

OpenTheo

The Princess and the Goblin—Chapter 29: Masonwork

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For the Easter season, I am posting some rather different things on this channel, in addition to my regular output, as a little gift to my followers and supporters. This is the second book I am reading through: 'The Princess and the Goblin', by George MacDonald. I hope that you all enjoy!

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You can also listen to the audio of these episodes on iTunes:
<https://itunes.apple.com/gb/podcast/alastairs-adversaria/id1416351035?mt=2>.

Transcript

Chapter 29, Masonwork. He had all at once remembered the resolution of the Goblins to carry out their second plan upon the failure of the first. No doubt they were already busy, and the mine was therefore in the greatest danger of being flooded and rendered useless, not to speak of the lives of the miners.

When he reached the mouth of the mine, after rousing all the miners within reach, he found his father and a good many more just entering. They all hurried to the gang by which he had found a way into the Goblin country. There the foresight of Peter had already collected a great many blocks of stone with cement ready for building up the weak place, well enough known to the Goblins.

Although there was not room for more than two to be actually building at once, they managed, by setting all the rest to work in preparing the cement and passing the stones, to finish in the course of the day a huge buttress filling the whole gang, and supported everywhere by the live rock. Before the hour when they usually dropped work, they were satisfied the mine was secure. They had heard Goblin hammers and pickaxes busy all

the time, and at length fancied they heard sounds of water they had never heard before.

But that was otherwise accounted for when they left the mine, for they stepped out into a tremendous storm which was raging all over the mountain. The thunder was bellowing, and the lightning lancing out of a huge black cloud which lay above it, and hung down its edges of thick mist over its sides. The lightning was breaking out of the mountain too, and flashing up into the cloud.

From the state of the brooks, now swollen into raging torrents, it was evident that the storm had been storming all day. The wind was blowing as if it would blow him off the mountain, but anxious about his mother and the princess, Curdie darted up through the thick of the tempest. Even if they had not set out before the storm came on, he did not judge them safe, for in such a storm even their poor little house was in danger.

Indeed, he soon found that but for a huge rock against which it was built, and which protected it both from the blasts and the waters, it must have been swept if it was not blown away, for the two torrents into which this rock parted the rush of water behind it, united again in front of the cottage, two roaring and dangerous streams, which his mother and the princess could not possibly have passed. It was with great difficulty that he forced his way through one of them, and up to the door. The moment his hand fell on the latch, through all the uproar of winds and waters came the joyous cry of the princess, There's Curdie! Curdie! Curdie! She was sitting wrapped in blankets on the bed, his mother trying for the hundredth time to light the fire which had been drowned by the rain that came down the chimney.

The clay floor was one mass of mud, and the whole place looked wretched, but the faces of the mother and the princess shone as if their troubles only made them the merrier. Curdie burst out laughing at the sight of them. I never had such fun, said the princess, her eyes twinkling and her pretty teeth shining.

How nice it must be to live in a cottage on the mountain! It all depends on what kind your inside house is, said the mother. I know what you mean, said Irene. That's the kind of thing my grandmother says.

By the time Peter returned the storm was nearly over, but the streams were so fierce and so swollen that it was not only out of the question for the princess to go down the mountain, but most dangerous for Peter even or Curdie to make the attempt in the gathering darkness. They will be dreadfully frightened about you, said Peter to the princess, but we cannot help it, we must wait till the morning. With Curdie's help the fire was lighted at last, and the mother set about making their supper, and after supper they all told the princess stories till she grew sleepy.

Then Curdie's mother laid her in Curdie's bed, which was in a tiny little garret room. As soon as she was in bed, through a little window low down in the roof, she caught sight of

her grandmother's lamp shining far away beneath, and she gazed at the beautiful silvery globe until she fell asleep.