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The Chronicles of Narnia: The Voyage of the Dawn Treader

By Christopher Markus

All right, that's it.
One, two, three.
Are you sure you're 18?
Why, do I look older?
Alberta Scrubb?
That's a typographical error.
It's supposed to be Albert A. Scrubb.
Edmund...
you're supposed to be helping me
with the groceries.
Better luck next time, eh, squirt?
Squirt!
He barely had two years on me.
I'm a king! I've fought wars
and I've led armies.
Not in this world.
Yeah, instead I'm stuck here,
doing battle...
with Eustace Clarence Scrubb.
If anyone so deserved a name.
What are you doing?
Nothing.
Come on then.
Dear diary, it is now day 253...
since my wretched cousins
Edmund and Lucy invaded our house.
Not sure how much longer
I can cope living with them...
having to share my things.
If only one could treat relatives
like one treats insects...
all my problems would be solved.
I could simply put them in a jar
or pin them to my wall.
I'm home. Hello!
Note to self,
investigate legal ramifications...
of impaling relatives.
That concludes
the war news from the Western Front.
Hello, Uncle Harold.
I tried to find some carrots...
but all they had were turnips again.
Shall I start making soup?

Aunt Alberta's on her way home.
Uncle Harold?
Father. Edmund's making faces at you.
Why, you little...
Father, he's gonna hit me!
Edmund, look!
It's from Susan.
I do wish you were here with us.
It's been such an adventure,
but nothing like our times in Narnia.
America is very exciting...
except we never see Father.
He works so very hard.
I was invited...
"...to the British Consul's tea party
this week by a naval officer...
who happens to be very handsome.
I think he fancies me."
Hmm.
"It seems the Germans have made
the crossing difficult right now.
Times are hard.
Mother hopes you both won't mind
another few months in Cambridge."
Another few months?
How will we survive?
You're lucky...
at least you've got your own room.
I'm stuck with mullet mouth.
Susan and Peter
are the lucky ones.
Off on adventures.
Yeah, they're the eldest
and we're the youngest.
We don't matter as much.
Do you think I look anything like Susan?
Lucy...
have you seen this ship before?
Yes. It's very
Narnian-looking, isn't it?
Yeah.
Just another reminder
that we're here and not there.
There once were two orphans

who wasted their time
believing in Narnian nursery rhymes...

- Please let me hit him.

- No!

- Don't you ever knock?

- It's my house. I'll do as I please.

You're just guests.

What's so fascinating
about that picture anyway?

It's hideous.

You won't see it
from the other side of the door.

Edmund, it looks like
the water is actually moving.

What rubbish!

See?

That's what happens...
when you read all those fanciful novels
and fairy tales of yours.

There once was a boy called Eustace
who read books

full of facts that were useless

People who read fairy tales...

are always the sort who become
a hideous burden to people like me...

who read books

with real information.

"Hideous burden"?

I haven't seen you lift a finger
since we've been here.

I have a mind to tell your father
you stole Aunt Alberta's sweets.

- Liar!

- Oh, really?

Edmund, the painting.

I found them under your bed,
and you know what?

I licked every one of them.

Ugh! I'm infected with you!

What's going on here?

- Lucy, do you think...?

- It's some kind of trick!

Stop it or I'll tell mother.

Mother!

Mother!
I'll just smash the rotten thing.
No, Eustace! No!
We can't stop it!
Get off me! Get off!
Let go of it, Eustace! Put it down!
- Get off it!
- Let go!
Edmund!
Edmund!
What's happening?
Where are we?
Eustace, swim!
What's going on?
Eustace, come on!
Come on, move!
Keep swimming!
Edmund!
It's all right. I've got you.
Caspian!
Lucy.
Edmund, it's Caspian!
It's all right, boys. You're safe now.
Are we in Narnia?
Yes, you're in Narnia.
I don't want to go!
I want to go back to England!
I'm going back to England!
Hold on.
That was thrilling!
How in the world did you end up here?
I have no idea.
Caspian.
Edmund.
It's great to see you.
- Great to see you.
- Didn't you call for us?
No. Not this time.
Well, whatever the case,
I'm just glad to be here.
- Now calm down, sir.
- Get that thing off me!
Get that thing off me!
Reepicheep!

Oh. Your Majesties.
Hello, Reep. What a pleasure.
The pleasure is all mine, sir.
But first, what to do
about this hysterical interloper?
That giant rat thing...
just tried to claw my face off!
I was merely trying...
to expel the water...
from your lungs, sir.
It talked! Did you see?
Did anyone just hear that? It just talked!
- He always talks.
- It's getting him to shut up that's the trick.
The moment there is nothing to be said,
your Highness...
I promise you, I will not say it.
I don't know what kind of prank this is,
but I want to wake up right now!
Perhaps we could throw him back?
Edmund!
I demand to know,
just where in the blazes am I?
You're on the Dawn Treader...
the finest ship in Narnia's navy.
Was it something I said?
See to him, will you?
Your Majesty.
Men...
behold our castaways...
Edmund the Just
and Lucy the Valliant...
high King and Queen of Narnia.
Aslan.
Look...
Susan's bow and arrows.
Lucy.
My healing cordial...
and dagger.
Oh, may I?
Of course, they're yours.
Peter's sword.
Yes.
I looked after it as promised.

Here, hold it if you wish.
No, no, it's yours.
Peter gave it to you.
I did save this for you though.
Thanks.
Since you left, the Giants
of the North surrendered unconditionally...
then we defeated the Calormen armies
at the Great Desert.
There is peace across all of Narnia.
Peace?
In just three years.
And have you found yourself a queen
in those three years?
No. Not one
to compare with your sister.
Hang on.
If there are no wars to fight...
and no one is in trouble,
then why are we here?
It's a good question.
I've been asking myself the same thing.
So where are we sailing to?
Before I took back the throne
from my uncle...
he tried to kill my father's closest friends
and most loyal supporters.
The seven lords of Telmar.
They fled to the Lone Islands.
No one has heard from them since.
So you think something
has happened to them?
Well, if it has, it's my duty to find out.
Well, what's east of the Lone Islands?
Uncharted waters.
Things you can barely imagine.
Tales of sea serpents and worse.
Sea serpents?
All right, Captain...
that's enough of your tall tales.
Where sky and water meet
Where the waves grow ever sweet
Doubt not, you Reepicheep
To find all that you seek

There is the Utter East

Doubt not...

- That's pretty.

- Oh!

Thank you.

Adryad sung it to me
when I was just a mouseling.

I can't divine the meaning,
but I've never forgotten the words.

What do you think is past
the Lone Islands, Reep?

Well, I've been told the furthest east
one can sail is to the end of the world.

Aslan's country.

Do you really believe
there's such a place?

Well, we have nothing, if not belief.

Do you think you could
actually sail there?

Well, there is only one way
of finding that out.

I can only hope I will one day
earn the right to see it.

Your Majesty.

Come on.

You've grown stronger, my friend.

Seems I have.

All right, back to work.

- Your Highness.

- Thank you.

Edmund...

do you think if we keep sailing...
to the end of the world...

we'll just... tip off the edge?

Don't worry, Lu,

we're a long way from there.

I see you're still talking nonsense,
the two of you.

Are you feeling better?

Yes, no thanks to you.

It's lucky I have an iron constitution.

As effervescent as ever, I see.

Find your sea legs?

Never lost them.

Simply dealing with the shock of things.
Mother says I have an acute disposition,
due to my intelligence.
I don't think he has
a cute anything.
I'll have you all know,
as soon as we find civilization...
I'm contacting the British Consul.
Have you all arrested for kidnapping.
Kidnapping, is it?
That's funny.
I thought we saved your life.
You held me against my will!
In, what I must say,
are the most unhygienic quarters.
It's like a zoo down there!
He's quite the complainer, isn't he?
He's just warming up.
Land ho!
The Lone Islands.
The port of Narrowhaven.
Strange, not a Narnian flag in sight.
But the Lone Islands
have always been Narnia's.
Seems suspicious.
I say we prepare a landing party.
Drinian?
Forgive me, your Majesty...
but the chain of command starts
with King Caspian on this ship.
Right.
We'll use longboats.
Drinian, pick some men
and come ashore.
- Aye.
- Tavros.
Man the longboats, furl the sail
and prepare to drop anchor.
Onward!
The thrill of the unknown lies ahead.
Couldn't this have waited
till the morning?
There is no honor in turning away
from adventure, lad.

Listen.
Where is everyone?
Come on, jelly legs.
I'm capable of doing it myself. Oof!
And you're certain
he's related by blood?
Reepicheep, stay here with Drinian's men
and secure the place.
We'll head on.
If we don't come back by dawn,
send a party.
Yes, your Majesty.
Yeah, looks like nobody is in.
Do you think we should head back?
Do you want to come here and guard...
something?
Ah, yes.
Good idea, cousin.
Very, uh... logical.
I've got it. I've got it. Don't worry.
Uh, I'm ready to go when you are.
Who are all these people?
Why have they been crossed out?
It looks like some kind of fee.
Slave traders.
Look out!
Unless you want to hear this one
squeal like a girl again...
I'd say you should...
drop your weapons.
- Like a girl?
- Now!
Put it down.
Eustace.
Put them in irons.
Come on. Come here, you.
Get your hands off me!
Let's take these two to market.
Send those two to the dungeons.
Listen to me, you insolent fool!
I am your king!
You're gonna pay for that.
Actually...
someone else is going to pay...

for all of you.

- No! Edmund! Edmund!

- Lucy!

No! Edmund!

You all right?

Yeah.

It's hopeless.

You'll never get out.

Who's there?

Nobody. Just a voice...

in my head.

Lord Bern?

Perhaps once, but I'm no longer
deserving of that title.

Is he one of the seven?

Your face...

You remind me of a king

I once loved well.

That man was my father.

Oh, my lord.

- Please forgive me.

- No, please.

Please.

No!

No!

Helaine!

- Mummy!

- No!

Helaine!

- Mummy!

- Please!

Mummy!

Get back!

- Mummy!

- Stay with Daddy!

Don't worry! I'll find you!

Mummy!

No!

Where are they taking them?

Keep watching.

What happened?

It's a sacrifice.

Where did they go?

No one knows.

The mist was first seen
in the east.
Reports of fishermen and sailors
disappearing out at sea.
We lords made a pact...
to find the source of the mist
to destroy it.
They each set sail...
but none came back.
You see, if they don't sell you
to the slave traders...
you're likely to be fed to the mist.
We have to find Lucy...
before it's too late.
- I bid 60.
- I bid 80.
100 for the little lady.
Any more bids?
Sold!
Ah!
Come on, move.
Move!
And now...
for this...
fine specimen...
who'll kick off the bidding?
Come on now...
he may not look like much
but he's strong.
Yeah, he's strong, all right.
Smells like the rear end of a Minotaur!
That is an outrageous lie!
I won the school hygiene award
two years running.
Come on, someone make a bid!
I'll take them off your hands.
I'll take them all off your hands!
For Narnia!
Narnia!
Guards! Guards! Move yourselves!
Thanks, Reep. I knew you'd come.
Your Highness.
Ha!
Get the keys!

Keys!

Oh, you're a boat in a magical land.

Can't you row yourself?

Oh, God. I hope that wasn't
the British Consul.

Your Majesty.

Your Majesty!

Hold it!

My wife was taken
just this morning.

It's all right, Drinian.

I beg you, take me with you.

Gael!

- I want to come.

- No, Gael, stay with your aunt.

I'm a fine sailor.

Been on the seas my whole life.

Of course, you must.

- Thank you.

- But, Daddy!

Have I ever

not come back?

Now be good.

My king.

My king.

This was given to me by your father.

I hid it safely in a cave all these years.

That's an old

Narnian sword.

It's from your Golden Age.

There are seven such swords,

gifts from Aslan to protect Narnia.

Your father

entrusted them to us.

Here, take it.

And may it protect you.

Thank you, my lord.

And we shall find your lost citizens.

Edmund.

Dear diary, there has been

an extraordinary turn of events.

I've been abducted by my cousins...

and set adrift in uncharted waters

in some ridiculous-looking boat.

What's worse is I share quarters
with an obnoxious mouse thing.
And I thought bunking with
my cousin was bad enough.
So far, every person I've met
in this strange place...
suffers from the most florid delusions.
Chasing green mists
and looking for lost lords.
I can only assume that this is...
the result of poor diet.
Or they're all just barking mad.
Cousin Edmund is no exception.
He spends every spare second
rubbing that tin sword of his...
like it's some magic lantern.
Poor fool clearly needs a hobby.
It's going to be magnificent.
Do they come in a smaller size?
Peeving marmot!
He's even more deluded than my cousin.
In England, we have mouse traps
for that sort of thing.
Speaking of food, you don't know
where I could get any, do you?
Uh, why are you talking to that bird?
I just naturally assumed you can...
He's talking to birds!
He's mad as a loon,
that one.
Yeah!
Shoo! Go on, get off!
Are you aware...
that stealing rations
is a capital offense at sea?
Up here.
Oh, you.
Men have been keelhauled for less.
For what?
For treason...
and sneakiness
and general nuisancery.
Look, just hand over the orange
and we'll let the matter pass.

I don't know
what you're talking about.
Allow me to cla...
Look, I've had quite enough of you.
Unhand the tail.
The great Aslan himself
gave me this tail.
Repeat, no one touches the tail.
Period.
Exclamation mark.
Sorry.
Now, I will have the orange...
then I will have satisfaction.
Please, I'm a pacifist.
En garde!
- Watch it!
- Sorry.
Trying to run away?
We're on a boat, you know.
Look, can't we just discuss this?
That was for stealing...
that was for lying...
and that was for good measure.
That's the spirit!
We have ourselves a duel.
Catch.
Now, come on.
Take your best shot.
Is that it? Come on, boy.
Focus! Focus!
Yes! Ha!
Stop flapping your wings
like a drunken pelican! Poise.
Keep your blade up.
Up, up! That's it.
Now...
Ha-ha-ha! Yah!
Yoo-hoo!
Over here.
Now, lunge with your foot.
Not your left, your right.
Got it? Come on.
Be nimble! Be nimble!
It's a dance, boy, a dance.

Come on now, again and again.
That's right, that's right.
Oh, no!
And that...
is that.
Look.
Gael?
What are you doing here?
Here.
Looks like we have an extra...
crew member.
Welcome aboard.
Your Majesty.
Call me Lucy.
Come on.
Come on, look lively.
Back to work.
Good match.
I'll make a swordsman of you yet.
Yes, well, if the playing field
were a little more even...
it would've been
an entirely different result.
Heh-heh-heh. Indeed.
It looks uninhabited.
But if the lords followed the mist east,
they would have stopped here.
Could be a trap.
Or it could hold some answers.
Caspian?
We'll spend the night on shore.
Scour the island in the morning.
Aye, your Majesty.
Seems they've brought a pig.
This one, it's female.
So is this one.
This one reads.
Let's take her.
There is no escape.
- Well put.
- Scary.
- Yeah.
- What are you?
We are terrifying invisible beasts.

If you could see us,
you would be really intimidated.
you forgot to mention
that we are very large.
- Well, what do you want?
- You.
You'll do what we ask.
- She will.
- Very clear.
- Well put.
- Yeah.
Or what?
Or death.
Death? Death? Death?
Death. Death. Death.
Well, I wouldn't be much use
to you dead, would I?
I hadn't thought of that.
No, you hadn't.
Fair point.
All right,
then we'll just kill your friends.
Ooh.
Good idea.
What do you want with me?
You will enter the house...
of The Oppressor.
What house?
This one.
Upstairs, you'll find
The Book of Incantations.
Recite the spell
that makes the unseen seen.
Well put, Chief. Well put.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Well, go on. We haven't got all day.
Remember what will happen
to your friends.
You've been warned.
Yeah. Yeah.
- Yeah.
- Right.
Right.

Yeah.

Why don't you do it yourselves?

We can't read.

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Can't write either, as a matter of fact.

Or add.

Yeah.

Why didn't you just say so?

Beware The Oppressor.

He's very oppressive.

"What makes the unseen seen," got it?

Don't forget.

- Don't forget that.

- Yeah.

Ed.

Ed, wake up.

Wake up, look.

Where's Lucy?

Lucy?

Lucy!

Everybody up!

Get up.

Get up, I said!

This way!

Move, you blackguards.

"With these words

your tongue must sew

For all around there to be snow"

"An infallible spell

To make you she

The beauty you've always wanted to be"

Susan, what's going...

...on?

I'm beautiful.

No, wait!

"Make me she, whom I'd agree..."

Lucy!

Lucy.

Aslan?

Aslan?

"A spell to make the unseen seen."

"Like the 'p' in psychology

The 'h' in psychiatry

Invisible ink

and the truth in theology
Caspian, Lucy's dagger.
Stop right there or perish.
The spell is complete
Now all is visible"
- What sort of creatures are you?
- Big ones...
with the head of a tiger
and the body of a...
Different tiger.
You don't want to mess with us.
Or what?
Or I'll claw you to death.
And I'll ram my tusks right through you.
And I'll gnash you with my teeth.
And I'll bite you with my fangs. Grrr!
you mean squash us
with your fat bellies?
Yes!
Fat bellies?
Tickle us with your toes?
What have you done with my sister,
you little pip-squeak?
Now, calm down.
Where is she?
- You better tell him.
- Go on, Chief, tell him.
In the mansion.
What mansion?
Oh.
That mansion.
I'm really getting tired
of you all leaving me behi...
- It's the pig!
- The pig has come back.
This place just gets
weirder and weirder.
- Weird?
- Him calling us weird?
- The Oppressor!
- The Oppressor!
Lucy.
Your Majesty.
Caspian and Edmund.

This is Coriakin. It's his island.
That's what he thinks.
You have wronged us, magician.
I have not wronged you.
I made you invisible
for your own protection.
Protection?
That's oppressive!
Oppressor!
I have not oppressed you.
But you could've, if you'd wanted to.
Be gone.
It's a spell!
What was that?
Lint.
But don't tell them.
What were those things?
Dufflepuds.
Right, of course. Silly me.
What did you mean when you said you
made them invisible for their own good?
It seemed the easiest way
to protect them...
from the evil.
You mean the mist?
I mean what lies
behind the mist.
That's quite beautiful.
I mean, for a make-believe map
of a make-believe world.
There is the source of your troubles.
Dark Island.
A place where evil lurks.
It can take any form. It can make
your darkest dreams come true.
It seeks to corrupt all goodness...
to steal the light from this world.
How do we stop it?
You must break its spell.
That sword you carry,
there are six others.
- Have you seen them?
- Yes.
The six lords,

they passed through here?
Indeed.
Where were they headed?
Where I sent them.
To break the spell...
you must follow the Blue Star...
to Ramandu's Island.
There, the seven swords
must be laid at Aslan's table.
Only then can their true
magical power be released.
But beware...
you are all about to be tested.
Tested?
Until you lay down the seventh sword,
evil has the upper hand.
It will do everything...
in its power...
to tempt you.
Be strong.
Don't fall to temptation.
To defeat
the darkness out there...
you must defeat the darkness
inside yourself.
For reasons beyond my comprehension...
we've taken the advice
of a senile old coot...
who doesn't possess a razor
and dawdles around in a dressing gown.
So we're back in this tub
and lost in a tempest. Brilliant!
Hold!
Three spokes to starboard.
Aye-aye, sir.
More pails here.
Pass it down!
Heave!
Fourteen days of being tossed like a
pancake and not the slightest sign of land.
The only consolation is,
everyone is finally...
as miserable as I am.
Except for that show-off talking rat.

He's one of those annoying
glass-is-always-half-full types.
So we're stuck here...
at half-rations, with food and water
for two more weeks, maximum.
This is your last chance to turn back,
your Majesties.
There's no guarantee we'll spot
the Blue Star anytime soon.
Not in this storm.
Needle in a haystack, trying
to find this Ramandu place.
We could sail right past it
and off the edge of the world.
Or get eaten by a sea serpent.
I'm just saying the men
are getting nervous.
These are strange seas
we're sailing...
the likes of which
I've never seen before.
Then perhaps, Captain, you would like
to be the one to explain to Mr. Rhince...
that we're abandoning
the search for his family.
I'll get back to it.
Just a word of warning.
The sea can play nasty tricks
on the crew's mind.
Very nasty.
Transform my reflection
Cast into perfection
Lashes, lips and complexion
Make me she
Whom I'd agree
Holds more beauty over me
Ladies and gentlemen...
Miss Pevensie.
She's quite a looker. Swell.
Edmund!
You look beautiful, sister.
As always.
Peter!
Excuse me, miss,

can I get a photo?
Mother's going to love this.
All her children in one picture.
Smile.
Hang on, where am I?
I mean, where's Lucy?
Lucy? Who's Lucy?
Susan, what's wrong?
Come on now, miss.
Nice big smile.
Edmund, I'm not sure about all this.
I think I want to go back.
Go back where?
To Narnia.
What on earth is Narnia?
What's going on?
Stop this!
Lucy.
Aslan?
What have you done, child?
I don't know.
That was awful.
But you chose it, Lucy.
I didn't mean to choose
all of that.
I just wanted to be beautiful
like Susan.
That's all.
You wished yourself away,
and with it much more.
Your brothers and sister wouldnt
know Narnia without you, Lucy.
You discovered it first,
remember?
I'm so sorry.
You doubt your value.
Don't run from who you are.
Aslan!
Father! Father...
Edmund. Edmund.
Come with me. Join me.
Edmund.
Oh, Lucy.
I can't sleep.

Let me guess.
Bad dreams.
So either were all going mad...
or something is
playing with our minds.
I doubt the lords stopped here,
my liege.
There's no sign of anything living.
Right.
Well, once we get ashore, take your men
and search for food and water.
The three of us will look for clues.
Hang on,
you mean the four of us.
Come on, please don't
send me back to the rat.
I heard that.
Big ears.
I heard that too.
Go on, unload it all.
Look, we're not
the first ones on this island.
The lords?
Could be.
What do you think could be down there?
Let's find out.
What's that?
I don't know.
Looks like some sort of gold statue.
Ah!
He must have fallen in.
Poor man.
You mean, "poor lord."
The crest of Lord Restimar.
And his sword.
We need it.
Be careful.
Your sword hasn't turned to gold.
Both the swords are magical.
Here.
He mustn't have known
what hit him.
Maybe.
Or maybe he was

onto something.
What are you talking about?
What are you staring at?
Whoever has access to this pool...
could be the most powerful
person in the world.
Lucy, we'd be so rich.
No one could tell us what to do...
or who to live with.
You can't take anything
out of Narnia, Edmund.
Says who?
I do.
I'm not your subject.
You've been waiting for this,
haven't you?
To challenge me?
You doubt my leadership?
You doubt yourself.
And you're a spineless sap!
Edmund.
I'm tired of playing second fiddle.
First it was Peter and now it's you!
You know I'm braver than both of you.
Why do you get Peter's sword?
I deserve a kingdom of my own.
I deserve to rule!
If you think you're so brave,
prove it!
Ah!
No!
Stop it!
Both of you!
Look at yourselves.
Can't you see what's happening?
This place has tempted you.
It's bewitching you.
This is exactly what Coriakin
was talking about.
Let's just get out of here.
Oh, yes, follow the imaginary Blue Star
to the island of Ramandoodoo.
Lay the seven steak knives
at the table of a talking lion.

Ninnies!
What is that?
I must be dead.
Ah!
You're definitely dead.
Won't be needing that then,
will you?
Finally...
a favorable turn of events.
What food did you find?
It's volcanic, your Majesty.
Not much grows.
Where's Eustace?
I believe he's out,
not helping us load the boats.
Eustace!
Eustace!
Edmund, I've got a bad feeling.
I'll go find him.
I'll come with you.
Eustace!
Eustace!
Treasure.
Trouble.
Eustace.
No!
Oh, cousin.
I'm sorry.
He was just a boy.
I never should have left him.
What could have happened
to him?
In this place? Anything.
And he wasn't the first.
It's Lord Octesian.
We should find his...
...sword.
What was that?
Is it the volcano?
Oh, no. That's no volcano.
All hands on deck there!
Archers, arm yourselves!
Here, here!
Take one and pass them on.

Take your positions...
and wait for my command.
What's it doing?
Fire!
Fire.
He'll break the mast.
Right!
Hold your positions!
- Fire!
- Fire!
Take that!
Edmund!
Ed!
Edmund!
Lucy! Lucy!
You have got to be joking.
He must have been tempted
by the treasure.
Anyone knows a dragon's
treasure is enchanted.
Well, anyone from here.
- Is there any way to change him back?
- Not that I know of.
Aunt Alberta will not be pleased.
Sorry about the hand, old boy.
I can be a little overzealous at times.
The boats are ready, Sire.
We can't leave him alone.
We can't bring him on board,
your Majesty.
Drinian, you and the others
take one boat back.
The rest of us will
stay here till morning...
and work out what to do.
But you've no provisions,
and no means...
of staying warm, your Majesty.
You were saying?
I've never seen these
constellations before.
Me neither.
We're a long way from home.
When I was a boy I used to imagine

sailing to the end of the world...
finding my father there.
Maybe you will.
I miss my mummy.
I miss mine too.
Don't worry, you'll see her again.
How do you know?
You just have to have faith
about these things.
Aslan will help us.
But Aslan couldn't stop her
from being taken.
We'll find her. I promise.
Somehow.
Hmm.
Trouble sleeping?
Now, now.
All is not as lost as it seems.
I'll stay up with you if you wish...
keep you company.
I'll wager you didn't even believe
in dragons this morning.
Yes.
You know...
extraordinary things only happen
to extraordinary people.
Maybe it's a sign...
that you've got
an extraordinary destiny.
Something greater than
you could have imagined.
I could tell you one or two
of my adventures if you like...
just to pass the time.
Believe it or not, you're not
the first dragon I've encountered.
Many years ago,
too many than I care to mention...
I was with a band of pirates.
I met another dragon,
much fiercer than you...
Lucy!
Lucy, wake up!
Look!

The Blue Star!
Everybody!
What? What is it?
Everybody, wake up!
It's the Blue Star!
Come on, old boy, wake up.
Pull!
Mind your strokes there, lads.
Pull!
The wind has left us.
So how do we get to
Ramandu's Island now then?
My guess is something
doesn't want us to get there.
Pull!
All together.
If I get any hungrier,
I'm gonna eat that dragon!
Don't worry, Eustace,
they'll have to deal with me first.
Ah! Careful!
If we don't find land by tonight,
they may well eat that dragon.
What did we hit?
Eustace, that's brilliant.
Onward, ho!
We can't be sure the other lords
even made it to Ramandu's Island.
You got us there!
What did I tell you, Eustace?
Extraordinary! Ha-ha-ha!
Extraordinary!
Mmm. Food.
Wait.
Huh?
Lord Revilian.
Lord Mavramorn.
Lord Argoz.
He's breathing.
So are they.
They're under a spell.
It's the food!
Huh?
Hey.

It's the stone knife.
This is Aslan's table.
Their swords.
On the table.
That's six.
Still missing one.
Look!
Travelers of Narnia...
welcome.
Arise.
Are you not hungry?
Who are you?
I'm Liliandil,
daughter of Ramandu.
I am your guide.
You're a star?
You are most beautiful.
If it is a distraction for you,
I can change form.
- No!
- No!
Please.
The food is for you.
There is enough for all
who are welcome at Aslan's table.
Always.
Help yourselves.
Wait.
What happened to them?
These poor men were half-mad
by the time they reached our shores.
They were threatening violence
upon each other.
Violence is forbidden
at the table of Aslan.
So they were sent to sleep.
Will they ever wake?
When all is put right.
Come...
there is little time.
The magician, Coriakin,
told you of Dark Island?
Yes.
Before long,

the evil will be unstoppable.
Coriakin said to break its spell,
we lay the seven swords at Aslan's table.
He speaks the truth.
But we only found six.
Do you know where the seventh is?
In there.
You will need great courage.
Now, waste no time.
I hope we meet again.
Goodbye.
So, what do you think is in there?
Our worst nightmares.
Our darkest wishes.
Pure evil.
Tavros, unlock the armory.
My lord.
Archers, prepare yourselves.
Aye, Captain.
Light the lanterns.
Let's get ready.
When I grow up,
I want to be just like you.
When you grow up...
You should be just like you.
In case we don't get through
whatever this is...
I want you to know
I think of you as my brother, Ed.
Me too.
You gave up your sword.
It wasn't mine to keep.
Use this.
But it's...
Peter would want you to have it.
There it is, my friend.
Our battle awaits.
Eustace, no!
Halt!
Eustace, stop! Stop!
I will not accept surrender.
A noble warrior does not run from fear.
Look at me! Look at me
when I'm talking to you!

I am a mouse.
You... you're a dragon.
You've got skin like chain mail.
You breathe fire.
Come on, let's meet our destiny.
No matter what happens here...
every soul who stands before me
has earned their place...
on the crew of the Dawn Treader.
Together we have traveled far.
Together we have faced adversity.
Together we can do it again.
So now is not the time
to fall to fear's temptations.
Be strong. Never give in.
Our world...
our Narnian lives, depend on it.
Think of the lost souls
we're here to save.
Think of Aslan.
Think of Narnia.
- For Narnia!
- For Narnia!
For Narnia!
Helaine.
I can't see a thing.
This fog's too thick.
You are
a great disappointment to me.
You call yourself my son,
then act like a king.
Edmund, come with me.
Be my king.
I'll let you rule.
Go away.
You're dead.
You can never kill me.
I'll always be alive in your mind,
silly boy.
No!
Edmund?
Are you all right?
Yeah.
Keep away!

Keep away!
Who's there?
We do not fear you.
Nor I you.
Keep away!
We will not leave.
You will not defeat me.
Caspian.
Caspian, his sword.
Lord Rhoop!
You do not own me!
Stand down.
Let's get him on board, quickly.
- Help him up.
- Ready, sir.
Be calm, my lord.
Off me, demon!
No, my lord.
We are not here to hurt you.
I am your king, Caspian.
Caspian?
My lord?
You should not have come.
There's no way out of here.
Quickly...
turn this ship about, before it's too late.
We have the sword. Let's go!
Let's turn her about, Drinian.
Aye-aye, your Majesty.
Do not think.
Do not let it know your fears...
or it will become them.
Oh, no.
Edmund,
what did you just think of?
Oh, I'm sorry.
Look!
What is that?
It's too late. It's too late!
It's gone under the boat!
Come here!
Run!
Don't let me down.
No fear. No retreat.

Hold fast!
For Narnia!
Take that and that!
Yah!
Eustace, hang on.
Out, creature!
No! The sword! The sword!
Eustace!
No! Come back!
We're all doomed! Doomed!
- Turn this ship about!
- Stop him!
Someone stop him!
Now, crew...
to your rowing positions.
Oars at double speed!
Aslan, please help us.
Pull!
Pull!
Pull!
Put your back into it!
Pull!
Gael, come on! This way!
Now you must stay here until
someone comes and gets you. Okay?
Ed! Ed.
We'll ram the serpent.
Smash him on the rocks.
Steer her to port.
I'll keep it on the prow.
Look out!
- Forward!
- Come on! - Pull!
Try and kill me! Come on!
Come on, I'm here!
- No!
- Edmund!
Archers...
ready yourselves.
I'm still here!
Brace yourselves!
Move!
We can beat this.
We have to get it closer.

All hands to the main deck.
Ready the harpoons.
I want everybody up here!
Ready?
Aye, sir!
Now!
Pull its head down!
Heave!
Edmund.
What are you trying to prove,
Edmund?
That you're a man?
Edmund!
Do it!
I can make you that.
I can make you my king.
Just take my hand.
Just give in.
Do it!
Come on!
No!
The spell...
it's lifting.
Edmund!
Caspian!
Look!
Narnians! Narnians!
Mummy!
Helaine!
Rhince!
Gael!
Mummy!
Mummy.
Oh, Mummy.
Let's have them on board!
Clear the decks.
We did it.
I knew we would.
It wasn't just us,
though.
You mean...
Hey! Hey, I'm down here, Lucy.
Over here!
Hey, Lucy. I'm in the water. Lucy!

Eustace.
I'm a boy again.
I'm a boy.
Eustace! I see your wings...
have been clipped. Ha, ha!
Where sky and water meet
Where the waves grow ever sweet
It is sweet.
It's sweet!
Look! Look!
Aslan's country.
We must be close.
Well,
we've come this far.
So, what was it like
when Aslan changed you back?
No matter how hard I tried,
I just couldn't do it myself.
Then he came towards me.
It sort of hurt, but it was a good pain.
You know, like when you pull a thorn
from your foot.
Being a dragon wasn't all bad.
I mean, I think I was a better dragon
than I was a boy, really.
I'm so sorry for being such a sop.
It's okay, Eustace.
You were a pretty good dragon.
My friends,
we have arrived.
Aslan.
Welcome, children.
You have done well.
Very well indeed.
You have come far,
and now your journey is at its end.
Is this your country?
No, my country lies beyond.
Is my father in your country?
You can only find that out
for yourself, my son.
But you should know
that if you continue...
there is no return.

- You're not going?
- I can't imagine my father...
would be very proud
that I gave up what he died for.
I spent too long wanting
what was taken from me...
and not what was given.
I was given a kingdom.
A people.
I promise to be a better king.
You already are.
Children.
I think perhaps it's time
we went home actually, Lu.
But I thought you loved it here.
I do.
But I love home
and our family as well.
They need us.
Your Eminence...
ever since I can remember,
I have dreamt of seeing your country.
I've had many great adventures
in this world...
but nothing has dampened
that yearning.
I know I am hardly worthy...
but with your permission,
I would lay down my sword...
for the joy of seeing your country
with my own eyes.
My country was made for
noble hearts such as yours...
no matter how small their bearers be.
Your Majesty.
No one could be more deserving.
- Well, I...
- It's true.
May I?
Well, I suppose.
Just this...
Goodbye, Lucy.
Don't cry.
I don't understand.

Will I not see you again?
Ever?
What a magnificent puzzle you are,
and a true hero.
It has been my honor to fight
beside such a brave warrior...
and a great friend.
I won't be needing this.
This is our last time here,
isn't it?
Yes.
You have grown up,
my dear one.
Just like Peter and Susan.
Will you visit us in our world?
I shall be watching you,
always.
How?
In your world, I have another name.
You must learn to know me by it.
That was the very reason
you were brought to Narnia.
That by knowing me here for a little...
you may know me better there.
Will we meet again?
Mm. Yes, dear one. One day.
You're the closest thing
I have to family.
And that includes you,
Eustace.
Thank you.
Will I come back?
Narnia may yet have need of you.
Eustace?
Eustace...
what are you doing up there?
Jill Pole's...
dropped in for a visit.
We spoke often of Narnia
in the days that followed.
And when my cousins left,
after the war ended...
I missed them with all my heart...
as I know all Narnians will miss them...

till the end of time.
There's a place out there for us
More than just a prayer
Or anything you've ever dreamed of
So when you feel like giving up
'Cause you don't fit in down here
Fear is crashing in
Close your eyes and take my hand, yeah
We can be the kings and queens
Of anything if we believe
It's written in the
stars that shine above
A world where you and I belong
Where faith and love will keep us strong
Exactly who we are is just enough
There's a place for us
There's a place for us
When the water meets the sky
Where your heart is free
And hope comes back to life
When these broken hands
Are whole again
Well, we'll find
What we've been waiting for
We were made for so much more
We can be the kings and queens
Of anything if we believe
It's written in the
stars that shine above
A world where you and I belong
Where faith and love will keep us strong
Exactly who we are is just enough
There's a place for us
There's a place for us
So hold on
Hold on
There's a place for us
We can be the kings and queens
Of anything if we believe
It's written in the
stars that shine above
A world where you and I belong
Where faith and love will keep us strong
Exactly who we are is just enough

Yeah, exactly who we are is just enough
There's a place for us