

The C. S. Lewis & Inklings Society

Newsletter 11 (May 2015)



inklinations

The CSLIS is an academic society that promotes Inklings studies. See our website hosted by Oral Roberts University:

http://www.oru.edu/academics/resources/cs_lewis/

**Swæt we inclinga on ærdagum
searopancolra snyttru gehierdon . . .**

þara wæs Floðuig sum,

hæleda dyrost, brad ond beorhtword . . .*

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

On the weekend of March 26-28, 2015, presenters from sixteen different college or university campuses across the U.S., both secular and private, convened at the 18th Annual C.S. Lewis & The Inklings Society Conference at Grove City College in Grove City, Pennsylvania.



Dr. Janice Brown and her colleagues at GCC hosted and moderated seven concurrent sessions of papers, plus four plenary sessions, related to the conference theme, "The Fellowship of the Book: The Inklings in Community."



Hosted at the stately, beautiful campus of Grove City College, the conference began Thursday afternoon with two sessions of student papers followed in the evening with a dramatic presentation of Dorothy Sayers' *Man Born to be King* produced entirely by GCC students in the Little Theater, Pew Fine Arts Center. It was a stunning series of scenes from that program that truly brought the Gospels to life in unforgettable fashion.

*"Lo! we have heard in old days of the wisdom of the cunning-minded Inklings. . . One of them was [Lewis], dearest of men, broad and bright of word" (Humphrey Carpenter, *Inklings* 176-77).

Conference attendees were able to dine together that evening in the Hicks Dining Hall, reconnecting with old comrades and making new friends.

The following morning, Grove City College generously provided coffee, juice, and danishes.



An Evensong service, based on the Book of Common Prayer, was held at the chapel. At this special service, besides the hymns and scripture readings, Dr. Janice Brown read from Charles Williams' *Descent into Hell* and Dr. James Dixon read from *The Four Loves*.

The CSLIS Executive Board were pleased to offer **cash awards for winning papers**: Congratulations to all! Please see Abstracts of these papers, and the entirety of each winning Creative entry, at the end of the newsletter.

Academic Papers

Undergraduate:

First Prize: "The Calormene Archenlander: Deconstruction in *The Horse and His Boy*."
Author: Daniel Bowman, Junior English Major, Grove City College

Honorable Mention: "White Witch or Devil? An Analysis of the Archetype of

Jadis in *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe* and *The Magician's Nephew*."
Author: Carl Krushinski, Undergraduate, Oral Roberts University

Honorable Mention: "What Does the Fox Say: The Insufficiency of Rationalism in *Till We Have Faces*"
Author: Grayson Quay, Junior English Major, Grove City College

Scholar Papers:

First Prize: "The Centrality of the Tom Bombadil Episode in *The Fellowship of the Ring*: Lessons in Friendship, Community, and Grace." Author: Dr. David S. Hogsette, Writing Program Director and Professor of English, Grove City College

Honorable Mention: "C. S. Lewis, W. B. Yeats and the Occult Temptation."
Author: Thomas Garrett Isham, Independent scholar.

Honorable Mention: "Shared Ideas Among Friends: The Common Ground of Owen Barfield, J.R.R. Tolkien, and C.S. Lewis."
Author: Phillip Fitzsimmons, Reference and Digitization Librarian, Southwestern Oklahoma State University

Graduate Paper:

Honorable Mention: "Suppose there were a Narnian World: C. S. Lewis's Rhetorical Use of Proposals." Author: Clare Murray, MA Candidate in Rhetoric and Composition, Texas State University

Creative Writing

First Prize: "Jabberwock"
Author: Lauren Sestrich, Junior English Major, Grove City College

Honorable Mention: “Good and Evil: The Battle for Life.” Author: Kathyryne Hall, Undergraduate, Oral Roberts University

Honorable Mention: “A Joyous Reunion” Author: Daniel Bowman, Junior English Major, Grove City College



The plenary speakers this year were Dr. Diana Glycer and Dr. Jerry Root, both of whom delivered excellent keynote speeches.



Glycer (Photo by William O’Flaherty)

At the Friday morning plenary session, Glycer spoke on “Dryads, Dyads, and the Muse,” an enlightening talk that explained how many creatively collaborative groups like the Inklings

usually have not just one creative genius, but a pair of them. Lewis and Tolkien have been joined in more recent times by “dyads” like Paul and John of the Beatles, or Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak of Apple. Often one partner is more silent and the other more outspoken. Billy Graham emphasized dyads in organizations. Holmes and Watson were such a pair, as were Laurel and Hardy. Examples of dyads working together on Inklings works include Lewis and his brother Warnie creating the world of Boxen during childhood; Lewis and Joy collaborating on *Till We Have Faces*; Lewis and Humphrey Havard on *The Problem of Pain*; Lewis and E.M. Tillyard on *The Personal Heresy*; Tolkien and E.V. Gordon on *Sir Gawain*; Tolkien and his son Christopher on *The Silmarillion* (posthumously produced). Two is the magic number for creative collaboration. We need people in our lives who see our blind spots.



Root

On Friday at lunch, Root gave an address on “The Regarded Image: Lessons from the Medieval World of C. S. Lewis.” He explained the importance of reading past history and literature to gain a balanced perspective on our own times. For an illustration, he told the audience to imagine Milton trying to read a modern



novel and the extent of notes he would need to understand things like DVDs and automobiles. We can read the past to understand our present, but we can't project ourselves into the future and do the same to see what we've missed. In *The Discarded Image* Lewis presents a medieval worldview, a view of reality that is now obsolete in many respects. It was a model of the cosmos that wasn't "true" but it still has much to teach us. Reality is iconoclastic, meaning that it tends to break idols we have cherished. God himself, as Lewis wrote, kicks out the walls of his temple that he might give us more of himself.

19th Annual CSLIS Conference

The next CSLIS Conference will be hosted at John Brown University, Siloam Springs, AR, March 31 – April 2, 2016.

The conference theme will be, **Is Man a Myth?** We are pleased to announce our keynote speakers, Devin Brown and Charlie Starr, with special workshops guest Jason Fisher.

Papers on the above theme related to the works of C.S. Lewis, the Inklings, George MacDonald, Dorothy L. Sayers, and G. K. Chesterton are invited. However, papers on other subjects related to the above authors will also be considered.

All paper presenters must be members of the CSLIS and be prepared to present the paper at the conference.

Membership forms can be downloaded at http://www.oru.edu/academics/resources/cs_lewis/.

Local CSLIS Chapter News

The Oklahoma City chapter of the CSLIS had good meetings this year to discuss "The Figure of Beatrice" by Charles Williams and *That Hideous Strength* by CSL.

Starting Local Chapters of CSLIS

If you enjoy the fellowship and scholasticism at our annual conferences, why not continue such activities year-round? Local chapters of CSLIS help you stay in touch with Society members you meet at conferences while promoting interest in the Inklings within your local community. By starting a local chapter, you will receive access to the following online services of the Society:

- Suggested readings
- Scheduled topics for local discussions
- Service opportunities (read-a-thons, etc.)

Requirements: You must have at least 5 members to be recognized as a local chapter of CSLIS, and you need a Spokesperson to act as the local contact for regular correspondence. Chapters composed of college students could request a faculty member to be their sponsoring Spokesperson and could apply to their university's student board to fund their own various local events (for instance, to pay for snacks at meetings or book discussions).

All chapters must abide by the Mission Statement as found on the Society's website:

http://www.oru.edu/academics/resources/cs_lewis/

MEMBERSHIP

Please don't forget to renew your CSLIS membership. This entitles all members to

- present their papers at the conference
-

- receive society newsletters and updates
- participate in CSLIS Writing Contests

The cost is \$10 for students and retired faculty, or \$20 for faculty and independent scholars. The form for applying or renewing, required along with your payment, is available online:

https://webapps.oru.edu/new_php/academics/resources/cslewis/membership.php

**HERE'S WHAT OUR MEMBERS
ARE DOING:
RECENT SCHOLARLY ACTIVITY**

Joe R. Christopher, Tarleton State University

Essays Published

“*Alice's [Successful] Adventures in Wonderland: An Appreciation of its One Hundred Fifty Years.*”
Mythlore 34.1/127 (Fall-Winter 2015): 142-152.

“C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, and the Search for King Arthur's Grave.” *Beyond Bree*, August 2015: 2-4. A correction of a misspelling of a name was made in a subsequent issue.

“C. S. Lewis's Problem with 'The Franklin's Tale.'” In *C. S. Lewis and the Inklings: Reflections on Faith, Imagination, and Modern Technology*. Ed. Salwa Khoddam, Mark R. Hall, and Jason Fisher. Newcastle-upon-

Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2015.

“On Wonder Woman as Secretary.”
Celebrations of Mary Etzel!
[title page], *How Very Mary*
[cover]. Chapbook.
Stephenville, Texas: The Bosque River Press, 2015. [A departmental publication, Department of English and Languages, Tarleton State University, Stephenville, Texas.] 13-21.

Poem Published

“Realism.” *Windhover: A Journal of Christian Literature* 19 (2015) [officially published on 18 February 2015]: 18.

Reviews Published

The Collected Poems of C. S. Lewis: A Critical Edition. Ed. Don W. King. Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 2015.
Mythlore 34.1/127 (Fall-Winter 2015): 153-158.

Davidman, Joy. *A Naked Tree: Love Sonnets to C. S. Lewis and Other Poems*. Ed. Don W. King. Grand Rapids: Wm. B. Eerdmans, 2015. *Mythlore* 34.1/127 (Fall-Winter 2015): 179-186.

Contributing editor, *Windhover: A Journal of Christian Literature* 19 (2015) [officially published on 18 February 2015].
Published by Mary Hardin-Baylor University, Belton, Texas.

Officer of a Conference Section

Secretary, Science Fiction and Fantasy Fiction Section, South Central Modern Language Association, Nashville, Tennessee, 3 November 2015. Elected Chair for 2016's meeting in Dallas, Texas.

Larry E. Fink, Professor of English, Hardin-Simmons University

Session Chaired

"Reflected Light: Art Photography" Christian Scholars Conference, Abilene, TX; May 3-5, 2015.

Conference Papers

"Real and Imagined Landscapes in C.S. Lewis' Life and Fiction." Academic Roundtable, The C.S. Lewis Retreat, Navasota, TX; October 30-November 1, 2015.

"Traditional Street Photography." Christian Scholars Conference, Abilene, TX; May 3-5, 2015.

"Rereading C.S. Lewis' *Till We Have Faces*, Again." C.S. Lewis and Inklings Society, Grove City, PA; March 26-28, 2015.

Essay Published

"Why Do We Create?" *Anthology*. Stephenville, TX: Tarleton State University, 2015, xii-xiii.

Photography

"Trees & Pigeon, 2010" photograph published in *Anthology*. Stephenville, TX: Tarleton State University, 2015.

Timeless Paris, photography exhibit, Frost Center for the Visual Arts, Hardin-Simmons University, January 19 February 20, 2015.

Talks

"Why Do We Create?" Creative Arts Day Speaker, Tarleton State University, April 15, 2015

"Introducing Walker Percy." Lenten Lecture Series, Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, Abilene, TX; April 9, 2014.

Lenten Lecture Series Coordinator (*Great Catholic Novelists*), Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, Abilene, TX; Spring, 2014.

Jason Fisher, Independent Scholar

"Drie Ringen voor ... voor wie precies? Een verklaring voor het bestaan van de drie Elfenringen." *Lembas* 161 (October 2013): 105-8.

"Tolkien's Wraiths, Rings, and Dragons: An Exercise in Literary Linguistics." *Tolkien in the New Century: Essays in Honor of Tom Shippey*. Ed. John Wm. Houghton, et al. Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2014. 97-114.

"Book Review of *Light: C.S. Lewis's First and Final Short Story*, by Charlie W. Starr." *Sehnsucht: The C.S. Lewis Journal* Vols. 7/8 (2013-2014): 211-3.

J.R.R. Tolkien and the Study of His Sources: Critical Essays.
Jefferson, NC: McFarland,
2011, awarded the Mythopoeic
Society's Mythopoeic
Scholarship Award for Inklings
Studies for 2014 after being a
finalist for the award the
previous two years.

**Jonathan B. Himes, Associate
Professor of English, John Brown
University**

“Questioning God(s) of Other Worlds
in Lev Grossman’s *The
Magicians.*” *Intégrité: A Faith
and Learning Journal* 13.1
(Spring 2015): 64-71. A version
of this paper was read at
the SWCCL conference held at
JBU, Nov. 2014.

“Mr. Vane and Lilith: Two Roads to
Repentance?” *Northwind: A
Journal of George MacDonald
Studies* (Spring 2015). This
essay also appears under the
title “Redeeming the Narrator
in George MacDonald’s *Lilith*”
*C. S. Lewis and the Inklings:
Reflections on Faith,
Imagination, and Modern
Technology.* Cambridge
Scholars, 2015.

**Thomas Garrett Isham, Independent
scholar, Retired journalist**

“Charles Pettit McIlvaine as
Evangelical Militant,” *Renewal*,

No. 6 B, A publication of the
Secker Society, Albany, NY,
(Spring 2015): pp 7-8.

“It's the Sufi thing...Again,”
enneagram monthly, Vol. 21,
No. 7, Portola Valley, CA
(August 2015): pp 13-14.

“On Rightly Dividing two Kinds of
Pride,” *enneagram monthly*,
Vol. 21, No. 6, Portola Valley,
CA (June-July 2015): pp 5-6.

**Salwa Khoddam, Professor of English,
Emerita, Oklahoma City University**

Tasso, Torquato. “Poem of the
Phoenix.” *Emanations: 2 = 2 =
5.* Co-trans. Salwa Khoddam.
Ed. Carter Kaplan. Brookline,
MA: International Authors,
2015. 479-90.

**Harvey Solganick, Adjunct Professor,
North Texas Educational Center**

Presentation

“C.S. Lewis and the Apologetics of
Marriage.” Southwestern
Regional Conference.
Evangelical Theological Society.
New Orleans Baptist
Theological Seminary. April 15,
2015.

Publication

“Biblical Curriculum for
Discipleship of Teenagers.”
*Postmodernism and Christian
Worldview.* Southwestern
Seminary, Fort Worth, TX to be
published, 2015.



**ABSTRACTS OF AWARD-WINNING
PAPERS:**

1st Place in the Student Essay Contest:

“The Calormene Archenlander:
Deconstruction in *The Horse and His
Boy*”

Author: Daniel Bowman, Junior
English Major, Grove City College

At many Christian colleges, a handful of authors are revered as near equals to the writers of Scripture. One of the most prominent is C. S. Lewis, making any attempt at post-structural criticism of his *Chronicles of Narnia* border on anathema. An archetypal reading of the texts would be relatively easy and probably be acceptable to the establishment, but *The Horse and His Boy*, of all the Narnian chronicles, has more than simple archetypes. A close reading of the text reveals that, perhaps contrary to Lewis’s intentions, the archetypes present in *The Horse and His Boy* set themselves up in a dualistic structure which allows the text to deconstruct itself and reveal meanings not immediately present in the textual, Christian metaphors.

In *The Horse and His Boy*, C. S. Lewis penned a text that stands almost separate from the rest of his series. While still enjoyable, and riddled with deep theological meanings, this text shows a more literary bent, with more complex parallels coming into play and non-

theological archetypes setting themselves up against each other. Thus, a deconstructive approach may well be the best way to approach this text. As Vincent Leitch, in *Deconstructive Criticism: An Advanced Introduction*, aptly puts it, “Deconstructive reading, respecting traditional criticism, neither supersedes its object (the text) nor plays fast and loose with it. Rather the text undergoes conscientious scrutiny” (Leitch 176). Though far from perfect, deconstructive criticism provides an apt interpretation of C. S. Lewis’s *The Horse and His Boy* because of the nature of the characters, the setting, and the underlying themes throughout the text.

Honorable Mention in the Student Essay Contest:

“What Does the Fox Say: The
Insufficiency of Rationalism in *Till We
Have Faces*”

Author: Grayson Quay, Junior English
Major, Grove City College

Reason cannot solve all mysteries. In the secular academic scene of the mid-twentieth century, C.S. Lewis worked to uphold the notion that the rational human mind is not the measure of all things. In his novel, *Till We Have Faces*, Lewis uses the character of the Fox to reflect the tension between the rational secularism of the Greeks and the pagan beliefs of the people of Glome. The Fox’s faith in rationality, which Lewis seeks to critique in his own time, lacks a pagan appreciation for mystery and is insufficient due to its

reductive assertion that the divine can be subjected to human comprehension. His rationality, however, chafes against his universal human longing for God, a longing that eventually leads him to redemption through the humbling of his own reason.

During life, the Fox's rule was "reason, calmness, self-discipline" and he saw the world as "clear, hard, limited, and simple" (303). The intrusion of redemptive mystery invalidates the belief that man is a reasoning being in harmony with—and with nothing to fear from—a universe governed by Reason. Instead, as Elgin writes, truth must be "apprehended through a combination of faith and reason, with the former being far the more important of the two" (101). In this novel, Lewis rebukes all those who would attempt to use their God-given reason to stand over and above the God who bestowed it on them. The Fox lives as a Stoic, longing for a personal and immanent Divine Nature while intellectually clinging to rational materialism, but in the afterlife of Orual's vision, he humbles himself, renouncing the idol of reason that excluded entirely the possibility of redemption.

Another Honorable Mention in the Student Essay Contest:

"White Witch or Devil? An Analysis of the Archetype of Jadis in *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe* and *The Magician's Nephew*"

Author: Carl Krushinski,
Undergraduate, Oral Roberts
University

It is difficult to read the works of Lewis (*The Chronicles of Narnia* in particular) and not find parallels with other characters and images from theology and literature. The most recognized example of this is seen in the principal character of Lewis' *Chronicles*, Aslan, who stands as a suppositional manifestation of Jesus Christ. Viewing the series with this in mind may cause one to interpret the entire collection of stories as a loose Christian allegory. The logical antagonist to said messianic figure would therefore have to be a representation of the Devil himself. Jadis, the White Witch and the first antagonist of the series, seems to fill this role at first glance: accusing mankind of sin, crucifying the lion, and tempting man at the creation of a world. Further examination, however, reveals that the character of Jadis is more accurately a representative of the witch archetype, a combination of attributes from several key women of myth and literature such as Circe, Lilith, and the Snow Queen, and is the negative anima of the characters Edmund and Digory rather than a simple portrayal of Satan, Aslan's shadow archetype, in an allegorical interpretation of both *The Lion, The Witch, and The Wardrobe* and *The Magician's Nephew*.

Elements of allegory exist in *The Chronicles of Narnia*, indeed, but not every element can be drawn back to some Biblical idea or character, and it would be clumsy to attempt to do so. "You are mistaken when you think that everything in the books "represents" something in this world,"

Lewis writes in a response to a letter from a fifth grade class, “Things do that in *The Pilgrim’s Progress*, but I’m not writing in that way” (*LTC* 44). By showing the most probable development of the antagonist of two of these stories, displaying her abilities, prejudices, and attitudes in comparison to similar figures of legend and literature, and identifying her role and archetype in Jungian tradition, a clear argument has been made that Jadis, while possessing some similarities, is not a representation of Satan in Lewis’ work. Rather, she carries on a tradition as old as literature itself, becoming another name on the long list of sorceresses who tempt the body and soul of man, but can ultimately be defeated by good. By connecting his villain to the collective unconscious, Lewis has created someone with true definition and staying power, an evil one loves to hate.

1st place in the Scholars’ Essay Contest:

“The Centrality of the Tom Bombadil Episode in *The Fellowship of the Ring*:

Lessons in
Friendship, Community, and Grace”

Author: Dr. David S. Hogsette,
Writing Program Director and
Professor of English, Grove City
College

Most heroic tales and epic stories involve bildungsroman in some fashion, because the quest serves as the main mechanism for character growth. Since *The Fellowship of the Ring* is the first book in one of the greatest epic adventures of all time, it

is not surprising to find it brimming with quest narratives and bildungsroman elements. Yet, some readers find Tolkien’s narrative structure rather tedious, because in their minds the story is nothing but an endless series of little adventures, one after another, without much cohesiveness. In his article “Narrative Pattern in *The Fellowship of the Ring*,” David M. Miller suggests that readers who view the novel as a picaresque refashioning miss Tolkien’s conviction that episodes in life do not occur randomly; rather, all events are metaphysically interrelated because they work within a meaningful and purposive providential order (93-94). Development of character is one such divinely ordered purpose, and thus the episodic quest narrative is ideal for structuring Tolkien’s bildungsroman.

The Tom Bombadil episode is problematic for many readers, and some critics even suggest the quest narrative would flow better if it were cut out. But, as Tolkien tells us quite clearly, Bombadil and this portion of the tale have significance that is crucial to the larger theme of the novel, and much would be lost if it were cut out. In this seemingly distracting episode, the hobbits realize just how unprepared and inadequate they are for this task. The Bombadil episode is a lesson for the hobbits in learning to depend upon the power and grace of others more capable than themselves. This is an important spiritual and emotional lesson not only for the hobbits in the tale but for the real readers of Tolkien’s text. Maybe this lesson is such a difficult pill to swallow that many readers

subconsciously reject it, and thus disdain this glorious, magical, and foundationally necessary part of the story.

Honorable Mention, Scholars' Essay Contest:

“C. S. Lewis, W. B. Yeats and the Occult Temptation”

Author: Thomas Garrett Isham,
Independent scholar, Retired
journalist

C. S. Lewis and William Butler Yeats, under the right conditions, might have shared a “fellowship of the book” and, in part, they did. Standing in the way of deeper fellowship were three things: a generational difference - Yeats was thirty-three years older than Lewis; a lack of proximity in where they lived, thus keeping personal encounter to a minimum; and, finally, a divide over “the occult temptation.”

Clearly, there were affinities between the two men. First, from his mid-teens onward, Lewis was an ardent devotee of the older man’s poetry. Second, he felt a kinship in that Yeats was a fellow Irishman. Third, he found in Yeats an occult theory and practice that initially attracted him, though it eventually repelled him. Had it not repelled him, we might never have heard of C. S. Lewis, or if we had, he would likely have been a decidedly different C. S. Lewis than the one we have come to know. It was philosophical Rationalism and, later, Idealism, that initially served as bulwarks against

the occult; only later would Christian faith serve the purpose. Even so, Lewis remained for the rest of his life sensitive to the attractions of the occult. He shunned - or at least sublimated - his attraction to it, but the desire was felt nonetheless.

Another Honorable Mention:

“Shared Ideas Among Friends: The Common Ground of Owen Barfield, J.R.R. Tolkien, and C.S. Lewis”

Author: Phillip Fitzsimmons,
Reference and Digitization Librarian,
Southwestern Oklahoma State
University

Neglect of the work of Owen Barfield deprives the readers of J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis of a more complete vision of the shared ideas within their works. Barfield’s work addresses the Post-Enlightenment assumption that all true and desirable knowledge comes from analytical thought (Barfield 61-62). The result of the assumption, he claims, is threefold: We deprive ourselves from a complete knowledge of nature, we allow our individualism to isolate us, and we separate ourselves from the purpose and meaning of life (144). Instead, Barfield proposes Beta-Thinking, the imaginative act of perceiving the world with Pre-Enlightenment eyes. This use of the imagination provides glimpses of our participation in nature, insights into our mutual interdependence of individuals to humanity, and revelations about the higher meaning to life. In turn, we are aided in navigating life in an era in which consciousness has evolved to its

present state of what he calls idolatry (142). The ideas can also be found in the works of J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis. A study of the philosophy of Owen Barfield assists in highlighting similar ideas in the works of his friends—the members of the Inklings and intellectual fellow travelers.

*Honorable Mention, Graduate Student
Essay Contest:*

“Suppose there were a Narnian World:
C. S. Lewis’s Rhetorical Use of
Supposals”

—Author: Clare Murray, MA
Candidate in Rhetoric and
Composition, Texas State University

With the introduction of postmodern theories of rhetoric in the 1900’s, new and passionate debates regarding the rhetorical function of literature, poetry, and art came to fruition. Most notably, there were significant debates between Kenneth Burke, an advocate of the idea that art, especially literature, can be rhetorical, and Wilber Samuel Howell, who believed that it was confusing and unwise to merge poetics and rhetoric. Greg Anderson briefly mentions that C. S. Lewis, a contemporary of these two theorists, was caught in the center of the debate as both a rhetorician and a fiction writer in the chapter “A Most Potent Rhetoric: C. S. Lewis, ‘Congenital Rhetorician’” in Bruce Edward’s collection *C. S. Lewis: Life, Works and Legacy*. Lewis’s own rhetorical theory, as described in *Preface to Paradise Lost*, was related to this debate as it compared the

nature of rhetoric and the nature of poetics.

Lewis’s definitions of rhetoric, supposal, and myth bridge the gap between classical rhetorical studies and postmodern rhetorical studies in a way that has not been adequately explored in rhetorical scholarship. Anderson references the classical definitions of rhetoric that influence Lewis, such as Francis Bacon’s belief that “The duty and office of Rhetoric is to apply Reason to Imagination for the better moving of the will” (203) and C. S. Lewis compares his own definition in *Preface to Paradise Lost* to Aristotle’s belief that “intellect in itself ‘moves nothing’” (Lewis 50). However, Lewis uses supposals and myth-making to enter into the conversation of theorists of his time, such as Burke and Howell. Because of Lewis’s classical rhetorical influences and his postmodern application of rhetorical theory, Lewis proves to be a fascinating character in regards to rhetoric and literature. Through his use of myth and supposal in his fiction, Lewis links classical rhetoric and postmodern rhetoric in his literature.

Creative Writing Winners

First Prize: “Jabberwock”
Author: Lauren Sestrich, Junior English
Major, Grove City College

Beware the Jabberwock.

A scene of dismal misfortune greeted Colin as he rode, his horse’s hooves beating on scorched earth. All around him Brillig lay in ruins, its

once proud heads of stone now reduced to smoking rubble. The ground was littered with the remains of the towers that were once pinnacles of wealth and safety. Tattered flags, once proudly flying Brillig's banner, were now slowly sinking into the mud. Colin passed carefully under a crumbling arch of stone. The skeletal arch, the only standing stone remaining, had supported Brillig's mighty gates.

Beware the Jabberwock.

Colin's horse ran freely now across the open fields. No crops hindered its path, only soft ashes. The farmlands which had supplied Brillig's food and livelihood were gone. In their place a gray, barren land rose slowly to meet a muted sky. Ash and smoke filled the air, shielding the land below from the sun's warm rays.

Beware the Jabberwock.

Had there been no warning? Had the messengers failed? No, Toven messengers never failed. Brillig must not have believed. "And who can blame them?" Colin mused. "The Jabberwock was a children's tale to them, not an actual creature." And yet all around Colin the case for the Jabberwock grew stronger and stronger. Shriveled stumps of burned trees and the occasional husk of a crispy house lined the dark road he traveled.

On and on Colin's horse plodded. The morning sun passed noon and began its slow descent into evening, bathing the shaded land in an orange glow. The slanted sun traced the Jabberwock's path of destruction, which led up a steep

grade to the edges of a forest of dark trees.

As Colin drew closer he realized that his path ended at the wood's edge. A tangled web of undergrowth crowded the road until it disappeared from sight. Colin didn't appreciate the thought of taking the rest of the journey on foot, so he led his horse southwards, riding along the outskirts of the forest. In a very short time he found an area with less undergrowth, clear enough for the large animal to pass.

With a quick jerk of the reins Colin pointed his horse's nose towards the trees. No sooner had he done this than his horse snickered nervously and backed away. Annoyed, Colin kicked the animal's side. The horse took a few forced steps forwards then lost its nerve again, backing away with a frightened whinny.

"What's wrong, Bander?" Colin asked the horse. Bander's only reply was to hop nervously on his front hooves. Colin dismounted and held the horse's head in his hands. Bander's eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. The horse's teeth were working hard on smashing his bit to a pulp. There would be no coaxing him into those trees.

Colin reluctantly hefted his pack off the horse's back. After strapping on his sword and supplies he turned to Bander with a sad smile. With the quickness of an experienced rider he alleviated Bander of all his man-made attire and set them on the ground. Gently, he turned the horse's head to the East, towards home.

"I don't know if I'll make it out of here, old boy." Colin said. "It's

better if you just go now.” With his goodbyes said, Colin gave Bander’s rump a solid smack. The horse cantered happily into the open gray air, glad to be heading away from the sinister trees.

Light was fading fast, and open land at night with a Jabberwock abroad would mean certain death. Colin turned to face the forest. Dark trees and even darker undergrowth lay in his path. Broken sunlight illuminated tiny spots on the ground for the first few paces until even this was swallowed in the ravenous gloom. Twisted shadows swirled at the edge of the light, forming monstrous shapes in the mind’s eye which dissipated into nothing under closer scrutiny.

Although every instinct screamed a warning at Colin, nothing would prevent him from seeking out the Jabberwock. The young man hefted his pack higher up onto his shoulders and took his first daring step into the woods. Immediately, a harsh cry came from above his head.

“Rawk! Jubjub would not do that if Jubjub was you!”

Colin jumped nearly a foot in the air. As soon as he had regained enough composure he glared angrily at the noise maker, a brightly colored bird perched on an overhanging branch. With his thoughts still scattered from the sudden rush of adrenaline, Colin’s most intelligent response was to tell the bird to “Go away.”

“Jubjub has seen lots like you, yessir lots! They go in, but they don’t come out, oh no sir.”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little feathered head. I’m not like the others.”

“No? Jubjub certainly thinks you look like them! All bald, they were, and all with nice fat packs on their backs!”

Not wanting to waste time bantering with a bird, Colin turned his head to the ground and kept moving. The branches above him rustled, and suddenly the obnoxiously red bird landed on the ground beside him.

“What are you doing?” Colin asked.

“Jubjub is coming with you! Jubjub can walk, see see?” The bird proudly displayed its wide talons.

“Just keep your mouth shut.”

“Yes yes, Jubjub can be hush hush if you want him to.”

The odd pair walked in silence. No sunlight survived the trip through the dense leaves of the dark trees that surrounded them. The only light came from a particularly odd vine weaving its way through the undergrowth which seemed to glow in a pale greenish hue.

Jubjub broke the silence with his harsh, grating voice. “Follow the Tulgey vine, that’s what Jubjub always tell them! And they do sir, they do! And they find it, they find the cave! And then him! And then they’re gone, sir. You’ll be gone too, soon soon.”

Colin fingered the sword strapped to his belt. “Like I said, I’m not like them. The Jabberwock won’t get me.”

Jubjub clacked his beak disapprovingly. “Arrogance, that’s what gets them. Jubjub tells them to

be careful, oh so careful, but they run, sir. They run into the cave, into his mouth.”

A shiver ran down Colin’s back, like an icy hand gripping his spine. Determined not to lose his courage, Colin gripped the sword’s hilt tightly, locked his jaw, and quickened his pace, Jubjub hopping faithfully beside him.

Travel was slow in the green dusk. Colin picked his way carefully through the tangle of vines and branches, always following the pale glow of the Tulgey vine. Far into the woods what had been a single green line split into several trails, spreading in many directions.

“Which way leads to the Jabberwock?” Colin asked of the bird.

“All do, sir, eventually.” At Colin’s glare Jubjub continued. “But if sir wants to get there quick quick, follow Jubjub.” The dot of red hopped ahead, jumping over vine and bramble. He led Colin through a maze of soft green tendrils. Soon the vines began converging, joining the larger tendril Jubjub was following. The forest grew eerily brighter with each step.

“There there!” Jubjub exclaimed as they reached a spot where many vines came together. “Cave is just ahead. Jubjub stops here. Jabberwocky won’t eat Jubjub today, no no sir.”

“Thank you, Jubjub.” Colin breathed as he sank against a tree. The tiny bird was surprisingly quick on his feet and had led Colin at a faster pace than he would have liked.

Jubjub hopped around anxiously. “No sir, cannot stop here

sir. Jabberwocky is close, sir, very close! He’ll snatch you up if you rest now!”

Colin waved the chattering bird aside. “I told you, the Jabberwock isn’t going to get me.”

Jubjub clacked his beak and ruffled his bright red feathers. “Good luck, sir,” he said before taking off through the trees. The colorful dot was soon lost in the deep dark.

With the bright, prattling bird gone the forest seemed much darker, even with the green light illuminating the area. The glow cast long pale shadows behind the trees, shadows reaching out their fingers to search for prey. Colin glanced over each of his shoulders, unable to shake the feeling of a creeping presence lurking in the woods behind him. He didn’t rest long.

The way was clear now. The branches of vine were gradually joining together, forming a large growth of the glowing plant. At its very center the growth protruded sharply from the ground. The vines at this point wrapped themselves around a large hill, leaving only one area free. It was through this area that Colin entered the cave.

Inside, the cave was bathed with the same eerie green glow. The abundance of vines shed their pale light on every inch of the hollow hill. The floor and walls were covered, perhaps even formed, with the vines. The floor was made of a soft moss, colored in the same pale green.

It was the center of the cave which immediately drew Colin’s attention. There the fearsome Jabberwock, the creature from a child’s nightmare and old tales lay

coiled, his bright yellow eyes regarding the human intruder with slight curiosity. His long, twisting body was covered in shining black scales which reflected the green light.

“It’s so nice when my meals come to me,” the deep voice of the Jabberwock rumbled. “I do so tire of getting them on my own.”

Colin’s knees were shaking, and he was sure the Jabberwock could hear his teeth rattling. The creature was so much bigger, so more real than anything he could have imagined. Steeling himself as best he could, Colin replied in the bravest voice he could muster. “I haven’t come to be your meal, foul one.”

“Oh but you will be,” the Jabberwock said with a menacing smile, “in just a moment.” The Jabberwock rose slowly, taking the time to stretch each leg and each claw. His tail flicked around lazily as he fully extended his bat-like wings, which gently grazed the tall ceiling. Where the wings touched the vines they went dark, only regaining their light when the wing moved away. Having fully stretched the Jabberwock shook himself vigorously from head to tail and finally fixed his full attention on his prey.

“Now then, should I eat you raw or roasted?” A tiny trickle of flame dripped from the Jabberwock’s mouth, sizzling on the wet moss of the floor. Long, sinuous limbs carried the creature slowly, methodically, to where Colin stood.

Colin waited. He knew about the pride of the Jabberwock, how it liked to take its time with its victims to show how powerless they truly

were. So he waited. He waited until he could see every detail on the overgrown lizard’s face, until the dark cavernous mouth opened wide before him. Then, in the very moment before all was lost, in one fluid motion Colin unsheathed his sword and swung it in a wide arc before him. The blade bit deep into the side of the Jabberwock’s face. The injured creature withdrew with a scream of unexpected agony, a scream loud enough to shake the forest.

“Vorpal!” The Jabberwock spat through a mouthful of his black blood. “The blade is Vorpal!”

“You didn’t think I’d come here unprepared, did you?” Colin talked more for the sake of calming himself than of actually answering. He had hoped to end the Jabberwock with the first strike, and the creature’s continued existence unnerved him.

“How...” the Jabberwock shook his head, scattering droplets of blood across the cave. “Nevermind that. You die now.” With a roar that nearly knocked Colin off his feet, the Jabberwock unleashed the fiery contents of his throat. Colin scrambled to avoid the rolling flames that licked the air around him. In a panic he stumbled backwards out of the cave’s entrance, landing hard on his rear.

The top of the cave burst in a brilliant blaze. From the now open hole the Jabberwock emerged in full flight, his eyes blazing with hatred. With a powerful breath he set the surrounding forest ablaze, cutting off Colin’s escape. He then settled on the broken top of the hill and coiled like a cat ready to pounce.



Fear rendered Colin immobile. He was unable to think about standing, or even crawling away. His eyes were locked in the gaze of the Jabberwocky.

“Calm yourself, Colin,” he muttered as the fiery creature stalked closer. “You can do this. You have the only weapon that can hurt him, that has to count for something.” The Jabberwock was now perched at the edge of the hill and was preparing for the final pounce. “Won’t count for anything if you get yourself skewered by those claws. Now shape up!”

Just in time Colin gripped his sword with both hands and rolled into a crouch. As his last finger closed around the hilt the giant Jabberwock leapt from his perch, using his wings to thrust his full weight into the dive. Claws extended, fire spewing, and teeth waiting, he flew at full speed towards his tiny prey.

Using every ounce of his strength Colin propelled himself straight towards the hurtling Jabberwock. As he ducked under the claws and fire he swung his sword madly above his head. Then the Jabberwock struck him and everything went black.

Colin awoke to the welcome feeling of sunlight on his face. Leaving his eyes closed he lay in content until he noticed an odd pressure on his chest. His vision, swirling and groggy when he first opened his eyes, came into focus on a large dark object directly above him. Soon he had regained enough cognitive power to notice the large, clawed scaly arm next to his head. His heart leapt as he

realized that the large black object on top of him was the Jabberwock.

Why hadn’t he been eaten already? Surely the Jabberwock would not keep him alive for long. Colin shuddered as he realized that the creature might be keeping him alive in preparation for a slow, tortuous death. Then he noticed something else that confused him even further. On top of the dark object sat a small red dot, a dot that was regarding him with curiosity.

“Awake! Sir is awake! Jubjub knew sir wasn’t gone, no no!” The dot screeched.

“What...” Colin attempted to rise before remembering the weight of the Jabberwock.

“No no, sir, slide out! Don’t try to lift big Jabberwocky, big Jabberwocky won’t budge!”

Colin took the bird’s advice and slid himself out from under the Jabberwock, or the Jabberwock’s body. When he stood he could see that its head lay several feet away from its neck, resting against a tree with a gruesome sneer mocking the open sky.

And what a sky it was! Colin thought he had never seen a sky so blue, so clear and majestic. The trees that the Jabberwock had set on fire had now burned to stumps, leaving a large blue window into the outside world.

“Look look, sir! Vines are growing, growing fast!” Colin watched as the vines grew before his eyes, twisting and twirling around the trees. “Soon, sir, soon they will cover whole forest! Then all forest will have light, and trees will not be so dark!”

“Why didn’t they grow before?”



“Big old Jabberwocky didn’t let them. Jabberwocky liked the dark, liked dark very much. But now Jabberwocky is gone, and vines can grow!”

From the forest Colin heard a familiar whinny. “Bander!” He called. Soon the proud horse cantered into the new clearing, tossing his mane happily.

“See see!” Jubjub squeaked. “Forest is already light enough for clippity-clop! Soon forest will be good place once again!” A raucous cry from above distracted the bright bird. “Look look! There go all the other Jubjubs! Jubjubs are no more afraid! Thank you sir, thank you very much!” Jubjub quickly took wing and disappeared into a large cloud of red migrating across the sky.

Colin waved after the bird. When the red cloud had moved out of sight he turned towards Bander, who was happily munching the grass at his feet. Colin crouched to reach the level of the horse’s lowered head.

“No one’s going to believe this, you know,” he said to the chewing horse. “If they didn’t believe the Jabberwock existed, they aren’t going to believe he’s dead.” Colin stood straight and walked slowly to the Jabberwock’s torso, which had trapped his sword under a claw. Once the sword was free Colin wiped it carefully on the fresh grass, cleaning off all evidence of the Jabberwock’s black blood.

As hard as he looked, Colin could not find his pack. With a shrug of acceptance he mounted Bander, using his feet to guide the bridle-less horse to the edge of the clearing.

Moments before the pair entered the now bright forest, Colin halted Bander. With sudden inspiration he leapt off the horse’s back and quickly gathered many of the already cut vines, vegetation carnage from his battle. When at last they ventured into the woods again, the duo was accompanied by a gruesome, sneering trophy. Blessed silence at last fell on the forest which had suffered for so long.

Beware the Jabberwock no more.

Honorable Mention:
“Good and Evil: The Battle for Life.”
Author: Kathryne Hall, Undergraduate, Oral Roberts University

Prologue: The Beginning

A battle began
 between the elves, that
 took place on the eve of
 the great days of old
 when the elves were young.

A creature as large as a
 mountaintop
 named Övaldi was summoned to do
 the bidding for a race of dark elves
 and lo was there much destruction
 and gnashing of teeth.

A wild dragon cannot be tamed
 no matter how evil a race has
 become,
 but good will triumph in the end
 even though elves are forced to
 behave
 out of their nature.

The future can be changed
 but destiny is hard to forego



when magical creatures cause
destruction who wipe out races and
kill for pleasure.

I. Elves of Light

In Álfheim they lived,
the home of the elves,
the Light ones
the Good ones
the elves who golden were.

These Light Elves are smiled upon
in the moonlight danced they
day-by-day
by the Glory-of-elves,
the sun.

Their hair, long and silky
reflects the sun's rays,
and their robes, long and flowing
tickle the grass
beneath their feet.

These elves are happy,
joyful, entities of radiance,
around blooming flowers, dance they
of sunflowers, daisies, and
bushels of roses.

But there were Dark Elves,
earthen creatures,
who were disobeyers of the light;
black were their souls
and evil their nature.

They who did not live in the
land of Álfheim,

but instead in burrows,
beneath the ground,
with the ones,
who were not welcome.

These Dark Elves
were a disgrace to their name,
bloated and squat was their
appearance to the world,

much like a toad.
They writhed and wormed
and whined about worms,
like miniatures of themselves,
who wriggled and squirmed
beneath their feet.

The Light Elves
and the Dark Elves
did not get along;
one lived for consonance,
the other for dissonance.
The Light Elves ignored,
the Dark Elves bothered,
in a discontent harmony they lived;
one race dancing,
the other conniving.

II. Elves of Darkness

The Dark Elves yearned for
the land of Álfheim,
to live upon its shores,
to set fire to its trees,
to live without the Light Elves.
They heard rumors of a beast,
great and powerful,
who had destroyed
races of elfin folk
like a thief in the night.
This creature breathed fire that
reflected off its iridescent wings,
wings covered in menacing scales,
that
continued all the way up a spiny
neck,
and wrapped around two beady eyes.
The Dark Elves knew of it,
they wanted to capture it,
they wanted to own it,
they wanted to extinguish the light,
and so they did.

The Dark Elves found the dragon,

and threw a rope made of elven material,
around its long and scaly neck;
the dragon resisted, thrashing and thrusting
but the force of the Dark Elves was too powerful.

The earthen bodies drug the dragon,
and brought it to their lair;
they hoisted the magical body into fireproof chains,
and held him there,
until they needed him.

Sing did the Light Elves,
all the night, for
know they did not
about the dragon,
the darks' prisoner.
Happy were they
who signified the Light Elves,
singing the tunes and melodies
of their people,
their ancestors.

They played their instruments,
of string and flute,
while they danced
in the moonlight
and the starlight.
They sang and danced
and danced and sang,
until the early morn
came, like their name suggests,
the Light Elves.

III. Preparation of War

Suddenly, without warning,
a Watcher came from the East
and said that—
war was
coming.

The Light Elves shifted
from ease to anguish,
and tried to discern
how the Watcher knew
this fate.

“The creature,” he said,
“is flying in the clouds,
in the sky, in the heavens
and is bringing with it
doom.

It is angry
and fire it
breathes, like a
destroyer of good,
of light.”

The Light Elves,
scared of the unknown,
lined up their Glory bodies
with long robes of light blue
in satin sheets of reflections.

Their golden arrows they prepped,
meant to be used for good,
now for the opposite,
and ready to kill.

Övaldi came and
tried to knock the elves
out of life with his
breath of red death and
claws of destruction.
He flew through the wind
with a grace unexpected of
one so large, but he tore
down the elves and unleashed
his power.

The light elves had not
known such darkness and were
unprepared for a vicious

attacker they could not use their
arrows
for the creature from the dark.

The ones of light put forward their
Leader and shone a star of precious
substance for the dragon abated if
only for a moment so the elves
waited and hoped for it to end.

IV. Infiltration of Evil

The small dark elves were
pleased in themselves, for their
plan had worked and the good elves
were dying alone and afraid and
they were gone.
How happy were these elves that
they thought to gloat
and visit the site of their success
to boast in front of the elves
and kill those who had not yet gone.

Up the dark elves traveled
to the elves' kingdom
to see the remains
of the once
light beings.
Above them in the sky
was the beast who they sent
to cause destruction on the
enemy and what they saw
caused them to rejoice.

What was once the keeper
of light was now a place
of chaos and sadness,
the goodness torn from
its keeper.
Flowered fields where the
moon shone and the elves
danced were burnt from
the lungs of the
elves' destroyer.

The palace where the
elf children played and
were merry was a pile of
rubble which held the
memories
of good times past.
The woods where the elves
sang to the stars and the sun
gods were on fire from
the dragon's powers to
take away joy.

The elves, the beings
of radiance were
the most slain
leaving the few who
could survive.
The shining star
had helped the elves
gain time but the creature
returned with the fury of
the fallen angels.

V. Dragon's Revenge

The dark elves came to the
site with the angels and
rejoiced, until the dragon saw
them and became enraged
with remembrance and hate.
He saw the little beings
and swore to crush the
souls that captured him
and kept his wings
tied down.

He spit fire
like a volcano
overflowing with the
anger of past harms
and turned toward the dark elves.
His wings flapped with
the force of a mighty wind



and with energy renewed
 he torched the dark
 elves' direction.

The dark elves
 saw the flame and
 scattered to shelter
 even though the creature
 was all-seeing.
 Ölvaldi's red eyes
 glowed a reflection of
 the fire that came
 from his gut, the red
 hue of destruction.

The dark elves could
 not hide from the dragon's
 wrath and soon there were
 only a few elves who still
 breathed life.
 The dragon thought himself
 victorious and circled through
 the air, now night and flew
 laps of satisfaction over his
 long gone prey.

Elves from afar heard
 of what happened to their kin
 and vowed to kill the winged
 creature who had taken vengeance
 on
 the elves both light and dark.
 Of the dark elves' destruction there
 was
 not much despair, but the light
 elves were their friends
 and cohorts in the battle to
 defend truth against evil.

VI. The Saviors

To Álheim they went
 in rows of armies
 dressed in white

to avenge their friends
 and ravage the dragon.
 Their bows they held
 with straps of rope behind them
 and their arrows sat in
 pouches, ready to be used
 in pursuit of Ölvaldi.

The dragon glimpsed the
 elf army and snarled contempt
 at the thought of elves killing him,
 the mighty creature with elven
 death fresh on his mind.
 The elves marched in and the
 dragon flapped his wings
 towards the elves planning
 to release a breath of fire
 rain down upon them.

The elves they ran
 and took cover from the
 fire that threatened to take
 their lives and in hiding they
 readied their bows for the enemy.
 The dragon circled above the sight
 and prided his cunning as he saw
 no elves and thought them all
 killed with his last burst
 of flames.

When his back was turned
 the elves took their shot
 and in unison sent their
 arrows to pierce his scales
 into his dragon flesh.
 The arrows hit
 and the great beast
 yowled in pain and fear of
 what had hit him, so
 flying circles he went.

The elves readied and
 pierced again, this time aiming
 for his eye with the army of arrows



they held at their fingertips
to revenge their friends slain before
them.

Screamed the dragon in terrible
fright and thrashed about as one
eye slowly lost the keen sight
he was used to, one eye being his
only beacon now.

Epilogue: The End

Injured, the dragon flew around
and upon hearing the war
screams of the elves for more
revenge he cowered and roared with
pain and flew back towards his lair.
The elves were fired with rage
and searched for the dragon
days and days but he was
nowhere to be found and
stayed secret for many years.

The elves stayed and helped to
rebuild the light elves' palace in Álfheim,
gathering up any survivors
they found to recreate a new
land of elves.

The remaining dark elves regretted
capturing the monster that
killed their race, but they forgot
about this lesson they learned
eventually, in many years.

Honorable Mention: "A Joyous Reunion"
Author: Daniel Bowman, Junior English
Major, Grove City College

It was a dark and rainy Friday in
August and Susan Pevensie knelt in
front of four new graves. There wasn't
a large gathering, only half a dozen
black umbrellas dotted the area as the
minister gave a brief eulogy. If Susan
heard anything that was said, she

could never recall it afterwards. She
knew that she oughtn't to be kneeling
and crying like she was. She should be
standing under an umbrella with an
appropriate solemn look of mourning
on her face. She had even ruined her
best nylons (given to her by John or
Danny or one of the other boys who
fancied her), but she almost didn't
care. The mud splatters and various
holes seemed fitting somehow. She
had lost everything that was precious
to her, why not these too?

The Professor and Ms. Plummer
had been buried a little farther down,
but she was never very close to them.
A week ago she had a family, brothers
and a sister and parents; she never
dreamed they would be taken away
like this. Of course she would
occasionally snub Lucy and argue with
Edmund, but that was to be expected,
wasn't it? It was true that Edmund
was rather better for their childish
games. (Better, at any rate, than he
had been before they started this
whole business of Narnia.) But why
did Peter have to go on with them,
playing at being royalty now that he
was grown up and engaged and should
have known better. She had spoken to
Ann several times about how all this
business was really rot that they had
made up as children, but Ann loved it
all and was still set upon marrying
Peter. Ann almost didn't come to the
funeral. Her brother had been killed in
the war and, even after five years,
that grief was still fresh; nevertheless,
she stood by Susan and held an
umbrella as well as she could with one
hand while wiping her eyes with a
tear and rain soaked handkerchief.

The headstones were simple gray slabs with a cross above each name and a short epitaph below the years of life. Her mum and dad's was a short Scripture verse that she vaguely remembered from when she was a little girl. Peter's read: "Magnificent brother, fiancé, and son." Edmund's was the most somber: "Wise in his counsels... and in all things Just." It was Lucy's, however, that brought fresh tears to her eyes, for it truly brought back memories of their happy childhood games: "Valiant sister, and noble lady."

"Queen Lucy the Valiant,"

Susan choked out under her breath, and started sobbing uncontrollably.

Susan refused anything to eat that day or the next. Her friends kept trying to persuade her to come to their parties and dances, but she wouldn't leave her room. (It was the first time she had turned down any invitations in two years.) Monday morning came sooner than she wanted and, at the insistence of her friends, she ate some toast and an egg before trudging off to Magdalen College to see her moral tutor. As she walked the halls, feeling more like a ghost than a person, she found one of her other English literature professors. His favorite pipe was stuck in his mouth, as usual, and occasionally bumped up against his rather pointed and protruding nose (for this, some of Susan's more beastly friends called him "The Old Beak," but she never joined in). Besides, the nose coupled with his blue eyes that always sparkled under his white caterpillars of eyebrows, gave a warm and grandfatherly look, at least in Susan's mind. He was just laughing at another

student's joke as Susan walked up. His expression changed instantly. His eyes, while still twinkling, were filled with a compassionate earnestness and his voice held a sympathetic tone that Susan could never afterward describe, but which she never forgot.

"Why, good morning, Miss Pevensie," he said somberly. "You have my deepest condolences for the loss of your family."

"Thank you, Professor Tolkien," Susan almost whispered in reply, attempting a weak smile. "Do you know if Professor Lewis is in his rooms?"

"Well, that was where I left him about an hour ago," Tolkien answered with a hint of a joke in his eyes. "He mentioned that you might be dropping by."

"Thank you, sir."

Susan moved on, momentarily cheered by seeing Professor Tolkien, until she came to her tutor's rooms, several halls down, and knocked on the door.

The door was opened by a tall, fat, rather bald, red-faced, double chinched, black haired man with a deep voice, who had evidently just been reading (his glasses were still perched on his nose).

"Good morning, Professor Lewis," Susan said, a little louder than she had anticipated.

"My dear Miss Pevensie," he replied gently, "do come in." She stepped through the door and Lewis cleared one of the armchairs of its books and manuscripts and typings and motioned her to sit down.

"What am I going to do, Professor?" Susan choked out as she

collapsed into the armchair, trying to maintain some sort of composure (for she felt it would be very childish to cry in front of her tutor).

“Concerning your classes, I have everything sorted,” he replied.

“Professor Brighton still wanted you to do your memorizations, but I was able to talk him out of even that for the next couple weeks. All of your lectures, of course, are entirely up to you.”

“Now, as for your tears,” Lewis continued, handing her a box of tissues, “they are a perfectly natural response to the loss you’ve suffered. Indeed, I would be concerned if you didn’t feel like crying. You were close to your family, I suppose?”

“Well, yes,” Susan managed, “But... But it’s so childish.”

She dissolved into tears and Lewis waited for her to calm down before responding.

“Childish? Nonsense.”

“But grown-ups don’t cry.”

“My dear girl, of course they do.

It is human to cry. I would even venture to say that proper grown-ups cry more and more readily because they know better why they cry. It should be some small comfort to you, though, that you weren’t on that train.”

“If we hadn’t had a row, I might have been and we might all be together,” Susan sobbed.

“If you’ll pardon my asking, what was the row over?”

Susan sniffed and dried her eyes some before answering.

“It was just over some childish games from when we were younger.”

“Childish games?”

“Yes, sir. It all started when we were sent away to the country during the war. We were exploring the house one day and Lucy claimed had found a magical wardrobe and met a faun who was carrying parcels in a snowy wood.”

Lewis’s eyes twinkled, thinking of his own imagined lands from when he was younger.

“A faun, you say?”

“Well, yes, sir.”

“And he was...”

“Carrying parcels in a snowy wood.”

“That is certainly remarkable, but why would you have a row over it? And such a row, if I may say so, that you seem to deeply regret it.”

“Because they insisted on it being real. I mean, none of us believed Lucy at first, but then Professor Kirke (we were staying at his house, you see) said that was nonsense because she wasn’t mad and she had never lied to us.”

“Which means that, logically, she was telling the truth,” Lewis mused. “If that is the case, why the row over it being real?”

“Well, sir, because I said that it couldn’t be real and that they were just playing at childish games. After all, growing up means moving on from faerie stories and make-believe.”

“Why?” asked Lewis simply.

“Are nylons and lipstick and invitations really as glamorous as castles and crowns and jousts?”

Susan couldn’t help a wry smile, since she knew why her tutor had chosen those examples.

“But the second lot aren’t real, Professor.”

“Aren’t they?”

“But, it’s childish.”

“And that is what makes it more likely to be true.”

“What do you mean?”

“You, my dear Miss Pevensie, have (if you’ll pardon an old man’s sarcasm) seemed to rush to the silliest part of life and are trying to stay there as long as you can. For me, in any case, I grew up not when I put my faerie stories and childlike beliefs behind me, but rather when I returned to them, dusted them off, and rediscovered the wonder I had first felt when I was young return with more power and clarity now that I am grown.”

Susan sat silently for what seemed to her to be an age, trying to find words.

“But, Professor, it’s impossible.”

“Exactly,” Lewis exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye. “And that’s what makes it so exciting and so likely to be true.”

“But a whole world can’t fit inside a wardrobe. It’s just too big.”

“That is more than I can say,” Lewis replied, “But, in our own world, a stable once held something far bigger than all creation.”

“You mean...?”

“Yes, I do. I believe in impossible things, worlds in wardrobes and saviors in stables, not because of some childish determination, but rather because they are the most sensible and logically necessary possibilities.”

At that moment, a dull knock came at the door, which was slightly ajar, followed by Professor Tolkien’s head popping into the room.

“Jack? You’re going to be late for lecture again,” he said, with a knowing twinkle in his eyes.

“Oh dear,” Lewis replied, jumping out of his armchair. “I had quite forgotten. Susan, would you mind coming back after lecture? I would be delighted to hear more of this other world and the faun with his parcel in a snowy wood.”

“Of course, Professor,” Susan replied with a grateful smile. “I would love to talk with you more.”

Now, at this point it would be nice to say that Susan had completely changed to the way she had been when she was a queen in Narnia, but that is not precisely the case. I may, however, say that she began to change, and, indeed, to really grow up. She never lost her attachment to nylons and lipstick and the like, but she did begin to value them less. Lewis also convinced her to come every Sunday to the small Anglican church he attended. Two years went by and Susan graduated from Magdalen College with a degree in English literature. She planned, at this point, to go abroad, most likely back to America, for further study.

It was a bright and beautiful Sunday in August and Susan Pevensie was waiting for the train to London. She had been to church that morning and said her last goodbyes to her old tutor. She saw the train coming in and, as she squinted in the sunlight, she wondered if it wasn’t taking the last curve somewhat too fast. As it rounded the curve, there was suddenly a loud roar and something large covered the sun above Susan. She instinctively shut her eyes, but all she



felt was a light jolt, much like you or I would feel if we were in an automobile that stopped suddenly but wasn't going terribly fast to begin with. When Susan opened her eyes she felt as if she had just woken from a dream into the richest and warmest sunlit day (far better than she remembered it being that day). She was sitting on a carpet of grass with her back against something hard. It wasn't painfully hard, but almost. (As Susan would always say afterwards, it felt a good deal more real than she was herself at that time.) The grass too, was not necessarily prickly and painful, but was solid in a way that Susan could feel every blade pressing on her in an unsettling way and wondered if this was how a ghost would feel. Looking at her surroundings, she saw trees in shades of brown and green more vivid than she had ever imagined, and certainly more vivid than I can describe. The wood seemed familiar, as if she had once known it well. All of a sudden, she remembered where she was, along with many other things that were in the dusty, cobwebbed corners of her mind.

"Lantern Waste!" Susan exclaimed and, as she did, she looked up to the familiar flickering of the lamp-post above her head. Soft footsteps brought her eyes to the eastern horizon where she saw, almost glimmering gold in the light of the sun, the Great Lion himself.

"Aslan?" she breathed, wonderingly.

"Welcome, Queen Susan the Gentle, Daughter of Eve," he replied solemnly.

"But, didn't you say that Peter and I could never come back to Narnia?" she asked, somewhat confused.

"That, my dear, was just a shadow, and now that a new day has dawned on Narnia, the shadows are no more, only things as they truly are."

"Then why tell Peter and me...?"

"Because I did not want you to become too attached to the shadows and forget what is real. The shadows fade and all eventually disappear, but their real images last forever." He paused to look her fully in the eyes before continuing, "I understand you had some trouble with clinging to shadows and temporary pleasures in your own world."

Ashamed, Susan hung her head, but she knew that would never do. She sighed, then, swallowing the lump in her throat, returned Aslan's gaze.

"Yes, Aslan, I did," she answered.

"Then, Daughter of Eve," his voice and eyes grew grave as he spoke. "The time has come for you to finally choose."

Aslan's shadow, which had previously not been visible at all, now stretched away to his left, until it was lost in the woods behind Susan.

"If you wish, you may go to the world of shadows. Indeed, your brothers and sister are afraid that that is where you are already. You may choose, however, to instead come with me, but you must leave the shadows behind you."



“Oh, Aslan,” Susan cried and ran to him with tears in her eyes. “Thank you.”

She threw her arms around Aslan’s neck and he gave a purr which could have easily been mistaken for a chuckle.

“Welcome, my child,” he said. “The shadowlands are behind you, this is the dawn. You are now truly grown up.”

As he spoke, Susan felt that the grass was no longer stabbing into her, but rather had become a soft and lush carpet, feeling so beautiful that Susan felt like she could be satisfied for ages by doing nothing but standing on this grass.

Aslan chuckled again and said, “Come, Daughter of Eve. You have much more to see. Climb on my back and I will take you further up and further in.”

As soon as Susan was on his back, Aslan bounded across Lantern Waste in strides that would have been impossible anywhere else. The great waterfall loomed ahead, but rather than feeling afraid of crashing into it, Susan felt a strange excitement. In one leap, as nimble and graceful as if it had been a tiny brook, Aslan bounded to the top of the waterfall and continued on without breaking stride. All of Narnia spread away to the East and Susan could even see, glinting in the sun, the majestic towers of the beloved castle, Cair Paravel. Over mountains and through valleys Aslan raced, faster and faster with each stride, until he came to a valley with a long lake in it. Aslan kept running and soon was skimming across the surface of the lake as if it were glass.

At the far side of the lake a grassy hill rose up to greet them, and, at the top, Susan could see a walled garden with golden gates. Before she had time to think about it much, Aslan was up the hill and through the gates. He came to a complete stop in the midst of a group of (mostly) people all dressed in royal robes. Susan got down from his back and was staring at the opulence somewhat dazedly when a cry of pure joy came from one of the ladies.

“Susan!” Lucy cried and rushed to her sister.

Peter and Edmund, nearly shocked, also came and hugged (and even cried a little) over their sister. And Susan saw Trumpkin and Trufflehunter, Caspian and Reepicheep, Tumnus and the Beavers, along with all the other friends she had made back in the old Narnia, so many ages ago. It was a day of celebrations and reunions, though none more tender and joyous than when she walked the garden with Peter and Edmund and Lucy, and they all rejoiced that their sister, whom they had feared to be lost, had been returned to them, for Aslan had put all to rights.

