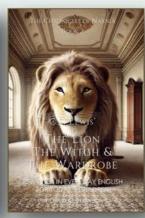
C.S. LEWIS'S

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA COLLECTION















RE-WRITTEN IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH
FOR TODAY'S CHILDREN
BY DAVID O. HARRISON

DAVID O. HARRISON

C.S. Lewis' Chronicles of Narnia The Complete Seven Book Series

REWRITTEN IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH FOR TODAY'S CHILDREN

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Original Author: Lewis, C. S. [Clive Staples] (1898-1963)

Date of first publication: 1950, David Geoffrey Bles, London.

MEET THE AUTHOR

DAVID HARRISON was born and raised in England and emigrated to Canada in 1973 at the age of 21.

When he was 35, David invited Jesus into his life. He is married and the father of two adult children. He attended a Brethren Bible Chapel in Scarborough for 25 years, ten of those years as an elder.

For 23 years David ran a successful audiovisual integration company in Toronto, Canada, catering primarily to universities, banks, and law firms.

In 2006 David founded Bus Stop Bible Studies¹, a ministry which used public transit advertising panels to display messages of encouragement from the Word of God to many millions of people in Canada.

For 10 years David served as the Board Chair of Daystar Native Christian Outreach, based on Manitoulin Island.

Now 'retired', David and his wife, Wendy, run a bed & Breakfast in Muskoka, and David has taken up writing as a hobby².

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¹ bit.ly/BSBSIMAGINE

² Books by the same author: amzn.to/3WqIAQE

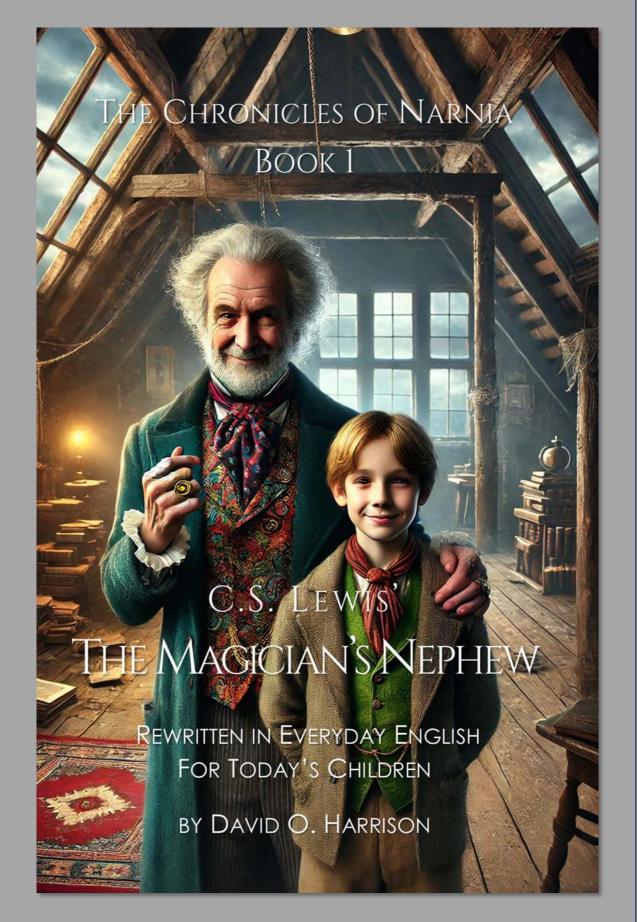
C. S. LEWIS - THE MAN BEHIND THE WORDS

S. Lewis used to not believe in God, but that changed as he got older. He wrote about this change in his book *Surprised by Joy*. He said that in 1929, he finally accepted that God was real, even though he wasn't very happy about it at first. This helped him understand why some people don't care about or even resist religion.

As a Christian writer, Lewis was very smart and wrote clearly and interestingly. He wrote many famous books for adults, like *The Problem of Pain, The Screwtape Letters, Mere Christianity, The Four Loves*, and *Prayer: Letters to Malcolm*, which was published after he died.

Besides his adult books, Lewis wrote wonderful books for children, especially the *Chronicles of Narnia* series, starting with *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. He also wrote science fiction and many books about literary criticism. His books have been translated into many languages and are read by millions of people around the world.

C.S. Lewis passed away on November 22, 1963, at his home in Oxford.



DAVID O. HARRISON

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA BOOK 1

C.S. LEWIS' THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW REWRITTEN IN EVERYDAY ENGLISH FOR TODAY'S CHILDREN

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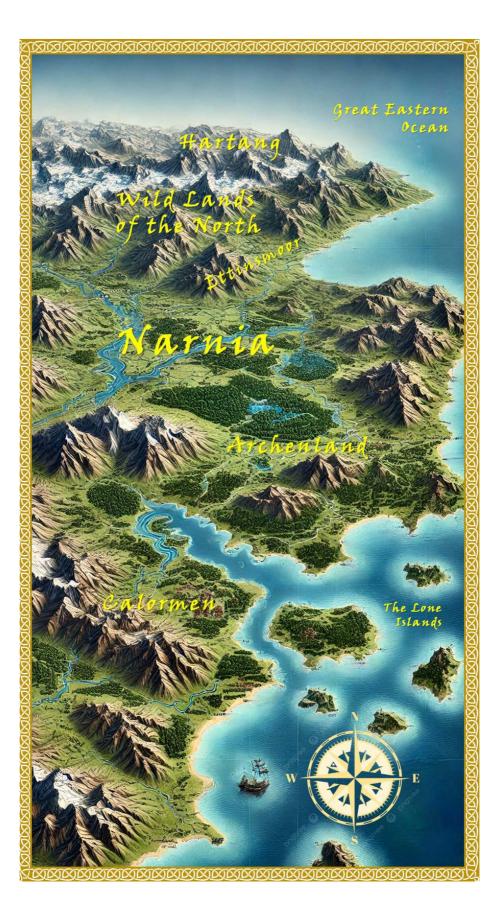
TABLE OF CONTENTS

C. S. Lewis - The Man Behind the Words	5
List of Characters	11
The Wrong Door	12
Digory and His Uncle	15
The Wood Between the Worlds	20
The Bell and the Hammer	25
The Deplorable Word	30
The Beginning of Uncle Andrew's Troubles	36
What Happened at the Front Door	43
The Fight at the Lamppost	50
The Founding of Narnia	57
The First Joke and Other Matters	65
Digory and His Uncle Are Both in Trouble	72
Strawberry's Adventure	80
An Unexpected Meeting	88
The Planting of the Tree	95
The End of This Story and the Beginning of all the Others	101
Ahout Aslan	828

THE MAGICIAN'S NEPHEW

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

This story is set in 1900 Year 1 Narnia time



LIST OF CHARACTERS

LIST OF THE MAIN CHARACTERS:

DIGORY KIRKE - A young boy who embarks on an adventure.

POLLY PLUMMER - Digory's friend and companion on his journey.

UNCLE ANDREW (ANDREW KETTERLEY) - Digory's uncle, a magician who sends Digory and Polly on their adventure.

JADIS (THE WHITE WITCH) - The main antagonist, an evil sorceress from the world of Charn.

ASLAN - The Great Lion who creates Narnia and guides the characters.

SECONDARY CHARACTERS:

AUNT LETTY Ketterly - Digory's aunt who helps take care of him.

MRS. KIRKE - Digory's sick mother.

THE CABBY (FRANK) - A London cab driver.

HELEN - The Cabby's wife.

 $\label{thm:cabby} {\tt STRAWBERRY} \ ({\tt LATER} \ {\tt NAMED} \ {\tt FLEDGE}) \ \hbox{-} \ {\tt The} \ {\tt Cabby's} \ horse.$

KING COL - Mentioned as an ancestor of Frank and Helen.

MRS. LEFAY – Uncle Andrew's godmother who gave him the magical dust used to create the rings.

THE DEPLORABLE WORD - Not a character, but an important plot element related to Jadis's power.

CHAPTER 1

THE WRONG DOOR

his is a story about something that happened a long time ago when your great, great grandfather was a child. It's an important story because it tells how people first started going to and from our world and the Land of Narnia.

Back then, Sherlock Holmes lived on Baker Street, and the Bastable kids were looking for treasure on Lewisham Road. Boys had to wear stiff collars every day, and school was usually tougher than it is now. But the food was nicer, and candy was cheaper and tastier. In those days, there lived a girl in London, England, named Polly Plummer.

Polly lived in a row of houses that were all connected. One morning, she was in her backyard when a boy climbed up from the garden next door and looked over the wall. Polly was surprised because there had never been kids in that house before, only Mr. Ketterley and Ms. Ketterley, a brother and sister who were very old. She looked up, curious. The boy's face was very dirty, like he had been playing in the dirt and crying.

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"Hi," said Polly.
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[&]quot;Hi," said the boy. "What's your name?"

[&]quot;Polly," said Polly. "What's yours?"

[&]quot;Digory," said the boy.

[&]quot;That's a funny name," said Polly.

[&]quot;It's not as funny as Polly," said Digory.

[&]quot;Yes, it is," said Polly.

THE WRONG DOOR

"No, it's not," said Digory.

"At least I wash my face," said Polly. "You should do that too, especially after..." She stopped, not wanting to be rude.

"All right, I have been crying," said Digory loudly. "And so would you if you had to leave the countryside, where you had a pony and a river, to live in this horrible place."

"London isn't horrible," said Polly, but Digory kept talking.

"And if your father was away in India, and you had to live with an Aunt and Uncle who are crazy, looking after your sick mother who's going to die," Digory's face showed he was trying not to cry.

"I didn't know. I'm sorry," said Polly softly. She wanted to change the subject, so she asked, "Is Mr. Ketterly really crazy?"

"Either he's crazy," said Digory, "or there's some mystery. He has a study on the top floor, and Ms. Ketterly says I must never go up there. It seems suspicious to me. And he tries to talk to me at meals, but she always stops him. She says, 'Don't bother the boy, Andrew' or 'I'm sure Digory doesn't want to hear about that'."

"What does he try to say?"

"I don't know. He never gets far. But one night, as I was going to bed, I'm sure I heard a yell from the attic stairs."

"Maybe he keeps a mad wife shut up there."

"Yes, I've thought of that."

"Or maybe he's a counterfeiter."

"Or he might have been a pirate, hiding from his old shipmates."

"How exciting!" said Polly. "I never knew your house was so interesting."

"You might think it's interesting," said Digory. "But you wouldn't like sleeping there, listening for Uncle Andrew's steps. He has such scary eyes."

That's how Polly and Digory became friends. It was the start of summer vacation, and neither of them was going to the sea, so they met almost every day. Their adventures began because it was one of the wettest and coldest summers in years. They had to stay indoors and explore. Polly had discovered that if you opened a little door in the attic of her house, you could

find a dark place behind the water tank that was like a tunnel. Polly used it as a smuggler's cave, with old packing cases and broken chair seats to make a bit of floor. She kept a box of treasures and a story she was writing there.

Digory liked the cave but was more interested in exploring. "How far does this tunnel go?" he asked.

"It goes on and on. I don't know how far," said Polly.

"Then we could go the length of the whole row of houses."

"So we could," said Polly. "And we could get into the empty house beyond yours."

"I suppose we should check it out," said Digory.

They decided to measure the attic and count how many rafters went to a room. Then they would know how far to go to reach the empty house. When they had measured, they climbed back into the tunnel with candles. They walked carefully from rafter to rafter until they saw a little door in the brick wall. Digory pushed the catch, and the door swung open. They were looking into a furnished room, not an empty attic.

Polly blew out her candle and stepped inside. The room was quiet, with shelves full of books and a big table covered with papers and things. There was a red tray with pairs of shiny rings, each pair hade one yellow and one green ring. Polly was curious and moved towards the tray. Digory called out to warn her, but it was too late. Polly touched one of the rings, and in a flash, she disappeared.

Digory and his uncle were suddenly alone in the room.

CHAPTER 2

DIGORY AND HIS UNCLE

It was so sudden and scary, not like anything Digory had ever dreamed of, that he screamed. Instantly, Uncle Andrew's hand was over his mouth. "None of that!" he hissed in Digory's ear. "If you make noise, your mother will hear it, and you know how a fright might hurt her."

Digory felt sick at how mean his uncle was being, but he didn't scream again. "That's better," said Uncle Andrew. "Maybe you couldn't help it. It's a shock when you see someone disappear. It surprised me too when the guineapig did it last night."

"Was that when you yelled?" asked Digory.

"Oh, you heard that, did you? I hope you haven't been spying on me."

"No, I haven't," said Digory angrily. "But what's happened to Polly?"

"Congratulate me, my dear boy," said Uncle Andrew, rubbing his hands. "My experiment worked. The little girl has vanished... gone right out of this world."

"What did you do to her?"

"I sent her to another place."

"What do you mean?" asked Digory.

Uncle Andrew sat down and said, "Well, I'll tell you. Have you ever heard of old Mrs. Lefay?"

"Wasn't she a great-aunt or something?" said Digory.

"Not exactly," said Uncle Andrew. "She was my godmother. That's her, there, on the wall."

Digory saw a faded photo of an old woman in a bonnet. He remembered seeing the same photo at home and asking his mother about it. She didn't seem to want to talk about her. It wasn't a nice face, Digory thought.

"Wasn't there something wrong about her, Uncle Andrew?" he asked.

"Well," said Uncle Andrew with a chuckle, "it depends on what you call wrong. People are so narrow-minded. She did some strange things, which is why they locked her up."

"In an asylum?" asked Digory.

"Oh no," said Uncle Andrew in a shocked voice. "In prison."

"I say!" said Digory. "What did she do?"

"She was very unwise. There were a lot of different things. We needn't go into all that. She was always very kind to me."

"But what does this have to do with Polly? I wish you'd get to the point."

"All in good time," said Uncle Andrew. "They let Mrs. Lefay out before she died, and I was one of the few people she allowed to see her. She told me to go to an old desk in her house, open a secret drawer, and bring her a little box. When I picked up that box, I knew it held a great secret. She made me promise to burn it unopened after she died. I didn't keep that promise."

"That was really rotten of you," said Digory.

"Rotten?" said Uncle Andrew with a puzzled look. "Oh, I see. You mean little boys should keep their promises. Very true, but rules like that don't apply to great thinkers like me. Men like me, with hidden wisdom, are free from common rules."

As he said this, Uncle Andrew looked so serious that Digory almost believed him. But then he remembered the ugly look on his uncle's face when Polly disappeared and thought, 'He thinks he can do anything to get what he wants.'

"I didn't open the box for a long time because it might be dangerous. My godmother was very remarkable. She was one of the last people in this country with fairy blood. In fact, you are now talking to the last man who had a fairy godmother. That'll be something for you to remember."

DIGORY AND HIS UNCLE

'I bet she was a bad fairy,' thought Digory, and he said, "But what about Polly?"

"How you do go on about that!" said Uncle Andrew. "My first task was to study the box. It was very ancient, older than any known civilizations. It was from Atlantis, a lost island that was already a great city at the dawn of time."

He paused, but Digory said nothing, disliking his uncle more every minute.

"Meanwhile, I set out to learn about Magic in general. I had to meet some very strange people and go through some unpleasant experiences. That's what turned my hair grey. But I got better. At last, I discerned the box held something taken from another world, when our world was just beginning."

"Huh?" asked Digory.

"Only dust," said Uncle Andrew. "Nothing much to look at, but every grain had once been in another world. I discovered that if you could get it into the right form, that dust would draw you back to its world. My earlier experiments failed, but I finally made the Yellow Rings. But I needed a way to bring back anyone who went to the Other Place."

"And what about them?!" said Digory. "They'd be stuck there!"

"You keep missing the point," said Uncle Andrew impatiently. "It's a great experiment! The whole point is to find out what the Other Place is like."

"Why didn't you go yourself then?"

Uncle Andrew looked shocked. "Me? The dangers of being flung into another universe? Preposterous! Think what Another World means... you might meet anything."

"So you sent Polly instead," said Digory angrily. "Even if you are my uncle, I think you're a coward."

"Silence!" said Uncle Andrew. "I am the great scholar doing the experiment. I need subjects. Bless my soul, you think I should have asked the guineapigs' permission too? No great wisdom is reached without sacrifice."

"Are you going to bring Polly back?" asked Digory.

"I was going to tell you that I did find a way to return. The Green Rings draw you back."

"But Polly hasn't got a Green Ring."

"No," said Uncle Andrew with a cruel smile.

"Then she can't get back," shouted Digory. "That's like murdering her!"

"She can get back if someone else goes after her with two Green Rings, one for each of them."

Now Digory saw the trap. He stared at Uncle Andrew, saying nothing.

"I hope," said Uncle Andrew in a high voice, "you are not afraid to go to the aid of a lady in distress."

"Oh shut up!" said Digory. "I see I've got to go. But you are a beast. You planned it so she'd go and I'd have to follow."

"Of course," said Uncle Andrew with a hateful smile.

"Very well. I'll go. But you're a wicked, cruel magician, like in the stories, I bet you'll be punished in the end."

For the first time, Uncle Andrew looked really scared. But then he laughed and said, "Old wives' tales! I don't think you need to worry about me. Better worry about your friend. She's been gone a while. If there are dangers Over There, it would be a pity to arrive too late."

"A lot you care," said Digory. "What do I have to do?"

"Control your temper," said Uncle Andrew. "Now, listen carefully."

He put on gloves and walked to the tray with the Rings. "They only work if they touch your skin. With gloves, I can pick them up safely. The moment you touch a Yellow Ring, you vanish out of this world. In the Other Place, a Green Ring will bring you back. Now, I put two Greens in your right pocket. One for you and one for the girl. Now pick up a Yellow Ring."

Digory almost picked up the Yellow Ring but stopped. "What about Mother? What if she asks where I am?"

"The sooner you go, the sooner you'll be back," said Uncle Andrew.

"But you don't really know if I can get back."

Uncle Andrew shrugged, walked to the door, unlocked it, and said, "Go to dinner then. Leave the girl to be eaten by wild animals or lost forever. Maybe you should tell Mrs. Plummer she'll never see her daughter again because you were afraid to put on a ring."

DIGORY AND HIS UNCLE

"By gum," said Digory, "I wish I was big enough to punch your head!"

Then he buttoned his coat, took a deep breath, and picked up the Ring. He thought he couldn't have done anything else.

CHAPTER 3

THE WOOD BETWEEN THE WORLDS

The Andrew and his study disappeared instantly. For a moment, everything was a blur. Then Digory noticed a soft green light above him and darkness below. He wasn't standing, sitting, or lying down, and nothing was touching him. "I think I'm in water," he said to himself, which scared him for a second. But soon, he felt himself rushing upwards. Suddenly, his head came out into the air, and he found himself climbing onto a grassy shore by the edge of a pool.

As he stood up, he realized he wasn't wet or out of breath. His clothes were dry. He was by a small pool in a forest with trees so close together and leafy that he couldn't see the sky. The light was green and came through the leaves, but it was bright and warm, indicating a strong sun overhead. The forest was incredibly quiet... no birds, insects, animals, or wind. It was so silent that you could almost feel the trees growing. There were many other pools, one every few yards, as far as he could see. The forest felt very alive. Digory later described it as "a rich place, as rich as fruitcake."

The strangest thing was that Digory quickly forgot how he got there. He wasn't thinking about Polly, Uncle Andrew, or his mother. He wasn't scared, excited, or curious. If someone had asked, "Where did you come from?" he might have said, "I've always been here." It felt like he had always been there, never bored, even though nothing ever happened. He later said, "It's not the sort of place where things happen. The trees go on growing, that's all."

After looking at the forest for a long time, Digory noticed a girl lying on her back near a tree. Her eyes were half-closed, like she was between sleeping