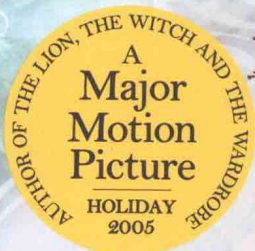


The **CHRONICLES of NARNIA**
C. S. LEWIS

**The Voyage of the
Dawn Treader**



The CHRONICLES *of* NARNIA

C. S. LEWIS

BOOK 5

THE VOYAGE
OF THE
DAWN TREADER

Illustrated by Pauline Baynes



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NARNIA®

Although *The Magician's Nephew* was written several years after C.S. Lewis first began THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA®, he wanted it to be read as the first book in the series. HarperCollins is happy to present these books in the order in which Professor Lewis preferred.

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The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

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Summary: Lucy and Edmund, accompanied by their peevish cousin Eustace, sail to the land of Narnia where Eustace is temporarily transformed into a green dragon because of his selfish behavior and skepticism.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ASLAN. The King, Lord of the whole wood, and son of the Emperor across the Sea. Aslan is the Lion, the Great Lion. He comes and goes as and when he pleases; he comes to overthrow the witch and save Narnia. Aslan appears in all seven books.

DIGORY KIRKE. Digory was there at the very beginning in *The Magician's Nephew*, and he is also in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. If it were not for Digory's courage, we might never have heard of Narnia. Find out why in *The Magician's Nephew*.

POLLY PLUMMER. Polly is the first person to leave our world. She and Digory take part in the very beginning of everything in *The Magician's Nephew*.

JADIS. The last Queen of Charn, which she herself destroyed. Jadis arrives in Narnia with Digory and Polly in *The Magician's Nephew* and has taken over the land as the White Witch in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. Completely evil, she is also very dangerous, even in *The Silver Chair*.

UNCLE ANDREW. Mr. Andrew Ketterley thinks he is a magician, but like all who meddle with magic, he doesn't really know what he is doing. The results are dire in *The Magician's Nephew*.

THE PEVENSIES.

Peter Pevensie, King Peter the Magnificent,
the High King

Susan Pevensie, Queen Susan the Gentle

Edmund Pevensie, King Edmund the Just

Lucy Pevensie, Queen Lucy the Valiant

The four Pevensies, brothers and sisters,
visited Narnia at the time of the winter rule of
the White Witch. They remained there for
many Narnian years and established the
Golden Age of Narnia. Peter is the oldest,
followed by Susan, then Edmund and Lucy.
They are all in *The Lion, the Witch and the
Wardrobe* and *Prince Caspian*. Edmund and
Lucy are also in *The Voyage of the Dawn
Treader*; Edmund, Lucy, and Susan appear in
The Horse and His Boy; and Peter, Edmund,
and Lucy appear in *The Last Battle*.

SHASTA. There is a mystery about this adopted
son of a Calormene fisherman. He is not what
he seems, as he himself discovers in *The Horse
and His Boy*.

BREE. This great war horse is also unusual.
He was kidnapped as a foal from the forests
of Narnia and sold as a slave-horse in
Calormen, a country across Archenland and
far to the south of Narnia. His real adventures
begin when he tries to escape in *The Horse and
His Boy*.

ARAVIS. Aravis is a Tarkheena, a Calormene

noblewoman, but even so she has many good points, and they come to light in *The Horse and His Boy*.

HWIN. Hwin is a good-natured, sensible horse. Another slave taken from Narnia, she and Aravis become friends in *The Horse and His Boy*.

PRINCE CASPIAN. He is the nephew of King Miraz and is known as Caspian the Tenth, Son of Caspian, and the True King of Narnia (King of Old Narnians). He is also called a Telmarine of Narnia, Lord of Cair Paravel, and Emperor of the Lone Islands. He appears in *Prince Caspian*, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, *The Silver Chair*, and *The Last Battle*.

MIRAZ. Miraz is a Telmarine from the land of Telmar, far beyond the Western Mountains (originally the ancestors of the Telmarines came from our world), and the usurper of the throne of Narnia in *Prince Caspian*.

REEPICHEEP. Reepicheep is the Chief Mouse. He is the self-appointed humble servant to Prince Caspian, and perhaps the most valiant knight in all of Narnia. His chivalry is unsurpassed, as also are his courage and skill with the sword. Reepicheep appears in *Prince Caspian*, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, and *The Last Battle*.

EUSTACE CLARENCE SCRUBB. Eustace is a cousin of the Pevensie family whom Edmund

and Lucy must go and visit. He finds Narnia something of a shock. He appears in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, *The Silver Chair*, and *The Last Battle*.

JILL POLE. Jill is the heroine of *The Silver Chair*; she goes to Narnia with Eustace on his second Narnian adventure. She also comes to aid Narnia in *The Last Battle*.

PRINCE RILIAN. The son of King Caspian the Tenth, Rilian is the lost Prince of Narnia; find him in *The Silver Chair*.

PUDDLEGLUM. Puddleglum is a Marsh-wiggle from the Eastern Marshes of Narnia. He is tall, and his very serious demeanor masks a true heart of great courage. He appears in *The Silver Chair* and *The Last Battle*.

KING TIRIAN. Noble and brave, Tirian is the last King of Narnia. He and his friend Jewel, a Unicorn, fight *The Last Battle*.

SHIFT. An old and ugly Ape, Shift decides that he should be in charge of Narnia and starts things that he can't stop in *The Last Battle*.

PUZZLE. Puzzle, a donkey, never meant any harm—you see, he's not really very clever. And Shift deceives him in *The Last Battle*.

CONTENTS

—1—

The Picture in the Bedroom 1

—2—

On Board the *Dawn Treader* 19

—3—

The Lone Islands 37

—4—

What Caspian Did There 53

—5—

The Storm and What Came of It 69

—6—

The Adventures of Eustace 87

—7—

How the Adventure Ended 105

—8—

Two Narrow Escapes 121

—9—

The Island of the Voices 139

—10—

The Magician's Book 155

—11—

The Dufflepuds Made Happy 173

—12—

The Dark Island 189

—13—

The Three Sleepers 205

—14—

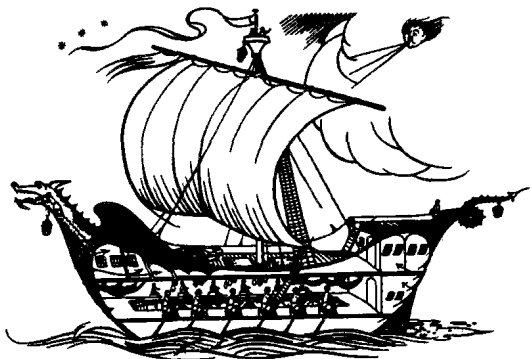
The Beginning of the End of the World 221

—15—

The Wonders of the Last Sea 237

—16—

The Very End of the World 253



THE PICTURE IN THE BEDROOM

There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it. His parents called him Eustace Clarence and masters called him Scrubb. I can't tell you how his friends spoke to him, for he had none. He didn't call his Father and Mother "Father" and "Mother," but Harold and Alberta. They were very up-to-date and advanced people. They were vegetarians, non-smokers and teetotalers and wore a special kind of underclothes. In their house there was very little furniture and very few clothes on beds and the windows were always open.

Eustace Clarence liked animals, especially beetles, if they were dead and pinned on a card. He liked books if they were books of information and had pictures of grain elevators or of fat foreign children doing exercises in model schools.

Eustace Clarence disliked his cousins the four Pevensies, Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy. But he was quite glad when he heard that Edmund and Lucy were coming to stay. For deep down inside him he liked bossing and bullying; and, though he was a puny little person who couldn't have stood up even to Lucy, let alone Edmund, in a fight, he knew that there are dozens of ways to give people a bad time if you are in your own home and they are only visitors.

Edmund and Lucy did not at all want to



come and stay with Uncle Harold and Aunt Alberta. But it really couldn't be helped. Father had got a job lecturing in America for sixteen weeks that summer, and Mother was to go with him because she hadn't had a real holiday for ten years. Peter was working very hard for an exam and he was to spend the holidays being coached by old Professor Kirke in whose house these four children had had wonderful adventures long ago in the war years. If he had still been in that house he would have had them all to stay. But he had somehow become poor since the old days and was living in a small cottage with only one bedroom to spare. It would have cost too much money to take the other three all to America, and Susan had gone.

Grown-ups thought her the pretty one of the family and she was no good at school work (though otherwise very old for her age) and Mother said she "would get far more out of a trip to America than the youngsters." Edmund and Lucy tried not to grudge Susan her luck, but it was dreadful having to spend the summer holidays at their Aunt's. "But it's far worse for me," said Edmund, "because you'll at least have a room of your own and I shall have to share a bedroom with that record stinker, Eustace."

The story begins on an afternoon when Edmund and Lucy were stealing a few precious

minutes alone together. And of course they were talking about Narnia, which was the name of their own private and secret country. Most of us, I suppose, have a secret country but for most of us it is only an imaginary country. Edmund and Lucy were luckier than other people in that respect. Their secret country was real. They had already visited it twice; not in a game or a dream but in reality. They had got there of course by Magic, which is the only way of getting to Narnia. And a promise, or very nearly a promise, had been made them in Narnia itself that they would some day get back. You may imagine that they talked about it a good deal, when they got the chance.

They were in Lucy's room, sitting on the edge of her bed and looking at a picture on the opposite wall. It was the only picture in the house that they liked. Aunt Alberta didn't like it at all (that was why it was put away in a little back room upstairs), but she couldn't get rid of it because it had been a wedding present from someone she did not want to offend.

It was a picture of a ship—a ship sailing straight toward you. Her prow was gilded and shaped like the head of a dragon with wide-open mouth. She had only one mast and one large, square sail which was a rich purple. The sides of the ship—what you could see of them where the

gilded wings of the dragon ended—were green. She had just run up to the top of one glorious blue wave, and the nearer slope of that wave came down toward you, with streaks and bubbles on it. She was obviously running fast before a gay wind, listing over a little on her port side. (By the way, if you are going to read this story at all, and if you don't know already, you had better get it into your head that the left of a ship when you are looking ahead, is *port*, and the right is *starboard*.) All the sunlight fell on her from that side, and the water on that side was full of greens and purples. On the other, it was darker blue from the shadow of the ship.

"The question is," said Edmund, "whether it doesn't make things worse, *looking* at a Narnian ship when you can't get there."

"Even looking is better than nothing," said Lucy. "And she is such a very Narnian ship."

"Still playing your old game?" said Eustace Clarence, who had been listening outside the door and now came grinning into the room. Last year, when he had been staying with the Pevensies, he had managed to hear them all talking of Narnia and he loved teasing them about it. He thought of course that they were making it all up; and as he was far too stupid to make anything up himself, he did not approve of that.

"You're not wanted here," said Edmund curtly.

"I'm trying to think of a limerick," said Eustace. "Something like this:

*"Some kids who played games about Narnia
Got gradually balmier and balmier—"*

"Well *Narnia* and *balmier* don't rhyme, to begin with," said Lucy.

"It's an assonance," said Eustace.

"Don't ask him what an assy-thingummy is," said Edmund. "He's only longing to be asked. Say nothing and perhaps he'll go away."

Most boys, on meeting a reception like this, would either have cleared out or flared up. Eustace did neither. He just hung about grinning, and presently began talking again.

"Do you like that picture?" he asked.

"For heaven's sake don't let him get started about Art and all that," said Edmund hurriedly, but Lucy, who was very truthful, had already said, "Yes, I do. I like it very much."

"It's a rotten picture," said Eustace.

"You won't see it if you step outside," said Edmund.

"Why do you like it?" said Eustace to Lucy.

"Well, for one thing," said Lucy, "I like it because the ship looks as if it was really moving.

And the water looks as if it was really wet. And the waves look as if they were really going up and down."

Of course Eustace knew lots of answers to this, but he didn't say anything. The reason was that at that very moment he looked at the waves and saw that they did look very much indeed as if they were going up and down. He had only once been in a ship (and then only as far as the Isle of Wight) and had been horribly seasick. The look of the waves in the picture made him feel sick again. He turned rather green and tried another look. And then all three children were staring with open mouths.

What they were seeing may be hard to believe when you read it in print, but it was almost as hard to believe when you saw it happening. The things in the picture were moving. It didn't look at all like a cinema either; the colors were too real and clean and out-of-doors for that. Down went the prow of the ship into the wave and up went a great shock of spray. And then up went the wave behind her, and her stern and her deck became visible for the first time, and then disappeared as the next wave came to meet her and her bows went up again. At the same moment an exercise book which had been lying beside Edmund on the bed flapped, rose and sailed through the air to the wall behind him,

and Lucy felt all her hair whipping round her face as it does on a windy day. And this was a windy day; but the wind was blowing out of the picture toward them. And suddenly with the wind came the noises—the swishing of waves and the slap of water against the ship's sides and the creaking and the over-all high steady roar of air and water. But it was the smell, the wild, briny smell, which really convinced Lucy that she was not dreaming.

“Stop it,” came Eustace's voice, squeaky with fright and bad temper. “It's some silly trick you two are playing. Stop it. I'll tell Alberta—Ow!”

The other two were much more accustomed to adventures, but, just exactly as Eustace Clarence said “Ow,” they both said “Ow” too. The reason was that a great cold, salt splash had broken right out of the frame and they were breathless from the smack of it, besides being wet through.

“I'll smash the rotten thing,” cried Eustace; and then several things happened at the same time. Eustace rushed toward the picture. Edmund, who knew something about magic, sprang after him, warning him to look out and not to be a fool. Lucy grabbed at him from the other side and was dragged forward. And by this time either they had grown much smaller or the