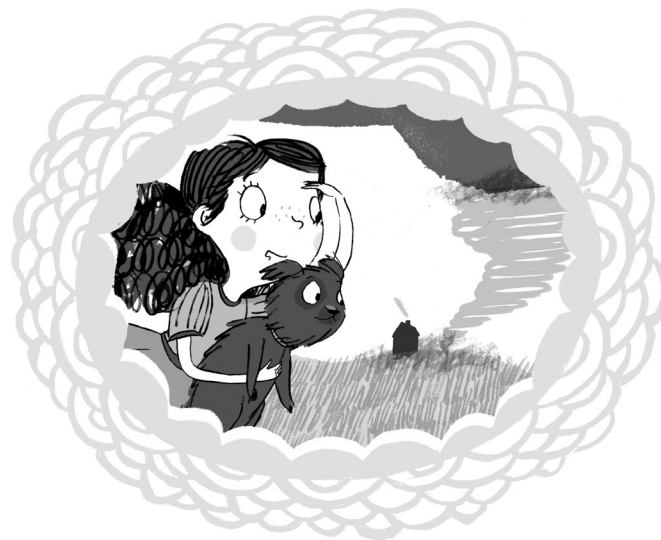


The Wonderful Wizard of Oz



1

THE CYCLONE

DOROTHY LIVED IN THE MIDST of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room – and this room contained a rusty-looking cooking stove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar – except a

and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.



2

THE COUNCIL WITH
THE MUNCHKINS

SHE WAS AWAKENED BY A SHOCK, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened, and Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving – nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and, with Toto at her heels, ran and opened the door.



3

HOW DOROTHY SAVED
THE SCARECROW

WHEN DOROTHY WAS LEFT ALONE, she began to feel hungry. So she went to the cupboard and cut herself some bread, which she spread with butter. She gave some to Toto and, taking a pail from the shelf, she carried it down to the little brook and filled it with clear, sparkling water. Toto ran over to the trees and began to bark at the birds sitting there. Dorothy went to get him, and saw such delicious fruit hanging from the branches that she gathered some of it, finding it just what she wanted to help out her breakfast.

Then she went back to the house, and having helped herself and Toto to a good drink of the cool, clear water, she set about making ready for the journey to the City of Emeralds.

Dorothy had only one other dress, but that happened to be clean and was hanging on a peg beside her bed. It was gingham, with cheques of white and blue – and, although the blue was somewhat faded with many washings, it was still a pretty frock. The girl washed herself carefully, dressed herself in the clean gingham and tied her pink sun-bonnet on her head. She took a little basket and filled it with bread from the cupboard, laying a white cloth over the top. Then she looked down at her feet and noticed how old and worn her shoes were.

“They surely will never do for a long journey, Toto,” she said. And Toto looked up into her face with his little black eyes and wagged his tail to show he knew what she meant.

At that moment, Dorothy saw lying on the table the silver shoes that had belonged to the Witch of the East.

“I wonder if they will fit me,” she said to Toto. “They would be just the thing to take a long walk in, for they could not wear out.”

She took off her old leather shoes and tried on the silver ones, which fitted her as well as if they had been made for her.

instead of with brains, as yours is, how am I ever to know anything?"

"I understand how you feel," said the little girl, who was truly sorry for him. "If you will come with me, I'll ask Oz to do all he can for you."

"Thank you," he answered gratefully.

They walked back to the road. Dorothy helped him over the fence, and they started along the path of yellow brick for the Emerald City.

Toto did not like this addition to the party, at first. He smelled around the stuffed man as if he suspected there might be a nest of rats in the straw, and he often growled in an unfriendly way at the Scarecrow.

"Don't mind Toto," said Dorothy, to her new friend. "He never bites."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the Scarecrow. "He can't hurt the straw. Do let me carry that basket for you. I shall not mind it, for I can't get tired. I'll tell you a secret," he continued, as he walked along. "There is only one thing in the world I am afraid of."

"What is that?" asked Dorothy. "The Munchkin farmer who made you?"

"No," answered the Scarecrow. "It's a lit match."



4

THE ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST

AFTER A FEW HOURS, the road began to be rough, and the walking grew so difficult that the Scarecrow often stumbled over the yellow bricks, which were here very uneven. Sometimes, indeed, they were broken or missing altogether, leaving holes that Toto jumped across and Dorothy walked around. As for the Scarecrow, having no brains, he walked straight ahead, and so stepped into the holes and fell at full length on the hard bricks. It never hurt him, however, and Dorothy would pick him up and set him upon his feet again, while he joined her in laughing merrily at his own mishap.



5

THE RESCUE OF THE TIN WOODMAN

WHEN DOROTHY AWOKE, the sun was shining through the trees and Toto had long been out chasing birds around him and squirrels. She sat up and looked around her. There was the Scarecrow, still standing patiently in his corner, waiting for her.

“We must go and search for water,” she said to him.

“Why do you need water?” he asked.

“To wash my face clean after the dust of the road, and to drink, so the dry bread will not stick in my throat.”

“It must be inconvenient to be made of flesh,” said the Scarecrow, thoughtfully, “for you must sleep, and eat and

THE RESCUE OF THE TIN WOODMAN

drink. However, you have brains, and it is worth a lot of bother to be able to think properly.”

They left the cottage and walked through the trees until they found a little spring of clear water, where Dorothy drank and bathed and ate her breakfast. She saw there was not much bread left in the basket, and the girl was thankful the Scarecrow did not have to eat anything, for there was scarcely enough for herself and Toto for the day.

When she had finished her meal, and was about to go back to the road of yellow brick, she was startled to hear a deep groan nearby.

“What was that?” she asked, timidly.

“I cannot imagine,” replied the Scarecrow; “but we can go and see.”

Just then, another groan reached their ears, and the sound seemed to come from behind them. They turned and walked through the forest a few steps, when Dorothy discovered something shining in a ray of sunshine that fell between the trees. She ran to the place and then stopped short, with a cry of surprise.

One of the big trees had been partly chopped through, and standing beside it, with an uplifted axe in his hands, was a man made entirely of tin. His head and arms and legs were jointed upon his body, but he stood perfectly motionless, as if he could not stir at all.

“All the same,” said the Scarecrow, “I shall ask for brains instead of a heart – for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one.”

“I shall take the heart,” returned the Tin Woodman, “for brains do not make one happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world.”

Dorothy did not say anything, for she was puzzled to know which of her two friends was right, and she decided if she could only get back to Kansas and Aunt Em, it did not matter so much whether the Woodman had no brains and the Scarecrow had no heart, or each got what he wanted.

What worried her most was that the bread was nearly gone, and another meal for herself and Toto would empty the basket. To be sure, neither the Woodman nor the Scarecrow ever ate anything, but she was not made of tin, nor straw, and could not live unless she was fed.



6

THE COWARDLY LION

ALL THIS TIME, DOROTHY and her companions had been walking through the thick woods. The road was still paved with yellow bricks, but these were much covered by dried branches and dead leaves from the trees, and the walking was not at all good.

There were few birds in this part of the forest, for birds love the open country where there is plenty of sunshine – but, now and then, there came a deep growl from some wild animal hidden among the trees. These sounds made the little girl’s heart beat fast, for she did not know what made them – but Toto knew, and he

over it, so as not to harm it. The Tin Woodman knew very well he had no heart, and therefore he took great care never to be cruel or unkind to anything.

“You people with hearts,” he said, “have something to guide you, and need never do wrong; but I have no heart, and so I must be very careful. When Oz gives me a heart, of course, I needn’t mind so much.”



7

THE JOURNEY TO THE GREAT OZ

THEY WERE OBLIGED to camp out that night under a large tree in the forest, for there were no houses near. The tree made a good, thick covering to protect them from the dew, and the Tin Woodman chopped a great pile of wood with his axe, and Dorothy built a splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel less lonely. She and Toto ate the last of their bread, and now she did not know what they would do for breakfast.

To their great joy, the trees became thinner the farther they advanced, and in the afternoon they suddenly came upon a broad river, flowing swiftly just before them. On the other side of the water, they could see the road of yellow brick running through a beautiful country, with green meadows dotted with bright flowers, and all the road bordered with trees hanging full of delicious fruits. They were greatly pleased to see this delightful country before them.

“How shall we cross the river?” asked Dorothy.

“That is easily done,” replied the Scarecrow. “The Tin Woodman must build us a raft, so we can float to the other side.”

So the Woodman took his axe and began to chop down small trees to make a raft, and while he was busy at this, the Scarecrow found on the river bank a tree full of fine fruit. This pleased Dorothy, who had eaten nothing but nuts all day, and she made a hearty meal of the ripe fruit.

But it takes time to make a raft, even when one is as industrious and untiring as the Tin Woodman, and when night came the work was not done. So they found a cosy place under the trees where they slept well until the morning; and Dorothy dreamed of the Emerald City, and of the good Wizard Oz, who would soon send her back to her own home again.

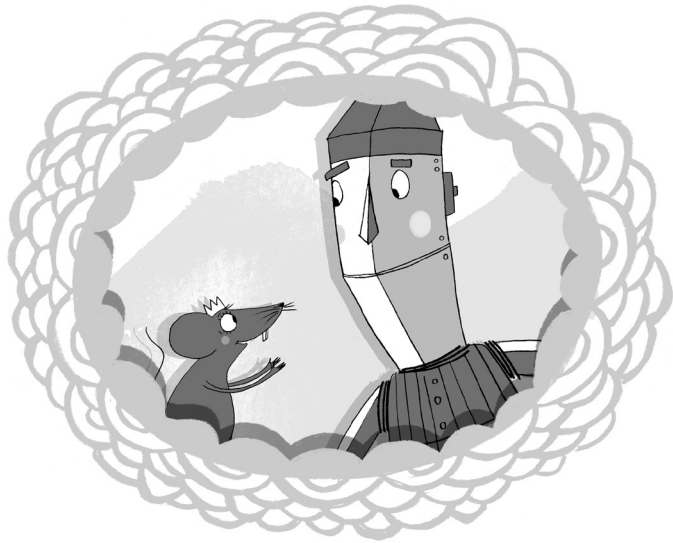


8

THE DEADLY POPPY FIELD

OUR LITTLE PARTY OF TRAVELLERS awakened the next morning refreshed and full of hope, and Dorothy breakfasted like a princess off peaches and plums from the trees beside the river. Behind them was the dark forest they had passed safely through, although they had suffered many discouragements – but before them was a lovely, sunny country that seemed to beckon them on to the Emerald City.

To be sure, the broad river now cut them off from this beautiful land, but the raft was nearly done, and, after the Tin Woodman cut a few more logs and fastened



9

THE QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE

“WE CANNOT BE FAR from the road of yellow brick now,” remarked the Scarecrow, as he stood beside the girl, “for we have come nearly as far as the river carried us away.”

The Tin Woodman was about to reply when he heard a low growl, and, turning his head (which worked beautifully on hinges) he saw a strange beast come bounding over the grass towards them. It was, indeed, a great yellow Wildcat, and the Woodman thought it must be chasing something, for its ears were lying close to its head and its mouth was wide open, showing two rows of ugly teeth,

THE QUEEN OF THE FIELD MICE

while its red eyes glowed like balls of fire. As it came nearer, the Tin Woodman saw that running before the beast was a little grey field mouse, and although he had no heart, he knew it was wrong for the Wildcat to try to kill such a pretty, harmless creature.

So the Woodman raised his axe and, as the Wildcat ran by, he gave it a quick blow that cut the beast’s head clean off from its body, and it rolled over at his feet in two pieces.

The field mouse, now that it was freed from its enemy, stopped short – and, coming slowly up to the Woodman, it said, in a squeaky little voice:

“Oh, thank you! Thank you ever so much for saving my life.”

“Don’t speak of it, I beg of you,” replied the Woodman. “I have no heart, you know, so I am careful to help all those who may need a friend, even if it happens to be only a mouse.”

“Only a mouse!” cried the little animal, indignantly. “Why, I am a Queen – the Queen of all the field mice!”

“Oh, indeed,” said the Woodman, making a bow.

“Therefore you have done a great deed, as well as a brave one, in saving my life,” added the Queen.

At that moment, several mice were seen running up as fast as their little legs could carry them, and when they saw their Queen, they exclaimed.”

grown so fond of the big Lion she was glad he had been rescued.

Then the mice were unharnessed from the truck and scampered away through the grass to their homes. The Queen of the Mice was the last to leave.

“If ever you need us again,” she said, “come out into the field and call, and we shall hear you and come to your assistance. Goodbye!”

“Goodbye!” they all answered, and away the Queen ran, while Dorothy held Toto tightly lest he should run after her and frighten her.

After this, they sat down beside the Lion until he should awaken, and the Scarecrow brought Dorothy some fruit from a tree nearby, which she ate for her dinner.



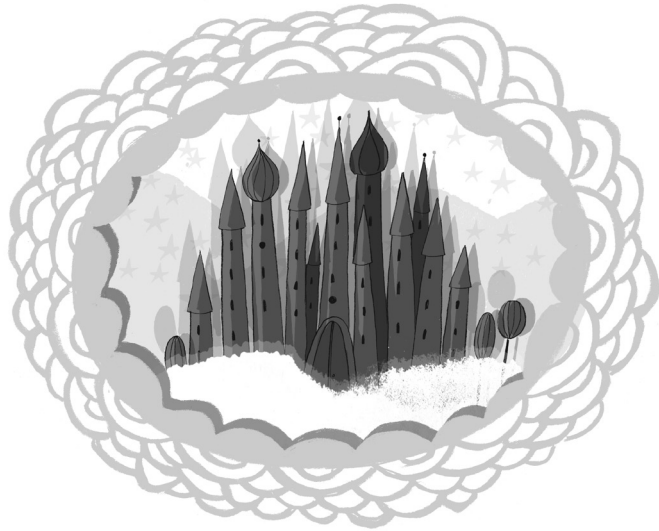
10

THE GUARDIAN OF THE GATES

IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE the Cowardly Lion awakened, for he had lain among the poppies a long while, breathing in their deadly fragrance. But when he did open his eyes and roll off the truck, he was very glad to find himself still alive.

“I ran as fast as I could,” he said, sitting down and yawning; “but the flowers were too strong for me. How did you get me out?”

Then they told him of the field mice, and how they had generously saved him from death, and the Cowardly Lion laughed, and said:



11

THE WONDERFUL EMERALD CITY OF OZ

EVEN WITH EYES PROTECTED by the green spectacles, Dorothy and her friends were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The streets were lined with beautiful houses, all built of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds. They walked over a pavement of the same green marble, and where the blocks were joined together were rows of emeralds, set closely and glittering in the brightness of the sun. The window panes were of green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green.

THE WONDERFUL EMERALD CITY OF OZ

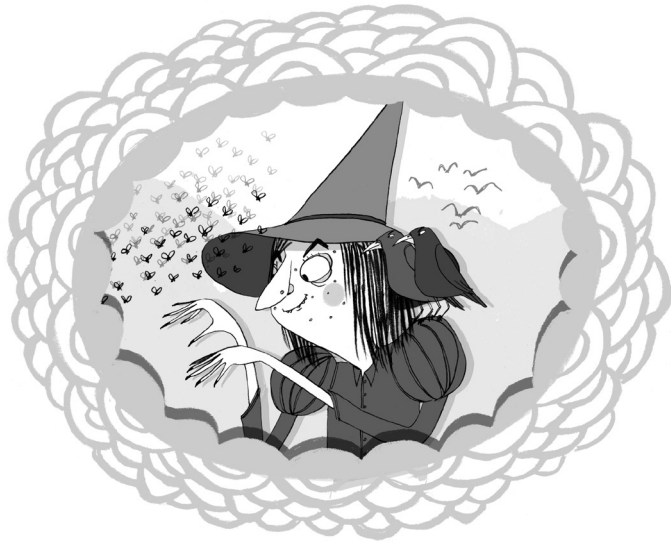
There were many people – men, women, and children – walking about, and these were all dressed in green clothes and had greenish skins. They looked at Dorothy and her strangely assorted company with wondering eyes, and the children all ran and hid behind their mothers when they saw the Lion – but no one spoke to them. Many shops stood in the street, and Dorothy saw that everything in them was green. Green candy and green pop corn were offered for sale, as well as green shoes, green hats, and green clothes of all sorts. At one place, a man was selling green lemonade, and when the children bought it, Dorothy could see that they paid for it with green pennies.

There seemed to be no horses, nor animals of any kind – the men carried things around in little green carts, which they pushed before them. Everyone seemed happy and contented and prosperous.

The Guardian of the Gates led them through the streets until they came to a big building, exactly in the middle of the City, which was the Palace of Oz, the Great Wizard. There was a soldier before the door, dressed in a green uniform and wearing a long green beard.

“Here are strangers,” said the Guardian of the Gates to him, “and they demand to see the Great Oz.”

“Step inside,” answered the soldier, “and I will carry your message to him.”



12

THE SEARCH FOR THE WICKED WITCH

THE SOLDIER with the green whiskers led them through the streets of the Emerald City until they reached the room where the Guardian of the Gates lived. This officer unlocked their spectacles to put them back in his great box, and then he politely opened the gate for our friends.

“Which road leads to the Wicked Witch of the West?” asked Dorothy.

“There is no road,” answered the Guardian of the Gates. No one ever wishes to go that way.”

“How, then, are we to find her?” inquired the girl.

THE SEARCH FOR THE WICKED WITCH

“That will be easy,” replied the man, “for when she knows you are in the country of the Winkies she will find you, and make you all her slaves.”

“Perhaps not,” said the Scarecrow, “for we mean to destroy her.”

“Oh, that is different,” said the Guardian of the Gates. “No one has ever destroyed her before, so I naturally thought she would make slaves of you, as she has of the rest. But take care – for she is wicked and fierce, and may not allow you to destroy her. Keep to the West, where the sun sets, and you cannot fail to find her.”

They thanked him and bade him goodbye, and turned towards the West, walking over fields of soft grass dotted here and there with daisies and buttercups. Dorothy still wore the pretty silk dress she had put on in the palace, but now, to her surprise, she found it was no longer green, but pure white. The ribbon around Toto’s neck had also lost its green colour and was as white as Dorothy’s dress.

The Emerald City was soon left far behind. As they advanced, the ground became rougher and hillier, for there were no farms, nor houses, in this country of the West, and the ground was unfilled.

In the afternoon, the sun shone hot in their faces, for there were no trees to offer them shade – so that, before night, Dorothy and Toto and the Lion were tired, and lay



13

THE RESCUE

THE COWARDLY LION was much pleased to hear that the Wicked Witch had been melted by a bucket of water, and Dorothy at once unlocked the gate of his prison and set him free. They went in together to the castle, where Dorothy's first act was to call all the Winkies together and tell them that they were no longer slaves.

There was great rejoicing among the yellow Winkies, for they had been made to work hard during many years for the Wicked Witch, who had always treated them with great cruelty. They kept this day as a holiday, then and ever after, and spent the time in feasting and dancing.

"If our friends, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, were only with us," said the Lion, "I should be quite happy."

"Don't you suppose we could rescue them?" asked the girl anxiously.

"We can try," answered the Lion.

So they called the yellow Winkies and asked them if they would help to rescue their friends, and the Winkies said that they would be delighted to do all in their power for Dorothy, who had set them free from bondage. So she chose a number of the Winkies who looked as if they knew the most, and they all started away. They travelled that day and part of the next until they came to the rocky plain where the Tin Woodman lay, all battered and bent. His axe was near him, but the blade was rusted and the handle broken off short.

The Winkies lifted him tenderly in their arms, and carried him back to the Yellow Castle again, Dorothy shedding a few tears by the way at the sad plight of her old friend, and the Lion looking sober and sorry. When they reached the castle, Dorothy said to the Winkies:

"Are any of your people tinsmiths?"

"Oh, yes. Some of them are very good tinsmiths," they told her.

"Then bring them to me," she said. And when the tinsmiths came, bringing with them all their tools in baskets,



14

THE WINGED MONKEYS

YOU WILL REMEMBER there was no road – not even a pathway – between the castle of the Wicked Witch and the Emerald City. When the four travellers went in search of the witch she had seen them coming, and so sent the winged monkeys to bring them to her. It was much harder to find their way back through the big fields of buttercups and bright daisies than it was being carried. They knew, of course, they must go straight east, towards the rising sun, and they started off in the right way. But at noon, when the sun was over their heads, they did not know which was east and which was west,

THE WINGED MONKEYS

and that was the reason they were lost in the great fields. They kept on walking, however, and at night the moon came out and shone brightly. So they lay down among the sweet-smelling scarlet flowers and slept soundly until morning – all but the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.

The next morning, the sun was behind a cloud, but they started on, as if they were quite sure which way they were going.

“If we walk far enough,” said Dorothy, “we shall sometime come to some place, I am sure.”

But day by day passed away, and they still saw nothing before them but the scarlet fields. The Scarecrow began to grumble a bit.

“We have surely lost our way,” he said, “and, unless we find it again in time to reach the Emerald City, I shall never get my brains.”

“Nor I my heart,” declared the Tin Woodman. “It seems to me I can scarcely wait till I get to Oz, and you must admit this is a very long journey.”

“You see,” said the Cowardly Lion, with a whimper, “I haven’t the courage to keep tramping for ever, without getting anywhere at all.”

Then Dorothy lost heart. She sat down on the grass and looked at her companions, and they sat down and looked at her, and Toto found that, for the first time

As the Monkey King finished his story, Dorothy looked down and saw the green, shining walls of the Emerald City before them. She wondered at the rapid flight of the monkeys, but was glad the journey was over. The strange creatures set the travellers down carefully before the gate of the City, the King bowed low to Dorothy, and then flew swiftly away, followed by all his band.

“That was a good ride,” said the girl.

“Yes, and a quick way out of our troubles,” replied the Lion. “How lucky it was you brought away that wonderful Cap!”



15

THE DISCOVERY OF OZ, THE TERRIBLE

THE FOUR TRAVELLERS walked up to the great gate of the Emerald City and rang the bell. After ringing several times it was opened by the same Guardian of the Gates they had met before.

“What! Are you back again?” he asked in surprise.

“Do you not see us?” answered the Scarecrow.

“But I thought you had gone to visit the Wicked Witch of the West.”

“We did visit her,” said the Scarecrow.

“And she let you go again?” asked the man, in wonder.



16

THE MAGIC ART OF THE GREAT HUMBUG

NEXT MORNING, the Scarecrow said to his friends: “Congratulate me. I am going to Oz to get my brains at last. When I return, I shall be as other men are.”

“I have always liked you as you were,” said Dorothy simply.

“It is kind of you to like a Scarecrow,” he replied. “But surely you will think more of me when you hear the splendid thoughts my new brain is going to turn out.” Then he said goodbye to them all in a cheerful voice, and went to the Throne Room, where he rapped upon the door.

“Come in,” said Oz.

THE MAGIC ART OF THE GREAT HUMBUG

The Scarecrow went in and found the little man sitting down by the window, engaged in deep thought.

“I have come for my brains,” remarked the Scarecrow, a little uneasily.

“Oh, yes – sit down in that chair, please,” replied Oz. “You must excuse me for taking your head off, but I shall have to do it in order to put your brains in their proper place.”

“That’s all right,” said the Scarecrow. “You are quite welcome to take my head off, as long as it will be a better one when you put it on again.”

So the wizard unfastened his head and emptied out the straw. Then he entered the back room and took up a measure of bran, which he mixed with a great many pins and needles. Having shaken them together thoroughly, he filled the top of the Scarecrow’s head with the mixture and stuffed the rest of the space with straw, to hold it in place.

When he had fastened the Scarecrow’s head on his body again he said to him, “Hereafter you will be a great man, for I have given you a lot of bran-new brains.”

The Scarecrow was both pleased and proud at the fulfilment of his greatest wish, and, having thanked Oz warmly, he went back to his friends.

Dorothy looked at him curiously. His head was quite bulged out at the top with brains.

“Well,” answered Oz, “if it were inside of you, it would be courage. You know, of course, that courage is always inside one – so that this really cannot be called courage until you have swallowed it. Therefore, I advise you to drink it as soon as possible.”

The Lion hesitated no longer, but drank till the dish was empty.

“How do you feel now?” asked Oz.

“Full of courage,” replied the Lion, who went joyfully back to his friends to tell them of his good fortune.

Oz, left to himself, smiled to think of his success in giving the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion exactly what they thought they wanted. “How can I help being a humbug,” he said, “when all these people make me do things that everybody knows can’t be done? It was easy to make the Scarecrow and the Lion and the Woodman happy, because they imagined I could do anything. But it will take more imagination to carry Dorothy back to Kansas, and I’m sure I don’t know how it can be done.”



17

HOW THE BALLOON WAS LAUNCHED

FOR THREE DAYS, DOROTHY heard nothing from Oz. These were sad days for the little girl – although her friends were all quite happy and contented. The Scarecrow told them there were wonderful thoughts in his head, but he would not say what they were, because he knew no one could understand them but himself. When the Tin Woodman walked about, he felt his heart rattling around in his breast, and he told Dorothy he had discovered it to be a kinder and more tender heart than the one he had owned when he was made of flesh. The Lion declared he was afraid of nothing on earth,

Omaha safely, and be there now, for all we know. But the people remembered him lovingly, and said to one another:

“Oz was always our friend. When he was here he built for us this beautiful Emerald City, and, now he is gone, he has left the wise Scarecrow to rule over us.”

Still, for many days, they grieved over the loss of the Wonderful Wizard, and would not be comforted.



18

AWAY TO THE SOUTH

DOROTHY WEPT bitterly at the passing of her hope to get home to Kansas again, but, when she thought it all over, she was glad she had not gone up in a balloon. And she also felt sorry at losing Oz, and so did her companions.

The Tin Woodman came to her and said:

“Truly I should be ungrateful if I failed to mourn for the man who gave me my lovely heart. I should like to cry a little because Oz is gone, if you will kindly wipe away my tears, so that I shall not rust.”

“With pleasure,” she answered, and brought a towel at once. Then the Tin Woodman wept for several minutes,

“I shall go with Dorothy,” declared the Lion, “for I am tired of your city and long for the woods and the country again. I am really a wild beast, you know. Besides, Dorothy will need someone to protect her.”

“That is true,” agreed the Woodman. “My axe may be of service to her, so I also will go with her to the Land of the South.”

“When shall we start?” asked the Scarecrow.

“Are you going?” they asked, in surprise.

“Certainly. If it wasn’t for Dorothy I should never have had brains. She lifted me from the pole in the cornfield and brought me to the Emerald City. So my good luck is all due to her, and I shall never leave her until she starts back to Kansas for good and all.”

“Thank you,” said Dorothy, gratefully. “You are all very kind to me. But I should like to start as soon as possible.”

“We shall go tomorrow morning,” returned the Scarecrow. “So now let us all get ready, for it will be a long journey.”



19

ATTACKED BY THE FIGHTING TREES

THE NEXT MORNING, Dorothy kissed the pretty green girl goodbye, and they all shook hands with the soldier with the green whiskers, who had walked with them as far as the gate. When the Guardian of the Gates saw them again, he wondered greatly that they could leave the beautiful City to get into new trouble. But he at once unlocked their spectacles, which he put back into the green box, and gave them many good wishes to carry with them.

“You are now our ruler,” he said to the Scarecrow; “so you must come back to us as soon as possible.”



20

THE DAINTY CHINA COUNTRY

WHILE THE WOODMAN was making a ladder from wood which he found in the forest, Dorothy lay down and slept, for she was tired by the long walk. The Lion also curled himself up to sleep, and Toto lay beside him.

The Scarecrow watched the Woodman while he worked, and said to him:

“I cannot think why this wall is here, nor what it is made of.”

“Rest your brains and do not worry about the wall,” replied the Woodman. “When we have climbed over it we shall know what is on the other side.”

After a time, the ladder was finished. It looked clumsy, but the Tin Woodman was sure it was strong and would answer their purpose. The Scarecrow waked Dorothy and the Lion and Toto, and told them that the ladder was ready. The Scarecrow climbed up the ladder first, but he was so awkward that Dorothy had to follow close behind and keep him from falling off. When he got his head over the top of the wall, the Scarecrow said, “Oh, my!”

“Go on,” exclaimed Dorothy.

So the Scarecrow climbed farther up and sat down on the top of the wall, and Dorothy put her head over and cried, “Oh, my!” just as the Scarecrow had done.

Then Toto came up, and immediately began to bark, but Dorothy made him be still.

The Lion climbed the ladder next, and the Tin Woodman came last – but both of them cried, “Oh, my!” as soon as they looked over the wall. When they were all sitting in a row on the top of the wall, they looked down and saw a strange sight.

Before them was a great stretch of country having a floor as smooth and shining and white as the bottom of a big platter. Scattered around were many houses made entirely of china and painted in the brightest colours. These houses were quite small – the biggest of them reaching only as high as Dorothy’s waist. There were also



21

THE LION BECOMES THE KING OF THE BEASTS

AFTER CLIMBING DOWN from the china wall, the travellers found themselves in a disagreeable country, full of bogs and marshes and covered with tall, rank grass. It was difficult to walk without falling into muddy holes, for the grass was so thick that it hid them from sight. However, by carefully picking their way, they got safely along until they reached solid ground. But here the country seemed wilder than ever, and, after a long and tiresome walk through the underbrush, they entered another forest, where the trees were bigger and older than any they had ever seen.

THE LION BECOMES THE KING OF THE BEASTS

“This forest is perfectly delightful,” declared the Lion, looking around him with joy. “Never have I seen a more beautiful place.”

“It seems gloomy, said the Scarecrow.

“Not a bit of it,” answered the Lion. “I should like to live here all my life. See how soft the dried leaves are under your feet, and how rich and green the moss is that clings to these old trees. Surely no wild beast could wish a pleasanter home.”

“Perhaps there are wild beasts in the forest now,” said Dorothy.

“I suppose there are,” returned the Lion. “But I do not see any of them about.”

They walked through the forest until it became too dark to go any farther. Dorothy and Toto and the Lion lay down to sleep, while the Woodman and the Scarecrow kept watch over them, as usual.

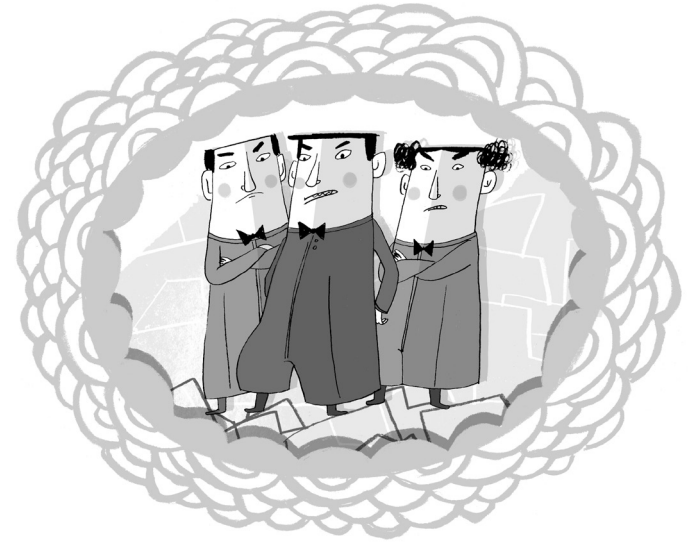
When morning came, they started again. Before they had gone far, they heard a low rumble, as of the growling of many wild animals. Toto whimpered a little, but none of the others was frightened, and they kept along the well-trodden path until they came to an opening in the wood, in which were gathered hundreds of beasts of every variety. There were tigers and elephants and bears and wolves and foxes and all the others in the natural

blow of his heavy paw, all armed with sharp claws, he knocked the spider's head from its body. Jumping down, he watched it until the long legs stopped wiggling, when he knew it was quite dead.

The Lion went back to the opening where the beasts of the forest were waiting for him, and said proudly:

“You need fear your enemy no longer.”

Then the beasts bowed down to the Lion as their King, and he promised to come back and rule over them as soon as Dorothy was safely on her way to Kansas.



22

THE COUNTRY OF THE QUADLINGS

THE FOUR TRAVELLERS passed through the rest of the forest in safety, and, when they came out from its gloom, saw before them a steep hill, covered from top to bottom with great pieces of rock.

“That will be a hard climb,” said the Scarecrow, “but we must get over the hill, nevertheless.”

So he led the way and the others followed. They had nearly reached the first rock when they heard a rough voice cry out, “Keep back!”

“Who are you?” asked the Scarecrow.



23

GLINDA GRANTS DOROTHY'S WISH

BEFORE THEY WENT TO SEE Glinda, however, they were taken to a room of the Castle, where Dorothy washed her face and combed her hair, and the Lion shook the dust out of his mane, and the Scarecrow patted himself into his best shape, and the Woodman polished his tin and oiled his joints.

When they were all quite presentable, they followed the soldier girl into a big room, where the witch Glinda sat upon a throne of rubies.

She was both beautiful and young to their eyes. Her hair was a rich red in colour, and fell in flowing ringlets

GLINDA GRANTS DOROTHY'S WISH

over her shoulders. Her dress was pure white, but her eyes were blue, and they looked kindly upon the little girl.

“What can I do for you, my child?” she asked.

Dorothy told the witch all her story: how the cyclone had brought her to the Land of Oz, how she had found her companions, and of the wonderful adventures they had met with.

“My greatest wish now,” she added, “is to get back to Kansas, for Aunt Em will surely think something dreadful has happened to me, and that will make her put on mourning – and, unless the crops are better this year than they were last, I am sure Uncle Henry cannot afford it.”

Glinda leaned forward and kissed the sweet, upturned face of the loving little girl.

“Bless your dear heart,” she said, “I am sure I can tell you of a way to get back to Kansas.” Then she added:

“But, if I do, you must give me the golden cap.”

“Willingly!” exclaimed Dorothy. “Indeed, it is of no use to me now, and when you have it you can command the winged monkeys three times.”

“And I think I shall need their service just those three times,” answered Glinda, smiling.

after the cyclone had carried away the old one. Uncle Henry was milking the cows in the barnyard, and Toto had jumped out of her arms and was running towards the barn, barking furiously.

Dorothy stood up, and found she was in her stocking-feet. For the silver shoes had fallen off in her flight through the air, and were lost for ever in the desert.



24

HOME AGAIN

AUNT EM HAD JUST COME OUT of the house to water the cabbages when she looked up and saw Dorothy running towards her.

“My darling child!” she cried, folding the little girl in her arms and covering her face with kisses. “Where in the world did you come from?”

“From the Land of Oz,” said Dorothy gravely. “And here is Toto, too. And oh, Aunt Em! I’m so glad to be at home again!”

EXTRA MATERIAL
FOR YOUNG READERS

THE WRITER

Lyman Frank Baum – more commonly known as L. Frank Baum – was born on 15th May 1856, and raised in Mattydale, a village in the US state of New York. He was named after his Uncle Lyman, but, from an early age, he hated the name, and preferred to be called Frank. His father Benjamin, a rich businessman, and his mother Cynthia, had nine children – only five of whom survived into adulthood; Frank was the seventh-born. His family home was called Rose Lawn, and it was a large house with extensive grounds.

Frank tended towards poor health often – it was thought that he had a weak heart – so he was mainly schooled at home with private tutors, spending a lot of time on his own, daydreaming. At the age of twelve, however, he was sent to a military-style school – he did not thrive in this environment of harsh discipline. After two years, following a heart scare during a bout of punishment, he was allowed to leave.

Frank's interest in writing and business surfaced early. With his brother Harry, he wrote and produced an amateur newspaper, *The Rose Lawn Home Journal*, which sold advertising space and ran to several editions. A few years later, he was writing and publishing *The Stamp Collector* – turning his interest in stamps into an amateur business, and going on to sell a pamphlet about stamps called *Baum's Complete Stamp Dealer's Directory*. These teenage ventures led to his first proper business as a young man – a monthly magazine about rearing fancy poultry. He became something of an expert, and published his first book on the subject: a guide to rearing a kind of poultry called Hamburgs.

Frank was always trying out new businesses, but he wasn't the greatest businessman. Even when, much later in his life, he was making enormous amounts of money from writing, he tended to lose it on his projects. The main reason for this was his love of the theatre and everything to do with it – from production to writing to acting. His rich father indulged him – building him his own theatre, where Frank acted in shows that he wrote and directed. Frank had some modest success with this, but had to think again when the theatre burnt down.

In 1882, he married Maud Gage, the daughter of a famous women's suffrage campaigner, and, in 1888, the couple moved to Dakota, where Frank first established a

shop that went bankrupt, and then edited a newspaper that folded. He took on further jobs, including editing an advertising magazine, and being a door-to-door salesman (financial aid from his father had presumably dried up by then). In 1897, over forty years old and standing on doorsteps selling his wares, he cannot have felt that he had fulfilled his promise or exploited his advantages. But, at last, he started writing books for children.

Mother Goose in Prose did well enough for him to resign from his job. The next book, *Father Goose, His Book*, a collection of nonsense poetry, was the highest selling children's book of the year. Frank had found his vocation. Not long after, he found the world of Oz. His 1900 book *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* was instantly popular, and made him rich.

Frank's love of the stage was not dimmed, and his next move was inevitable: a musical of his bestselling novel. His first attempt in 1901 didn't work out, but by 1902 – collaborating with a composer and a director – he succeeded in putting *The Wizard of Oz* on the stage in Chicago. It was a success, running for 293 nights in a row, then moving on to Broadway – and, in one way or another, touring successfully for the next decade.

Over the years, his uncertain competence as a businessman lost him much of the fortune that *The Wizard of*

Oz had earned him. In 1908 he made one of his biggest blunders, financing a hugely expensive show called *The Fairylogue and Radio-Plays*: this was a very high-tech venture for the time, involving film, slide shows and live acting. When it flopped, he couldn't pay his debts to the film company, and he had to sell the rights to many of his works, including the money-spinner *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Much of his property was in his wife's name, so he wasn't poverty-stricken, but it was a heavy blow.

Frank was always getting letters from children demanding more stories about Oz, and though he sometimes claimed he would never return to the subject, he wrote a further thirteen. None of them came close to matching the success of the original, and a few of them were flops, but some of them did really well.

A prolific writer who used at least seven pen names in addition to his real name, his biggest writing success apart from the Oz books is probably the *Aunt Jane's Nieces* series – written for the entertainment of teenage girls, under the name Edith Van Dyne. The series ran to ten books between 1906 and 1918.

In 1914, Frank got involved with the last great business venture of his life, The Oz Film Manufacturing Company, filling the roles of President, Producer and Screenwriter. He worked with some of the stars of the fledgling silent

movie industry, including one of the greats – Harold Lloyd. He had, at last, learnt from experience, and didn't invest any of his own money in his own business venture. This was wise, because – once again – the company wasn't successful. Although he didn't lose out personally, the stress of losing large amounts of other people's money probably contributed to his early death.

Frank suffered a stroke on 6th May 1919. The following day he died. His last words to his wife are said to be “Now we can cross the Shifting Sands” – an allusion to the deadly desert that he created in *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

THE BOOK

Children's stories written in the U.S. before *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* tended to be didactic – this means that the authors wanted to teach their young readers something important. That important something often seemed to involve moral lessons about ‘being good’, or ‘saying one's prayers’, or ‘studying hard at school’. In other words, children's books were often boring and pompous, propelled not by interesting characters, but by a moralizing adult perspective. Frank wanted to do something different. He admired Lewis Carroll, the English author of *Alice's*

Adventures in Wonderland, who didn't bury his tale under Victorian morality, and who, in Alice, had created a character with whom children could identify. Frank was also very influenced by the European fairy tales of Hans Christian Anderson and The Brothers Grimm. Although these tales were, in his view, too violent, he wanted to create the same kind of mythical characters in an American landscape.

Something else that Frank learned from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was the importance of illustrations in entertaining children and holding their attention. For this reason, he decided to collaborate with a talented artist. The illustrator he chose was William Wallace Denslow, and the importance of Denslow's input is seen in the fact that he shared half the copyright of the book with Frank, and, therefore, half the profits. By the standards of the time, the book was lavishly illustrated, and Denslow's pictures of Frank's characters became so well-known and loved that other artists were quickly imitating his style in other children's books.

The book was published in 1900. The first print run was 10,000 copies, and it was available to buy from 1st August. By October, all 10,000 had sold, and a second print run of 15,000 was ordered. Receiving critical as well as popular acclaim, it quickly became the best-selling children's book of the year, and went on to become the best-selling

children's book of the following year too. By the middle of the twentieth century, sales were in the millions.

The cultural impact of Frank's story is incalculable. Translated into more than fifty languages, this original American fairy tale has worked its way across the world. Films and TV programmes based on its story, or substantially connecting to its story, number in the hundreds. The most famous is the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz*, starring Judy Garland as Dorothy – sometimes claimed to be the most-watched film ever; generations of people have grown up with the tradition of watching this film every Christmas. Another very significant film is *Wiz* from 1978 – a musical adventure starring pop legends Diana Ross as Dorothy and Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow. And since the first musical version of the book was produced in Chicago by Baum himself, numerous musicals have been set in the land of Oz, including the 2011 Andrew Lloyd Weber and Tim Rice production *The Wizard of Oz*.

Sequels, prequels, political adaptations, graphic novels, plays, spin-offs, merchandise, computer games, songs – Frank knew he had created a great success, but, at the time of his death in 1919, he cannot have imagined the depth and scope of cultural influence that his book would enjoy. He created, in the words of the US Library of Congress, “America's greatest and best-loved home-grown fairy tale”.

THE CHARACTERS

Uncle Henry and Aunt Em

Bent under the burden of their failing farm and scorched land, Uncle Henry and Aunt Em – the orphaned Dorothy’s guardians – are sad and worn-out and confused by Dorothy’s childish energy and enthusiasm for life.

Dorothy

A young girl from a poverty-stricken home in Kansas, Dorothy and her dog Toto are transplanted into Oz by a fierce cyclone. She does not despair, but wants to return to Kansas. She deals with each set of circumstances as she finds it – simply and sweetly, but also with courage and intelligence – becoming the leader of a motley crew of strange friends who, like her, are all in search of something.

The Munchkins

These are the inhabitants of Munchkin County, where Dorothy arrives in her wind-blown house. They only wear blue, because it is their favourite colour, and are no taller than Dorothy herself.

The Witch of the North

The Witch of the North is a good witch, who greets Dorothy when she arrives and puts a mark on her forehead which protects her.

The Scarecrow

Dorothy finds the Scarecrow stuck on a pole in a field, and he becomes her first travelling companion. His greatest wish is to have brains in his head instead of straw, so that he can have meaningful thoughts. He ends the book as the ruler of the Emerald City.

The Tin Woodman

Once a man of flesh and blood, but now made entirely of tin, the Tin Woodman desires a heart so that he can have feelings. He accompanies Dorothy on her quest to the Emerald City.

The Cowardly Lion

Aware that lions are seen as fearless, the Cowardly Lion longs for some courage so that he can perform brave deeds and be impressive. He is the last of Dorothy’s three companions to join her quest but is eventually rewarded.

The Queen of the Field Mice

Ruling thousands of her tiny subjects, the Queen of the Field Mice owes her life to Dorothy and her friends. The Queen commands all her field mice to help Dorothy in every way they can.

The Green Girl

A beautiful and kind girl dressed entirely in green; she is a maid at the royal palace and is assigned to look after Dorothy in the Emerald City.

The Wizard of Oz

When finally tracked down by Dorothy and her companions in the Emerald City, the Wizard of Oz appears in many guises. He is a balloonist from Omaha, Nebraska, who landed in Oz accidentally, many years ago, and was mistaken for a powerful wizard.

The Wicked Witch of the West

This wicked witch rules the western part of Oz. The witch tries to capture Dorothy and her companions, but is secretly frightened of Dorothy because of her silver shoes which, unknown to Dorothy, harbour powerful magic.

The Winkies

The Winkies are the people enslaved by the Wicked Witch of the West. They are easily identifiable because of their yellow skins.

Glinda

Glinda is the Good Witch of the South. When Dorothy asks her for help in getting back to Kansas, Glinda helps her to do so.

Kalidahs

With bodies like bears and heads like tigers, the Kalidahs attack Dorothy and her friends as they journey to the Emerald City.

The winged monkeys

Whoever is in possession of the golden cap can command the winged monkeys three times; whether the wishes are good or evil, the monkeys are compelled to implement them. They both help and hinder Dorothy's quest during her stay in Oz.

Gayelette and Quelala

A sorceress and princess in years past, Gayelette was deeply in love with her betrothed, the handsome Quelala.

The winged monkeys played a trick on Quelala, dropping him in the river. Gayalette, very angry, decided the monkeys should be killed. Quelala intervened on their behalf and reduced their punishment from death to being under the control of whoever wears the golden cap.

FANTASY WORLDS IN CHILDREN'S FICTION

Oz is an unforgettable world of magic, colour and adventure, with its own rules and logic. Creating a new and imaginary world with its own landscape, peoples, behaviours and themes – often involving supernatural creatures and powers – has always been an irresistible temptation for authors, from the long-forgotten composers of ancient folk tales to modern storytellers such as Philip Pullman and J.K. Rowling. This kind of writing, in which the author invents a world that shares similarities to the world we know, and yet functions in a different way, is called fantasy fiction. The land of Oz is one of the finest examples, but there are other worlds invented by children's authors whose cultural influence (and sales) have been just as extensive.

Wonderland

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland was a novel much admired by Frank. Published in 1865 and written by Lewis Carroll (real name Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), the principal character, Alice, enters Wonderland by falling down a rabbit hole. She tumbles into a very strange world indeed, where all kinds of animals (the White Rabbit, the Cheshire Cat and Bill the Lizard, for example) and even stranger beings (a royal family comprised of playing cards) are living their lives by a very peculiar, nonsensical logic that often seems to centre on the ambiguity of words. Alice has to survive and negotiate not just the oddness of Wonderland – one of her biggest problems is the way she keeps shrinking and expanding – but the arbitrary nature of right and wrong, making Wonderland not just a fantasy world but a satirical commentary on the 'real' world.

Neverland

The Scottish author J.M. Barrie (1860–1937) presented his story about Peter Pan and Neverland first as a stage play in 1904, and two years later, after the huge success of the play, as a novel (initially titled *Peter and Wendy*, but usually known as *Peter Pan*). Peter is a boy who will never grow up, and the world he inhabits is Neverland – a place of pirates, fairies, adventure and magic – where he

leads a gang called the Lost Boys, and where mischief is everywhere. A symbol of eternal childhood, Neverland has thrilled the imaginations of generations of children. Towards the end of his life, J.M. Barrie gifted the publication rights to the book to a children's hospital, now called Great Ormond Street Hospital; Peter Pan became one of the highest selling books of all time.

Middle-earth

Created by J.R.R. Tolkien (1892–1973) for adults and older children, Middle-earth is the setting for his novel *The Hobbit* and his trilogy *The Lord of the Rings*. It is perhaps the most detailed and meticulous of fictional fantasy worlds ever created by an author, with a deeply realized geography, history and mythology. Middle-earth is similar to Europe, but set in an earlier and mythological era, populated by elves, dwarves, men and hobbits, not to mention orcs, dragons and strange beasts. The fantasy world that Tolkien creates is the setting for an epic battle for control of the world, waged by the forces of good and evil, taking place over many years. With *The Lord of the Rings* being the second best-selling novel of all time, and *The Hobbit* being the third, the works of J.R.R. Tolkien and of other high-selling fantasy novelists prove that imaginary worlds generate incredible levels of enthusiasm among readers.

TEST YOURSELF

Did you travel through the land of Oz with as much curiosity and resourcefulness as Dorothy showed on her quest to track down Oz, the great wizard? Try this multiple choice quiz to find out. The answers are on p. 212.

1. What weather event lifted up Dorothy's house and transported it to the land of Oz?
 - A) A typhoon
 - B) A hurricane
 - C) A light drizzle
 - D) A cyclone

2. Where do the Munchkins live?
 - A) The Land of the East
 - B) The Land of the West
 - C) Munich
 - D) The Land of the North

3. When Dorothy comes across the Tin Woodman in a forest, rusted and unable to move, what has he been holding up in the air for more than a year?
 - A) An Axe
 - B) A copy of *The Oz Times*

- C) A handkerchief
 - D) The Scarecrow's brains
4. In the Emerald City, where the Wizard of Oz lives, what must everyone wear, night and day?
- A) Emeralds
 - B) Green-lensed spectacles
 - C) Pointed hats
 - D) The golden cap
5. When Dorothy summons the winged monkeys to her by reading the charm contained in the golden cap, what are the first words of the charm?
- A) Eenie, meenie, miney, mo
 - B) Oggy, oggy, oggy
 - C) Ep-pe, pe-pe, kak-ke
 - D) Jelly meat whiskers
6. The Wizard of Oz appears before Dorothy and her companions in all of these guises except...
- A) An invisible presence
 - B) A floating ivory throne
 - C) An enormous hairless head with no body
 - D) A terrible beast, as big as an elephant, with the head of a rhinoceros, five eyes, and five arms and legs

7. The Wizard of Oz eventually admits that he is just an ordinary man who, like Dorothy, was blown into Oz by the weather – in his case, in a balloon. “I’m tired of being a _____” he tells her. What is he tired of being?
- A) A wizard
 - B) A scared little man
 - C) A humbug
 - D) A fruitcake
8. At the very end of the story, Glinda the Good Witch of the South tells Dorothy what she must do with her silver shoes in order to return to Kansas. What is it?
- A) Put the left shoe on her right foot and the right shoe on her left foot
 - B) Walk backward three steps while thinking of the cyclone
 - C) Fill them with porridge and step in them
 - D) Knock the heels together three times

ANSWERS

1—D

2—A

3—A

4—B

5—C

6—B

7—C

8—D

SCORES

1 to 3 correct: This is what the Scarecrow scored before he got his brains. **4 to 6 correct:** You're a long way down the yellow-brick road. **7 to 8 correct:** Pack your bags – you're going to Kansas!

Glossary

| | |
|--------------------|--|
| bondage | Imprisonment. |
| brocaded | An intricate fabric with a raised design – often with a gold or silver thread. |
| brownie | A type of elf, known in tales as one which secretly does housework. |
| counterpane | A bedspread; duvet cover. |
| cyclone | A storm with high winds. |
| garret | Attic. |
| greensward | Lawn; patches of grass. |
| prairie | A large, open area of land. |
| tilled | Of land: farmed, tended. |
| truck | A low, flat trolley. |

