

LUCY. Not at all. You're the best faun I ever met.

TUMNUS. How could I be when I work for *her*? (*He dries his tears with the handkerchief.*)

LUCY. Her? Who?

TUMNUS. The White Witch, that's who. Oh, she calls herself a queen, but she's the evil ruler of Narnia. She's the one who makes it always winter here. But she never lets us have Christmas.

LUCY. What kind of work do you do for the witch?

TUMNUS. I'm a kidnapper. I'm supposed to kidnap innocent children and bring them to her.

LUCY. I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.

TUMNUS. But I am doing it—at this very moment. (*He moves toward her. She recoils.*)

LUCY (*frightened*). What do you mean?

TUMNUS. I'm suppose to take you to the witch. (*He takes her arm firmly, but gently.*)

LUCY. But you won't, will you, Mr. Tumnus?

TUMNUS. If I don't turn you over to the White Witch, she'll cut off my tail, saw off my horns, pluck out my beard—and worse, she'll turn me into a stone statue with her magic wand.

LUCY. Maybe she won't know I was here. Will you please let me go home? (*After a moment, he releases her.*)

TUMNUS. Of course I will. I didn't know what a human was like before I met you. But now that I know you, I can't give you up to the witch. I'll take you back to the lamppost. From there you can find your way back to War Drobe in the land of Spare Oom.

LUCY (*deeply relieved*). Thank you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. We must go as quietly as we can. The woods are full of her spies. (*They leave his "home" cautiously.*)