

The CHRONICLES *of* NARNIA
C. S. LEWIS

Prince Caspian



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

The CHRONICLES of NARNIA

C. S. LEWIS

BOOK 4

PRINCE CASPIAN

The Return to Narnia

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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Prince Caspian
The Return to Narnia

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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 Island 1

—2—

The Ancient Treasure House 13

—3—

The Dwarf 29

—4—

The Dwarf Tells of Prince Caspian 41

—5—

Caspian's Adventure in the Mountains 57

—6—

The People That Lived in Hiding 75

—7—

Old Narnia in Danger 87

—8—

How They Left the Island 103

—9—

What Lucy Saw 119

—10—

The Return of the Lion 135

—11—

The Lion Roars 155

—12—

Sorcery and Sudden Vengeance 171

—13—

The High King in Command 187

—14—

How All Were Very Busy 201

—15—

Aslan Makes a Door in the Air 219



THE ISLAND

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 traveled 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 good-bye and going different ways so soon, everyone felt that the holidays were really over and everyone felt their term-time feelings 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 greatcoat.

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 fair way 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 half-way 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 save 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