

# Night's Song

by Val Evenstar

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**Author's Note:** This is the first thing I would do in Narnia. Well, after meeting Aslan and helping out in the Battle of Beruna. Inspired by what is fast becoming one of my favorite songs.

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Lucy tiptoed out the door and into the silent hall. She shielded her lone candle with her hand as she quietly made her way to the wide stone staircase. It was the middle of the night, and her friends were calling her.

She'd been Queen of Narnia for a year, but she still felt like a little girl sometimes, and this was one of them. She fervently prayed that her brothers wouldn't catch her. Or worse yet, Susan.

Lucy smiled when she thought of her sister. Susan was a fine girl and as gentle as a mother - but sometimes she could be as bossy as a mother, too. Susan insisted on bed-times for the younger ones, because Kings and Queens needed their rest. Lucy suspected that in England she could never have stayed up so late if she tried, but here in Narnia things were different.

For example, most of her friends weren't human.

They called to her now. Lucy felt their soft breath caress her cheeks as she slid through an open outside door. The cool Narnian breeze summoned her, speaking of magic and wonder.

Lucy could not resist.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" she whispered as she fled across the grassy courtyard and down the garden steps, soft house slippers making no sound. Passing through resplendent rose bushes and myriad networks of flowered vines, Lucy found the tiny garden gate she had grown to love. Flinging it open, she ran through, no longer caring if she made any noise. The wind from the gate extinguished her small candle flame, but she didn't mind. The Narnian stars, so much brighter than the ones in our world, lit her path with joy.

Lucy scampered down the slopes near Cair Paravel and into the flatlands near the mouth of the Great River. The journey seemed to take only a minute due to the lightness of her heart.

As she set foot inside the vast forest, a wave of cool river air washed up to meet her. Lucy laughed in delight. "My friends, I am here! Come out to me!"

And so the wood and water began to change.

Slowly yet instantly shapes emerged from the trees - slender willow-women, regal beech-maidens, somber oaken warriors. Water nymphs climbed ashore, curtsying to their tiny queen.

Lucy bowed her head in regal respect, though her eyes shone and twinkled with the stars.

"My lady, we have come," the rowan whispered on the wind, and swept a long-fingered hand down as it, too, made obeisance to her.

Lucy laughed as the trees formed a circle around her, with the younger trees all pushing forward for a glimpse of their human sovereign. She took the fingers of a young maple and ran her hand over the spiky hair of the holly.

"The night passes swiftly, my friends," she said softly. "There is not much time left."

A rumble of agreement went through the large gathering, while the water nymphs joined in with merry laughter.

"Then let us dance!" the boisterous holly declared, and the stars twinkled all the brighter at the prospect.

The nymphs formed a circle and Lucy took their slender hands, and they slowly began to dance.

If you have never seen the forest sway in time to the rhythm of the sky and water, I am not sure I shall even begin to make you understand what it is like. Lucy herself could never really describe it - all she could say was that it was something she felt she could do for all her days. The stars shone so brightly, she said, that the most dazzling ballroom was put to shame. The trees were not dressed in vibrant reds and blues, but in soft greens, silvery greys, and delightful browns. The hollies, of course, sported their red pearls while the birches showed off their pure white flesh. Water nymphs moved like the waves themselves, full of grace and decked in the finest of sparking foams.

And this was just a tiny portion of the picture. There were many, many trees, a forest of them, each moving in its own unique way as they drew out patterns across the earth, now swinging past a water nymph, now swooping low and brushing Lucy with their branches.

It was a magic all of its own - the moon and stars directing the water as the water made the trees flourish and grow.

And as they circled through the trees and the trees circled about them, the stars in the heavens swung merrily around the northern Spearhead in their eternal dance.

Lucy danced, wishing only that Aslan were there with her, reveling in his creation alongside her. The ground was not rough on her bare feet, but covered with the finest velvet moss. She spun and laughed, and for a long time her little satin nightgown was a beautiful dress fit for a queen. The stars reflected off her golden hair and painted her skin an ivory white, while placing diamonds in her eyes.

There was much laughter, silvery tree-laughter and bubbling nymph-laughter, but there was also a sort of music. It was as if the very rhythm of life itself had burst into song - or as if it were the dying echoes of Aslan's song, the song of power that had pushed this very world into existence. Perhaps the music was the wind in the branches; perhaps it was the whistling of the breeze or the quiet sound of the river. Perhaps it was none of these, but instead the song of the heavens, sung by the stars.

All Lucy knew was that she did not want this night to end.

But since all things must end, until the end of time itself, even this magic did not last.

As the first shy rays of morning peeked over the horizon, the spell was broken.

The nymphs bid their friend good-bye and disappeared into their river dwelling; the trees brushed her cheeks with light kisses and bid her adieu.

"Farewell, farewell, my friends!" she cried.

"Come back soon, little queen!" they replied, and she laughed.

"I will always come back!" she said, then sped off towards the castle where she knew her siblings would soon be awakening.

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"Lucy, are you all right?" Susan asked as the family sat down to tea. "You've seemed a bit tired lately. You haven't been going out to bathe at night, have you?"

"No, not at all - and I never go without one of you, anyway," Lucy replied.

Susan's eyebrows shot up, and she looked at the two boys.

"Well, you don't think I'd let her go alone, did you?" Edmund said defensively, looking a little sheepish. "Besides, the water's cooler at night."

Susan sighed.

"I suppose they're just as bad as you now, Su," Peter teased. "Midnight gallops through the dales the like."

Susan blushed. "It helps me sleep better," she said in response.

"Ah, well, we could all use a bit of that," said Peter, stifling a yawn.

Edmund laughed but Lucy looked curiously at her oldest brother.

He gave her a secret smile, and when he looked up, Lucy saw the starlight reflected in his eyes.

And as they looked at each other across the table, they could almost hear the song of the earth as it whispered through the trees at night.

Brother and sister laughed; it was an enchanted joy.

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*When darkness comes I'll light your night with stars  
Hear the whispers in the dark...  
~ Skillet*



# Knights Song

by Val Evenstar

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**Author's Note:** If you have the movie soundtrack, put 'A Narnian Lullaby' on repeat while you read this. This story follows *Night's Song*, but can be read as a stand-alone, though I do suggest you read the other one first.

This would be the second thing I'd do in Narnia...

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Peter pulled his light blue cloak closer around his body; it was not cold in the Narnian summertime, but it was night, and the wind was cool as his horse sped him into the darkness. Far above, yet closer than all the stars of our world, the Spearhead shone, guiding the king in his midnight search.

Branches dripped silver in the moonlight, sweeping past Peter in beautiful filigree patterns. Though he felt the magic in the wood, it was not the trees that the High King had come for. He was looking for a break in the dense forest, a certain clearing where he would see the fate of his kingdom.

Finally the trees thinned out, and he caught a glimpse of reddish hair in the dim light. Reining in his horse, Peter slowed cautiously and dismounted when he reached the edge of the clearing. He whispered to his horse, and though the animal could not speak, it knew that its master wanted him to stay within the protecting trees.

Peter turned and walked onto the open ground. Three great figures rose silently as he approached – great horses, great men, the wisest creatures in Narnia.

“Greetings, my lord King,” said the oldest centaur, Calnath. He bowed from the waist in centaur fashion, and the two others followed his lead.

Peter returned the bow, then said, “Greetings, wise ones. I hope the night finds you well.”

“It does indeed, my lord. And what of yourself?”

Peter hesitated. “I am well, and I thank you. Yet there are things I wish to know.”

“There are many things to know, High King, but only a few are known.” Calnath replied gravely.

The young king inclined his head, acknowledging the wisdom of the centaur's words. “You study the paths of the stars,” he stated. “Tell me – what do they speak of?”

“Many things, Sire, many things. You are not here to listen to us tell of the dances of the heavens or the goings-on in other lands.”

“Indeed I am not,” Peter said, not surprised at the perceptiveness of the astronomer. He took a step forward, raising his head to look at the centaurs towering above him. “Do they speak of peace for Narnia? We have spent the last year fighting the scum the Witch left behind, and though the greater

part is defeated, they still attack our lands. When will we be rid of her evil?"

The three were silent. Finally Calnath spoke. "You ask much, lord King. Come – we will seek your answers."

The centuars led Peter to the middle of the clearing and sat down, horse-fashion, on their sides. Peter took a seat next to Calnath, then decided to lie on his back when he learned what the old creatures had in mind. He, too, gazed up into the heavens, eyes drinking in the brilliant flecks of light that were flaming suns.

"You know the Narnian sky, my lord, as well as any Son of Adam can be expected to. But that is not even a beginning to the art; you have, perhaps, simply learned the first letters of its alphabet. There is a history to the stars, and a life, for they are not merely giant spheres of fire but living beings. They dwell close to the Emperor himself, and they are his messengers. In the stars we read his emotions and his warnings. And, sometimes, if he so chooses, we can see a glimpse of the plans he has for us. Yet this is a hard art, and it requires much learning and even more time."

Calnath glanced down at the young man and continued. "You know that this world was born of song, sung by Aslan himself. The earth still vibrates with the echoes of that creation-magic, but the living stars still sing of it. Some can hear, if they are silent – and some can only hear after much practice and patience. We must hear the stars sing before we can see any signs. Such is the true nature of our art."

With that, the group fell silent, gazing in silent contemplation at the jewel-studded sky above them. The clear, round bowl above them was framed by the soft brushes of tree branches and the earth beneath them was still warm. A gentle wind caressed them, carrying their worries and thoughts away with it.

Peter let out a slow breath of sheer joy as he lay there, senses drinking in the wonderful sights and smells of Narnia. And so he listened for the song of life.

He did not know when he heard it, or if it was even a thing that could be heard. It was elusive yet overpowering, impossible to define yet a definition all by itself. Perhaps it was not so much a music as a thought, something to be heard with the spirit and not the ears.

The stars sang to him of love and joy, of an Emperor's delight in his Son, and the Son's delight in his people. It sang a tune of heartbreak for the broken land, and offered notes of healing and encouragement. And most of all, it sang of wonderful things yet to pass, secrets to be made clear, marvels to be revealed.

And then he began to see.

He saw the stars glowing bright, huge orbs of white fire in the black night. They had colour, too – vibrant orange, flaming red, and vivid green, all so bright that he almost felt the need to close his eyes.

They had faces, too – old, aged faces as fresh and young as his own. They moved throughout the sky, delivering their master's messages, displaying them clearly for those who would only look.

And they were singing.

Like a choir of angels they sang, though no louder than the fall of a petal. Peter felt a rush of excitement

shake his frame; he felt their song running in deep tremors through the earth, falling in gentle waves from the trees.

He reluctantly tore his eyes from the heavens and looked at the centuars, needing to share this overpowering emotion.

Calnath looked at him, wise eyes reflecting the feelings of his king. "Sing," he said softly. Then his voice grew into a roar as emotion consumed him. "Sing, Peter, High King over all Kings in Narnia! Join in their song of life! For how can we keep silent?"

And Peter, Lord of Cair Paravel, Emperor of the Lone Islands, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Lion, sang. His voice was clear and high, for he was not yet a man, but even he felt unworthy to offer this pale imitation of the heavenly chorus. But still he sang - for how long he knew not, yet Time itself seemed of no importance to such an eternal song.

As the stars slowly made their way across the sky and night began its slow retreat into the west, Alambil spoke.

The Lady of Peace did not use words, but spoke in the way of the stars. From her Peter received tidings of hope, a message for all the peoples – a reassurance that victory had indeed been won, and that Aslan could not fail to triumph.

*All will be well,  
So let it be.  
Tidings of peace  
I bring to thee.*

*Remember this joy;  
Let it not pass away.  
I will flee with the night  
It shall last through the day.*

Peter smiled and whispered his thanks to the Emperor and his messenger.

Calnath sighed and lowered his head from the lightening sky. "So shall it be. Peace will come to Narnia."

"Yes," Peter breathed, still drowning in wonder.

"And perhaps, my lord, a little more than that comes to some of us." Calnath observed.

Peter laughed, the music of the stars still ringing in his mind.

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"Well, Peter?" Lucy demanded as they headed away from the tea-table. "Why did I not see you?"

The High King smiled down at his little sister. "Maybe because I did not see you."

"Pe-ter!" his sister scolded.

"You may have heard me," he said reflectively.

“Nay! All I heard was the trees... and the waters... and perhaps even the stars...” Her voice trailed off as she remembered her magical night.

“Then you did hear me,” the king said softly, smiling.

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*When darkness comes I'll light your night with stars  
Hear the whispers in the dark...  
~ Skillet*



# Sun Rise

*by Val Evenstar*

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**Author's Note:** I don't like this one as much as the others... I don't know... I think it lacks a certain something. I like the one I wrote for Edmund better (of course I couldn't leave him out!). But enjoy anyway – i think it definitely has its moments – and let me know what you think.

Again, this is something I would definitely do if I went to Narnia.

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Susan regarded the sturdy slippers with a critical eye. Then she suddenly flung them aside; if she was going to do this, she might as well not spoil it. She hovered on the side of her bed for an instant, then gave an impromptu bounce. Stifling a laugh, she sprang out of bed and ran out the door before she could change her mind.

It was early in the morning – not so late that the sun had risen, but not so early that her sharp-eared brothers would be suspicious. Safe in her knowledge, Susan raced down to the stables. Let them try to stop her! Secretly she wished that they'd try, but she knew the boys would probably rather be in bed at this hour.

When she reached the small building that housed carriages and tack – the horses themselves were left to roam free, and sheltered here only in bad weather – she let out a piercing whistle. If anyone heard her, she could always say that it had been Peter... because Queen Susan of Narnia would never do something so undignified, now, would she?

Pounding hooves told her that Sirla was fast approaching. In the dim pre-dawn light, Susan could barely make out the dappled grey coat. Dust swirled around the mighty horse as she slid to a stop in front of Susan. If she'd been wearing a fine gown, Susan may have backed away, but this was just a light housedress and she, for once, was beyond worrying about her appearance. Holding out the sweet candy in her hand, she fed it to Sirla. The mare was strong and fast, but she did not talk, which was fine with Susan. Especially today, when she needed some privacy.

Standing on a rock, Susan mounted the mare, then paused for a minute, eyes searching the grey sky. Then she leaned forward and nudged her heels into Sirla's sides. "Make haste, I do not wish to be late!"

Immediately the mare bolted into a flat-out run, and Susan clung to the long mane, almost wishing she had put on a saddle – and shoes – but too exhilarated to care. Horse's hooves pounded out a rhythm on the hard dirt, and Susan swayed in time to the mare's gait.

Down the slopes of the Cair they sped, down through the surrounding forest, until they met the Great River. Even then they did not stop, but pressed on to a goal unseen. Susan urged the mare faster, laughing as her long black hair tossed in the wind. "Hurry! Hurry!"

Sirla sped along the smooth riverbank in Susan's race against time.

"I can almost hear it now!" the queen said, straining her senses for the familiar signs.

It was hard to hear over the drumbeat of the gallop, but soon she could discern the crashing of the waves and the shrill cries of birds.

Then the Great River widened and lost itself in the wide expanse of the sea.

The sea! The sea! Susan drew in a deep breath of salt-tinged air, and let it out in a wild shout as Sirla ran on, up on the hard sand above the beach.

And then the sun rose above the waters.

The sky was clear except for the barest whispers of clouds, which hung like veils in front of the rising sun. Shafts of light turned them into curtains of pink and orange as the surrounding sky was flooded yellow. A single river of red ran across the surface of the sea, ending at the beach where rocks shattered the water into tiny rubies.

Sirla left hoofprints in golden sand, now made an even deeper shade by the rays of the sun. Susan slowed her mount just a little, holding one hand up to shield her eyes as she looked at the red star.

Even the magnificence of her surroundings could not compare to this single, life-giving orb. Small clouds flitted in front of it, borrowing its brilliance for a second but never able to keep it. The whole sea was tinged a reddish colour, tipped with pink foam.

The sea murmured and roared in pleasure as the gulls screeched approvingly. Sirla joined in the chorus with a neigh, and Susan had to laugh, mixing her musical voice with the sounds of glory.

Suddenly she guided Sirla to a halt, and turned towards the sea. Her eyes were closed, and she breathed deeply, drawing in the intoxicating scented air. It filled her with a wild sense of adventure – it always did, and always had, whether at sunrise or sunset. But it was only when she was alone that she could truly follow its frenzied call.

Here she did not have to be a queen or an older sister, the foremost Lady of the realm whom everyone looked to.

She was simply Susan Pevensie, formerly of London, now set free into a beautiful world.

And she could do ... anything.

Anything!

Susan whooped in a decidedly unladylike manner and guided Sirla towards the rising sun. They entered the salt water and it splashed cool onto Susan's skin. When the water became too deep for her horse, she dismounted and swam. She had always been a strong swimmer; now she set her eyes on the sun and swam, her mind playing with the idea that she ought to catch it and hang it in her room.

Her fingers pulled through the coloured water, which was flowing like liquid gold around her. Susan took a breath and dove, opening her eyes to the vast underwater world. Fish swam past her in surprise, and she reached out, trying to touch them. Then she corkscrewed up to the surface, watching the light above her swirl in indescribable patterns until she broke through them to the surface, gasping.

A movement caught her eye, and she turned her head to see something leap smoothly out of the water. Susan panted breathlessly, trying to laugh but not succeeding, as two more mermaids leapt through the air. They were coming closer and soon she heard their watery voices: "Hail, your Majesty!"

"A good morning to you," Susan cried, seeing that she wasn't the only one reveling in this beautiful beginning to a day.

The mermaids circled around her, and Susan swam after them, knowing they were guiding her safely to shore. And as she swam, they played, jumping and leaping, swimming in intricate patterns for her enjoyment.

It was almost reluctantly that Susan set foot on dry sand and was greeted by a very wet Sirla. She playfully reached up and grabbed her horse's forelock, rubbing the mare behind the ears as she looked back towards the sea.

The first glorious rays of the sun had given way to the stronger light of full day, but the vibrant shades of colour had not yet faded. The mermaids still splashed merrily in the shallow waters, their scales flashing as they swam.

"Is it not wonderful, your Highness, this world the Emperor has given us?" they cried, each trying to outdo the other's stunts.

Susan watched them play as she felt her hair and skin drying in the warmth of the new-risen sun.

"Yes," she called back, as she stroked Sirla's coat. "Yes, it is!"

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*It's been so long  
Since I've seen the early morning sun  
Rising up,  
It's been so long  
Since I've felt the air under my wings  
Seen all of these things...  
~ FFH*



## Son Rise

by Val Evenstar

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Edmund was awakened by a warm wetness on his cheek. Groaning, he turned over and shoved a pillow over his head. Something leaped up onto the bed beside him and started pawing at his shoulder.

“Wake up, your Highness, wake up!”

Edmund buried himself deeper in the bedclothes.

“Get up, get up, get up!” The voice was now overflowing with excitement. Edmund scowled. It was too early in the morning to even think about waking up.

“Your Majesty...” the voice persisted. Finally the speaker lost patience. “Ed!” he barked, and the king jumped.

“What ever do you want?” he asked crossly, pulling the sheets off his head and staring with bleary eyes into his friend's face.

He was greeted by a fuzzy snout and enthusiastic brown eyes, as his friend panted in merriment. “Come with me, something stirs in the world – we must be off!”

“No, we must not.” Edmund made an attempt to retrieve the pillow he'd removed from his head, but his friend wouldn't let him. “You, however, must be off *me* very shortly or I'll call the centaurs on you!”

“They're too big to catch me.”

Edmund flopped back into a space that should have held a pillow. “Why the blazes did I have to get a dog that *talks*?” he complained to no one in particular.

“Get a dog?” the canine replied, sounding insulted. “Pardon me, your *Highness*, but I'd rather say I got *you*.”

Despite himself, Edmund grinned. He loved Kehl dearly; the dog had a wit that was downright obnoxious in the early morning hours, but when Edmund was more awake he greatly appreciated it. “So what is this wondrous sight you are dragging me away to see?” he inquired, hoping to at least convince the large dog to get off his chest.

“I don't know. That's why we're going to find out! Come on!”

Edmund wheezed as the dog accidentally planted a foot on his solar plexus as he jumped off the bed. “All right, all right,” he said with a massive scowl; if he'd managed to be winded so early in the morning, what worse thing could possibly come?

Kehl bounded out the door, panting briskly, as Edmund shuffled across the room in pursuit. “You could

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wait up,” he grumbled, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

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“Where are we?” Edmund finally asked. He hated to admit that he was lost, especially if Peter were around. Even though the High King was absent from this madcap adventure, Edmund didn't want to be outdone by Kehl – despite the fact that the dog could track ten times better than any human.

“We're almost there!” Kehl's chestnut coat stood out among the brown tree-trunks.

“Are we going to the River?” Edmund asked.

“No, no, I don't know where we're going...”

Edmund blinked, took a deep breath, and decided not to comment. He took comfort in the fact that if they were lost, Kehl could almost certainly find a way back.

He did not recognize these woods – he felt that they were heading in the general direction of the River, or maybe parallel to its course. “Kehl, what are we *doing?*”

The dog looked back over his shoulder at the youngest king, incredulous. “We're following the trail!” he said.

“What trail? If you're after rabbits you should have at least let me fetch my bow.”

“No – not rabbits. Hmmm, although I do love chasing those little dumb animals... No, not rabbits. Can't you feel it? The world is stirring – something's happening, or perhaps someone is coming! Whatever it is, it's important, and we must find it!”

Edmund was caught off guard by the passion in his friend's voice. He thought about saying that everything was stirring because it was almost sunrise, but he banished the thought. Whatever Kehl felt was obviously much more than that.

“Right. Well, then, lead on, there's a good fellow.”

Kehl was running now, and Edmund was hard pressed to keep up. He'd been on many a wild hunt, but usually he was mounted; they only chased the game on foot when it was very close by.

They ran between the slender trunks of beeches, jumped over foxholes and aboveground roots, and pushed aside the underbrush in desperate pursuit of they knew not what.

Edmund raised his hand to push back a low-hanging branch – and then his eyes caught a flash of gold in the forest.

“Kehl, did you see that?” he cried, not trusting his own eyes.

“What? What? You saw it?” the canine asked, turning in dizzy circles as he searched the woods.

Edmund stared hard in the direction he'd seen it, then shrugged. “Nothing, I guess. I suppose it's just the sun's rays – it's getting about that time.”

“It's close, though, I think,” Kehl said. “Hurry! The sun might chase it away!”

They dashed on, with a new sense of urgent desperation kindled in their hearts. They knew not why, but they could not deny its existence. *Something* would happen... and they were determined to be there.

Kehl burst through the trees and then slid to a halt with a yelp. Edmund, hard on his heels, backpedaled hard; they'd come to one of the steep riverbanks that formed where the River joined the sea.

And then he looked up.

The sky was flooded with gold that reflected off the sea; clouds skirted the sun in an array of delicate gauzes. But that is not what enraptured the young king.

The colour of the sky and sea was nothing compared to the rich, living gold his eyes feasted on. A strangled cry fled his throat: "Aslan!"

The great Lion turned.

Edmund looked into his eyes with a desperate longing. He would jump off this ridge if it meant he could be closer to the Lion, the great Son of the Emperor-over-the-Sea.

"Aslan." This time it was a whisper.

Aslan looked at Edmund and his brown eyes smiled in wild pleasure.

"It's been so long!" Edmund cried, an untamable yearning in his voice.

The sun rose behind the Lion, and Edmund gasped as the golden mane slowly flowed together with the rays of the sun, and Aslan walked slowly down the sunlit reflection until he was one with the Sun itself.

"Oh, Aslan!" Edmund whispered, watching as the image of the Lion slowly melted into nothing.

He looked at Kehl, and there was a sorrow and yet a wonder in their faces.

A sea breeze blew suddenly hard and fierce, bathing the pair with its otherworldly ferocity. And a Lion's voice rode on the wind, full of love and passion. "My son!" it exclaimed, delighting over them.

Edmund stood beside Kehl and felt that if he jumped, he would fly.

The breeze retreated, leaving the pair in joyous celebration as a whisper echoed round:

"My son!"

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Since I've felt the air under my wings  
Seen all of these things...  
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