

C·S·刘易斯经典·纳尼亚传奇系列(7)



# THE LAST BATTLE

《中英双语典藏版》



## 最后的决战

[英] C·S·刘易斯 / 著 向和平 / 译

*C. S. Lewis*

天津出版传媒集团  
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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征战。

“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

### BY CALDRON POOL 在卡尔德龙池塘边

In the last days of Narnia, far up to the west beyond Lantern Waste and close beside the great waterfall, there lived an Ape. He was so old that no one could remember when he had first come to live in those parts, and he was the cleverest, ugliest, most wrinkled Ape you can imagine. He had a little house, built of wood and thatched with leaves, up in the fork of a great tree, and his name was Shift. There were very few Talking Beasts or Men or Dwarfs, or people of any sort, in that part of the wood, but Shift had one friend and neighbour who was a donkey called Puzzle. At least they both said they were friends, but from the way things went on you might have thought Puzzle was more like Shift's servant than his friend. He did all the work. When they went together to the river, Shift filled the big skin bottles with water but it was Puzzle who carried them back. When they wanted anything from the towns further down the river it was Puzzle who went down with empty panniers on his back and came back with the panniers full and heavy. And all the nicest things that Puzzle brought back were eaten by Shift; for as Shift said, "You see, Puzzle, I can't eat grass and thistles like you, so it's only fair I should make it up in other ways." And Puzzle always said, "Of course, Shift, of course. I see that."



Puzzle never complained, because he knew that Shift was far cleverer than himself and he thought it was very kind of Shift to be friends with him at all. And if ever Puzzle did try to argue about anything, Shift would always say, “Now, Puzzle, I understand what needs to be done better than you. You know you’re not clever, Puzzle.” And Puzzle always said, “No, Shift. It’s quite true. I’m *not* clever.” Then he would sigh and do whatever Shift had said.

One morning early in the year the pair of them were out walking along the shore of Caldron Pool. Caldron Pool is the big pool right under the cliffs at the western end of Narnia. The great waterfall pours down into it with a noise like everlasting thunder, and the River of Narnia flows out on the other side. The waterfall keeps the Pool always dancing and bubbling and churning round and round as if it were on the boil, and that of course is how it got its name of Caldron Pool. It is liveliest in the early spring when the waterfall is swollen with all the snow that has melted off the mountains from up beyond Narnia in the Western Wild from which the river comes. And as they looked at Caldron Pool, Shift suddenly pointed with his dark, skinny finger and said,

“Look! What’s that?”

“What’s what?” said Puzzle.

“That yellow thing that’s just come down the waterfall. Look! There it is again, it’s floating. We must find out what it is.”

“Must we?” said Puzzle.

“Of course we must,” said Shift. “It may be something useful. Just hop into the Pool like a good fellow and fish it out. Then we can have a proper look at it.”

“Hop into the Pool?” said Puzzle, twitching his long ears.

“Well how are we to get it if you don’t?” said the Ape.

“But—but,” said Puzzle, “wouldn’t it be better if *you* went in? Because, you see, it’s you who wants to know what it is, and I don’t much. And you’ve got hands, you see. You’re as good as a Man or a Dwarf when it comes to catching hold of things. I’ve only got hoofs.”

“Really, Puzzle,” said Shift, “I didn’t think you’d ever say a thing like that. I didn’t think it of you, really.”

“Why, what have I said wrong?” said the Ass, speaking in rather a humble voice, for he saw that Shift was very deeply offended. “All I meant was—”

“Wanting *me* to go into the water,” said the Ape. “As if you didn’t know perfectly well what weak chests Apes always have and how easily they catch cold! Very well. I *will* go in. I’m feeling cold enough already in this cruel wind. But I’ll go in. I shall probably die. Then you’ll be sorry.” And Shift’s voice sounded as if he was just going to burst into tears.

“Please don’t, please don’t, please don’t,” said Puzzle, half braying and half talking. “I never meant anything of the sort, Shift, really I didn’t. You know how stupid I am and how I can’t think of more than one thing at a time. I’d forgotten about your weak chest. Of course I’ll go in. You mustn’t think of doing it yourself. Promise me you won’t, Shift.”

So Shift promised, and Puzzle went cloppety-clop on his four hoofs round the rocky edge of the Pool to find a place where he could get in. Quite apart from the cold it was no joke getting into that quivering and foaming water, and Puzzle had to stand and shiver for a whole minute before he made up his mind to do it. But then Shift called out from behind him and said: “Perhaps I’d better do it after all, Puzzle.” And when Puzzle heard that he said, “No, no. You promised. I’m in now,” and in he went.

A great mass of foam got him in the face and filled his mouth with water and blinded him. Then he went under altogether for a few seconds, and when he came up again he was in quite another part of the Pool. Then the swirl caught him and carried him round and round and faster and faster till it took him right under the waterfall itself, and the force of the water plunged him down, deep down, so that he thought he would never be able to hold his breath till he came up again. And when he had come up and when at last he got somewhere near the thing he was trying to catch, it sailed away from him till it too got under the fall and was forced down to the bottom. When it came up again it was further from him than ever.

But at last, when he was almost tired to death, and bruised all over and numb with cold, he succeeded in gripping the thing with his teeth.

And out he came carrying it in front of him and getting his front hoofs tangled up in it, for it was as big as a large hearthrug, and it was very heavy and cold and slimy.

He flung it down in front of Shift and stood dripping and shivering and trying to get his breath back. But the Ape never looked at him or asked him how he felt. The Ape was too busy going round and round the thing and spreading it out and patting it and smelling it. Then a wicked gleam came into his eye and he said: "It is a lion's skin."

"Ee—auh—auh—oh, is it?" gasped Puzzle.

"Now I wonder . . . I wonder . . . I wonder," said Shift to himself, for he was thinking very hard.

"I wonder who killed the poor lion," said Puzzle presently. "It ought to be buried. We must have a funeral."

"Oh, it wasn't a Talking Lion," said Shift. "You needn't bother about *that*. There are no Talking Beasts up beyond the Falls, up in the Western Wild. This skin must have belonged to a dumb, wild lion."

This, by the way, was true. A Hunter, a Man, had killed and skinned this lion somewhere up in the Western Wild several months before. But that doesn't come into this story.

"All the same, Shift," said Puzzle, "even if the skin only belonged to a dumb, wild lion, oughtn't we to give it a decent burial? I mean, aren't all lions rather—well, rather solemn? Because of you-know-who. Don't you see?"

"Don't you start getting ideas into your head, Puzzle," said Shift. "Because, you know, thinking isn't your strong point. We'll make this skin into a fine warm winter coat for you."

"Oh, I don't think I'd like that," said the Donkey. "It would look—I mean, the other Beasts might think—that is to say, I shouldn't feel—"

"What are you talking about?" said Shift, scratching himself the wrong way up as Apes do.

"I don't think it would be respectful to the Great Lion, to Aslan himself, if an ass like me went about dressed up in a lion-skin," said Puzzle.

"Now don't stand arguing, please," said Shift. "What does an ass like you know about things of that sort? You know you're no good at

thinking, Puzzle, so why don't you let me do your thinking for you? Why don't you treat me as I treat you? I don't think I can do everything. I know you're better at some things than I am. That's why I let you go into the Pool; I knew you'd do it better than me. But why can't I have my turn when it comes to something I *can* do and you can't? Am I never to be allowed to do anything? Do be fair. Turn and turn about."

"Oh, well, of course, if you put it that way," said Puzzle.

"I tell you what," said Shift. "You'd better take a good brisk trot down river as far as Chippingford and see if they have any oranges or bananas."

"But I'm so tired, Shift," pleaded Puzzle.

"Yes, but you are very cold and wet," said the Ape. "You want something to warm you up. A brisk trot would be just the thing. Besides, it's market day at Chippingford today." And then of course Puzzle said he would go.

As soon as he was alone Shift went shambling along, sometimes on two paws and sometimes on four, till he reached his own tree. Then he swung himself up from branch to branch, chattering and grinning all the time, and went into his little house. He found needle and thread and a big pair of scissors there; for he was a clever Ape and the Dwarfs had taught him how to sew. He put the ball of thread (it was very thick stuff, more like cord than thread) into his mouth so that his cheek bulged out as if he were sucking a big bit of toffee. He held the needle between his lips and took the scissors in his left paw. Then he came down the tree and shambled across to the lion-skin. He squatted down and got to work.

He saw at once that the body of the lion-skin would be too long for Puzzle and its neck too short. So he cut a good piece out of the body and used it to make a long collar for Puzzle's long neck. Then he cut off the head and sewed the collar in between the head and the shoulders. He put threads on both sides of the skin so that it would tie up under Puzzle's chest and stomach. Every now and then a bird would pass overhead and Shift would stop his work, looking anxiously up. He did not want anyone to see what he was doing. But none of the birds he saw were Talking Birds, so it didn't matter.

Late in the afternoon Puzzle came back. He was not trotting but only plodding patiently along, the way donkeys do.

"There weren't any oranges," he said, "and there weren't any bananas. And I'm very tired." He lay down.

"Come and try on your beautiful new lion-skin coat," said Shift.

"Oh, bother that old skin," said Puzzle. "I'll try it on in the morning. I'm too tired tonight."

"You *are* unkind, Puzzle," said Shift. "If *you're* tired, what do you think I am? All day long, while you've been having a lovely refreshing walk down the valley, I've been working hard to make you a coat. My hands are so tired I can hardly hold these scissors. And you won't say thank you—and you won't even look at the coat—and you don't care—and—and—"

"My dear Shift," said Puzzle, getting up at once, "I am so sorry. I've been horrid. Of course I'd love to try it on. And it looks simply splendid. Do try it on me at once. Please do."

"Well, stand still then," said the Ape. The skin was very heavy for him to lift, but in the end, with a lot of pulling and pushing and puffing and blowing, he got it on to the donkey. He tied it underneath Puzzle's body and he tied the legs to Puzzle's legs and the tail to Puzzle's tail. A good deal of Puzzle's grey nose and face could be seen through the open mouth of the lion's head. No one who had ever seen a real lion would have been taken in for a moment. But if someone who had never seen a lion looked at Puzzle in his lion-skin he just might mistake him for a lion, if he didn't come too close, and if the light was not too good, and if Puzzle didn't let out a bray and didn't make any noise with his hoofs.

"You look wonderful, wonderful," said the Ape. "If anyone saw you now, they'd think you were Aslan, the Great Lion, himself."

"That would be dreadful," said Puzzle.

"No, it wouldn't," said Shift. "Everyone would do whatever you told them."

"But I don't want to tell them anything."

"But think of the good we could do!" said Shift. "You'd have me to

advise you, you know. I'd think of sensible orders for you to give. And everyone would have to obey us, even the King himself. We would set everything right in Narnia."

"But isn't everything right already?" said Puzzle.

"What!" cried Shift. "Everything right—when there are no oranges or bananas?"

"Well, you know," said Puzzle, "there aren't many people—in fact, I don't think there's anyone but yourself—who wants those sort of things."

"There's sugar too," said Shift.

"H'm yes," said the Ass. "It would be nice if there was more sugar."

"Well then, that's settled," said the Ape. "You will pretend to be Aslan, and I'll tell you what to say."

"No, no, no," said Puzzle. "Don't say such dreadful things. It would be wrong, Shift. I may be not very clever but I know that much. What would become of us if the real Aslan turned up?"

"I expect he'd be very pleased," said Shift. "Probably he sent us the lion-skin on purpose, so that we could set things right. Anyway, he never *does* turn up, you know. Not nowadays."

At that moment there came a great thunderclap right overhead and the ground trembled with a small earthquake. Both the animals lost their balance and were flung on their faces.

"There!" gasped Puzzle, as soon as he had breath to speak. "It's a sign, a warning. I knew we were doing something dreadfully wicked. Take this wretched skin off me at once."

"No, no," said the Ape (whose mind worked very quickly). "It's a sign the other way. I was just going to say that if the real Aslan, as you call him, meant us to go on with this, he would send us a thunderclap and an earth-tremor. It was just on the tip of my tongue, only the sign itself came before I could get the words out. You've *got* to do it now, Puzzle. And please don't let us have any more arguing. You know you don't understand these things. What could a donkey know about signs?"

## 中文阅读

到了纳尼亚的最后阶段，在灯柱旷野外遥远的西部，紧挨着大瀑布，住着一只猿猴。它年事已高，没有人记得，它是在什么时候来到这些区域的。它是你所能想象到的最聪明、最丑陋、皱纹最多的猿猴。它有一座小小的房屋，搭建在一棵大树的枝杈上。房子是用木头造的，房顶上铺着树叶子。它的名字叫席福特。在那一片树林中，会说话的动物、人类、矮人，或其他种类的居民，都寥寥无几。席福特有个邻居兼朋友，那是一头名叫帕叟的驴子。至少它们俩都以朋友相称，但根据故事的进展，你也许会认为，帕叟更像是席福特的奴仆，而不是它的朋友。所有的活儿都是由驴子来干。它们一起来到河边，席福特将大皮囊灌满水，总是由帕叟把水驮回来。当需要到河下游的城镇采购时，又是帕叟驮着空空的筐子前去。它回来的时候，驮筐里总是沉甸甸的，装满了东西。帕叟驮回来的好吃的食物，都被席福特吃掉了，它说：“你看，帕叟，我不能像你一样吃青草和植物，只好用其他的方法加以弥补，这才公平合理。”帕叟总是说：“当然，席福特，当然了。这个我懂。”

帕叟从不抱怨，因为它知道，席福特比自己聪明得多。它觉得，席福特跟它交朋友，实在是屈尊俯就自己。假如帕叟试着想要为什么事情争辩时，席福特总是说：“喂，帕叟，我比你更清楚，什么事情应该怎样去做。你知道自己不够聪明，帕叟。”驴子总是回答：“是的，席福特。一点不错。我不够聪明。”于是，驴子叹口气，便按着席福特的吩咐去做了。

年初的一个早晨，它们俩出去，沿着卡尔德龙池塘的岸边行走。卡尔德龙是一个很大的池塘，正好位于纳尼亚西边的悬崖之下。巨大的瀑布飞流直下，发出隆隆的声响，不绝于耳，纳尼亚河从池塘的另一边奔流而出。瀑布倾泻到池塘里，飞珠溅玉，激流旋转，就像是水在一个劲儿地沸腾，这就是它被称为卡尔德龙<sup>①</sup>池塘的原因。人们相信，初春时节，当纳尼亚西部旷野群山的积雪融化之际，瀑布的水量极其充沛，由此成为纳尼亚河的发源地。它们俩看着卡尔德龙池塘，席福特突然伸出它那瘦骨嶙峋的黑手指，说道，

“看！那是什么？”

<sup>①</sup> 即大锅。——译者注

“什么是什么呀？”帕叟说。

“刚才被瀑布冲下来的那个黄颜色的东西。看！又露出来了，在那儿飘流。我们必须搞清楚那是个什么东西。”

“有必要吗？”帕叟说。

“当然，我们必须弄清楚，”席福特说，“没准儿那是件有用的东西。你是个好哥们儿，快跳进池塘里，把它给捞出来。咱们好好地看一下。”

“跳进池塘？”帕叟一边说着，一边抽动着两只长耳朵。

“嗯，你若不跳进去，我们怎么拿到它呢？”猿猴反问道。

“但——但是，”帕叟说，“你下去是不是更好一些？因为，你瞧，是你想知道那是个什么，我可不感兴趣。再说，你还有手。论到抓握东西，你做的跟人类或者矮人一样棒。我有的只不过是蹄子。”

“说真的，帕叟，”席福特说，“我没想到你会说出这种话来。我没想到你会是这个样子，真的。”

“哎呀，我哪里说错了吗？”驴子说，它的语调非常谦卑，因为它看得出来，自己深深地冒犯了席福特，“我的意思只不过是——”

“想要我跳进水里，”猿猴说，“好像你不知道猿猴的胸肺十分虚弱、非常容易感冒！很好，我要跳下去。在这凛冽的寒风中，我已经冻得死去活来了。但我还是要跳下去。说不定我会因此送命。那时，你就难过去吧。”席福特的声音听上去好像立刻就要哭出声了。

“请不要这样，请不要这样，请不要这样，”帕叟说道，它的话语中夹杂着刺耳的驴叫，“我根本不是那个意思，席福特，真的，我不是那个意思。你知道我有多蠢，我一次只能思考一件事情。我忘记了你虚弱的肺部。当然我要下到水里面去。你一定要放弃亲自下水的念头。答应我，你决不这样做，席福特。”

席福特答应了它。于是，帕叟甩开四个蹄子，走在池塘的石头边缘上，发出得得的蹄声。它四处寻找一个可以下水的地方。天气依旧寒冷，加上水势湍急，浪花飞溅，下到泡沫翻腾的水里边，可不是一件开玩笑的事儿。帕叟站在那里，整整颤抖了一分钟，才下定了决心。这时，席福特在它身后喊道：

“帕叟，也许最好让我去。”帕叟听到这话，马上说道：“不，不，你答应过的。我这就下去。”说着，它“扑通”一声跳下了水。



一大片飞沫扑打到它的脸上，它的嘴里灌满了水，眼睛也看不清东西了。它在水里下沉了几秒钟，浮出水面时，它已经被水冲到了池塘的另一边。这时，一个漩涡吸住了它，裹挟着它不住地旋转，越转越快，最后把它直接带到了瀑布底下，水流的力量把它卷压到了池塘的深处。帕叟快要屏不住呼吸了，它认为自己也许再也无法浮出水面，就在这个紧急关头，它又从水里冒了出来。当它快要接近那个东西时，那个东西又飘走了，一直飘到了瀑布的下面，被急流冲到了水底。等那个东西再一次浮上来，看上去比原先的距离更加遥远。

帕叟累得筋疲力尽，浑身冻得发麻，伤痕累累，最后，它终于用尽全力咬住了那个东西。那东西有壁炉地毯那么大，又重又冷又脏。帕叟用两只前蹄抱着那个东西，使劲儿地往前推。

帕叟把那个东西抛在席福特面前，它浑身湿淋淋的，冻得直哆嗦，大口喘着粗气。猿猴看都没有看它一眼，也没有问它感觉怎么样，只是忙不迭地围着那个东西在打转转。席福特把那东西伸展开来，又是拍打，又把鼻子凑上去嗅。它眼中闪过一丝邪恶的光，说道：“这是一张狮子皮。”

“呃——噉——噉——哦，是吗？”帕叟气喘吁吁地说。

“我很好奇……我真想知道……我真想知道。”席福特自言自语说着，苦苦地思索起来。

“我很想知道，是谁杀了这只可怜的狮子，”过了片刻，帕叟说道，“应该把它掩埋了。我们必须举行一场葬礼。”

“噢，这不是一只会说话的狮子，”席福特说，“你不必费那个事儿了。在大瀑布那边，西部旷野之上，动物都不会说话。这张皮一定属于一头不会说话的野狮子。”

顺便说一下，它这话倒是不错。几个月前，一个猎人在西部旷野的某个地方杀死了这只狮子，剥下了它的皮。但那与这个故事没有多少关系。

“席福特，都是一回事儿，”帕叟说，“即使这是一头不会说话的野狮子的皮，我们难道就不应该把它隆重安葬吗？我是说，所有的狮子不是都十分——嗯，十分威严吗？你知道我指的是谁。难道你还不明白？”

“你不要胡思乱想了，帕叟，”席福特说，“因为，你要知道，思考不是你的强项。我们用这张皮给你做一件漂亮暖和的冬衣。”