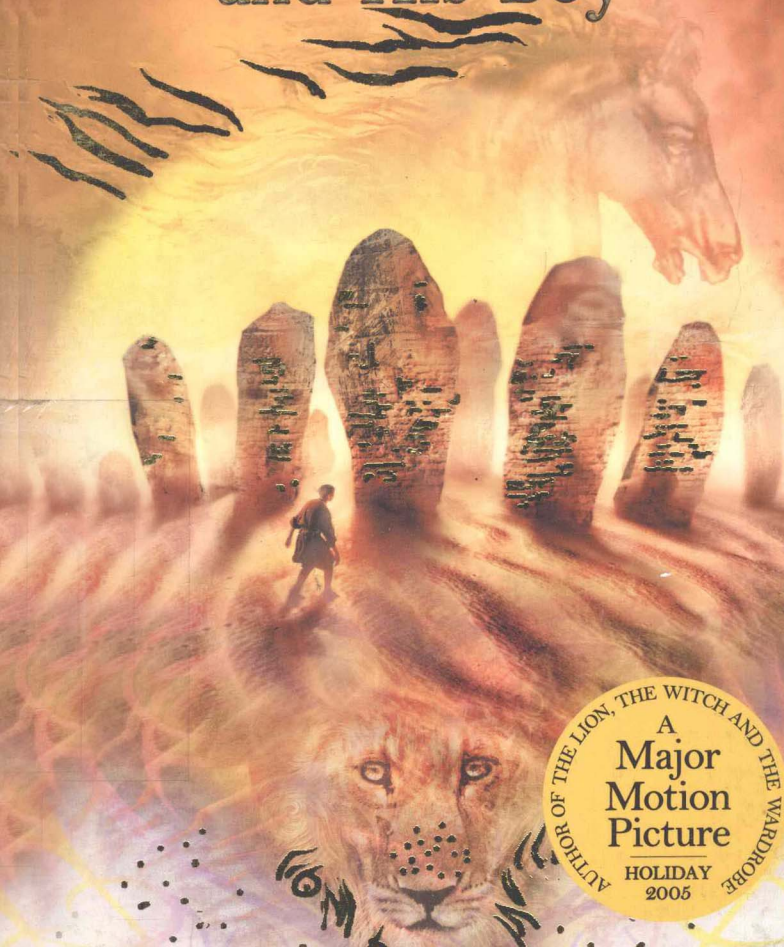


The CHRONICLES of NARNIA

C. S. LEWIS

The Horse and His Boy



AUTHOR OF THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE
A
Major
Motion
Picture
HOLIDAY
2005

The CHRONICLES *of* NARNIA

C. S. LEWIS

BOOK 3

THE HORSE
AND
HIS BOY

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 Horse and His Boy

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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*.

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HOW SHASTA SET OUT ON HIS TRAVELS

This is the story of an adventure that happened in Narnia and Calormen and the lands between, in the Golden Age when Peter was High King in Narnia and his brother and his two sisters were King and Queens under him.

In those days, far south in Calormen on a little creek of the sea, there lived a poor fisherman called Arsheesh, and with him there lived a boy who called him Father. The boy's name was Shasta. On most days Arsheesh went out in his boat to fish in the morning, and in the afternoon he harnessed his donkey to a cart and

loaded the cart with fish and went a mile or so southward to the village to sell it. If it had sold well he would come home in a moderately good temper and say nothing to Shasta, but if it had sold badly he would find fault with him and perhaps beat him. There was always something to find fault with for Shasta had plenty of work to do, mending and washing the nets, cooking the supper, and cleaning the cottage in which they both lived.

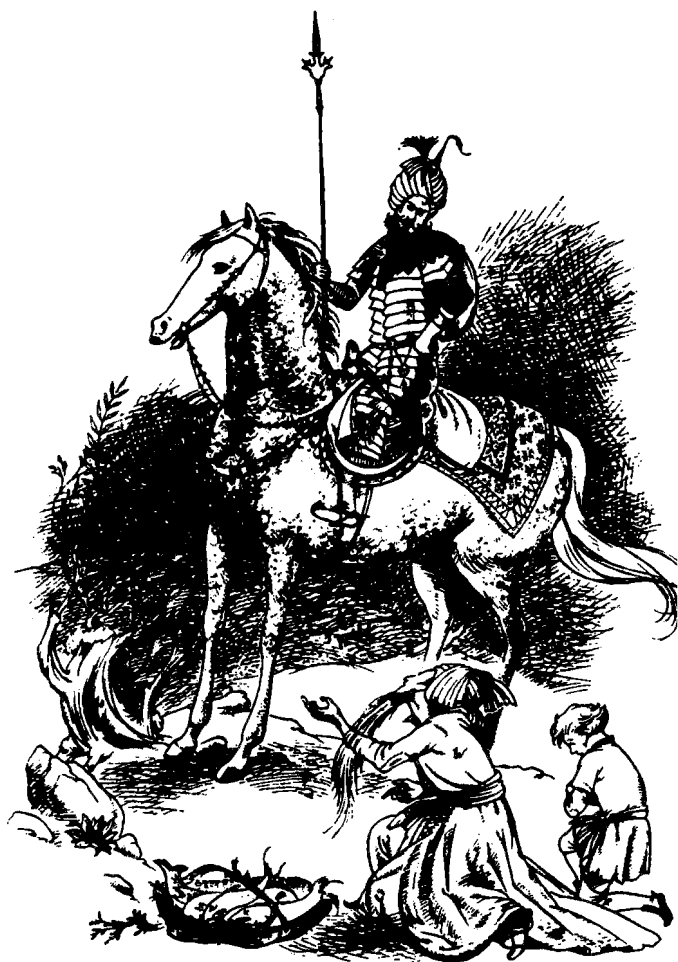
Shasta was not at all interested in anything that lay south of his home because he had once or twice been to the village with Arsheesh and he knew that there was nothing very interesting there. In the village he only met other men who were just like his father—men with long, dirty robes, and wooden shoes turned up at the toe, and turbans on their heads, and beards, talking to one another very slowly about things that sounded dull. But he was very interested in everything that lay to the North because no one ever went that way and he was never allowed to go there himself. When he was sitting out of doors mending the nets, and all alone, he would often look eagerly to the North. One could see nothing but a grassy slope running up to a level ridge and beyond that the sky with perhaps a few birds in it.

Sometimes if Arsheesh was there Shasta

would say, "O my Father, what is there beyond that hill?" And then if the fisherman was in a bad temper he would box Shasta's ears and tell him to attend to his work. Or if he was in a peaceable mood he would say, "O my son, do not allow your mind to be distracted by idle questions. For one of the poets has said, 'Application to business is the root of prosperity, but those who ask questions that do not concern them are steering the ship of folly toward the rock of indigence.'"

Shasta thought that beyond the hill there must be some delightful secret which his father wished to hide from him. In reality, however, the fisherman talked like this because he didn't know what lay to the North. Neither did he care. He had a very practical mind.

One day there came from the South a stranger who was unlike any man that Shasta had seen before. He rode upon a strong dappled horse with flowing mane and tail and his stirrups and bridle were inlaid with silver. The spike of a helmet projected from the middle of his silken turban and he wore a shirt of chain mail. By his side hung a curving scimitar, a round shield studded with bosses of brass hung at his back, and his right hand grasped a lance. His face was dark, but this did not surprise Shasta because all the people of Calormen are like that;



what did surprise him was the man's beard which was dyed crimson, and curled and gleaming with scented oil. But Arsheesh knew by the gold on the stranger's bare arm that he was a Tarkaan or great lord, and he bowed kneeling before him till his beard touched the earth and made signs to Shasta to kneel also.

The stranger demanded hospitality for the night which of course the fisherman dared not refuse. All the best they had was set before the Tarkaan for supper (and he didn't think much of it) and Shasta, as always happened when the fisherman had company, was given a hunk of bread and turned out of the cottage. On these occasions he usually slept with the donkey in its little thatched stable. But it was much too early to go to sleep yet, and Shasta, who had never learned that it is wrong to listen behind doors, sat down with his ear to a crack in the wooden wall of the cottage to hear what the grown-ups were talking about. And this is what he heard.

"And now, O my host," said the Tarkaan, "I have a mind to buy that boy of yours."

"O my master," replied the fisherman (and Shasta knew by the wheedling tone the greedy look that was probably coming into his face as he said it), "what price could induce your servant, poor though he is, to sell into slavery his only child and his own flesh? Has not one of the

poets said, 'Natural affection is stronger than soup and offspring more precious than carbuncles?'"

"It is even so," replied the guest dryly. "But another poet has likewise said, 'He who attempts to deceive the judicious is already baring his own back for the scourge.' Do not load your aged mouth with falsehoods. This boy is manifestly no son of yours, for your cheek is as dark as mine but the boy is fair and white like the accursed but beautiful barbarians who inhabit the remote North."

"How well it was said," answered the fisherman, "that Swords can be kept off with shields but the Eye of Wisdom pierces through every defense! Know then, O my formidable guest, that because of my extreme poverty I have never married and have no child. But in that same year in which the Tisroc (may he live forever) began his august and beneficent reign, on a night when the moon was at her full, it pleased the gods to deprive me of my sleep. Therefore I arose from my bed in this hovel and went forth to the beach to refresh myself with looking upon the water and the moon and breathing the cool air. And presently I heard a noise as of oars coming to me across the water and then, as it were, a weak cry. And shortly after, the tide brought to the land a little boat in which there was nothing

but a man lean with extreme hunger and thirst who seemed to have died but a few moments before (for he was still warm), and an empty water-skin, and a child, still living. 'Doubtless,' said I, 'these unfortunates have escaped from the wreck of a great ship, but by the admirable designs of the gods, the elder has starved himself to keep the child alive and has perished in sight of land.' Accordingly, remembering how the gods never fail to reward those who befriend the destitute, and being moved by compassion (for your servant is a man of tender heart)—"

"Leave out all these idle words in your own praise," interrupted the Tarkaan. "It is enough to know that you took the child—and have had ten times the worth of his daily bread out of him in labor, as anyone can see. And now tell me at once what price you put on him, for I am wearied with your loquacity."

"You yourself have wisely said," answered Arsheesh, "that the boy's labor has been to me of inestimable value. This must be taken into account in fixing the price. For if I sell the boy I must undoubtedly either buy or hire another to do his work."

"I'll give you fifteen crescents for him," said the Tarkaan.

"Fifteen!" cried Arsheesh in a voice that was something between a whine and a scream.

"Fifteen! For the prop of my old age and the delight of my eyes! Do not mock my gray beard, Tarkaan though you be. My price is seventy."

At this point Shasta got up and tiptoed away. He had heard all he wanted, for he had often listened when men were bargaining in the village and knew how it was done. He was quite certain that Arsheesh would sell him in the end for something much more than fifteen crescents and much less than seventy, but that he and the Tarkaan would take hours in getting to an agreement.

You must not imagine that Shasta felt at all as you and I would feel if we had just overheard our parents talking about selling us for slaves. For one thing, his life was already little better than slavery; for all he knew, the lordly stranger on the great horse might be kinder to him than Arsheesh. For another, the story about his own discovery in the boat had filled him with excitement and with a sense of relief. He had often been uneasy because, try as he might, he had never been able to love the fisherman, and he knew that a boy ought to love his father. And now, apparently, he was no relation to Arsheesh at all. That took a great weight off his mind. "Why, I might be anyone!" he thought. "I might be the son of a Tarkaan myself—or the son of the Tisroc (may he live forever)—or of a god!"