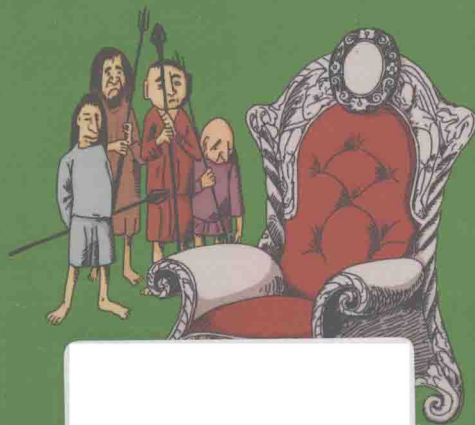


C·S·刘易斯经典·纳尼亚传奇系列(6)



# THE SILVER CHAIR

《中英双语典藏版》



## 银椅子

[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

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## 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，驰骋八极。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。

在第一本《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



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## CHAPTER 1

### BEHIND THE GYM

### 在体育馆的后边

It was a dull autumn day and Jill Pole was crying behind the gym.

She was crying because they had been bullying her. This is not going to be a school story, so I shall say as little as possible about Jill's school, which is not a pleasant subject. It was Co-educational, a school for both boys and girls, what used to be called a "mixed" school; some said it was not nearly so mixed as the minds of the people who ran it. These people had the idea that boys and girls should be allowed to do what they liked. And unfortunately what ten or fifteen of the biggest boys and girls liked best was bullying the others. All sorts of things, horrid things, went on which at an ordinary school would have been found out and stopped in half a term; but at this school they weren't. Or even if they were, the people who did them were not expelled or punished. The Head said they were interesting psychological cases and sent for them and talked to them for hours. And if you knew the right sort of things to say to the Head, the main result was that you became rather a favourite than otherwise.

That was why Jill Pole was crying on that dull autumn day on the damp little path which runs between the back of the gym and the shrubbery. And she hadn't nearly finished her cry when a boy came round the corner of the gym whistling, with his hands in his pockets. He nearly ran into her.



“Can’t you look where you’re going?” said Jill Pole.

“All *right*,” said the boy, “you needn’t start—” and then he noticed her face. “I say, Pole,” he said, “what’s up?”

Jill only made faces; the sort you make when you’re trying to say something but find that if you speak you’ll start crying again.

“It’s *Them*, I suppose—as usual,” said the boy grimly, digging his hands further into his pockets.

Jill nodded. There was no need for her to say any-thing, even if she could have said it. They both knew.

“Now, look here,” said the boy, “there’s no good us all—”

He meant well, but he *did* talk rather like someone beginning a lecture. Jill suddenly flew into a temper (which is quite a likely thing to happen if you have been interrupted in a cry).

“Oh, go away and mind your own business,” she said. “Nobody asked you to come barging in, did they? And you’re a nice person to start telling us what we all ought to do, aren’t you? I suppose you mean we ought to spend all our time sucking up to *Them*, and currying favour, and dancing attendance on *Them* like you do.”

“Oh, Lor!” said the boy, sitting down on the grassy bank at the edge of the shrubbery and very quickly getting up again because the grass was soaking wet. His name unfortunately was Eustace Scrubb, but he wasn’t a bad sort.

“Pole!” he said. “Is that fair? Have I been doing anything of the sort this term? Didn’t I stand up to Carter about the rabbit? And didn’t I keep the secret about Spivvins—under torture too? And didn’t I—”

“I d-don’t know and I don’t care,” sobbed Jill.

Scrubb saw that she wasn’t quite herself yet and very sensibly offered her a peppermint. He had one too. Presently Jill began to see things in a clearer light.

“I’m sorry, Scrubb,” she said presently. “I wasn’t fair. You have done all that—this term.”

“Then wash out last term if you can,” said Eustace. “I was a different chap then. I was—gosh! what a little tick I was.”

“Well, honestly, you were,” said Jill.

“You think there has been a change, then?” said Eustace.

“It’s not only me,” said Jill. “Everyone’s been saying so. *They’ve* noticed it. Eleanor Blakiston heard Adela Pennyfather talking about it in our changing room yesterday. She said, ‘Someone’s got hold of that Scrubb kid. He’s quite unmanageable this term. We shall have to attend to *him* next.’ ”

Eustace gave a shudder. Everyone at Experiment House knew what it was like being “attended to” by *Them*.

Both children were quiet for a moment. The drops dripped off the laurel leaves.

“Why were you so different last term?” said Jill presently.

“A lot of queer things happened to me in the hols,” said Eustace mysteriously.

“What sort of things?” asked Jill.

Eustace didn’t say anything for quite a long time. Then he said: “Look here, Pole, you and I hate this place about as much as anybody can hate anything, don’t we?”

“I know I do,” said Jill.

“Then I really think I can trust you.”

“Dam’ good of you,” said Jill.

“Yes, but this is a really terrific secret. Pole, I say, are you good at believing things? I mean things that everyone here would laugh at?”

“I’ve never had the chance,” said Jill, “but I think I would be.”

“Could you believe me if I said I’d been right out of the world—outside this world—last hols?”

“I wouldn’t know what you meant.”

“Well, don’t let’s bother about that then. Supposing I told you I’d been in a place where animals can talk and where there are—er—enchantments and dragons—and—well, all the sorts of things you have in fairy tales.” Scrubb felt terribly awkward as he said this and got red in the face.

“How did you get there?” said Jill. She also felt curiously shy.

“The only way you can—by Magic,” said Eustace almost in a whisper. “I was with two cousins of mine. We were just—whisked away. They’d been there before.”

Now that they were talking in whispers Jill somehow felt it easier to believe. Then suddenly a horrible suspicion came over her and she said (so fiercely that for the moment she looked like a tigress):

"If I find you've been pulling my leg I'll never speak to you again; never, never, never."

"I'm not," said Eustace. "I swear I'm not. I swear by—by everything."

(When I was at school one would have said, "I swear by the Bible." But Bibles were not encouraged at Experiment House.)

"All right," said Jill, "I'll believe you."

"And tell nobody?"

"What do you take me for?"

They were very excited as they said this. But when they had said it and Jill looked round and saw the dull autumn sky and heard the drip off the leaves and thought of all the hopelessness of Experiment House (it was a thirteen-week term and there were still eleven weeks to come) she said:

"But after all, what's the good? We're not there; we're here. And we jolly well can't get *there*. Or can we?"

"That's what I've been wondering," said Eustace. "When we came back from That Place, Someone said that the two Pevensie kids (that's my two cousins) could never go there again. It was their third time, you see. I suppose they've had their share. But he never said I couldn't. Surely he would have said so, unless he meant that I was to get back? And I can't help wondering, can we—could we—?"

"Do you mean, do something to make it happen?"

Eustace nodded.

"You mean we might draw a circle on the ground—and write in queer letters in it—and stand inside it—and recite charms and spells?"

"Well," said Eustace after he had thought hard for a bit. "I believe that was the sort of thing I was thinking of, though I never did it. But now that it comes to the point, I've an idea that all those circles and things are rather rot. I don't think he'd like them. It would look as if we thought we could make him do things. But really, we can only ask him."

“Who is this person you keep on talking about?”

“They call him Aslan in That Place,” said Eustace.

“What a curious name!”

“Not half so curious as himself,” said Eustace solemnly. “But let’s get on. It can’t do any harm, just asking. Let’s stand side by side, like this. And we’ll hold out our arms in front of us with the palms down: like they did in Ramandu’s island—”

“Whose island?”

“I’ll tell you about that another time. And he might like us to face the east. Let’s see, where is the east?”

“I don’t know,” said Jill.

“It’s an extraordinary thing about girls that they never know the points of the compass,” said Eustace.

“You don’t know either,” said Jill indignantly.

“Yes I do, if only you didn’t keep on interrupting. I’ve got it now. That’s the east, facing up into the laurels. Now, will you say the words after me?”

“What words?” asked Jill.

“The words I’m going to say, of course,” answered Eustace. “Now—”  
And he began, “Aslan, Aslan, Aslan!”

“Aslan, Aslan, Aslan,” repeated Jill.

“Please let us two go into—”

At that moment a voice from the other side of the gym was heard shouting out, “Pole? Yes, I know where she is. She’s blubbing behind the gym. Shall I fetch her out?”

Jill and Eustace gave one glance at each other, dived under the laurels, and began scrambling up the steep, earthy slope of the shrubbery at a speed which did them great credit. (Owing to the curious methods of teaching at Experiment House, one did not learn much French or Maths or Latin or things of that sort; but one did learn a lot about getting away quickly and quietly when They were looking for one.)

After about a minute’s scramble they stopped to listen, and knew by the noises they heard that they were being followed.

"If only the door was open again!" said Scrubb as they went on, and Jill nodded. For at the top of the shrubbery was a high stone wall and in that wall a door by which you could get out on to open moor. This door was nearly always locked. But there had been times when people had found it open; or perhaps there had been only one time. But you may imagine how the memory of even one time kept people hoping, and trying the door; for if it should happen to be unlocked it would be a splendid way of getting outside the school grounds without being seen.

Jill and Eustace, now both very hot and very grubby from going along bent almost double under the laurels, panted up to the wall. And there was the door, shut as usual.

"It's sure to be no good," said Eustace with his hand on the handle; and then, "O-o-oh. By Gum!!" For the handle turned and the door opened.

A moment before, both of them had meant to get through that doorway in double quick time, if by any chance the door was not locked. But when the door actually opened, they both stood stock still. For what they saw was quite different from what they had expected.

They had expected to see the grey, heathery slope of the moor going up and up to join the dull autumn sky. Instead, a blaze of sunshine met them. It poured through the doorway as the light of a June day pours into a garage when you open the door. It made the drops of water on the grass glitter like beads and showed up the dirtiness of Jill's tear-stained face. And the sunlight was coming from what certainly did look like a different world—what they could see of it. They saw smooth turf, smoother and brighter than Jill had ever seen before, and blue sky and, darting to and fro, things so bright that they might have been jewels or huge butterflies.

Although she had been longing for something like this, Jill felt frightened. She looked at Scrubb's face and saw that he was frightened too.

"Come on, Pole," he said in a breathless voice.

"Can we get back? Is it safe?" asked Jill.

At that moment a voice shouted from behind, a mean, spiteful little voice. "Now then, Pole," it squeaked. "Everyone knows you're there. Down you come." It was the voice of Edith Jackle, not one of Them herself but one of their hangers-on and tale-bearers.

"Quick!" said Scrubb. "Here. Hold hands. We mustn't get separated." And before she quite knew what was happening, he had grabbed her hand and pulled her through the door, out of the school grounds, out of England, out of our whole world into That Place.

The sound of Edith Jackle's voice stopped as suddenly as the voice on the radio when it is switched off. Instantly there was a quite different sound all about them. It came from those bright things overhead, which now turned out to be birds. They were making a riotous noise, but it was much more like music—rather advanced music which you don't quite take in at the first hearing—than birds' songs ever are in our world. Yet, in spite of the singing, there was a sort of background of immense silence. That silence, combined with the freshness of the air, made Jill think they must be on the top of a very high mountain.

Scrubb still had her by the hand and they were walking forward, staring about them on every side. Jill saw that huge trees, rather like cedars but bigger, grew in every direction. But as they did not grow close together, and as there was no under-growth, this did not prevent one from seeing a long way into the forest to left and right. And as far as Jill's eye could reach, it was all the same—level turf, darting birds with yellow, or dragonfly blue, or rainbow plumage, blue shadows, and emptiness. There was not a breath of wind in that cool, bright air. It was a very lonely forest.

Right ahead there were no trees: only blue sky. They went straight on without speaking till suddenly Jill heard Scrubb say, "Look out!" and felt herself jerked back. They were at the very edge of a cliff.

Jill was one of those lucky people who have a good head for heights. She didn't mind in the least standing on the edge of a precipice. She was rather annoyed with Scrubb for pulling her back—"just as if I was a kid", she said—and she wrenched her hand out of his. When she saw how very white he had turned, she despised him.

“What’s the matter?” she said. And to show that she was not afraid, she stood very near the edge indeed; in fact, a good deal nearer than even she liked. Then she looked down.

She now realized that Scrubb had some excuse for looking white, for no cliff in our world is to be compared with this. Imagine yourself at the top of the very highest cliff you know. And imagine yourself looking down to the very bottom. And then imagine that the precipice goes on below that, as far again, ten times as far, twenty times as far. And when you’ve looked down all that distance imagine little white things that might, at first glance, be mistaken for sheep, but presently you realize that they are clouds—not little wreaths of mist but the enormous white, puffy clouds which are themselves as big as most mountains. And at last, in between those clouds, you get your first glimpse of the real bottom, so far away that you can’t make out whether it’s field or wood, or land or water: further below those clouds than you are above them.

Jill stared at it. Then she thought that perhaps, after all, she would step back a foot or so from the edge; but she didn’t like to for fear of what Scrubb would think. Then she suddenly decided that she didn’t care what he thought, and that she would jolly well get away from that horrible edge and never laugh at anyone for not liking heights again. But when she tried to move, she found she couldn’t. Her legs seemed to have turned into putty. Everything was swimming before her eyes.

“What are you doing, Pole? Come back—blithering little idiot!” shouted Scrubb. But his voice seemed to be coming from a long way off. She felt him grabbing at her. But by now she had no control over her own arms and legs. There was a moment’s struggling on the cliff edge. Jill was too frightened and dizzy to know quite what she was doing, but two things she remembered as long as she lived (they often came back to her in dreams). One was that she had wrenched herself free of Scrubb’s clutches; the other was that, at the same moment, Eustace himself, with a terrified scream, had lost his balance and gone hurtling to the depths.

Fortunately, she was given no time to think over what she had done. Some huge, brightly coloured animal had rushed to the edge of the cliff. It was lying down, leaning over, and (this was the odd thing) blowing. Not roaring or snorting, but just blowing from its wide-opened mouth; blowing out as steadily as a vacuum cleaner sucks in. Jill was lying so close to the creature that she could feel the breath vibrating steadily through its body. She was lying still because she couldn't get up. She was nearly fainting; indeed, she wished she could really faint, but faints don't come for the asking. At last she saw, far away below her, a tiny black speck floating away from the cliff and slightly upwards. As it rose, it also got farther away. By the time it was nearly on a level with the cliff-top it was so far off that she lost sight of it. It was obviously moving away from them at a great speed. Jill couldn't help thinking that the creature at her side was blowing it away.

So she turned and looked at the creature. It was a lion.

## ❖ 中文阅读 ❖

那是一个多云暗淡的秋日，吉尔·珀尔正在体育馆后边哭泣。

她之所以哭泣，是因为有些人一直在欺负她。这不是一个关于学校的故事，所以我要尽量少讲她的学校，那可不是一个令人愉快的题目。这是一所男女学生共同接受教育的学校，过去称之为“混合型”的学校。有人说，男女学生的混合还比不上办学者内心的混乱。校方的想法是，应该允许男女孩子们想做什么就做什么。不幸的是，有那么十多个大男生和大女生最喜欢做的，就是欺负别人。各种各样可怕的事情，如果发生在一所普通的学校，不到半个学期就会被发现，并且加以制止。但在这所学校却不是这样，即使这些坏事被人发现了，干坏事的学生也不会被开除或者受到惩处。校长说，这是一些很有趣的心理学个案，于是就把那些孩子找来，跟他们谈上几个钟头。如果你能够投其所好，说一些校长最爱听的话，结果你就成会成为校长的红人。

这正是为什么在那个阴郁的秋日，吉尔·珀尔站在一条潮湿的小路上哭泣的原因。那条小路位于体育馆后面和一个灌木丛之间。吉尔还在那里伤心流



泪的时候，突然有个男孩子冒了出来。他两手插在口袋里，嘴里吹着口哨，转过体育馆的拐角，差一点跟她撞了个满怀。

“你走路怎么不看着点儿？”吉尔·珀尔说。

“好吧，”男孩子说，“你没有必要——”这时，他注意到她脸上的泪痕。“喂，珀尔，”他问道，“怎么回事？”

吉尔只是做了个鬼脸，没有回答。当你想说某件事，却发现自己一开口，又会忍不住哭起来时，往往就会做这种鬼脸。

“又是他们，我猜——像往常一样。”男孩子绷着脸说道，把双手往口袋深处伸了伸。

吉尔点点头。即便她能够讲话，也没有必要再说了，他们两个都心知肚明。

“喂，听我说，”男孩子说道，“那毫无益处——”

他的用意是好的，可是他说话的语气的确很像是教训人。吉尔突然间大动肝火（正如你哭泣时被人打断，你往往会发脾气一样）。

“哦，走开，别管闲事，”她说，“谁也没请你来多嘴多舌，是吧？我倒是个好人，教训我们应该怎么做，是吧？我猜你的意思是说，我们应当随时随地拍他们的马屁，巴结他们，像你那样去讨好他们。”

“啊，天哪！”男孩子说着，在灌木丛边长满青草的斜坡上坐了下来，但他立马又站了起来，因为青草上湿漉漉的。很不巧，他的名字叫尤斯塔斯·斯克拉布<sup>①</sup>，其实他不是一个坏孩子。

“珀尔！”他说道，“你这话公平吗？这个学期我做过这样的事吗？就说那只兔子，我难道没有出来抵制卡特吗？难道我没有替司丕文保守秘密——而且还受到折磨？难道我——”

“我不——不知道，我也不管那么多。”吉尔抽噎着说。

斯克拉布看出来，她的情绪还没有恢复正常，就善解人意地递给她一颗薄荷糖。他自己也吃了一颗。很快，吉尔就开始比较清醒地看待事物了。

“对不起，斯克拉布，”过了一会儿，她说，“我刚才不太公平。你的确做了那些事——这个学期。”

<sup>①</sup> 在英语中，斯克拉布有矮小低劣的意思。——译者注