

ISSUE 5 | VOL 1 | SPRING 2018

Fellowship & Fairydust



C. S. LEWIS

*Fellowship
&
Fairydust*

Editor-in-Chief

Avellina Balestri

Assistant Editor

Sarah Levesque

Cover by

Byrnwiga

Graphic Designers

See page 84

Questions?

Comments?

Want to read more?

Check out our
website and blog at

**Fellowshipand
Fairydust.com**



TABLE OF

Editor's Note - Avellina Balestri - 4

What's New at F&F - 6

**C.S. Lewis & the Intangible Mystery of Roman
Catholicism - Michael Carroll - 7**

Beyond the Wood - Amanda Pizzolatto - 9

The Narnia Adventures - Donna F. Dudley - 13

**Three Queens, One Quest
- Rebekah DeVall - 16**

**All Things Will Be Made Right
- Whitney Dotson - 20**

Jadis - Patrick Kavenagh - 22

The Problem of Edmund - Sarah Levesque - 23

One Body, Many Parts - Hannah Skipper - 26

Mirror of Stone—Cassandra Tkaczow - 30

The Devil Inside - Hannah Vincent - 32

CONTENTS

The Screwtape Emails - Tom Holste - 34

**The High King Will Return
- Joshua David Ling - 37**

Digory Kirke's Love - Keturah Lamb - 38

The Magic of Numenor - Ian T. Wilson - 43

This Too Shall Pass - E.B. Alexander - 45

Dark Island - Amanda Tkaczow - 48

Susan's Path - Avellina Balestri - 51

His Daughter - Kendra E. Ardnek - 54

**Over Land & Under into the Deep Realm -
Carolina Hobot - 57**

Once and Always - Danika Cooper - 61

Jack - Alexandria Jezierski - 64

**The Wood Between Worlds
- Christopher Woods - 72**

Our Next Issue - 84

Fellowship & Fairydust

All articles and artwork belong to their respective creators and may not be copied without permission.

We lay no claim to franchises or characters from franchises mentioned in this magazine; each is copyrighted by its own publishers and/or studios. All are used here for entertainment purposes only. See page 82 for more information and go to our website for complete disclaimers.

Image credits may be found on pg 83

EDITOR'S NOTE

C.S. Lewis is one of the single most influential Christian writers in English and World Literature alike. Spanning from flights of whimsy to heady apologetics, his countless works include *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *The Screwtape Letters*, *Surprised by Joy*, and *Mere Christianity*. He is beloved not only for his warm sense of wit but also his expansive imagination and sense of the divine presence in his own life and all his creations. To him, God showed Himself through the Christological mystery that permeated such things as the natural world and the imaginal ones we sub-create with a numinous awe.

When I was in grade school, I was made to read two of the Narnia books in order to participate in a book review class. I was never much of a fantasy person, and I found the story decidedly out of my interest range. Hence, after I was finished with the cursory reading (and enduring the sock-puppet-special BBC production of the Chronicles!), I promptly moved on to bigger and brighter things than the newly released film epic *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*. At the time, many of my friends and acquaintances were aghast that I refused to indulge in the new phenomenon, much less their old favorite *The Lord of the Rings*, and some even threatened, with all the best intentions, to tie me to a chair if I wouldn't comply!

But it was not until I was 16 that I finally decided to watch the first (Disney/Walden Pond) Narnia films for myself. And believe it or not, it was the first film, and its compelling music score, that helped me come to terms with Lewis, and meet the heart and soul of the man who found Christ and sought to lead others to him through the means of good old-fashioned story telling. During the following years, however, his non-fiction works struck a particularly special chord with me, and I have been developing an ever deeper connection with and an appreciation for his works overall, in conjunction the works of his fellow British authors, J.R.R. Tolkien and Brian Jacques.

It seems that many Ringers have a habit of extolling Middle Earth at Narnia's expense. "Well, it's not *Lord of the Rings*", is a common enough refrain whenever someone brings up something about Lewis's brain-child. Not just Lewis, mind you, but also Jacques and his colorful and courageous world of Redwall and Mossflower Wood. But the simple fact is that Narnia and Redwall were never meant to be adult fantasies, and cannot be expected to display the same characteristics. And thank heavens they don't. High-flying, big-budget adult fantasies are fine as they come, but sometimes we all want to relax and have some fun without getting swallowed up into the Dead Marshes.





Tolkien was a one-of-a-kind character who virtually dedicated his entire life to creating another world, with all the complexity of our own. But few can be honestly expected to repeat or mirror his accomplishment. He turned out a masterpiece, certainly, but there are many masterpieces with different styles, dimensions, and intents. They compliment one other, and form the tapestry that makes up a worthwhile anthology of stories that matter. Though it may be said that LotR has more depth and complexity than Narnia, the latter is an allegory for the Story of Salvation, and as such is armed to the teeth with powerful meaning. Of course, like Redwall, it is meant for a younger audience. But the truths taught are ageless.

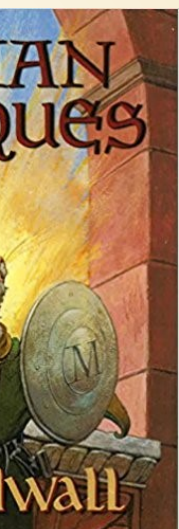
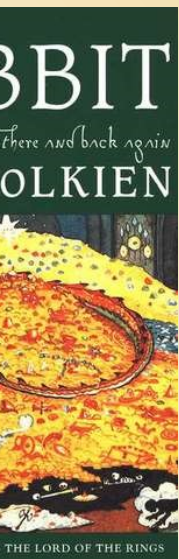
What I have come to appreciate in all three authors - Lewis, Tolkien, and Jacques - is their penetrating understanding of the eternal battle of good and evil. The three of them had experiences in the World Wars of the 20th century, and the scars they had received never to have been far from mind. Their stories are hinged on the dual elements of paradox and grace. Refugee children, country hobbits, and peaceful mouse monks, must rise above their simple backgrounds and battle against the powers of hell. They, it is emphasized, are in fact the only ones properly equipped to do so. Providence is with them to raise them up; it has been foretold that special grace will be given to them. It all comes back to the baby laid in a manger, and the carpenter nailed to a cross. Even in the blackest moments, there is the hope and belief that all things will yet be worked to good.

As I mentioned, it is in large part the music paired with the Narnia film adaptations that has especially brought Lewis to life for me. In the track "Evacuating London" from *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, I feel so strongly the workings of the author's mind. There is pathos as the war separates a British family, just the sort of thing he probably encountered many times in the war years. Yet the music holds an undercurrent of a deeper meaning to suffering, the battle, the adventure that we must all embark on. There is Aslan just behind the door of an old wardrobe, if only we seek Him out. Also, in the score *The Battle*, when Peter Pevensie prepares to lead the armies of the Lion against the White Witch, the curtain of allegory seems to tear away, and the story of Easter comes blasting to the fore. There are times when the choral voices, although mostly inarticulate, seem to say "Jesu Christos", and my mind's eye sees Lewis gazing at me from across the years, saying "And *that*, my dear, is what it's all about." I don't know anything with more depth than that.

I sincerely hope you all enjoy the following issue dedicated to C.S. Lewis, Narnia, and beyond, and would like to thank everyone involved for making it a reality! Let us all give a rousing cheer: For Narnia and the Lion!

A blessed Easter and Spring Season to all!

Avellina Balestri, Editor-in-Chief



What's New

Thanks to the hard work of our staff, notably Avellina Balestri, Bywringa and Wesley Hutchins., our website has gotten a hug facelift! We apologize for any inconvenience during the transition.

We are also pleased to announce that we are hosting a Tolkien conference in England in September!
Stay tuned for more details.

We also have a new logo, which you see here!



C.S. Lewis and the Intangible Mystery of Roman Catholicism by Michael Carroll

Why did C.S. Lewis never convert to Roman Catholicism? C.S. Lewis instinctively grasped the concept of the preternatural, the place between heaven and Earth where souls are won and lost. He quintessentially understood that there was a battle in the nether world. As Lewis progressed along a path to what he hoped would one day lead him to the beatific vision, it may be fair to speculate that his understanding between the preternatural realities in his own life, and that of the great Roman Catholic saints and Doctors of the Church was not always one and the same. How many of us can tell the same story? It is not just the story of the Jews of the Old Testament. It is also the story of man since the Resurrection. It is the fundamental mystery of man's suffering, which is the consequence of the great war between Heaven and Earth.

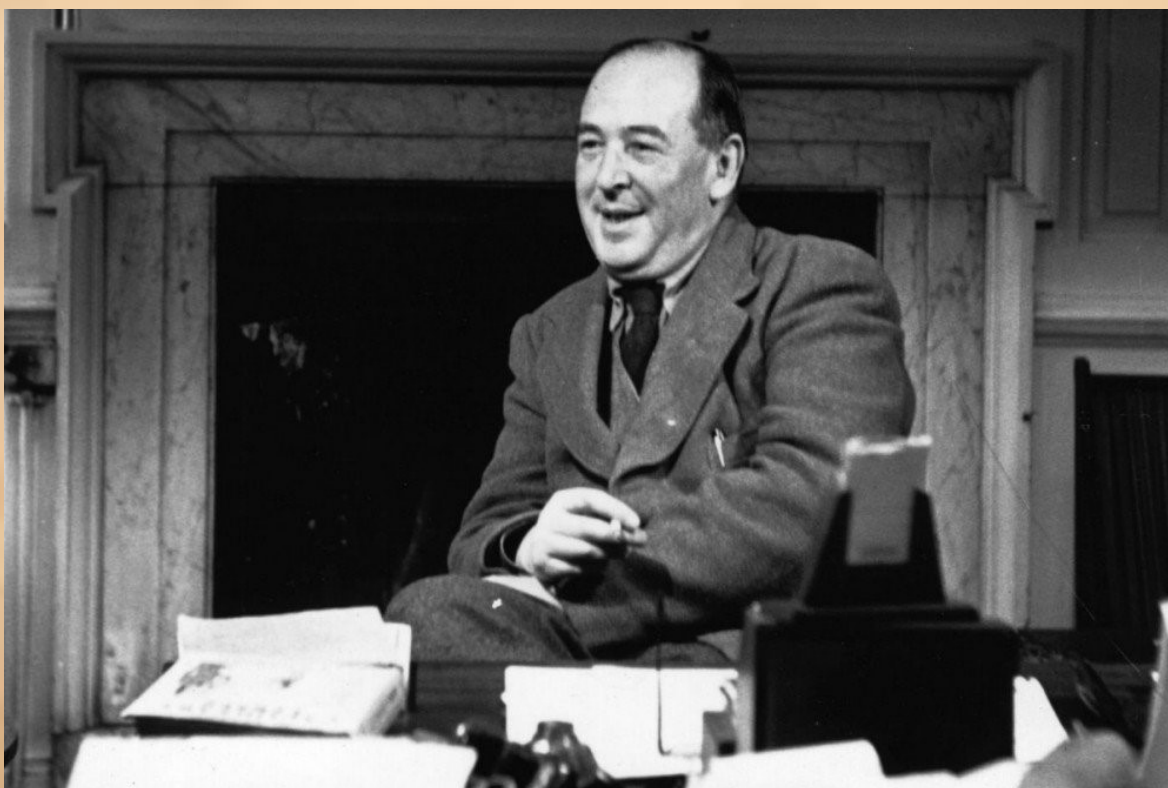
Suffering is the answer to why many do not understand Roman Catholicism. In the Apocrypha and the works of St. Francis de Sales we are given a vivid and chilling vision of the stinging realities of the lives of those who strive for sainthood. It is a rough path where the Christian treads through the purification by fire and the purgation of the soul. It is the path of spiritual childhood to illumination spoke of in *The Dark Night of the Soul* by St. John of the Cross. It is a path beset by fire and darkness on either side. As we are told in the apocalyptic work of St. Alphonsus de Liguori entitled *Natural Calamities, Divine Threats & the Four Gates of Hell*, God wants all to win their martyr's palm (whether it be white or red), but He does not always give unlimited chances and the ultimate calamity may fall at any moment which will make any one of us stumble if we persist in our iniquity.

Lewis' friends state that in later life, after a period of bereavement, he transitioned into a period of admitting that he did not feel that his more simplistic answers could account for the kaleidoscope of facets of the Christian faith. The two major bereavements in his life, the latter a calamity he never recovered from, opens a window into Lewis trying to grasp the intangible mysteries of the nether world. Not the nether worlds of Earthly myth, but the divine reality and truth of the preternatural world between Heaven and Earth where our spiritual warfare is won and lost. It is in the realm of suffering where our understanding of salvation can be understood, and it is often one of the fundamental stumbling blocks to converting to the Roman Catholic faith.

The intangible mystery of man's suffering is where we can possibly find answers to Lewis being unable to ultimately convert to Roman Catholicism. Through his book, *Grief Observed*, we see that Lewis underwent the torment of Job. He was only one small step away from

conversion to the Catholic faith. Surely Lewis' life was the same as the vast majority of us who fail to see the “Divine Threats of God”, and are unable to react when calamity strikes, such as in the death of a loved one. These are the fundamental moments of life when our faith is tested to the core. It is at these moments when our understanding of the transcendent must be piercingly vivid, so that we can overcome the torment that pervades Job in the Old Testament.

The great problem we all face, however, is that suffering is an intangible mystery. It is a mystery which we will never understand in this life. Man strives for answers in the here and now, but God veils the answers from us. He does, though, leave us the testimony of the great saints. They give us a window into their life of suffering. They give us a glorious road map to the eternal. After all, Christ Himself says all those who wish to save their life must carry their cross. Suffering well and carrying our cross is the fundamental key to our salvation. We suffer through iniquity, trial, and sometimes even calamity. Only when we finally amend our lives does the suffering begin to be overcome. Finally, suffering is replaced by true love for God and our neighbor—suffering is finally conquered by love. Suffering is also the story of the two thieves at the crucifixion. One rebels and loses his martyr's palm, but the other is resigned to his suffering. He sees that his suffering is deserved whilst recognizing that Christ's suffering is the ultimate injustice. The good thief carries his cross and in that moment does not flinch, but turns to Christ. He wins his martyr's palm. In that moment the first canonized saint is created, even before he sheds his mortal coil and beholds the beatific vision.



Beyond the Wood



By Amanda Pizzolatto

A figure flitted between the linden trees, her right hand gently clutching a yellow linden blossom and her left holding a guinea pig close to her chest. The little creature was sound asleep, but she would glance down and check on it from time to time. It was a fairly long walk to where she needed to go, but her feet practically flew over the ground in a ballerina stride as she passed by an almost identical scenery. The linden trees were perfectly spaced, with a pool of shimmering liquid between each. Each pool was perfectly round and rather large; almost large enough to fit a small boat on it. And there were rows upon rows of them, each pool a portal to another world. But her focus was to get out of the forest; a seemingly impossible feat as there was linden trees for miles around. Yet she kept on going, not stopping for a moment. In a few minutes, she had left the green-tinted light of the forest and had stepped out into the bright, pale golden light of the sun. A line of date-plum trees bordered the forest, but beyond that was a meadow. She waded through the field of poppies and nabk bushes before finally reaching her destination, an enormous magnolia tree. A staircase made of vines and branches wove around its trunk before disappearing into the leafy boughs at the top. Just barely visible behind the base of the tree was a pond full of lotuses and various pond life that were making the only noise for miles around. Other beings like her; beings with anther eyelashes, floral shaped eyes, leafy nails, light green skin, and floral-colored hair, were striding around the dainty balconies at each story. Most did not look her way, and those that did blinked in surprise, but did not call out to her or try to follow. They could tell this was urgent, and that they would find out after the king was told. She continued up the long flight of stairs, never tiring in her ascent, until she reached a large room at the very top where a giant magnolia

flower was set against the far side of the room.

She bowed her head. “Your majesty, I must speak with you.”

The magnolia flower opened and a young man with dark auburn hair mixed with deep violet strands rose from the flower. His eyes looked like two pupils that were overlapped along with two irises, the iris on the right in each eye was green while the iris on the left was gold. He glanced at the pink-haired silat standing before him with a question. “What is it, Lauretta?”

She approached him and opened her hands. “These just came through one of the portals. Earth, to be exact.” The guinea pig was awake now and seemed to be cleaning itself, as if it understood that the person looking down at it was important.

The king’s eyes widened. “Earth? Are you sure?”

“It’s the only world we sent the dust from the linden branches. It was a ring at first, but it returned to being a flower the instant I touched it,” explained Lauretta.

“Can you . . . can you turn it back into a ring?” asked the king.

Lauretta’s anther lashes closed and reopened as she smiled warmly. “But of course, Panfilo! It’s only in contact with a silat that the dust would return to its original form.”

“Good, because if this is a test and whoever made the rings came through . . .”

Lauretta laughed. “I see where you are going with this, Panfilo, but have no fear, there’s more than one of these little guys wandering around the forest,” she stated as she petted the guinea pig.

“What are they, anyway?”

“Oh, an Earth favorite, my king; they’re called guinea pigs. People like to use them for tests along with rats. But they also make great pets.”

“Have you ever been to Earth, Lauretta?”

“No, I have not, your majesty. You still do not understand?”

Panfilo shook his head sadly. “I’m afraid not, Lauretta. You silats have ways that are still strange to me.”

“Do not worry, my king, you will soon come to understand. But try to understand this; we are like plants, somewhat, and plants communicate with water. When a silat touches a pool, we can see the events that happened prior, or, if we were to touch a portal, we would see everything we would need to know about that world. When I touched the liquid of the portal to Earth, I gathered the information I needed, like water into the stem of a plant.”

“Understandable . . . so far. But it is still amazing, I must say.”

“Thank you, your majesty.”

“And there is still much to learn,” he stated as he petted the guinea pig.

“Yes there is, my king, but learning how to make a good decision is much more important before becoming king than learning about us silats or the forest. You will be king for a long time, there will be time to learn and to understand. The longer you take to learn about a thing, the better you will come to understand it.”

Panfilo nodded. “I can see the wisdom in that. So, is there anything you can tell me about the person who sent these, um . . .”

“Guinea pigs,” enunciated Lairetta slowly.

“Guinea pigs,” echoed Panfilo as he took the rodent from Lairetta. He glanced back at Lairetta. “So, who sent them?”

Lairetta’s face seemed to darken as she replied, “Someone who has no business fooling with the dust, my lord. Some good may come of it, but what it is, I do not know. Nor do I trust such power in such feeble, and greedy, hands.”

Panfilo gulped as he clutched the guinea pig a little tighter. Angering a silat was never a good idea. Angering a djinn of any kind was never a good idea. They were the most powerful beings in the universe, only below the angels. Even though they all had to serve a master, most could still turn a vengeful eye upon the unfortunate soul who angered them and do something without the permission of their masters. Not even ordering them to leave the person alone would do much good, for djinn were patient, intelligent, and sly. Panfilo knew he would have to speak and choose wisely; not for his sake, he was the king and their master and they could not harm him, but he was rightly worried for the sake of others.

“What are you planning on doing?” Panfilo finally asked.

Lairetta glanced at him. “I’ll most likely just observe for now and report to you of any findings, like this guinea pig. But he may try soon, if he can find a willing participant.”

“If he can find a willing participant?” Panfilo asked incredulously. He didn’t like the sound of that.

Lairetta nodded grimly. “Yes, which is why I don’t like the idea of such power in such feeble and greedy hands, your majesty. Who he sends here may be good, but this magician himself is no savory character.”

“H-he’s evil?” asked Panfilo.

“Not exactly, just untrustworthy. But he is certainly open to serving someone who is truly evil, at the rate he’s going,” quipped Lairetta.

“And you’re afraid that he may try to bring that evil through here?”

“It’s possible, but the spell on the Wood may be enough to render any evil powerless while they are here. No, I’m more worried about if they manage to take an evil from one world and into another,” remarked Lairetta.

Panfilo gulped. “Then we need to have someone watching that portal at all times.”

Lauretta bowed. “I shall spread the word, your majesty. And we shall be on our guard.”

The silats were ever vigilant, and saw when two children came through the portal for Earth. They let the children explore, but were watchful in case they should need aid. But the children simply went into another portal, one the silats knew was at its end, so they figured nothing would come of it. As soon as the children realized the world was dying, they would come right back. So when an urgent message came bubbling through the portal of Alixandria, the lone silat on watch went to investigate. Being an urgent message to King Panfilo, the silat took it straightaway to him. As such, no one was around when the children came back through the Wood and went back home, with something else. Nor was there anyone there when they came back from earth to try and return that something else back home, only to wander off into a world just being created.

When the silats finally learned of the exchange, they were horrified that they had left the Wood without a guard for so long. But they found out that things would soon right themselves, which put their minds at ease. For the most part, there was still the matter of Alixandria to consider, and it was going to take all their focus to solve that problem. But that is a story for another time.



Narnia Adventures!

By Donna Ferguson Dudley

**Once, two sons of Adam, two daughters of Eve,
Began a great journey, to fulfill prophecy!
In London, war-threatened children could not remain,
So with love their Mum sent them, fast away on a train.**

**But deep in the countryside, what should await?
A marvelous journey where, predestined by fate,
The smallest of them, little "Lucy" by name,
Would discover the magic, all begun by a game.**

**The large home that sheltered, called for "Hide and Seek",
So the children all scattered, and small Lucy did peek
In a room, where she found a great wardrobe, alone,
And giggling, quickly, inside she'd soon gone!**

**Instead of a back to the wardrobe, she found
The magic of Narnia's snow-covered ground!
And there lived a Faun that she chanced, soon, to find.
Invited to his home, she thought him quite kind.**

**"No Christmas", the faun said, "for the past century,
In the Great Land of Narnia (very sadly),
And no spring has sprung, through the deep winter's grasp!
A hundred and one years ago, had been spring's last."**

**But that faun, Mr. Tumnus, did plan to betray,
And played his pan pipes, till little Lucy did sway,
And fall into sleep, to awake to his tears,
And his sad confession, of the White Witch he feared!**

**Her orders, they were, to report anyone,
A daughter of Eve, or of Adam, a son.
But stricken, remorseful, he helped her escape,
Back, she went running, her tale to relate!**

**When Lucy went back through the wardrobe, she grieved,
For her sister and brothers just could not believe
The story she told them, but t'was not for long,
For soon, first one brother, then all four had gone,**

**Through magical wardrobe, where the White Witch awaited,
But also their purpose, which legend related.
For two sons of Adam, two daughters of Eve
Were destined to evil witch's powers, defeat!**

**No Christmas, there known, for the past century,
Because the White Witch had so cursed it to be.
And no spring had sprung through the deep winter's grip,
For something was needed, to the witch's curse, slip!**

**Through mistake and betrayal, Edmund found the right path,
Back to the Good, but to White Witch's wrath!
She claimed Edmund's life; all betrayers, she claimed!
The boy had mis-stepped, and "betrayer" was named.**

**To save Edmund's life, the Great Aslan did give,
His own life in sacrifice, so Edmund could live.
But Aslan, triumphant, rose from martyrdom's night,
To all the great host of good creatures' delight!**

**And Aslan, Lion King of all Narnia stood
Beside them through war, fought 'tween Evil and Good!
The winter was ended, witch and minions defeated,
Through Aslan's sacrifice, and four's help, he had needed,**

**To fulfill the prophecy that all Narnia knew,
Together they fought, till they made it come true!
Lucy and Susan, Edmund and Peter,
Were crowned Queens and Kings, as Narnia's Leaders.**

**Little Lucy was sad, though, seeing Aslan walk away,
But Mr. Tumnus comforted, "He'll be back here, one day.
But don't try to hold him; he's not a tame lion."
"But he's good," Lucy said, and she knew he'd be fine.**

**Til stars fall from heavens, forever revered,
In magical Narnia, growing up through the years,
Soon Lucy, and Susan, and Edmund, and Peter
Forgot their old lives, for life could not seem sweeter.**

**But one day, out riding, they saw a lonely lamp post,
Which tickled their memories, like a strange, friendly ghost;
Dismounting, they found that the path that they trod,
Led to a confinement, exceedingly odd!**

**And suddenly, passed through a wardrobe, they fell
From out of the door, with a great tale to tell!
No longer all grown up, the years had all flown,
And every one back into childhood had gone!**

**Back to their schooldays, the four of them, all,
Until the next time they felt Narnia's call.
The wondrous adventures are all in the books,
By one C. S. Lewis; go on, take a look!**



Three Queens, One Quest

By Rebekah DeVall

Swanwhite leaped to her feet as she heard the knock on the door. It was Valentine's Day, and this beautiful queen was looking forward to at least one special person's gift.

"Henri!" She smiled. "Happy Valentine's Day!"

"And a happy Valentine's Day to you as well, m'dear!" He bowed low, still holding one hand behind him. "How does this morning find you?"

She smiled, a gleam in her eyes. "This day is a joyous holiday for all of our people. Gifts and chocolates—nay, even true love abounds. Narnia is truly happy on this day."

"What of the rumors?" Henri gazed at her, a troubled look in his blue eyes. "Have you any more news?"

"None, my prince." Swanwhite shrugged and glided over to her vanity, sitting down in front of it. Pulling a brush out from a drawer, she began to use it on her hair, moving from scalp to the tips of her tresses, which fell around her knees. "What truth can there be when only the birds speak of it? They are friendly creatures, but their constant chatter makes me doubt their honesty." She rolled her eyes.

"Even birds can see." Henri leaned against the doorway and eyed her in the mirror. "What if there really is a witch out there, pretending to be queen of Narnia? You could be in danger."

"I fear nothing." The young queen gazed into the mirror, her eyes reflecting a passion far greater than any love. "Aslan is on my side. He will do as He chooses."

They stared at each other through the mirror for several moments.

"Close your eyes," he said abruptly.

"Why?"

"Just do it." In the mirror, Swanwhite watched Henri move both hands behind him, and then she closed her eyes. She listened to his footsteps coming closer and closer, padding on the soft carpet. Something cool was fastened around her neck, and she tried to open her eyes.

"Nay, m'lady." Henri placed his hand over her eyes. "Listen to me for but a moment."

"Alright." She leaned back in her seat.

"You are a wise and beautiful queen, but you know what I love most about you?"

Swanwhite smiled. This was going to be quite romantic, she sensed.

"No, my love. Tell me."

"I love your faith, your trust." His breath was warm on her neck. "I

want you to keep your eyes closed until I leave the room. Then you may look at your gift. On it, you will find the name of the one whom you may trust with your life, the one who loves you more than anything."

Swanwhite nodded, and his hand slowly left her eyes. She kept them closed until she heard Henri shut the door behind him. Then she opened her eyes slowly, and they caught the sight of a beautiful sapphire heart gleaming on her neck. With a gasp, she fingered the lovely jewel.

It was flawless, crafted by the Black Dwarves, she guessed. Every facet was perfectly in place, and not a mark marred the surface. Even the gold chain was light and exquisitely wrought. But what had Henri meant about the name?

She fingered the jewel for a moment, and her fingers caught the feeling of a name etched on the sapphire. *A*, she made out. The young queen bit her lip. Why was it not his own name on the heart?

But when she felt for the rest of the name, she knew. Henri was right. This *was* a name that she could trust with life, with love, with all eternity.

Aslan.

~~~~~

Susan Pevensie, formerly of Finchley, and now the Gentle Queen of Narnia, seemed to be hiding something. She stood in the corner of her royal chambers, slightly hunched over a small stand with a golden bowl on it.

"What are you doing, Su?" Edmund's voice made her jump. She turned, concealing the stand behind her, and exclaimed nervously, "I-I-uh- nothing."

"Then what are you up here for?" He grinned mischievously. "There are quite a lot of suitors downstairs, begging for your hand."

Susan rolled her eyes. "I am in no mood for the Valentine's Day ball," she said. "Go enjoy yourself, Edmund."



A breath of cool evening air came through the window, blowing a piece of paper off the table behind Susan. Edmund dived for it.

"What is this?" he asked, catching it up from the floor before Susan could reach it.

"Prince Rabadash of Calormen?"

She blushed. "Give that back!"

"Not until you tell me what you're up to." He looked around her and saw the pile of papers. "What are all these for, anyway?"

Susan sighed and turned around, giving him full view of the table. "It's an old Narnian custom," she said, picking up another folded piece of paper and dropping it inside the bowl of water. "Whichever name rises to the top is supposed to be your true love."



"Bah!" Edmund huffed. "What are you going to do if Rabadash's name comes to the top?"

"Consider his proposal." The queen turned away, trying to hide the look on her face. It *was* ridiculous, now that she put it into words. But there had been *so many* suitors, and she didn't know which one to choose!

Edmund reached for a blank slip of paper on the other side of the table.

"What do you think you are doing?" Susan leaped for the paper, all embarrassment forgotten. "Give that back here!"

"No." Edmund pulled a pencil from his pocket. "Just trust me, Susan. I'm adding someone that *really* loves you to that bowl."

"But..."

"But, nothing." He folded the piece of paper and threw it into the bowl with the rest of the names. "Just see if that name doesn't rise to the top. Love-hungry, aren't we?" He turned to walk out of the room.

"Wait, Ed, I'm sorry! It was silly, I know!" Susan tried to follow her brother.

He turned at the doorway to look back at her. "We'll be waiting for you downstairs, Su." His dark eyes looked into hers for a moment. "Go find out about your true love."

He closed the door behind him, leaving the queen standing alone for a moment. *What name did he write?* she wondered.

Gathering her skirts around her, she turned back to the table. One lonely paper floated on the top of the water. She opened it, and silently mouthed the precious name.

*Aslan.*

~~~~~

Will I ever be as beautiful as Susan? Lucy looked at herself in the mirror, troubled thoughts passing through her brain like the storm waters over the Dawn Treader. *Will I always be the ugly duckling of the family?*

"You *are* beautiful, dear heart." Lucy turned and saw nothing, no one, behind her. She looked into the mirror again.

No, I am not. Susan had suitors aplenty in the Golden Age. She and Caspian fell in love. Now, she has all her friends from her parties and from school, and who do I have? No one!

"You have Me." The lion's voice rang in the small ship's cabin. "Will you not be satisfied?"

"Aslan!" Lucy looked around the



the room. He was nowhere to be seen. She looked into the mirror again, and there he was, a lion wrapped in golden glow.

"Why are you unhappy, child?" The great Lion gazed at her, sorrow in his eyes. "Have I not given you everything?"

"You have, Aslan. It's just..."

"You think you are not beautiful," he interrupted.

She ducked her head. "Yes, Aslan."

"Do you want to know what I think?" Aslan asked, his low voice rumbling. "I think you are a beautiful young lady."

"But not so beautiful as Susan," Lucy protested. "Look at all the friends she has! *Everyone* loves her."

"Beauty does not result in love," Aslan insisted. "Only those who know you well, who look past your outward beauty and to your beauty within, will ever truly love you."

"Aslan, I..." Lucy looked into the reflection in the mirror. "How can people see my inner beauty? I'm just... well, me!"

"Those who look for true beauty will find it," the lion whispered low.

"Have faith, Lucy. True love will come." He began to vanish, leaving one word on Lucy's lips.

"Aslan!"



All Things Will Be Made Right

by Whitney Dotson

I was a rather serious, odd little child. I had a deep alertness when it came to my own conscience, which manifested in facial expressions I could never really manage to hide. So, when my young mother sat me down one day on the cold, tile floor of our base-housing residence, I'm sure that the face of this four-year-old, already bespeaking guilt in its somberness, somehow grew only more somber.

In short, she recalled the whole Gospel in unadulterated detail. She was never the type to candy-coat. And, after weeks of a troubled spirit regarding specific sins I had already accepted as wrong, the news was painfully welcome: Christ took the punishment that I deserved. The thoughts of His torture sickened my stomach and prompted uncontrolled tears.

"Never forget, Whitney Ann—it took no more of Christ's precious Blood to cover you than anyone else."

Now, lest you get the idea that I was a toddler-axe murderer—of course, I was not. I had managed to steal a book (a particular weakness from the start) and place it under my bloomed-bottom while hitching a ride via my stroller. However, the very act of hiding the object proved that knowledge so woefully gained in the Garden.

C. S. Lewis reminds us in wisdom that the path to Hell is a gradual one. One may be as tempted by a "deck of cards" as by the lustful treachery of murder. The means is merely a vehicle, a manifestation, of the heart's problematic appetite:

"It does not matter how small the sins are provided that their cumulative effect is to edge the man away from the Light and out into the Nothing. Murder is no better than cards if cards can do the trick. Indeed the safest road to Hell is the gradual one--the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts."

Lewis had a wonderful way of reminding us that the condition of humanity is universal—as is its solution, thankfully.

The Pharisees, it seems, could not comprehend this message, despite the fact that it intertwined every one of Jesus' messages. To them, righteousness was a rather simple "game" of boundaries. So long as one didn't cross those boundaries—however close they managed to get didn't matter—one was "safe" in the eyes of God. Jesus masterfully exposed this facade by directing them to the matter of the mind.

The heart's walls are, after all, where every sin begins. In His Sermon on the Mount, Jesus equated, with silencing clarity, "undue anger" with "murder," and "lust" with "adultery." Indeed, these truths effectively roused the people to a degree of anger which only reinforced the fact that He had spoken a cutting and uncomfortable truth.

As an introvert, the battle of the mind has always been a very real one. I tend to overthink matters. And, as always, Satan has a way of turning every virtue into a vice. Elsewhere, we are commanded to love Christ with all of our "minds." Prior to salvation, our minds are bent towards self-absorption, and even following peace with Christ, the battle between the flesh and spiritual mind rages.

The Greek word for "mind" as used in Matthew 22:37 denotes the "feeling, desires, understandings, and imagination" of man. In short, loving Him with our minds involves deliberate meditation and adoration of His work, person, and character. It refutes the Adamic, sneaking suspicion that God ever withholds His goodness, and instead embraces a childlike trust in His revealed will.

The fact is, sin is as much a state of being as it is an action; Adam's sin bled through every vein of humanity—so much so that the earth continues to anticipate a holistic healing (John 3:17).

As I grew older and the process of His sanctification grew with me, I realized that sin has both an active and passive voice; that to omit obedience is equal in "sinfulness" to blatant disobedience. Consequently, my understanding, appreciation, and adoration for what Christ did at the Cross magnified.

Christ came not only to deliver us from sin, but to heal, restore, and make us whole. This is the consummate plan of redemption. Lewis describes this delectable vision, when "all things" will be made right:

*"Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight,
At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more,
When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death,
And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again."*

Jadis

By Patrick W. Kavanaugh

I am Queen and who but I should reign?

The creatures of this world have had nine hundred years and
brought it little gain.

That wretched Beast who drove me to these northern wastes may love them
as his own. But, only I can teach them how to sweat and toil to turn this world
into a fitting home.

I, who have become a goddess, should not have to live in solitude
and in despair.

The Beast who made the fruit which tore my heart has sent me to this icy lair.

I have sacrificed the world I craved and earned my place of power.
Soon that cursed tree will die, and I will seize the day and see His final hour.

He cannot be stronger than my will, which forged itself in ice, for near one
thousand years alone?

I have bartered all I own, and I have cried a million frozen tears to claim my
rightful throne.

This very night the Beast will trade his life for one fool boy who strayed.
I will put an end to Him and all his pious plans upon the altar He,
Himself, has made.

The deed is done! The battle all but won! And soon, this land will
quake with fear,

They who dared despise the noble and the wise will pay with toil and tears.
They will build, for me, a palace with one hundred turrets reaching to the sky.
Then, when the children ask why they should serve, their parents' bones will
tell the reason why.



THE PROBLEM OF EDMUND

BY SARAH LEVESQUE



“What’s done is done. There is no need to speak to Edmund about what is passed,” Aslan says, and walks away.

“Hullo,” Edmund says awkwardly to his siblings. Lucy gives him a big smile and a hug. Susan follows suit, then asks, “Are you alright?”

“I’m just a little tired,” Edmund replies.

Peter jerks his head toward his tent. “Get some sleep.”

As Edmund walks away, downcast, Peter adds, “Try not to wander off.” He smiles slightly, and Edmund smiles back.

How many times have we watched this scene from *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*? How many times have we stopped and thought about it? Edmund had betrayed his family and their friends. Because of his errors – great errors born of greed, ignorance, and fear – all four Pevensie children were stuck in the middle of a war. Again. But this time, they had to lead it. To make things worse, soon the four children would realize that Aslan traded his own life for Edmund’s.

Despite all of this, after this scene, not one of his siblings speaks out against Edmund – not to his face, or behind his back. Not one holds on to his or her anger, resentment, or blame. They simply do as Aslan said, and move on. And we the observers are left to wonder *how*. How did they move on so easily?

As humans, we each have a strong desire for justice. We can easily look at this scene and see injustice – surely Edmund should be punished! He should get what he deserves. Aslan should let the White Witch have him; that would be justice. Or so we think.

Interestingly enough, one of the synonyms Google gives for ‘justice’ is ‘impartiality’. The last few sentences don’t sound impartial to me. On the contrary, they sound like someone has a bone to pick. To me, they sound more like vengeance, also known as revenge, retaliation, payback. Vengeance is anything but impartial, but instead it is fueled by anger, and good rarely comes out of anger.

Aslan knows all this and looked beyond the human perspective. He is an immortal lion, after all, the Son of the Emperor Beyond the Sea. He looks at Edmund as a parent looks at a small child, knowing exactly what Edmund has gone through. And he knows that Edmund has already learned his lesson, at the hands of the White





Witch and her lackeys. Aslan does not want to lose the boy, and so he sacrificed himself in Edmund's place, as many a parent would.

Aslan is merciful, since he doesn't punish Edmund. He doesn't need to – punishment is pointless if the transgressor has already learned his or her lesson, as Edmund had. I believe that when the two talked, Edmund admitted his mistakes and Aslan forgave him. Other than that, I don't know what was said. Of course, just because Aslan showed mercy doesn't mean that Edmund is off the hook. He would still have to atone for his mistakes, which he did in battle. Thus, mercy and justice were both served, but not vengeance.

But what about Edmund's siblings? He had betrayed all of them. It would be human nature for them to be angry with their brother, to hold a grudge against him, to demand a clearer version of justice or seek vengeance. Instead, they listen to Aslan; they forgive and move on. Did they know that Aslan hadn't punished Edmund? Did they know that Edmund had already learned his lesson? It didn't matter – Aslan had already taken care of it. So Peter, Susan, and Lucy listened to Aslan and let it go. They forgave Edmund and moved on. Would they have been able to do that on their own, without Aslan's intervention? Probably not – we humans are too good at holding on to hurts. But he did intervene, and they listened, making the effort to interact with Edmund as they always had.



How did Edmund forgive himself? What stopped him from beating himself up internally day after day? I think the answer once again lies in Aslan. Whatever he said to Edmund made him feel secure in the Lion's forgiveness, esteem, and love. And his siblings did not reject him, but forgave him – that must have helped tremendously. Was it a struggle? Well, how could it not have been? Reading the books, it's clear he never forgot; when dealing with Rabadash at the end of *The Horse and His Boy*, the grown King Edmund reflectively says, "...even a traitor may mend. I have known one that did." Lewis adds, "And he looked very thoughtful." Soon after, Edmund agrees to follow Lucy's plan to show mercy to the vicious Prince of Tashbaan. This scene makes it abundantly clear that Edmund had indeed learned his lesson, and he seems to not be disturbed by his error any more, judging by the way he acts throughout the book (which is set before the Pevensies return to England).

How does all of this affect us? We are often hurt – purposely and accidentally – by those around us,





and we often hurt others. When we are hurt, we ought to forgive those who hurt us. Once, Jesus was asked how many times a brother should be forgiven. He answered, "I tell you, not seven times, but seventy times seven"

(Matthew 18:22). This doesn't mean we only have to forgive our brothers 490 times. We are all brothers and sisters in Christ, so "brother" applies to everyone, and seventy times seven is a numerical symbol for "always". However, this doesn't mean that we should let everyone off the hook; like Aslan, we should show mercy *and* justice.

Jesus talked about forgiveness many times during his ministry and basically everything he said boils down to this: Love people unconditionally. If you do, you can forgive them as Aslan did, as Jesus did when he spoke from the cross, "Father forgive them; they know not what they do." Will it be hard to forgive? Of course. But not impossible. And if we can extend forgiveness to others because Jesus does, because Aslan would, why should we not forgive ourselves? Aslan would. Jesus does. We need to follow in their footsteps and love ourselves, forgive ourselves.

Does forgiving mean forgetting? That common phrase "forgive and forget" rings in our ears often enough. But forgiving does not mean forgetting. Forgiving is when we don't allow anger to control us, but instead continue to look for the good in the other person, and to wish them well. But that does not mean we have to forget what they did and continue to trust them. Sometimes people will be like Edmund and never transgress in that way again. More often, we do things habitually, even accidentally, and these actions hurt others. If I lent my car to a friend and she crashed it by driving recklessly, I would forgive her. I might also make her pay for it, and I certainly would not let her drive my next car. Forgiveness doesn't have to go hand in hand with forgetfulness.

What happens if we don't forgive? We allow our anger or fear to rule us. We become angry at all, fearful of all. The old song says, "they will know we are Christians by our love," but if we cling to anger and fear, we cannot love. Not ourselves and not others. And, as Saint Paul wrote, "If I have not love, I am nothing... I gain nothing" (1 Corinthians 13). Aslan, Peter, Susan, and Lucy forgave through love, and their lives were all the richer for it. Hopefully, we can do the same.





ONE BODY, MANY PARTS

BY HANNAH SKIPPER

Peter is the Mouth
The Mouth wants to lead his family
So he leads with commands
But he makes mistakes
For his tongue is hard to tame
And his family is separated
Then He comes
He instructs the Mouth
That he doesn't need
to use magnificent words
To be Magnificent
Only that he must speak Truth
Peter is the Mouth

Susan is the Hands
The Hands are Gentle
The Hands comfort
And soothe
Sometimes the Hands
Wring in distress
Then He comes
He ask her
To trust Him
And she does
The Hands learn
That not all her tasks



Are gently done
So the Hands
Become strong
For her tasks
Susan is the Hands



Edmund is the Feet
The Feet are willful
And he wants to walk
On his own path
So the Feet start out
But he discovers
That his path is steep and dangerous
So he decides
To turn around
Then the Feet learn
That he is walking
On a toll road
To exit he
Must pay the price
The price is too high
Then He comes
He is rich in love and mercy
So He pays
The Feet proclaim
That he will
Travel to the
Edge of the World
To spread His message
And he does



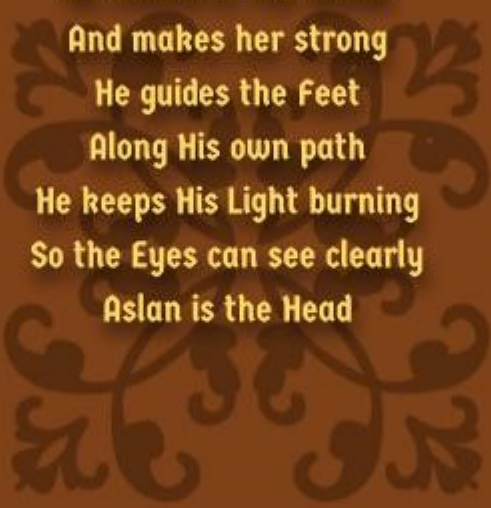
He tells the Feet to
Be Just
Edmund is the Feet

Lucy is the Eyes
The Eyes are the
First to see
The great land
That she loves
As she explores
The Eyes see
Things that frighten her
Then He comes
And the Eyes see
The One who loves her
More than anyone
He teaches the Eyes
That she need not fear
He tells her
That He is always watching
He tells the Eyes
That she is Valiant
Lucy is the Eyes





Aslan is the Head
He teaches the rest
Of the Body
About Himself
They learn that
They can do nothing
Apart from Him
He instructs the Mouth
On the Truth he should tell
He comforts the Hands
And makes her strong
He guides the Feet
Along His own path
He keeps His Light burning
So the Eyes can see clearly
Aslan is the Head





Mirror of Stone

By Cassandra Tkaczow

When he felt the Lion's breath come over him, it was hard to believe. It was hard to believe he was feeling anything at all! He didn't know how long the Darkness had surrounded him, but once he felt the Light take over, instant relief filled his entire being. The Darkness gradually faded away, being replaced with the Light. His senses started to return gradually. Once the last bit of Jadis' magic had been dispersed from his being, Tumnus let out a gasp and felt his legs give out under him. But he didn't hit the stone floor.

A small pair of arms supported him, and he looked up to see Lucy's gaze meeting his. Both of them started laughing, knowing that the other one was safe. He watched her turn toward a girl a few years older than she was.

"Susan, this is—"



"Mr. Tumnus!" she finished.

He recalled now that Lucy had told him about her sister when she last visited him. The older Pevensie joined the pair in a hug, nearly toppling them all over. The group hug didn't last, for the forceful, but gentle tone of Aslan's voice filled the courtyard. "Come," he began as several soldiers came back to this World, "we must search the castle. Peter will need everyone we can find."

The three nodded, and the two Pevensies dashed through the doors to help aid in the search. Mr. Tumnus followed, but at a slower pace. He heard both Lucy and Susan calling the Lion's name as they searched the other end of the hallway.

Mr. Tumnus entered the nearest room and saw another frozen Narnian standing before him. In fact, it was another Faun. The disturbing part of it was that it looked eerily like him. Then, Tumnus realized who in fact he was seeing.

Despite the several decades that had passed since he first received the news, Tumnus remembered it as if it were yesterday. He was never given any details on how his father died, only that he had gone during battle. But now as he looked into the Faun's stone eyes, he knew.





His father was standing right in front of him.

A cold feeling of guilt spread over him. Here, his father had died to protect Narnia from her, and what did he do? Joined her cause, no matter how much he may have hated it.

The sound of padded footsteps came in from behind him. "Do not feel guilty, Tumnus. You turned against her, even though you knew it could mean your end," the Lion spoke.

The Faun looked at the ground. "I cannot help but feel so... I helped the very enemy he was trying to drive out of our home."

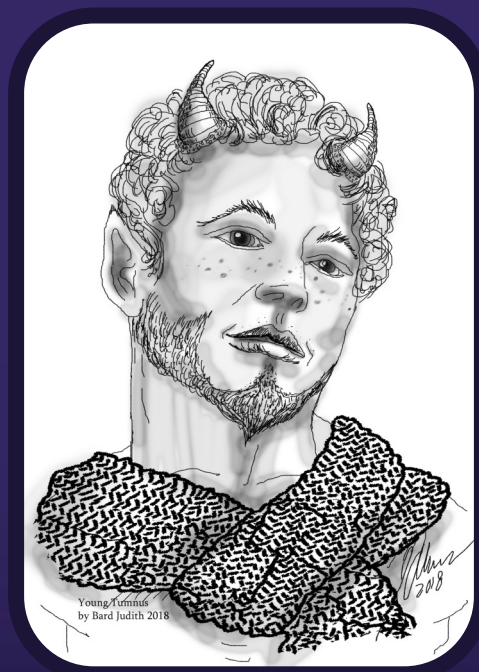
"You found a way out before things could turn bitter. You have redeemed yourself in my eyes; you are forgiven, my son."

Tumnus nodded, then looked back up at the statue. "But would he feel the same way?"

"Yes," Aslan replied as he breathed upon the frozen Faun.

Life was restored within moments, and after Tumnus' father shook his hoofs, he looked up at his son. No words were spoken between the two, but a warm feeling entered Tumnus' heart.

"Come. Peter awaits us."



THE DEVIL INSIDE

A Reflection on the Screwtape Letters

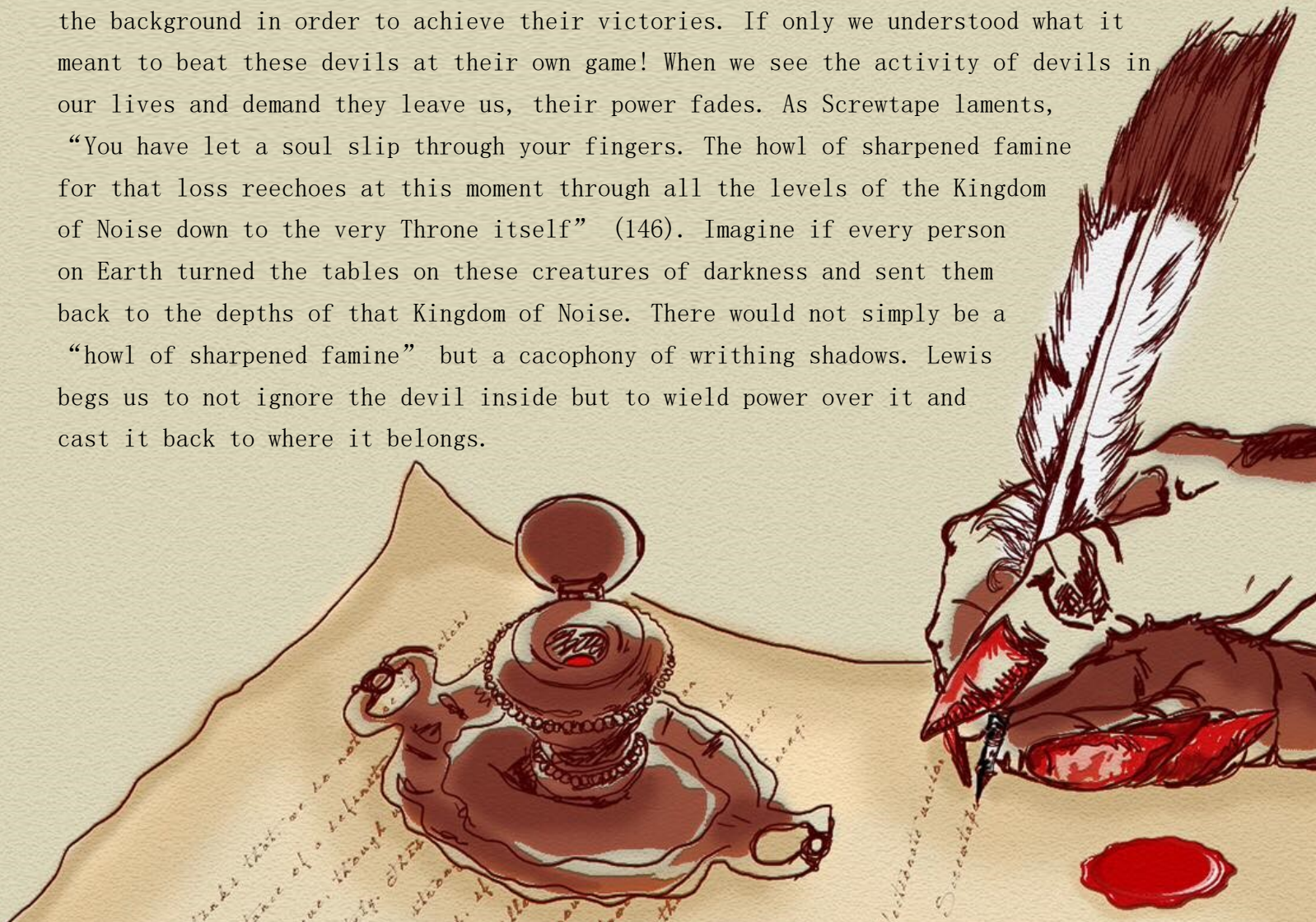
By Hannah Vincent

There is such a thing as evil. Unfortunately, too many times we want to ignore it or hope it is not a common occurrence. Despite the fact that there is more good than bad in the world, the evil is still there and doesn't disappear simply because we wish it. One of the ways we may be enlightened as to how the agents of evil work can be found in C.S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters*. Within the pages of *The Screwtape Letters*, Lewis weaves the lies and manipulations of Screwtape (an experienced devil) into a hypnotizing and terrifying reality. He states in the preface, "There are two equal and opposite errors into which our race can fall about the devils. One is to disbelieve in their existence. The other is to believe, and to feel an excessive and unhealthy interest in them. They themselves are equally pleased by both errors..." (3) Lewis' book seeks to bring a balance into how society should view devils.

Despite the fact that Satan is not the main antagonist in this book, his agent, the devil Screwtape, shares the views of Satan with his nephew, a young devil named Wormwood. From the first moment we read Screwtape's letters to his nephew, we see devils are subtle. They do not rely on large, flashy moments when humans can fall to temptations; rather, they prey upon the individual weaknesses and fleeting thoughts that pass through our minds. The devil's main goal is to slowly wear down their assigned patient, wanting to stay as invisible as possible. If their patient attends church, they will play on the moments when their patient is distracted by a churchgoer's clothing and plant the seeds of judgement. Lewis also reminds us of the fact that we each have buttons which can be easily pushed and cause tension; this opens the door to anger. Screwtape mentions, "When two humans have lived together for many years, it usually happens that each has tones of voice and expressions of face which are almost unendurably irritating to the other" (17). These small, fleeting moments are the moments when devils strike, pouncing on the almost imperceptible times of pride we would dismiss as mere lapses of goodness.






Lewis argues between the lines that we should never simply dismiss a moment of weakness. As humans, we are subject to frailty in our wills, but that should fuel us to combat it by striving for holiness. As Screwtape advises Wormwood, “Our cause is never more in danger than when a human, no longer desiring, but still intending to do our Enemy’s will, looks round upon a universe from which every trace of Him seems to have vanished, and asks why he has been forsaken, and still obeys” (39). It is within those times of frustration, anxiety, and pain that, when we choose life over death, the enemy loses his grip on us. Lewis understood the constant battle evil wages against humanity, and his desire was for us to acknowledge the fact and look it in the eye.

The quote from the Preface showcases one of the greatest hardships known to man, and that is how to recognize the inner workings of evil in our lives. While Lewis is not saying each of us has been assigned a devil by Satan, he is saying it is all too easy to completely ignore or obsess about evil. Satan and his minions work hard to blend into the background in order to achieve their victories. If only we understood what it meant to beat these devils at their own game! When we see the activity of devils in our lives and demand they leave us, their power fades. As Screwtape laments, “You have let a soul slip through your fingers. The howl of sharpened famine for that loss reechoes at this moment through all the levels of the Kingdom of Noise down to the very Throne itself” (146). Imagine if every person on Earth turned the tables on these creatures of darkness and sent them back to the depths of that Kingdom of Noise. There would not simply be a “howl of sharpened famine” but a cacophony of writhing shadows. Lewis begs us to not ignore the devil inside but to wield power over it and cast it back to where it belongs.



The Screwtape Emails

by Tom Holste

 Send  Attach  Protect  Discard 

Jan. 20, 2018

My dear Wormwood,

I agree, many things about the current situation have worked tremendously to our benefit, and in some cases have exceeded our expectations. I would urge you, however, to keep a calm head for two reasons. First, even though our pleasure is over lost souls, too much pleasure of any kind comes perilously close to what the Enemy would call “joy,” and is strictly forbidden by Our Father Below. Second, if the Calvary incident taught us anything, it showed us that our moments of greatest triumph can be abruptly followed by the most crushing defeat. So we must constantly be vigilant.

As you noted in your last message, the way that your patient argues with his peers on his electronic device has provided much entertainment. Originally the creature went to this device as a means of relaxation after a busy day; now the interactions with others on the device cause him greater stress than his work, and yet thanks to our endeavors, it never occurs to him to stop going to this device for leisure. Of course, while the technology that the vermin use is unique to this age, the means to the end are not important to us; the anger, frustration, and backbiting that create such a pleasant aroma for us are all that matters.

Note how we can take a bit of truth and twist it to our benefit. The Enemy knows all things, and since the patient considers himself a child of the Enemy, we can easily convince him that he knows all things. Thus, even when his perceptions are clouded, he will often stubbornly insist that he speaks the truth and that anyone else is a liar. And when he actually does speak the truth, the arrogance with which he tells others about it will prevent them from accepting it.





One would think that the absurdity of the lie could not escape your patient. He loses his keys constantly; he cannot remember the names of cherished songs; he forgets important anniversaries . . . and yet, with the right amount of coaxing on our part, he can be convinced that he understands all the complexities of history

Send

Discard





 Send  Attach  Protect  Discard 

and economics, that he can discern the private motivations of all politicians, and that any policy that positively affects him can have no bearing, good or ill, on anyone else.

You can see the effect that this thinking has had on the news outlets. Absurd chattering between celebrities and politicians on their technological devices—insults and petty arguments—that would have been easily identified as “gossip” in an earlier age now becomes the top headlines for the creatures’ nightly news. And I have seen some of the creatures viciously decry anyone who chooses not to engage in further stirring of the pot as though they were engaged in moral compromise. Those who made no stand over many serious issues now demand that everyone share in their outrage over the idea, “Did you read what he wrote about her?” We have turned the discourse of an entire nation into a junior high schoolroom.

Make sure that your patient lives in a constant state of agitation about the future of his country. Since unbelievers explicitly think that their only chance for a “paradise” is what they create here on earth in the current political arena, and since the creature lives in this world with them (for now), you can convince your patient to subconsciously accept the same idea. Be sure that fear for his provision does not open his eyes to the need of others to find their provision; just keep him anxious enough about his treasures on earth that he verbally attacks anyone who seems to threaten them.






But let us consider the other possibility. Let us say that, at some point, the Enemy helps the creature to become aware of the foolishness of his ways. If the creature then becomes humble, still holding firm to what he believes but speaking with grace towards others, that would be disastrous for us. If he starts to move in this direction, then we should trip him up so that he falls head first into Relativism. Relativism has been one of Our Father Below’s greatest triumphs. Convince a creature to use a phrase such as “My truth is not your truth,” and a cloudy haze will eventually distort all his thinking. What creature could possibly be motivated

Send

Discard





 Send  Attach  Protect  Discard 

to work tirelessly for the Enemy if he means no more by saying “my truth” than he means when he refers to “my socks”?

If we can convince the creature to hold these contradictory ideas in his head simultaneously, that can provide endless amusement for us. Your patient will rail constantly against news outlets that manipulate and distort the truth, while unconsciously giving himself permission to disobey the Enemy based on a lack of belief that any such thing as objective truth exists.

Whatever else happens, do not lose sight that the ultimate goal is to get your patient into one of our Father’s cages. Temporary suffering in this life does us no good in the long run if he can shake off those bonds in the next life, and if his suffering drives him to seek the Enemy’s presence all the more, then the game is up for us.

Your affectionate uncle,

Screwtape

Send 

Discard



The High King will Return

Find this song on bandcamp:

<https://joshuadavidling.bandcamp.com/track/the-high-king-will-return>

Chorus:

False kings will quake,
And tyranny break.
And the High King will return.
Like a bright shining sun
Victory will be won.
And the High King will return.
No matter the cost-
No matter the wait-
We'll endure in the woods
And we'll sing our magnificent King

Sir Wolf's Bane he slayed wolf Maugrim.
The Battle of Beruna he won.
He drove back the giants in Northern Mountains
And vanished in the great Western sun.
Some say he'll return to Narnia
And once more, set everything right.
Over all Kings but one, High King Peter will run
With the banner of Truth and of Light.

Chorus

by Joshua David Ling



King Peter will not come alone. No!
King Edmund The Just's on his side!
Queen Susan Genteel and with nerves of forged steel
Queen Lucy the Valiant will ride.
Two sons and two daughters of Adam
Two sons and two daughters of Eve.
To Cair Paravel they fought and prevailed,
And to this royal hope we must cleave.

Chorus

Do not think we trust in man only.
For Adam's blood is not our might!
There's only one name, He's the reason they came.
He's Aslan the Lion of Light.
And he'll put all our foes to flight!
And no one can match his might.
And Peter grows stronger...
In his sight...

Chorus

We'll sing our magnificent King
We'll sing our magnificent King

Digory Kirke's Love

By Keturah Lamb

It had been many years since Miss Polly Plummer was a young child. Many, many years.

Life wouldn't be giving her too many more years. Polly raised her wrinkled hands before her smiling eyes. Her hands trembled with excitement. When was the last time she felt this giddy? Full of child-like enthusiasm?

A long time ago, that was certain.

Polly sat inside her warm parlor, near the fire, a thick fur over her knees. Still she was cold. And nervous. Her house was large, situated far out in the country. It was beautiful, but not many people came to see her anymore.

Her old friend Digory was coming to visit. It had been years since they last saw each other and had a proper visit. But that time had never diminished how highly she thought of him. One time she had thought they might—ah, never mind what she had thought. Digory had always been a strange boy—man. She should never have got her hopes wrapped around him.

He was never the type to marry, his head too stuck in the clouds.

She was.

Yet they had got on so well in Narnia. Surely that would have been proof that they could have done the same in England.

Polly pressed her lips together, as if chiding herself. Inwardly she did. “Digory, my that man. If it hadn't been for him I would have married. Five times I could have married. But how could I when I knew *him*?”

No, she'd made her choices, even as he had. Besides, she was too old for regrets now.

The maid came in interrupting her thoughts. "Professor Kirke is here, ma'am."

"Show him in, Jane. Thank you," Polly sent the young woman a smile.

Once the maid exited the parlor Polly's smile fell. She raised a hand to her chest. Oh, it had been so long, but still her heart beat like a school-girl's. *Silly Polly*, she thought, *You are an old woman. Take a hold of yourself.*

Digory rushed into her room, excitement etched over all his features. It was as if he were young again. Or had he ever grown old? Professor Kirke would always remain the same in Polly's mind: a young boy crying in a fenced garden, because God had given him a heart full of love for his mother.

Polly rose up forgetting her shaking, wrinkled hands. The fur slipped from her lap, gently falling to the floor. "Digory!"

"Polly! Haven't I got the best news!" He grasped Polly's frail shoulders and lightly kissed her cheeks.

She blushed, but Digory didn't seem to notice.

He threw off his coat, making himself comfortable and sat in the chair adjacent to her own.

"What brings you here, Digory?" Polly took her own seat, readjusting the fur about her knees. Even as she did the maid rushed into the room.

The maid spoke through strained breaths, "Ma'am, I'm sorry. But the professor didn't wait for me to take his coat."

Polly and Digory laughed together. Oh, how good it felt to laugh with an old friend!

"I like to keep my coat near, in readiness for any north wind that may try to capture me away."

The maid curtsied, stammering.

"Bring us tea, would you?" Polly asked.

The maid sighed, relief written on her face as she left the room.

"Is that the same lass you had when I was here last?" Digory asked.

“I’m afraid not. That maid married and left me.”

“Servants tend to do that a lot,” Digory sighed. “I fear they can’t stand us old people, so they leave us for another slavery. Except Mrs. Macready. I suppose widows are the ones to hire.”

Is that how he looked at marriage? “Old? Digory? I don’t think we have ever grown old.”

Digory’s eyes twinkled. “You certainly haven’t, Miss Plummer. You still have spunk to last you many years yet, I can see.”

Again Polly blushed. She quickly asked, “Do tell what brings you here?”

The twinkle sharpened in Digory’s eyes. “Narnia! Polly, it still lives!”

Polly gasped. “Truly? Did you go back?” she whispered gently.

Digory shook his head, his eyes looking down sadly. “I’ve tried to my whole life, as you very well know. But no. Those children that came to stay with me... they played inside my wardrobe. Remember the wardrobe from Mother’s apple?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Narnia pulled all four of them in, and they became kings and queens!”

Polly laughed. “I shouldn’t be surprised. After all we are a Lord and Lady, are we not?”

Digory returned the laugh. “Ah, but how I’ve wished to go. I’ve even tried going into the wardrobe as they did. But to no avail. I am afraid it’s taken me all these years to finally accept that Aslan is the one that truly brings one to Narnia. The way is merely his tool. Except the rings, of course.”

Rings. How Polly remembered those pretty things. Though after Narnia there was only one ring she wanted. One ring, but she didn’t care what it looked like as long as it was from Digory.

But now she realized something.

Just as Digory now realized why he hadn’t been able to find Narnia again, she knew why he had never asked her to be his bride.

His love had been solely focused on Narnia.

If only she had realized sooner... maybe... But no. She was too old to regret.

“That is amazing, Digory. I want to hear all about these children's adventure. Every word.”

“Yes, well there should be plenty of time for that, my dear Polly. I have actually come for another reason.”

“Yes?”

The maid chose that moment to bring the tea into the room. Polly accepted a cup. Maybe something warm inside would help the cold leave.

Digory declined.

The maid left.

“I feel Aslan is not done with us, yet, Polly. And I want you there close by for when He calls us back.”

Polly held the cup close to her lips, taking a small sip. Yes, hot. But her insides were just barely warmed. She lowered the cup, “Whatever do you mean? Now?”

“I mean that I've been blind far too long. When the children left I knew I couldn't bear to live without Narnia. Not alone at least.”

Polly's fingers trembled, some of the tea spilled onto her fingers. She did not feel it.

“Mr. Kirke?” she asked.

“Please, Polly, come live with me? We were always meant to marry.”

“Digory...” Polly thought she'd drop her tea, but thoughtful Digory saved the cup from her fingers. His own hands wrapped around her cold fingers. Except now they were warm. Perfectly warm. “Digory, we are too old to marry.”

“Too old? Rubbish! You and I shall never be old. What do you say, old friend? Shall we do this last adventure?”

Polly smiled, a small tear working its way through her wrinkles. “You silly boy. I've been waiting for you to ask me for so long. But why couldn't you have asked when my skin was smooth?”

Digory smirked. “Your skin looks smooth to me. But then, I’m not wearing my glasses.”

Polly laughed as Digory held her hands tightly.



The Magic of Nameror

By Ian T. Wilson

Most of you probably know about the lengthy friendship of J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis. You may know that they were in a writer's group known as the Inklings. You may even know that Tolkien was largely responsible for Lewis' return to Christianity after the latter spent the majority of his adult life as an atheist. But you may not be completely aware of the significant influence they had on each other's work.

Tolkien and Lewis were both discouraged by the lack of good science fiction and the rampant dehumanization that took place at the time. As a fan of classic science fiction (I own several volumes of short stories from the 40's, 50's and 60's), I can sympathize. These books either elevate human progress to point of becoming a religion, or they denigrate humanity until the reader is incurable pessimistic by the end. Either way, the two friends decided they were going to do something about it. Tolkien was to write a time travel story, and Lewis was to write about space travel. Lewis ended up writing not one, but three books, called the "Space Trilogy", while Tolkien, ever the perfectionist, never finished his first.

In the first book of the Space Trilogy, *Out of the Silent Planet* Elwin Ransom, a university professor, who is kidnapped by a scientist on a mission to Mars. He departs from the earth in a spherical craft, and lands on the red planet. The rest of the book concerned with Ransom's adventures on Mars, or *Malacandra* as the natives refer to it. Ransom meets the various races that inhabit Malacandra, including the Eldila, (singular, Eldil) who are angelic beings. I'll try not to give away any spoilers, but it's a fascinating book, and you should really read it. Its sequel, *Perelandra*, chronicles Ransom's adventures on the planet we refer to as Venus.

The final book (and in my opinion, the most interesting), *That Hideous Strength*, is very different from the others, in that it takes place entirely on earth. What's interesting about it is the way Lewis blends Science Fiction and Fantasy into a seamless fabric, adding ideas from his other works, such as *The Abolition of Man* (which I am currently reading, and you should, too). What's more, Lewis relies heavily on the work of J.R.R. Tolkien. For example, the language spoken by Lewis' alien beings bears a great similarity to one of Tolkien's Elvish languages.

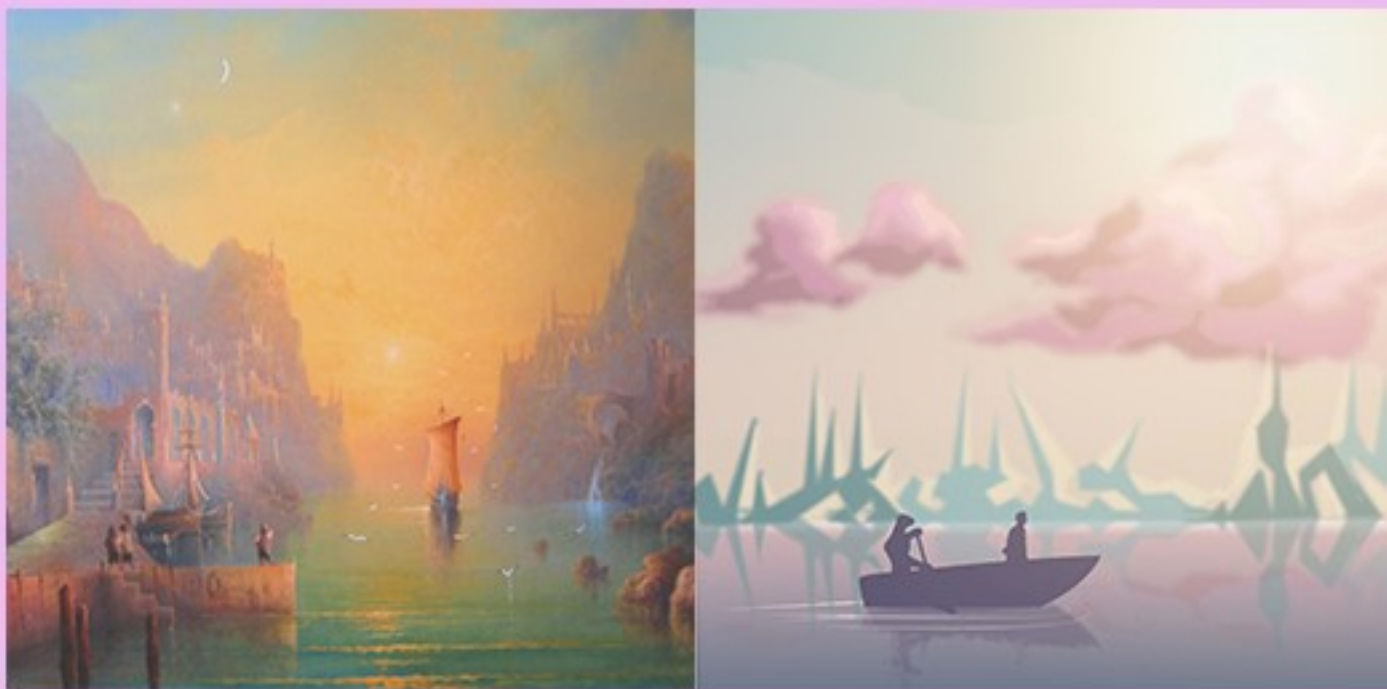
If you'll recall, in *The Lord of the Rings*, Tolkien references the ancient city, known as Númenor. In Tolkien's stories, Númenor was synonymous with the mythological city of Atlantis. It is known among Tolkien aficionados that he never intended his Middle Earth stories to be taken as purely fantasy; they take place in the "real" world, some time in the very distant past, sort of a pseudo-history. All of the locations in *The Lord of the Rings* have real world counterparts, so it should come as no surprise that Númenor would have a "real world" counterpart. That is, if one assumes (like Tolkien and Lewis did) that Atlantis was real.

Getting back to the Space Trilogy, Lewis makes use of the concept of Atlantis in *That Hideous Strength*. Moreover, Lewis sometimes used Tolkien's name for the place, connecting his Science-Fiction story with Tolkien's Fantasy sagas. In a way, one could think of the Space Trilogy as a follow up to *The Lord of the Rings*.

By now, you (like me, when I first read it) are probably mind-blown by all this. Could it be that Frodo's voyage to the Undying Lands was *not* the end of the story? From what I know of Tolkien, he would not have intended that to be the "end" in the way we think of an end; just a

new beginning. Lewis simply picked up where Tolkien left off. Perhaps I'm reading too much into it, but that's what I would like to think. It is a testament to the artistic talent of two great authors; but it's more than that: it's a testament to a friendship that spawned a universe of characters and ideas, and led to two of the greatest literary masterpieces of the 20th century.

If you've already read *The Lord of the Rings* and you're wanting to hear about what happened afterward, you need look no further than C.S. Lewis' *Space Trilogy*.



This Too Shall Pass

A Space Trilogy Tale

By Evan Alexander



The wind whistling sharply across the *harandra* outside my cave brought me out of my thoughts. Normally the near-constant howling of the sandstorms outside would be of little notice, save for an almost unnoticeable soft tone carried on the edge of that gust. I stood, unfolding my legs as I listened to hear if it was merely the isolation playing with my perceptions.

But the sound repeated, louder this time. It tugged on and slipped past my notice, almost akin to the voices of the *eldila*. It repeated yet a third time, accompanied by a faint spectral image.

VWORRUP. VWORRUP. VWORRUP.

Each time the noise repeated, carrying echoes of the cosmos as it grew louder and the image grew stronger. Finally it ceased with a resounding clunk and the image that accompanied it seemed to suddenly solidify into something resembling a blue rectangular cuboid, approximately the same dimensions of one of the huts of the *Hrossa*. However, all the walls of the cuboid were straight and ended in definite corners. Not to mention the fact that this object was blue, a rare color on Malacandra.

However, aside from the momentary surprise of its sudden appearance, I wasn't altogether fazed. Neither was I startled when half of the front opened inward and a short, squat being stepped out.

"I'll have a hot drink prepared momentarily," I informed him. "I wasn't expecting you this early."

His sharp features relaxed slightly as he smirked. "A Time Lord is never late, or early. He arrives whenever his TARDIS drops him."

I returned his smirk with a slight chuckle, mentally taking note that his 'Malacandran' had a more clipped accent, something akin to how the *pfifltriggi* used to speak. I didn't comment on it, though; I didn't need a refresher on how his ship made the words he spoke sound like

Malacandran in my ears.

“That may be,” I said, “but my view of time isn't as... chaotic as yours.”

I eyed him over out of my peripheral vision. He didn't look the same as how I remembered, at least beyond the superficial details. The Healer still appeared very similar to the depiction of the Thulcandran, Ransom; however, his features were sharper and angrier than before. He'd also swapped out his multicolored scarf for a black jacket.

I brought over a couple mugs of a steaming hot drink made from the leaves of a Thulcandran plant The Healer had provided. It was usually reserved for occasions when he visited, but I had acquired a taste for the concoction and had grown quite skilled at preparing it, if I may brag. Unfortunately, by the look on his face after he took the first sip, my efforts were still quite substandard.

Attempting to lighten the mood, I spoke up in a slightly jovial manner. “You know, I think this has been the longest you've gone on Malacandra without offering one of those confections you seem so fond of.”

His face fell before he replied. “I've outgrown them.”

I paused to sip from my own mug and regarded The Healer more carefully. “You know, Healer, the *Hrossa* would say you have hurt behind your eyes.”

Those same ancient blue eyes lit up slightly at the mention of the *Hrossa*. “You don't suppose we could head down into the canyons? I've always loved seeing all three sentient species in harmony. It's one in a billion and always refreshing. Kind of why I came here, actually. I need a reminder of the good in the universe.” He likely caught a glimpse of my own reaction, for he trailed off into silence.

I couldn't stand it, so I filled the silence myself. “I suppose in some ways a Lord of Time can be late. Of the three, only the *Seroni* are left and I am the only *Sorn* who hasn't gone to join *Oyarsa*.”

The Healer's face contorted in a mixture of rage, sadness and horror. “What happened?”

I sighed. “You know before I met you, I used to think Thulcandra was an island of darkness in a sea of light. But your stories about the bent ones you've faced—the *hnau* who try to forge themselves better than they were made, and those you call Daleks, who seek to destroy every *hnau* that isn't them.”

“You don't have to worry about those anymore. They're sealed out of time,” The Healer interjected, his voice heavy with hurt.

“Yes, well, your tales have convinced me of the opposite. Malacandra was an oasis of sanity in a bent universe. Well, all things must end, and so did the protection of Malacandra. A star fell from the heavens and struck the heart of our waters. The *Hrossa* were the first to

succumb to the bent *thing* that was released into our waters. Their visage became cracked and they spewed forth the bent waters, spreading the thing within them among the *Pfifltriggi* and *Seroni*. Nearly all of the *Hrossa*, half the *Pfifltriggi* and a quarter of the *Seroni* succumbed by the time *Oyarsa* contained it within the ice." I raised my hand to calm The Healer, who was looking at his drink with concern. "My own waters are clean of the bent thing. *Oyarsa* gathered all of the bent waters into a single massive block of ice. But to complete my tale, the rest of the Malacandran *hnau* went to join *Oyarsa*, as will I, once I've completed my own task."

The Healer set his drink down. "And what task is that, friend?"

"It was in two parts. First to document the end of our time on Malacandra; second, to pass on a message to you."

His eyebrow rose. "And that is?"

I raised my hand to forestall the explanation as I dug through my notes. "I'll find it momentarily. I don't have the head for words that the *Hrossa* boast."

It took a few minutes, but I found it. "So *Oyarsa* wants me to remind you that all *hnau* have their moment of temptation, where they are placed against the one limit the Maker has set for them. And while you are allowed the freedom to edit a sentence here or there, editing the greater manuscript is forbidden. It may be a long time coming, Healer, but *Oyarsa* thinks your day of temptation will come when you next set foot on Malacandra."

I sighed and looked into his eyes again, comprehending some of the sadness, heaviness, and hurt that lay behind them as I saw them mirrored in my own gaze. "If you remember anything from your visits to Malacandra, remember this. All things, even good things, must come to an end. Farewell Healer. When you depart, I will gather my notes and go on to *Oyarsa*."

The Healer stood to go and paused before he reached the door of his blue cuboid. He then turned back, water pooling around the bottom of his eyes. "This reminds me of a leader back on Thulcandra; he ordered all his greatest wise men to find a simple phrase, a little phrase that could fit on a ring. This phrase was supposed to have the power to bring happiness no matter what tragedy befell him. Now these wise men were very clever and they came up with such a phrase. The leader was overjoyed, but a few months later he put the wise men to death. Because though the phrase turned every sorrow sweet, it also soured every joy."

The Healer went quiet and began to unlock the panel that had opened before, but curiosity burned within me, so I interjected, "What was this phrase these wise men thought up that made the leader so bent?"

He sighed and turned, standing in the threshold of his marvelous contraption. "This too shall pass."

The panel closed and the noise echoed once again through the cave I had once called home. It grew fainter until it just barely tugged at the edge of my perceptions, like the voice of an *eldil*. And then I was left in silence, save for the howling of the wind across the *harandra*.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT DARK ISLAND

A *Voyage of the Dawn Treader* (2010) Alternate Universe Story
By Amanda R. Tkaczow (alias Fierce Queen)

“Don’t think of anything evil!” yelled Lord Rhoop after Eustace brought him aboard. “It will immediately come true!”

Of course, when one yells this, one will do the exact opposite. Though most on the *Dawn Treader* did try not to think of any of their night terrors, King Edmund could not help but think of the one person who had made his life miserable when he first set foot in Narnia.

“Oh no,” the king said to himself, though loud enough for everyone near him to hear.

“What is it, Edmund?” Queen Lucy asked with fear in her voice.

“Well, I think we’re going to have a *bit* of a problem,” was the Just’s only response before everyone on and below deck involuntarily shivered.

Everyone turned to face the middle of the deck, and there stood Jadis in all her evil beauty.

“Edmund,” she said coolly, looking at the now pale-faced king. “I was hoping you’d think of me. Now we can rule Narnia together.”

The witch took a step towards King Edmund.

“Stay away from him!” shouted Lucy.

Jadis turned her head to the right to look at the Valiant Queen. Lucy had Susan’s bow strung, with an arrow on the string, and the string was pulled back to her ear. The crew of the *Dawn Treader* stood back, giving Lucy all the room she needed as she walked to stand between the White Witch and her brother. As she did so, Lucy sent up a prayer to Aslan to help her, and everyone else—especially Edmund—stop the White Witch.

Jadis stepped back, a bit surprised by the Valiant’s actions. The witch soon recovered her composure, and Edmund drew Rhindon to back up his sister.

“You are a sweet little thing, aren’t you, girl?” Jadis said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “You do not think your brother can defeat me by himself?”

Queen Lucy did not waver and narrowed her eyes. “I know my brother, Jadis, and he needs me *here*.”

Behind her, King Edmund gave the smallest of smiles, for she truly knew him well. The only reason why he had been able to stab Jadis in the back the last time he was in Narnia was because she had not taken notice of him. If she had, he would’ve had a harder time, for memories and nightmares and “what might’ve happened” would have cluttered his mind. Instead, he had been thinking that he wasn’t going to allow Jadis any part of Narnia, but now it seemed she might succeed in returning to his beloved country.

A thin, cruel smile crept up on the Witch’s lips. “But why help him, Lucy? Is he not a *traitor*?”

Edmund scowled at the term, the crew mumbled to each other, and King Caspian became angry, but Lucy stood strong. “No,” she said with force. “He was only unfortunate to have attended a rotten school that ruined his behavior and allowed you to subdue him.”

This seemed to calm everyone down, except the Just. Ever since he was rescued from Jadis' clutches, he had wished he never attended the boarding school that influenced him badly, and he was wishing so again.

The witch looked Lucy up and down and narrowed her eyes. "And how will you stop me, small queen, when I am very much stronger than you?"

A small but strong voice in her head said, "*I am here, dear heart.*"

Queen Lucy gave a thin smile. "I have something you don't."

Jadis gave a short laugh. "Ha! And what would that be?" she demanded.

The Valiant relaxed the bow string and held the bow and arrow in her left hand. She unsheathed her dagger and let Jadis look at its Lion head handle. The queen drew herself up to her full height, but then everyone on the deck could see the witch begin to cower. At first, they thought it was their imagination, but after blinking a few times, they saw it was truly happening.

Queen Lucy then looked Jadis square in the eye. "I have Aslan."

The witch's eyes widened in fear. Lucy took this opportunity and threw her dagger at Jadis' middle. The witch cried out in pain and went to rip the knife out, but Lucy rapidly fired arrows at both her hands. The archers on deck joined Queen Lucy in firing on Jadis. The witch cried out and even looked to King Edmund for help, but he smirked and waved mockingly.

Jadis finally died and vanished away. Queen Lucy retrieved her dagger and the arrows she had shot before returning to her brother. He was still pale from the ordeal, but before she spoke to him, the crew began to panic since the *Dawn Treader* was still inside the Dark Island.

"*Aslan, please guide us from this horrid place, and may we not think of our terrors until we are past,*" Lucy prayed.

Her prayer was heard. From the clouds came a great, golden albatross.

"Look!" shouted King Caspian. The golden bird circled the boat and flew off to starboard.

"Every available man get below and row!" ordered Drinian when it was clear the albatross would guide them out.

Quick as a wink, the Narnians rushed down to the oars and began rowing as Drinian steered the *Dawn Treader* towards the albatross. Within five minutes, they were clear of the Dark Island, and a breeze blowing east picked up. Before the albatross left, it flew around Lucy and seemed to say something, though no one but Queen Lucy understood it. The queen smiled at the words as the bird flew away.

As soon as she was free, the queen attended to her brother. "Are you alright, Edmund?"

The Just gave her a small smile. "I'm better now. Thanks, Lu."

The King and Queen of Old shared a warm hug. "You're welcome, Ed."

Caspian then came up to them and waited patiently to be acknowledged. The two royals separated, and Queen Lucy asked, "What is it, Caspian?"

"I came to make sure you both are alright."

The Valiant and Just gave Narnia's current king smiles. "We are," Edmund replied.

King Caspian gave a smile of relief. "That's good. I must ask, Lucy, how did you know Aslan was with you?"

Lucy's smile got wider. "I've always known He is with me, even now. He also told me so. He always does when I'm in a dangerous position."

"Why does He do that?" Caspian asked.

"So He can give me His strength. I'm stronger with Him than without Him. Aslan's done the same for Edmund, Susan, and Peter, too."

"It's just harder for the rest of us because Lucy has always had more faith," King Edmund added.

"Aslan can do the same for you, Caspian," Lucy said. "You just need to have faith in Him."



Susan's Path

By Avellina Balestri

The snow was soft as fur
Angel-winged and white
A hand-brush with forever
Dazzling and bright

That wardrobe held our wish
That gushed forth liked a stream
And birthed a wondrous world
With daring and a dream

The freshness of our youth
We marked with snow-stained feet
And we had faith in fancies
A lamppost light to lead

My bow and arrow served me
The twang sang in my ears
Like birds of war ascending
Putting to flight my fears

The horn was at my lips
And notes rose from the past
Like the sweetest drink of succor,
My lips still crave the taste

But the thing that charmed me most
The Lion, and His mane...
The way His roar resounded
Majestic and untamed

We journeyed there as one
We weathered storms with friends
The world was fair as love
And darkness had an end

But all is now eclipsed
Our memories recede
For nothing is as real
As children's make-believe





The world is deaf and dumb
Wrong is the same as right
We are the walking wounds
Of disillusion's bite

Take the compass path
We have oft been told
Accept it all as nothing
Rage not against the cold

Try everything and nothing
Experience is key
Embrace the senseless vacuum
That sucks out memories

This is the grownups' world
We dreamt of in our youth
Yet now a nightmare reigns
And we ask, what is truth?

I manage in the day
To play the cynic's part
To know that God is Dead
And so is my cold heart

But in the night I scream
And beat my pillow hard
For woods of worlds still haunt
And numb souls feel the shard

Yes, in the night I dream
I hear the lion's roar
I see Him handed over
To even treason's score

I see the witch of ice
Who seems most like our world
With all her cunning calm
And all her wrath unfurled

"So much for love," she says
I see the blade unsheathe
I see it plunge through fur
I see Him drowned in death

I shudder and awake
I tell myself it's false
I shiver in the silence
And yet I feel the loss



Oh yes, the loss runs deep
Deeper than any lie
So I embrace the pain
And in the dark I cry

I feel no ounce of faith
Yet terror in the doubt
For there is so much to lose
I never dared to count

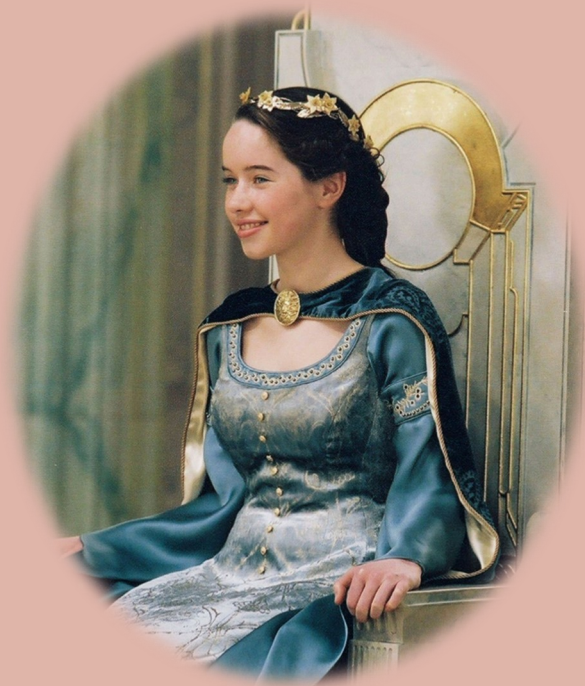
I tried to turn my mind
To shiny grownup toys
From posh careers and styles
To flirting with the boys

Yet emptiness is here
And deafness in the soul
I only dream of lion's eyes
Hear Narnian oceans roll

So in the dark I walk
Step by step alone
Yet sometimes I'm a queen
Upon a Narnian throne

And there are tremors here
An earthquake splitting breath
A table cracked in two
The turning back of death

For dreams are often real
More real than real to me
And I think if I keep dreaming
The truth might set me free



His Daughter

By Kendra E. Ardnek

When Ramandu had first been given the task of guarding the island and the stone knife, he had been very old and desired only solitude. But he was not so old now and desired company. Yes, he did have visitors from time to time, usually Aslan or perhaps one of the other Stars. He longed for someone who wouldn't leave, or at least not leave quite so soon.

"Ramandu," came a familiar voice as he stood watching the sea one day.

"Aslan," said Ramandu, turning and bowing respectfully to the speaker.

"Ramandu," said the great Lion. "I have a task for you."

"I will perform it to the best of my ability," replied Ramandu.

"You have done well in the keeping of this island and the guarding of the Stone Knife," commended Aslan. "But I have another for you to guard and keep, if only for a short season. Look on my back."

Ramandu did as he was instructed, and found a sleeping child – a girl – no more than a year old, hidden in the lustrous mane. She was a beautiful child, with flaxen curls, delicate features, and a rosebud mouth. She slept peacefully, her hands entwined in the mane. At Ramandu's touch, her eyes fluttered open, and she stared up at Ramandu like the reflection of the sky above.

"She is important to the fate of Narnia," said Aslan solemnly. "In her veins runs the royal blood of King Frank and Queen Helen: Guard her well, Ramandu. Teach her well. Be a father to her."

"Daddy?" said the girl in a sweet, questioning voice as Ramandu took her into his arms.

"He is your daddy now," said Aslan. With those words, he left, leaving Ramandu no longer lonely, but with a young girl clinging to his neck.

As Aslan had not told Ramandu the girl's name, Ramandu called her merely "Daughter," not wanting to call her a new name if her parents had given her one already. Years passed, and as she grew older, Ramandu grew younger. It seemed to him that the presence of the child took as many years, if not more, from him as did the Fire Berries.

According to Aslan's instruction, he taught her everything a young girl would need to know – and more as he deemed fit. He watched in wonder as she grew from a beautiful child to a beautiful young girl.

One day a ship sailed up to the island, with only three travel-weary passengers. The table that was prepared for the travelers' enjoyment was a welcome sight to them. However, as they ate at the table, they fell to arguing over whether to sail home or continue to travel on. One, in a fit of anger, took hold of the stone knife—



Instantly, sleep fell on all three.

"The poor men," said the girl as they emerged the next morning and found them. Ramandu never ventured outside except during the day, as the sight of the stars above only made him homesick.

"They shall awaken again in time, daughter," said Ramandu wisely. "Just be patient."

"But when?" questioned the girl.

"When another ship arrives, then travels to Aslan's country, leaving a member of its crew behind, and returns here," said Ramandu. "Then they will awaken, and they will return to their homes."

~~~~

Years continued to pass, and the girl only grew more beautiful. Soon she was a young woman. One day, another ship came, just as Ramandu and his daughter took shelter for the night. Ramandu recognized two of them – King Edmund and Queen Lucy from oh-so-many years ago.

He explained to his daughter who those two were, and she asked about the others. Unfortunately, Ramandu had no answer. By the attention she seemed to devote to one of the unknowns, Ramandu wondered if he had begun to lose her.

As they watched in the shelter of their cave, they realized that travelers were not partaking of the feast, and the girl's brow became knit with concern. "Why aren't they eating, Father?" she asked.

"I know not," Ramandu admitted.

Finally, just before dawn, he gave the girl leave to go and talk to the party. Ramandu knew the party was trustworthy, as they had in their number the Just King and the Valiant Queen. He told his daughter that he would be out, as was his habit, at dawn.

As he later watched the party sail away later, he knew that when the ship came back, his daughter would leave on it.

And so it happened, and his Daughter became the Queen. Ramandu waited eagerly for news of her and her life with the young King Caspian. He rejoiced when he heard of the birth of their son, Rilian, and grieved when he learned of her death and the son's disappearance. He was grieved more by the latter, however, as he knew that she was now in Aslan's Country, a much better place.

One day, he saw two children fly over the island, one sometime after the other. The first he recognized as being Eustace, the cousin of the Kings and Queens of Old who had visited the island with Edmund, Lucy, and Caspian. The other was a girl he didn't know.

He later rejoiced when he learned that they had been sent on a quest to find his daughter's missing son and that the quest was successful.







Many years later, Rsamandu finally became as young as a babe that had just been born yesterday, and he retook his place among the stars.  
But he never forgot the girl.  
He never forgot his daughter.



Ramandu's Daughter  
by Bard Judith 2018

# OVER LAND AND UNDER INTO THE DEEP REALM:

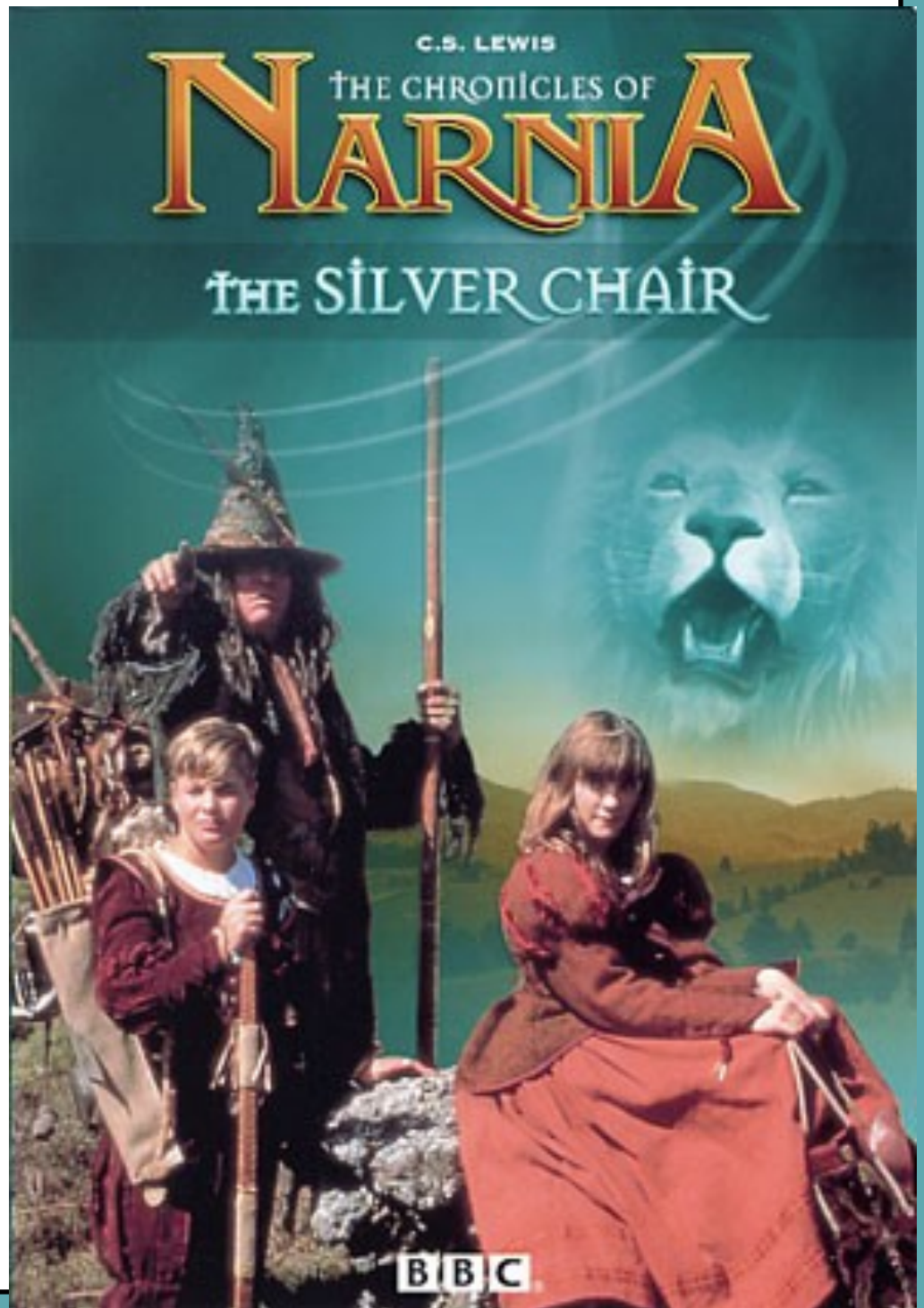
A REVIEW OF *THE SILVER CHAIR* BY C.S. LEWIS,  
AS ADAPTED BY THE BBC

BY CAROLINA HOBOT (ALIAS LILA TULIP)

The BBC adapted four books from *The Chronicles of Narnia* series by C.S. Lewis. The lucky four were: *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* (TLWW); *Prince Caspian; The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*; and *The Silver Chair*. Those mini-series aired on television from 13 November 1988 to 23 December 1990<sup>(1)</sup>.

Alas, the remaining books were never adapted and this is a great loss, for the BBC series showed a faithfulness to the books that, when matched with the acting and sets, somehow conjured the essence of Narnia, bringing the books successfully to life.

My review focuses on *The Silver Chair*. Why? Well, *The Lion, the Witch and the*





*Wardrobe* has had much ink spilled on it – and typed! Unfortunately, adaptations of the other books in media are rarer and harder to find. Another reason is that *The Silver Chair*, out of the Narnia series, ties for my favourite book with *The Magician's Nephew*. So, like Eustace and Jill, let us push open the door in the wall at the top of the hill, and enter...Narnia.

*The Silver Chair* consists of six episodes, the first of which opens with Jill Pole, (played by Camilla Power) running away from the awful bullies that her school encourages. She bumps into Eustace Scrubb (played by David Thwaites), who is a reformed individual after his experiences in *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*. Together they run and try to hide, whereupon Eustace reveals the world of Narnia, suggesting they ask a 'certain someone' to help them...them. The actor here was very good, capturing the awe that this 'certain someone' inspires. This same wonder is repeated by Jill, and the actress, Camilla, has an echo in her voice, as if deep within her the name kindles an awe and hope she is hardly aware of.

'Magic circles' are dismissed by Eustace, and in that a clue is given to the identity – the true identity – of this certain someone. This saviour of theirs—Aslan, as Eustace now reveals—needs only to be called by name and asked for admittance to his world. This glimpse at Aslan provided by Eustace implies that Aslan's power is beyond/outside the need for spells. He will come if asked and you are truly in need.

As the story continues, Eustace and Jill are interrupted and run until they find the door in the school wall, fortuitously unlocked. Opening it, they see a world revealed before their eyes that is certainly not the heather on the moors that borders their school!

Dashing through with them, we see their adventures begin.

Almost instantly they squabble, resulting in Jill being left on the high mountain, not alone but in the company of a lion. Here we learn that the task Aslan will entrust to them has been endangered by their squabble, for in Eustace's absence, it is left to Jill alone to meet Aslan and hear his words. This is vital to the plot, for upon Jill, Aslan impresses not only their quest, (echoing on one level the legends of Knights sent on quests to save friends or slay monsters), but the signs by which they will be guided on their quest. Here, Camilla does a good job of displaying her nervousness about meeting a lion—a lion she must ultimately trust on courage and faith alone, so that she can drink water from the stream running near him. Once done, she must face and speak with Aslan, and her regret over her actions is easy to pick up, so you feel strongly for her.

I have referred to the acting in passing, but now shall go into a little more depth, leaving the story for those unfamiliar with it, so no major spoilers are revealed. The acting from the children to the adults is first class. Indeed, for many today the acting by the children may appear dated, missing the modern 'glamour' of a less classical approach and more relaxed attitude. Camilla and David display the appropriate emotions both by their bodies and their speech. In fact, it is refreshing to hear their clear enunciation. This results in not only catching every word, but also their meaning by the inflection they put on each word or phrase.

Compared with today, the lack of action and special effects means that the acting has to truly pull the spirit of the book onto the screen. The BBC managed this feat by casting children who were capable of expressing the emotions of Jill and Eustace with aplomb. Their vocal and physical discipline is reminiscent of stage acting where the props, while important, cannot cover a lack of ability in the actors and actresses.

The superb acting choices continues with the casting of Puddleglum, the Marsh Wiggle, who accompanies them on their adventure. Despite his negativity and fateful attitude, Puddleglum is a beloved character who decides he must escort Jill and Eustace. Who could capture this peculiar mix of negativity and depression, yet with a streak of valour, as expressed by the Marsh Wiggle? None other than Tom Baker. *Doctor Who* fans know him as the Fourth Doctor with the colourfully long scarf that somehow wasn't a tripping hazard. As Puddleglum, Tom Baker triumphs. You are kept enthralled by a mixture of amusement and exasperation at his doom and gloom pronouncements. Tom Baker fosters a fondness for the character that grows as you watch him and the children at their task, and he poignantly shows ultimate courage and self-sacrifice in freeing them from the spell of the Green Lady in Underland.

Their mutual despair when they realise how the Green Lady has duped them and they have missed another sign is beautifully done, echoing in their determination to put things right. Later on, it is this remembrance of falling afoul that encourages them to take heart and put faith again in Aslan, even when by following the final sign they have to release a young man tied to a Silver Chair, whom they believe to be mad.

I referred to the special effects above, and here a criticism might be levelled. In some places the effects are very dated, yet this does not mean we should dismiss this adaption or the rest of the series. Throughout the series, cartoons are used for some of the animals, but after a moment of accustoming oneself to it and understanding that this is part of that era of television, it is no longer jarring; rather, it becomes normal and the tale no less enjoyable.



Further, in a world where there is an overabundance of computer-generated imagery, even in a number of TV shows, it is almost restful not to have a slew of CGI on the screen. Animatronics instead is used for Aslan, and in a way this makes him *more real*. Your mind says: he is actually there, Jill or Eustace could actually touch him and not thin air or an item masquerading as Aslan, to be later filled in by digital effects. This is no censure of CGI, merely an observation that 'old-school' techniques have their place. The costuming must also take centre stage and overall the costume choices and designs showcase a BBC production crew serious about adapting *The Silver Chair* as faithfully as possible.

Action is not created out of thin air, and what action there is remains faithful to the spirit of *The Silver Chair*, and the same applies to the other adaptations in the series. In fact, the lack of heavy action is in the BBC's favour here. The action that appears is either from the book, or if the action has been added, it fits seamlessly into the show because it keeps the very essence of the book at its core. There is no reserve in showcasing the faith, trust, honour, joy, and hope from the books, which is lovely.

The BBC managed in this TV series to be as faithful to the books as possible. I dearly wish they had adapted the remaining books, because with the resources the BBC had at their command: excellent actors, costuming, and a wonderful screenwriter and production crew, they succeeded in bringing to life Narnia and Aslan. The joy and the fears, the evil and good, the redemption of those who had strayed, the characters, the wonderful tales and, of course, Aslan, reside in the series as in the books.

*Aslan!* Isn't he worth meeting? How about Jill and Eustace? The Kings and Queens of Narnia? The denizens of Narnia?

Please do watch the BBC series if you can. *The Silver Chair* is one magnificent adaptation, and the rest are the same in calibre. Give the series a chance and put aside doubts about the dated special effects, and the 'old style' in acting you may find strange. Then you can travel with the cast amid the beauty and wonder and magic of Narnia. You can experience the anxiety, the drama, and solemn joy of meeting Aslan, Jill, Eustace, Puddleglum and the others!



# Once & Always

By Danicka Cooper

Anguished, choking cries had long ago given way to the slow, steady breaths of deep sleep. However, tear-stained cheeks, tousled hair, rumpled blouse and the shameful, lingering scent of alcohol still betrayed the sleeper's tortured state. Her flat-mates had given up knocking on her bedroom door to offer condolences, comfort, or cups of tea—what does one say to someone who has lost their entire family in a tragic accident, anyway?

The dreadful telegram lay blotched and crumpled on the coverlet near her loosened fist; one could tell that she had been clenching it with all her might, perhaps pressing her knuckles to her mouth to quiet her sobs.

Susan Pevensie was alone in the world.

The air in the room was damp; she had neglected to shut and shutter the windows. Dismal, drizzling rain was pouring down outside, pooling on the windowsill and dripping to the floor. Lightning flashed, and thunder followed in due course—long, rhythmic rolls that crashed on tirelessly, endlessly, like the sea...



The spray of water on her face was what finally stirred her to wakefulness. The expected chilliness, however, was absent; instead, she found herself deliciously warmed, as if by a summer sun. Less delicious was the absence of the expected comfort of her bed; rather than a downy pillow, she found that her face was pressed against something hard and scratchy. She closed her palm around what felt remarkably like hot sand.

“I must be dreaming,” Susan mumbled, still muddled by grogginess and grief, as she sat up and scrubbed the sand from her face and the sleep from her eyes.



A slender strip of white shoreline extended endlessly to her left and to her right, and the sea before her eyes was also white. No—not white, but clear, with fragrant white lilies scattered thickly across its still surface. And it was still; glassy calm, in fact, yet she could still hear the roaring and crashing of endless waves. Bewildered, Susan turned about in search of the source of the sound.

She was astounded by the sight that met her eyes; on the other side of the white shore, waves of silver and azure climbed heavenwards rather than falling to earth; she craned her neck, but the waterfall ascended into the sky until it disappeared into the clouds, and she could not see the summit.

“Yes,” she whispered breathlessly. “Dreaming.”

“No; Daughter of Eve. Wide awake.”

The voice stirred something within her, a memory half-forgotten, and her heart skipped a beat.

“Who—who’s there?” She stuttered, peering out the corner of her eye, at once both hoping and afraid to catch a glimpse of the speaker.



“Susan.”

Unable to resist the pull of the oh-so-familiar voice, she looked at last in the speaker’s direction , but saw no one—only a lamb, wobbly on newborn legs.

“Oh, you dear little thing!” She cooed, and knelt in the sand, extending a hand towards the creature.

The lamb looked at her with dark, ageless eyes, and did not move. Susan shifted uneasily and, after a time, withdrew her hand. She glanced beyond the lamb, to see where it had come from. No sooner did her eyes leave those of the lamb than she found herself crushed into the sand, propelled by something fierce and enormous. Terror seized her as searing pain lanced through her left shoulder; all was sand and confusion and a flash of tawny fur, and she hid her eyes behind her hands. A roar that was neither the sea nor the waterfall filled her ears until she thought she should scream, or go deaf, or both; it rattled her very soul.

“Help! Oh, help, please!” She shouted desperately, her voice returning to her.

The roaring ceased, and Susan felt a sudden release; the weight that had pinned her to the earth disappeared, and she scrambled to her feet, panting, clutching her torn and bleeding arm close to her chest. Trembling and terrified, she took in the sight before her—a great Lion, golden and beautiful and terrible to behold. She knew at any moment it could turn and pounce, and she would be no more. Then suddenly, impossibly, the Lion opened its mouth and spoke to her.

“Daughter of Eve, do you not know me?” The Lion growled.

Susan was thunderstruck, and her mouth dropped open of its own accord. The Lion’s tail twitched impatiently. Susan realized that the creature was expecting an answer, and she closed her mouth again, swallowing and searching for words.

“I... ah... I don’t...” She stammered uselessly, and the Lion fixed her with its amber eyes.

She felt that she could drown in the depths of those eyes—they were awash with rage and sorrow. There was something familiar about those eyes...

Memories cascaded down upon her as surely as the waterfall flowed upwards. She remembered looking up into these eyes for the first time and finding them majestic and full of wisdom. She remembered gazing into these eyes from afar and finding them sad and full of suffering. She remembered these eyes flashing with laughter as she romped with the Lion in the early light of dawn, and finding them full of love and joy.

“Aslan,” she said simply, dropping to her knees. She bowed her head, and her dark hair hid her face.

The Lion padded near to her then, and breathed first into her shoulder. The skin itched as her wound knitted together, and she rubbed it nervously. Next the Lion breathed into her face, and she found herself refreshed, though her face was wet with tears. The Lion lay beside her then, and curled protectively around her. She rested her head on his shoulder and breathed in the sweet scent of his fur.

“Aslan?” She ventured, when some time had passed.

“What is it, Daughter of Eve?”

“I don’t understand. This place; this isn’t Narnia. And you wounded me—well, now it’s healed, but...”

“Susan,” Aslan interrupted, and she felt silent. “Narnia is no more; that song has ended. I had hoped to see you there, with your brothers and sister, at the end.”

Susan felt her face flush with shame.



“They tried to remind me; I told them—I told myself—that it was make-believe. A game we played as children...” her excuses felt hollow and tasted sour. “Where are they? Peter and Edmond, and Lucy? My parents?”

“Friends of Narnia to the end,” came the easy reply, “They have entered my country, travelling ever onwards and upwards, into the story which goes on forever, each chapter better than the one before.”

“I am no longer a friend of Narnia,” Susan said softly, remembering a heated exchange with her younger brother Edmond.

“Queen Susan the Gentle, you are *of* Narnia,” Aslan responded, turning to fix her with his eyes.

“Perhaps I was once,” she answered bitterly, “But I forgot you. I made myself forget. How could I?! Now Narnia is gone, and so is my family. What else is there?” She broke into fresh tears, and Aslan breathed into her face once more, quieting her sobs and giving her strength.

“Once a King or Queen of Narnia, always a King or Queen of Narnia,” Aslan said.

Susan scoffed and would have protested, but Aslan fixed her with his eye and her voice stilled in her throat.

“Once and always,” He said with finality, “and as to what else there is... there is so much more, Daughter of Eve. Narnia is ended, but your world has not. There I am called by another Name; have you learned to know me by that Name?”

“I... I think so,” she sniffed and swiped at her damp cheeks with a sandy sleeve.

The Great Lion stood then, and shook himself.

“Then it is time for you to return,” he said simply, looking at her with eyes full of love.

“Oh! Must I? Can’t I stay here with you?” Susan cried, dread and desperation creeping into her voice again.

“You must,” said the Lion, “And I will be with you, always.”

The roar of the waterfall grew louder in her ears. Susan reached out and tangled her fingers in Aslan’s mane, stroking it tenderly as she had done as a young girl. She closed her eyes, breathed deeply, and found her heart content.



A church bell was tolling six o’clock in some distant steeple.

Susan Pevensie opened her eyes to the gray light of dawn. The storm had ended. She found that she was clutching her coverlet in both hands. She could smell toast and bacon, and she could hear a whistling kettle. She sat up and rubbed her temples; her head still ached. Her heart still ached. Breakfast would most likely cure the former. As for the latter...

She found that her eyes were drawn to her bedside table; there, a leather-bound book lay dusty and forgotten.

*Have you learned to know me by that Name?*

“Once and always,” she whispered to herself. “Once and always.”



# Jack

By Alexandra Jezierski

"We are sorry to announce that the 9:08 am train to Oxford is delayed by twenty-one minutes."

Gabriella heard the announcement with a groan. She shoved her backpack off her back and planted herself down on the station bench. Flipping open the book she was to have read for her Inklings class in an hour, she found her bookmark at page seven. Fingering the two hundred pages left, she grimaced. A quick skim-read would have to do.

"Excuse me."

She looked up. The man whom she was sitting next to had his face turned towards her – or at least what she could see of his face from under his grey Ascot top hat. A wrinkled face, with white sideburns coming down to a white tuft of beard, and blue eyes.

"You dropped your ticket." He said it with bemusement, almost jovially – as though it were funny that he should find it. He was holding out an orange railway ticket.

"No – no I have it." Gabi reached into her backpack pocket to show him. "It's here – zipped – so it's impossible for me to ever lose," she explained cheerfully. Her hand rummaged through the pocket. Again she rummaged harder. Nothing? "I just bought it – I put in here. I couldn't have lost it..." She stared up at him, thinking.

He lifted his hand, nodding at the ticket still in it. "Your ticket."

Incredulous, she looked him in the eyes, slowly put out her hand, and took the ticket from him. How the ticket was not in her backpack when ten minutes ago she had put it there, she could not guess.

Thanking him, she returned to her book. She could hear the man humming an old tune to himself with an occasional mutter of impatience about "useless trains around here."

The train whisked up, and shouldering her backpack, she saw the old man, twirling a black umbrella, step into the next coach of the same train.

As she settled in a window seat, excitable discussion across the aisle made her look over. A group of men in a set of six seats, facing each other, were talking in loud voices. All their focus was on some papers scattered on the central table, over which their grey heads leaned as they exclaimed to one another.

Their images reflected faintly as she watched the sheep fields out the window, enclosed by mossy stone fences, their greenness made almost neon by the misty rain that had started.

Snaking streams with floating sticks, rolling hills, and ivy-covered trees flew by as the train whisked through. Glued to her window, under her breath and just faintly enough that the other passengers couldn't hear, she sang Celtic songs that melded with the lyricism of the landscape. What a poetic phrase, and she had thought of it herself. And what a poetic existence, when watching the world fly by rhythmically, underlined by the low, subconscious rumbling of the train on the metal rails, letting yourself fall to a dreamy state where you feel part of the World Through The Window and yet you are part of the World Inside The Train, only looking on as the World Through The Window whirls by.

"Tickets to Oxford," an attendant called out.

Gabi broke from her reverie reluctantly. She handed him her ticket to punch.

The attendant scrutinized the ticket. "Ah." He scratched the stubble on his chin and looked intrigued. Then he cocked his head and grinned with a nod, tapping the ticket into her hand. "Out for an adventure?"

"Ye-es," she said, scrutinizing him in return, and then her ticket. "OXFORD" – it was there in black ink, all capital letters. There was no question about the ticket being to the wrong destination. But why was the ticket more and more feeling like it had some suspicious air about it?



Pulling up at Oxford station, it was a relief to find it quite unchanged. Slightly old and slightly dirty, but familiar.

She whipped open her pocket watch necklace – class in five minutes! She ran through the streets, wiping the misty rain from her face, almost tripping over a pokey cobblestone as she turned into New College Lane. Dashing into her college and down the hallway, she finally stopped, panting, in front of the door. She tried the handle, but it was locked.



Was class cancelled? She stared at the blank door, sat on the corridor floor for several minutes, and finally gave up. With a final glance of confusion at the door (and frustration for the needless running), she left and walked out towards the library to at least finish her homework for next class.

Walking through St. Mary's Passageway, she stopped a moment to admire the old twisted tree that had always reminded her of the tree whose wood must have been used to create the Narnian wardrobe. Its weirdly contorted branches and the way it leaned so heavily over the low brick wall behind which it grew, gave it an air of importance – as though it let you enter someplace different when you stepped under its branches. Whenever it rained, the bark look black. Gabi liked it because it made the tree even more mysterious.

She stepped under its low, bare black branches.

Then in one moment, the tree sprang to life – tiny blossoms of pink unfurled.

Little green buds emerged on the very tips of the branches, and out of them pale pink points squeezed out, unravelling their petals. Then they rapidly multiplied – within seconds, the bursting of the tiny flowers spread through the twigs, through the branches, wrapping the entire tree in a glorious shroud of pink. It wrapped her into its magic canopy. The faint sweet smell of the tree mixed with the dank smell of the streets. Mesmerizing. And impossible.

It had thrown her so off-balance – the suddenness of it – that she stumbled a couple of steps forward – and was about to take a look from a distance to ascertain what she had seen as she stood underneath the tree – when she heard a terrible roar.

Gabi caught a gasp as her eyes met with the face of a Lion. His wide, fierce, gentle eyes looked into her. There was only his face – and he was a carving in a wooden door by the Passageway– but he was real! His mane shone of gold, not wood. He bared his teeth and roared again – it was a roar at once terrible and gentle.

“Good morning,” two voices said in unison.





Gabi sprung back. Two gold fauns, adorning the top corners of the door, had bobbed their heads and moved their metal gold arms to play a tune on their lutes. She had seen them before. The Lion, too, she had seen. She passed them every day that she went to the library to study. But they were always ornaments, and now –

“Ah. My friend.”

Gabi spun around at the sound of the familiar voice. The old man from the train station was standing across from her, his black umbrella shielding his hat from the misty rain, with a pleased expression on his face.

He tipped his hat quirkily. “You’ve finally made it. I was beginning to think you may have had the wrong ticket.”

“What ticket did you give me?” she spoke slowly, thoughtfully.

“Your ticket, of course. Your ticket to Oxford,” he chuckled, adding a note of reassurance in his second phrase. “Mm –” He twirled his open umbrella distractedly. Rain rolled down its

side, splashing on her sleeve, but he did not notice. “With a touch of magic, perhaps.”

“Do you know about all – this?” She weakly waved her hand toward the lion on the door, the gold fauns (which were both now still), and the tree.

He didn’t answer. He just met her eyes solemnly and gave a short nod.

“You don’t know about – *this*.” He said the last in a hushed whisper, as though he were about to reveal something sacred. Putting his hand on her shoulder and the umbrella over both their heads, he guided her forward, towards a lantern.

It stood, solitary, in the middle of the passageway. Black and slender, with an iron-carved tip creating a sharp point against the grey sky. It was not lit, but it created a quiet centre, a landmark that felt at once familiar. Gabi knew it. She knew it from passing by every day, but she knew it in some other way, too, some way she did not know quite how to explain.

“I don’t understand –” She and the old man had stopped before the quiet dignity of the lantern. “I think I do know about this. But I don’t, at the same time. I know all these places. I see them everyday. But they’re so – so different. They’re *real*.” She looked up at him under his crookedly worn hat.





“Aha, that is because they were real all along – you were one of the only ones to know it. And you did not know that you knew it. Now you do.”

He leaned over and tapped the lantern with the tip of his umbrella. A light all of a sudden flickered, then flared up into a brilliant glow. A Lion’s roar from behind seemed to ignite the warm fierceness of the light.

They stepped into the world on the other side of the lantern. Everything looked the same. But the lantern gave everything there an aura of a slightly different world.

“There are some things for you to see. To the river, shall we?”

The misty rain had stopped as they walked, and the sun was pushing through the clouds. The old man folded up his umbrella and demoted its function to that of walking stick.

“Ah, and here we are. The Fellow’s old place.”

Gabi was about to inquire about who the Fellow was, but suddenly the view before her struck her dumb. They had passed through medieval cloister halls and were standing in a meadow, split by a curving stream, speckled with various figures. The figures, as they came into view, were of the most magnificent kind. Large, noble-looking centaurs were standing in the meadow. The sun had finally won over the clouds and its brightness, reflecting on the centaurs’ armour, made them blare with light against the dark of their skin and the chestnut of their horsehair. Dark-haired fauns were running about, some playing lutes, each emanating his own melody, yet all the melodies flowing into one single melody. A gryphon rose into the air, spreading out the heavy power of his wings with an easy lightness, just to duck back down and snatch a fish out of the stream with his huge beak.

Gabi was standing immobile, her hands clutched over her face in amazement, gazing with eyes that were filling with tears at the sheer magic of it, and the beauty, and the wonder, unable to absorb it all.

The old man settled himself in a tree trunk into which a seat had been carved, watching her enchantment with a smile that wrinkled the corners of his eyes.

She turned to him. “I never asked you your name.”

He pursed his lips bemusedly as though he had to think about it. “Jack.”

“Are you Jack Lewis? C.S. Lewis?”

“No, I am just Jack.” He crossed his legs, making himself comfortable against the backrest of the tree trunk. “Little Jack. One of the thousands of little boys who read about Narnia and believed in it. And one of only a handful who grew up and still believed in it.”

“Have you ever gone to Narnia?”

“Well, one day, I was twelve years old and it was raining. So I brought out my umbrella to keep me from the rain. I had taken the train to come into Oxford to get some sweets from the candy shop – and I was passing by the tree that you passed by today. A harsh yelling

was ringing through the streets. There was a lady from the Establishment who wanted to have the tree cut down to make a new door for her office building. A little girl was begging her not to, telling her that she couldn't. The men, three or four of them, were all ready with their axes to cut the tree down. It hadn't bloomed for years and years. It was never going to bloom again. What was the use of a crooked dark tree like that? The girl said that if they cut it down, Father Christmas wouldn't be able to come through on his way from Narnia anymore and he would be stuck. Two of the men were insisting that there is no Father Christmas, that it had all been a fabricated tale by her parents to keep her good, and the lady also told the little girl not to be foolish.

"The girl then burst out that even if they would pretend that Father Christmas did not matter, they at least had to save the dryad that lived in the tree. You see, the lady from the Establishment had just recently had a bridge built over the river. And whenever a bridge is built over a river, the naiad or river god who lives there is imprisoned forever. So it mattered a great deal that at least the poor tree nymph be saved.

"I joined the girl's cause when I heard it. I learned that the door the lady wanted to make was to replace the old wooden door just down the Passageway – the door with the carving of the Lion. When I learnt that, I simply couldn't not take a part in the matter. I told the lady that there is a Father Christmas, and that if she had any common sense at all, she would know that there are also flying horses and witches and fauns and a Lion, too. And dwarves. I looked her in the eye when I said dwarves, because she was very short. She was horrendously insulted and was just about to box my ears – when the voice of a kindly man reached my ears.

"The man took our side. He was the only grownup that did. He said it would not be fair to keep Father Christmas in the snow, and it would be far more agreeable to allow him to come to England, where it seldom snows and he could have a break.

"He insisted so intently against the cutting of the tree that the lady and the three or four men finally gave in. The girl – her name was Emmie – and I thanked him. But it was really the Lion that did it. I didn't know it then. But when we left the man – he said his name was two funny names that sounded something like olive and staples – and he said to call him Jack – he winked at us, just as we walked past the twisted old tree. He had a sort of secret to share in his wink.

"Just as we stepped under the branch of the tree, something quite unlikely happened. The tree in a moment's time burst into full blossoms, even though it hadn't for years. A beautiful lady appeared – a dryad – clothed in a dress of pale pink petals, with green leaves in her hair, and she guided us through the passageway. We heard a Lion's roar, and two fauns greeted us in unison. And then we found a lantern, quite surrounded by snow. The lady took us round the lantern and back to the Lion. He had sprung out of the door and was in his full, kingly form, his mane shining in the snow and his great paws bringing him up right to our feet. I was afraid, but Emmie was the first to speak to him. He told us many things, and most importantly his name. He looked into her eyes and she grew to love him even though



though it was only moments ago that she had seen him. Then he looked into mine, and I also –”

He blinked fast to get rid of some dampness in his eye.

He continued. “I asked him if he would come back with us, because life would be a heap better if we could see him. And the Lion said, ‘I am in your world. But there I have another name.’”

“I married Emmie. Then one day she was going to London on the train. And you know how trains don’t always go where you think they are going to go. Well, this train must have taken her to Narnia...and she must have been meant to stay. For I never had her back.” He paused for a long while. Then the light came back into his eyes. “And I suppose you’re one of the handful who still believe in Narnia.”

Gabi pressed his wrinkled hand and smiled. “I’ve never been able to stop believing in it,” she said simply. Then she looked around. “But if this is Narnia, it still looks an awful lot like Oxford.”

“Little Jack” let out several peals of deep-seated chuckles. “It is Oxford. Jack’s world. This is the meadow of the college where he worked.”

“So through his eyes this is what it all looks like.” Gabi gazed out at the centaurs and the fauns and the gryphon.

Jack led the way to a river. Gabi clearly remembered the college having a bridge, in this exact spot. But while everything else was the same, there was no bridge here.

Out of the river there leaped a half dozen naiads in aegean-coloured dresses made of river droplets. The river gods jumped playfully in front and behind them, their faces glassy but bright.

“Ah...” Jack adjusted his hat, which had become increasingly angled. “One more note. You shall see some fellow passengers if you drop by the Eagle and Child pub. Even a Fellow of mine.” Jack sent her a wink.

“They have paper, pens, and...passion?” she laughed, remembering the heated discussions over the inked scraps of paper belonging to the six men on the train. The Inklings. Naturally.

“Yes – though that may be for another day and another adventure.”



Gabi breathed in the view. “All these hills, and meadows, and nooks, and crannies – I really can’t comprehend it all fully how it’s the same and different at the same moment.”

Jack looked out across the river and across the meadow. “The Fellow said it this way—just that all the hills and meadows and crannies were in one sense just the same as the real ones, yet at the same time they were somehow different—deeper, more wonderful, more like places in a story—in a story you have never heard, but very much want to know.”

“Yes.” Gabi looked out at the naiads leaping in the sunlight. “A story I very much want to know.”



The Inklings (L-R): J.R.R. Tolkien, Owen Barfield, Charles Williams, C.S. “Jack” Lewis



# The Wood between The Worlds

By Christopher Woods

James and Michael Kay were exploring in the attic. It was always an exciting thing to do, especially on rainy summer days like this. There seemed to be no end to the piles of boxes. Each one had its own secret delights, and the boys never grew tired of playing with them.

Today, however, they choose a very old-looking brass-trimmed chest. A rather imposing lock appeared to seal it, but when James tried to lift the lid, it opened easily, and smoothly. Eagerly, they elbowed each other to see what could be in this curious chest. The result was disappointing. There was hardly anything in the chest, certainly less than the boys had expected. A few photographs and a small sack were the only apparent contents.

“It’s just a few old photographs,” Michael, the younger, complained. “Let’s choose another box!”

“Wait a minute!” James protested. He reached down and chose the largest picture, showing four children about their own age. “These look like princes and princesses! Surely they have some grand story?”

Michael pushed a couple photographs out of the way, and found a drawing of a faun and a little toy lion. His eyes lit up. “And here are their loyal servants!”

“Yes, yes!” James said excitedly, “I’ll be the older boy in the picture, and you can be the younger! We can imagine the girls.”

“We were sailing in a great ship,” Michael began, grabbing a sheet off of one of the boxes and throwing it across his shoulders like a cloak. James followed his example.

“The sea was calm, and a light breeze was all that our good ship needed,” James continued.

“Our good ship—*Morning Walker!*”

James deflated for a moment, aghast at his brother’s poor name. “*Morning Walker? Where did you come up with that?*”

Michael shrugged. “It was just an idea. I kind of like it.”

“It needs better words. It can have the same meaning. Maybe... *Dawn Treader?*”

Michael quickly resumed the spirit of the story. “Our good ship, *Dawn Treader!*”

“We were sailing in search of adventure and mystery!”

“The edge of the world! People always said that if you came to the edge of the world, you would simply fall off.”

“But the crew of the *Dawn Treader* was braver than any ordinary people! They were determined to find the edge of the world, and meet its dangers with a laugh and a glint in the eye!”

“And astounding sword skills!” Michael ducked to a corner of the attic and pulled out a couple wooden swords they had found in their previous rummages. He handed one to James, and they both struck heroic postures, sticking the sword through their belts and looking off into the distance.



“How far from land do you think we are now, Lord Argonaz?” John asked with a sweeping gesture.

“Doubtless, hundreds of miles, Lord Caspiar!” replied Lord Argonaz. “And hundreds more before we reach the edge of the world!”

“What of the ladies? How do they fare, this fine day?”

“Let me ask the faun.” Lord Argonaz mounted to the poop deck, where the faun carefully steered the *Dawn Treader*. “Sir Thomas the Faun! How are our sisters this morning?”

“The ladies are feeling quite well, your lordship,” Thomas answered, “And Alan the Lion is keeping watch in the prow. He’s seen nothing all week.”

At that moment, a fearsome roar shook the air. “Land! Land!” Alan the Lion came bounding up the steep steps, followed shortly by Lord Caspiar. “There is a small island straight ahead.”

“Perhaps the natives have a great difficulty that calls for our noble aid?” Lord Caspiar suggested.

“In any case,” Lord Argonaz decided, “We should put in to replenish our stores. My Lord Caspiar, how much treasure do we have left? We may need to use some to buy food and water.”

The two lords entered the cabin, and Lord Caspiar opened the small sack. It was full of little gold and yellow rings. “A score of rings, my Lord Argonaz!” he exclaimed excitedly. At once, the two lords thrust their hands into the sack, each grabbing a handful of the rings.

\*\*\*

“Hello, Susan!” David Kay entered the old house, pausing in the doorway to shake the rain off his umbrella. “What’s for dinner?”

Susan came out of the kitchen and gave her husband a quick kiss. “Roast chicken and a nice spring salad. It’ll just take a little longer. I’ll go tell the boys to get washed up. They’ve been playing in the attic all day.”

David laughed as he hung up his coat and hat. It was good to be home. Working in the insurance company office was no fun. His real interest was history. That was why he had persuaded Susan to buy this old house out in the country. Sure, it meant a long drive for David, but he didn’t mind. At least he wouldn’t be living in one of those dreadful modern houses. Those things had no character. But this place was altogether different! Susan had seemed a little reluctant when they first looked at it, but David slowly convinced her to buy it. And it seemed she was happy here. The boys certainly enjoyed it, and all the land that came with it. It was good for them. It was good for all of them.

“David?”





David turned abruptly, alarmed at the odd tone in his wife's voice. His alarm grew when he saw how pale her face was. She held a small sack.

"Are you alright, Susan?"

"They found the rings."

Evidently, whatever happened had caused Susan great shock. But David had no idea what she meant by "the rings." "I'm sorry, what's wrong? What happened?"

A tear slowly trickled down Susan's cheek. "James and Michael found the rings in my chest. They found the magical rings. And... I saw Aslan."

Suddenly, David remembered. All those stories she had told about her childhood, when he'd asked her about that chest himself. He'd completely forgotten.

"But I thought you said you were just playing make-believe! How about we sit down for a bit, you'll feel better. It's just the memories. Sit down with me for a bit." David began to put an arm around his wife's shoulders, but she pushed it away.

"No! David, they weren't in the attic! They weren't in the attic, and these rings were on the floor! And there was a little toy lion, and it was Aslan. So small, but for a moment, he was all I could see. And he spoke to me - 'my child'."

David was at a loss for words. Susan was usually quiet and kept her feelings to herself. Even when she did tell him what was on her mind, it never got so emotional as all this. "Su, please, calm down."

"Why did you call me that?" Susan demanded.

"Call you what? Su?"

"Peter called me that. And Ed, and Lu, and now they're dead! James, Michael, gone!" Susan suddenly collapsed to the ground, sobbing. David crouched next to her, frantically searching for the right words.

"We go after them, yes?"

"What?" Susan sniffed.

"These rings, if I remember correctly, are a portal of sorts, right? We can take them and go after them. We'll find them soon, and then we'll come home, and all will be right again."

"Yes," Susan said quietly, her voice still shaking. "Yes—" stronger now, "—yes, that's exactly what we'll do!"

\*\*\*

Two small boys splashed out of the pool, and scrambled onto the bank. But as they looked around them, a certain peace, or serenity, seeped into them, and they relaxed. Their fists unclenched. Rings clattered to the ground. The boys looked at the trees, then at each other.

"Is this it, my Lord Caspiar?" the smaller one asked. "Is this the edge of the world?"

"Or is it the beginning?" wondered the older. "And who's Lord Caspiar? My name is James."

"Why, you're Lord Caspiar, of course! And I'm the Lord Argonaz!"

"Nonsense! I'm James, and you're my little brother Michael. And we were playing in the attic."

Lord Argonaz was puzzled. "Attic? But Alan the Lion had only just sighted land. We were all gathered on the poop deck. But it was... so long ago. And a little fuzzy."

"Yes, I feel the same about the attic," James agreed. "I thought that was home. But perhaps I was wrong. This feels a little more like home."

"No," Lord Argonaz shook his head. "Not home. It just makes you feel welcome. And sleepy."

"But I couldn't possibly sleep, Michael!" James started walking further into the wood. "There's so much to see!"

"My Lord Caspiar, wait!" Lord Argonaz picked up the rings. "I think we came from this pool. We should mark it, to make sure we can find it again, if we want to go back."

James stopped, then came back. He looked at the pool, then pointed at the other side.



“No need! There’s some grass stripped away, and the dirt is very noticeable there!”

Lord Argonaz went around, and took a closer look at it. “But there might be identical strips near the other pools,” he protested. “Here!” Taking two rings, one of each color, he pressed them lightly into the dirt. “Now we’ll know which one is home. And we’ll be able to return to the *Dawn Treader* and tell our companions. It is a pity they couldn’t come with us.” He paused for a moment. “They must be worried.”

“Come on, Michael!” James urged. “Let’s go explore now!” He drew his sword and strode into the wood.

The boys wandered for a long time in the odd wood. There were pools all around them, identical to the one they had come from, with one exception: only theirs had a strip of dirt torn away. Lord Argonaz thought certain they were walking in a circle, but didn’t say anything. He looked off to the side for a moment, and a shine caught his eye. “My Lord Caspiar!” He tugged on James’ sleeve, urging him to look. James’ face brightened. “Something different!” he shouted, and ran toward the glitter, Lord Argonaz following a little more cautiously.

The source was yet another pool, but the water was different, somehow. Whereas the other pools were still, and slightly muddy, this one was clear, and bubbled like a spring. The green light of the wood fragmented on the surface of the pool, and the colors of the rainbow danced on the boys’ faces as they looked at it.

“It’s beautiful,” Lord Argonaz marveled.

“Michael,” James began, “We came here through a pool, yes?”

“Yes, when we touched the rings. These rings.” Lord Argonaz held out his hand.

“What if the pools led to other worlds? I mean, real worlds, not just pretend, like we do all the time?”

“We have real adventures!” Lord Argonaz protested.

James hesitated. “Yes, but... But what if we jumped in this pool, and it led to a world even more beautiful than the pool!”

“Here,” Lord Argonaz said. “We need the rings, I think.”

“Yes, that would make sense. Which color?”

Lord Argonaz closed his eyes and randomly chose a ring. “Green.”

They each put on a green ring, and Lord Argonaz began to put the others in his pocket.

“Wait a minute,” James said. “We don’t need all those rings. Here, we’ll just take a yellow one each, and you can leave the others here.”

“Why do you think we need a yellow?” Lord Argonaz asked.



The Wood between Worlds  
by Bard Judith 2018



James shrugged. "It would make sense. Maybe green rings send you places, and yellow rings bring you here."

Lord Argonaz shrugged as well but left the other rings at the foot of the closest tree. Returning to the bank of the sparkling pool, he nodded at James.

"I'm ready, my Lord Caspiar."

"Alright, then, Michael. One, two, three!"

\*\*\*

Susan remembered that when old Professor Kirk had told her his own story, he had experienced a slight confusion shortly after he came out of the pool. But Susan was so incredibly focused on finding her sons, that as she pulled herself into the Wood Between the Worlds, she only felt slightly dizzy, and even that soon passed. She helped David out, and sighed. Apparently, he hadn't been quite so focused.

David looked around with a simple look on his face. Susan waited until he realized someone else was there. "Do we know each other?" he asked innocently.

"Yes, David, and it's so good to see you again. But now we've got to get looking." Susan grabbed his hand and started dragging him through the wood.

"Was it high school? Or university?" David continued.

"Marriage, David!" Susan replied, eager to wake him up as soon as possible. "It was marriage, and we are here to find our sons!" She slowed her pace as she realized just how similar everything looked.

"*Oh!*" David exclaimed. Susan could tell that he remembered now. "It *was* real!"

"It *is* real," Susan corrected. "It is real, and Peter and Edmund and Lucy all knew it, and I forgot. I was a silly girl, and I forgot."

"Over here!" David pointed. "The grass is so tall in this place, it's easy to see. It looks like they went this way!"

Eagerly, David and Susan followed the trail. It twisted and curved, but they never lost it. It ended as Susan feared: at the edge of a glittering pool. David walked all around, and came back shaking his head. "They didn't go through it to the other side," he said. "There aren't any tracks leading away. They must've gone in. But I can see right to the bottom of this pool, and it's not deep at all. Less than a foot, even."

"They went in," Susan said with a certainty. "Put on a green ring."

David reached into his pocket, then looked ashamed. "I didn't bring a green ring. I forgot about that."

"I rushed you," Susan said. "I'm sorry. But the Professor said that if you were just touching someone with a ring, you could go through. Here," she offered her hand.

"Willingly, my love," David smiled.

They jumped in the pool.

\*\*\*

James and his brother found themselves in another forest, but a very different one. There were no pools, and the trees appeared younger, and more vibrant. They stood in a large clearing, with a lamppost in the center.

"There must be somebody living close by," James said, pointing to the lamppost. "That lamppost can't burn on its own."

"Can't it?" Lord Argonaz asked. "We came here through a pool, wearing seemingly insignificant rings. I should almost expect to find a lamppost burning on its own."

"Anyway, let's find some adventures!" James, again, strode boldly into the forest.



"I think we may have found the greatest adventure of all," Lord Argonaz muttered.

James was slightly worried by the way Michael was acting. Not only did he cling to the names Argonaz and Caspiar rather than James and Michael, but he spoke and acted in a way that only grown-ups in story-books did. And yet, perhaps what surprised James more, James hadn't seemed very surprised at all when Michael did. Certainly not when they were playing in the attic; that was how they always played. Not in the strange pool-filled wood; it seemed like one of those places where you spoke properly anyway. And not now, in the new forest, either; this place, James realized, felt like he was *inside* a storybook. And when he thought that thought, he knew why Michael and he so loved to read. The fairy-tales were more real than the day-to-day world, and certainly more exciting.

After walking for some way, they came upon a clearly defined path. The forest continued, but the trees began thinning out. The songs of birds of all kinds were all around them, little animals ran in the underbrush all around them, and the very sun seemed to dance around them with its rays. Just walking here, Lord Argonaz thought, is a wonderful adventure.

Suddenly, James grabbed his brother by the shoulder, and they saw a very odd sight: a mouse and a beaver, both abnormally large, were walking on their hind legs, and seemingly talking with each other. Their front paws moved and gestured in the air just as a human's hands would. Lord Argonaz drew his wooden sword.

"The mouse has the look of a fighter," he said, "It would be well for us to be on our guard."

"Calm down, Michael," James replied, "Who ever heard of a fighting mouse? There are other adventures." Though even as he said this, he saw the mouse catch sight of them, and place a paw on the hilt of a short rapier.

"No, there is only one Adventure," Lord Argonaz replied, "And it would be a pleasure to fight this mouse!"

As they spoke to each other, the mouse ceased talking to the beaver, and walked up to them. "Hallo!" he called. "A pleasant day for a walk, is it not?" The mouse bowed in a courtly fashion, and said: "I am Sir Reepicheep, Knight of the Order of the Lion. My companion is Mr. Beaver, a creature of most pleasant company. Who do I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Lord Argonaz, and this is James," Lord Argonaz stated simply.

"I am glad to meet you," Reepicheep replied, "And I am sorry I am not familiar with your name. From which noble house do you come from?"

"My sword will make you quite familiar with me," Lord Argonaz declared, "If that is what you want."

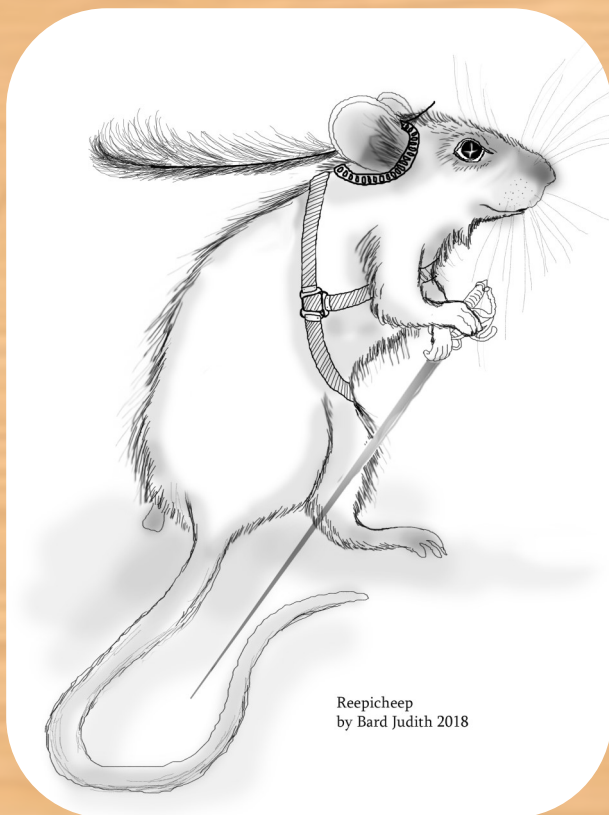
"I have no quarrel with you, my young lord," Reepicheep said softly, "But I would be happy for the exercise."

"Wait!" cried James, "Please, excuse my brother! We are new here, only just arrived!"

"Your brother has not offended me in the least, Lord James," Reepicheep said, still calm. "He has a fighting spirit, and it would be dishonorable for me to turn down a duel, now that he has challenged me."

"Leave them alone, Lord James," Mr. Beaver said, placing a friendly paw on his arm. "Reepicheep will only harm your brother's pride, not his body. And that is quite often a good thing."

"Stop calling me a lord!" James said, beginning to be annoyed at how everyone was acting. He usually had control over his adventures, but he had never





imagined one where others stole the show. "And how do you expect me to just sit back and watch my brother get almost killed?"

Mr. Beaver laughed. "Don't worry about death, Son of Adam," he said. "Just watch."

So James did. He clenched his teeth, and hoped that the beaver was right, that death was nothing to worry about. The boy and the mouse stood still, swords outstretch, measuring each other. A sharp clack! Then frozen again, their places exchanged. Metal on wood! But the mouse was simply playing, for the moment. Then the duel began in earnest, and it was clear who was the master. Lord Argonaz defended himself skillfully, and James fancied he caught a glint of admiration in the mouse's eyes. Lord Argonaz swung at Reepicheep's head; Reepicheep ducked, but not quite in time. His cap lay in the dust. The mouse tumbled through the air, lifted the cap with the point of his rapier, and landed, with cap at the same jaunty angle it had at duel's beginning.

"Leave the boy, Reepicheep!" a clear laugh commanded. "I daresay you've shown him enough!"

James turned, and saw that during the duel, three people had come up the path. Two kings and a queen looked on with joyful faces. At first, James thought they reminded him of his mother. But he knew them to be three of the people in the photograph.

"My Lords and Lady!" Reepicheep bowed. "I will do as you wish, though to be sure, this duel yet has no clear winner. I'm loathe to leave it as such."

The younger king laughed again. "Nonsense, Reepicheep! We all know that there's only one winner, when you're one of the duelists."

"Your highness flatters me."

"But come," the queen said, "Who are these boys? They seem to me familiar."

"And you to me, my lady," Lord Argonaz said, kneeling. "I am the Lord Argonaz, and this is my brother, who prefers the name James."

"I am Queen Lucy," the lady said, "And these are my brothers, the King Edmund, and the High King Peter."

"Tell me, my Lord Argonaz," High King Peter requested, "Are you Narnian? For if you are, I am sorry I do not know your name, and have only met you now."

"No, your majesty," Lord Argonaz replied, "If my memory serves right, I am American. But in truth, if this is Narnia, there is no place I'd rather be."

"You have a Narnian air about you," King Edmund pointed out. "How long have you been here?"

"Not long," James responded. "No more than a couple hours. We arrived by rings."

At this, the two kings exchanged a glance. "Can we see a green ring?" High King Peter asked.

"Yes," James answered, handing his over, "But how did you know one would be green?"

"Come with us," High King Peter said, "And you will know."

\*\*\*

"Extraordinary."

David gazed at the lamppost as though its very presence was a miracle. "How can a lamppost shine in the middle of a forest, with no other signs of civilization in sight?"

Susan gazed at the lamppost as well, but she saw the past, not the present. "It's the same, but different."

"Have you seen this lamppost before?"

"I seem to remember so; but perhaps all I saw was the shadow of the lamppost, and this is what cast the shadow."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," David said. He began looking at the ground, searching for the footprints that had led them this far already. "It looks like they went over this way. I'm glad they're staying together. As it is, I'm afraid of what they could find in this forest."





**“There is no reason to be afraid, Son of Adam, Daughter of Eve.”**

Susan’s heart stopped at the sound of the warm voice, a voice she once thought was simply the product of her imagination. But then she turned and saw the Source; and knew that if anyone was the product of anyone’s imagination, she was the product of His, and not vice versa.

**“Aslan!”**

The Lion smiled. **“I have waited long for this day, my child. Do you see?”**

**“My wife’s not blind, if that’s what you’re asking, sir!”** David said, a bit shocked at the Lion’s sudden appearance. **“And what have you done with James and Michael?”**

**“I would say that that is their story,”** Aslan said, **“But it is, in a sense, your story as well. So I will tell you what I told you before: Be not afraid. They are safe, with family.”**

**“We’re the family!”** David shouted. But Susan ran over and embraced the Lion, running her hands through the Lion’s golden mane.

**“Aslan, Aslan!”** she cried. **“I am sorry! I was so forgetful! I thought when you said I couldn’t return, that there were other things than Narnia for me. I have never been more wrong!”**

**“Peace, my child,”** Aslan said. **“Peace. You know me again, and you will not forget me. Not in Narnia, nor in America.”** He looked at David. **“Come, Son of Adam. Join your wife.”**

David approached slowly, his anger turned to fear.

**“Why are you afraid? I will not eat you.”**

David fancied he could see the Lion smile a little.

**“I am only smiling because my child has come home. And I would that you both know where your home is, now.”**

David was only slightly reassured by this, but when he touched the Lion’s mane, new strength flowed into him.

**“Come, my children,”** Aslan said, **“Your family is at Beaversdam.”**

**\*\*\***

Lucy sat, drinking Mrs. Beaver’s tea and listening to Edmund and Peter tell James and Lord



Argonaz of all their adventures, and of the rings, as well. When, looking out the window for moment, she saw a much longed-for sight.

“Susan!”

Lucy leaped from the table, spilling her tea and, after a hurried apology to Mrs. Beaver, she dashed out of the house, followed by her brothers. James and Lord Argonaz hurried out as well as Mrs. Beaver threw her paws in the air and shook her head.

“They’ll bring this dam down if they keep rushing

about like that!” But even as she said that, a tear of joy trickled down her cheek. She brushed it away with a corner of her apron. “Bless them,” she added.

“Oh, Susan!” Lucy cried again, giving her sister a huge hug. “It’s wonderful to see you again! I prayed you would remember! Thank you, Aslan, thank you!”

“I’m sorry, Lucy. I almost wish I had brought something back from Narnia, to help me remember it better,” Susan replied.

“Then that is what you shall do,” Aslan said. “Lord Argonaz, come forth!”

Lord Argonaz walked forward slowly, fear and joy churning his heart. Finally, he could come no closer. He fell to his knees, offering his wooden sword to Aslan. “I have loved and feared many kings, but I love and fear you even more, now that I see you. Please, let me fight for you!”

“What is your name?” Aslan demanded.

“Argonaz, Sire.”

Aslan shook his mane gently. “What is your name, my son?”

Argonaz hesitated. “Michael, Sire.”

“You love this world, and rightly so; for your mother ruled it wisely with her brothers and sister years ago, and brought happiness and peace to a frightened people. But it is not your world. I will accept your offer of fealty, however. For the time is coming when I shall have need of warriors in your world.” Aslan placed a heavy paw on Michael’s head and breathed gently. “Rise, Sir Michael Argonaz Kay.”

“I protest!” David shouted, his old uncertainty creeping back in.

“Silence, Son of Adam,” Aslan said sternly, though not without a smile. “This is not a republic, like in your world. I am King, and my Word is law; but my Word is good.”

“Yes, and that’s all fine, but you see, Michael’s given middle name is Christopher, after my father! And it takes a little more than that to change a name.”



a



“Do you not think I know all these things? I am not taking a name from your son, but I am giving him a new one. Walk with me.”

Aslan separated David from the others. At first, David tried to resist, but Susan smiled at him, and David went with the Lion.

“I would that you were not so stubborn,” Aslan began. “Why deny the miracle that you live?”

“I apologize for the stupid things I’ve said,” David admitted. “I just wish you would take things more slowly. At first, please. It would make things much easier.”

“There are many easier lives for you, David,” Aslan said. “None of them are better than the one I wish for you.”

“And why do you always talk in riddles like that? Why can’t you just say, ‘Suck it up, David, stop being such a whiner?’”

“Very well. Suck it up, David, stop being such a whiner.”

David’s temper flared. “Are you mocking me, sir?”

“No, I am merely doing as you requested. What would it take for you to trust me?”

David hung his head. “My heart tells me that you are God. But my mind does not wish to accept this, and tells me this is but a dream. Settle this debate.”

Aslan looked David in the eye. “I am.” Then he turned back to the others. “When you return to your world, look for me, and you will find me. Listen to your wife.”

David said no more.

“Come, my children!” Aslan called. “It is time for you to take leave of each other once more. But if you wish, you will meet when the time comes.”

“You mean,” Edmund began, “You aren’t dead, Susan?”

Susan just looked at her brother.

“The rings, Ed! They got here by the rings!” Peter hissed.

“Forgive me!” Edmund cried. “But all of us here have passed through death. I wasn’t expecting anyone to come here who hasn’t. But, Aslan, must they leave again so soon?”

“Yes, my son, but do not fear. You will see them again, in the fullness of time.”

“I promise,” said Susan, “I’ll never forget this. Not again. My life has felt a little empty since I went to America, but now it is full again. I will come back, just as Aslan says.”

Susan said goodbye to her siblings. Peter and Edmund shook David’s hand firmly.

“I look forward to seeing you again,” Peter said.

“And if you’re afraid of Aslan, I can understand that,” Edmund added. “But trust in him, and you’ll grow to love him more than you fear him.”

Then Aslan breathed on two trees; they twisted to form a doorway. Susan, David, James, and Michael Argonaz walked through the doorway, and returned to their world. But they did not forget Narnia again.





## **About This Magazine**

Fellowship and Fairydust Magazine is a publication of Fellowship & Fairydust Publications. F&F is an online literary blog and magazine that aims to inspire faith and creativity and explore the arts through a spiritual lens. F&F came into being when the blog and online magazine The Fellowship of the King merged with the online magazine Ink and Fairydust in January 2017. To learn more, visit [fellowshipandfairydust.com](http://fellowshipandfairydust.com).

## **Copyrights**

All articles and artwork belong to their respective creators and may not be copied without permission. Any copyright infringements are purely accidental. The works of C.S. Lewis are owned and copyrighted by their respective publishers and studios and are used here for entertainment purposes.

## **There's More Where This Came From!**

Did you like what you saw here? There's more where that came from! Plus, these are only a fraction of the many fandoms we cover! To learn more, visit [fellowshipandfairydust.com](http://fellowshipandfairydust.com) and follow us on Facebook at Fellowship & Fairydust Publications and on Twitter @FandFMagazine.



# Graphic Designers

Rachel Atterholt, Emily Geerling, Sarah Levesque, Amanda Pizzolatto, Ian Wilson

## Image Citation

Pictures from the Chronicles of Narnia movies are copyrighted by Walden Media or the BBC.

**Table of Contents** - Narnia Map [narniaweb.com/2005/05/brand-new-narnia-map-available/](http://narniaweb.com/2005/05/brand-new-narnia-map-available/)

**Editor's Note** - Redwall: [amazon.com](http://amazon.com) / The Hobbit: [Goodreads.com](http://Goodreads.com) / LWW: [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)

**What's New** - [wikipedia.org/wiki/Spring\\_\(season\)](http://wikipedia.org/wiki/Spring_(season))

**CS Lewis and the Intangible Mystery...** [freepik.com/free-photo/new-wood-texture-background\\_1185541.htm](http://freepik.com/free-photo/new-wood-texture-background_1185541.htm) / CS Lewis: [thefederalist.com/2017/02/24/inside-quiet-prophetic-politics-c-s-lewis/](http://thefederalist.com/2017/02/24/inside-quiet-prophetic-politics-c-s-lewis/)

**Beyond the Wood** - [pexels.com/photo/animal-pet-rodent-mammal-60693/](http://pexels.com/photo/animal-pet-rodent-mammal-60693/) , [commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Forest\\_Pool\\_-\\_geograph.org.uk\\_-\\_497434.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Forest_Pool_-_geograph.org.uk_-_497434.jpg)

**Narnia Adventures!** [cgsociety.org/index.php/cgsfeatures/cgsfeaturespecial/narnia\\_makers](http://cgsociety.org/index.php/cgsfeatures/cgsfeaturespecial/narnia_makers)

**Three Queens** - [jysk.ca/antique-wooden-frame-mirror-silver.html](http://jysk.ca/antique-wooden-frame-mirror-silver.html) / Lion: [pixabay.com/en/lion-male-african-man-close-eyes-2850138/](http://pixabay.com/en/lion-male-african-man-close-eyes-2850138/)

**Mirror of Stone** - Tumnus: Bard Judith

**The Devil Inside** - Hand: [becomingfullyalive.com/the-screw-tape-letters-quotes/](http://becomingfullyalive.com/the-screw-tape-letters-quotes/)

**Digory Kirke's Love:** [mscorley.blogspot.com](http://mscorley.blogspot.com)

**The Magic of Numenor:** Grey Havens: [forums.theonering.com/viewtopic.php?f=11&t=106263](http://forums.theonering.com/viewtopic.php?f=11&t=106263) / the Silent Planet: [phobos-romulus.deviantart.com/](http://phobos-romulus.deviantart.com/)

**This Too Shall Pass:** 9<sup>th</sup> Doctor: [ultimatedoctorwho.com](http://ultimatedoctorwho.com) background: [look.com.ua/download/60315/1920x1080/](http://look.com.ua/download/60315/1920x1080/)

**Dark Island** - Jadis: Bard Judith

**His Daughter** – Background: [walldevil.com/dark-landscapes-night-sky-skyline-space-stars-wallpaper-3099/](http://walldevil.com/dark-landscapes-night-sky-skyline-space-stars-wallpaper-3099/) / Illustration from the book (ill. Chris Van Allsburg) / [narnia.wikia.com/wiki/Lilliandil](http://narnia.wikia.com/wiki/Lilliandil)

**Over Land and Under** - Movie: [christiancinema.com/catalog/product\\_info.php?products\\_id=1104](http://christiancinema.com/catalog/product_info.php?products_id=1104) / Shield: [iconarchive.com/show/narnia-icons-by-icons shock/Shield-icon.html](http://iconarchive.com/show/narnia-icons-by-icons shock/Shield-icon.html)

**Once & Always** - [twitter.com/supevensie1/status/799623145904832512](http://twitter.com/supevensie1/status/799623145904832512)

**Jack** – cobblestones: [hotelroomsearch.net/united-kingdom/cobblestones](http://hotelroomsearch.net/united-kingdom/cobblestones) / train: [commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Oxford\\_Station\\_\(north\\_end\),\\_with\\_Down\\_express\\_and\\_Up\\_freight\\_trains\\_geograph-2517814-by-Ben-Brooksbank.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Oxford_Station_(north_end),_with_Down_express_and_Up_freight_trains_geograph-2517814-by-Ben-Brooksbank.jpg) / St. Mary's Passage tree [oushop.com/2011/03/29/cherry-blossom-at-st-marys](http://oushop.com/2011/03/29/cherry-blossom-at-st-marys) / St. Mary's passage: [oxfordhistory.org.uk/high/tour/north/stmarys\\_passage.html](http://oxfordhistory.org.uk/high/tour/north/stmarys_passage.html) / Eagle & Child: [danthoniadesigns.com/eagle-and-child-pub-sign.html](http://danthoniadesigns.com/eagle-and-child-pub-sign.html) / Inklings: [200.hc.com/stories/the-inklings/](http://200.hc.com/stories/the-inklings/)

**Wood Between Worlds:** background: [videoblocks.com/video/rotating-cross-section-of-tree-stump-isolated-on-white-background-hz-b6w5mcej1milrlw](http://videoblocks.com/video/rotating-cross-section-of-tree-stump-isolated-on-white-background-hz-b6w5mcej1milrlw) / Attic: [cluttertrucker.com/attic-cleanout](http://cluttertrucker.com/attic-cleanout), Wood & Reepicheep – Bard Judith / Lamppost: [stargazer1312.deviantart.com/](http://stargazer1312.deviantart.com/) Tree archway: [taddietales.blogspot.com/2008\\_06\\_01\\_archive.html](http://taddietales.blogspot.com/2008_06_01_archive.html)

**Image Credits:** Leaves: [photowall.com/canvas/yellow-wood-green-leaves](http://photowall.com/canvas/yellow-wood-green-leaves)

**Our Next Issue:** Arthurs (L-R) [merlin.wikia.com/wiki/File:S02e02\\_arthur\\_02\\_1600x1200.jpg](http://merlin.wikia.com/wiki/File:S02e02_arthur_02_1600x1200.jpg) / movie-fone.com/2017/05/12/disney-sword-in-the-stone-arthurian-legend/ / [amazon.co.uk/Legend-King-Arthur-Complete-DVD/dp/B01C2YFMXG](http://amazon.co.uk/Legend-King-Arthur-Complete-DVD/dp/B01C2YFMXG)

Robin Hoods (L-R) [disney.wikia.com/wiki/Robin\\_Hood\\_\(character\)](http://disney.wikia.com/wiki/Robin_Hood_(character)) , [playbuzz.com/maryfm11/do-you-know-once-upon-a-time](http://playbuzz.com/maryfm11/do-you-know-once-upon-a-time) , [rottentomatoes.com/m/robin\\_hood\\_prince\\_of\\_thieves/](http://rottentomatoes.com/m/robin_hood_prince_of_thieves/)

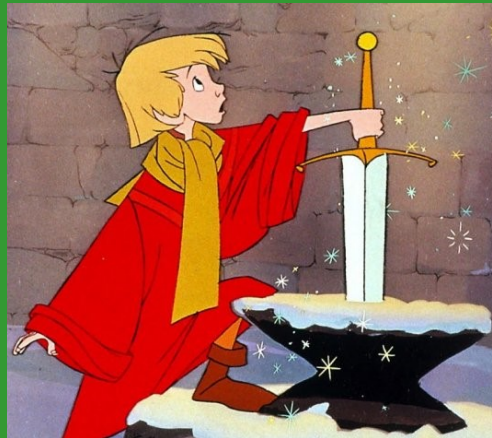


Join us for our summer issue...

# Arthur & Robin

## England's Greatest Legends

Whether you like this Arthur, or this one or this one or another...



or you like this Robin Hood or this one or this one or another...



We're looking for facts and fanfiction, original fiction and poetry, movie and book reviews, artwork and more!

Please fill out our sign-up form at [goo.gl/forms/XSWI5Mf6Zy5itNnz2](https://goo.gl/forms/XSWI5Mf6Zy5itNnz2)

**ALL SUBMISSIONS ARE DUE BY JUNE 4TH 2018**

Please email final submissions to [CampionsBrag@aol.com](mailto:CampionsBrag@aol.com)