



THE WONDERFUL Wizard of

OZ

L. FRANK BAUM



Illustrated by
K. L. JONES

Adapted by
ROLAND MANN

THE WONDERFUL Wizard of



L. FRANK BAUM



KALYANI NAVYUG MEDIA PVT. LTD
New Delhi



Sitting around the Campfire, telling the story, were:

Wordsmith : Roland Mann
Penciler : Kevin Jones
Illustrations Editor : Jayshree Das
Colorist : Debu Payen
Letterers : Bhavnath Chaudhary
Laxmi Chand Gupta
Editors : Divya Dubey
Eman Chowdhary
Editor : Pushpanjali Borooah
(Informative content)
Production Controller : Vishal Sharma

Cover Artists:

Illustrator : Kevin Jones
Colorists : Anil C. K.
Ajo Kurian
Designer : Jayakrishnan K. P.

Published by Kalyani Navyug Media Pvt. Ltd
101 C, Shiv House, Hari Nagar Ashram
New Delhi 110014
India
www.campfire.co.in

ISBN: 978-93-80028-51-4

Copyright © 2010 Kalyani Navyug Media Pvt. Ltd

All rights reserved. Published by Campfire, an imprint of Kalyani Navyug Media Pvt. Ltd.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without written permission from the publisher.

Printed in India at Rave India





About the Author

Lyman Frank Baum was born in New York on May 15, 1856.

As a child, Baum was shy and was often schooled at home. He was also known to retreat into his father's library, and spend hours reading his favorite books. When he was thirteen years old, Baum was admitted into Peekskill Military School. He soon left the school as he found the atmosphere oppressive, and the daily exercises too much of a physical strain.

He then resumed his interest in literature by studying creative writing. With the aid of his father (who had made a great deal of money in the oil business), he purchased a printing press. He used the press to develop his own newspaper, *The Rose Lawn Home Journal*, and wrote articles, poetry, and editorials.

By the time he had turned twenty-five, Baum had developed an interest in the theatrical arts. In New York City, he managed an opera house, wrote plays, and also acted in his own play *The Maid of Arran*.

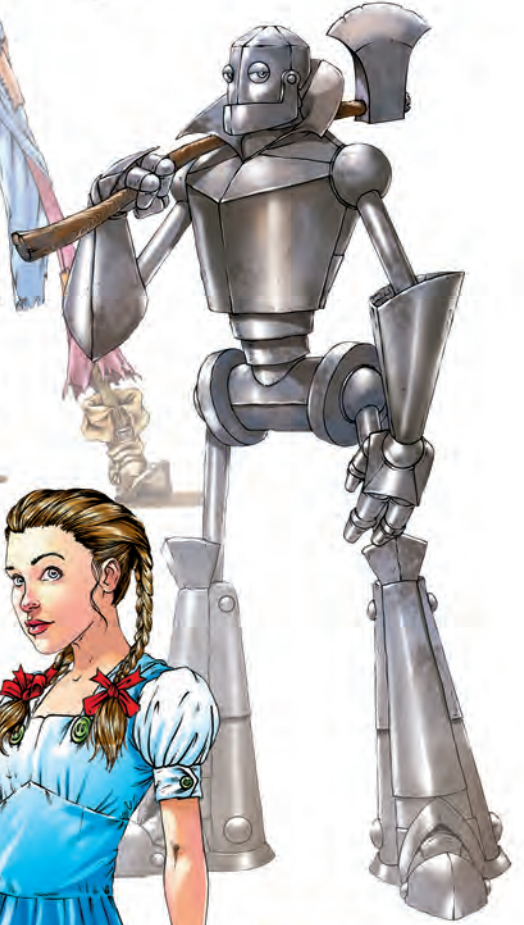
After leaving theater, Baum entered into a private business which failed. He then resumed editing a newspaper called *The Saturday Pioneer*. In 1882, he married Maud Gage. It was Maud's mother who guided Baum to success when she suggested he publish some of his nursery rhymes. Published in 1897 as *Mother Goose in Prose*, the collection was a huge success.

In 1900, Baum published his most famous work, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. The book was a phenomenal success and Baum then engaged himself in publishing a wide variety of works.

At the time of his death in 1919, Baum had written no less than thirteen sequels to his first Oz book, and several other children's books under various pseudonyms.



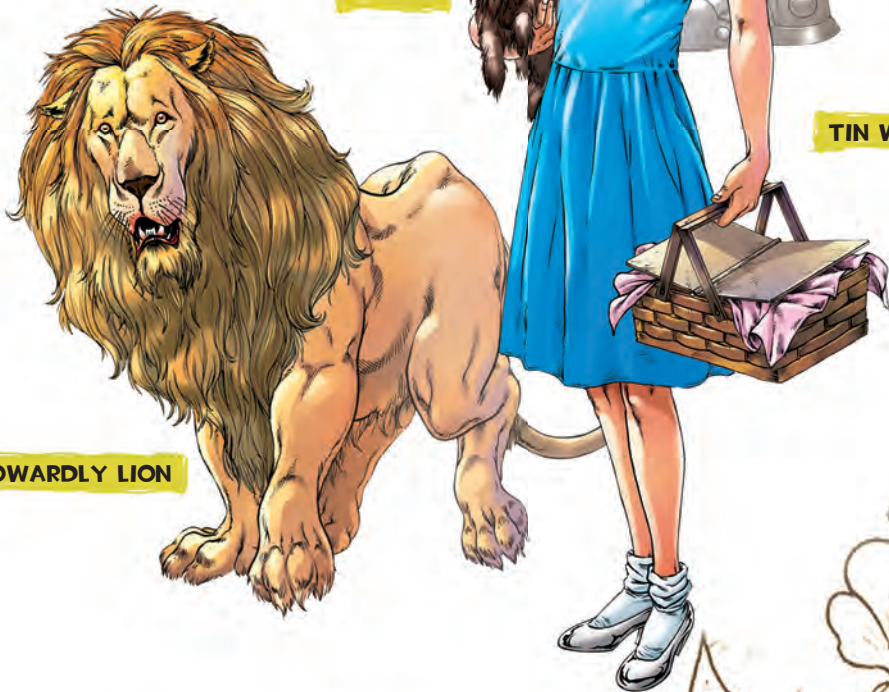
SCARECROW



DOROTHY



TOTO



TIN WOODMAN

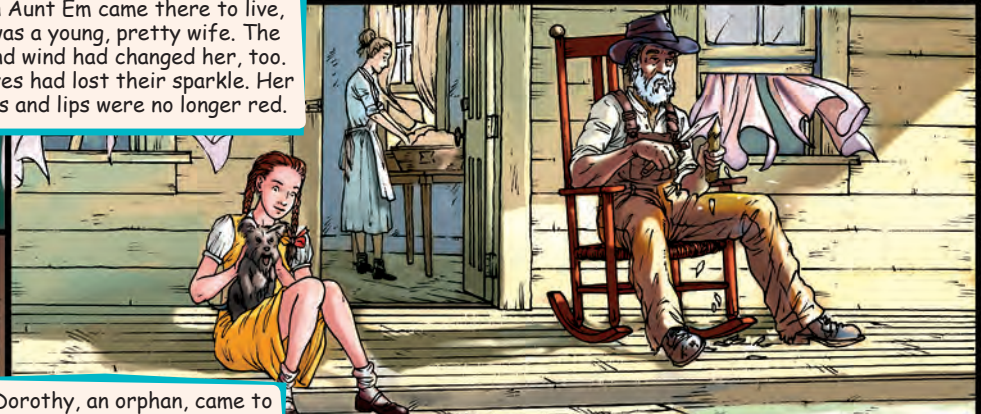
COWARDLY LION

Dorothy lived in the middle of the great Kansas prairies with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was his wife.



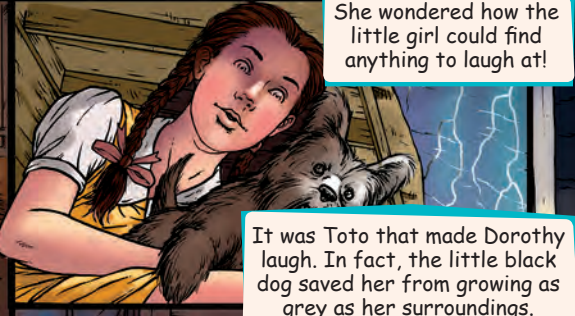
Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night, and did not know what joy was. He looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

When Aunt Em came there to live, she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. Her eyes had lost their sparkle. Her cheeks and lips were no longer red.



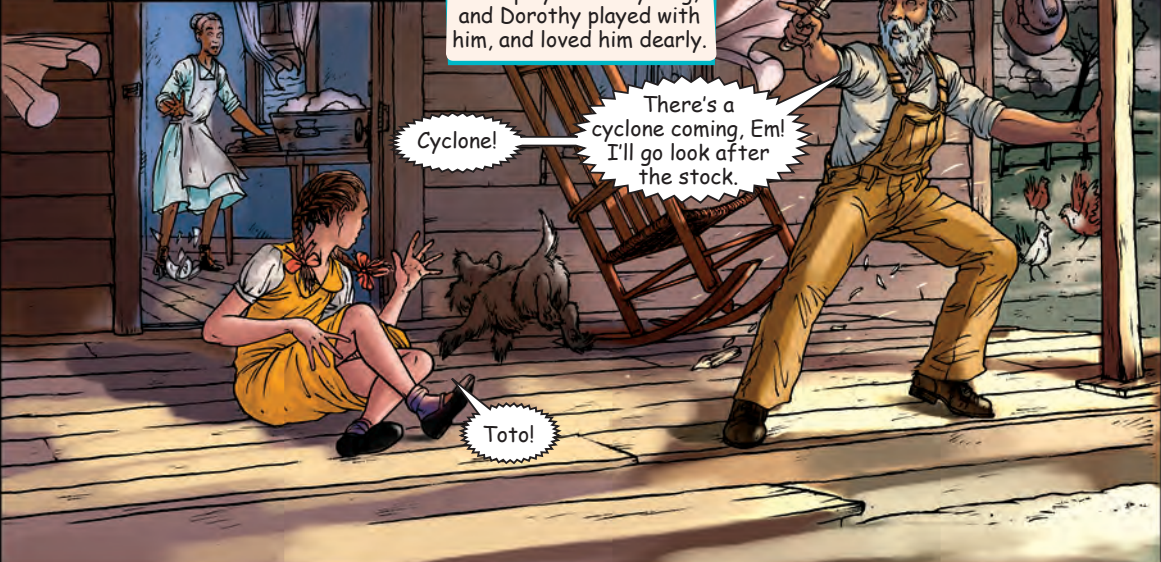
When Dorothy, an orphan, came to live with her, Aunt Em had been startled by the child's laughter.

She wondered how the little girl could find anything to laugh at!



It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh. In fact, the little black dog saved her from growing as grey as her surroundings.

Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

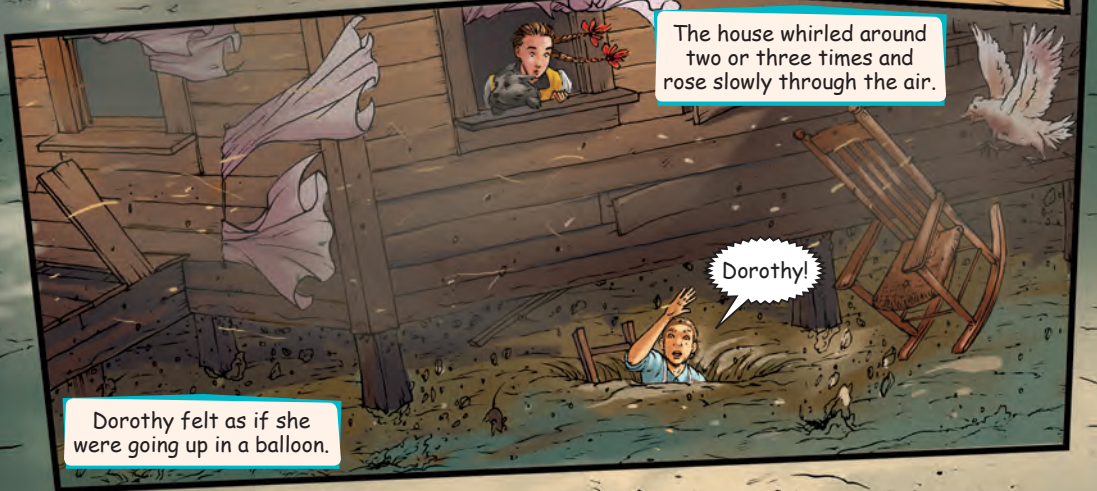


Cyclone!

There's a cyclone coming, Em! I'll go look after the stock.

Toto!

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close by.



The great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone...

...and there it remained, and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

Hour after hour passed, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright. But she felt very lonely.


As nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring.

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

WHUM!!
Ohh!

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.

Where are we?



The cyclone had set the house down in the middle of a marvelous and beautiful country.

While Dorothy stood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed a group of the strangest people she had ever seen coming toward her.

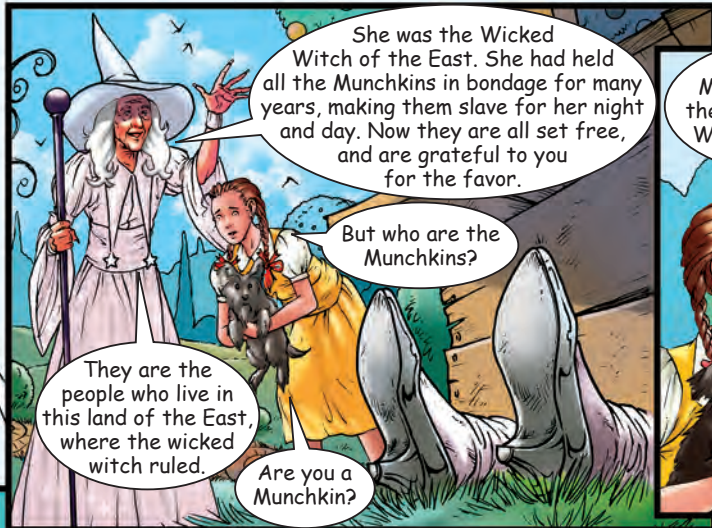
When these people drew near the house, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if scared to go further.

You are welcome, most noble sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from slavery.

You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anyone.

Your house did, anyway, and that is the same thing. See! There are her two feet, still sticking out from under a block of wood.

Oh, no! The house must have fallen on her. What should we do? Who was she?



She was the Wicked Witch of the East. She had held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favor.

But who are the Munchkins?

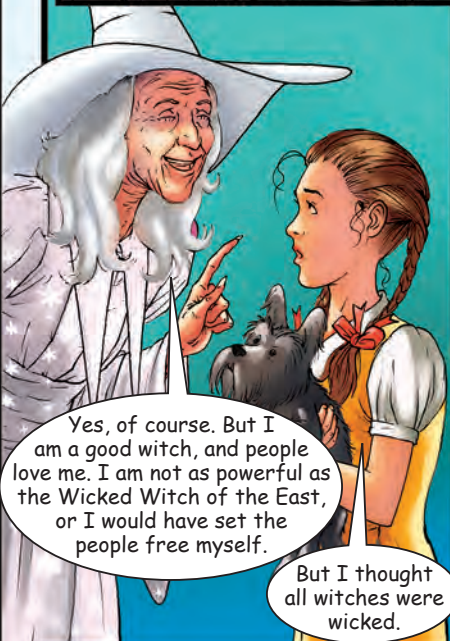
They are the people who live in this land of the East, where the wicked witch ruled.

Are you a Munchkin?



No, I'm not a Munchkin, but I am their friend. I am the Witch of the North.

Oh my God! Are you a real witch?



Yes, of course. But I am a good witch, and people love me. I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch of the East, or I would have set the people free myself.

But I thought all witches were wicked.



Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches.

I know this is true, for I am one of them myself. Those who dwelled in the East and the West were, certainly, wicked witches. But now that you have killed one of them...

...there is only one wicked witch in all the Land of Oz—the one who lives in the West.



Oh, look! The Wicked Witch of the East was so old that she has dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her.



Now these silver shoes are yours.

There is some charm connected with them, but we don't know what it is.

I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry about me. Can you help me find my way?

Dorothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people.

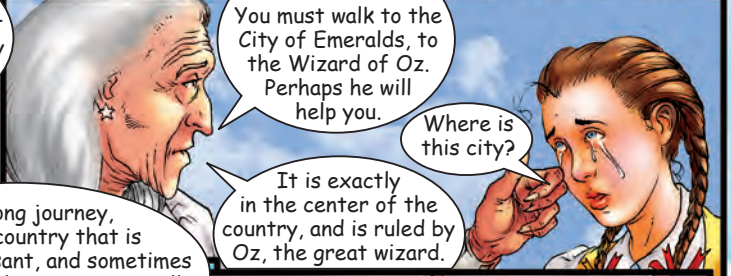
Her tears seemed to distress the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to cry.



The Land of Oz is surrounded by a great desert that cannot be crossed. I'm sorry, my dear, you will have to live with us.



Don't cry, my child.

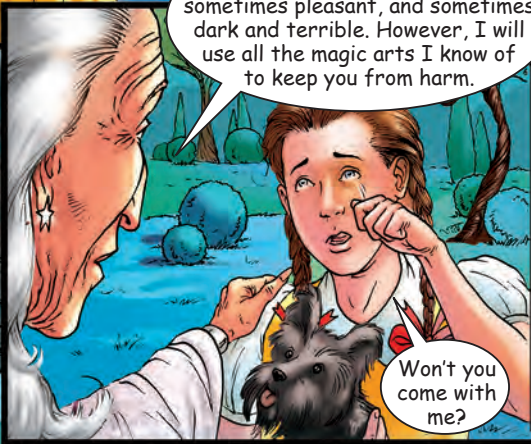


You must walk to the City of Emeralds, to the Wizard of Oz. Perhaps he will help you.

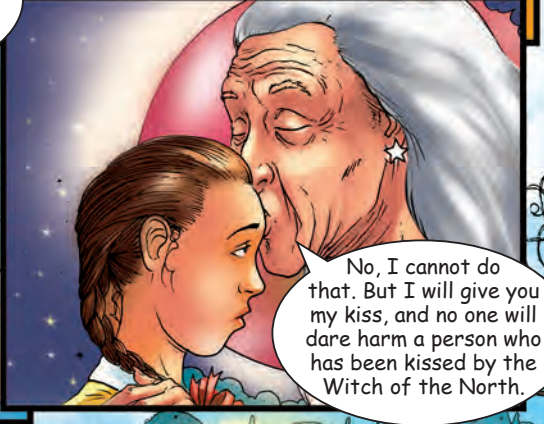
Where is this city?

It is exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the great wizard.

It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant, and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you from harm.



Won't you come with me?



No, I cannot do that. But I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare harm a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North.



The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow bricks, so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz, do not be scared of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Goodbye, my dear.

So saying, the Witch of the North disappeared in a ball of light.

Dorothy began to feel hungry, so she ate and then set about preparing for her journey to the City of Emeralds.



Dorothy had only one other dress. It happened to be clean. Although it was very old, it was still a pretty dress.



She washed herself carefully, dressed, and tied her pink hat on her head.



Those old shoes would never do for a long journey, Toto...

...I wonder if the new ones will fit me. They would be just the thing to take a long walk in, for they cannot wear out.

Dorothy closed the door, locked it, and put the key carefully in the pocket of her dress.



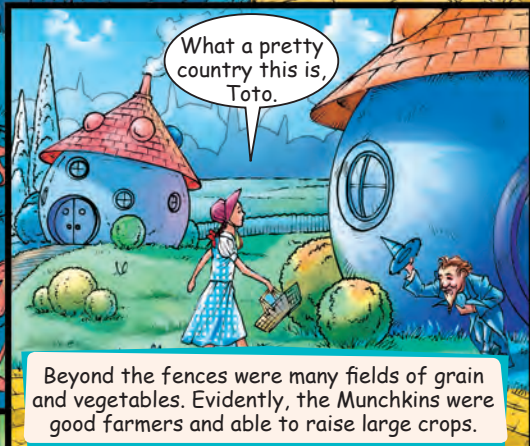
With Toto trotting along behind her, she started on her journey.

There were several roads nearby, but it did not take her long to find the one paved with yellow bricks.

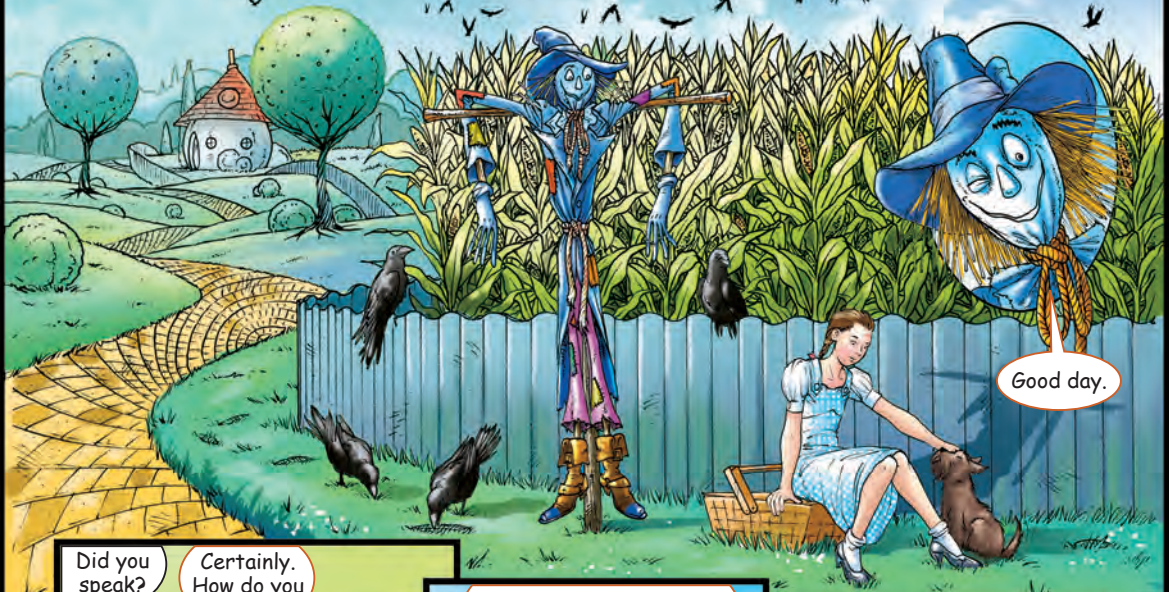


Within a short time, she was walking briskly toward the Emerald City, her silver shoes tinkling happily on the hard, yellow brick road.

The sun shone brightly, and the birds sang sweetly, and Dorothy did not feel so bad.



The next morning, she bade her new friends goodbye, and started walking toward her destination. When she had gone several miles, she stopped to rest.



Good day.

Did you speak?

Certainly. How do you do?

I'm pretty well, thank you. How do you do?

I'm not feeling well, for it is very tiring being perched up here night and day to scare away crows.

Can't you get down?

No, for this pole is stuck to my back. If you will please take away the pole, I will be greatly obliged to you.

Thank you very much. I feel like a new man.

Dorothy lifted the Scarecrow off the pole, for, being stuffed with straw, it was pretty light.

Who are you? And where are you going?

My name is Dorothy, and I am going to the Emerald City, to ask the Great Oz to send me back to Kansas.

I'm stuffed with straw. I have no brains. If I go to the Emerald City with you, would Oz give me some brains?

I cannot tell, but you may come with me.

So, the Scarecrow joined Dorothy on the yellow brick road. She told him about Kansas and of her desire to return.

Now, won't you tell me your story?

I was only made day before yesterday. So, what happened in the world before that time is unknown to me.

'When the farmer made my head, one of the first things he did was to paint my ears, so that I could hear what was going on.'

'As soon as he painted my right eye, I found myself looking at him and everything around me with a great deal of curiosity, for this was my first glimpse of the world.'

'Then he made my nose and my mouth. But I did not speak, because at that time, I didn't know what a mouth was for.'

As time went by, an old crow flew near me, and after looking at me carefully, he perched on my shoulder.'

'The farmer set me up on a tall stick. I did not like to be left alone this way.'

I wonder if that farmer thought he could fool me. Any sensible crow can see that you are only stuffed with straw.

'Then he hopped down at my feet and ate all the corn he wanted. The other birds, too, came to eat the corn.'

'I felt sad at this, for it showed I was not such a good scarecrow after all, but the old crow comforted me.'

If you only had brains in your head! Brains are the only things worth having in this world, no matter whether one is a crow or a man.

After the crows had gone, I thought this over, and decided I would try hard to get some brains. By good luck, you pulled me off the stake...

...and I am sure the Great Oz will give me brains.

The light soon faded away, and they found themselves in the woods in the darkness.

If you see any house, or any place where we can pass the night, you must tell me.

I see a little cottage to the right of us.


They entered, and Dorothy lay down at once.

The next morning, 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 she was thankful the Scarecrow did not have to eat anything.

The Scarecrow, who was never tired, stood up in another corner and waited patiently until morning came.

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



Did you groan, Tin Woodman?


Yes, I did. I've been groaning for more than a year. No one has ever heard me before or come to help me.




What can I do for you?

Please get an oilcan and oil my joints. They are rusted so badly that I cannot move them at all.

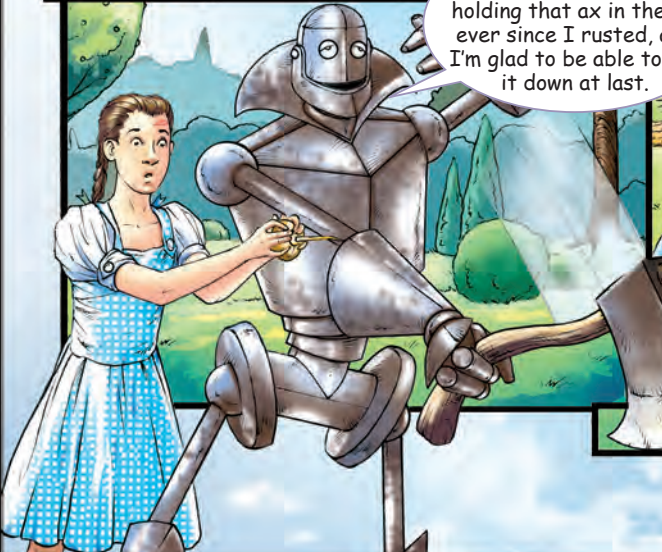
Dorothy at once ran back to the cottage and found an oilcan. Then, she returned and applied oil to the Tin Woodman's joints.



So, they oiled him until he could move freely.



Oh, thank you! Thank you!



This is a great comfort. I have been holding that ax in the air ever since I rusted, and I'm glad to be able to put it down at last.

I might have stood here always, but you have saved my life. How did you happen to be here?



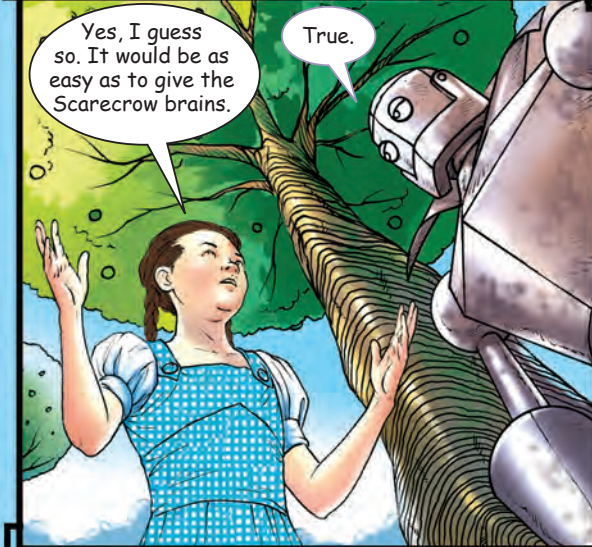
We are on our way to the Emerald City to see the Great Oz, and we stopped at your cottage to pass the night.

Why do you wish to see Oz?



I want him to send me back to Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants him to plant a brain in his head.

Do you think Oz could give me a heart?



Yes, I guess so. It would be as easy as to give the Scarecrow brains.

True.



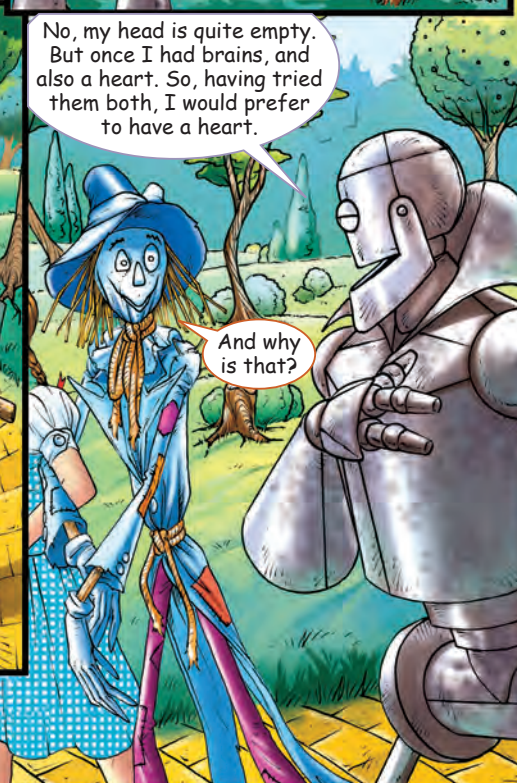
So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also go to the Emerald City and ask Oz to help me.

Come along!



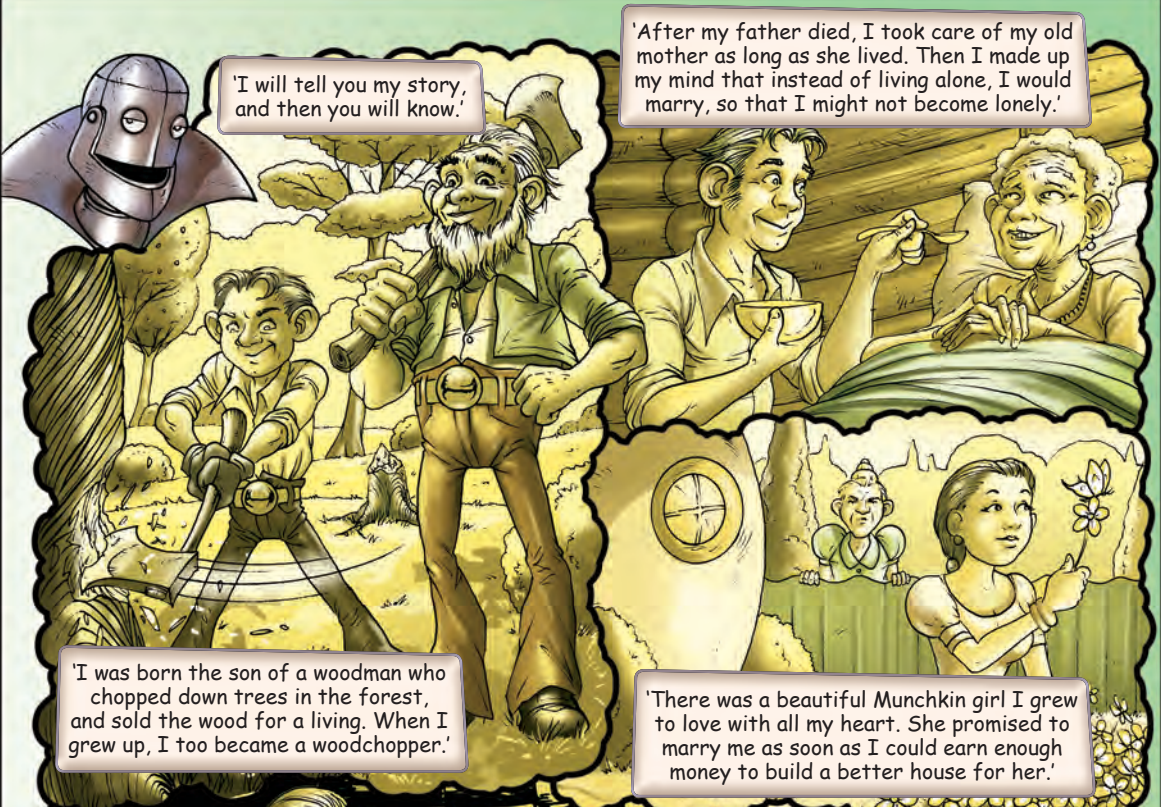
The Tin Woodman asked Dorothy to put the oilcan in her basket because if it rained, he would rust again.

Have you any brains?



No, my head is quite empty. But once I had brains, and also a heart. So, having tried them both, I would prefer to have a heart.

And why is that?



'I will tell you my story, and then you will know.'

'After my father died, I took care of my old mother as long as she lived. Then I made up my mind that instead of living alone, I would marry, so that I might not become lonely.'

'I was born the son of a woodman who chopped down trees in the forest, and sold the wood for a living. When I grew up, I too became a woodchopper.'

'There was a beautiful Munchkin girl I grew to love with all my heart. She promised to marry me as soon as I could earn enough money to build a better house for her.'



'But the girl lived with an old woman, who did not want her to marry anyone. She was lazy, and she wanted the girl to stay and do the cooking and the housework.'

'So, the old woman went to the Wicked Witch of the East, and promised her two sheep and a cow if she would stop the marriage.'

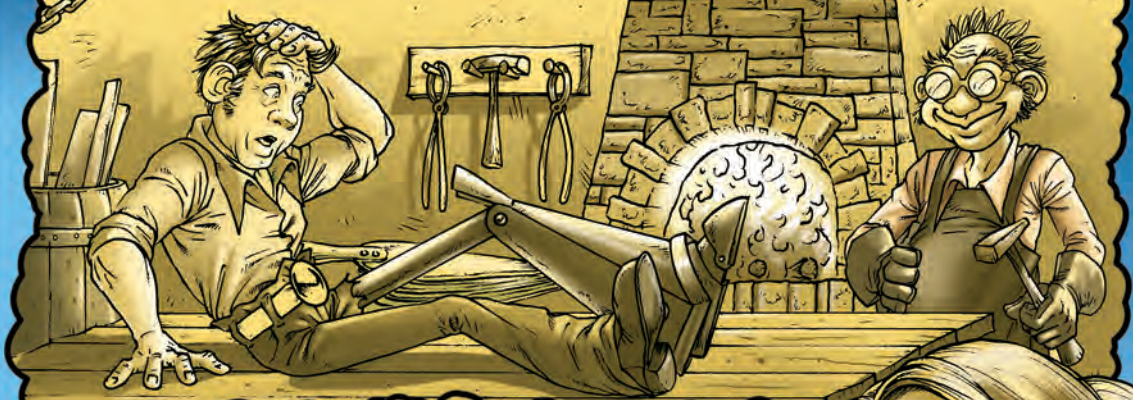


'Then the witch enchanted my ax, and when I was chopping some wood one day, the ax slipped and cut off my left leg.'

'I knew a one-legged man could not do very well as a woodcutter.'

'So I went to a tinsmith and he made me a new leg out of tin. The leg worked very well, once I was used to it.'

'But my action angered the Wicked Witch of the East...'



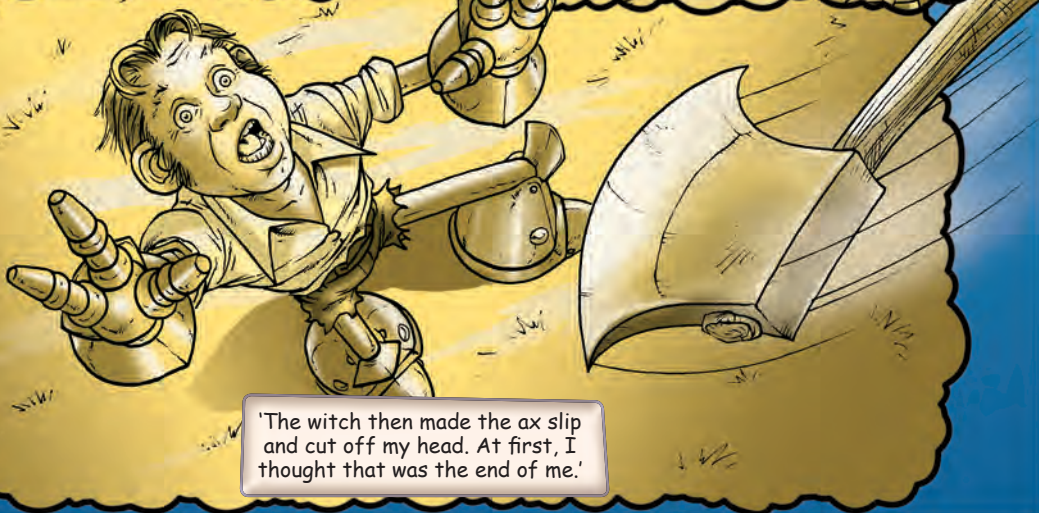
'...for she had promised the old woman I would not marry the pretty Munchkin girl!'



'When I began chopping again, my ax slipped and cut off my right leg.'

'Again I went to the tinsmith, and again he made me a leg out of tin.'

'After this, the enchanted ax cut off my arms, one after the other. But undaunted, I had them replaced with tin ones.'



'The witch then made the ax slip and cut off my head. At first, I thought that was the end of me.'

'But the tinsmith happened to come along, and he made me a new head out of tin.'

'I thought I had beaten the Wicked Witch of the East then, and I worked harder than ever. But I hardly knew how cruel my enemy could be.'

'She made my ax slip again, so that it cut right through my body, cutting me into two halves.'

'Once more, the tinsmith came to my help and made me a body of tin, fastening my tin arms and legs and head to it, by means of joints.'

But, alas! I now had no heart, so I lost all my love for the Munchkin girl, and did not care whether I married her or not.

I guess she is still living with the old woman, waiting for me to come to her.

Oh no!

My body shone so brightly in the sun that I felt very proud of it. And it did not matter if my ax slipped, for it could not cut me anymore. There was only one danger...

ROARRRR

...that my joints would rust. But I kept the oilcan in my cottage, and took care to oil myself whenever I needed it.

However, there came a day when I forgot to do this, and, being caught in a rainstorm, I was left to stand in the woods. Finally, you came to help me.

ROOARRRR

During the year I stood there, I had time to think that the greatest loss I had known was the loss of my heart.

Now I know why you are so anxious to get a new heart.

While I was in love, I was the happiest man on earth. But he who has no heart cannot love, and so I am resolved to ask Oz to give me one. If he does...

...I will go back to the Munchkin maiden and marry her.

It feels like there is an animal around...

...in fact very close.

ROOARRRR

Do not worry, Dorothy. I am not scared as long as I have my oilcan. Nothing can hurt the Scarecrow. And the mark of the Good Witch's kiss on your forehead will protect you from harm.

With one blow of his paw, the Lion sent the Scarecrow spinning over to the edge of the road.

Then he struck at the Tin Woodman with his sharp claws.

But, to the Lion's surprise, he could make no impression on the tin, although the Tin Woodman fell over on the road and lay still.

Toto, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the Lion.

...and slapped the Lion on his nose as hard as she could.

But the Tin Woodman's predictions were soon proven wrong.

Don't you dare bite Toto!

Dorothy, fearing Toto would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward...

You should be ashamed of yourself, to bite a poor little dog! You are nothing but a big coward.

I've always known it. But how can I help it?

You can. I am going to the Great Oz to ask him to give me some brains.

And I'm going to ask for a heart.

And I'm going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas.



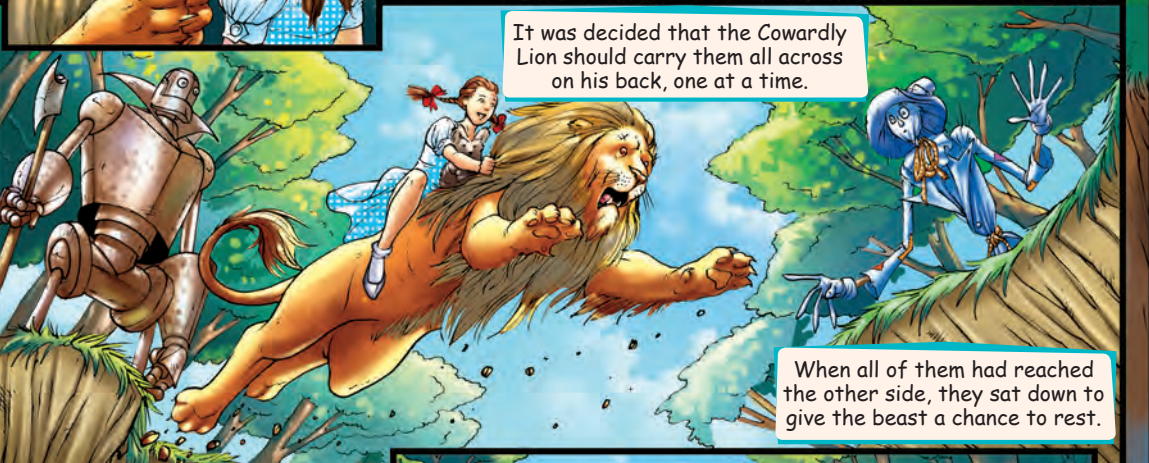
Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with you, for my life is simply unbearable without courage.

You are welcome.



So, once more, the little company set off on the journey.

They camped that night and set off early the next morning. After walking for a while, they came to a great ditch.



It was decided that the Cowardly Lion should carry them all across on his back, one at a time.

When all of them had reached the other side, they sat down to give the beast a chance to rest.

Soon after they resumed their journey, they heard strange noises in the depths of the forest.

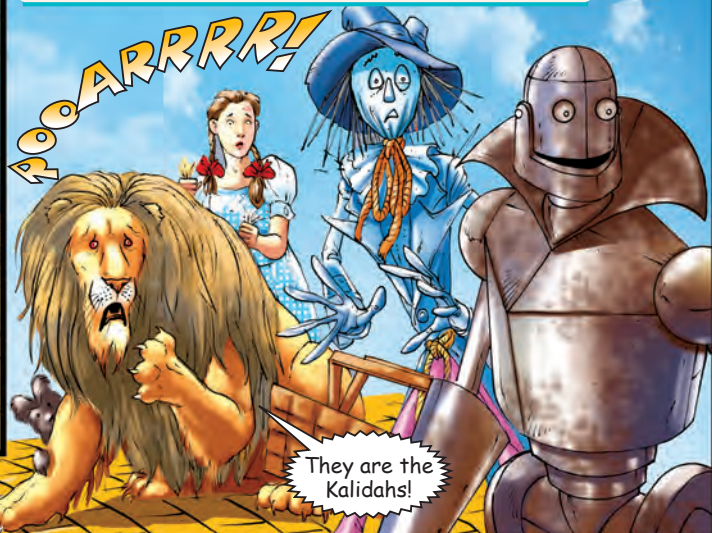


The Kalidahs live in this part of the forest. They are monstrous beasts with bodies like bears and heads like tigers...

...and with claws so long and sharp that they could tear me in two. We must get away from here as fast as we can.

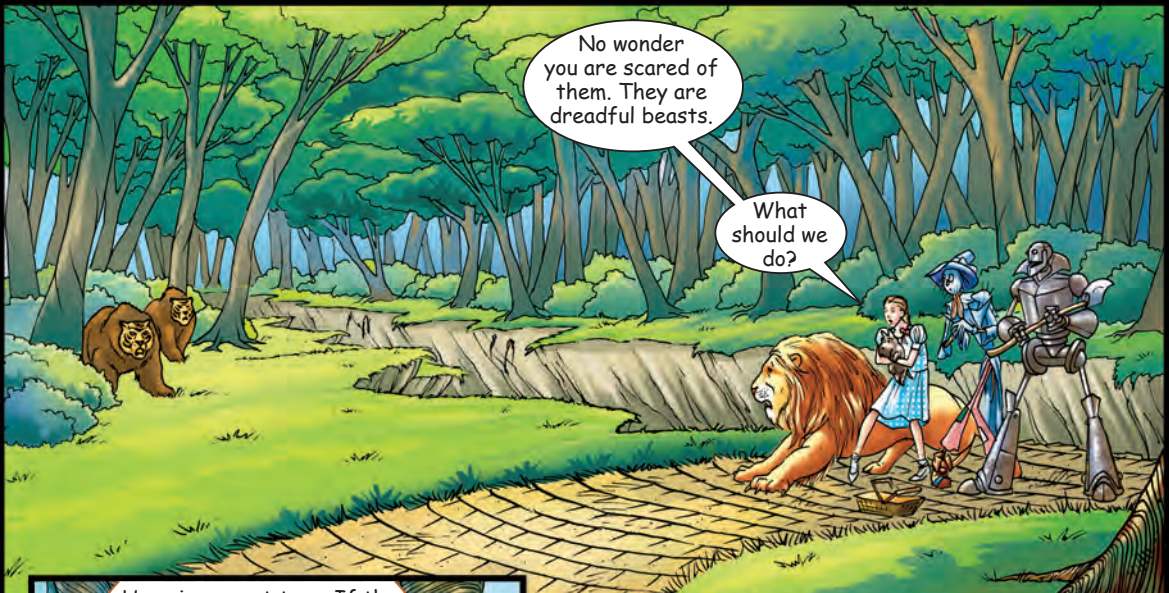


They increased their pace, but soon came to another gulf across the road. This one was so broad and so deep that the Lion knew at once he could not leap across it.



POOARRRR!

They are the Kalidahs!



No wonder you are scared of them. They are dreadful beasts.

What should we do?



Here is a great tree. If the Tin Woodman can chop it down, it will fall to the other side, and we can walk across it easily.



That is a first-rate idea! One would almost suspect you had brains in your head, instead of straw.

The Woodman set to work, and his ax was so sharp that the tree was soon chopped nearly through.

The Lion, although he was certainly scared, turned to face the Kalidahs and gave a loud and terrible roar.

AAAAAAHHH!

It was so loud and terrible that the Scarecrow fell over backward, while even the fierce beasts stopped short and looked at him in surprise.



CRASH!

Quick, Tin Woodman! They are getting close.

GROOOAN

The Kalidahs stepped back for a moment...

...but, seeing they were bigger than the Lion, and remembering that there were two of them and only one of him, they again rushed forward.



The Tin Woodman had successfully felled the tree, and all of them rushed to the other side.



Quick! Let us cross over.

But the Kalidahs were quick to join them.



We are lost, for they will surely tear us to pieces with their sharp claws. But stand close behind me, and I will fight them as long as I am alive.



Wait a minute!

Tin Woodman, can you chop away at our end of the tree?

Right away.



The Tin Woodman began to use his ax at once.



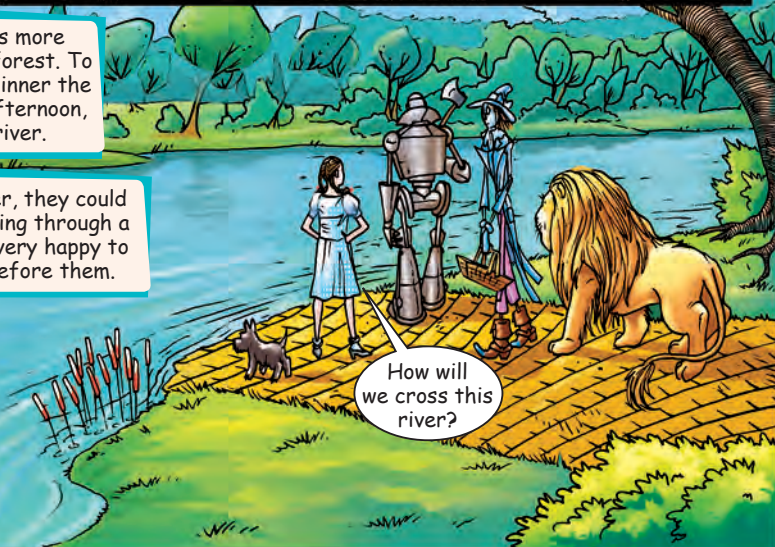
Just as the two Kalidahs were nearly across...




...the tree fell into the gulf, carrying the ugly, snarling brutes with it, and both were dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks at the bottom.

This adventure made the travelers more anxious than ever to get out of the forest. To their great joy, the trees became thinner the farther they advanced, and in the afternoon, they suddenly reached a broad river.

On the other side of the water, they could see the yellow brick road running through a beautiful country. They were very happy to see this delightful country before them.




How will we cross this river?




That is easy.
The Tin Woodman
must build us a raft,
so we can float to
the other side.

So, the Tin Woodman took his ax
and began to chop down small trees
to make a raft. He worked all night.




The next morning, when the Cowardly
Lion stepped on the raft, it tipped
badly, for he was big and heavy...

...but the Scarecrow and
the Tin Woodman stood on
the other end to steady it.




They got along pretty well at first, but when
they reached the middle of the river, the
swift current swept the raft downstream...

...farther and farther away
from the road of yellow bricks.




This is bad. If we cannot get
to the land, we will be carried
into the country of the Wicked
Witch of the West. And she
will enchant us and make
us her slaves.

We must
certainly get to
the Emerald City
if we-- uh-oh!



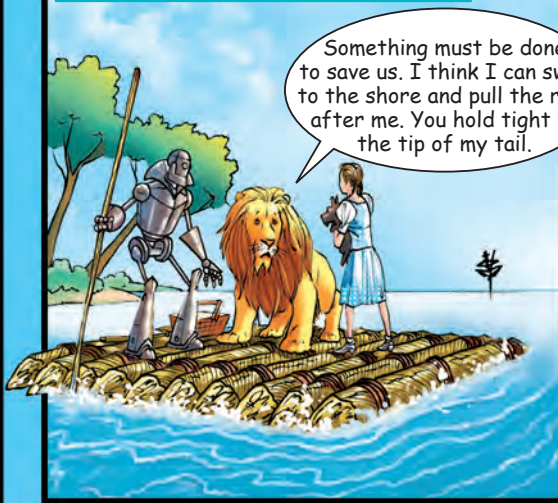
Scarecrow pushed so hard on his long
pole that it stuck fast in the mud at
the bottom of the river. Then, before
he could pull it out again, or let go...



...the raft was swept away,
and the poor Scarecrow
was left clinging to the pole
in the middle of the river.

Goodbye!

Down the stream the raft floated, and the poor Scarecrow was left far behind.



Something must be done to save us. I think I can swim to the shore and pull the raft after me. You hold tight to the tip of my tail.

The Cowardly Lion began to swim with all his might toward the shore. Although he was so big, it was hard work.



By and by, they were drawn out of the current, and then Dorothy took the Tin Woodman's long pole and helped push the raft to the land.



They were all tired when they stepped off on the pretty green grass.



They also knew that the stream had carried them a long way past the road of yellow bricks that led to the Emerald City.

What will we do now?

We must get back to the road, somehow.

The best plan will be to walk along the riverbank until we come to the road again. That will also help us to look for the Scarecrow.



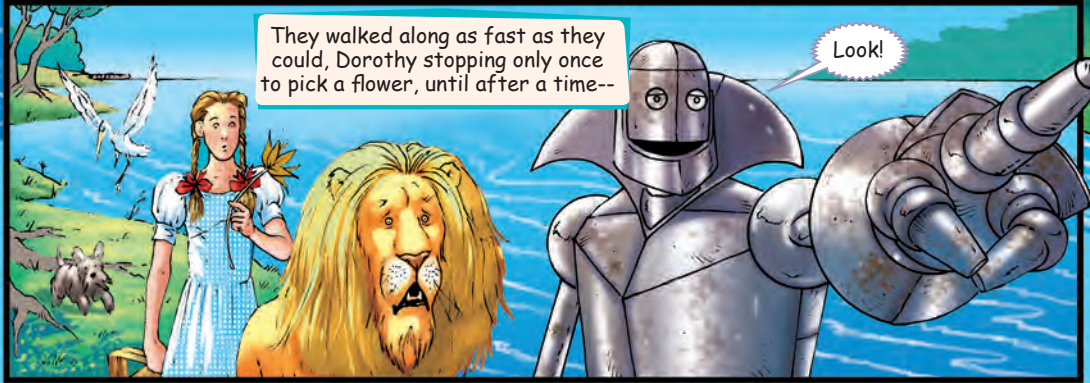
It was a lovely country, with plenty of flowers and fruit trees and sunshine to cheer them...

...and had they not felt so sorry for the poor Scarecrow, they would have been very happy.



They walked along as fast as they could, Dorothy stopping only once to pick a flower, until after a time--

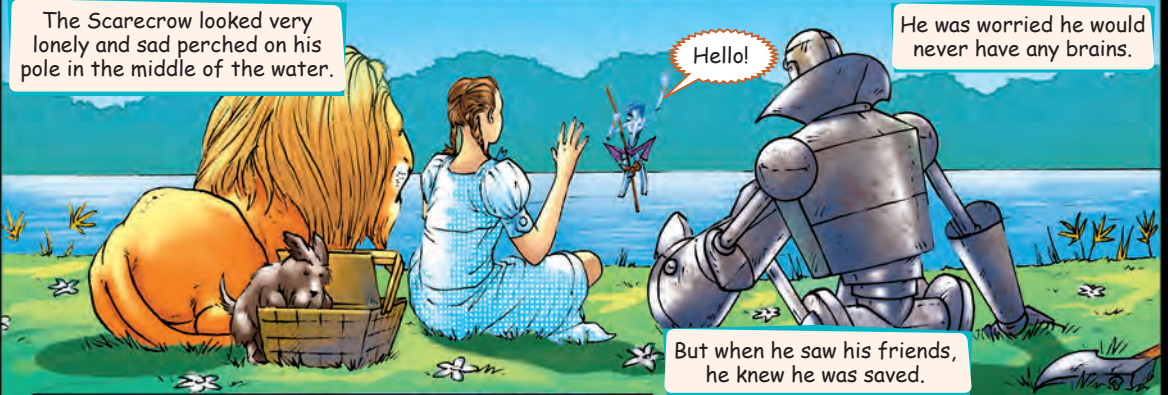
Look!



The Scarecrow looked very lonely and sad perched on his pole in the middle of the water.

Hello!

He was worried he would never have any brains.



But when he saw his friends, he knew he was saved.

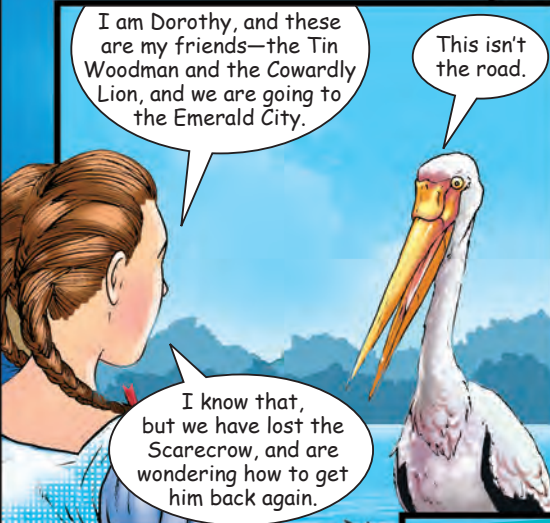
What can we do to save him?

Who are you and where are you going?




The Cowardly Lion and the Tin Woodman both shook their heads, for they did not know. They gazed sadly at the Scarecrow until...





I am Dorothy, and these are my friends—the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion, and we are going to the Emerald City.


This isn't the road.




If he wasn't so big and heavy, I would have got him for you.

He isn't heavy at all, for he is stuffed with straw. And if you will bring him back to us, we will thank you so much.

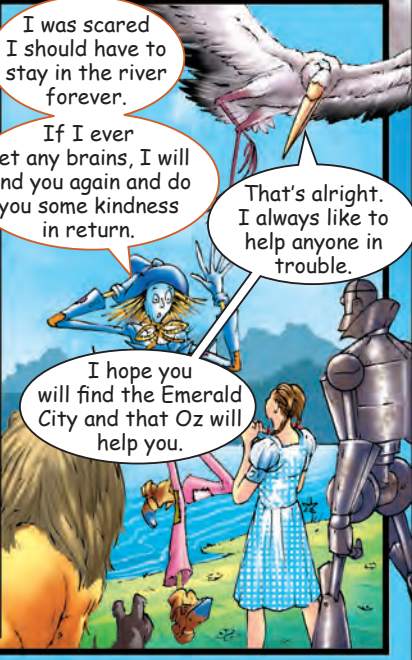
I know that, but we have lost the Scarecrow, and are wondering how to get him back again.



So the big bird flew into the air and over the water, till she came to where the Scarecrow was perched on his pole.



Then the stork grabbed the Scarecrow with her great claws, and carried him up into the air and back to the bank.




I was scared I should have to stay in the river forever.

If I ever get any brains, I will find you again and do you some kindness in return.

That's alright. I always like to help anyone in trouble.

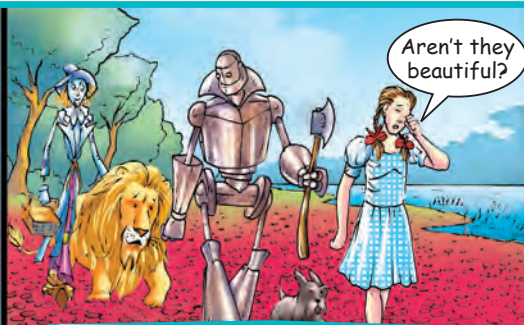
I hope you will find the Emerald City and that Oz will help you.



All of them thanked the kind stork as she flew away.

They resumed their journey and walked along looking at the lovely flowers that were strewn along the bank of the river.

But those were not regular flowers. When there were many of those flowers together, their odor was so powerful that anyone who smelled it fell asleep. And if the sleeper was not carried away from the scent of the flowers, he slept on and on forever.

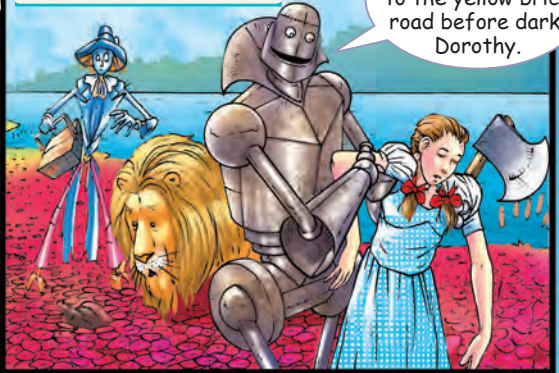


But Dorothy did not know this, nor could she get away from the bright red flowers.

Soon Dorothy's eyes grew heavy, and she felt she must sit down to sleep.

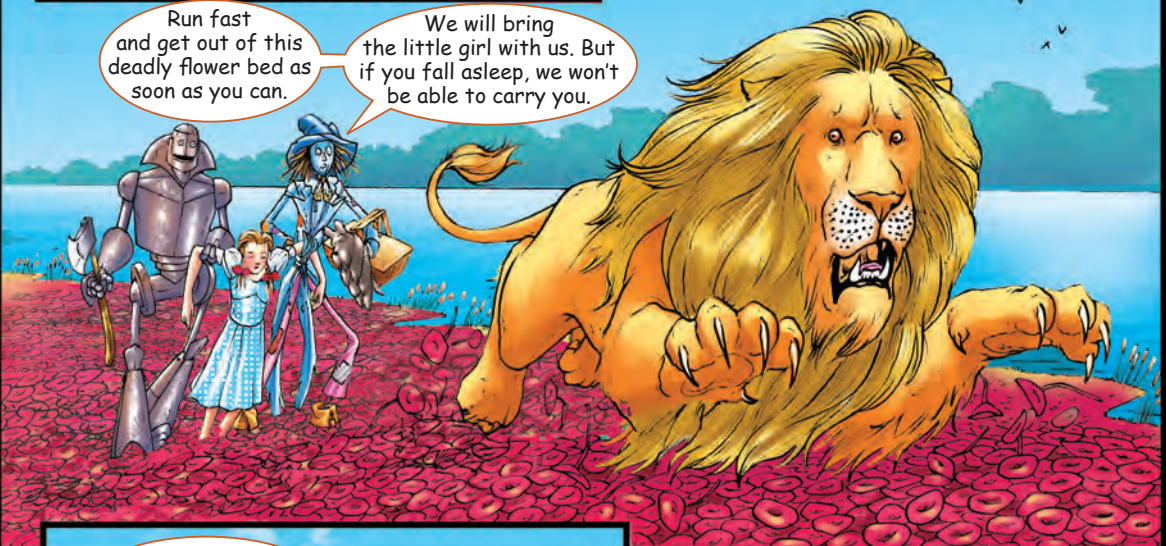
But the Tin Woodman would not let her do this.

We must hurry and get back to the yellow brick road before dark, Dorothy.

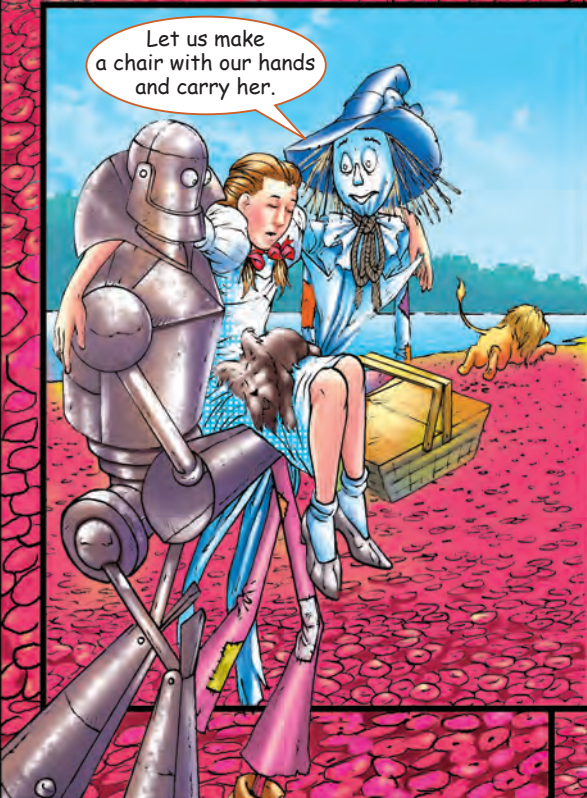


Run fast and get out of this deadly flower bed as soon as you can.

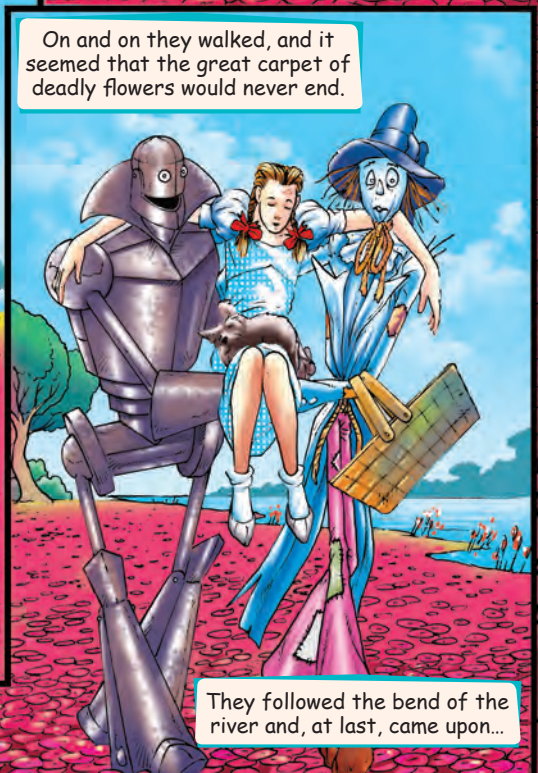
We will bring the little girl with us. But if you fall asleep, we won't be able to carry you.



Let us make a chair with our hands and carry her.

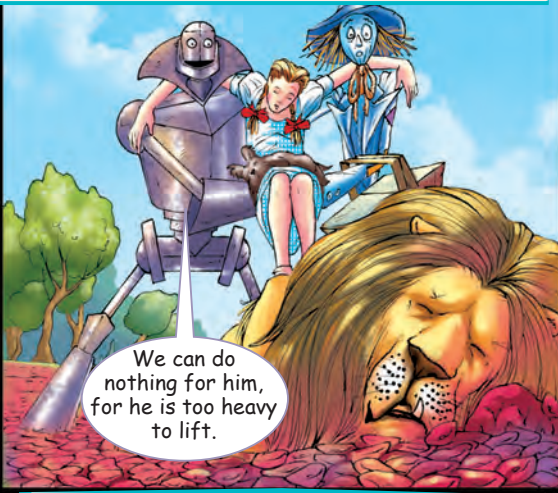


On and on they walked, and it seemed that the great carpet of deadly flowers would never end.



They followed the bend of the river and, at last, came upon...

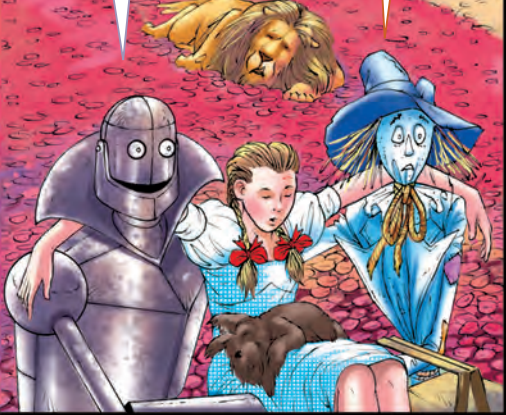
...their friend the Lion, lying fast asleep among the poppies. The scent of the flowers had been too strong for the huge beast and he had given up at last.



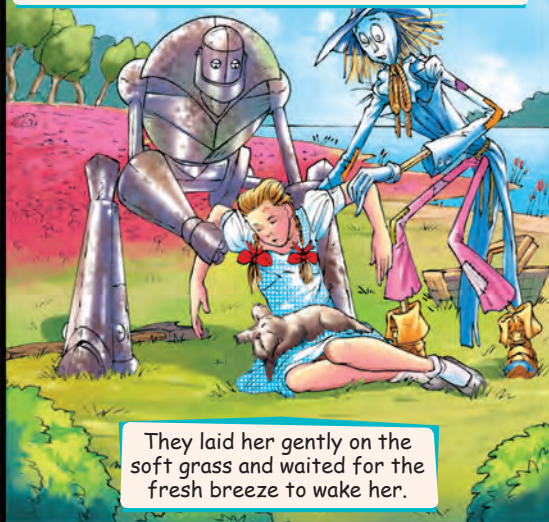
We can do nothing for him, for he is too heavy to lift.

We must leave him here to sleep on forever, and perhaps he will dream that he has found courage at last.

The Lion was a very good comrade though cowardly. But let us go on.

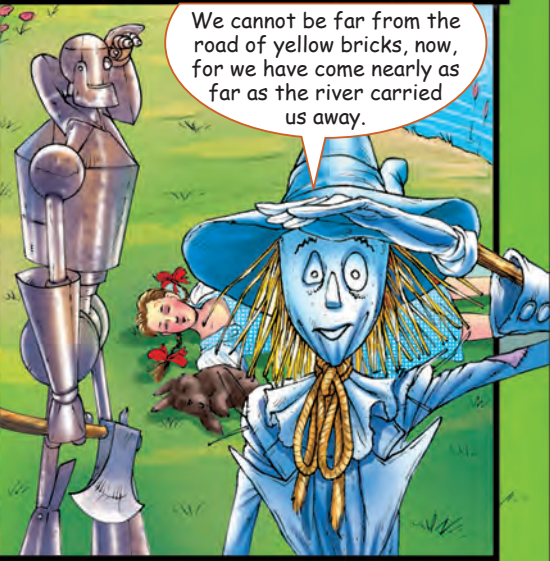


They carried the sleeping girl to a pretty spot beside the river, far enough from the poppy field.



They laid her gently on the soft grass and waited for the fresh breeze to wake her.

We cannot be far from the road of yellow bricks, now, for we have come nearly as far as the river carried us away.



The Tin Woodman was about to reply when--

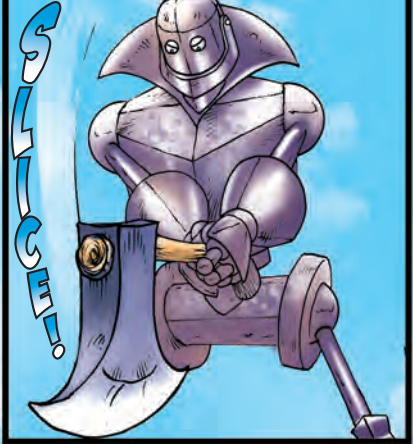


GRRROOOWWWW!!

Oh! It is not after us. It is chasing a little gray field mouse.

So, he raised his ax, and as the wildcat ran by, he gave it a quick blow. It cut the beast's head clean off from its body, and it rolled over at his feet in two pieces.

Although he had no heart, the Tin Woodman knew it was wrong for the wildcat to try to kill such a pretty, harmless creature.



Oh, thank you! Thank you so much for saving my life, dear stranger.

Only a mouse! Why, I am a queen—the queen of all the field mice!

Oh, really.

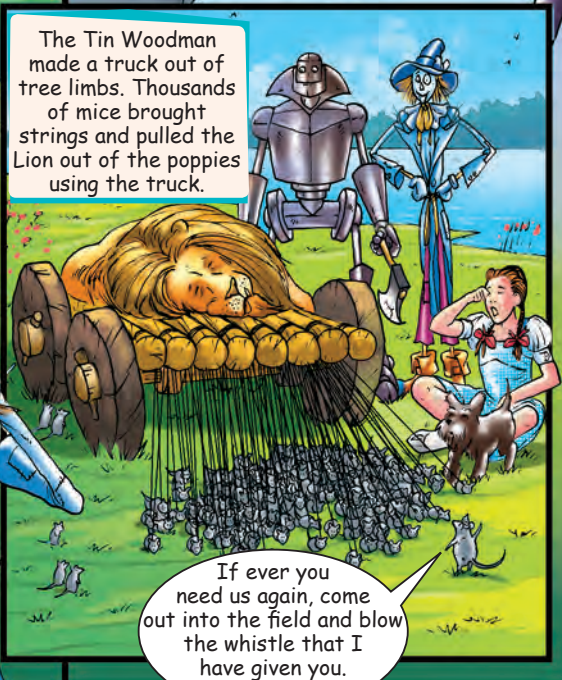
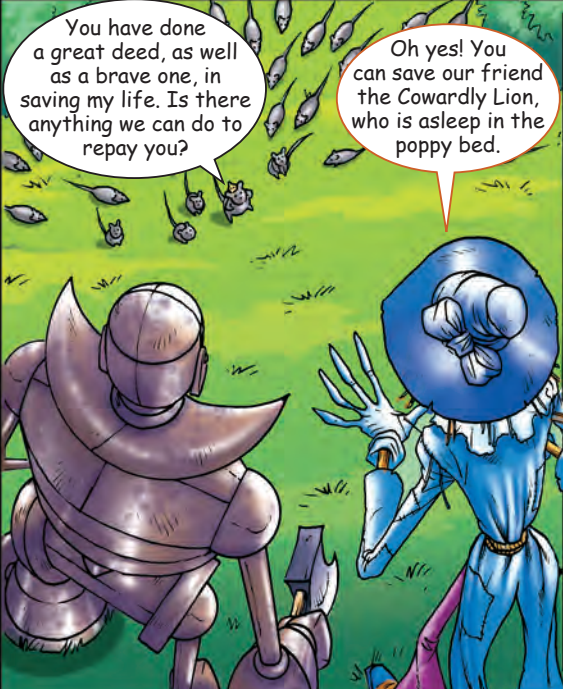
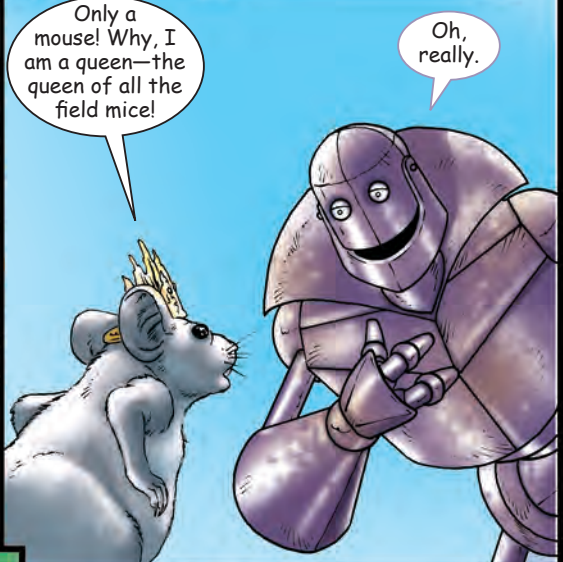
Don't speak of it. I have no heart, so I am careful to help all those who may need a friend, even if it happens to be only a mouse.

You have done a great deed, as well as a brave one, in saving my life. Is there anything we can do to repay you?

Oh yes! You can save our friend the Cowardly Lion, who is asleep in the poppy bed.

The Tin Woodman made a truck out of tree limbs. Thousands of mice brought strings and pulled the Lion out of the poppies using the truck.

If ever you need us again, come out into the field and blow the whistle that I have given you. Goodbye!



Once the Cowardly Lion awoke, they all started on the journey.

Everything is green here, while in the country of the Munchkins, blue was the favorite color.



They spent the night with a nice family and, the next day, came to the great wall that surrounded the city.

There was a bell beside the gate. Dorothy pushed the button and heard a silvery tinkle sound within.

What do you want in the Emerald City?

We came here to see the Great Oz. We have been told that Oz is a good wizard.

So he is, and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. But to those who approach him out of curiosity, he is most terrible.

I am the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz, I must take you to his palace. But first you must put on spectacles.

Why?

Because if you do not wear spectacles, the brightness and glory of the Emerald City will blind you.

Now, come. I'll show you to the palace.



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.



Here are strangers, and they demand to see the Great Oz.

Step inside, and I will carry your message to him.



They had to wait a long time before the soldier returned.

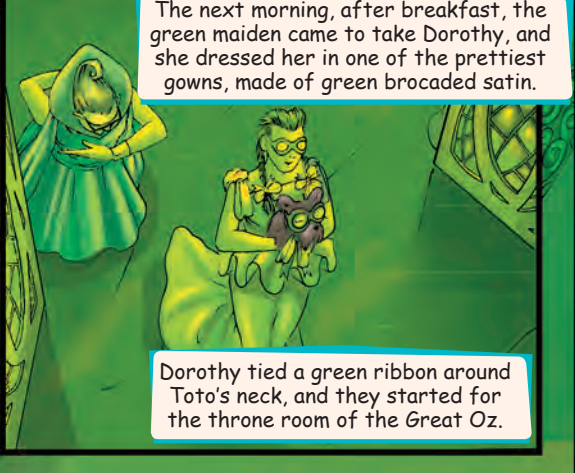
Have you seen Oz?

Oh no, I have never seen him. But I gave him your message.

He said he will grant you an audience, but each one of you must enter his presence alone, and he will admit only one each day.



I am the green maiden, and I will show you to your rooms, where you may rest in comfort after your journey.



The next morning, after breakfast, the green maiden came to take Dorothy, and she dressed her in one of the prettiest gowns, made of green brocaded satin.

Dorothy tied a green ribbon around Toto's neck, and they started for the throne room of the Great Oz.

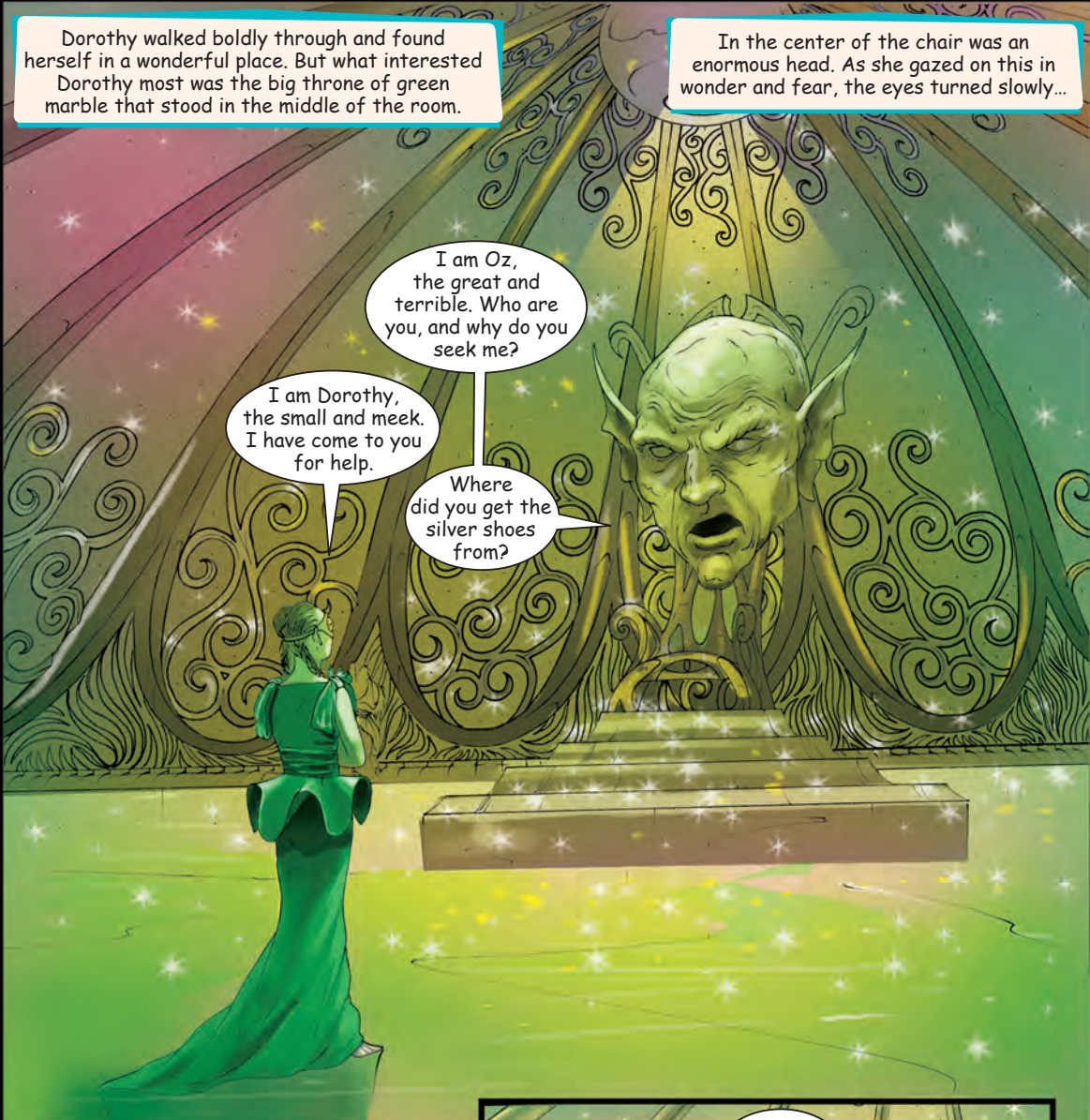
Dorothy walked boldly through and found herself in a wonderful place. But what interested Dorothy most was the big throne of green marble that stood in the middle of the room.

In the center of the chair was an enormous head. As she gazed on this in wonder and fear, the eyes turned slowly...

I am Oz, the great and terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

I am Dorothy, the small and meek. I have come to you for help.

Where did you get the silver shoes from?



I got them from the Wicked Witch of the East, when my house fell on her and killed her.

Where did you get that mark on your forehead from?

That is where the Good Witch of the North kissed me when she bade me goodbye and sent me to you.

What do you wish me to do?

Send me back to Kansas, where my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry are.

I am sure Aunt Em will be terribly worried over my being away so long.

Why should I do this for you?



Because you are strong and I am weak; because you are a great wizard and I am only a little girl.

That just happened. I could not help it.

But you were strong enough to kill the Wicked Witch of the East.



In this country, everyone must pay for everything he gets. You must do something for me first.

What must I do?



Kill the Wicked Witch of the West!

But I cannot!



You killed the Witch of the East and you wear the silver shoes, which bear a powerful charm. There is only one wicked witch left in all this land...

...and when you tell me she is dead, I will send you back to Kansas—but not before.



But how?

I do not know. Until the Wicked Witch of the West dies, you will not see your uncle and aunt again.



Now go, and do not ask to see me again until you have done your task.

Her friends were sorry, but could do nothing to help her. So, Dorothy went to her room, lay down on the bed, and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, the Scarecrow was taken to the great throne room.

I am Oz, the great and terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

I am only a scarecrow, stuffed with straw. Therefore, I have no brains, and I come to you praying that you will put brains in my head instead of straw.

I never grant favors without some return. If you will kill the Wicked Witch of the West for me, I will bestow on you such good brains that you will be the wisest man in all the Land of Oz.

The Scarecrow went sorrowfully back to his friends and told them what Oz had said. Dorothy was surprised to find that the great wizard was a lovely lady.

The next morning, the Tin Woodman was taken to the great throne room.

I am Oz, the great and terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

I am a woodman, made of tin. Therefore, I have no heart and cannot love. I pray you to give me a heart that I may be like other men.

Help Dorothy to kill the Wicked Witch of the West. When the witch is dead, come to me, and I will then give you the biggest and kindest and most loving heart in all the Land of Oz.

So, the Tin Woodman was forced to return sorrowfully to his friends.

The next morning, the Cowardly Lion was led into the great throne room, to enter the presence of Oz.

I am Oz, the great and terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?

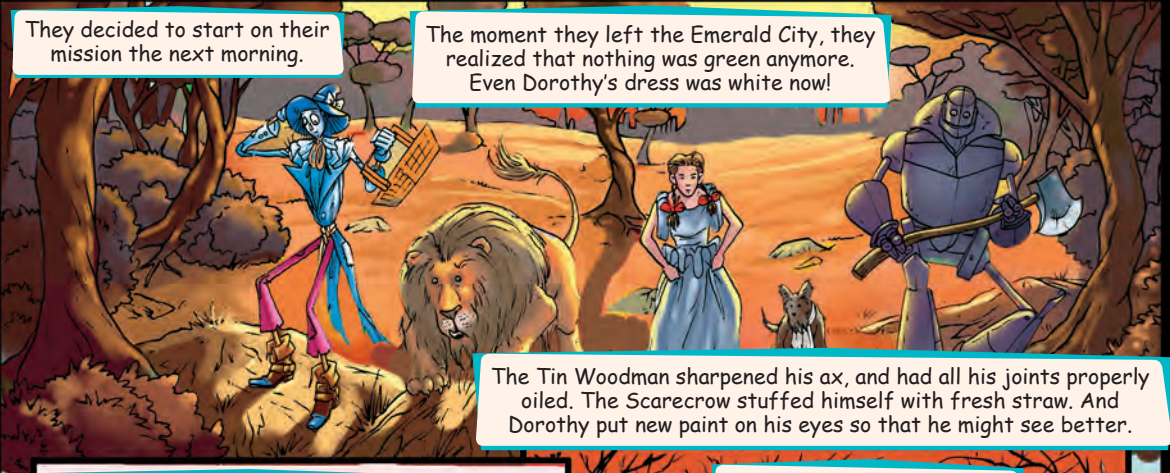
I am a cowardly lion, afraid of everything. I came to you to beg that you give me courage, so that I may become the king of beasts.

Bring me proof that the Wicked Witch of the West is dead, and that moment I will give you courage.

The Lion was glad to find his friends waiting for him. He told them of his terrible interview with the wizard.

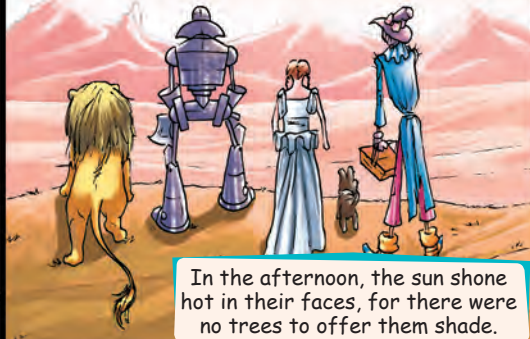
They decided to start on their mission the next morning.

The moment they left the Emerald City, they realized that nothing was green anymore. Even Dorothy's dress was white now!



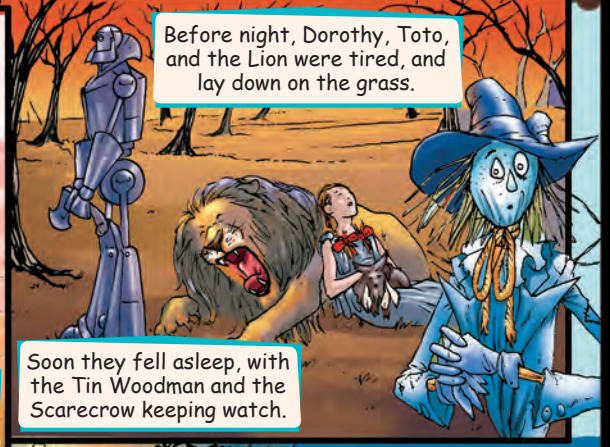
The Tin Woodman sharpened his ax, and had all his joints properly oiled. The Scarecrow stuffed himself with fresh straw. And Dorothy put new paint on his eyes so that he might see better.

There were no farms or houses in the country west of the Emerald City.



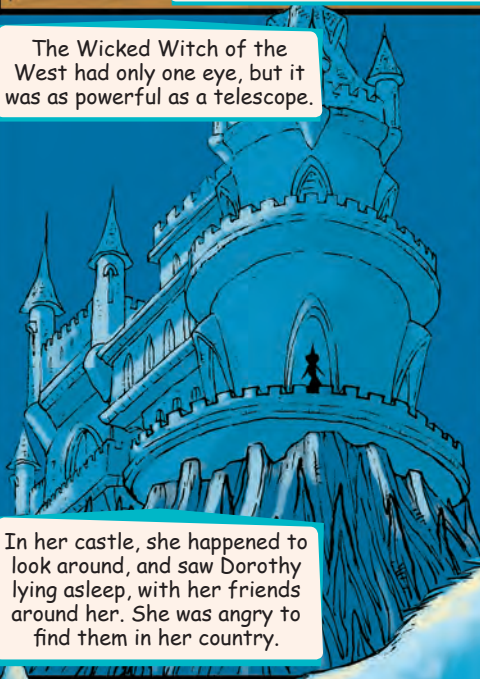
In the afternoon, the sun shone hot in their faces, for there were no trees to offer them shade.

Before night, Dorothy, Toto, and the Lion were tired, and lay down on the grass.



Soon they fell asleep, with the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow keeping watch.

The Wicked Witch of the West had only one eye, but it was as powerful as a telescope.



In her castle, she happened to look around, and saw Dorothy lying asleep, with her friends around her. She was angry to find them in her country.

She blew upon a silver whistle. At once, a pack of great wolves came running to her from all directions.



Get them!

Are you going to make them your slaves?

No, one is of tin, and one of straw; one is a girl, and another a lion. None of them is fit to work, so you may tear them into small pieces.

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were wide awake and heard the wolves coming.

This is my fight, so get behind me and I will meet them as they come.

The Tin Woodman seized his sharp ax, and as the leader of the wolves came on, the Tin Woodman swung his arm...

...and chopped the wolf's head from its body. It dropped dead.

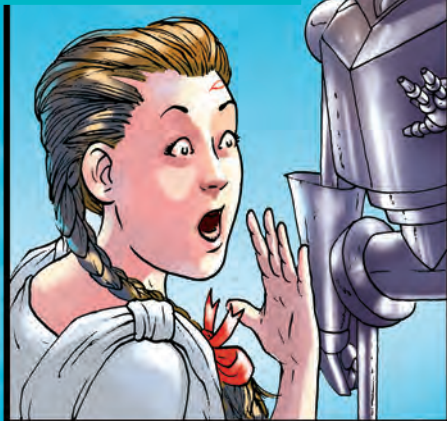
As soon as he could raise his ax, another wolf came up, and he also fell under the sharp edge of the Tin Woodman's weapon.

There were forty wolves, and all of them were killed.

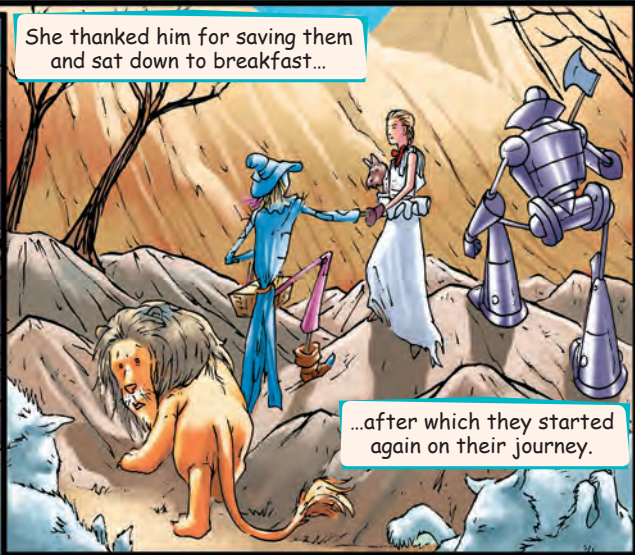
Before long, all of them lay dead in a heap before the Tin Woodman.

It was a good fight, friend.

When Dorothy woke up, the next morning, she was rather scared when she saw the great pile of wolves around her. Then the Tin Woodman told her all.



She thanked him for saving them and sat down to breakfast...



...after which they started again on their journey.

The same morning the Wicked Witch of the West came to the door of her castle and looked out with her one eye that could see far off.



She saw all her wolves lying dead, and the strangers still traveling through her country.

This made her angrier than before, and she blew her silver whistle twice. At once, a great flock of wild crows came flying toward her, enough to darken the sky.



Fly at once to the strangers, peck out their eyes, and tear them to pieces!

The wild crows flew in one great flock toward Dorothy and her companions. When Dorothy saw them coming, she was terrified.



This is my battle, so lie down beside me and you will not be harmed.



So they all lay on the ground and the Scarecrow stood up and stretched out his arms.



We will all die.

Let us not go near him.

He will kill us.



It is only a stuffed man. I will peck his eyes out.

The king crow did not believe the others. He flew at the Scarecrow, who caught it by the head and twisted its neck until it died.



Then another crow flew at him, and the Scarecrow twisted its neck as well.



There were forty crows, and one by one, all of them were killed.

When the crows saw him, they were scared, as these birds always are by scarecrows, and did not dare to come any nearer.

Then he called to his companions to rise...

Get up!
The crows are dead.



...and again they resumed their journey.

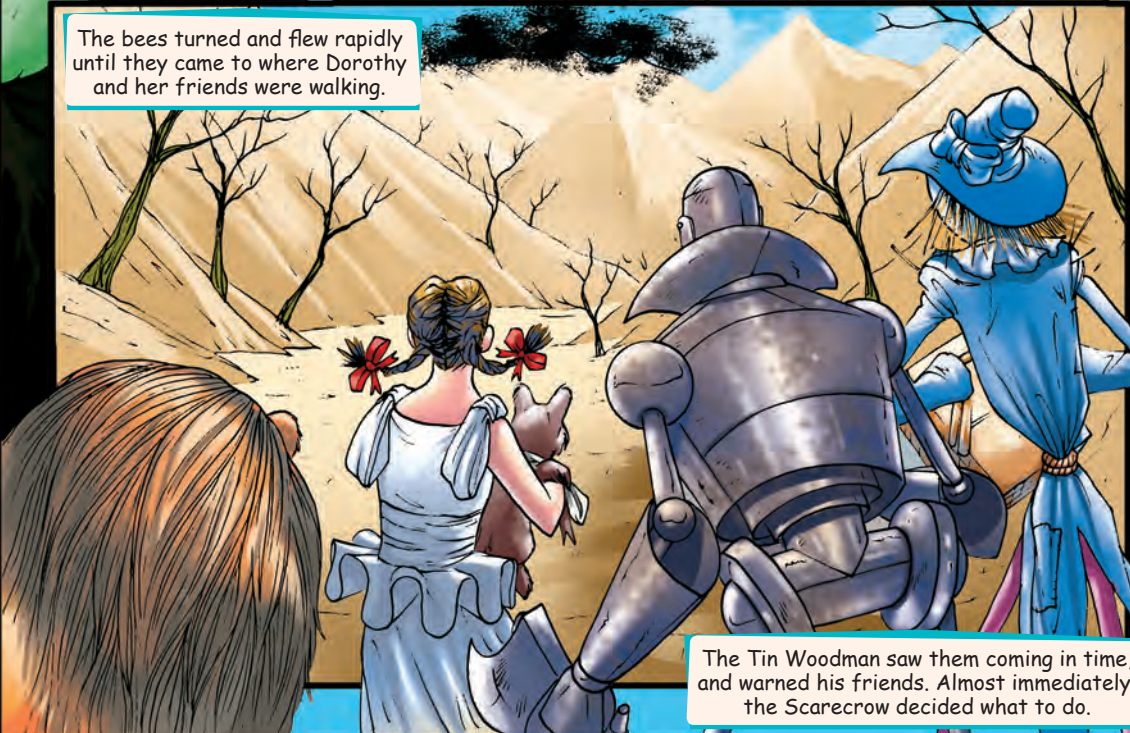
When the witch looked out again, she saw all her crows lying in a heap. She got into a terrible rage, and blew three times on her silver whistle.



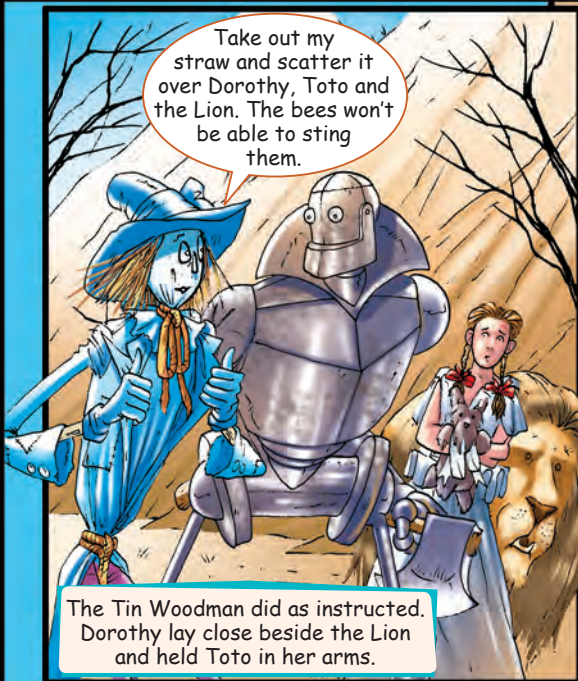
A swarm of black bees came flying toward her.

Go to the strangers and sting them to death!

The bees turned and flew rapidly until they came to where Dorothy and her friends were walking.

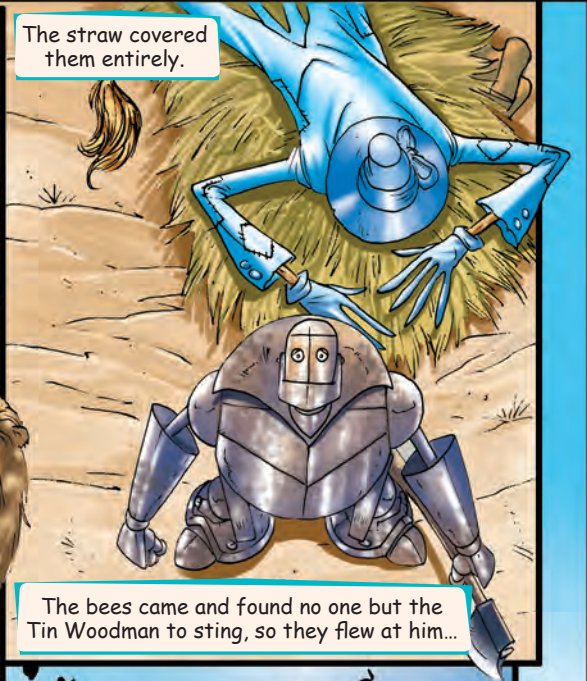


The Tin Woodman saw them coming in time, and warned his friends. Almost immediately, the Scarecrow decided what to do.



Take out my straw and scatter it over Dorothy, Toto and the Lion. The bees won't be able to sting them.

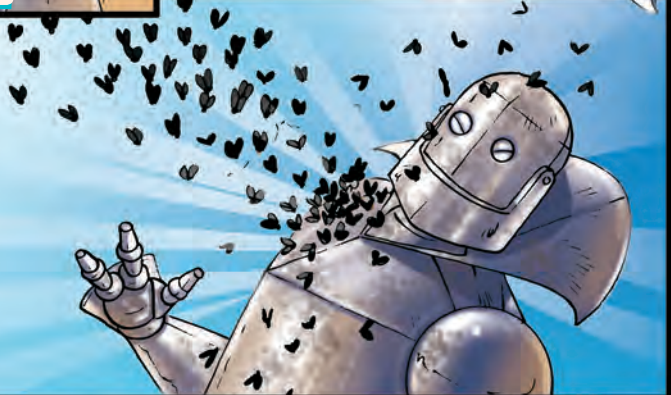
The Tin Woodman did as instructed. Dorothy lay close beside the Lion and held Toto in her arms.



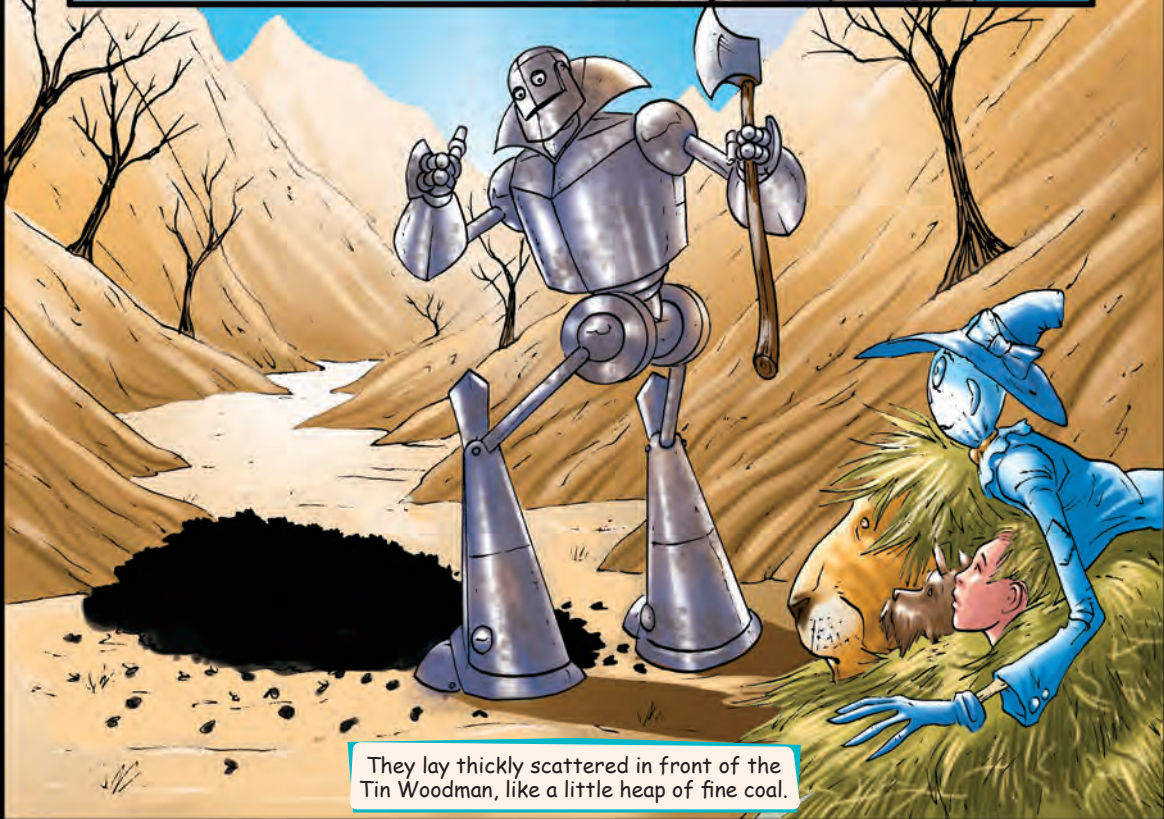
The straw covered them entirely.

The bees came and found no one but the Tin Woodman to sting, so they flew at him...

...and broke off all their stings against the tin, without hurting the Tin Woodman at all.



Since bees cannot live when their stings are broken, that was the end of the black bees.



They lay thickly scattered in front of the Tin Woodman, like a little heap of fine coal.

Then Dorothy and the Lion got up, and the girl helped the Tin Woodman put the straw back into the Scarecrow again, until he was as good as ever.



And they started on their journey once more.

And then she called a dozen of her slaves, who were the Winkies.

The witch was so angry when she saw her black bees dead, that she tore her hair and gnashed her teeth.



GRRRRRRRRRRRR!

STOMP!

Take these sharp spears, and destroy those strangers!



The Winkies were not brave people, but they had to do as they were told.



So they marched to where the friends were.

As soon as the Winkies came close, the Lion gave a great roar and sprang toward them.



ROOOAARR!

The poor Winkies were so scared that they ran back as fast as they could.



When they returned to the castle, the witch beat them, and sent them back to their work.



I can't believe all my plans have failed. What should I do now?



Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!




But she was a powerful witch, as well as a wicked one, and she soon decided what to do next.

Whoever owned it could call on the Winged Monkeys three times, who would obey any order they were given. But no person could command them more than three times. The witch had used the charm of the cap twice before.


There was, in her closet a golden cap. This golden cap had a charm.

And now she decided to use it for the last time to destroy Dorothy and her friends.

The charm began to work. The sky was darkened, and a low rumbling sound was heard in the air. There was a rushing of many wings, and a great chattering and laughing.




You have called us for the third and last time. What do you command?



Go to the strangers who are within my land and destroy them all except the Lion.

Bring that beast to me, for I want to control him like a horse, and make him work.



Your command will be obeyed.

Then, with a great deal of chattering and noise, the Winged Monkeys flew away...

...to the place where Dorothy and her friends were walking.

I don't like the looks of this.

Nor do I!

Some of the monkeys seized the Tin Woodman and carried him through the air...

...until they were over a country thickly covered with sharp rocks.

There they dropped the poor Tin Woodman...

Let go of me!

Noooooo!

He fell on the rocks, where he lay so battered and dented that he could neither move nor groan.

Other monkeys caught the Scarecrow, and with their long fingers, pulled all of the straw out of his clothes and head.

What are you doing to me? Put that back in there!

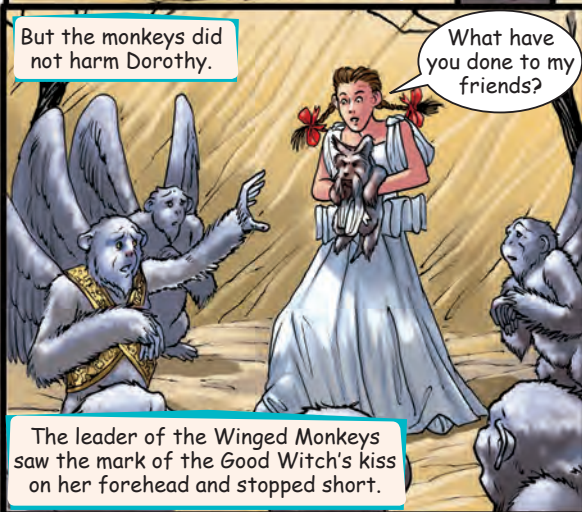
They made his hat and boots and clothes into a small bundle, and threw the bundle into the top branches of a tall tree.

The remaining monkeys threw pieces of strong rope around the Lion. The rope wound many coils about his body and head and legs. At last, he was unable to bite or scratch or struggle in any way.



Then they lifted him up and flew away with him to the witch's castle. There he was placed in a small yard with a high iron fence around it. He could not escape.

But the monkeys did not harm Dorothy.



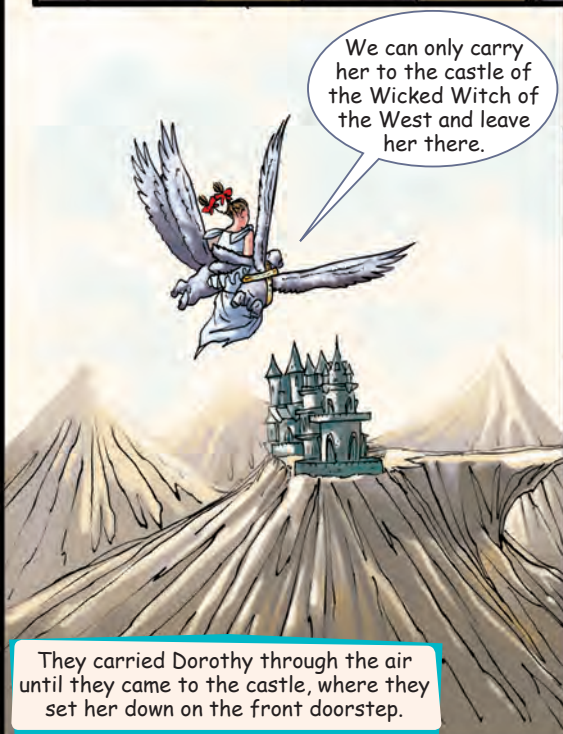
What have you done to my friends?

The leader of the Winged Monkeys saw the mark of the Good Witch's kiss on her forehead and stopped short.



We dare not harm this little girl, for she is protected by the power of good, and that is greater than the power of evil.

We can only carry her to the castle of the Wicked Witch of the West and leave her there.



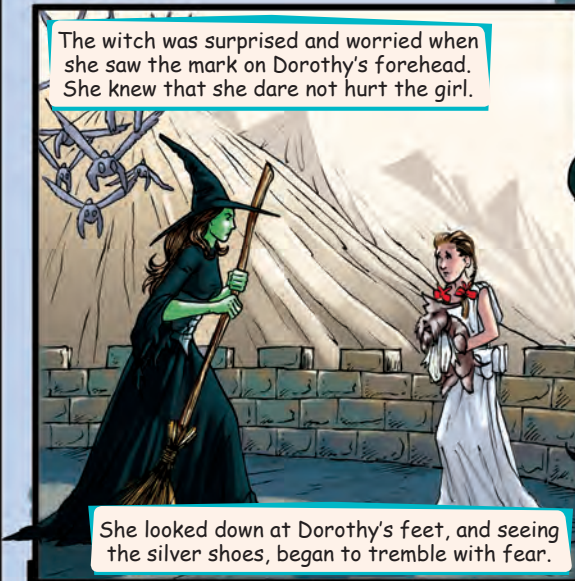
They carried Dorothy through the air until they came to the castle, where they set her down on the front doorstep.

The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow are destroyed, and the Lion is tied up in your yard.

We dare not harm the little girl. Your power over us has now ended, and you will never see us again.



The witch was surprised and worried when she saw the mark on Dorothy's forehead. She knew that she dare not hurt the girl.



She looked down at Dorothy's feet, and seeing the silver shoes, began to tremble with fear.

Dorothy followed her through many of the beautiful rooms in her castle until they came to the kitchen.



Clean the pots and kettles, and sweep the floor, and keep the fire fed with wood.

Dorothy went to work meekly, with her mind made up to work as hard as she could. She was glad that the witch had decided not to kill her.



The witch thought she would control the Cowardly Lion and make him draw her chariot whenever she wished to go.



But he would not let her do that.

I can starve you. You will have nothing to eat until you do as I wish.

So, after that, she took no food to the imprisoned Lion, but every day she came to the gate at noon.



Are you ready to be used like a horse?

No! If you come in, I will bite you!

Every night, while the witch was asleep, Dorothy carried food to the Lion from the closet. That is why he did not have to do as the witch wanted.

Dorothy would lie beside him, while they talked of ways to escape.



But they could find no way to get out of the castle.



The girl had to work hard during the day, and often the witch threatened to beat her. But, in truth, she did not dare to strike Dorothy.

But the witch longed to have the silver shoes which Dorothy always wore.



She kept a watch on Dorothy, looking for an opportunity to steal them.



One day, she placed a bar of iron in the middle of the kitchen floor, and then, by her magic, made the iron invisible. When Dorothy walked across the floor, she tripped and fell.

In her fall, one of the silver shoes came off, and the witch grabbed it and placed it on her own foot.



Give me back my shoe!

I will not, for it is now my shoe, and not yours.

You are a wicked creature! You have no right to take my shoe from me.

Woof! Woof!

I will keep it, and someday I will get the other one from you, too.



This made Dorothy so angry that she dashed the bucket of water over the witch, wetting her from head to foot. The next moment--



With these words the Wicked Witch of the West fell down in a melted, shapeless mass and began to spread over the clean boards of the kitchen floor.



They decided to keep that day as a holiday every year, and spent the time in feasting and dancing.

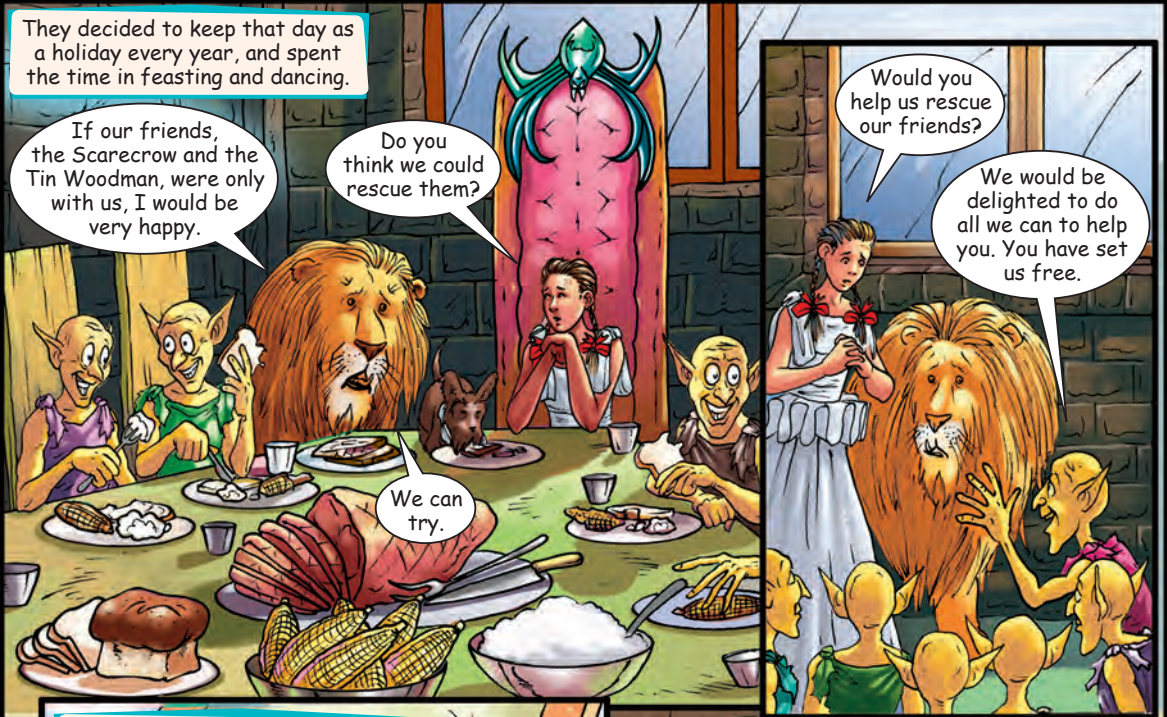
If our friends, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, were only with us, I would be very happy.

Do you think we could rescue them?

We can try.

Would you help us rescue our friends?

We would be delighted to do all we can to help you. You have set us free.

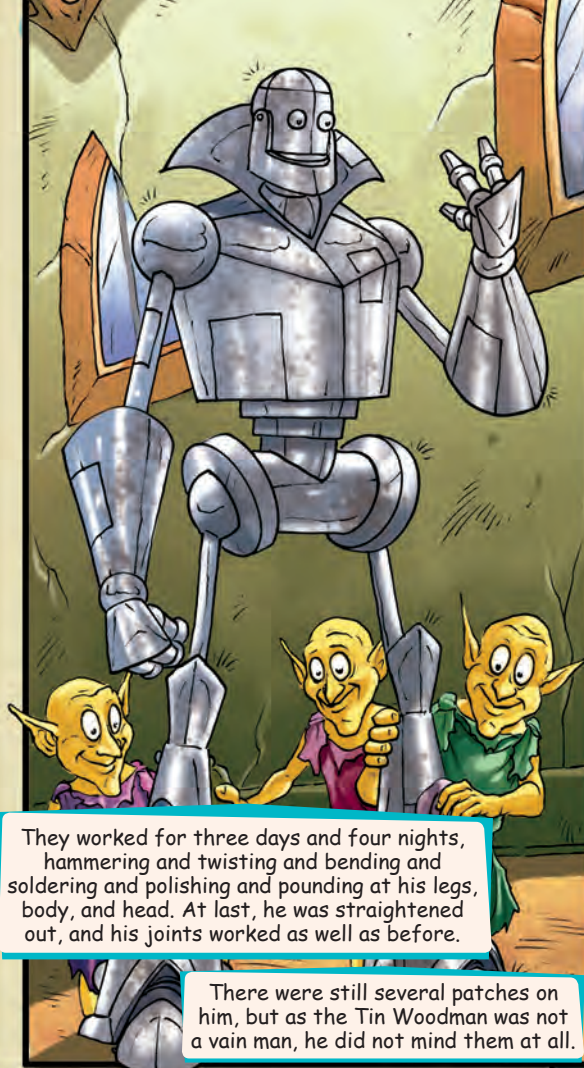


The Winkies traveled two days to find the Tin Woodman. They finally found him, battered and bent.

The Winkies then spent two days searching for the Scarecrow. They finally found his clothes on a tall tree.

Oh, thank you for saving me!

Welcome, my friend.



They worked for three days and four nights, hammering and twisting and bending and soldering and polishing and pounding at his legs, body, and head. At last, he was straightened out, and his joints worked as well as before.

There were still several patches on him, but as the Tin Woodman was not a vain man, he did not mind them at all.

The clothes were carried back to the castle where they were stuffed with nice, clean straw, and behold! There was the Scarecrow.

Dorothy and her friends spent a few happy days at the castle, where they found everything they needed to make them comfortable. But after some days, they decided to go back.



We must go back to Oz, and claim his promise.



We are sorry you have to go. We would like you to stay and rule over us.

That is a generous offer, but I must return to the Emerald City with my friends.

Finding they were determined to go, the Winkies gave Toto and the Lion each a golden collar.

Then they presented a beautiful bracelet to Dorothy...



...a gold-headed walking stick to the Scarecrow...

...and a silver oilcan to the Tin Woodman.

Soon after, Dorothy went to the witch's closet and saw the golden cap. It fitted her perfectly, and she decided to take it with her.



After thanking the Winkies, the friends left for the palace of Oz.

There was no road or pathway between the Emerald City and the castle of the Wicked Witch of the West. There were only endless fields of flowers.

Day by day passed away.



We have surely lost our way, and unless we find it again, I will never get my brains.

Nor I my heart.

Dorothy blew the whistle that the queen of the mice had given to her.

Let us call the field mice. They could probably tell us the way to the Emerald City.

That is a great idea. Why didn't we think of that before?

What can I do for my friends?

Can you tell us where the Emerald City is?

Certainly, but it is a long way off.

Why don't you call the Winged Monkeys to you? They will carry you to the city of Oz.

Dorothy then read the charm that was written inside the golden cap, and the band of Winged Monkeys flew up to them.

What is your command?

We wish to go to the Emerald City, and we have lost our way.

We will carry you.

Why do you have to obey the charm of the golden cap?

'Once we were free and lived happily in the great forest, without having to call anybody master.'

That is a long story. But I will pass the time telling you about it, if you wish.

'This was long before Oz came out of the clouds to rule over this land.'

'There lived in the North, a beautiful princess, who was also a powerful sorceress.'

'Finally, she found a boy named Quelala who was handsome and manly and wise beyond his years. Gayerlette decided that when he grew up, she would make him her husband.'

'Her name was Gayerlette, and everyone loved her. But she could find no one to love in return.'

'When Quelala grew up, he was the best and wisest man in all the land. Gayerlette loved him dearly, and hurried to make everything ready for the wedding.'

'My grandfather was at that time the king of the Winged Monkeys. Just before the wedding, he saw Quelala walking beside the river.'

'He flew down and seized Quelala, and then dropped him into the water.'

'Quelala knew it was all in good fun and laughed.'

'But the princess was angry.'

'We are sorry, Princess.'

'Forgive them, Princess. They are harmless.'

'Fine. But you will have to do what I say.'

'My grandfather pleaded hard, and Quelala also said a kind word for the monkeys.'

'Gayerlette finally spared them, on the condition that the Winged Monkeys would do the bidding of the owner of the golden cap three times, from then on.'



What became of them?

Quelala was the first owner of the golden cap. As his bride could not bear the sight of us...

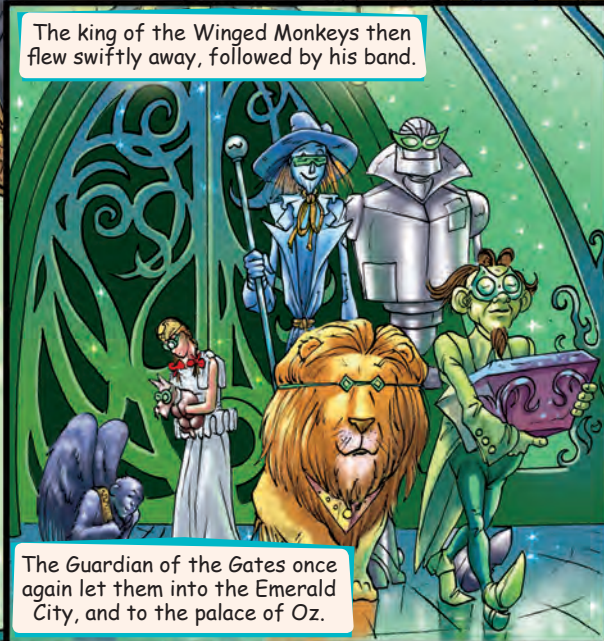
...he ordered us to go off to a place where she could never set eyes on a Winged Monkey again.



This was until the golden cap fell into the hands of the Wicked Witch of the West. She made us enslave the Winkies, and drive Oz himself out of the Land of the West.

Now the golden cap is yours.

It is time to leave now. Call us when you need us.



The king of the Winged Monkeys then flew swiftly away, followed by his band.



They had to wait several days before the wizard would see them. And then he saw them only because the Scarecrow threatened to bring the Winged Monkeys.

The Guardian of the Gates once again let them into the Emerald City, and to the palace of Oz.



I am Oz, the great and terrible. Why do you seek me?

Where are you?

I am everywhere. I will now seat myself upon my throne that you may converse with me.



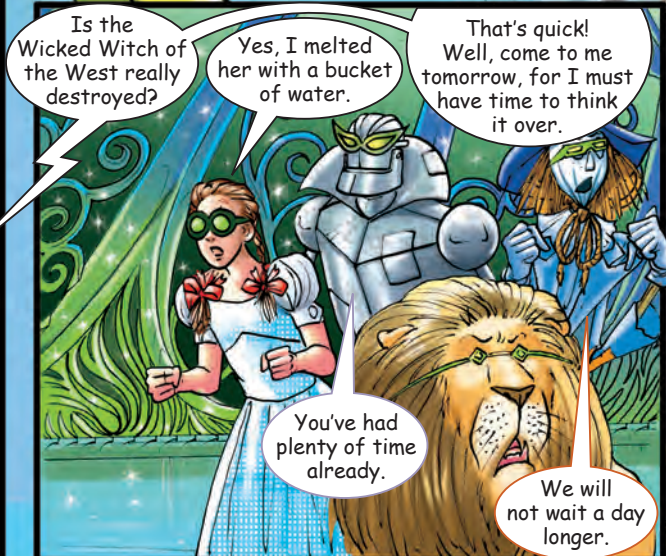
We have come to claim our promise, Oz.

What promise?

You promised to send me back to Kansas when the Wicked Witch of the West was destroyed.

And you promised to give me brains.

And you promised to give me a heart.



Is the Wicked Witch of the West really destroyed?

Yes, I melted her with a bucket of water.

That's quick! Well, come to me tomorrow, for I must have time to think it over.

You've had plenty of time already.

We will not wait a day longer.




The Cowardly Lion roared so fiercely and loudly...




...that Toto jumped away from him in alarm and tipped over the screen that stood in a corner.

Who are you?



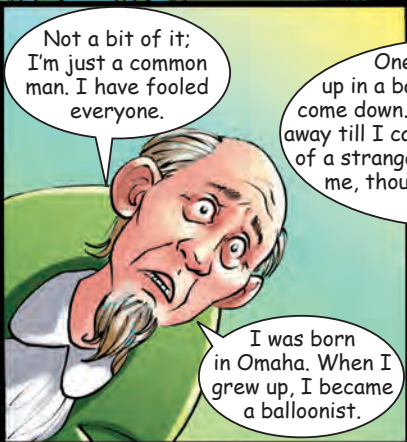
I am Oz, the great and terrible. Don't strike me... please don't. I'll do anything you want me to. I've been pretending.



Pretending! Are you not a great wizard?

Hush, my dear. Don't speak so loud, or you will be overheard—and I should be ruined. I'm supposed to be a great wizard.

And aren't you?



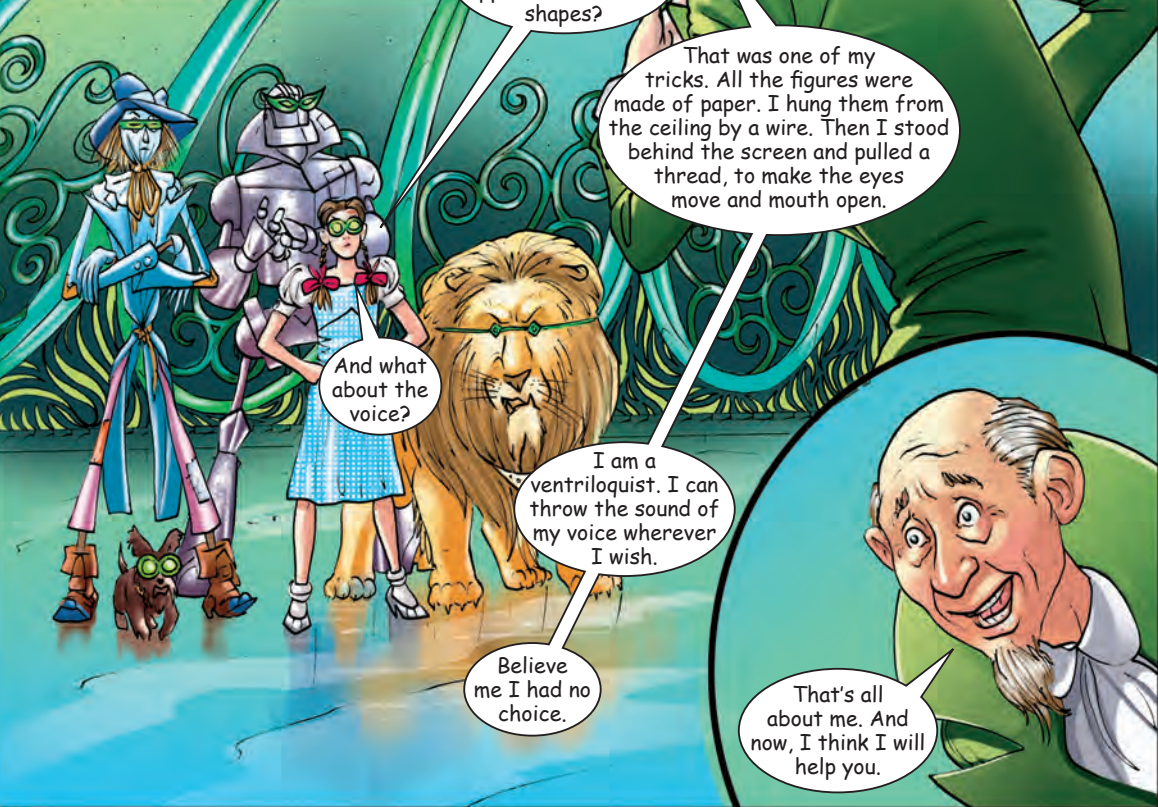
Not a bit of it; I'm just a common man. I have fooled everyone.

One day, I went up in a balloon and couldn't come down. The balloon drifted away till I came down in the midst of a strange people, who, seeing me, thought I was a great wizard.

I was born in Omaha. When I grew up, I became a balloonist.

If you are not a wizard, how did you appear in different shapes?


That was one of my tricks. All the figures were made of paper. I hung them from the ceiling by a wire. Then I stood behind the screen and pulled a thread, to make the eyes move and mouth open.



And what about the voice?

I am a ventriloquist. I can throw the sound of my voice wherever I wish.

Believe me I had no choice.

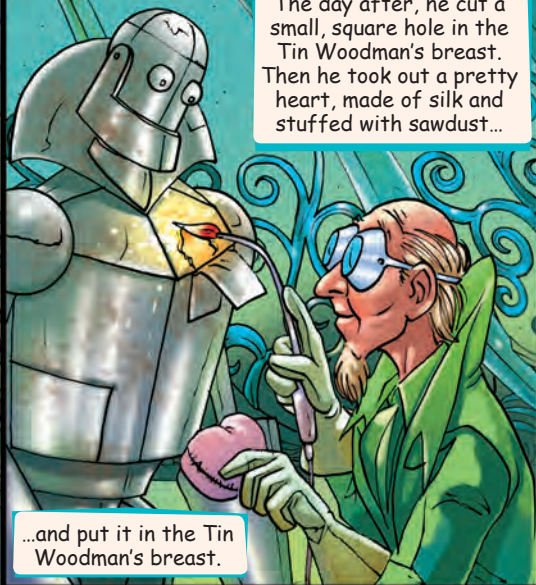


That's all about me. And now, I think I will help you.

The next day, the wizard unfastened Scarecrow's head and emptied out the straw. Then he filled the top of the Scarecrow's head with a mixture and stuffed the rest of the space with straw.



The day after, he cut a small, square hole in the Tin Woodman's breast. Then he took out a pretty heart, made of silk and stuffed with sawdust...



...and put it in the Tin Woodman's breast.

The day after that, he made a potion and gave it to the Cowardly Lion to drink.



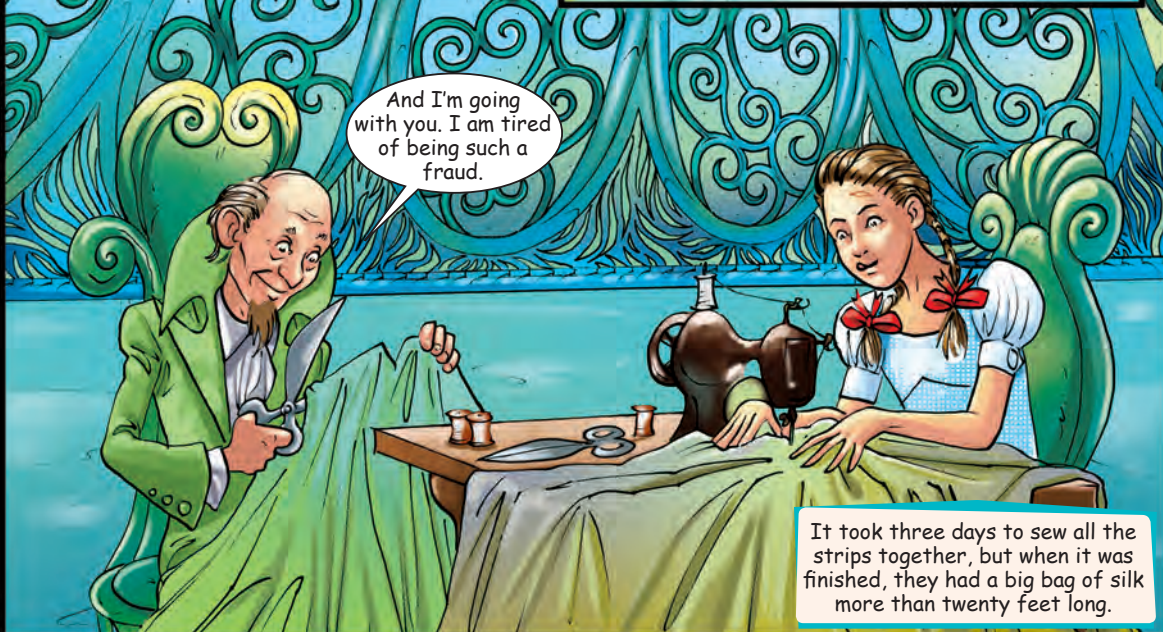
Once this potion is inside you, it will give you courage.

After fulfilling his promises, Oz greeted Dorothy.



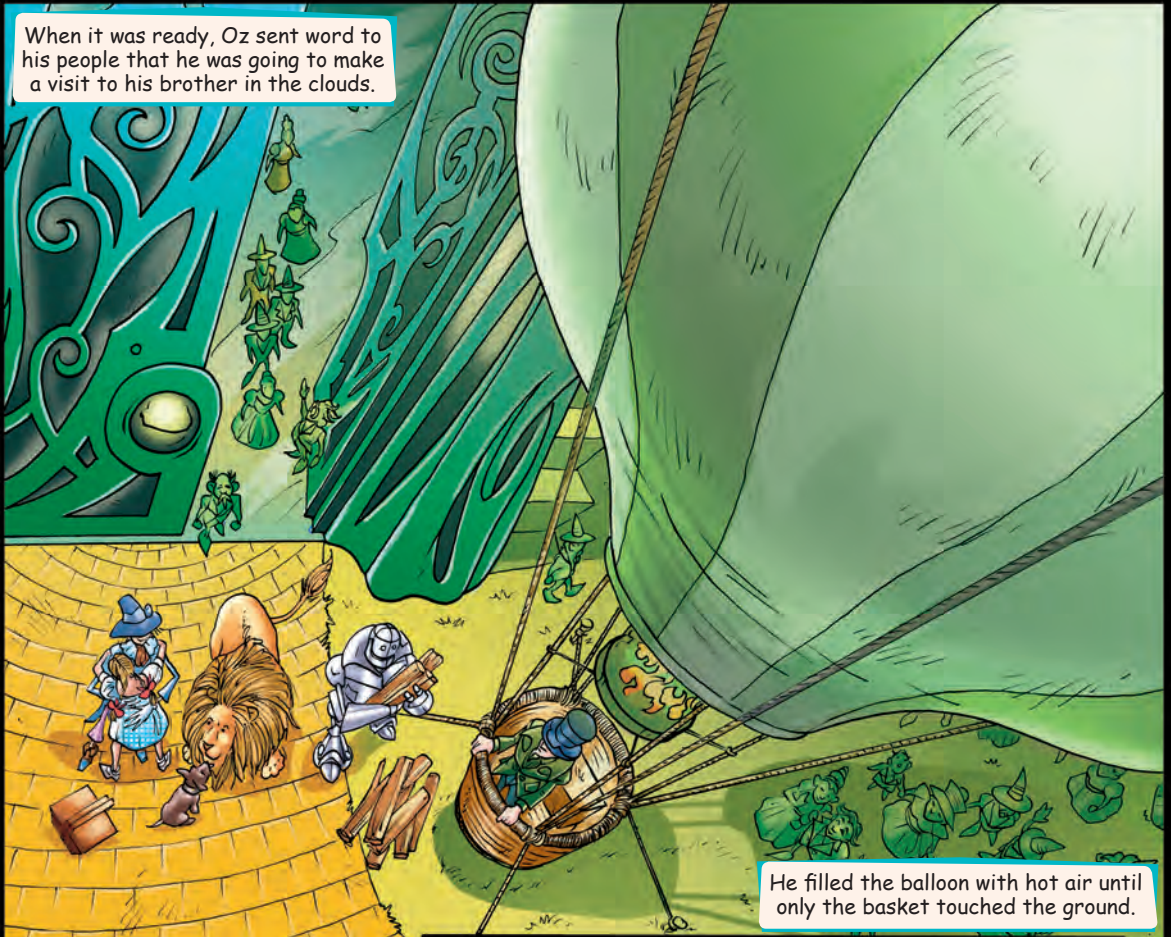
We both came here through the air. So I believe the best way to get across the desert will be through the air. All we need to do is make ourselves a balloon.

And I'm going with you. I am tired of being such a fraud.



It took three days to sew all the strips together, but when it was finished, they had a big bag of silk more than twenty feet long.

When it was ready, Oz sent word to his people that he was going to make a visit to his brother in the clouds.

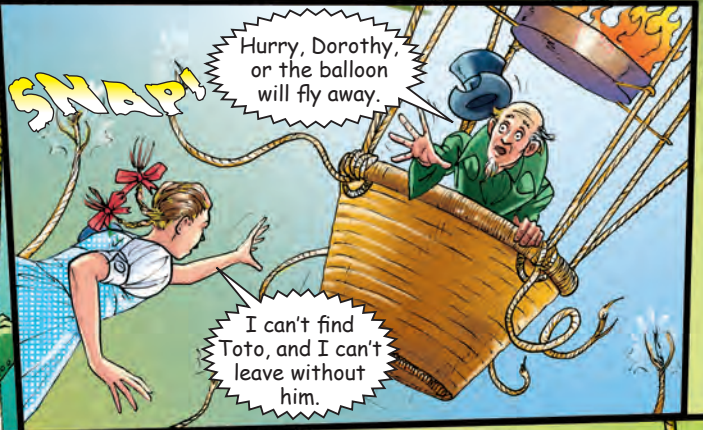


He filled the balloon with hot air until only the basket touched the ground.



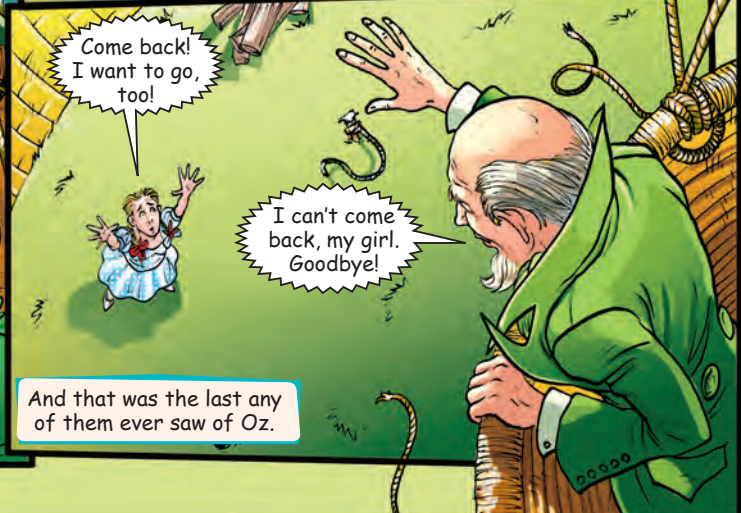
While I am gone, the wise Scarecrow will rule over you. I command you to obey him.

Come now Dorothy.



Hurry, Dorothy, or the balloon will fly away.

I can't find Toto, and I can't leave without him.



Come back! I want to go, too!

I can't come back, my girl. Goodbye!

But before Dorothy could climb on to the balloon, the pressure built so much that the ropes snapped away.

And that was the last any of them ever saw of Oz.

The next day, the four travelers met in the throne room.

If Dorothy would only live in the Emerald City, we would be happy together.

But I don't want to live here. I want to go to Kansas!

Dorothy called the Winged Monkeys the second time, to carry her to Kansas, but...

We cannot. We cannot leave this country. Goodbye.

The Guardian of the Gates suggested they ask Glinda, the Good Witch of the South, who ruled the Quadlings, for help.

So, they set out southward the very next morning.

They remembered Oz fondly for the things he had done for them.

But Dorothy said nothing. Oz had not kept the promise he made her, but he had done his best, so she forgave him.

They slept at night on the grass, with nothing but the stars over them; and they rested very well.

In the morning, they traveled on until they came to a thick forest.

The Scarecrow discovered a big tree with widespread branches.



As he came under the first branches, they twined around him. He was raised from the ground and flung headlong among his fellow travelers.

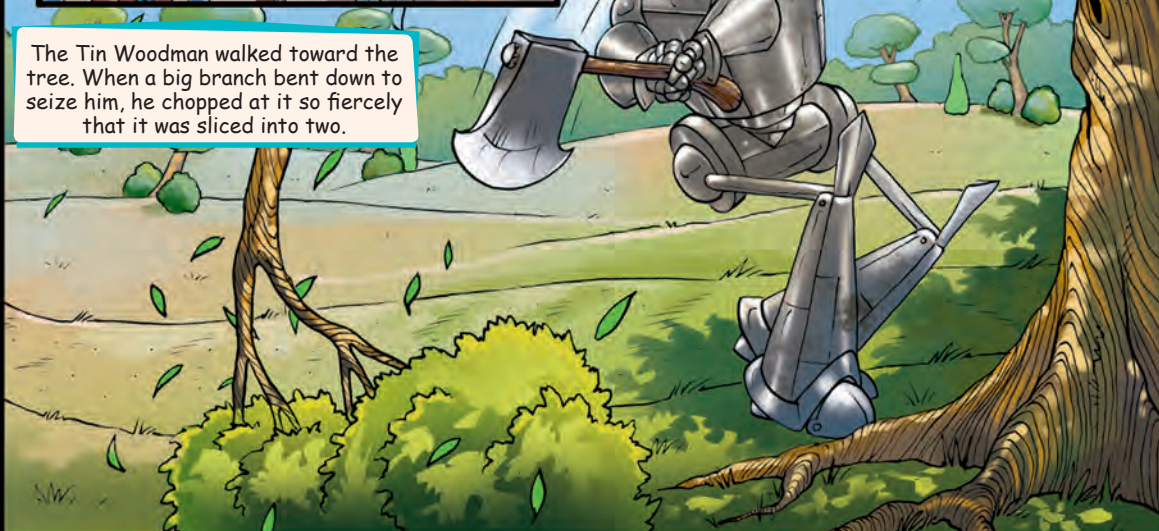


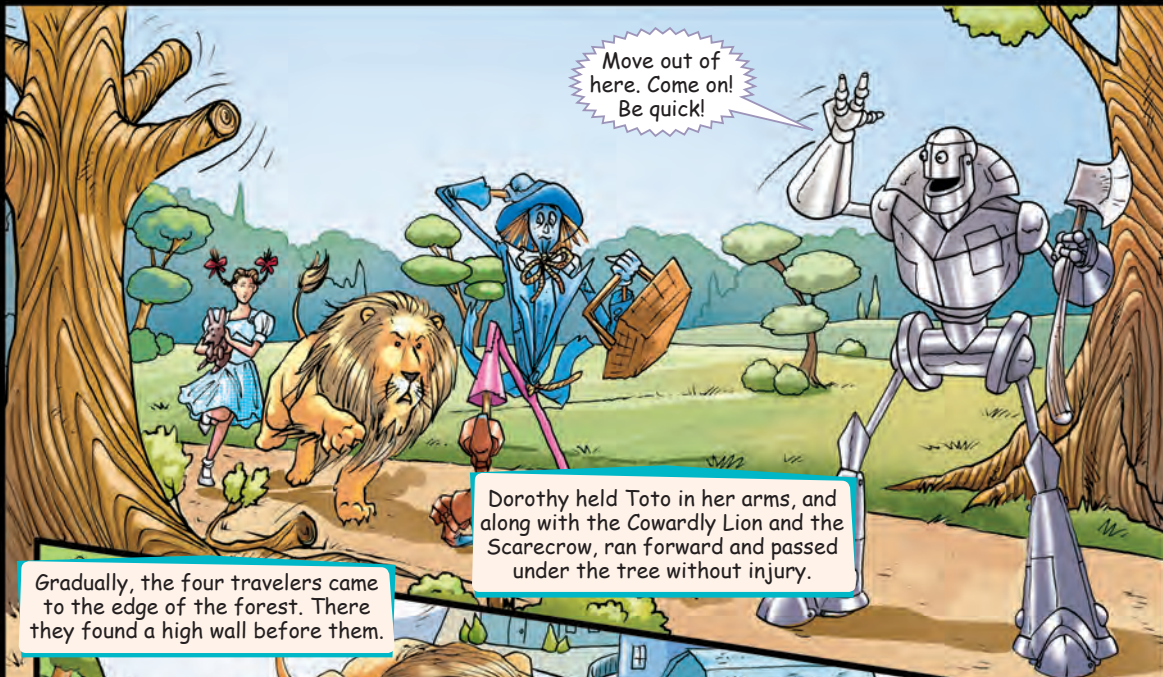
The tree seems to have made up its mind to fight us, and stop our journey.



I believe I will try it myself.

The Tin Woodman walked toward the tree. When a big branch bent down to seize him, he chopped at it so fiercely that it was sliced into two.

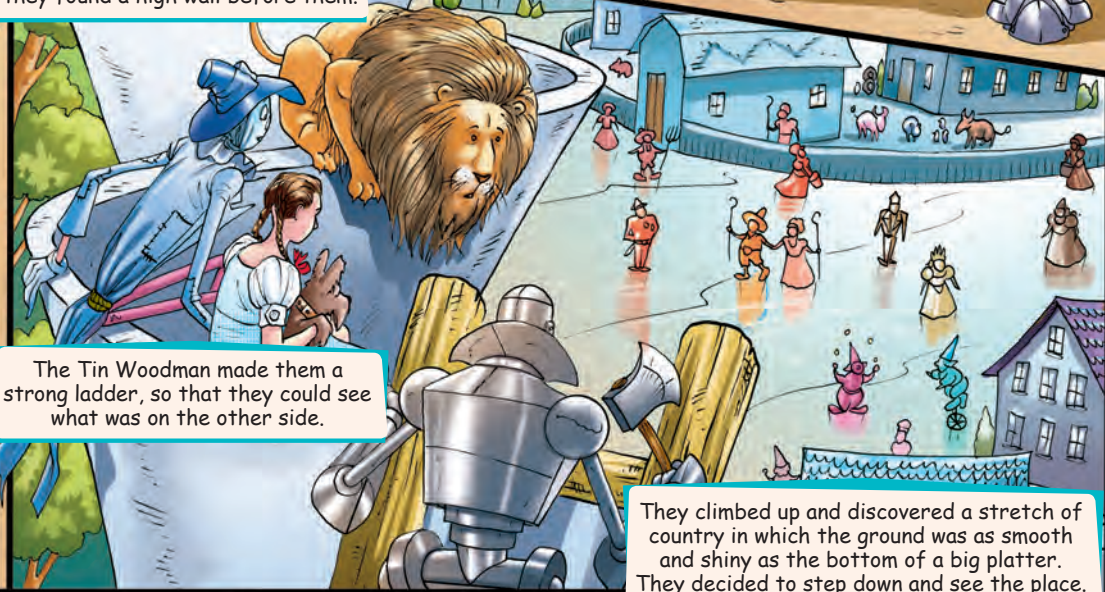




Move out of here. Come on! Be quick!

Dorothy held Toto in her arms, and along with the Cowardly Lion and the Scarecrow, ran forward and passed under the tree without injury.

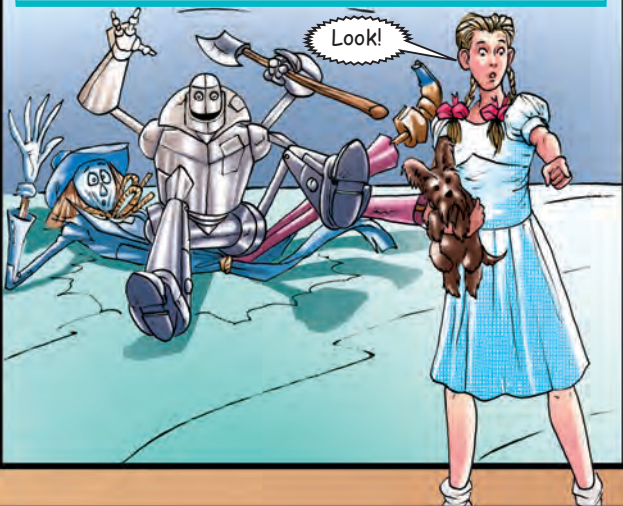
Gradually, the four travelers came to the edge of the forest. There they found a high wall before them.



The Tin Woodman made them a strong ladder, so that they could see what was on the other side.

They climbed up and discovered a stretch of country in which the ground was as smooth and shiny as the bottom of a big platter. They decided to step down and see the place.

But the Tin Woodman had made such a heavy ladder that they could not pull it up. They were wondering what to do when the Scarecrow came up with an idea. He jumped down the wall, and the others jumped down on him, so that the hard floor would not hurt their feet.



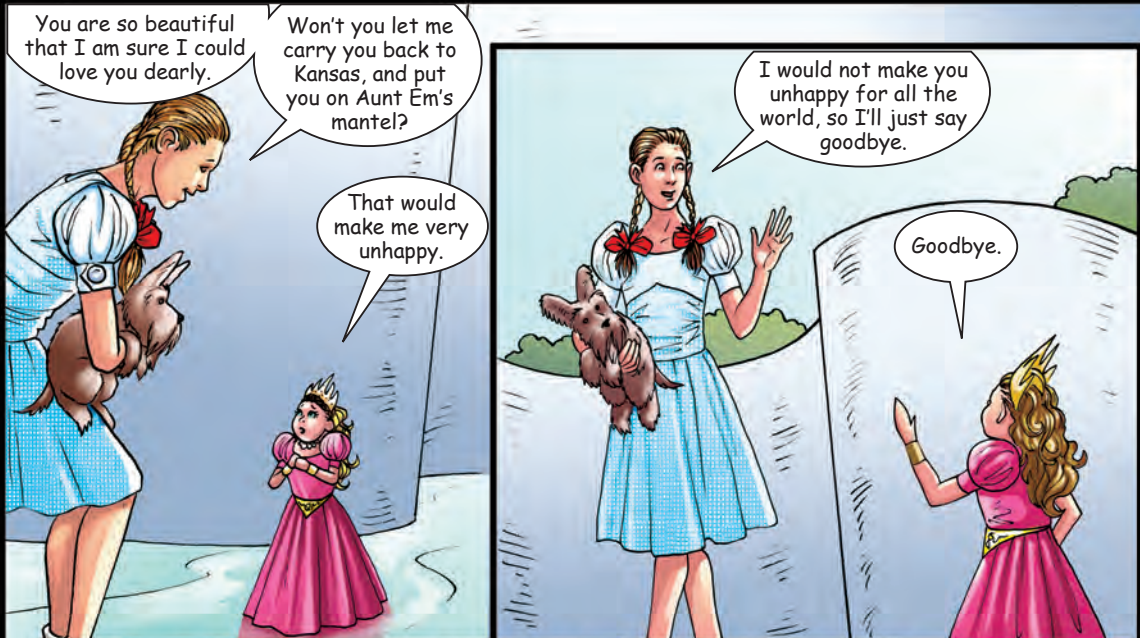
Look!

Dorothy had spotted a young princess.

Don't chase me! If I run, I might fall down and break myself.

But could you not be mended?

Oh yes, but one is never so pretty after being mended.



You are so beautiful that I am sure I could love you dearly.

Won't you let me carry you back to Kansas, and put you on Aunt Em's mantel?

That would make me very unhappy.

I would not make you unhappy for all the world, so I'll just say goodbye.

Goodbye.

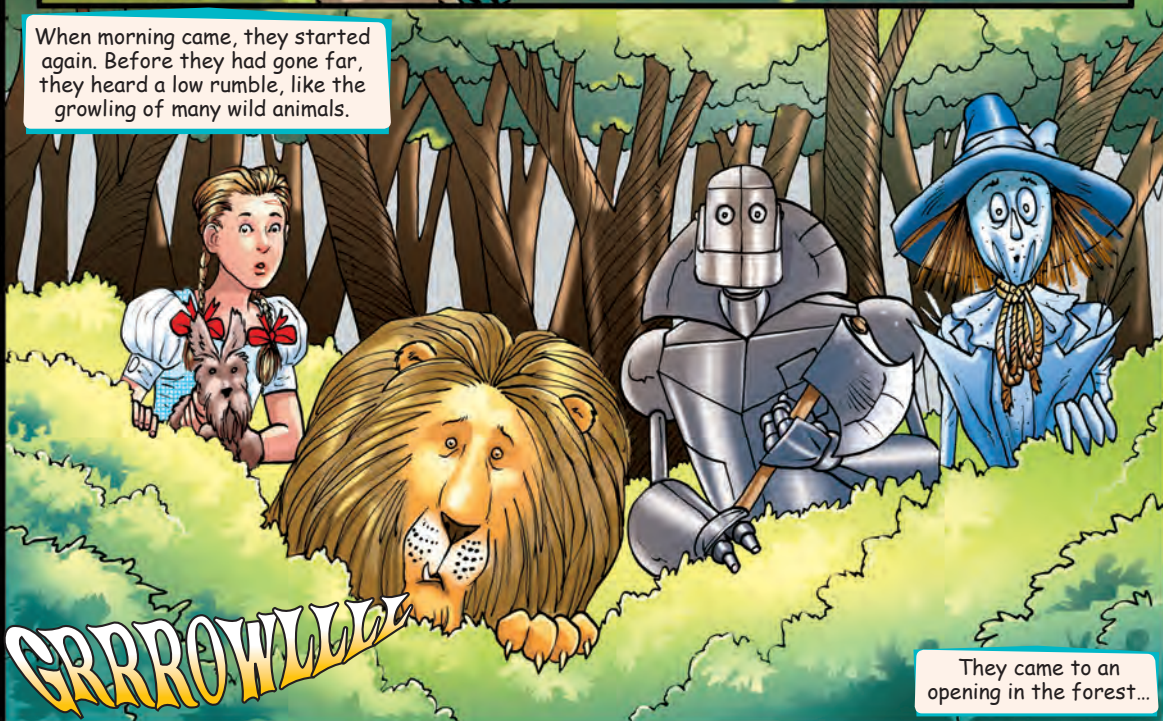
The travelers continued their journey and entered another forest.

This forest is so pretty. Never have I seen a more beautiful place.

But it seems gloomy.

They walked through the forest until it became too dark.

When morning came, they started again. Before they had gone far, they heard a low rumble, like the growling of many wild animals.



They came to an opening in the forest...

...in which were gathered hundreds of beasts of every variety.

The Cowardly Lion explained that the animals were holding a meeting, and he judged by their snarling and growling that they were in great trouble.

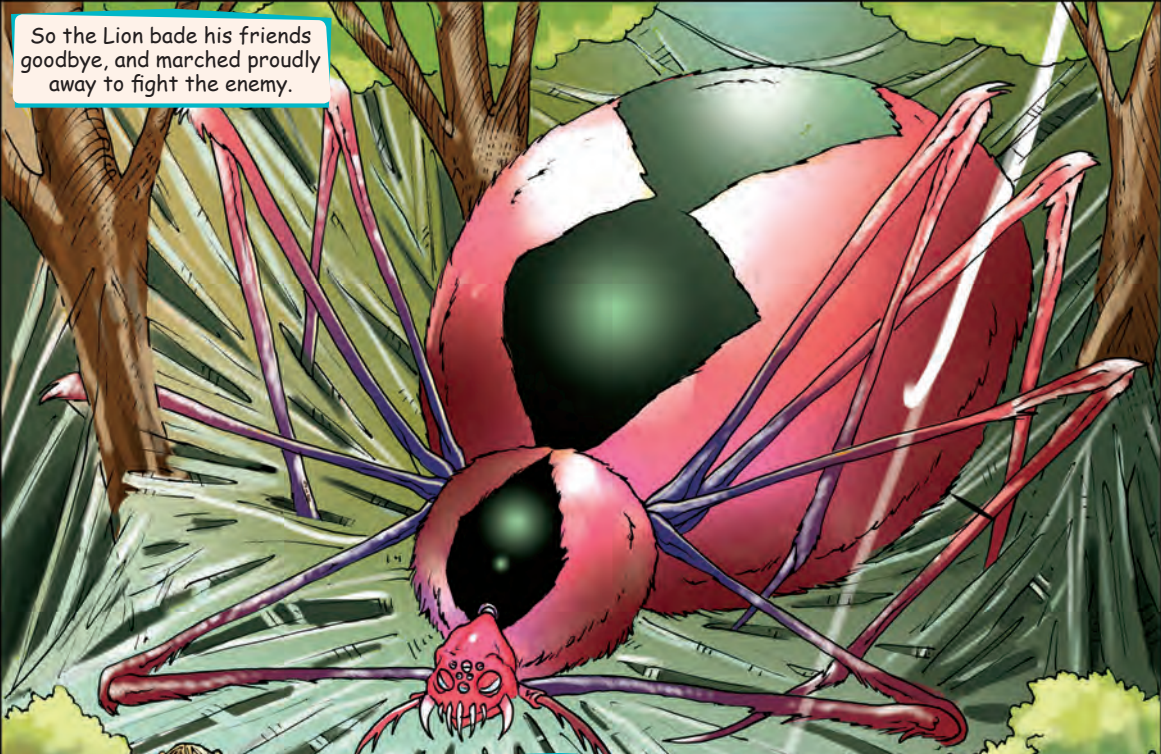


Welcome, O king of beasts! You have come at the right time to fight our enemy and bring peace to all the animals of the forest once more.

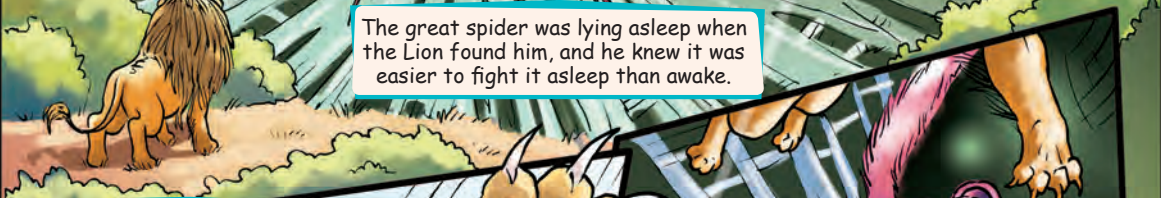
What is your trouble?




We are all threatened by a fierce enemy—a tremendous monster, like a great spider.




So the Lion bade his friends
goodbye, and marched proudly
away to fight the enemy.



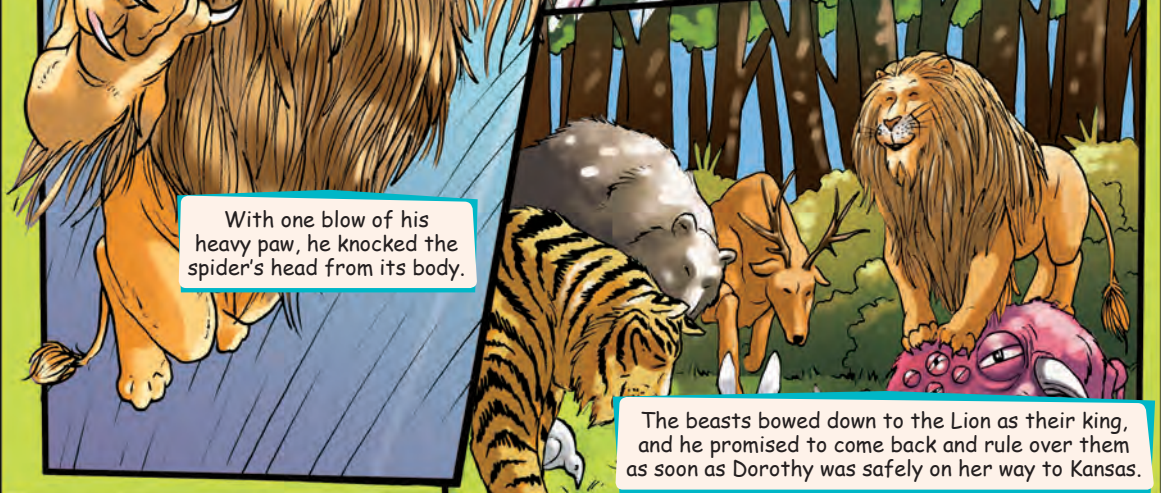
The great spider was lying asleep when
the Lion found him, and he knew it was
easier to fight it asleep than awake.




He gave a great spring and landed
directly on the monster's back.



Jumping down, he watched it until
the long legs stopped wriggling...
till he knew it was dead.



With one blow of his
heavy paw, he knocked the
spider's head from its body.



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.

Before long, the travelers came to a steep hill.



Keep back!

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



Who are you?

We are the Hammerheads. This hill belongs to us, and we don't allow anyone to cross it.

But we must cross it. We're going to the country of the Quadlings.

But you will not!

I'm sorry but we must pass over your hill.



It isn't as easy as you think.

WHAM!



It is useless to fight people with shooting heads. No one can survive them.

What can we do then?

Call the Winged Monkeys. You have still the right to command them once more.

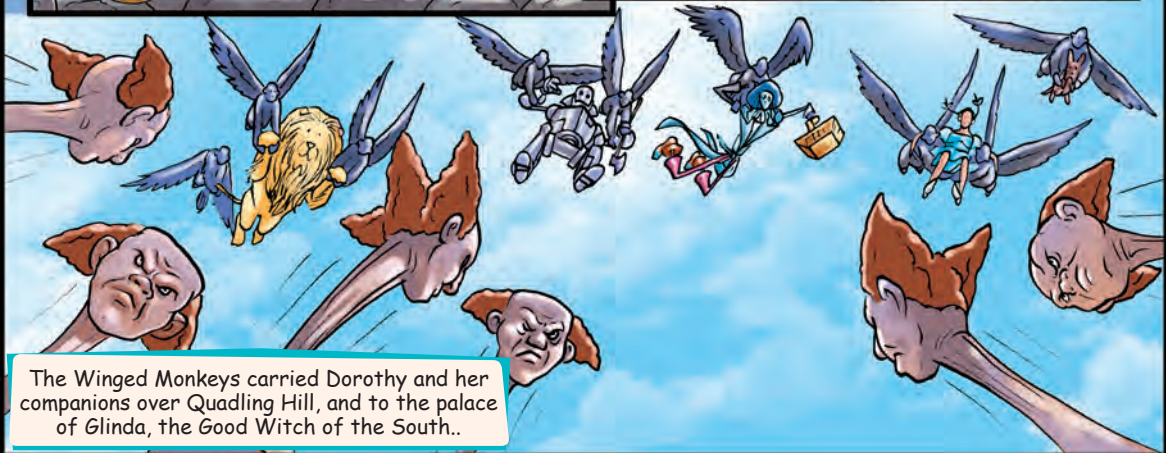


The monkeys were as prompt as ever.

What is your command?

Carry us over the hill to the country of the Quadlings.

It will be done.



The Winged Monkeys carried Dorothy and her companions over Quadling Hill, and to the palace of Glinda, the Good Witch of the South..



Why have you come to the South Country?

To see the good witch who rules here. Will you take me to her?

Let me have your name, and I will ask Glinda if she will receive you.

After a few moments, Dorothy and the others were admitted inside.

What can I do for you, my child?

Dorothy told Glinda her entire story.

My greatest wish now, is to get back to Kansas.

Bless your heart, I am sure I can tell you of a way to get back to Kansas.

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

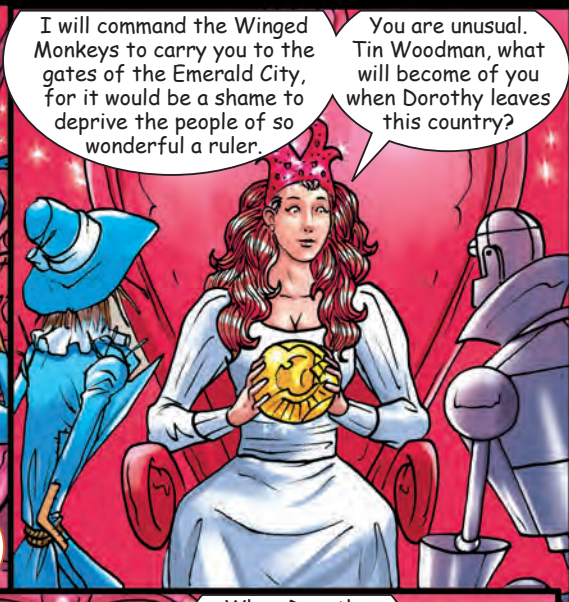
Willingly! It, is of no use to me now.



Scarecrow, what will you do when Dorothy leaves us?

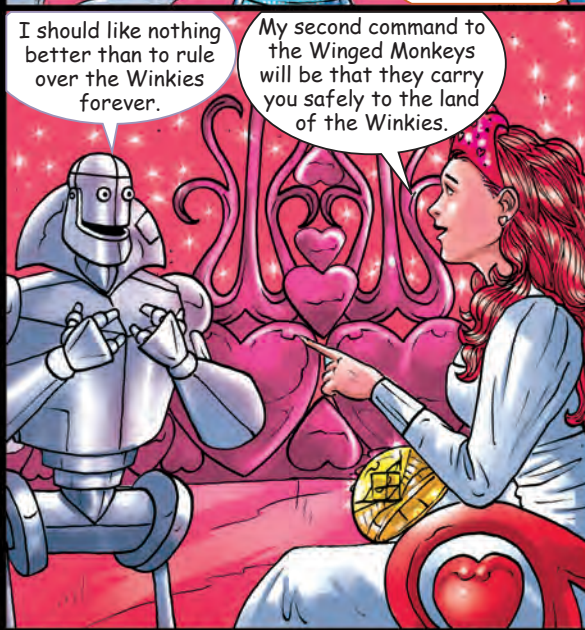
I will return to the Emerald City, for Oz has made me its ruler.

The only thing that worries me is how to cross the hill of the Hammerheads.



I will command the Winged Monkeys to carry you to the gates of the Emerald City, for it would be a shame to deprive the people of so wonderful a ruler.

You are unusual. Tin Woodman, what will become of you when Dorothy leaves this country?



I should like nothing better than to rule over the Winkies forever.

My second command to the Winged Monkeys will be that they carry you safely to the land of the Winkies.



When Dorothy returns to her own home, what will become of you?

Over the hill of the Hammerheads lies a grand old forest and the beasts there have made me their king.



My third command to the Winged Monkeys will be to carry you to your forest.

You are certainly good! But you have not yet told me how to get back to Kansas.



Your silver shoes will carry you over the desert. If you had known their power, you could have gone back to your Aunt Em the very first day you came to this country.

But then I would not have had my wonderful brains!

And I would not have had my lovely heart.



And I would have lived a coward forever.

I am glad I was of use to these good friends.

But now, I think I should like to go back to Kansas.



The silver shoes have wonderful powers. They can carry you to any place in the world in three steps.

Knock the heels together three times, spin around, and command the shoes to carry you wherever you wish to go.



Goodbye. I will miss you all.

Dorothy found herself crying at this sorrowful parting from her loving comrades.



Take me home to Aunt Em!

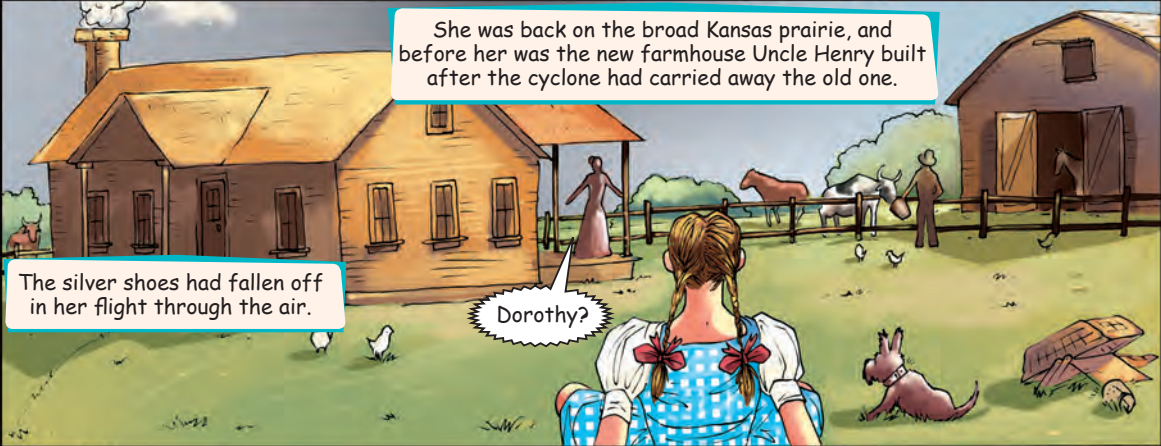
Instantly, she was whirling through the air, so swiftly that all she could see or feel was the wind whistling past her ears.



She stopped so suddenly that she rolled on the grass several times before she knew where she was.

Oh my God!

She was back on the broad Kansas prairie, and before her was the new farmhouse Uncle Henry built after the cyclone had carried away the old one.



The silver shoes had fallen off in her flight through the air.

Dorothy?

My darling child! Where in the world did you come from?

From the Land of Oz. And here is Toto, too. And oh, Aunt Em! I'm so glad to be at home again!



THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

KENNETH GRAHAME

ADAPTED BY: ARJUN GAIND

ILLUSTRATOR: SANKHA BANERJEE



A delightful tale loaded with adventure, and moral values such as the beauty of friendship, courage, and the consequences of foolishness.

No sight makes a man tremble more than seeing Mr. Toad behind the wheel of a car...

On a fine summer day, Mole is busy spring-cleaning his home. When he decides he's had enough of cleaning, he ventures toward a place he has never seen before—the river. There he meets Ratty, and the two of them become close friends, spending lazy days by the river. But then they make the mistake of visiting Mr. Toad.

Toad is rich, exuberant, but also reckless. When he purchases his very first automobile, Toad, Ratty, and Mole are plunged into a dangerous adventure involving theft, a prison break, and the famous siege of Toad Hall.

Since its first publication in 1908, Kenneth Grahame's story has amused millions of readers, both children and adults.



WISE WIZARDS & WILY WITCHES



Wizards

The word 'wizard' is believed to come from the Middle English word 'wysard' that means 'wise man'. The most popular image we have of a wizard is that of an old man with a long, white beard, a flowing robe, and a tall pointed hat. Wizards are more often than not portrayed as being good, and are close advisors to the king or ruler. In ancient times, wizards were healers and people with knowledge beyond their times.

Famous Wizards

Merlin

Long ago, in the days of knights and dragons, one man knew all the secrets of magic. He was the great Merlin and was said to be the greatest wizard that ever lived. Merlin saw the future and could cast powerful spells. Though he has appeared in many tales, Merlin is perhaps most popularly thought of in the Arthurian legends of Britain, in which he is seen as a wise old man who brought the legendary King Arthur to the throne and helped him rule England.

Faust

A very famous German legend tells of Faust, who became the protagonist of a very popular story that was written in many versions. In the most popular version, Johann Faust is a very learned man who summons the Devil and offers to sell him his soul in exchange for knowledge. But in the end, he realizes that excessive knowledge can be destructive and he manages to retain his soul. It is from this legend that the word 'Faustian', which pertains to someone striving for knowledge at the cost of anything, has originated.



Alchemists

It is believed that wizards often practised alchemy. Alchemists tried to find ways to help people live forever, and also turn lead and other substances into gold. They searched for the 'Philosopher's Stone' which alchemists believed was the vital tool that could change lead into gold and transform mortals into immortals. Interestingly, it is believed that the famous 17th-century scientist Isaac Newton was also an alchemist. It is said that he spent five years searching for ways to create the substance. No one knows till today if he succeeded or not!

Witches

The most familiar picture of a witch is that of a wrinkled old woman wearing a black robe and a cone-shaped hat. Witches were portrayed as evil women making magic potions to cause harm. In fact, there was such great fear of witches from the 14th to the 18th centuries, that there were laws passed against witchcraft! At the same time, there are also good witches who help people and do no harm.



Famous Witches

Baba Yaga

There is a witch named Baba Yaga in the folklores of Eastern Europe and Russia. A thin old woman whose name means bony legs, Baba Yaga lives in a strange hut in the forest. The hut stands on the legs of a chicken and is encircled by a fence decorated with skulls. Whoever wishes to enter must recite some magic words. Although Baba Yaga helps the hero of a story, she is usually a scary figure.

Circe

In the *Odyssey*, the famous epic of ancient Greece, the hero Odysseus and his men met a witch named Circe. She was the daughter of a god and an ocean nymph. She had the power to turn people into animals and monsters. She lived on an island that was populated with lions, bears, and wolves. They were actually humans who had been transformed by her. She turned some of Odysseus's men into pigs too, but the hero used a special herb to protect himself.

DID YOU KNOW?

Oudewater in the Netherlands is famous for the 'Heksenwaag' (Witches' scales). These were used in the 1500s to give women accused of witchcraft a chance of proving their innocence. The accused were weighed to figure out whether or not they were witches. It was believed that witches had no souls and weighed nothing! Apparently, if you visit this town today you can be weighed and can officially be declared not a witch!



Familiars

Did you ever notice that witches often have a black cat as a pet? Well, it is not exactly a pet but is a familiar. A familiar, more accurately called a 'familiar spirit', is said to be a spirit that has taken the form of an animal. In fact, different animals—right from owls to toads—can be familiars. Witches believe they are ideal partners in their magical workings.

The Lugbara people of Africa believe that toads, snakes, lizards, and jackals are familiars, while for certain Eskimos, the familiar is an artificial seal, and not a live animal!



Available now



Putting the fun back into reading!

Explore the latest from Campfire at
www.campfire.co.in

THE WONDERFUL Wizard of OZ

A powerful tornado rips through the Kansas prairie catching Dorothy inside her home. Caught inside the vortex, the home floats for hours. When the house finally lands on the ground again, it kills a wicked witch.

Dorothy finds herself in new surroundings and is welcomed by the local inhabitants, the Munchkins, who tell her she is in Oz, surrounded by a great desert that cannot be crossed.

Dorothy's only hope of escape is to see the great Wizard of Oz. On her journey to meet the Wizard, she is joined by some unusual friends who also want favors from the Wizard. But the Wizard will not help Dorothy and her friends unless they do something for him: they must kill the Wicked Witch of the West!

Read on to know more about Dorothy's adventures in this delightful tale that has fascinated children for ages.

US \$ 9.99 / \$ 10.99 CAN

ISBN 978-93-80028-51-4



9 789380 028514

5 0 9 9 9



www.campfire.co.in

