪子搁在彼得肩膀上——虽然动作轻柔，却十分有力——说道，“来吧，亚当的儿子，我将指给你看你将来当国王的那座城堡的远景。” 彼得仍然一手握剑，跟着狮王一起来到山顶的东边。一幅美景出现在他们眼前。太阳已经落在他们背后。他们下面的整个国土都笼罩在暮色中——森林和小山，山谷，以及像条银蛇般蜿蜒流过的大河的下游。那边几英里以外是大海，大海以外是天空，落日映照下满是玫瑰色的云层。但就在纳尼亚国土近海的地方——其实就是那条大河的入海口—— 有什么东西屹立在一座小山上闪闪发光。因为这是一座城堡，朝彼得这边的窗户当然都映出落日的余辉；不过彼得觉得城堡就像海岸上的一颗大星星。 # ]# , “男子汉啊，”阿斯兰说，“那就是有四个宝座的凯尔帕拉维尔，你必须以国王的身分坐上其中一个宝座。我指给你看是因为你是老大，你要当个地位高于其他人的至尊王。” 彼得又一次什么也没说，因为这时一种奇怪的声音突然打破了这片沉默。像一只军号，不过声音更圆润。 “这是你妹妹的号角，”阿斯兰低声对彼得说，如果说狮子咕噜咕噜叫不算大不敬的话，那么这声音低得简直就是咕噜咕噜的。 彼得一时不明白。后来，他看见所有的生物都拥上前来，只听得阿斯兰挥挥爪子说：“退下！让王子立个头功吧。” 他才明白，于是他飞快地奔向帐篷。在那儿，他看见了一幕可怕的情景。 水仙女和森林女神正四下奔逃。露茜脸色苍白，撒开两条短腿朝他跑来。接着他看见苏珊向一棵树冲去，纵身爬上了树，后面有一头灰色的巨兽在追她。开头彼得以为那是一只熊。后来他看出这头野兽很像一条德国狼狗，然而又比狗大多了。后来他才想到这是一匹狼——一匹狼后腿站着，前爪扑在树干上又咬又吼，背上的毛根根竖起。苏珊只攀上第二根大树枝，再也没法爬高。她一条腿吊在下面，这只脚离开乱咬的狼牙只有一两英寸。彼得不知道她为什么不爬得高一点，至少也要抓牢些嘛；后来他才明白她快晕过去了，如果她晕过去，那就会摔下来。 彼得并不觉得自己十分勇敢；说真的，他感到自己快要呕吐了。不过这并不影响他的使命，他笔直冲向那头猛兽，瞄准它肋间猛刺一剑。这一下子并没刺中那匹狼。它闪电般转过身来，眼睛凶焰灼人，嘴巴张得老大，狂嚎一阵。要不是它怒气冲冲，非得嚎叫一通才痛快，它就会立刻咬住彼得的喉咙了。事实上——尽管这一切都太快，彼得根本来不及想——他只来得及弯下身子，使尽浑身力气，把剑刺进那猛兽前腿之间，刺中了心脏。接下来一段工夫又可怕又混乱，就像恶梦中的情景。他用力拖啊，拉啊，那匹狼既不像死了，也不像活着，露出一口利牙磕在他的额头上，一切都沾满了血、热气和皮毛。又过了一会，他才发现那头巨兽已经倒地死去。他拔出剑，挺直腰板，擦去满头满脸的开。他觉得累坏了。过了一会儿，苏珊才从树上下来。她见到彼得时两人都觉得有点摇摇晃晃。不用说，双方见了不免又是亲吻又是哭泣。不过在纳尼亚，没人会为这事而把你往坏处想的。 “快！快！”只听得阿斯兰的声音在大声喊叫，“人头马！雄鹰！我看见灌木丛中还有一匹狼。瞧——在你们后面！它要到它的女主人那儿去了。现在正是你们找到妖婆和救出第四个亚当的儿子的好机会。”话音刚落，顿时响起一阵雷鸣般的马蹄声和翅膀扑棱声，约有十几只动作最迅速的动物消失在暮色中。 彼得还没喘过气来，转过身，看见阿斯兰就在他身边。 你忘了把剑擦干净。”阿斯兰说。 这话不错，彼得看到那把光亮的剑已经被狼的毛和血弄污了，不由涨红了脸。他弯下腰，在草地上把剑擦干净，再在自己衣服上把剑擦干。 “把剑递给我，跪下，亚当的儿子。”阿斯兰说。彼得遵命跪下以后，它用剑的平面拍了他一下，说道，“起来吧，彼得· 芬瑞斯—贝思阁下。不管出了什么事，永远别忘记擦干净你的剑。”

Chapter 13

DEEP MAGIC FROM THE DAWN OF TIME

"Yes! and have him rescued," said the Witch scornfully.

"Then," said the dwarf, "we had better do what we have to do at once."

"I would like to have it done on the Stone Table itself," said the Witch. "That is the proper place. That is where it has always been done before."

"It will be a long time now before the Stone Table can again be put to its proper use," said the dwarf.

"True," said the Witch; and then, "Well, I will begin."

At that moment with a rush and a snarl a Wolf rushed up to them.

"I have seen them. They are all at the Stone Table, with Him. They have killed my captain, Maugrim. I was hidden in the thickets and saw it all. One of the Sons of Adam killed him. Fly! Fly!"

"No," said the Witch. "There need be no flying. Go quickly. Summon all our people to meet me here as speedily as they can. Call out the giants and the werewolves and the spirits of those trees who are on our side. Call the Ghouls, and the Boggles, the Ogres and the Minotaurs. Call the Cruels, the Hags, the Spectres, and the people of the Toadstools. We will fight. What? Have I not still my wand? Will not their ranks turn into stone even as they come on? Be off quickly, I have a little thing to finish here while you are away."

The great brute bowed its head, turned, and galloped away.

"Now!" she said, "we have no table - let me see. We had better put it against the trunk of a tree."

Edmund found himself being roughly forced to his feet. Then the dwarf set him with his back against a tree and bound him fast. He saw the Witch take off her outer mantle. Her arms were bare underneath it and terribly white. Because they were so very white he could see them, but he could not see much else, it was so dark in this valley under the dark trees.

"Prepare the victim,", said the Witch. And the dwarf undid Edmund's collar and folded back his shirt at the neck. Then he took Edmund's hair and pulled his head back so that he had to raise his chin. After that Edmund heard a strange noise - whizz whizz - whizz. For a moment he couldn't think what it was. Then he realized. It was the sound of a knife being sharpened.

At that very moment he heard loud shouts from every direction - a drumming of hoofs and a beating of wings - a scream from the Witch - confusion all round him. And then he found he was being untied. Strong arms were round him and he heard big, kind voices saying things like -

"Let him lie down - give him some wine - drink this - steady now - you'll be all right in a minute."

Then he heard the voices of people who were not talking to him but to one another. And they were saying things like "Who's got the Witch?" "I thought you had her." "I didn't see her after I knocked the knife out of her hand - I was after the dwarf - do you mean to say she's escaped?" "- A chap can't mind everything at once - what's that? Oh, sorry, it's only an old stump!" But just at this point Edmund went off in a dead faint.

Presently the centaurs and unicorns and deer and birds (they were of course the rescue party which Aslan had sent in the last chapter) all set off to go back to the Stone Table, carrying Edmund with them. But if they could have seen what happened in that valley after they had gone, I think they might have been surprised.

It was perfectly still and presently the moon grew bright; if you had been there you would have seen the moonlight shining on an old tree-stump and on a fairsized boulder. But if you had gone on looking you would gradually have begun to think there was something odd about both the stump and the boulder. And next you would have thought that the stump did look really remarkably like a little fat man crouching on the ground. And if you had watched long enough you would have seen the stump walk across to the boulder and the boulder sit up and begin talking to the stump; for in reality the stump and the boulder were simply the Witch and the dwarf. For it was part of her magic that she could make things look like what they aren't, and she had the presence of mind to do so at the very moment when the knife was knocked out of her hand. She had kept hold of her wand, so it had been kept safe, too.

When the other children woke up next morning (they had been sleeping on piles of cushions in the pavilion) the first thing they heard -from Mrs Beaver - was that their brother had been rescued and brought into camp late last night; and was at that moment with Aslan. As soon as they had breakfasted4 they all went out, and there they saw Aslan and Edmund walking together in the dewy grass, apart from the rest of the court. There is no need to tell you (and no one ever heard) what Aslan was saying, but it was a conversation which Edmund never forgot. As the others drew nearer Aslan turned to meet them, bringing Edmund with him.

"Here is your brother," he said, "and - there is no need to talk to him about what is past."

Edmund shook hands with each of the others and said to each of them in turn, "I'm sorry," and everyone said, "That's all right." And then everyone wanted very hard to say something which would make it quite clear that they were all friends with him again -something ordinary and natural -and of course no one could think of anything in the world to say. But before they had time to feel really awkward one of the leopards approached Aslan and said,

"Sire, there is a messenger from the enemy who craves 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."

"Queen of Narnia, indeed!" said Mr Beaver. "Of all the cheek -"

"Peace, Beaver," said Aslan. "All names will soon be restored to their proper owners. In the meantime we will not dispute about them. Tell your mistress, Son of Earth, that I grant her safe conduct on condition that she leaves her wand behind her at that great oak."

This was agreed to and two leopards went back with the dwarf to see that the conditions were properly carried out. "But supposing she turns the two leopards into stone?" whispered Lucy to Peter. I think the same idea had occurred to the leopards themselves; at any rate, as they walked off their fur was all standing up on their backs and their tails were bristling - like a cat's when it sees a strange dog.

"It'll be all right," whispered Peter in reply. "He wouldn't send them if it weren't."

A few minutes later the Witch herself walked out on to the top of the hill and came straight across and stood before Aslan. The three children who had not seen her before felt shudders running down their backs at the sight of her face; and there were low growls among all the animals present. 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 and the dead-white face so close together. Not that the Witch looked Aslan exactly in his eyes; Mrs Beaver particularly noticed this.

"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 and after the talk he'd had 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?" asked the Witch.

"Let us say I have forgotten it," answered Aslan gravely. "Tell us of this Deep Magic."

"Tell you?" 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."

"Oh," said Mr Beaver. "So that's how you came to imagine yourself a queen - because you were the Emperor's hangman. I see."

"Peace, Beaver," said Aslan, with a very low growl. "And so," continued the Witch, "that human creature is mine. His life is forfeit to me. His blood is my property."

"Come and take it then," said the Bull with the man's head in a great bellowing voice.

"Fool," said the Witch with a savage smile that was almost a snarl, "do you really think your master can rob me of my rights by mere force? He knows the Deep Magic better than that. He knows that unless I have blood as the Law says all Narnia will be overturned and perish in fire and water."

"It is very true," said Aslan, "I do not deny it."

"Oh, Aslan!" whispered Susan in the Lion's ear, "can't we - I mean, you won't, will you? Can't we do something about the Deep Magic? Isn't there something you can work against it?"

"Work against the Emperor's Magic?" said Aslan, turning to her with something like a frown on his face. And nobody ever made that suggestion to him again.

Edmund was on the other side of Aslan, looking all the time at Aslan's face. He felt a choking feeling and wondered if he ought to say something; but a moment later he felt that he was not expected to do anything except to wait, and do what he was told.

"Fall back, all of you," said Aslan, "and I will talk to the Witch alone."

They all obeyed. It was a terrible time this - waiting and wondering while the Lion and the Witch talked earnestly together in low voices. Lucy said, "Oh, Edmund!" and began to cry. Peter stood with his back to the others looking out at the distant sea. The Beavers stood holding each other's paws with their heads bowed. The centaurs stamped uneasily with their hoofs. But everyone became perfectly still in the end, so that you noticed even small sounds like a bumble-bee flying past, or the birds in the forest down below them, or the wind rustling the leaves. And still the talk between Aslan and the White Witch went on.

At last they heard Aslan's voice, "You can all come back," he said. "I have settled the matter. She has renounced the claim on your brother's blood." And all over the hill there was a noise as if everyone had been holding their breath and had now begun breathing again, and then a murmur of talk.

The Witch was just turning away with a look of fierce joy on her face when she stopped and said,

"But how do I know this promise will be kept?"

"Haa-a-arrh!" roared Aslan, half rising from his throne; and his great mouth opened wider and wider and the roar grew louder and louder, and the Witch, after staring for a moment with her lips wide apart, picked up her skirts and fairly ran for her life. 第十三章 远古时代的高深魔法 在我们得回头交代爱德蒙的事了。他被迫走啊走的，走了老远老远，就他所知，谁也走不了比这更远的路，妖婆这才终于在一个覆盖着冷杉和紫杉的暗谷里停了下来。爱德蒙什么也不干，只是扑倒在地上，如果他们就让他一动不动地躺着，他连下面会出什么事都不在乎。他太累了，连自己多饿多渴也顾不上了。妖婆和小矮人就在他身边低声说着话。 “不，”小矮人说，“现在没用了，女王啊。他们这会儿一定已经赶到石桌了。” “也许狼会闻到我们的行踪，给我们送信来。”妖婆说。 “如果来，也不见得是好消息。”小矮人说。 “凯尔帕拉维尔有四个宝座，”妖婆说，“如果只有三个有人坐呢？那预言就实现不了。” “既然它在这儿，那又有什么关系呢？”小矮人说。即使事到如今，他仍然不敢在女主人面前提阿斯兰的名字。“也许它待不长。那时——我们就可以抓到凯尔的那三个。”8 “话说回来，还是留着这一个”——小矮人说到这儿踢了爱德蒙一下——“做交易的好。” “是啊！饶他一条活命。”妖婆不屑一顾地说。 “那么，”小矮人说，“我们最好马上就干我们该干的事。” “我宁愿在石桌那儿干，”妖婆说，“那是最合适的地方。以前干这种事总在那儿。” “要过很长一段时间石桌才能再派上原有的用场呢。” 小矮人说。 “不错，”妖婆说，接着又说，“好吧，我就要开始了。” 正在这时，一匹狼急匆匆咆哮着冲到他们面前。 “我看见他们了。他们全在石桌那儿，跟它在一起。他们把我的队长芬瑞斯·乌尔夫杀了。我躲在灌木丛里全看见了。是一个亚当的儿子杀了它。快逃！快逃！” “不，”妖婆说，“不必逃。你快去，召集所有人马尽快赶到这儿来跟我会合。动员巨人，狼人，还有站在我们这一边的树精。动员食尸鬼、妖怪、吃人魔鬼、牛头怪。动员冷面怪、母夜叉、幽灵，以及毒菌怪。我们要战斗。什么？我不是还有魔杖吗？即使他们来了，不也会变成石头吗？快走吧，趁你走的这段时间，我还有点小事要完成呢。” 那头巨兽鞠个躬，转过身就一溜烟走了。 “好了！”她说，“我们没桌子——让我想想。我们最好把他绑在树干上。” 爱德蒙只觉得自己被粗暴地拉了起来。接着小矮人让他背靠着一棵树，把他紧紧绑上。他看见妖婆脱下了外面的披风，露出里面两条光胳膊，白得吓人。因为胳膊那么白，在漆黑的树下，这个山谷里又那么黑，他没法看见另外的东西。 “把祭品准备好。”妖婆说。小矮人解开爱德蒙的领子，把领口往里折，露出脖子。随后他抓着爱德蒙的头发，把头往后拉，使他只好拾起下巴。此后爱德蒙听见一种怪声：飕——飕——飕——他一时想不出这是什么声音。后来才明白，那原来是磨刀声！ 就在这个时候，他听见四面八方喊声震天响——一阵阵蹄声，一阵阵翅膀扑棱声——妖婆一声尖叫——周围一片混乱。于是他发现被松了绑。好几条有力的胳膊扶着他，只听见几个和气的大嗓门在说，“让他躺下——给他点酒—— 喝了这个——沉住气——你一会儿就没事了。” 接着他又听见好多声音，它们不是在对他说话，是相互间在说话。它们说什么“谁抓到妖婆了？”——“我以为你抓到她了呢。”——“我把她手里的刀打下了就没见到她。”—— “我在追小矮人。”——“你意思是说她逃走了吗？”—— “一个人不能面面俱到啊。”——“那是什么？哦，可惜，那只是一截老树桩！”不过听到这儿，爱德蒙就晕了过去，什么也不知道了。 不久，那些人头马、独角兽、鹿和鸟(它们当然是上一章里说的阿斯兰派出去的救兵)就带着爱德蒙一起出发回石桌那儿去。不过它们如果能看见它们走后山谷里发生的事，我想它们准会大吃一惊的。 山谷里一片寂静，不久月光更明亮了，如果你在场，就会看到月亮照在一截老树桩和一块不大不小的鹅卵石上。但如果你继续观察，就会逐渐想到这树桩和石头有点怪。下一步你会觉得那个树桩其实很像一个小胖子趴在地上。如果你观察的时间够长的话，就会看见那个树桩走到石头身边，石头坐起来，开始跟树桩讲话；因为事实上树桩和石头就是妖婆和小矮人。变形术，这就是妖婆魔法中的一项伎俩，就在她的刀被打下来那一刹那，她就不慌不忙地施出了这一招。她一直是魔杖不离手，因此魔杖也还是好好的。 第二天早上，另外那三个孩子醒来以后(他们就睡在帐篷里一堆堆垫子上)，首先就听到海狸太太对他们说：他们的兄弟已经得救，昨天深夜已经带回营地，这会儿正在阿斯兰那儿。他们刚吃完早饭就一起上外面去，只见阿斯兰和爱德蒙撇开在场的其他人，在挂满露珠的草地上一起散步。不用告诉你阿斯兰说了些什么(也没人听说过)，不过这次谈话是爱德蒙终身难忘的。三个孩子走近时，阿斯兰带着爱德蒙一起转身来见他们。 “你们的兄弟来了，”它说，“过去的事就不必再跟他提了。” 爱德蒙跟大家一一握手，挨个儿说了“对不起”，大家都说了声“没关系”。随后，大家都想说点什么能表明他们大家跟他重新友好的话——说点寻常而自然的话——当然谁也想不出说什么才好。不过他们还没来得及感到尴尬，一头豹就来到阿斯兰跟前说： “陛下，敌方来了一个信使请求晋见。” “让他进来。”阿斯兰说。 豹子走开了，不一会就领着妖婆的小矮人回来。 “你带来什么口信，大地的儿子？”阿斯兰问。 “纳尼亚女王兼孤独岛女皇陛下要求给予安全保证，前来跟你会谈，”小矮人说，“商谈双方互利的事项。” “纳尼亚女王，岂有此理！”海狸先生说，“竟有这样的厚脸皮——” “安静，海狸，”阿斯兰说，“恶有恶名，善有善名，不久个个都将正名。现在我们也不要争吵。告诉你的女主人，我，大地的儿子，保证她的安全，条件是她得将魔杖留在那棵大橡树下。” 小矮人同意了这—点，两头豹跟小矮人一起回去监视对方是否履行条件。“但假如她把两头豹变成石头可怎么办呢？”露茜悄声对彼得说。我认为豹子自己也有同样的想法；总之，它们走去时背上的毛一根根全都竖起，尾巴也翘得笔直——像猫见到陌生的狗那样。 “没事儿，”彼得悄声回答说。“如果有事儿它就不会派它们去。” 几分钟以后，妖婆本人走上小山顶，一直走过去，站在阿斯兰面前。三个孩子以前都没见过她，一看她那张脸就觉得背上一阵发毛；在场的所有动物也都低声咆哮。虽然这时阳光明媚，可每个人都突然感到一阵寒意。现场只有阿斯兰和妖婆两个看来仍然从容自若。看见一张金黄色的脸和一张惨白的脸，两张脸凑得这么近，真是件天大的怪事。怪的倒不是妖婆竟然正视阿斯兰的眼睛，海狸太太特别留心到这一点。 “你身边有一个叛徒，阿斯兰。”妖婆说。当然在场的人都知道她指的是爱德蒙。但爱德蒙经过了这一场事件，早上又谈了一次话，已经不再只考虑自己了。此刻他只是一直望着阿斯兰。妖婆说什么他似乎并不在意。" “得了，”阿斯兰说，“他又不是跟你过不去。” “难道你忘了高深魔法呢？”妖婆问道。 “就算我已经忘了，”阿斯兰庄重地回答说，“给我们讲讲这高深的魔法吧。” “讲给你听？”妖婆说，她的声音突然变得更尖厉了，“讲给你听我们身边那张石桌上写了些什么？讲给你听在木岑树王的树干上早就深深镌刻着什么吗？讲给你听海外皇帝的宝杖上刻着什么？至少你知道皇帝最初在纳尼亚施展的魔法吧。你知道每个叛徒都归我，当作合法的祭品，凡是有谁背叛，我都有权杀了他。” “哦，”海狸先生说，“原来你就这样自以为是个女王——因为你是皇帝的刽子手。我懂了。” “安静，海狸。”阿斯兰说着低低咆哮了一声。 “所以说，”妖婆继续说，“那个人归我。他的生命全在我手里，他的血也归我所有。” “那你来拿拿看吧。”人头马大声怒吼着说。 “笨蛋，”妖婆凶残地笑着说，几乎是在吼叫，“你当真认为你的主人单用武力就可以抢走我的权利吗？它懂得高深魔法，决不会这么糊涂。它知道除非我依法得到血，否则纳尼亚就将在烈火洪水之中覆灭。” “一点不错，”阿斯兰说，“我不否认这一点。” “哦，阿斯兰！”苏珊悄悄在狮王耳边说，“我们能不能——我的意思是，行不行——我们能不能在高深魔法上想点什么办法？你有办法对付高深魔法吗？” “对付皇帝的魔法？”阿斯兰说着脸上露出不大高兴的样子。于是再也没人向它提出那种建议了。 爱德蒙站在阿斯兰的另一边，一直望着阿斯兰的脸。他有一种透不过气来的感觉，不知道自己该不该说点什么；但过了一会儿，他觉得自己除了等待，按照人家的吩咐去做之外，什么也干不了。5 “你们大家全都退下，”阿斯兰说，“我要跟妖婆单独谈谈。” 大家全都遵命。这段时间可真难熬——当狮王和妖婆低声诚恳会谈时，大家就等啊等的，满心疑虑。露茜说了声 “哦，爱德蒙”就哭了起来。彼得背对着大家，看着远处的大海。海狸夫妇相互拉着爪子，低头站着。人头马不安地直跺脚。不过大家最后都寂静无声，静得连野蜂飞过的细微声音，或是山下林子里小鸟的动静，或是风吹树叶沙沙响的声音都能听见。阿斯兰和白妖婆仍在继续会谈。 最后他们听见了阿斯兰的声音。“你们大家可以回来了，”他说，“我把这事解决了。她放弃了要你们兄弟的血的权利。”这时整个山头都有了声音，仿佛大家刚才一直屏息以待，现在才又开始呼吸了；随后就是一阵喃喃的说话声。他们都开始回到阿斯兰的宝座边来。 妖婆脸上露出一股狂喜的神情，正要转过身去，却又停下来说： “但我怎么知道你能守信呢？” “啊呜！”阿斯兰半身离开宝座怒吼起来，只见它那张大嘴越来越大，吼声也越来越响，而妖婆呢，也张大了嘴巴，盯着狮王看了一会儿以后，就拉起裙子，老老实实逃命去了。;

Chapter 14

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WITCH

As soon as the Witch had gone Aslan said, "We must move from this place at once, it will be wanted for other purposes. We shall encamp tonight at the Fords of Beruna.

Of course everyone was dying to ask him how he had arranged matters with the witch; but his face was stern and everyone's ears were still ringing with the sound of his roar and so nobody dared.

After a meal, which was taken in the open air on the hill-top (for the sun had got strong by now and dried the grass), they were busy for a while taking the pavilion down and packing things up. Before two o'clock they were on the march and set off in a northeasterly direction, walking at an easy pace for they had not far to go.

During the first part of the journey Aslan explained to Peter his plan of campaign. "As soon as she has finished her business in these parts," he said, "the Witch and her crew will almost certainly fall back to her House and prepare for a siege. You may or may not be able to cut her off and prevent her from reaching it." He then went on to outline two plans of battle - one for fighting the Witch and her people in the wood and another for assaulting her castle. And all the time he was advising Peter how to conduct the operations, saying things like, "You must put your Centaurs in such and such a place" or "You must post scouts to see that she doesn't do so-and-so," till at last Peter said,

"But you will be there yourself, Aslan."

"I can give you no promise of that," answered the Lion. And he continued giving Peter his instructions.

For the last part of the journey it was Susan and Lucy who saw most of him. He did not talk very much and seemed to them to be sad.

It was still afternoon when they came down to a place where the river valley had widened out and the river was broad and shallow. This was the Fords of Beruna and Aslan gave orders to halt on this side of the water. But Peter said,

"Wouldn't it be better to camp on the far side - for fear she should try a night attack or anything?"

Aslan, who seemed to have been thinking about something else, roused himself with a shake of his magnificent mane and said, "Eh? What's that?" Peter said it all over again.

"No," said Aslan in a dull voice, as if it didn't matter. "No. She will not make an attack to-night." And then he sighed deeply. But presently he added, "All the same it was well thought of. That is how a soldier ought to think. But it doesn't really matter." So they proceeded to pitch their camp.

Aslan's mood affected everyone that evening. Peter was feeling uncomfortable too at the idea of fighting the battle on his own; the news that Aslan might not be there had come as a great shock to him. Supper that evening was a quiet meal. Everyone felt how different it had been last night or even that morning. It was as if the good times, having just begun, were already drawing to their end.

This feeling affected Susan so much that she couldn't get to sleep when she went to bed. And after she had lain counting sheep and turning over and over she heard Lucy give a long sigh and turn over just beside her in the darkness.

"Can't you get to sleep either?" said Susan.

"No," said Lucy. "I thought you were asleep. I say, Susan!"

"What?"

"I've a most Horrible feeling - as if something were hanging over us."

"Have you? Because, as a matter of fact, so have I."

"Something about Aslan," said Lucy. "Either some dreadful thing is going to happen to him, or something dreadful that he's going to do."

"There's been something wrong with him all afternoon," said Susan. "Lucy! What was that he said about not being with us at the battle? You don't think he could be stealing away and leaving us tonight, do you?"

"Where is he now?" said Lucy. "Is he here in the pavilion?"

"I don't think so."

"Susan! let's go outside and have a look round. We might see him."

"All right. Let's," said Susan; "we might just as well be doing that as lying awake here."

Very quietly the two girls groped their way among the other sleepers and crept out of the tent. The moonlight was bright and everything was quite still except for the noise of the river chattering over the stones. Then Susan suddenly caught Lucy's arm and said, "Look!" On the far side of the camping ground, just where the trees began, they saw the Lion slowly walking away from them into the wood. Without a word they both followed him.

He led them up the steep slope out of the river valley and then slightly to the right - apparently by the very same route which they had used that afternoon in coming from the Hill of the Stone Table. On and on he led them, into dark shadows and out into pale moonlight, getting their feet wet with the heavy dew. He looked somehow different from the Aslan they knew. His tail and his head hung low and he walked slowly as if he were very, very tired. Then, when they were crossing a wide open place where there where no shadows for them to hide in, he stopped and looked round. It was no good trying to run away so they came towards him. When they were closer he said,

"Oh, children, children, why are you following me?"

"We couldn't sleep," said Lucy - and then felt sure that she need say no more and that Aslan knew all they had been thinking.

"Please, may we come with you - wherever you're going?" asked Susan.

"Well -" said Aslan, and seemed to be thinking. Then he said, "I should be glad of company tonight. Yes, you may come, if you will promise to stop when I tell you, and after that leave me to go on alone."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. And we will," said the two girls.

Forward they went again and one of the girls walked on each side of the Lion. But how slowly he walked! And his great, royal head drooped so that his nose nearly touched the grass. Presently he stumbled and gave a low moan.

"Aslan! Dear Aslan!" said Lucy, "what is wrong? Can't you tell us?"

"Are you ill, dear Aslan?" asked Susan.

"No," said Aslan. "I am sad and lonely. Lay your hands on my mane so that I can feel you are there and let us walk like that."

And so the girls did what they would never have dared to do without his permission, but what they had longed to do ever since they first saw him buried their cold hands in the beautiful sea of fur and stroked it and, so doing, walked with him. And presently they saw that they were going with him up the slope of the hill on which the Stone Table stood. They went up at the side where the trees came furthest up, and when they got to the last tree (it was one that had some bushes about it) Aslan stopped and said,

"Oh, children, children. Here you must stop. And whatever happens, do not let yourselves be seen. Farewell."

And both the girls cried bitterly (though they hardly knew why) and clung to the Lion and kissed his mane and his nose and his paws and his great, sad eyes. Then he turned from them and walked out on to the top of the hill. And Lucy and Susan, crouching in the bushes, looked after him, and this is what they saw.

A great crowd of people were standing all round the Stone Table and though the moon was shining many of them carried torches which burned with evil-looking red flames and black smoke. But such people! Ogres with monstrous teeth, and wolves, and bull-headed men; spirits of evil trees and poisonous plants; and other creatures whom I won't describe because if I did the grownups would probably not let you read this book - Cruels and Hags and Incubuses, Wraiths, Horrors, Efreets, Sprites, Orknies, Wooses, and Ettins. In fact here were all those who were on the Witch's side and whom the Wolf had summoned at her command. And right in the middle, standing by the Table, was the Witch herself.

A howl and a gibber of dismay went up from the creatures when they first saw the great Lion pacing towards them, and for a moment even the Witch seemed to be struck with fear. Then she recovered herself and gave a wild fierce laugh.

"The fool!" she cried. "The fool has come. Bind him fast."

Lucy and Susan held their breaths waiting for Aslan's roar and his spring upon his enemies. But it never came. Four Hags, grinning and leering, yet also (at first) hanging back and half afraid of what they had to do, had approached him. "Bind him, I say!" repeated the White Witch. The Hags made a dart at him and shrieked with triumph when they found that he made no resistance at all. Then others - evil dwarfs and apes - rushed in to help them, and between them they rolled the huge Lion over on his back and tied all his four paws together, shouting and cheering as if they had done something brave, though, had the Lion chosen, one of those paws could have been the death of them all. But he made no noise, even when the enemies, straining and tugging, pulled the cords so tight that they cut into his flesh. Then they began to drag him towards the Stone Table.

"Stop!" said the Witch. "Let him first be shaved."

Another roar of mean laughter went up from her followers as an ogre with a pair of shears came forward and squatted down by Aslan's head. Snip-snip-snip went the shears and masses of curling gold began to fall to the ground. Then the ogre stood back and the children, watching from their hiding-place, could see the face of Aslan looking all small and different without its mane. The enemies also saw the difference.

"Why, he's only a great cat after all!" cried one.

"Is that what we were afraid of?" said another.

And they surged round Aslan, jeering at him, saying things like "Puss, Puss! Poor Pussy," and "How many mice have you caught today, Cat?" and "Would you like a saucer of milk, Pussums?"

"Oh, how can they?" said Lucy, tears streaming down her cheeks. "The brutes, the brutes!" for now that the first shock was over the shorn face of Aslan looked to her braver, and more beautiful, and more patient than ever.

"Muzzle him!" said the Witch. And even now, as they worked about his face putting on the muzzle, one bite from his jaws would have cost two or three of them their hands. But he never moved. And this seemed to enrage all that rabble. Everyone was at him now. Those who had been afraid to come near him even after he was bound began to find their courage, and for a few minutes the two girls could not even see him - so thickly was he surrounded by the whole crowd of creatures kicking him, hitting him, spitting on him, jeering at him.

At last the rabble had had enough of this. They began to drag the bound and muzzled Lion to the Stone Table, some pulling and some pushing. He was so huge that even when they got him there it took all their efforts to hoist him on to the surface of it. Then there was more tying and tightening of cords.

"The cowards! The cowards!" sobbed Susan. "Are they still afraid of him, even now?"

When once Aslan had been tied (and tied so that he was really a mass of cords) on the flat stone, a hush fell on the crowd. Four Hags, holding four torches, stood at the corners of the Table. The Witch bared her arms as she had bared them the previous night when it had been Edmund instead of Aslan. Then she began to whet her knife. It looked to the children, when the gleam of the torchlight fell on it, as if the knife were made of stone, not of steel, and it was of a strange and evil shape.

As last she drew near. She stood by Aslan's head. Her face was working and twitching with passion, but his looked up at the sky, still quiet, neither angry nor afraid, but a little sad. Then, just before she gave the blow, she stooped down and said in a quivering voice,

"And now, who has won? Fool, did you think that by all this you would save the human traitor? Now I will kill you instead of him as our pact was and so the Deep Magic will be appeased. But when you are dead what will prevent me from killing him as well? And who will take him out of my hand then? Understand that you have given me Narnia forever, you have lost your own life and you have not saved his. In that knowledge, despair and die."

The children did not see the actual moment of the killing. They couldn't bear to look and had covered their eyes. 第十四章 妖婆的胜利 『这里的妖婆 即 女巫』 妖婆刚走，阿斯兰就说，“我们得马上离开这个地方，这儿要派别的用场。我们今晚得到贝鲁那浅滩去安营。” 大家当然都很想问问它，它是怎么跟妖婆商定这件事的，但阿斯兰面如铁板，而且大家耳边依然回荡着它的怒吼声，因此谁也不敢开口。 在山顶露天下吃了一顿饭后(因为阳光这会儿已经很强，把草地都晒干了)，他们忙了一阵子，拆掉帐篷，收拾东西。不到两点，他们就开始行程，向西北方向出发，大家从从容容地走着，因为要去的地方并不很远。 旅途中开头一段时间，阿斯兰向彼得说明它的作战计划。“妖婆一旦完成她在这一带的活动，”它说，“她同那一伙几乎肯定要退回她的老窝准备一次围攻。你有可能切断她的路．不让她回到老窝，也有可能切不断。”随后它继续提出两种作战方案——一种是跟妖婆及其一伙在树林里作战，另一种是袭击她的城堡。在这段时间里它一直指点彼得怎么指挥战斗，说什么，“你必须把你的人头马布置在某某地方”，或者说“你必须派侦察员去看好她，不要让她怎么怎么的”，彼得最后问： “但你自己不也在场吗，阿斯兰？” “那我可不能保证。”狮王回答说，同时它继续给彼得指示。到了旅途的最后一个阶段，苏珊和露茜看阿斯兰的时间最多。它不大说话，而且她们似乎觉得它有点忧伤。 天还没黑，他们到了一个地方，这儿河谷豁然开阔，河面又宽又浅。这就是贝鲁那浅滩，阿斯兰下令大家停在水的这一边。但彼得说： “把营地驻扎在那一边岂不更好——因为就怕她会来一次夜间偷袭什么的。” 阿斯兰似乎正在想着另外的事情，只见它那身漂亮的鬃毛一抖，这才回过神来，说道，“啊，什么？”彼得又说了一遍。 “不会。”阿斯兰声音低沉地说，似乎这事没什么关系。 “不会，她今夜不会发动进攻的。”接着它深深叹了口气。但一会儿它又加了一句，“想得周到还是好的，军人就应该这样考虑。不过这其实没什么关系。”于是他们就着手搭帐篷了。 那天傍晚，阿斯兰的情绪影响了大家。彼得想到要由他来打这一仗，心里觉得很不安，阿斯兰可能不在场的消息对他是一大打击。那天晚上一顿饭大家吃得鸦雀无声。大家都觉得这天晚上跟昨天晚上甚至当天早上大不一样。仿佛好时光刚刚开头，却已经快结束了。 这种感觉对苏珊也大有影响，她上床后一直睡不着。她躺在那儿数数，又不停地翻来覆去，后来只听见露茜长叹一声，在暗中翻到她身边。 “你也睡不着吗？”苏珊问。 “是啊，”露茜说，“我还以为你睡着了呢。我说，苏珊！” “什么事？” “我有一个最可怕的预感——好像有什么大事要临头了呢。” “是吗？因为，事实上，我也有这种感觉。” “事情跟阿斯兰有关，”露茜说，“不是它要出什么可怕的事，就是它要干什么可怕的事。” “整个下午它都不大对劲，”苏珊说，“露茜！它说打仗时不跟我们在一起是什么意思？你看它今晚不会离开我们，偷偷溜走吧？” “它现在在哪儿？”露茜说，“它在这儿帐篷里吗？” “不见得。” “苏珊，让我们出去，到处看看。也许看得见它。” “好，走吧，”苏茜说，“醒着躺在这儿还不如出去看看呢。” 两个女孩悄没声儿，在其他睡着的人中摸索出一条路，偷偷出了帐篷。月光皎洁，除了河水潺潺流过石头的声音，一切都十分寂静。这时苏珊突然抓住露茜的胳膊说，“瞧！” 她们看见营地的那一边，就在树林边上，狮王正慢慢离开大家，走进树林里去。她俩一句话也没说，就跟着它走去。 它领着她们爬上河谷的陡坡，然后稍微向左走去—— 显然这是当天下午她们从石桌山下来时走的路线。它领着她们走啊走啊，走进黑咕隆咚的阴影里，又走到苍白的月光下，走得她们的脚都被浓密的露水弄湿了。不知怎么的，它看上去和她们认识的阿斯兰不一样了。它的尾巴和脑袋都搭拉下来，慢吞吞地走着，仿佛它非常、非常累了。后来，她们在穿过一片开阔的空地时，那儿没什么阴影让她们躲蔽，它停下了，四面张望着。这时再逃走可就不好了，因此她们就朝它走去。她们走近时它说： “哦，孩子们，孩子们，你们干吗跟着我呀？” “我们睡不着。”露茜说。她深信自己不用多说，她们一直在想什么，阿斯兰全都知道。 “我们跟你一起去好吗——不论你上哪儿？”苏珊说。 “这个嘛——”阿斯兰说，它似乎在考虑；后来它说，“今晚我很高兴有人陪伴。好吧，如果你们答应我叫你们停下就停下，然后让我一个人去，那你们就可以跟我来。” “哦，谢谢你，谢谢你，我们答应。”两个女孩子说。 他们又往前走了，两个女孩子分别走在狮王两侧。可是它走得多慢哪！它那庄严、高贵的脑袋低垂着，鼻子都快挨到草地了。不久它一个跟跄，发出一声低低的呻吟。 “阿斯兰！亲爱的阿斯兰！”露茜说，“怎么了？你能告诉我们吗？” “你病了吗，亲爱的阿斯兰？”苏珊问道。 “没有，”阿斯兰说，“我感到悲伤和孤独。你们把手搁在我的鬃毛上，好让我感觉到你们在这儿，我们就这样走吧。” 于是两个女孩子照它的话做了。这可是从她们第一次看到它就想做而不经他许可永远也不敢做的事呀——她们真的把冰凉的手伸进它那一大片美丽的鬃毛里，抚摩着它，一面跟它一起走着。不一会儿她们就看出她们跟着它已经爬上了石桌山的山坡。她们爬到树林边缘那儿，等她们走到最后一棵树旁(就是周围还有几丛灌木的那棵)，阿斯兰就停下说： “哦，孩子们，孩子们，你们得在这儿停下了。不论发生什么事，可别让人家看见你们。永别了。” 于是两个女孩子都放声痛哭(虽然她们自己也不知道为什么要哭)，她们搂着狮王，亲亲它的鬃毛，它的鼻子，它的爪子，以及它那庄重、悲哀的眼睛。这时它才转过身去，走向山顶。露茜和苏珊蹲在灌木丛中目送着它，以下就是她们看到的情景。 石桌周围站着好大一堆人，尽管是在月光下，仍然有好多人手里拿着火把，火把燃烧时吐出一团邪气的红焰和黑烟。可那是些什么人啊！长着怪牙的吃人恶魔、豺狼、牛头怪、恶树精和毒树精；其他动物我就不一一描写了，因为如果我再描写下去，大人可能就不让你们看这本书了——其中有冷面怪、母夜叉、恶梦魔鬼、阴魂、恐怖魔鬼、小妖精、大头鬼和小头鬼等等。事实上凡是站在妖婆这一边、听到狼传下妖婆命令的都来了。站在中间，靠着石桌的就是妖婆本人。 这些畜生起先看见伟大的狮王向它们走去时，都发出一阵阵惊慌的嚎叫，就连妖婆自己一时也害怕起来。随后她就镇定了，发出一阵粗野的狂笑。 “那笨蛋！”她叫道，“那笨蛋来了。把它紧紧捆上！” 露茜和苏珊连大气也不敢出，只等阿斯兰一声怒吼，向它的敌人扑去。可是它竟没吼。四个母夜叉龇牙咧嘴，斜眼看着阿斯兰，她们走近它身边时，开头也犹豫不前，对要做的事有点害怕。“我说，把它捆上！”白妖婆又说了一遍。四个母夜叉向它冲去，当她们发现它毫不抵抗时，才发出胜利的尖叫。随后凶恶的小矮人和猿猴们都一拥而上，前来帮助她们，它们把体形庞大的狮王掀翻在地，把它四个爪子绑在一起，叫喊欢呼，仿佛它们做了什么勇敢的事，虽然只要狮王愿意，一只爪子就可以要了它们大家的命；但它却一声不吭，甚至敌人又拉又拖，绳子拉得那么紧，都勒进肉里去了，它也不吭声。接着它们开始把它拖向石桌。 “停下，”妖婆说，“先把它的毛剃了！” 一个吃人恶魔拿着一把大剪刀走上前来，蹲在阿斯兰脑袋旁边，妖婆的爪牙们发出一阵恶毒的狂笑。大剪刀喀嚓喀嚓，一堆堆鬈曲的金色鬃毛纷纷掉在地上。剪完后吃人恶魔退后一步站着，两个女孩子从她们隐蔽的地方看得见阿斯兰的脸没有了鬃毛显得那么小，那么异样。敌人也看到了这一差别。 “咦，到头来，只不过是一只大猫啊！”一个爪牙叫道。 “我们过去怕的就是那东西吗？”另一个爪牙说。它们全都拥向阿斯兰身边嘲笑它。说什么“咪咪，咪咪，可怜的猫咪”，还有“你今天抓了几只老鼠，猫儿？”又说“你要一碟牛奶吗，小猫咪？” “哦，它们怎么能这样？”露茜说道．脸蛋上泪珠滚滚而下。“畜生！畜生！”因为此刻一开头感到的震惊过去了，她觉得阿斯兰剪掉毛的脸看上去比以前显得更勇敢、更美丽、更坚忍。 “把它的嘴套上！”妖婆说。即使现在，它们在给它套嘴套的时候，它只要张嘴一咬，就会咬掉它们两三只手。但它一动也不动。这群乌合之众似乎红了眼，如今大伙儿都来欺侮它了。那些连它被绑起来以后仍然怕靠近它的，竟也鼓起勇气来。过了片刻，两个女孩子连看也看不见它了——它被整群动物密密麻麻地包围着，大家踢它，打它，向它吐唾沫，嘲笑它。 最后这伙暴徒闹够了。大家开始把五花大绑、戴着嘴套的狮王拖向石桌，推的推，拉的拉。阿斯兰那么魁梧，即使它们把它拖到石桌边，也得用尽全部力气才能把它拾到石桌面上。后来它又被紧紧捆上了很多道绳子。 “胆小鬼！胆小鬼！”苏珊呜咽着说，“事到如今，它们还在害怕它吗？” 等到阿斯兰被捆在那块平坦的石头上(而且捆得简直成了一大堆绳子)，这群暴徒才静了下来。四个母夜叉拿着四支火把，站在石桌四角。妖婆捋起袖子，就跟前一个晚上她对付爱德蒙时一样。接着她磨刀霍霍。在两个女孩子看来，那刀给火把光一照，似乎不是钢刀而是石刀，而且形状又古怪又可恶。 最后她走近了。她站在阿斯兰头边。她激动得脸也抽搐扭曲起来，但它却仰着脸望着天空，仍然很平静，既不生气．也不害怕，只有一点忧伤。这时，就在她要砍下去的时候，她弯下腰，用颤抖的声音说： “现在，是谁赢了？笨蛋！你以为这样一来就救了那个人类的叛徒吗？按照我们的条约，现在我要把你杀了来代替它，这一来高深魔法才会应验。但等你死了，谁还能阻止我把他也杀了呢？而且到了那时，谁又来从我手里把他救出去呢？你要明白，你已经把纳尼亚永远给我了，你送了自己的命，还没救出他。知道了这一点也太晚了，没指望了，死吧！” 姐妹俩没看到杀头的那一时刻。她们不忍心看，都蒙住了自己的眼睛。

Chapter 15

DEEPER MAGIC FROM BEFORE THE DAWN OF TIME

WHILE the two girls still crouched in the bushes with their hands over their faces, they heard the voice of the Witch calling out,

"Now! Follow me all and we will set about what remains of this war! It will not take us long to crush the human vermin and the traitors now that the great Fool, the great Cat, lies dead."

At this moment the children were for a few seconds in very great danger. For with wild cries and a noise of skirling pipes and shrill horns blowing, the whole of that vile rabble came sweeping off the hill-top and down the slope right past their hiding-place. They felt the Spectres go by them like a cold wind and they felt the ground shake beneath them under the galloping feet of the Minotaurs; and overhead there went a flurry of foul wings and a blackness of vultures and giant bats. At any other time they would have trembled with fear; but now the sadness and shame and horror of Aslan's death so filled their minds that they hardly thought of it.

As soon as the wood was silent again Susan and Lucy crept out onto the open hill-top. The moon was getting low and thin clouds were passing across her, but still they could see the shape of the Lion lying dead in his bonds. And down they both knelt in the wet grass and kissed his cold face and stroked his beautiful fur - what was left of it - and cried till they could cry no more. And then they looked at each other and held each other's hands for mere loneliness and cried again; and then again were silent. At last Lucy said,

"I can't bear to look at that horrible muzzle. I wonder could we take if off?"

So they tried. And after a lot of working at it (for their fingers were cold and it was now the darkest part of the night) they succeeded. And when they saw his face without it they burst out crying again and kissed it and fondled it and wiped away the blood and the foam as well as they could. And it was all more lonely and hopeless and horrid than I know how to describe.

"I wonder could we untie him as well?" said Susan presently. But the enemies, out of pure spitefulness, had drawn the cords so tight that the girls could make nothing of the knots.

I hope no one who reads this book has been quite as miserable as Susan and Lucy were that night; but if you have been - if you've been up all night and cried till you have no more tears left in you - you will know that there comes in the end a sort of quietness. You feel as if nothing was ever going to happen again. At any rate that was how it felt to these two. Hours and hours seemed to go by in this dead calm, and they hardly noticed that they were getting colder and colder. But at last Lucy noticed two other things. One was that the sky on the east side of the hill was a little less dark than it had been an hour ago. The other was some tiny movement going on in the grass at her feet. At first she took no interest in this. What did it matter? Nothing mattered now! But at last she saw that whatever-it-was had begun to move up the upright stones of the Stone Table. And now whatever-they-were were moving about on Aslan's body. She peered closer. They were little grey things.

"Ugh!" said Susan from the other side of the Table. "How beastly! There are horrid little mice crawling over him. Go away, you little beasts." And she raised her hand to frighten them away.

"Wait!" said Lucy, who had been looking at them more closely still. "Can you see what they're doing?"

Both girls bent down and stared.

"I do believe -" said Susan. "But how queer! They're nibbling away at the cords!"

"That's what I thought," said Lucy. "I think they're friendly mice. Poor little things - they don't realize he's dead. They think it'll do some good untying him."

It was quite definitely lighter by now. Each of the girls noticed for the first time the white face of the other. They could see the mice nibbling away; dozens and dozens, even hundreds, of little field mice. And at last, one by one, the ropes were all gnawed through.

The sky in the east was whitish by now and the stars were getting fainter - all except one very big one low down on the eastern horizon. They felt colder than they had been all night. The mice crept away again.

The girls cleared away the remains of the gnawed ropes. Aslan looked more like himself without them. Every moment his dead face looked nobler, as the light grew and they could see it better.

In the wood behind them a bird gave a chuckling sound. It had been so still for hours and hours that it startled them. Then another bird answered it. Soon there were birds singing all over the place.

It was quite definitely early morning now, not late night.

"I'm so cold," said Lucy.

"So am I," said Susan. "Let's walk about a bit."

They walked to the eastern edge of the hill and looked down. The one big star had almost disappeared. The country all looked dark grey, but beyond, at the very end of the world, the sea showed pale. The sky began to turn red. They walked to ands fro more times than they could count between the dead Aslan and the eastern ridge, trying to keep warm; and oh, how tired their legs felt. Then at last, as they stood for a moment looking out towards they sea and Cair Paravel (which they could now just make out) the red turned to gold along the line where the sea and the sky met and very slowly up came the edge of the sun. At that moment they heard from behind them a loud noise - a great cracking, deafening noise as if a giant had broken a giant's plate.

"What's that?" said Lucy, clutching Susan's arm.

"I - I feel afraid to turn round," said Susan; "something awful is happening."

"They're doing something worse to Him," said Lucy. "Come on!" And she turned, pulling Susan round with her.

The rising of the sun had made everything look so different - all colours and shadows were changed that for a moment they didn't see the important thing. Then they did. The Stone Table was broken into two pieces by a great crack that ran down it from end to end; and there was no Aslan.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the two girls, rushing back to the Table.

"Oh, it's too bad," sobbed Lucy; "they might have left the body alone."

"Who's done it?" cried Susan. "What does it mean? Is it magic?"

"Yes!" said a great voice behind their backs. "It is more magic." They looked round. There, shining in the sunrise, larger than they had seen him before, shaking his mane (for it had apparently grown again) stood Aslan himself.

"Oh, Aslan!" cried both the children, staring up at him, almost as much frightened as they were glad.

"Aren't you dead then, dear Aslan?" said Lucy.

"Not now," said Aslan.

"You're not - not a - ?" asked Susan in a shaky voice. She couldn't bring herself to say the word ghost. Aslan stooped his golden head and licked her forehead. The warmth of his breath and a rich sort of smell that seemed to hang about his hair came all over her.

"Do I look it?" he said.

"Oh, you're real, you're real! Oh, Aslan!" cried Lucy, and both girls flung themselves upon him and covered him with kisses.

"But what does it all mean?" asked Susan when they were somewhat calmer.

"It means," said Aslan, "that though the Witch knew the Deep Magic, there is a magic deeper still which she did not know: Her knowledge goes back only to the dawn of time. But if she could have looked a little further back, into the stillness and the darkness before Time dawned, she would have read there a different incantation. She would have known that when a willing victim who had committed no treachery was killed in a traitor's stead, the Table would crack and Death itself would start working backwards. And now -"

"Oh yes. Now?" said Lucy, jumping up and clapping her hands.

"Oh, children," said the Lion, "I feel my strength coming back to me. Oh, children, catch me if you can!" He stood for a second, his eyes very bright, his limbs quivering, lashing himself with his tail. Then he made a leap high over their heads and landed on the other side of the Table. Laughing, though she didn't know why, Lucy scrambled over it to reach him. Aslan leaped again. A mad chase began. Round and round the hill-top he led them, now hopelessly out of their reach, now letting them almost catch his tail, now diving between them, now tossing them in the air with his huge and beautifully velveted paws and catching them again, and now stopping unexpectedly so that all three of them rolled over together in a happy laughing heap of fur and arms and legs. It was such a romp as no one has ever had except in Narnia; and whether it was more like playing with a thunderstorm or playing with a kitten Lucy could never make up her mind. And the funny thing was that when all three finally lay together panting in the sun the girls no longer felt in the least tired or hungry or thirsty.

"And now," said Aslan presently, "to business. I feel I am going to roar. You had better put your fingers in your ears."

And they did. And Aslan stood up and when he opened his mouth to roar his face became so terrible that they did not dare to look at it. And they saw all the trees in front of him bend before the blast of his roaring as grass bends in a meadow before the wind. Then he said,

"We have a long journey to go. You must ride on me." And he crouched down and the children climbed on to his warm, golden back, and Susan sat first, holding on tightly to his mane and Lucy sat behind holding on tightly to Susan. And with a great heave he rose underneath them and then shot off, faster than any horse could go, down hill and into the thick of the forest.

That ride was perhaps the most wonderful thing that happened to them in Narnia. Have you ever had a gallop on a horse? Think of that; and then take away the heavy noise of the hoofs and the jingle of the bits and imagine instead the almost noiseless padding of the great paws. Then imagine instead of the black or grey or chestnut back of the horse the soft roughness of golden fur, and the mane flying back in the wind. And then imagine you are going about twice as fast as the fastest racehorse. But this is a mount that doesn't need to be guided and never grows tired. He rushes on and on, never missing his footing, never hesitating, threading his way with perfect skill between tree trunks, jumping over bush and briar and the smaller streams, wading the larger, swimming the largest of all. And you are riding not on a road nor in a park nor even on the downs, but right across Narnia, in spring, down solemn avenues of beech and across sunny glades of oak, through wild orchards of snow-white cherry trees, past roaring waterfalls and mossy rocks and echoing caverns, up windy slopes alight with gorse bushes, and across the shoulders of heathery mountains and along giddy ridges and down, down, down again into wild valleys and out into acres of blue flowers.

It was nearly midday when they found themselves looking down a steep hillside at a castle - a little toy castle it looked from where they stood - which seemed to be all pointed towers. But the Lion was rushing down at such a speed that it grew larger every moment and before they had time even to ask themselves what it was they were already on a level with it. And now it no longer looked like a toy castle but rose frowning in front of them. No face looked over the battlements and the gates were fast shut. And Aslan, not at all slacking his pace, rushed straight as a bullet towards it.

"The Witch's home!" he cried. "Now, children, hold tight."

Next moment the whole world seemed to turn upside down, and the children felt as if they had left their insides behind them; for the Lion had gathered himself together for a greater leap than any he had yet made and jumped - or you may call it flying rather than jumping - right over the castle wall. The two girls, breathless but unhurt, found themselves tumbling off his back in the middle of a wide stone courtyard full of statues. 第十五章 太古时代更加高深的魔法 两个女孩子还蹲在灌木丛中，双手掩面的时候，听见妖婆大声叫喊： “好了！大家都跟着我，我们要去收拾这些残兵败将了！既然这个大笨蛋，这只大猫死了，我们不久就可以打垮这些人渣和叛徒。” 这时姐妹俩有一阵倒是非常危险了，因为只听见阵阵野蛮的叫喊，尖锐的风笛声、号角声响成一片，那帮恶劣的暴徒从山顶上一哄而下，正好经过她们藏身的地方。她们只觉得幽灵像一阵阴风从身边掠过，大地在牛头怪奔驰的蹄声中颤抖了，头顶上一阵猛禽扑翅的腥风，只见黑压压—片都是兀鹰和大蝙蝠。换了别的时候，她们早就害怕得浑身发抖了，但如今阿斯兰一死，她们满脑子悲哀、羞辱和恐怖，简直没想到害怕。 树林里刚刚静下来．苏珊和露茜就爬到空旷的山顶上。贝壳虽快落下，又有片片浮云遮掩，但她们仍然看得出狮王五花大绑横尸那儿的模样。她俩跪在湿漉漉的草地上，亲着它冰凉的脸，抚摸它美丽的毛——剩下来的那点毛——哭到哭不出来为止。随后她们彼此对望着，由于感到凄凉，两人手拉手又哭了起来，接着又一次沉默。最后露茜说： “我受不了那只可怕的嘴套的样子。不知我们能不能把嘴套拿掉？” 于是她们就试试看。弄了好一阵子之后(因为她们的手指都冰凉，而且这时正是夜里最黑暗的时候)，她们终于拿掉了，等她们看到它脸上没有嘴套了．她们又大哭起来，又是亲吻，又是抚摸，还尽可能把上面的鲜血和泡沫擦掉。这种凄凉、绝望、可怕的情景我真不知怎么描写才好。 “不知我们能不能把它身上的绳子也解开？”不一会儿苏珊说。但敌人出于怨恨把绳子拉得很紧很紧，两个女孩怎么也解不开这些结。我希望本书读者没人像苏珊和露茜那天晚上那么痛苦过；不过如果你曾经有过——如果你整夜没睡，哭得再也哭不出眼泪——你就知道到头来，心境就会有一种平静。你觉得似乎再也不会出什么事了。不管怎么说，这两个女孩子当时的感觉就是这样。时间似乎就在这种麻木的平静中过去了好几个小时，她们简直没注意到自己越来越冷了。但最后露茜总算注意到两件事情。第一点，小山东面的天空比一小时前亮了一点。第二点，她脚边的草地上有些小小的动静。开头她对此毫无兴趣。这又有什么关系呢？现在什么都无所谓了。但她终于看出这不知名的东西开始爬上石桌那四条笔直的腿了。这会儿，那些东西正在阿斯兰身上爬来爬去呢。她凑近仔细看看，原来是些灰不溜秋的小东西。 “嗨！”苏珊在石桌对面说，“多讨厌！爬在它身上的是些讨厌的小老鼠。走开，你们这些小畜生。”她举起手想把它们吓跑。 “等等！”露茜仍然在近处一直看着它们，“你看不出它们在干什么吗？” 两个女孩子都弯下腰，目不转睛地盯着。 “真的，我信了！”苏珊说，“多怪啊，它们正在咬断绳子呢！” “我也这么想，”露茜说，“我看它们是友好的老鼠。可怜的小东西——它们不知道阿斯兰死了。它们以为把绳子解开会对它有点好处。” 这会儿天亮多了，两个女孩子这才第一次注意到彼此的脸多么苍白。她们看得见那些小老鼠，几十只几十只的，甚至有成百上千只，一口口咬着，最后，那些绳子全被咬断了。这会儿东方的天空已经发白，星星渐渐隐没——只有地平线上还有一颗很大的星星。这时她们觉得比晚上更冷了。那些小老鼠也都爬开了。 姐妹俩把咬断的绳子残屑都清除掉。没有这些绳子，阿斯兰就恢复了原来的模样。天色越来越亮，她们也更看得清，它那张没有生气的脸看上去越来越高贵了。 . 她们背后的林子里有只鸟儿唧喳叫了一声。因为好几个小时以来这里都是一片寂静，这声音把她们吓了一跳。接着另一只鸟儿应和了。不一会儿到处都是鸟儿在歌唱。 这会儿肯定是清晨不是深夜了。 “我真冷。”露茜说。 “我也是，”苏珊说，“我们走走吧。” 她们走到小山的东崖边往下看去。那颗大星星几乎消失了。田野看上去全是深灰色一片，不过在田野外天边的那片大海倒是一片灰白。天空开始转红了。她们在死去的阿斯兰和东面山脊之间来回走了无数次，想法取暖；啊呀，她们的腿有多累啊。于是，她们站了一会儿，眺望大海和凯尔帕拉维尔(这会儿她们才看得出城堡的轮廓)，在海天相连的地平线上，红红的天色终于变成了金黄，太阳冉冉升起来了。就在这时，她们听见背后一声巨响——一声震耳欲聋的巨响，仿佛一个巨人绷裂了铠甲。 “那是什么声音？”露茜说着一把揪住苏珊的胳膊。 “我——我害怕回过头去，”苏珊说，“出了什么可怕的事了。” “它们对它下毒手啦，”露茜说，“快来吧！”她拉着苏珊一起转过身来。 太阳一升起，这儿一切看上去就大不相同了——所有的色彩和阴影都变了——因此一时间她们并没有看出那件大事。后来她们才看见，原来那张石桌在一声巨响中从头到尾裂成两半；而阿斯兰不见了。 “哦，哦，哦！”两个女孩子哭着奔回石桌。 “哦，这太糟糕了，”露茜呜咽着说，“它们该留下尸体的。” “这是谁干的呢？”苏珊叫道，“这是什么意思？这又是魔法吗？” “是的，”她们身后有一个洪亮的声音说，“这又是魔法。”她们回头一看。只见阳光下，站着的正是阿斯兰，个头比她们先前看到更大的，一面还在抖动鬃毛的(显然鬃毛又长出来了)。 “哦，阿斯兰！”姐妹俩都叫了起来。她们目不转睛地看着它，心里又高兴又害怕。 " “原来你没死，亲爱的阿斯兰？”露茜说。 “这会儿没死。”阿斯兰说。 “你不是一个——不是一个——？”苏珊声音颤抖地问。她不忍心说出那个“鬼”字。 阿斯兰俯下金色的脑袋，舔舔她的额头。它呼出的气是暖烘烘的，鬃毛里似乎发出一股浓浓的香味笼罩着她。 “我像吗？”它说。 “哦，你是真的，你是真的！哦，阿斯兰！”露茜叫着，两个女孩子都扑上前去，把它吻个遍。 “可是这一切都是什么意思呢？”等大家稍微平静了一点，苏珊问道。 “意思是，”阿斯兰说，“虽然妖婆懂得高深魔法，可她不懂得还有更高深一层的魔法。她懂的那一套只到远古时代为止。但如果她能看得更远一点，看到太古时代的寂静和黑暗深处，她就会看到还有一条不同的咒语。她就会知道一个自愿送死的牺牲者，本身没有背叛行为，却被当作一个叛徒而杀害，石桌就要崩裂，死亡就会起反作用。而现在——” “哦，是啊，现在呢？”露茜跳起来拍着手说。 “哦，孩子们，”狮王说，“我觉得自己的力量又恢复了。哦，孩子们，看看你们能抓住我吗？”它站了一会儿没动，眼睛闪闪发亮，四肢抖个不停，尾巴用力甩啊甩的。接着它一跃而起，跳过她们头顶，落在石桌对面。露茜哈哈大笑，虽然她自己也不知道为什么笑；她赶紧爬过石桌去抓他。阿斯兰又是一跳。一场疯狂的追逐就此开始。它带领她们在山顶上转啊转啊，一会儿让她们够也够不着，一会儿让她们差点抓到它的尾巴，一会儿从她们中间冲过去，一会儿用它美丽而柔软的大爪子把她们抛向半空又接住，一会儿又冷不防停下来，弄得三个嘻嘻哈哈滚成一团，只看见一堆皮毛啊、胳膊啊、腿啊什么的。这场嬉闹除了在纳尼亚，可没人玩过；而且露茜怎么也拿不准，她们究竟是在跟雷雨玩呢，还是在跟小猫玩。有趣的是等他们三个最后一起躺在太阳下喘气的时候，两个女孩子却再也不感到疲劳、饥饿和口渴了。 “好了，”阿斯兰不一会儿就说，“干正经事吧。我觉得我要吼了，你们最好把耳朵堵上。” 她们照办了。阿斯兰站起来，等它张开嘴怒吼时，它的脸变得那么可怕，她们都不敢正眼看它了。而且她们还看见它面前的树随着吼声全部弯下了腰，草也随风弯曲成了一片草场。随后它说： “我们要走的路长着呢，你们一定得骑在我身上。”于是它趴下了，姐妹俩就爬到它温暖的金色的背上，苏珊坐在前面，紧紧抓住它的鬃毛，露茜坐在后面，紧紧抓住苏珊。它猛一挺身，站起来就飞奔而去，比任何骏马都快，下了小山，进入密林。 这次骑狮也许是她们到纳尼亚以来最美妙的事了。你曾经骑马奔驰过吗？想想吧，然后去掉沉重的马蹄得得声和鞍具的丁当声，只想着那四只大爪子，着地几乎无声无息。再想想黑的、灰的或栗色的马背换成了柔软的金黄色皮毛，鬃毛在风中飞舞。再想想，你比跑得最快的赛马还要快两倍。而且这次骑行既不需要带路的，也决不会疲劳。阿斯兰往前冲啊冲的，从不失足，从不犹豫，它熟练地在树干之间穿过，跳过灌木丛，跳过荆棘丛，跳过小溪，路过小河，游过大河。而且你不是在路上骑行，也不是在公园里，甚至也不是在草原上，而是横穿整个纳尼亚，在春天里，走过条条幽暗的山毛榉林阴路，穿过橡树林间块块向阳的空地，穿过片片有雪白樱树的野生果园，路过水声轰鸣的瀑布、青苔覆盖的岩石、回声不绝的山洞，爬上金雀花丛映照的多风的山坡，穿过有茂密石南的山肩，沿着令人眩晕的山脊，跑下去，跑下去，又一次跑进开阔的山谷，跑进大片的兰花地。 快到中午的时候，他们发现自己正在一片陡峭的山坡上，俯看一座城堡——从他们站的地方望去就像一个小小的玩具城堡——看上去似乎全是尖尖的塔楼。不过狮王正全速冲向城堡，因此城堡也就越来越大，她们还来不及问自己这是哪儿，就已迎面来到城堡前。此刻已不再像玩具城堡，而是阴森森地耸立在她们面前了。城垛上看不见人影，城堡大门也紧紧闭着。阿斯兰却一点没有放慢步子，像一颗子弹似的，笔直朝城堡冲去。 “妖婆的老窝到了！”它叫道，“好了，孩子们，抓紧啊！” 一眨眼，天翻地覆，姐妹俩只觉得五脏六腑都翻了出来，因为狮王振作精神，又跳了一大跳，这一次比它以往任何一次都跳得更高——不妨说它不是跳，而是一直飞过了城堡的墙头。两个女孩子气都喘不过来，但丝毫没受伤，不知不觉中已从狮背上滚了下来，落在一个宽阔的石头院子里，里面全是石像。

Chapter 16

WHAT HAPPENED ABOUT THE STATUES

"WHAT an extraordinary place!" cried Lucy. "All those stone animals -and people too! It's -it's like a museum."

"Hush," said Susan, "Aslan's doing something."

He was indeed. He had bounded up to the stone lion and breathed on him. Then without waiting a moment he whisked round - almost as if he had been a cat chasing its tail -and breathed also on the stone dwarf, which (as you remember) was standing a few feet from the lion with his back to it. Then he pounced on a tall stone dryad which stood beyond the dwarf, turned rapidly aside to deal with a stone rabbit on his right, and rushed on to two centaurs. But at that moment Lucy said,

"Oh, Susan! Look! Look at the lion."

I expect you've seen someone put a lighted match to a bit of newspaper which is propped up in a grate against an unlit fire. And for a second nothing seems to have happened; and then you notice a tiny streak of flame creeping along the edge of the newspaper. It was like that now. For a second after Aslan had breathed upon him the stone lion looked just the same. Then a tiny streak of gold began to run along his white marble back then it spread - then the colour seemed to lick all over him as the flame licks all over a bit of paper - then, while his hindquarters were still obviously stone, the lion shook his mane and all the heavy, stone folds rippled into living hair. Then he opened a great red mouth, warm and living, and gave a prodigious yawn. And now his hind legs had come to life. He lifted one of them and scratched himself. Then, having caught sight of Aslan, he went bounding after him and frisking round him whimpering with delight and jumping up to lick his face.

Of course the children's eyes turned to follow the lion; but the sight they saw was so wonderful that they soon forgot about him. Everywhere the statues were coming to life. The courtyard looked no longer like a museum; it looked more like a zoo. Creatures were running after Aslan and dancing round him till he was almost hidden in the crowd. Instead of all that deadly white the courtyard was now a blaze of colours; glossy chestnut sides of centaurs, indigo horns of unicorns, dazzling plumage of birds, reddy-brown of foxes, dogs and satyrs, yellow stockings and crimson hoods of dwarfs; and the birch-girls in silver, and the beech-girls in fresh, transparent green, and the larch-girls in green so bright that it was almost yellow. And instead of the deadly silence the whole place rang with the sound of happy roarings, brayings, yelpings, barkings, squealings, cooings, neighings, stampings, shouts, hurrahs, songs and laughter.

"Oh!" said Susan in a different tone. "Look! I wonder - I mean, is it safe?"

Lucy looked and saw that Aslan had just breathed on the feet of the stone giant.

"It's all right!" shouted Aslan joyously. "Once the feet are put right, all the rest of him will follow."

"That wasn't exactly what I meant," whispered Susan to Lucy. But it was too late to do anything about it now even if Aslan would have listened to her. The change was already creeping up the Giant's legs. Now he was moving his feet. A moment later he lifted his club off his shoulder, rubbed his eyes and said,

"Bless me! I must have been asleep. Now! Where's that dratted little Witch that was running about on the ground. Somewhere just by my feet it was." But when everyone had shouted up to him to explain what had really happened, and when the Giant had put his hand to his ear and got them to repeat it all again so that at last he understood, then he bowed down till his head was no further off than the top of a haystack and touched his cap repeatedly to Aslan, beaming all over his honest ugly face. (Giants of any sort are now so rare in England and so few giants are good-tempered that ten to one you have never seen a giant when his face is beaming. It's a sight well worth looking at.)

"Now for the inside of this house!" said Aslan. "Look alive, everyone. Up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber! Leave no corner unsearched. You never know where some poor prisoner may be concealed."

And into the interior they all rushed and for several minutes the whole of that dark, horrible, fusty old castle echoed with the opening of windows and with everyone's voices crying out at once, "Don't forget the dungeons - Give us a hand with this door! Here's another little winding stair - Oh! I say. Here's a poor kangaroo. Call Aslan - Phew! How it smells in here - Look out for trap-doors - Up here! There are a whole lot more on the landing!" But the best of all was when Lucy came rushing upstairs shouting out,

"Aslan! Aslan! I've found Mr Tumnus. Oh, do come quick."

A moment later Lucy and the little Faun were holding each other by both hands and dancing round and round for joy. The little chap was none the worse for having been a statue and was of course very interested in all she had to tell him.

But at last the ransacking of the Witch's fortress was ended. The whole castle stood empty with every door and window open and the light and the sweet spring air flooding into all the dark and evil places which needed them so badly. The whole crowd of liberated statues surged back into the courtyard. And it was then that someone (Tumnus, I think) first said,

"But how are we going to get out?" for Aslan had got in by a jump and the gates were still locked.

"That'll be all right," said Aslan; and then, rising on his hind-legs, he bawled up at the Giant. "Hi! You up there," he roared. "What's your name?"

"Giant Rumblebuffin, if it please your honour," said the Giant, once more touching his cap.

"Well then, Giant Rumblebuffin," said Aslan, "just let us out of this, will you?"

"Certainly, your honour. It will be a pleasure," said Giant Rumblebuffin. "Stand well away from the gates, all you little 'uns." Then he strode to the gate himself and bang - bang - bang - went his huge club. The gates creaked at the first blow, cracked at the second, and shivered at the third. Then he tackled the towers on each side of them and after a few minutes of crashing and thudding both the towers and a good bit of the wall on each side went thundering down in a mass of hopeless rubble; and when the dust cleared it was odd, standing in that dry, grim, stony yard, to see through the gap all the grass and waving trees and sparkling streams of the forest, and the blue hills beyond that and beyond them the sky.

"Blowed if I ain't all in a muck sweat," said the Giant, puffing like the largest railway engine. "Comes of being out of condition. I suppose neither of you young ladies has such a thing as a pocket-handkerchee about you?"

"Yes, I have," said Lucy, standing on tip-toes and holding her handkerchief up as far as she could reach.

"Thank you, Missie," said Giant Rumblebuffin, stooping down. Next moment Lucy got rather a fright for she found herself caught up in mid-air between the Giant's finger and thumb. But just as she was getting near his face he suddenly started and then put her gently back on the ground muttering, "Bless me! I've picked up the little girl instead. I beg your pardon, Missie, I thought you was the handkerchee!"

"No, no," said Lucy laughing, "here it is!" This time he managed to get it but it was only about the same size to him that a saccharine tablet would be to you, so that when she saw him solemnly rubbing it to and fro across his great red face, she said, "I'm afraid it's not much use to you, Mr Rumblebuffin."

"Not at all. Not at all," said the giant politely. "Never met a nicer handkerchee. So fine, so handy. So - I don't know how to describe it."

"What a nice giant he is!" said Lucy to Mr Tumnus.

"Oh yes," replied the Faun. "All the Buffins always were. One of the most respected of all the giant families in Narnia. Not very clever, perhaps (I never knew a giant that was), but an old family. With traditions, you know. If he'd been the other sort she'd never have turned him into stone."

At this point Aslan clapped his paws together and called for silence.

"Our day's work is not yet over," he said, "and if the Witch is to be finally defeated before bed-time we must find the battle at once."

"And join in, I hope, sir!" added the largest of the Centaurs.

"Of course," said Aslan. "And now! Those who can't keep up - that is, children, dwarfs, and small animals - must ride on the backs of those who can - that is, lions, centaurs, unicorns, horses, giants and eagles. Those who are good with their noses must come in front with us lions to smell out where the battle is. Look lively and sort yourselves."

And with a great deal of bustle and cheering they did. The most pleased of the lot was the other lion who kept running about everywhere pretending to be very busy but really in order to say to everyone he met. "Did you hear what he said? Us Lions. That means him and me. Us Lions. That's what I like about Aslan. No side, no stand-off-ishness. Us Lions. That meant him and me." At least he went on saying this till Aslan had loaded him up with three dwarfs, one dryad, two rabbits, and a hedgehog. That steadied him a bit.

When all were ready (it was a big sheep-dog who actually helped Aslan most in getting them sorted into their proper order) they set out through the gap in the castle wall. At first the lions and dogs went nosing about in all directions. But then suddenly one great hound picked up the scent and gave a bay. There was no time lost after that. Soon all the dogs and lions and wolves and other hunting animals were going at full speed with their noses to the ground, and all the others, streaked out for about half a mile behind them, were following as fast as they could. The noise was like an English fox-hunt only better because every now and then with the music of the hounds was mixed the roar of the other lion and sometimes the far deeper and more awful roar of Aslan himself. Faster and faster they went as the scent became easier and easier to follow. And then, just as they came to the last curve in a narrow, winding valley, Lucy heard above all these noises another noise - a different one, which gave her a queer feeling inside. It was a noise of shouts and shrieks and of the clashing of metal against metal.

Then they came out of the narrow valley and at once she saw the reason. There stood Peter and Edmund and all the rest of Aslan's army fighting desperately against the crowd of horrible creatures whom she had seen last night; only now, in the daylight, they looked even stranger and more evil and more deformed. There also seemed to be far more of them. Peter's army - which had their backs to her looked terribly few. And there werestatues dotted all over the battlefield, so apparently the Witch had been using her wand. But she did not seem to be using it now. She was fighting with her stone knife. It was Peter she was fightin - both of them going at it so hard that Lucy could hardly make out what was happening; she only saw the stone knife and Peter's sword flashing so quickly that they looked like three knives and three swords. That pair were in the centre. On each side the line stretched out. Horrible things were happening wherever she looked.

"Off my back, children," shouted Aslan. And they both tumbled off. Then with a roar that shook all Narnia from the western lamp-post to the shores of the eastern sea the great beast flung himself upon the White Witch. Lucy saw her face lifted towards him for one second with an expression of terror and amazement. Then Lion and Witch had rolled over together but with the Witch underneath; and at the same moment all war-like creatures whom Aslan had led from the Witch's house rushed madly on the enemy lines, dwarfs with their battleaxes, dogs with teeth, the Giant with his club (and his feet also crushed dozens of the foe), unicorns with their horns, centaurs with swords and hoofs. And Peter's tired army cheered, and the newcomers roared, and the enemy squealed and gibbered till the wood re-echoed with the din of that onset. 第十六章 石像的遭遇 “多怪的地方！”露茜叫道，“所有那些石头动物——还有石人！就像——就像一个博物馆。” ) “嘘！”苏珊说，“阿斯兰在施什么法了。” 它果然在施法。它跳到石狮面前，对石狮吹了口气。接着突然转过身去——几乎像猫在追自己的尾巴——对那个石头小矮人也吹口气，你们大概还记得，这小矮人正背对着石狮，站在相隔一两英尺的地方。然后它又突然扑向站在小矮人那边的一个高大石头树精，又赶快转到另一边去对付它右面的一只石兔，再冲到两个人头马身边。但就在这时露茜说： “哦，苏珊，瞧！瞧那只狮子。” 我想你们都见过人家点上一根火柴，凑到壁炉架里一团没点燃的报纸前那种情况。开头的一刹那似乎毫无动静，接着你们就看到一丝小小的火焰在报纸的边缘蔓延。此时的情况正是如此。阿斯兰对石狮吹了口气以后，有一刹那，那只石狮看上去并没什么两样。后来它那白色大理石的背上开始掠过一小缕金色——然后金色蔓延开了——后来金色似乎在它全身掠过，就像火焰吞没了那一团报纸一样——然后，尽管它的后腿是石头，这只狮子却用力抖动鬃毛，所有那些沉甸甸的石头褶痕都飘动起来，成了活生生的鬃毛。它这才张开血盆大嘴，呼出生气和热气，打了一个大大的呵欠。这会儿它的后腿也活过来了。它抬起一条后腿在身上搔搔。接着，它看见阿斯兰，就跳到狮王后面，在阿斯兰身边又蹦又跳，高兴得哭了起来，还跳起来舔舔阿斯兰的脸。 两个女孩子的眼睛当然都跟着狮子转；不过她们看到的景象那么奇妙，因此很快就把它忘了。到处都是活过来的石像。这院子不再像一个博物馆，倒像一个动物园了。动物们都跟着阿斯兰跑，围着它跳舞，到后来它几乎被大伙儿遮住看不见了。院子里本来是一片惨白，如今却是色彩斑斓；人头马栗色的马身，独角兽深蓝色的角，百鸟绚烂的羽毛，红棕色的孤狸，狗和森林神，穿黄袜子戴红风帽的小矮人，一身银装的白桦姑娘，晶莹碧绿的山毛榉姑娘，还有落叶松姑娘，一身苍翠的衣装鲜艳得都快发黄了。这地方原来死气沉沉，一片寂静，如今整个院子里都回荡着欢乐的喧闹声：狮吼，虎啸，驴叫，狗吠，鸽咕，马嘶，还有尖叫声、顿脚声、呐喊声、欢呼声、歌声和笑声。 “哦，”苏珊说话的声音都变了，“瞧！不知道——我是说，不会伤人吗？” 露茜一看，只见阿斯兰朝一个石头巨人的两脚吹了口气。 “没事儿！”阿斯兰兴冲冲地大声喊叫，“只要这双脚治好了，其余的部位就会跟着好起来。” “我不完全是这个意思。”苏珊悄声对露茜说。不过即使阿斯兰听到她的话，这会儿也来不及了。巨人两腿已经渐渐有了起色。目前他正挪动双脚，过了一会他拿下肩膀上那根大棒，揉揉眼睛说： “天哪！我一定睡着了。嗨！那个在地上跑来跑去的该死的小妖婆上哪儿去了？刚才她还在我脚边什么地方呢。”当大伙儿都抬头对他大声喊着解释这儿真正出了什么事时，巨人把手放在耳边让他们再说一遍，最后才算听明白了。接着他深深低头一躬，脑袋低得只有干草堆的顶那么高，还不断摸着帽檐向阿斯兰致意，他那张诚实而丑陋的脸满面笑容。(如今在英国无论哪种巨人都难得一见，而脾气好的巨人更少见，你们十之八九就从来没见过一个满面笑容的巨人，这情景倒很值得一看。 “现在该上屋里去了！”阿斯兰说，“大家赶快。楼上，楼下，还有妖婆的房间！每个角落都要搜。你们根本不知道那些可怜的囚犯会给藏在哪儿。” 于是他们全都冲了进去。片刻工夫，那整座黑暗、恐怖、霉臭的旧城堡里响起了开窗户和大伙儿喊叫的声音：“别忘了地牢——帮我们打开这扇门！——这儿还有一条弯曲的楼梯——哦，我说，这儿有一只可怜的小袋鼠。叫阿斯兰来——嘘！这儿多难闻——小心那些暗门——到这儿来！楼梯平台上还有好多呢！”不过最好的事要数露茜冲上楼去，嘴里大叫着： “阿斯兰！阿斯兰！我找到图姆纳斯先生啦。哦，快来吧！” 过了一会，露茜和那只小羊怪就手拉手跳着舞，高兴地转了一圈又一圈。这小家伙虽然给变成了石像，但并没受伤，因此对她告诉他的一切当然都十分感兴趣。对妖婆堡垒的彻底搜查终于结束了。整个城堡都空了，门窗全都大开，阳光和芳香的春天气息涌进了所有那些黑暗而邪恶的地方，那些地方多么需要阳光和新鲜空气啊。这一大群重新获得生命的石像又拥回院子里。到了这时才有人(我想，是图姆纳斯吧)首先开口说：“可我们怎么出去呢？” 因为阿斯兰是跳进来的，院子大门仍然锁着呢。 “那没关系，”阿斯兰说，随即后腿直立起来，对巨人大声喊叫。“嗨，你，上边的，”它吼道，“你叫什么名字？” “报告大人，我是巨人伦波布芬。”巨人说着，摸摸帽子以示敬意。 “那好吧，巨人伦波布芬，”阿斯兰说，“让我们从这儿出去，好吗？” “当然可以，大人。乐意效劳。”巨人伦波布芬说，“你们这些小家伙都离大门远点！”接着他大步走到门口，抡起大棒，砰——砰——砰。第一下，大门吱吱嘎嘎响了，第二下，大门裂开了，第三下，大门成了碎片啦。随后他又去对付大门两边的塔楼，又捶又捣，几下子工夫，两边的塔楼和旁边大部分高墙都轰隆隆倒下了，成了一大堆碎砖烂瓦；等到尘土散去，站在这个光秃秃、阴森森的石头院子里看着豁口外那些草地，摇曳的树木，森林中波光粼粼的溪流，以及溪流外的青山和山外的碧空，可真是别有风味。 “我要不是浑身臭汗才怪呢，”巨人说话时像大火车头似的直喘，“由于条件差，我想你们这些年轻小姐身上都没带手绢吧？” “有，我有。”露茜说着踮起脚尖，尽量把她的手绢高高举起。 “谢谢你，小姐。”巨人伦波布芬说着弯下了腰。转眼间露茜吓了一大跳，因为她不知不觉中竟被巨人两个指头捏住提到半空中了。不过就在她凑近他脸的时候，他突然一惊，随即把她轻轻放回地上，嘴里还喃喃说，“老天爷，我竟把小姑娘拎起来了。对不起，小姐，我还以为你就是那块手绢呢。” “不，不，”露茜笑着说，“手绢在这儿呢！”这一回他总算设法拿到了，不过对巨人来说手绢的大小就像你们的糖精片那么大，因此她看见他一本正经地用这块手绢在他那张又大又红的脸上来回擦着，不由说，“伦波布芬先生，恐怖这块手绢对你没多大用处吧。” “哪儿的话，哪儿的话，”巨人有礼貌地说，“从来没见过比这更好的手绢。这么精致，这么方便。所以——我都不知怎么形容了。” “他是个多么好的巨人啊！”露茜对图姆纳斯先生说。 “哦，是啊，”羊怪回答说，“布芬家的人全是那样的。他们是纳尼亚最受人尊敬的巨人家族之一。也许不太聪明(我从来就不知道有聪明的巨人)，但他们是一个古老的家族。你知道，这是有传统的。如果他是另外一种人，她也根本不会把他变成石头了。” 这时阿斯兰拍拍爪子，叫大家安静下来。 “我们今天的工作还没完呢，”它说，“如果要在睡觉前打败妖婆，我们必须立刻找她们打一仗。” “希望算我一个，先生。”那最大的人头马加了一句。 “当然，”阿斯兰说，“现在呢，那些跟不上的——就是说，孩子们、小矮人和小动物们——必须骑在那些跟得上的动物背上——就是说，狮子、人头马、独角兽、马、巨人和鹰。那些鼻子灵的必须跟我们狮子一起走在前头，好闻出哪儿在打仗。赶快，你们自己分分类吧。” 接着就是一阵忙乱，一阵欢呼，它们都分好了。这里头最高兴的要算另外那头狮子了，它一直东跑西颠装做忙忙碌碌的样子，其实是为了对它见到的每一个人说，“你听见它说什么了吗？我们狮子。那意思就是它和我呀。我们狮子。我就喜欢阿斯兰这点。没有架子，不盛气凌人。我们狮子。那意思就是它和我呀。”它一直说来说去，至少说到阿斯兰把三个小矮人、一个树精、两只兔子和一只刺猬放到它背上，这才把它稳住了。一切都准备好以后(原来竟是一条大牧羊犬帮着阿斯兰让大家各就各位的)，他们就从城堡高墙的豁口处动身了。开头狮子和狗四处乱嗅。可是接着有条大猎狗忽然闻到了气味，叫了起来。此后大家就抓紧时间。全部狗啊，狮啊，狼啊，还有其他参加追捕的动物都把鼻子贴近地面，全速前进，其他的都在它们后面大约半英里处尽快跟着飞跑。这声音倒像英国人在猎狐狸，因为大家不时听见猎犬的吠声，夹杂着另一只狮子的吼声，有时还有更深沉、更可怕的阿斯兰自己的吼声。气味变得越来越容易跟踪，他们也就跑得越来越快了。他们刚刚来到峡谷的最后一个转弯处，露茜就听出在所有这些声音之外，又有另一种声音——那是一种不同的声音，她一听心里就有一种怪异的感觉。那是些呐喊声、尖叫声和金属撞击声。 等她们走出峡谷，露茜立刻就明白其中的原因了。彼得和爱德蒙带了阿斯兰其余的军队正拼命跟她昨晚看见过的那群可怕的动物战斗，只不过如今在日光下，那些动物看上去更怪、更恶、更丑，头数也似乎多得多。阿斯兰的军队——它们是背对着露茜的——看上去少得可怜。而且有好多石像散布在战场上，显然这是妖婆使过她的魔杖了。但这会儿她似乎没使魔杖，她是用石刀在打仗。她在跟彼得作战——双方打得十分激烈，露茜简直看不清是怎么回事；她只看出刀光剑影飞闪，叫人眼花缭乱，看上去倒像有三把刀和三把剑了。这一对在中间厮杀，两边都排成一条战线。不论她朝哪边看，都是一片可怕的情景。 “孩子们，快下来。”阿斯兰叫道。她们俩就此翻滚下来。随后一声怒吼，震撼了西起路灯柱东到海边的纳尼亚整个土地，这只巨兽亲自向白妖婆扑去。露茜看见刹那间妖婆抬起头来看着它，脸上充满了恐怖和惊讶。接着狮王和妖婆就滚成一团了，但妖婆被压在下面；这时阿斯兰从妖婆老窝里带来参战的全部动物都狂热地朝敌阵中冲去，小矮人用战斧，猎狗用牙齿，巨人用大棒(他的双脚也踩死了好多敌人)，独角兽用角，人头马用剑和蹄子。彼得那支累坏了的军队立时士气大振，新上阵的动物们怒吼着，敌人叽里呱啦，尖声喊叫，闹得树林里杀声震天。

Chapter 17

THE HUNTING OF THE WHITE STAG

THE battle was all over a few minutes after their arrival. Most of the enemy had been killed in the first charge of Aslan and his -companions; and when those who were still living saw that the Witch was dead they either gave themselves up or took to flight. The next thing that Lucy knew was that Peter and Aslan were shaking hands. It was strange to her to see Peter looking as he looked now - his face was so pale and stern and he seemed so much older.

"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 and left. But nothing would 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 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 - if we hadn't lost so many already. He was terribly wounded. We must go and see him."

They found Edmund in charge of Mrs Beaver a little way back from the fighting line. He was covered with blood, his mouth was open, and his face a nasty green colour.

"Quick, Lucy," said Aslan.

And then, almost for the first time, Lucy remembered the precious cordial that had been given her for a Christmas present. Her hands trembled so much that she could hardly undo the stopper, but she managed it in the end and poured a few drops into her brother's mouth.

"There are other people wounded," said Aslan while she was still looking eagerly into Edmund's pale face and wondering if the cordial would have any result.

"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 going with him. 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 looking better than she had seen him look - oh, for ages; in fact ever since his first term at that horrid school which was where he had begun to go wrong. He had become his real old self again and could look you in the face. And there on the field of battle Aslan made him a knight.

"Does he know," whispered Lucy to Susan, "what Aslan did for him? Does he know what the arrangement with the Witch really was?"

"Hush! No. Of course not," said Susan.

"Oughtn't he to be told?" said Lucy.

"Oh, surely not," said Susan. "It would be too awful for him. Think how you'd feel if you were he."

"All the same I think he ought to know," said Lucy. But at that moment they were interrupted.

That night they slept where they were. How Aslan provided food for them all I don't know; but somehow or other they found themselves all sitting down on the grass to a fine high tea at about eight o'clock. Next day they began marching eastward down the side of the great river. And the next day after that, at about teatime, they actually reached the mouth. The castle of Cair Paravel on its little hill towered up above them; before them were the sands, with rocks and little pools of salt water, and seaweed, and the smell of the sea and long miles of bluish-green waves breaking for ever and ever on the beach. And oh, the cry of the sea-gulls! Have you heard it? Can you remember?

That evening after tea the four children all managed to get down to the beach again and get their shoes and stockings 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!"

"Once a king or queen in Narnia, always a king or queen. Bear it well, Sons of Adam! Bear it well, Daughters of Eve!" said Aslan.

And through the eastern door, which was wide open, came the voices of the mermen and the mermaids swimming close to the shore and singing in honour of their new Kings and Queens.

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, and Giant Rumblebuffin, to the leopards, and the good centaurs, and the good dwarfs, and to the lion. And that night there was a great feast in Cair Paravel, and revelry and dancing, and gold flashed and wine flowed, and answering to the music inside, but stranger, sweeter, and more piercing, came the music of the sea people.

But amidst all these rejoicings Aslan himself quietly slipped away. And when the Kings and Queens noticed that he wasn't there they said nothing about it. For Mr Beaver had warned them, "He'll be coming and going," he had said. "One day you'll see him and another you won't. He doesn't like being tied down and of course he has other countries to attend to. It's quite all right. He'll often drop in. Only you mustn't press him. He's wild,' you know. Not like a tame lion."

And now, as you see, this story is nearly (but not quite) at an end. These two Kings and two Queens governed Narnia well, and long and happy was their reign. At first much of their time was spent in seeking out the remnants of the White Witch's army and destroying them, and indeed for a long time there would be news of evil things lurking in the wilder parts of the forest - a haunting here and a killing there, a glimpse of a werewolf one month and a rumour of a hag the next. But in the end all that foul brood was stamped out. And they made good laws and kept the peace and saved good trees from being unnecessarily cut down, and liberated young dwarfs and young satyrs from being sent to school, and generally stopped busybodies and interferers and encouraged ordinary people who wanted to live and let live. And they drove back the fierce giants (quite a different sort from Giant Rumblebuffin) on the north of Narnia when these ventured across the frontier. And they entered into friendship and alliance with countries beyond the sea and paid them visits of state and received visits of state from them. And they themselves grew and changed as the years passed over them. And Peter became a tall and deep-chested man and a great warrior, and he was called King Peter the Magnificent. And Susan grew into a tall and gracious woman with black hair that fell almost to her feet and the kings of the countries beyond the sea began to send ambassadors asking for her hand in marriage. And she was called Susan the Gentle. Edmund was a graver and quieter man than Peter, and great in council and judgement. He was called King Edmund the Just. But as for Lucy, she was always gay and golden-haired, and all princes in those parts desired her to be their Queen, and her own people called her Queen Lucy the Valiant.

So they lived in great joy and if ever they remembered their life in this world it was only as one remembers a dream. And one year it fell out that Tumnus (who was a middle-aged Faun by now and beginning to be stout) came down river and brought them news that the White Stag had once more appeared in his parts - the White Stag who would give you wishes if you caught him. So these two Kings and two Queens with the principal members of their court, rode a-hunting with horns and hounds in the Western Woods to follow the White Stag. And they had not hunted long before they had a sight of him. And he led them a great pace over rough and smooth and through thick and thin, till the horses of all the courtiers were tired out and these four were still following. And they saw the stag enter into a thicket where their horses could not follow. Then said King Peter (for they talked in quite a different style now, having been Kings and Queens for so long), "Fair Consorts, let us now alight from our horses and follow this beast into the thicket; for in all my days I never hunted a nobler quarry."

"Sir," said the others, "even so let us do."

So they alighted and tied their horses to trees and went on into the thick wood on foot. And as soon as they had entered it Queen Susan said,

"Fair friends, here is a great marvel, for I seem to see a tree of iron."

"Madam," said,King Edmund, "if you look well upon it you shall see it is a pillar of iron with a lantern set on the top thereof."

"By the Lion's Mane, a strange device," said King Peter, "to set a lantern here where the trees cluster so thick about it and so high above it that if it were lit it should give light to no man!"

"Sir," said Queen Lucy. "By likelihood when this post and this lamp were set here there were smaller trees in the place, or fewer, or none. For this is a young wood and the iron post is old." And they stood looking upon it. Then said King Edmund,

"I know not how it is, but this lamp on the post worketh upon me strangely. It runs in my mind that I have seen the like before; as it were in a dream, or in the dream of a dream."

"Sir," answered they all, "it is even so with us also."

"And more," said Queen Lucy, "for it will not go out of my mind that if we pass this post and lantern either we shall find strange adventures or else some great change of our fortunes."

"Madam," said King Edmund, "the like foreboding stirreth in my heart also."

"And in mine, fair brother," said King Peter.

"And in mine too," said Queen Susan. "Wherefore by my counsel we shall lightly return to our horses and follow this White Stag no further."

"Madam," said King Peter, "therein I pray thee to have me excused. For never since we four were Kings and Queens in Narnia have we set our hands to any high matter, as battles, quests, feats of arms, acts of justice, and the like, and then given over; but always what we have taken in hand, the same we have achieved."

"Sister," said Queen Lucy, "my royal brother speaks rightly. And it seems to me we should be shamed if for any fearing or foreboding we turned back from following so noble a beast as now we have in chase."

"And so say I," said King Edmund. "And I have such desire to find the signification of this thing that I would not by my good will turn back for the richest jewel in all Narnia and all the islands."

"Then in the name of Aslan," said Queen Susan, "if ye will all have it so, let us go on and take the adventure that shall fall to us."

So these Kings and Queens entered the thicket, and before they had gone a score of paces they all remembered that the thing they had seen was called a lamppost, and before they had gone twenty more they noticed that they were. making their way not through branches but through coats. And next moment they all came tumbling out of a wardrobe door into the empty room, and They were no longer Kings and Queens in their hunting array but just Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy in their old clothes. It was the same day and the same hour of the day on which they had all gone into the wardrobe to hide. Mrs Macready and the visitors were still talking in the passage; but luckily they never came into the empty room and so the children weren't caught.

And that would have been the very end of the story if it hadn't been that they felt they really must explain to the Professor why four of the coats out of his wardrobe were missing. And the Professor, who was a very remarkable man, didn't tell them not to be silly or not to tell lies, but believed the whole story. "No," he said, "I don't think it will be any good trying to go back through the wardrobe door to get the coats. You won't get into Narnia again by that

route. Nor would the coats be much use by now if you did!

Eh? What's that? Yes, of course you'll get back to Narnia again some day. Once a King in Narnia, always a King in Narnia. But don't go trying to use the same route twice.

Indeed, don't try to get there at all. It'll happen when you're not looking for it. And don't talk too much about it even among yourselves. And don't mention it to anyone else unless you find that they've had adventures of the same sort themselves. What's that? How will you know? Oh, you'll know all right. Odd things they say - even their looks - will let the secret out. Keep your eyes open. Bless me, what do they teach them at these schools?

And that is the very end of the adventure of the wardrobe.

But if the Professor was right it was only the beginning of the adventures of Narnia. 第十七章 追猎白鹿 这场战斗在他们赶到后片刻间就全部结束了。大部分敌人在阿斯兰和它的伙伴第一次猛攻时就已送了命，那些还活着的看见妖婆死了，不是投降就是逃走了。接下来露茜只知道彼得跟阿斯兰在握手了。她觉得彼得这会儿看上去很怪——他的脸那么苍白，神情严峻，而且他老气多了。 “这都是爱德蒙的功劳，阿斯兰，”彼得说道，“要不是他，我们就要被她们打败了。妖婆把我们的军队都变成石头排在两边。可什么也挡不住他。他一路打倒了三个吃人恶魔，一直打到她刚把你的一头豹变成石像的地方。等他靠近她时，他很理智，先用剑劈了她的魔杖，而不是鲁莽地直接向她进攻，害得自己反而被变成一个石像。而所有其他的人正是犯了这个错误。要是我们原先损失没那么严重的话，她的魔杖一断，我们就开始有转机了。他受了重伤。我们必须去看看他。” 他们发现爱德蒙就在离战线不远的后方，由海狸太太负责照看着。他浑身是血，张着嘴，脸色惨白。 “快，露茜。”阿斯兰说。 到了那时，露茜才头一回记起作为圣诞礼物送给她的那瓶珍贵的妙药。她两手抖得厉害，怎么也打不开瓶塞，不过末了她总算打开了，而且在她哥哥嘴里倒了几滴。 “还有别的伤员呢。”阿斯兰说。她却仍然焦急地望着爱德蒙苍白的脸，不知妙药有没有什么效果。 “是啊，我知道，”露茜生气地说，“等一下。” “夏娃的女儿，”阿斯兰的声音严肃起来了，“别人也在生死关头，难道一定要更多的人为爱德蒙而死吗？” “对不起，阿斯兰。”露茜说着站起来跟它一起走去。接下来半小时里她们忙得不可开交——她忙着照顾伤员，它忙着把那些变成石头的动物变回原样。等她终于抽出身子回到爱德蒙那儿时，她发现他已经一个人站在那儿了，不仅伤口长好了，而且看上去比以前还要好；事实上，自从他上了那个讨厌的学校，第一学期他就开始变坏了。如今他已经恢复本来面目，敢于正视你的脸了。阿斯兰就在战场上封他为骑士。 “他知道，”露茜悄悄对苏珊说，“阿斯兰为他作出什么牺牲吗？他知道狮王和妖婆的真正协议吗？” “嘘！不，当然不知道。”苏珊说。 “难道不应该告诉他吗？”露茜说。 “哦，当然不应该，”苏珊说，“那对他太可怕了。如果你是他，想想看你有什么感想？” “尽管如此，我认为他应该知道。”露茜说。不过这时有人打断了她们的谈话。那天晚上他们就在原地睡觉。阿斯兰怎么供大家吃饭我可不知道；不过不管怎么说，大伙儿在八点钟左右全都坐在草地上吃了一顿美美的正式茶点。第二天他们开始沿着那条大河往东进发。第三天，大约在吃茶点的时候，他们果然来到了入海口。坐落在小山上的凯尔帕拉维尔城堡高高屹立在他们上面；在他们前方是沙滩、岩石、一个个小小的咸水坑、海草、大海的气息，还有青绿色的万里波涛永远不停地冲击着海滩。哦，还有海鸥的叫声！你们听见过吗？你们还能记得吗？ 那天傍晚吃过茶点，四个孩子全都想方设法再到海滩上去，他们脱下鞋袜，光脚在沙滩上玩。不过第二天就严肃得多了。原来那时，在凯尔帕拉维尔的大厅里，在那象牙屋顶的精美大厅里(西门全都挂满了孔雀毛，东门直通大海)，阿斯兰当着他们的各位好友，听到号声齐鸣，就庄严地为他们加冕。“彼得国王万岁！苏珊女王万岁！爱德蒙国王万岁！露茜女王万岁！”在震耳欲聋的欢呼声中，阿斯兰领他们坐到四个宝座上。 “在纳尼亚一朝为王，就终身为王，好好记住，亚当的儿子！好好记住，夏娃的女儿！”阿斯兰说。 同时从敞开的东门外传来了雄人鱼和雌人鱼的声音，它们游到靠近城堡台阶的地方，欢唱着向它们的国王和女王致敬。 于是四个孩子坐在宝座上，接受了权杖，他们对所有好友分别犒赏，表示敬意，包括羊怪图姆纳斯、海狸夫妇、巨人伦波布芬、豹、善良的人头马和小矮人，以及另一头狮子。那天晚上在凯尔帕拉维尔举行了一个盛大的宴会，纵情歌舞狂欢，金光闪闪，美酒汩汩，和城堡里的音乐相呼应的是海上传来的那种更奇妙、更甜美、更扣人心弦的仙乐。 但就在这场欢庆中，阿斯兰悄悄地溜走了。两位国王和两位女王注意到它不在了，倒也没说什么。因为海狸先生曾经对他们有言在先。“它是来去自由的，”它说，“你们今天看见它，改天就看小见了。它不喜欢被拴住——当然还有别的国家要它去操心。这没关系。它会常常来的。只是你们不能逼它。要知道它性子野，不像驯化了的狮子。” 现在呢，你们也看得出，这故事就快讲完了(不过还没完呢)。话说这两位国王和两位女王管理纳尼亚，倒也搞得长治久安，快快活活。一开头他们大部分时间都花在搜寻白妖婆军队的残余并消灭他们上。长期以来确实也有潜伏在森林中偏僻地带的坏蛋作恶的消息——到处捣乱，杀人，这个月看见一个狼人，下个月又谣传出现母夜叉。不过到头来所有的祸害都被消灭了。他们制订了完善的法律，维持社会治安，保护好树木不受滥砍滥伐，不让年轻的小矮人和树精被强迫上学，严禁人家多嘴多舌、爱管闲事，鼓励愿意安居乐业的普通百姓安定下来。他们赶走了胆敢越过纳尼亚北部边境的凶猛巨人(这些巨人跟伦渡布芬大不相同)。他们跟海外一些国家结成友好同盟，对那些国家进行国事访问，并接待对方的访问。岁月流逝，他们自己也都长大成人，起了变化。彼得变成一个身材高大、胸脯厚实的男人，一个伟大的武士，人称至尊王彼得。苏珊长成一个身材颀长，举止文雅的女人，一头黑发几乎拖到脚跟，海外一些国王开始纷纷派大使来向她求婚，人称温柔女王苏珊。爱德蒙比起彼得来显得更严肃、更沉默，善于掌握议会和主持审判，人称公正王爱德蒙。至于露茜，她一向无忧无虑，而且是满头金发，那一带所有的王子都想娶她为王后，国内人民称之为英勇女王露茜。 于是他们就这样过着欢欢喜喜的日子，如果他们想到过他们在人世间的生活，也只是像人们想起一个梦似的。有一年，图姆纳斯(如今这只羊怪也到了中年，身子也开始发胖了)顺河下来给他们带信说，白鹿又出现在他这一带了——如果你抓到白鹿，白鹿就可以让你实现愿望。于是两位国王和两位女王带上他们宫廷里的文武百官，还带着号角、猎犬，骑着马到西部森林去追踪白鹿了。他们去了不久就看到了白鹿的身影，白鹿领着他们飞快地翻山越岭，历尽艰险，折腾得所有大臣的马都累倒了，只有这四个国王仍然紧追不舍。他们看见那只鹿钻进一片灌木丛中，坐骑进不去。于是彼得国王说(如今他们在朝执政已经多年，所以说话的口气也大不一样了)，“各位王弟王妹，现在让我们下马，跟随那畜生进入灌木丛吧；因为我生平从未打到过一只比这更高贵的猎物了。” “王兄，”其余三个说，“既然如此，我们就走吧。” 于是他们都下了马，把马拴在树上，继续向密林中走去。他们刚走进树林，苏珊女王就说： “各位，这儿有一大奇迹，我似乎看见了一棵铁树。” “王姐，”爱德蒙国王说，“如果你好好看一看，就会看出这是一根铁柱，顶上装了一盏灯。” “真是的，想得倒怪，”彼得国王说，“把灯装在周围树木这么密、这么高的地方，就是灯亮着也照不见人。” “王兄，”露茜女王说，“很可能这根柱子和这盏灯装在这儿的时候，这地方只有小树，也可能树木稀，也可能没树。因为这里是幼林，而铁柱是老的。”于是他们都站在那儿望着铁柱。后来爱德蒙国王说： “不知道怎么回事，但柱子上的这盏灯对我有种奇怪的影响。在我脑子里闪过，以前我好像见过类似的东西，似乎是个梦，或者是梦中梦。” “王弟，”他们大家都回答说，“我们也这样想。” “而且，”露茜女王说，“我脑子里老在想，只要我们走过这根柱子和灯，我们就会有种种哿遇，或者命运就要发生大大变化。” “王妹，”爱德蒙国王说，“我心里也有类似的预感。” “我也是，王弟。”彼得国王说。 “我也这么想，”苏珊女王说，“因此依我之见，我们还是悄悄地回到我们拴马的地方，不要再追踪这只白鹿了。” “王妹，”彼得国王说，“这一点我要请你原谅。因为我们四个自从在纳尼亚当了国王和女王以来，我们不论着手进行什么大事，诸如战争、审讯、比武、执法之类，都没有半途而废过；我们一向总是一旦着于，就必定贯彻到底的。” “王姐，”露茜女王说，“王兄说得对。而且我觉得，要是我们为了任何恐惧或预感就回去，不再追捕一只那么高贵的野兽，似乎太不像话了。” “我也这么想，”爱德蒙国王说，“我一心想发现这东西的意义，就是拿整个纳尼亚最珍贵的珠宝和所有的岛屿来换，我也决不回去。” “那么以阿斯兰的名义起誓，”苏珊女王说，“如果你们都要这样做，那就让我们走下去，不管将遇上什么奇事都听之任之吧。” 于是两位国王和两位女王走进了灌木丛，他们刚走了几步就全想起来了，他们看见的那东西叫作路灯柱，再走了不到二十步，他们发现不是在树枝间摸索着走路，而是在大衣堆里止路。不一会儿他们全都从大衣柜的一扇门里滚到空房间里了，而且他们也不再是穿着猎装的国王和女王，而是穿着过去的衣服的彼得、苏珊、爱德蒙和露茜。时间还是他们躲进大衣柜的同一天，同一个时辰。麦克里迪太太和参观的客人还在过道里谈话；不过幸好他们没到这空房间里来，因此孩子们也没被他们发现。 要不是他们觉得真的必须对教授说清他大衣柜里丢失四件大衣的原因，这个故事本来也就结束了。而教授呢，他是一个非常了不起的人，他并没教训他们别瞎说，或者别说谎，而是相信了整个故事。 “不，”他说，“我认为想再从衣柜里去拿回那些大衣没什么好处。你们不要从那条路再回纳尼亚去了。即使拿回来，那些大衣也没多大用处。啊？什么？是啊，有一天你们当然会回纳尼亚去。在纳尼亚一朝为王，就终身为王嘛。不过你们不要再走同一条路线。真的，千万别想方设法上那儿去。你们不去找它，它自会出现。而且，即使在你们自己之间也别多谈这件事。也别对任何外人说起，除非你们发现他们也有过类似的奇遇。什么？你们怎么会知道？哦，你们准会知道的。碰上怪事，他们说的话——甚至他们的神情——会露出马脚的。你们留心好了。天哪，他们那些学校是怎么教他们的啊？” 这就是大衣柜奇遇的结尾了。不过如果教授说得对的话，这只是纳尼亚奇遇的开始。