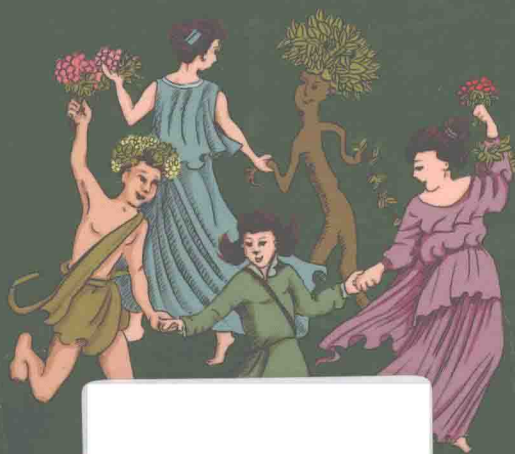


C·S·刘易斯经典·纳尼亚传奇系列(4)



# PRINCE CASPIAN

《中英双语典藏版》



## 卡斯宾王子

[英] C·S·刘易斯 / 著 向和平 / 译

*C. S. Lewis*

天津出版传媒集团

天津人民出版社

C·S·刘易斯经典 ◆ 纳尼亚传奇系列（4）

# 卡斯宾王子



[英] C·S·刘易斯 / 著 向和平 / 译

天津出版传媒集团  
天津人民出版社

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

卡斯宾王子/(英)刘易斯著;向和平译. —天津:天津人民出版社,  
2014.3

(纳尼亚传奇;4)

ISBN 978-7-201-08634-7

I. ①卡… II. ①刘… ②向… III. ①儿童文学—长篇小说—英国—现代  
IV. ①I561.84

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2014)第029342号

天津出版传媒集团

天津人民出版社出版、发行

出版人:黄沛

(天津市西康路35号 邮政编码:300051)

网址: <http://www.tjrmcbs.com>

电子邮箱: [tjrmcbs@126.com](mailto:tjrmcbs@126.com)

北京建泰印刷有限公司

刘增工作室设计制作(电话:13521101105)

2014年3月第1版 2014年3月第1次印刷

710×1000毫米 16开本 15印张 字数:300千字

定 价:28.00元

## 译者序

经过两年多不懈的努力，“纳尼亚”系列经典的译文终于杀青了！这时，我既感到完成任务的轻松与喜悦，又隐隐感到一丝不舍。以前，也曾经读过“纳尼亚”系列，但那时是一目十行，不求甚解。翻译则不同，不仅要对作者思想和时代背景有较深入的了解，而且要尽量将其语言风格表达出来。这大概就是翻译所谓的“神似”与“形似”吧。

C·S·刘易斯可以称得上是一代宗师，被誉为“最伟大的牛津人”。他博学多才，著述颇丰。有人说，“纳尼亚”系列是“儿童的圣经”。要想读懂这套传奇故事，我们就必须对作者的信仰历程有所了解。

刘易斯的父母都是虔诚的新教徒。刘易斯出生后不久，就在爱尔兰的教会受洗。由于青少年时期的叛逆，他曾一度远离了自己的信仰。后来，在《魔戒》的作者、好友托尔金和其他朋友的影响下，32岁时他又回到了上帝的怀抱。回归信仰之后，刘易斯创作出了许多不朽的传世之作。

在“纳尼亚”的奇幻世界中，那位无所不在的狮子阿斯兰正是耶稣的化身。狮子是百兽之王，而圣经启示录则称耶稣为“犹大支派中的狮子”、“万王之王”。刘易斯藉着一系列的故事，轻松地阐释了上帝创造宇宙、魔鬼诱使人类犯罪、耶稣为罪人赎罪舍命、然后从死里复活等基督教教义。

刘易斯曾广泛涉猎欧洲的神话，因此“纳尼亚”系列经典中也出现了小矮人、半人马、潘恩、树精和狼人等形象。大师的想象力异常丰富，不受时空的限制，可谓天马行空，驰骛八极。套用刘勰的话来说，就是“思接千载，视通万里”。加上他的词汇量丰富，时常用诗一般的语言来描绘

高山、峡谷、密林、瀑布和清泉等自然景观。因此，尽管译者自诩中英文功底都比较深厚，但不时也会感到“词穷”。有时，为了一句话、一个词，我会多方求教于英、美的朋友，真正体会到了译事之难。

在第一部《魔法师的外甥》中，作者展开想象的翅膀，带领我们“上天”，亲眼目睹了纳尼亚被创造的过程：随着狮子跌宕起伏的歌声，从土壤中接连冒出了树木、花草、动物和飞鸟。狮子赐给一部分动物和飞鸟说话的能力，使他们成为自己的“选民”。

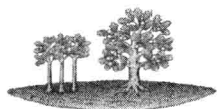
除了“上天”，刘易斯还带着我们“入地”。在《银椅子》中，我们跟随作者来到了黑暗的地下王国，经历了一场惊心动魄的属灵争战。

“七”在《圣经》中是一个完全的数字，因为上帝在七天中创造了宇宙万物。故此，“纳尼亚”系列经典一共有七册书。这个系列中人物众多，场景变幻莫测。在《“黎明”号的远航》中，卡斯宾王等在海上的历险和奇遇扣人心弦；在《马儿与少年》中，我们又体验到了异国情调和大漠风光。而《最后的决战》栩栩如生地描绘了善与恶两个阵营，恶神塔西和白女巫、绿女巫一样，都象征着魔鬼撒旦，它们都逃脱不了失败与灭亡的命运。

何光沪老师在《从岁首到年终》的序言中说过，同刘易斯交上一年的朋友，会使你变得更好。两年多来，与刘大师朝夕相处，虽然不敢说自己变得更好了，但在这个过程中的确获益匪浅，虽苦也甜。

向和平

2013年12月



## 目录 | CONTENTS

---

- ▶ CHAPTER 1  
**The Island**  
岛国 / 001
- ▶ CHAPTER 2  
**The Ancient Treasure House**  
古代藏宝室 / 013
- ▶ CHAPTER 3  
**The Dwarf**  
矮人 / 028
- ▶ CHAPTER 4  
**The Dwarf Tells Of Prince Caspian**  
矮人讲述卡斯宾王子的故事 / 039
- ▶ CHAPTER 5  
**Caspian's Adventure In The Mountains**  
卡斯宾山中历险 / 055
- ▶ CHAPTER 6  
**The People That Lived In Hiding**  
藏身于荒野之间的人们 / 073
- ▶ CHAPTER 7  
**Old Narnia In Danger**  
古老纳尼亚陷入险境 / 085
- ▶ CHAPTER 8  
**How They Left The Island**  
他们如何离开岛屿 / 100

- 
- ▶ **CHAPTER 9**  
**What Lucy Saw**  
露西的所见所闻 / 116
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 10**  
**The Return Of The Lion**  
狮王归来 / 133
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 11**  
**The Lion Roars**  
狮王咆哮 / 151
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 12**  
**Sorcery And Sudden Vengeance**  
巫术与即刻的刑罚 / 166
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 13**  
**The High King In Command**  
大帝运筹帷幄 / 182
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 14**  
**How All Were Very Busy**  
决战沙场 / 196
  - ▶ **CHAPTER 15**  
**Aslan Makes A Door In The Air**  
阿斯兰在空中开了一扇门 / 214



## CHAPTER 1

### THE ISLAND

岛 国

Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy, and it has been told in another book called *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* how they had a remarkable adventure. They had opened the door of a magic wardrobe and found themselves in a quite different world from ours, and in that different world they had become Kings and Queens in a country called Narnia. While they were in Narnia they seemed to reign for years and years; but when they came back through the door and found themselves in England again, it all seemed to have taken no time at all. At any rate, no one noticed that they had ever been away, and they never told anyone except one very wise grown-up.

That had all happened a year ago, and now all four of them were sitting on a seat at a railway station with trunks and playboxes piled up round them. They were, in fact, on their way back to school. They had travelled together as far as this station, which was a junction; and here, in a few minutes, one train would arrive and take the girls away to one school, and in about half an hour another train would arrive and the boys would go off to another school. The first part of the journey, when they were all together, always seemed to be part of the holidays; but now when they would be saying goodbye and going different ways



so soon, everyone felt that the holidays were really over and everyone felt their term-time feeling beginning again, and they were all rather gloomy and no one could think of anything to say. Lucy was going to boarding school for the first time.

It was an empty, sleepy, country station and there was hardly anyone on the platform except themselves. Suddenly Lucy gave a sharp little cry, like someone who has been stung by a wasp.

“What’s up, Lu?” said Edmund—and then suddenly broke off and made a noise like “Ow!”

“What on earth—” began Peter, and then he too suddenly changed what he had been going to say. Instead, he said, “Susan, let go! What are you doing? Where are you dragging me to?”

“I’m not touching you,” said Susan. “Someone is pulling *me*. Oh—oh—oh—stop it!”

Everyone noticed that all the others’ faces had gone very white.

“I felt just the same,” said Edmund in a breathless voice. “As if I were being dragged along. A most frightful pulling—ugh! It’s beginning again.”

“Me too,” said Lucy. “Oh, I can’t bear it.”

“Look sharp!” shouted Edmund. “All catch hands and keep together. This is magic—I can tell by the feeling. Quick!”

“Yes,” said Susan. “Hold hands. Oh, I do wish it would stop—oh!”

Next moment the luggage, the seat, the platform, and the station had completely vanished. The four children, holding hands and panting, found themselves standing in a woody place—such a woody place that branches were sticking into them and there was hardly room to move. They all rubbed their eyes and took a deep breath.

“Oh, Peter!” exclaimed Lucy. “Do you think we can possibly have got back to Narnia?”

“It might be anywhere,” said Peter. “I can’t see a yard in all these trees. Let’s try to get into the open—if there is any open.”

With some difficulty, and with some stings from nettles and pricks from thorns, they struggled out of the thicket. Then they had another surprise. Everything became much brighter, and after a few steps they

found themselves at the edge of the wood, looking down on a sandy beach. A few yards away a very calm sea was falling on the sand with such tiny ripples that it made hardly any sound. There was no land in sight and no clouds in the sky. The sun was about where it ought to be at ten o'clock in the morning, and the sea was a dazzling blue. They stood sniffing in the sea-smell.

"By Jove!" said Peter. "This is good enough."

Five minutes later everyone was barefooted and wading in the cool clear water.

"This is better than being in a stuffy train on the way back to Latin and French and Algebra!" said Edmund. And then for quite a long time there was no more talking, only splashing and looking for shrimps and crabs.

"All the same," said Susan presently, "I suppose we'll have to make some plans. We shall want something to eat before long."

"We've got the sandwiches Mother gave us for the journey," said Edmund. "At least I've got mine."

"Not me," said Lucy. "Mine were in my little bag."

"So were mine," said Susan.

"Mine are in my coat pocket, there on the beach," said Peter. "That'll be two lunches among four. This isn't going to be such fun."

"At present," said Lucy, "I want something to drink more than something to eat."

Everyone else now felt thirsty, as one usually is after wading in salt water under a hot sun.

"It's like being shipwrecked," remarked Edmund. "In the books they always find springs of clear, fresh water on the island. We'd better go and look for them."

"Does that mean we have to go back into all that thick wood?" said Susan.

"Not a bit of it," said Peter. "If there are streams they're bound to come down to the sea, and if we walk along the beach we're bound to come to them."

They all now waded back and went first across the smooth, wet sand and then up to the dry, crumbly sand that sticks to one's toes,

and began putting on their shoes and socks. Edmund and Lucy wanted to leave them behind and do their exploring with bare feet, but Susan said this would be a mad thing to do. "We might never find them again," she pointed out, "and we shall want them if we're still here when night comes and it begins to be cold."

When they were dressed again they set out along the shore with the sea on their left hand and the wood on their right. Except for an occasional seagull it was a very quiet place. The wood was so thick and tangled that they could hardly see into it at all; and nothing in it moved—not a bird, not even an insect.

Shells and seaweed and anemones, or tiny crabs in rock-pools, are all very well, but you soon get tired of them if you are thirsty. The children's feet, after the change from the cool water, felt hot and heavy. Susan and Lucy had raincoats to carry. Edmund had put down his coat on the station seat just before the magic overtook them, and he and Peter took it in turns to carry Peter's great-coat.

Presently the shore began to curve round to the right. About quarter of an hour later, after they had crossed a rocky ridge which ran out into a point, it made quite a sharp turn. Their backs were now to the part of the sea which had met them when they first came out of the wood, and now, looking ahead, they could see across the water another shore, thickly wooded like the one they were exploring.

"I wonder, is that an island or do we join on to it presently?" said Lucy.

"Don't know," said Peter and they all plodded on in silence.

The shore that they were walking on drew nearer and nearer to the opposite shore, and as they came round each promontory the children expected to find the place where the two joined. But in this they were disappointed. They came to some rocks which they had to climb and from the top they could see a fairway ahead and—"Oh, bother!" said Edmund, "it's no good. We shan't be able to get to those other woods at all. We're on an island!"

It was true. At this point the channel between them and the opposite coast was only about thirty or forty yards wide; but they

could now see that this was its narrowest place. After that, their own coast bent round to the right again and they could see open sea between it and the mainland. It was obvious that they had already come much more than halfway round the island.

“Look!” said Lucy suddenly. “What’s that?” She pointed to a long, silvery, snake-like thing that lay across the beach.

“A stream! A stream!” shouted the others, and, tired as they were, they lost no time in clattering down the rocks and racing to the fresh water. They knew that the stream would be better to drink farther up, away from the beach, so they went at once to the spot where it came out of the wood. The trees were as thick as ever, but the stream had made itself a deep course between high mossy banks so that by stooping you could follow it up in a sort of tunnel of leaves. They dropped on their knees by the first brown, dimply pool and drank and drank, and dipped their faces in the water, and then dipped their arms in up to the elbow.

“Now,” said Edmund, “what about those sandwiches?”

“Oh, hadn’t we better have them?” said Susan. “We may need them far worse later on.”

“I do wish,” said Lucy, “now that we’re not thirsty, we could go on feeling as not-hungry as we did when we *were* thirsty.”

“But what about those sandwiches?” repeated Edmund. “There’s no good saving them till they go bad. You’ve got to remember it’s a good deal hotter here than in England and we’ve been carrying them about in pockets for hours.” So they got out the two packets and divided them into four portions, and nobody had quite enough, but it was a great deal better than nothing. Then they talked about their plans for the next meal. Lucy wanted to go back to the sea and catch shrimps, until someone pointed out that they had no nets. Edmund said they must gather gulls’ eggs from the rocks, but when they came to think of it they couldn’t remember having seen any gulls’ eggs and wouldn’t be able to cook them if they found any. Peter thought to himself that unless they had some stroke of luck they would soon be glad to eat eggs raw, but he didn’t see any point in saying this out loud. Susan

said it was a pity they had eaten the sandwiches so soon. One or two tempers very nearly got lost at this stage. Finally Edmund said:

“Look here. There’s only one thing to be done. We must explore the wood. Hermits and knights-errant and people like that always manage to live somehow if they’re in a forest. They find roots and berries and things.”

“What sort of roots?” asked Susan.

“I always thought it meant roots of trees,” said Lucy.

“Come on,” said Peter, “Ed is right. And we must try to do something. And it’ll be better than going out into the glare and the sun again.”

So they all got up and began to follow the stream. It was very hard work. They had to stoop under branches and climb over branches, and they blundered through great masses of stuff like rhododendrons and tore their clothes and got their feet wet in the stream; and still there was no noise at all except the noise of the stream and the noises they were making themselves. They were beginning to get very tired of it when they noticed a delicious smell, and then a flash of bright colour high above them at the top of the right bank.

“I say!” exclaimed Lucy. “I do believe that’s an apple tree.”

It was. They panted up the steep bank, forced their way through some brambles, and found themselves standing round an old tree that was heavy with large yellowish-golden apples as firm and juicy as you could wish to see.

“And this is not the only tree,” said Edmund with his mouth full of apple. “Look there—and there.”

“Why, there are dozens of them,” said Susan, throwing away the core of her first apple and picking her second. “This must have been an orchard—long, long ago, before the place went wild and the wood grew up.”

“Then this was once an inhabited island,” said Peter.

“And what’s that?” said Lucy, pointing ahead.

“By Jove, it’s a wall,” said Peter. “An old stone wall.”

Pressing their way between the laden branches they reached the wall. It was very old, and broken down in places, with moss and

wallflowers growing on it, but it was higher than all but the tallest trees. And when they came quite close to it they found a great arch which must once have had a gate in it but was now almost filled up with the largest of all the apple trees. They had to break some of the branches to get past, and when they had done so they all blinked because the daylight became suddenly much brighter. They found themselves in a wide open place with walls all round it. In here there were no trees, only level grass and daisies, and ivy, and grey walls. It was a bright, secret, quiet place, and rather sad; and all four stepped out into the middle of it, glad to be able to straighten their backs and move their limbs freely.

## ❀ 中文阅读 ❀

从前有四个孩子，他们的名字是彼得、苏珊、埃德蒙和露西。我在另外一本叫做《狮子，女巫和魔衣柜》的书中讲述了他们非同寻常的历险故事。他们打开了魔衣柜的门，进入了一个与我们这个世界截然不同的世界。在那个世界里，他们成为了纳尼亚国的国王和女王，并且在那里统治了很多年。后来，他们再次经过那扇柜门，发现自己又回到了英国，所有的一切似乎都发生在短短的一瞬间。不管怎样，没有人注意到他们曾经离去。他们只将这个奇遇告诉了一位睿智的长者，其他的人都毫不知情。

那些事情发生在一年以前。此刻他们兄妹四人正坐在一个火车站的长椅上，身边堆放着行李箱和杂物盒。事实上，他们正在去往学校的路上。兄妹四人结伴同行，到这里就要分手了。因为这个车站是个中转站，再过几分钟，一列火车即将驶来，将女孩子们带往她们的学校。大约半个小时之后，另一辆火车又会到来，男孩子们将乘坐那辆火车前往另一所学校。前半旅途，大家欢聚一堂，仿佛假期还没有到头。现在告别在即，马上就要各奔前程，每个人都感到，假期真的已经结束了，从此又该“上套”了。他们的心情相当郁闷，没有人知道该说些什么。而露西是第一次到寄宿学校去上学。

那是一个空空荡荡、令人昏昏欲睡的乡村车站，除了他们，站台上几乎空无一人。突然露西轻轻地惊叫了一声，就像是被马蜂蛰了一下。

“怎么啦，露？”埃德蒙问道——他的话突然中断，发出了一个类似“噢！”的声音。

“到底怎么——”彼得开口询问，但是他也突然改变了话题，转而说道，“苏珊，放开手！你在做什么？你想拖我去哪里呀？”

“我没有碰你，”苏珊说，“有人正在拉我。啊——啊——啊——住手！”

每个人都注意到，另外三人的脸色变得异常苍白。

“我也有同样的感觉，”埃德蒙上气不接下气地说，“好像我正在被人拖走。一种非常可怕的力量——啊！又开始了。”

“我也是，”露西说，“哦，我顶不住啦。”

“注意！”埃德蒙喊道，“大家手拉手，站在一起。这是魔法——通过感觉我能识别出来。快！”

“是的，”苏珊说，“手拉紧。啊，我真希望它能够停下来——啊！”

转瞬之间，行李，座椅，站台以及火车站全都消失了。四个孩子发现自己站在一个密林之中，手拉着手，气喘吁吁——这里的树木非常茂密，有些枝条甚至戳到了他们身上，他们被卡在那里，几乎动弹不得。孩子们揉了揉眼睛，深深地吸了一口气。

“啊，彼得！”露西惊叫道，“你觉得我们是不是又回到了纳尼亚？”

“这里可能是任何一个地方，”彼得说，“有这么多树，我看不到一米以外的地方。让我们想办法找个空地——如果能够找到的话。”

他们忍受着荨麻的刺扎，荆棘划破了皮肤，费了好大的劲儿，才挣脱出灌木丛。这时，他们又一次感到惊奇，周围的一切都变得明亮起来。刚走出几步，他们便发现自己已经来到树林的边缘，向下俯视着一个沙滩。几米之外，是风平浪静的大海，纤细的浪花悄无声息地拍打着沙滩。他们目光所及，看不到陆地，只见海天一色，晴空万里。按照太阳的高度来推测，这时应该是上午十点钟左右。湛蓝的大海令人目眩。他们站在那里，深深地呼吸着大海的气息。

“天哪！”彼得说，“这个地方可真不错。”

五分钟后，大家都光着脚丫，在凉爽清澈的海水中淌水嬉戏起来。

“这可比乘坐闷热的火车返校去学拉丁文、法语和代数强多了！”埃德蒙说。过了好久，没有人再说一句话，只听见他们溅起的哗哗水声，孩子们都在忙着寻找虾与螃蟹。

“不管怎么着，”过了一会儿，苏珊说，“我想，我们必须制定一些计划。很快我们就需要吃东西了。”

“我们有妈妈给我们预备路上吃的三明治，”埃德蒙说，“起码我的还在这儿。”

“我没有，”露西说，“我的放在小包里了。”

“我的也是。”苏珊说。

“我的放在了上衣口袋里，就在那边沙滩上。”彼得说，“那等于四个人分吃两份午餐。这可不怎么好玩。”

“这会儿，”露西说，“我不太想吃东西，想喝点什么。”

其他人现在也感到口渴。顶着骄阳在咸咸的海水中戏耍过后，人们通常都会如此。

“这就像书中所描述的，轮船失事后，”埃德蒙议论道，“人们总能在岛上发现清澈甘甜的泉水。我们最好也去找一下。”

“那就是说，我们还要回到密林里去？”苏珊问道。

“完全没有必要，”彼得说，“如果有溪流的话，它们一定会顺流而下，汇入大海。我们沿着海滩走，必然能够找到它们。”

于是，他们淌着水往回走，穿过平坦湿润的沙滩，走到干燥松软的沙土上，脚趾间沾满了沙子。两个大孩子穿上了鞋袜，埃德蒙和露西则想光着脚丫脚继续向前探索，苏珊说他们这么做太疯狂了。“我们也许再也找不到鞋袜，”她劝阻说，“如果我们待在这里的话，到了夜间温度会下降，那时候我们会需要鞋袜的。”

他们穿戴整齐后，就沿着海岸出发了。大海在他们的左边，树林在他们的右边。除了偶尔传来一只海鸥的叫声，这里一片阒然。树林茂密异常，树枝纠结在一起，他们几乎看不到里面的情景。而且他们也听不到树林里有什么动静——没有鸟啼，甚至没有昆虫的鸣叫。

贝壳、海草、海葵和礁石积水中的小螃蟹都很有趣，但若是口干舌燥，你很快就会感到厌倦。孩子们的脚，由凉爽的海水中出来之后，很快就感到火辣辣、沉甸甸的。苏珊和露西拿着各自的雨衣。被魔法劫持之前，埃德蒙刚好把自己的大衣放在了车站的椅子上。现在他和彼得轮流拿着彼得的大衣。



很快，海岸开始朝右边弯去。大约又过了十五分钟，他们翻过一道突出的石脊，转了一个很陡的弯，将一出树林就看到的那片大海抛到了身后。现在，隔水朝对岸望去，他们看到了茂密的树木，跟他们身边的树林相差无几。

“我在想，那边是一座孤岛，还是很快就会跟这边的海岸相连接呢？”露西说。

“不知道，”彼得回答。他们拖着沉重的步伐默默前行。

他们沿着海岸行走，离对岸越来越近。每绕过一个海角，孩子们都期盼着能看到两个海岸的连接处。可是他们的期望都落空了。他们遇到了一些拦路的礁石，只好翻越过去。在礁石顶上，他们可以看到很远的地方——“哦，见鬼！”埃德蒙说，“没有用。我们根本无法到达对面那些树林。我们是在一个岛上！”

一点不错。日前把他们与对岸隔开的海峡仅仅只有三四十米宽。他们看得出来，这里是两岸之间最狭窄的地方。再往前，他们这边的海岸又朝右弯了过来，可以看到前面辽阔的大海和远远的陆地。显然他们已经绕着海岛转了大半个圈子。

“看！”露西突然叫道，“那是什么？”她指着一个横卧在海滩上像条银蛇一样细长的东西。

“小溪！一条小溪！”其他人齐声嚷道。尽管早已疲惫不堪，他们还是噚噚噚地冲下礁石，朝着清澈的溪水奔去。他们知道，离海岸越远，溪水越好喝。于是，他们跑到了小溪刚刚流出树林的地方。此处的树木依旧是密不透风，但溪流冲出了一道深深的沟壑，两边的堤岸上长满了苔藓。他们弯下腰来，顺水而上，好像进到了一个由树叶构成的隧道里。看到第一个泛着波纹的褐色水潭，他们就跪在地上，痛痛快快地喝了起来，还把脸浸在水里，然后又把手臂泡在水中，一直浸到胳膊肘。

“喂，”埃德蒙说，“那些三明治怎么办？”

“哦，我们是不是先留着，”苏珊说，“以备不时之需。”

“现在不渴了，我真希望，”露西说，“我们还能感到不饿，就像我们在干渴时的那种感觉。”

“可是那些三明治怎么办？”埃德蒙再一次问道，“留着没用，会放坏的。你们要记得，这里可比英国热得多，我们把它们揣在口袋里，跑来跑去，