

AI-Generated Graded Readers

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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

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L. Frank Baum, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

Part 1

Dorothy lived in the middle of the wide Kansas prairie with Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. Their house was very small, because the wood for it had to be brought from far away by wagon. It had only one room, with a stove, a table, a cupboard, a few chairs, and two beds. There was no real cellar under the house, only a small hole in the ground with a ladder, where they could hide if a cyclone came. Everything around the house was gray. The land was gray, the grass was gray, and even the house had become gray after the sun and rain had taken away its paint.

Aunt Em had not always looked like that. Long ago she had been young and pretty, but the hard sun and the strong wind had changed her face and taken the light from her eyes. Uncle Henry was gray too, with a long beard and rough boots, and he worked from morning until night without laughing. Dorothy was different from them, because she was still young and could find joy in the world. The thing that helped her most was Toto, her little black dog with bright eyes and soft hair. He ran and played all day, and Dorothy loved him dearly. Without Toto, she might have become as gray and quiet as the empty land around her.

One day the sky looked even darker than usual, and the air felt strange. Uncle Henry stood in the doorway and looked far away across the prairie. Dorothy stood beside him with Toto in her arms, while Aunt Em washed the dishes inside the house. Then they heard the long cry of the wind from the north, and the grass bent under it like waves on the sea. A moment later another sharp sound came from the south, and the grass there bent too. Uncle Henry jumped up at once and shouted, "There's a cyclone coming, Em! I'll go look after the animals." He ran toward the sheds as fast as he could.

Aunt Em threw down her dishcloth and rushed to the door. One look at the sky was enough, and she cried, "Quick, Dorothy! Run for the cellar!" Toto leaped

from Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and Dorothy ran after him at once. Aunt Em opened the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the dark hole below. Dorothy caught Toto at last and turned to follow her aunt, but before she could reach the open door in the floor, the wind screamed around the house. The whole room shook so hard that Dorothy fell down. Then the house began to turn, and after two or three wild spins, it rose slowly into the air.

At first Dorothy was sure something terrible was happening, but soon she felt that the house was moving more softly. It was lifted high to the center of the cyclone, where the air was still, and there it was carried far away. The wind howled all around the house, yet inside Dorothy felt only a gentle rocking, almost like a cradle. Toto ran from side to side in fear, barking loudly. Once he fell through the open trap door, and Dorothy thought she had lost him forever, but the air held him up. She crawled over, pulled him back by an ear, and shut the trap door tightly. After that she waited for a long time, and at last, when nothing worse happened, she climbed onto the bed with Toto beside her and fell asleep.

When Dorothy woke, the house was no longer moving. Bright sunshine came through the window, and Toto put his cold nose against her face. She jumped out of bed, ran to the door, and opened it. At once she gave a cry of wonder. The gray Kansas prairie was gone, and all around her was a beautiful country full of green grass, fruit trees, bright flowers, and singing birds. A little brook ran nearby, shining in the sun and making a sweet sound. Dorothy looked at everything with wide eyes, for she had never seen such a lovely place in all her life.

Soon she saw four strange people coming toward the house. Three were men and one was a very old woman, but none of them were much taller than Dorothy herself. The men wore blue clothes and pointed blue hats with little bells, and the woman wore a white dress covered with shining stars. They stopped a short distance away and whispered together, but the old woman came forward alone and bowed low. In a sweet voice she said, "You are welcome, noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We thank you for killing the Wicked Witch of the East and setting our people free." Dorothy stared at her in surprise and said, "You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anyone."

The old woman laughed softly and pointed to the corner of the house. "Your house did it, anyway," she said. Dorothy looked and saw two feet sticking out from under the wood, with silver shoes upon them. She clasped her hands and cried, "Oh dear! The house must have fallen on her. What shall we do?" The old woman answered calmly, "There is nothing to do. She was the Wicked Witch of the East, and she kept the Munchkins as slaves for many years. Now they are free." Dorothy looked at the little people again and asked many questions, and the old woman explained that she was the Witch of the North, one of the two good witches in the Land of Oz.

Dorothy was half afraid and half curious. "But Aunt Em told me witches were all dead long ago," she said. The Witch of the North shook her head. "Not here," she answered. "This is the Land of Oz, cut off from the rest of the world. Here there are still witches and also a great Wizard. His name is Oz, and he lives in the City of Emeralds." As they spoke, the Munchkins suddenly shouted and pointed again at the dead witch. Dorothy looked, and to her surprise the body had disappeared. Only the silver shoes remained, and the Witch of the North picked them up and gave them to Dorothy. "They belong to you now," she said. "There is a charm in them, though I do not know what it is."

Dorothy carried the shoes into the house and set them on the table. When she came out again, she said, "I want to go back to my aunt and uncle in Kansas. Can you tell me the way?" The Munchkins shook their heads, and the Witch of the North told her that great deserts lay all around Oz. To the west lived another wicked witch, and no one could cross her land safely. Dorothy began to cry, because she felt lost and alone among strangers. Then the Witch of the North seemed to think deeply, counted softly to three, and wrote a message in magic letters: Dorothy must go to the City of Emeralds. "Perhaps Oz can help you," she said. "Follow the road of yellow brick, and do not be afraid."

Then the Witch of the North bent forward and kissed Dorothy on the forehead. She told her that no one would dare hurt a girl who wore her kiss. Dorothy felt the touch and later saw the bright mark it left upon her skin. The Witch said again, "Go to Oz, tell him your story, and ask him to send you home." The three

Munchkins bowed low and wished her a pleasant journey. Then the Witch of the North gave Dorothy a little smile, turned around three times, and disappeared. Toto barked loudly after her, but Dorothy was not surprised. She stood quietly for a moment in that strange and lovely land, knowing that her journey had truly begun.

Part 2

In the morning Dorothy decided to begin her journey to the Emerald City. First she went into the house and ate some bread with butter, and she gave a little to Toto as well. Then she took a pail to the brook, filled it with cool water, and drank deeply. After that she washed herself and stood for a moment beside her bed, thinking about the long road before her. She had only one other dress, but it was clean and pretty, with blue and white checks, so she put it on carefully and tied her pink sunbonnet under her chin. Then she took a little basket, filled it with bread, and laid a white cloth over the top.

When Dorothy looked down at her feet, she saw at once that her old leather shoes were much too worn for such a long walk. Then her eyes fell on the silver shoes which had belonged to the Wicked Witch of the East. "I wonder if these will fit me," she said softly to Toto. She took off her old shoes and tried on the silver ones, and they fit her so well that she smiled with pleasure. They felt light and strong upon her feet, and when she walked across the floor they made a clear little sound. Dorothy picked up her basket, closed the door behind her, locked it, and put the key safely into her dress pocket.

With Toto trotting close beside her, she soon found the road paved with yellow brick. The morning sun shone warmly, and birds sang in the trees, so Dorothy felt more cheerful than she had the day before. As she walked, she saw neat blue fences, round houses with domed roofs, and fields full of corn and vegetables. The Munchkins who lived there came out of their houses to look at her, and they bowed low as she passed. They all knew that her house had killed the Wicked Witch, and so they believed she was someone great and powerful.

Dorothy did not think she was great at all, but it was pleasant to be greeted kindly in a strange land.

Toward evening she grew tired and began to wonder where she would sleep. Then she came to a larger house where many Munchkins were dancing on the grass before the door. Five little fiddlers played lively music, and nearby stood a long table full of fruit, cakes, pies, and other good things. The people welcomed Dorothy gladly and invited her to supper, for they were still celebrating their freedom from the Wicked Witch's rule. The master of the house was a rich Munchkin named Boq, and he spoke to her with great respect. When he saw her silver shoes, he said, "You must be a powerful sorceress."

Dorothy answered honestly that she was only a little girl, but Boq and the others still believed there was magic about her. He told her that blue was the color of the Munchkins and white was the color worn by witches and sorceresses, so her blue-and-white dress seemed to prove that she was their friend. Dorothy did not know what to say to that, so she only smiled and watched the dancing. The music was merry, and the little people laughed with such joy that Dorothy could not help feeling happy with them. After supper Boq led her into his house and gave her a room with a pretty bed. Toto curled himself on a blue rug beside her, and Dorothy slept soundly through the night.

The next morning she ate breakfast with Boq and watched a tiny Munchkin baby laugh at Toto and pull his tail. Then Dorothy asked how far it was to the Emerald City. Boq answered that he had never been there himself, because it was wise to stay away from Oz unless one had real business with him. He said the road was long, and though the country near them was rich and pleasant, rough and dangerous places lay ahead. Dorothy listened quietly, and his words made her a little afraid. Still, she knew that only Oz might help her return to Kansas, so she thanked Boq, said goodbye to her kind hosts, and set out once more.

She walked for several miles under the bright sky until she felt the need to rest. Climbing onto the top of a fence beside the road, she sat there with her basket on her lap and looked over a great cornfield. In the field stood a Scarecrow raised high on a pole, dressed in a faded blue suit and a pointed blue hat. Its head was a

small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, a nose, and a mouth painted upon it. Dorothy looked at the funny face and smiled a little to herself. Then she suddenly stopped smiling, because one of the painted eyes seemed to wink at her.

At first she thought she must be mistaken, but then the Scarecrow nodded his head in a friendly way. Dorothy climbed down from the fence and went nearer, while Toto ran around the pole and barked. "Good day," said the Scarecrow in a dry, husky voice. Dorothy stared at him with wide eyes and asked, "Did you speak?" "Certainly," he answered. "How do you do?" Dorothy answered politely, though her heart beat fast with surprise, and soon the Scarecrow told her how tired he was of standing on that pole day and night. When he asked if she would lift him down, she reached up and pulled him easily from the pole, because he was very light.

The Scarecrow bowed to her and thanked her warmly. Then he stretched his straw arms and legs as if he had been stiff for a very long time. Dorothy soon learned that he knew almost nothing, because his head was filled with straw instead of brains. When she told him she was going to the Emerald City to ask Oz to send her back to Kansas, he listened carefully. "Do you think Oz could give me brains?" he asked at last, with a sad and hopeful voice. Dorothy said she did not know, but she thought Oz might be able to help him, and she invited him to come with her. The Scarecrow was deeply pleased, and together they crossed back over the fence and returned to the yellow road.

As they walked, Toto did not trust the Scarecrow at first and smelled him again and again, growling sometimes at the dry smell of the straw. The Scarecrow did not mind and even offered to carry Dorothy's basket, since he could never grow tired. He told Dorothy that there was only one thing in the world he feared, and when she asked what it was, he said, "A lighted match." Later, when they stopped beside a brook to rest and eat, Dorothy asked him to tell her about himself. The Scarecrow then said that his life had begun only two days earlier, when a farmer had made him. He remembered hearing the farmer and another Munchkin speak while they painted his eyes and ears, and he said he had felt proud when they declared that he looked just like a man.

He went on to tell her how the farmer had set him up in the cornfield and left him there alone. At first he had thought himself important, because the birds flew away when they saw him. But later an old crow landed on his shoulder and told him plainly that he was only stuffed with straw, and soon all the other birds came and ate the corn around him. That had made him sad, because he saw that he was not even good at being a scarecrow. The old crow had also told him that brains were the most valuable thing in the world. So from that moment the Scarecrow had longed for brains and hoped that the Great Oz might give him some.

Dorothy listened with kindness and said she understood why he wanted them so badly. Then they rose and went on again, but the land slowly changed as they walked. The farms became fewer, the houses disappeared, and the country looked more empty and wild. By evening they reached a great forest where huge trees grew thickly on both sides of the road, and their branches met overhead. The yellow bricks still went forward under the trees, but the light became dim and the air felt cool and still. Dorothy took hold of the Scarecrow's arm, because she could not see well in the dark, though he said he could see as clearly as in the day.

After they had gone on for some time, Dorothy said it was very hard to walk in such darkness and asked him to tell her if he saw any place where they could stay for the night. At last the Scarecrow stopped and pointed to a little cottage made of logs and branches, half hidden among the trees. Dorothy gave a tired sigh of relief, and they walked toward it through the shadows. Inside she found a bed of dry leaves in one corner, and she was so weary that she lay down at once without another word. Toto curled close beside her, and in a few moments both were fast asleep. The Scarecrow, who never needed sleep at all, remained standing quietly in another corner, waiting with patient eyes for the morning.

Thought for 5s

Part 3

When Dorothy woke, the sunlight was coming softly through the trees, and she could hear birds moving in the branches outside. Toto had already gone out and was running about after birds and squirrels with great excitement. The

Scarecrow was still standing in the corner where she had left him, just as patient and quiet as before. Dorothy stretched herself and said that they must find some water. The Scarecrow asked why she needed it, and when she told him she wished to wash and drink, he said thoughtfully that it must be troublesome to be made of flesh and blood.

Dorothy laughed a little and answered that perhaps it was troublesome, but she was glad enough not to be made of straw. Then she and the Scarecrow walked through the trees until they found a little spring of clear water. Dorothy drank, washed the dust from her face, and ate some bread from her basket, giving Toto a little as well. When she looked inside again, she saw that only a small amount of food remained. This made her uneasy, because she knew she and Toto would soon need more. The Scarecrow, of course, did not eat at all, and he watched her with mild interest while she finished.

Just as Dorothy was about to return to the yellow road, she heard a deep groan somewhere nearby. She stopped at once and looked nervously into the forest. The Scarecrow said he could not imagine what the sound was, but another groan came again, heavy and full of pain, and this time it seemed closer. They turned and followed the sound through the trees until Dorothy saw something bright where a ray of sunlight fell. She ran forward and then stopped short in surprise, for before her stood a man made entirely of tin, holding an axe above his head beside a half-cut tree.

He could not move at all, though his head and arms and legs were joined so that they should have moved easily. Dorothy asked softly whether he had made the groaning sound, and he answered that he had been groaning for more than a year. He told her that his joints had rusted so badly that he was fixed in place like a statue. Then he asked her to fetch an oil-can from his cottage nearby. Dorothy ran at once to the cottage they had slept in, found the oil-can on a shelf, and hurried back. Under her careful hands, and with the Scarecrow gently helping, the Tin Woodman's neck, arms, and legs began to move again.

When at last he lowered his axe and bent his knees freely, he gave a deep sigh of comfort and thanked them again and again. He said that if they had not

come, he might have stood there forever. Dorothy then told him that she and the Scarecrow were on their way to the Emerald City, where she hoped Oz would send her back to Kansas and the Scarecrow hoped to receive brains. The Tin Woodman stood very still for a moment and then asked, in a sad voice, "Do you think Oz could give me a heart?" Dorothy said she thought he might, and the Tin Woodman at once begged to join them on their journey.

As they walked together back to the yellow road, the Tin Woodman asked Dorothy to keep the oil-can in her basket, because rain might rust him again. Before long the road grew difficult, for branches and bushes had spread over it, but the Tin Woodman cut them away with his axe and made a clear path for all of them. Soon after that, the Scarecrow stumbled into a hole and fell over at the side of the road. When Dorothy helped him up, the Tin Woodman asked why he had not walked around it. The Scarecrow answered cheerfully that he did not know enough to do such things, and that led the Tin Woodman to tell them his own story.

He had once been an ordinary woodman, strong and full of life, and he had loved a beautiful Munchkin girl with all his heart. She loved him too and promised to marry him when he had earned enough money to build a better house. But the girl lived with an old woman who did not want to lose her help, so the old woman went to the Wicked Witch of the East and asked her to stop the marriage. The witch enchanted his axe, and one day while he was chopping wood, it slipped and cut off one of his legs. He had the leg replaced with one of tin, but the witch continued her cruel work until his arms, his other leg, his head, and at last even his body had all been cut away and remade in tin.

When he had been entirely remade, he found that one thing had been lost forever. He no longer had a heart, and without a heart he could no longer love the girl as he once had. He said this had been the greatest sorrow of his life, far worse than losing his flesh body. While he spoke, Dorothy felt very sorry for him, and even the Scarecrow became quiet. The Tin Woodman ended by saying that if Oz would give him a heart, he would go back and marry the Munchkin girl at once. Dorothy promised that when they reached the Emerald City, she would help him ask.

The road led them deeper and deeper into the forest, and the light grew dim under the thick branches. There were few birds there, and now and then they heard deep growls from hidden wild animals. These sounds made Dorothy afraid, and even Toto stayed close at her side and did not bark. She asked the Tin Woodman how long it would be before they left the forest, but he could not say, because he had never gone to the Emerald City himself. He only repeated what his father had once told him, that the journey was long and the road dangerous. Then he added that Dorothy bore on her forehead the mark of the good witch's kiss, which would protect her from harm.

Dorothy felt a little comforted by this, yet she still worried aloud about Toto. The Tin Woodman said they must protect the little dog themselves. Almost at that very moment there came a terrible roar, and a huge Lion sprang out into the road before them. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow flying off to the edge of the road. Then he struck at the Tin Woodman, but his claws only scraped loudly against the tin and could do no harm. Toto barked fiercely and ran at the Lion, and the great beast bent his head to bite him, but Dorothy rushed forward without thinking and slapped the Lion hard upon the nose.

"How dare you try to bite Toto!" she cried. The Lion sat back at once and looked at her with shame and surprise. He said he had not really bitten the dog, and Dorothy answered that trying to bite him was bad enough. When she called him a coward, the Lion hung his great head and admitted that it was true. He said he had always known he was a coward, though everyone else in the forest believed him brave because he was a lion. He explained that he had learned to roar loudly, and when the other animals heard that roar they ran away, so no one ever discovered how frightened he really felt.

The Scarecrow, now back on his feet again, said that the King of Beasts should not be a coward. The Lion sadly agreed and wiped tears from his eyes with the end of his tail. The Tin Woodman remarked that perhaps the Lion's quick-beating heart was the cause of his fear, and the Lion answered that perhaps if he had no heart at all, he would not be afraid. Then Dorothy told him that she was going to Oz to ask a favor, the Scarecrow was going for brains, and the Tin

Woodman for a heart. At once the Lion asked whether Oz might also give him courage, and when Dorothy said he might, the Lion begged to come with them.

So the Lion joined the little company, walking beside Dorothy with slow and noble steps. At first Toto did not trust him, but before long the two were getting along much better. For the rest of that day they had no great danger, though the forest still seemed full of strange sounds. Once the Tin Woodman accidentally stepped upon a beetle and killed it, which made him so unhappy that he began to weep. His tears ran down over the hinges of his jaw and rusted them fast, so when Dorothy spoke to him he could not open his mouth. Luckily she saw at once what had happened, and with the oil-can from her basket she soon set him right again, and they continued on their way.

Part 4

After Dorothy had oiled the Tin Woodman's jaw, he thanked her and moved his mouth carefully to make sure it worked well again. He said he must learn not to weep, because tears were dangerous to a man made of tin. Dorothy promised that she and the others would watch him and help him whenever he forgot. Then the four travelers and Toto went on through the forest, and before long the dark trees began to grow thinner. At last they came out into bright sunshine and found themselves beside a broad, shining river.

The sight of the open sky and the sweet air filled Dorothy with fresh hope. Fruit trees stood near the bank, and soft grass spread around them in a lovely green place. But the river ran between them and the land beyond, and there was no bridge and no place where they could cross on foot. The yellow brick road disappeared into the water on one side and could be seen again only far away on the other. The travelers stood together and looked from the river to one another, wondering what they should do next.

The Scarecrow first suggested that the Tin Woodman cut down some trees and make a raft. At once the Woodman began his work, and his axe bit deeply into the wood. While he chopped, Dorothy gathered fruit and ate a simple meal with

Toto, and the Lion drank deeply from the river. The Scarecrow tried to help as much as he could, though sometimes he gave advice that was not very useful. By evening the raft was nearly finished, and they lay down on the grass to sleep, feeling tired but hopeful.

In the morning Dorothy ate peaches and plums from the trees by the water, and she thought the day looked bright and kind. The raft was quickly made ready with a few more logs and wooden pegs. Dorothy sat in the middle with Toto in her arms, while the Lion climbed on with care because he was so large and heavy. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood at the ends and pushed with long poles. At first they moved safely enough, but when they came to the middle of the river, the current grew strong and carried them downstream.

Soon the water was so deep that the poles no longer touched the bottom. The Tin Woodman said this was dangerous, because if they drifted too far west they might come into the land of the Wicked Witch of the West. At once each traveler spoke of the wish that might be lost forever if they failed now. Dorothy thought of Kansas, the Scarecrow of brains, the Woodman of a heart, and the Lion of courage. Then the Scarecrow pushed with all his strength, but his pole stuck fast in the mud below, and before he could free himself, the raft swept away and left him clinging to it in the middle of the river.

Dorothy cried out in sorrow and stretched her hands toward him, but there was nothing she could do. The poor Scarecrow called good-bye, and for a moment he felt more useless than ever before. The raft floated on, and the Lion, seeing their danger, leaped into the water and told them to hold to the end of his tail. The Tin Woodman gripped it firmly, and Dorothy used the other pole to help guide the raft. Little by little the great beast pulled them toward the bank until at last they reached the shore and stepped out safely upon the grass.

They were tired and sad, but after resting for a short time they decided to walk along the riverbank until they found the yellow road again. The country there was so fair that under other conditions they would have enjoyed every moment of it. Dorothy even stopped once to pick a beautiful flower, though her heart was heavy for the lost Scarecrow. Then the Tin Woodman suddenly pointed to the river,

and they saw their friend still perched on his pole in the water, looking lonely and helpless. While they sat trying to think of some way to save him, a great Stork came down near the edge of the river to rest.

Dorothy spoke to the bird very politely and told her all that had happened. The Stork said she would try to help if the Scarecrow was not too heavy, and Dorothy answered eagerly that he was only stuffed with straw. So the great bird rose into the air, flew over the shining water, and caught the Scarecrow with her claws. A moment later she brought him back safely to the bank and set him down beside his friends. The Scarecrow was so full of joy that he hugged them all and sang as they walked on again.

The next day they found themselves in a wide and beautiful country where the grass was soft and many bright flowers grew. Soon, however, Dorothy noticed a field of poppies spreading before them in deep red waves. They were lovely to look at, and she wished to stop and smell them, but the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were uneasy. The sweet smell soon made Dorothy's head feel heavy, and Toto stumbled beside her and then fell fast asleep. The Lion, who was made of flesh like Dorothy, also began to move more slowly and said in a weak voice that the flowers were too strong for him.

The Scarecrow quickly understood the danger and told the Lion to run as fast as he could for the end of the field. Then he and the Tin Woodman lifted Dorothy between them in a chair made with their arms, and Toto lay asleep in her lap. They carried her forward as steadily as they could, but before long they came upon the Lion lying asleep among the poppies. He had fallen only a short distance from the green fields beyond, yet he was far too large for them to lift. So they brought Dorothy out of the deadly flowers and laid her gently on the grass near the river, hoping the fresh air would soon wake her.

As they stood there, the Tin Woodman heard a low growl and turned just in time to see a great yellow Wildcat rushing across the grass after a small gray field mouse. Though he had no heart, he knew the little creature was in danger and raised his axe at once. With one quick blow he cut off the Wildcat's head and saved the mouse. To his surprise the mouse thanked him in a tiny voice and

declared herself to be the Queen of all the Field Mice. Soon many mice came running, and when Toto awoke and barked at them, the poor little creatures scattered in fear until the Tin Woodman held the dog and called them back.

The Scarecrow then thought of a way to save the Lion. He asked the Mouse Queen whether she had many subjects, and she answered proudly that she had thousands. So the mice were sent out in every direction, and before long the grass seemed alive with them, each carrying a string in its mouth. While the Tin Woodman built a small truck from branches and tree trunks, Dorothy awoke and was astonished to find herself surrounded by mice. Then the strings were tied to the truck, and the many little animals pulled it to the place where the Lion slept. With help from the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, they got the Lion onto it and dragged him at last out of the poppy field into the fresh, green country.

Dorothy thanked the mice warmly, for she had grown very fond of the Lion. The Queen said that if they ever needed help again, they had only to call, and she and all her people would come. Then the mice ran away into the grass, and Dorothy held Toto tightly so he would not chase them. For some time the Lion still lay asleep from the poison of the flowers, and there was nothing more they could do for him. So they sat down beside him to wait, and the Scarecrow brought Dorothy fruit from a nearby tree for her dinner while the quiet river moved slowly by.

Part 5

After a time the Lion opened his eyes and looked around him in wonder. He lifted his great head, breathed the fresh air deeply, and soon stood up on his feet again. Dorothy clapped her hands with joy, and Toto danced around him, barking with delight. The Lion said he had never slept so heavily in his life and felt as if the bad dream of the poppy field were still in his head. When he heard how the field mice had helped save him, he said he would never again laugh at small creatures, because even the smallest might do a great kindness.

Then the travelers once more took the yellow road and walked on with lighter

hearts. The country ahead was richer and better cared for than the wild places they had crossed before, and before evening they came to a farm-house. A woman stood in the doorway, and when she saw Dorothy's silver shoes and the mark upon her forehead, she received the party kindly. She gave Dorothy a good supper of porridge, eggs, and fresh white bread, and she fed Toto too, which pleased the little dog greatly. The Lion tasted the porridge but said with some pride that oats were food for horses and not for lions, while the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood by quietly and ate nothing.

That night Dorothy slept safely in a clean bed, with Toto beside her and the Lion lying across the doorway to guard her. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman stood in a corner and waited for morning, for neither sleep nor darkness troubled them. At sunrise they thanked the woman and set out again. Very soon Dorothy saw a soft green light shining in the sky ahead of them, and her heart beat fast. "That must be the Emerald City," she said, and all of them looked forward with fresh hope.

As they walked on, the green light grew stronger and brighter, until even the road itself seemed touched by it. At last, late in the afternoon, they came to a high wall of shining green stone, and in the wall was a great gate set with emeralds that flashed in the sun. Dorothy saw a bell beside the gate and pressed the button, and from within came a sweet silvery sound. Then the great gate swung open, and the travelers stepped into a high arched room whose walls glittered with countless green jewels. A little man stood waiting there, all dressed in green, with green skin and a large green box at his side.

When Dorothy said they had come to see the Great Oz, the little man was so surprised that he sat down to think. He warned them that Oz was powerful and terrible, and that he might destroy those who came to trouble him for no good reason. But Dorothy said their business was important, and the Scarecrow added that they had been told Oz was a good Wizard. The man then said that he was the Guardian of the Gates and that, since they truly wished to see Oz, he must lead them to the Palace. Before they could enter the city itself, however, he said they must all wear green spectacles, because the brightness of the Emerald City would

blind them otherwise.

So the Guardian took spectacles from the green box and locked them carefully on Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Lion, and even Toto. Then he put on his own and opened another gate with a golden key. At once they entered the city and found themselves in streets more beautiful than anything Dorothy had ever imagined. The houses were of green marble and shining stones, the pavement was green, and even the people were dressed in green clothes and wore green spectacles upon their eyes. Green horses drew green carriages, green men sold green goods, and all around them the bright sunlight flashed from emeralds set in walls, windows, and towers.

The Guardian led them at last to a great palace in the center of the city. Before it stood a soldier with green whiskers, and after some talk with the Guardian, the soldier agreed to take the strangers in. They passed through several fine rooms and were shown to chambers where they might wash, rest, and prepare themselves. Dorothy found fresh clothes laid out for her, and a little girl in green braided her hair and made her ready. The Scarecrow was carefully restuffed, the Tin Woodman was polished until he shone, and even the Lion had his mane brushed, so that all of them looked as well as possible before seeing the Great Oz.

The next morning Dorothy was told that Oz would receive her alone. She entered a great throne room and there saw no man upon the throne, but instead a huge Head, larger than the head of the biggest giant. It had eyes and nose and mouth, yet no body at all, and it looked at her so sharply that Dorothy was frightened. Still, she remembered Aunt Em and Uncle Henry and answered bravely when the great voice asked who she was and why she had come. Oz questioned her about the silver shoes and the mark on her forehead, and when she begged him to send her back to Kansas, he refused unless she first killed the Wicked Witch of the West.

Dorothy burst into tears at that answer and said she had never killed anything on purpose in all her life. She told Oz it was cruel to ask such a thing of a little girl, especially when he himself was great and terrible and far stronger than she was. But the huge Head only said that the Witch of the West was wicked and ought

to die, and that until she was dead Dorothy would not return home. The poor child left the room weeping and found the others waiting anxiously outside. When she told them what had happened, they were shocked, yet each still hoped that Oz might at least be kinder to them.

On the next day the Scarecrow was taken in to see the Wizard. He had expected the great Head, but instead he found seated upon the green throne a most lovely Lady, dressed in rich green silk and more beautiful than any woman he had ever imagined. Her sweet face gave him courage, and he begged humbly for brains. But the Lady answered that she never granted favors without something in return, and she too commanded that the Wicked Witch of the West must be killed before the Scarecrow could have what he wanted. When he came back, Dorothy was amazed to hear that Oz had appeared to him not as a Head, but as a beautiful woman, and the Scarecrow said sadly that for all her beauty she seemed to need a heart as much as the Tin Woodman.

The third day it was the Tin Woodman's turn. He had secretly hoped to meet the lovely Lady, because he believed such a person would feel pity for his sorrow, but when he entered the throne room he found instead a terrible Beast sitting there. It was huge and woolly, with five eyes, five long arms, and five long legs, and it looked so dreadful that a man with a heart might have died of fear. Yet the Tin Woodman had no heart and so stood firm, though he was bitterly disappointed. The Beast growled that if he truly desired a heart, he must first help Dorothy destroy the Wicked Witch of the West, and only then would his wish be granted.

On the fourth day the Cowardly Lion went in alone. He had hoped, more than any of the others, that Oz might pity him and make him brave at once. But when he returned, his tail was hanging low and his face was full of shame. He said that Oz had appeared to him as a great Ball of Fire, burning above the throne so fiercely that he could hardly look at it. The fiery voice had declared that courage must also be earned, and the Lion too must help destroy the Wicked Witch before receiving what he desired.

Then the four friends sat together in deep trouble, for now they knew that Oz had given them all the same hard answer. Dorothy was the most unhappy of all,

because the order seemed impossible and because every road back to Kansas still lay closed before her. Yet none of the others wished to leave her, for they believed their own hopes were now tied to hers. At last the Scarecrow said quietly that if they must go west, then west they would go together. The others agreed, and Dorothy dried her eyes, held Toto close in her arms, and prepared herself to face the dark and dangerous land of the Wicked Witch of the West.

Part 6

The next morning the soldier with the green whiskers led Dorothy and her friends through the streets of the Emerald City to the gate. There the Guardian of the Gates unlocked their green spectacles and placed them back in his great box. When Dorothy asked which road led to the Wicked Witch of the West, he answered that there was no road, because no one wished to go there. He said that when the Witch learned they were in the land of the Winkies, she would find them herself and make them all her slaves. The Scarecrow replied that they meant to destroy her, and the Guardian, though surprised, told them only to keep moving west, where the sun went down.

Soon the green city was far behind them, and the land began to change. Dorothy was still wearing the pretty silk dress she had received in the palace, but now it had lost its green color and had become pure white. Even the ribbon on Toto's neck was white now, which seemed very strange to her. The ground grew rough and hilly, and there were no farms, no houses, and almost no trees. By afternoon the sun was very hot, and Dorothy, Toto, and the Lion lay down on the grass to sleep, while the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow remained awake and watched.

Far away in her castle, the Wicked Witch of the West sat at her door and looked out over her land with her one great eye, which could see as far as a telescope. She soon saw Dorothy and her friends resting in the grass, and she was furious that strangers had entered her country. At once she blew a silver whistle, and from every side a pack of great wolves came running to her. Their teeth were

sharp and their eyes were cruel, and the Witch ordered them to tear the travelers to pieces. The leader asked if she wished to keep them as slaves, but the Witch said no, because they were not fit for work.

The wolves ran swiftly over the hills, but the Tin Woodman heard them coming and took up his axe. He told the others to stay behind him, because this was his battle, and when the first wolf sprang at him, he cut off its head with one strong blow. Then another came, and another, and every one died in the same way. There were forty wolves in all, and before long they lay in a great heap before him. When Dorothy woke in the morning and saw them, she was frightened at first, but the Woodman told her what had happened, and she thanked him warmly for saving them.

Again the Witch looked out from her castle and saw that her wolves were all dead and the travelers were still coming forward. This made her more angry than before, and she blew the silver whistle a second time. Then the sky grew dark with a great flock of wild crows, and she ordered them to fly to the strangers, peck out their eyes, and tear them apart. Dorothy was afraid when she saw the black birds rushing toward them, but the Scarecrow said this was his battle and told the others to lie flat upon the ground. When the crows came close, they feared him at first, but their king cried out that he was only stuffed with straw, and flew at his face.

But the Scarecrow caught the king crow by the neck and twisted it until it died. Then he caught another, and another, until all forty crows lay dead beside him in the grass. Dorothy and the others rose and went on again, now full of wonder at how each friend could save the whole party in turn. The Witch was filled with rage when she saw her crows destroyed, and she blew the silver whistle a third time. Then a swarm of black bees came buzzing through the air, thick and terrible as a storm cloud. But the Scarecrow quickly told the Tin Woodman to take out his straw and spread it over Dorothy, Toto, and the Lion, so the bees could not sting them.

The plan worked perfectly. The bees found only the Tin Woodman standing before them, and when they tried to sting him, their stings broke against the tin and they died at once. Dorothy then helped put the straw back into the Scarecrow,

and once more the friends went forward. Now the Witch sent a number of her yellow Winkie slaves with sharp spears, but the Cowardly Lion gave such a mighty roar and leaped at them so fiercely that the poor Winkies ran away in terror. Then the Witch knew that all her common powers had failed, and she turned at last to the Golden Cap, which she had used only twice before. She placed it on her head, spoke the magic words, and called the Winged Monkeys for the third and last time.

The monkeys darkened the sky as they came, laughing and chattering among themselves. Their leader asked what they must do, and the Witch ordered them to destroy all the travelers except the Lion, whom she wished to keep alive and harness like a horse. They obeyed at once. Some seized the Tin Woodman and carried him high into the air before dropping him onto sharp rocks, where he fell bent and broken. Others caught the Scarecrow, pulled all the straw from his clothes, and threw his empty suit into the branches of a tall tree. Then they bound the Lion with strong cords and brought him to the Witch's castle, but when they came to Dorothy, they dared not harm her because they saw the shining mark of the good Witch's kiss upon her forehead.

So the Winged Monkeys took Toto away in the air and carried Dorothy herself to the castle, setting her down in a room before the Wicked Witch. The old woman was both angry and afraid, for she knew the mark on Dorothy's forehead protected the child from direct harm. But she also saw the silver shoes and wanted them badly, because she knew there was strong magic in them. She made Dorothy work in the kitchen and in the house like a servant, while she kept the Lion shut in a yard and tried to starve him so he would agree to pull her chariot. Dorothy, however, fed him secretly and spoke kindly to him, and the Lion would rather die than become the Witch's beast.

The Witch watched Dorothy every day, waiting for a chance to steal the silver shoes. Dorothy never took them off except at night or when she bathed, and the Witch was too afraid of darkness and too afraid of water to take them then. At last the wicked old creature used a trick. She laid an invisible bar of iron across the kitchen floor, and when Dorothy walked there, she stumbled and fell. One of the

silver shoes slipped from her foot, and before she could seize it again, the Witch snatched it up and placed it on her own skinny foot. Dorothy grew so angry that she demanded it back, and when the Witch laughed and said she would someday take the other shoe as well, Dorothy lost all patience.

A bucket of water stood near, and Dorothy caught it up and threw it over the Witch from head to foot. At once the old woman gave a terrible cry and began to melt away before Dorothy's eyes. She cried that water would destroy her, and Dorothy, though frightened, could only stare as the Witch shrank and became a brown, soft mass upon the floor. When she was gone, Dorothy poured more water over the mess and swept it out the door. Then she picked up the silver shoe, dried it carefully, put it back on her foot, and ran at once to free the Lion and tell him that the Wicked Witch of the West was dead.

There was great joy among the Winkies when they heard the news, because the Witch had ruled them with cruelty for many years. Dorothy called them together and told them they were free, and they cheered her with all their hearts. But she could not be happy while the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow were still lost, so she and the Lion asked the Winkies to help search for them. First they found the Tin Woodman lying battered upon the rocks, and Dorothy cried when she saw him in such a sad condition. The Winkies carried him gently back to the Yellow Castle, and the tinsmiths among them worked for three days and four nights until they had mended him, straightened him, soldered him, and made him as good as before, though now he wore a few patches.

When the Tin Woodman was well again, Dorothy and the others went out once more and found the tall tree where the monkeys had thrown the Scarecrow's clothes. The Woodman cut it down with his axe, and the empty clothes fell from the branches. Then the Winkies carried them back to the castle, filled them with clean straw, and soon the Scarecrow stood smiling and thanking everyone again and again. After a few happy days together at the Yellow Castle, Dorothy said they must return to the Emerald City and make Oz keep his promise. The Winkies begged the Tin Woodman to stay and rule over them, and when the friends still chose to leave, the Winkies gave them rich gifts for the road; and when Dorothy

went to the Witch's cupboard for food, she saw the Golden Cap, tried it on, liked its beauty, and decided to wear it as they began their journey back to Oz.

Part 7

The way back to the Emerald City was much harder than the way to the Yellow Castle, because no road ran through the wide yellow fields. Dorothy and her friends walked as well as they could among the flowers and long grass, but often they lost their direction and had to stop and think. At last Dorothy remembered the Golden Cap upon her head and wondered if it might help them. None of the others knew anything about it, so she looked inside and found strange words written there. When she spoke them aloud, the air grew dark with wings, and in a moment the Winged Monkeys stood before her.

Their King bowed low and asked what she wished. Dorothy said that she and her friends wanted to go at once to the Emerald City. The King answered that they would gladly carry her there, because the owner of the Golden Cap had the right to command them. Then the monkeys lifted Dorothy, Toto, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Lion, and rose high into the air with them. The wind blew cool against Dorothy's face, and below her she saw the yellow land, the green places, and the dark woods all passing swiftly away.

As they flew, Dorothy asked the Monkey King why he and his people must obey the Golden Cap. He told her that long ago the Winged Monkeys had been a free and playful people who loved jokes more than anything else. Once, when a beautiful princess named Gayelette was going to marry a magician named Quelala, the monkeys played a foolish trick and spoiled part of the wedding. Quelala was angry, and he used his magic to punish them. He made the Golden Cap and ordered that whoever owned it might command the monkeys three times. After that the cap passed from one owner to another, and at last it came to the Wicked Witch of the West.

Dorothy listened with great interest and felt sorry for the monkeys, who had been forced to serve cruel masters. The King said that after Dorothy used the cap

once more, only one command would remain. Then he asked whether she would keep the cap or give it away when her own need was over. Dorothy answered kindly that she did not yet know, because she still wished to return to Kansas and might need every help she could find. The Monkey King said he understood, and after that they flew on in silence. Before long the green walls and towers of the Emerald City rose before them in the sunlight.

The monkeys set the travelers down outside the gate and disappeared as quickly as they had come. The Guardian of the Gates could hardly believe his eyes when he saw them again, and when he heard that Dorothy had melted the Wicked Witch of the West, he bowed to her with great respect. Soon all the people of the Emerald City heard the news, and a great crowd followed Dorothy and her companions to the palace. They were shown once more to their old rooms, and there they rested and waited for Oz to call them. But one day passed, and then another, and still no message came.

The waiting became harder each day, because they had suffered much to win Oz's help. Dorothy thought of home more than ever, and the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Lion all felt that the Wizard was treating them badly. At last the Scarecrow sent a strong message to Oz and said that if he would not see them, they would call the Winged Monkeys and discover whether he meant to keep his promises or not. This frightened Oz very much, though they did not know it then, and he sent word that they should come to the Throne Room the next morning. So they went there together, expecting once more to see some terrible shape upon the throne.

But when they entered, the great room was empty. No giant Head looked down at them, no lovely Lady sat smiling, no dreadful Beast waited there, and no Ball of Fire burned above the chair. Instead they heard a solemn voice from somewhere above them, saying, "I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?" Dorothy answered that they had come to claim the promises he had made, because the Wicked Witch of the West was dead. Oz seemed uneasy and asked whether that was truly so, and when Dorothy said she had melted the Witch with water, the voice replied that he needed more time to think.

Then the Tin Woodman grew angry, and Dorothy stood firm, and even the Scarecrow spoke sharply. The Lion, wishing to frighten the Wizard, gave such a huge roar that Toto jumped away in alarm and knocked over a screen in a corner of the room. Behind it they saw, not a mighty Wizard, but a little old man with a bald head and a wrinkled face. He looked at them in fear and tried to hide, but they rushed toward him at once. Dorothy cried, "So you are Oz!" and the little man answered sadly that he was, though he was ashamed to say it.

At first Dorothy was very angry and said he was a humbug. The old man admitted it and begged them not to be too hard on him, because he had never meant real harm. He told them that many years before he had been a balloon man in Omaha and also knew how to make tricks, throw his voice, and seem wiser than he really was. One day his balloon rose too high and carried him far away until he came down in the Land of Oz. The people there thought a man who had fallen from the sky must be a great wizard, and because his name was Oz, they made him their ruler.

He confessed that he had built the Emerald City and ordered everyone to wear green spectacles, so the place would seem grander and richer than it truly was. He said he had hidden behind shapes and voices because he feared people would discover how small and ordinary he really was. Yet he also told them that, although he was no wizard, he believed he could still help the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Lion. Dorothy's case was harder, and on that matter he asked for a little more time. In return for his efforts, he begged them to keep his secret, and because they now pitied him more than they hated him, they agreed.

The next morning the Scarecrow went first, full of hope. Oz took off his head, emptied out the straw, and filled the top with bran mixed with many pins and needles. When the head was fastened on again, Oz said these were brand-new brains, and the Scarecrow was proud and delighted. After that the Tin Woodman went in, and Oz cut a little square in his breast, placed inside a beautiful silk heart stuffed with sawdust, and soldered him up neatly again. The Tin Woodman came back full of joy, sure that he now possessed the kind heart he had longed for.

Last of all the Lion entered the room. Oz told him that courage was always

inside a man or beast, but that many people needed something to make them believe in it. Then he poured a green liquid from a bottle into a dish and told the Lion to drink it. The Lion swallowed it bravely, though he feared it might be poison, and at once Oz declared that it was courage itself. When the Lion returned to the others, he walked with his head high and said he felt strong enough to face anything. Dorothy watched her three friends with real happiness, and though Oz had not yet found a way to send her home, she allowed herself to hope that perhaps he still might do it.

Part 8

Dorothy still hoped that Oz, though not a real wizard, might somehow find a way to send her home. One day he called her to him and said that he had been thinking hard about the matter. He explained that he had once gone up in a balloon many times before he came to the Land of Oz, and he believed he might do so again. If he could make a new balloon and the wind was kind, he said, he might fly back across the desert and perhaps reach the world from which he had come. Then he looked at Dorothy and added that she might go with him if she wished.

Dorothy cried out with joy, for the thought of returning to Kansas had never left her heart for a single day. Oz told her that it would take a little time to prepare everything, because a balloon large enough to carry both of them must first be made. So the people of the Emerald City were set to work at once. They brought green silk, strong cords, and all the things Oz needed, and for several days he was busy in a great room of the palace. Dorothy visited him often and watched with eager eyes as the great green balloon slowly took shape.

At last everything was ready. The balloon was carried out before the people, and it looked so large and fine that everyone in the Emerald City came to see it. Oz dressed himself in a handsome coat of blue silk and stood proudly beside the basket, talking in a loud voice about the journey he was about to make. He told the people that the wind would soon carry him and Dorothy away, and the crowd shouted and cheered because they wished their old ruler well, even though they

were sorry to lose him. Dorothy stood nearby with Toto in her arms and felt that after all her troubles, the end of her journey might now be near.

Then Oz called to her to come quickly, because the balloon was straining at the ropes and wished to rise. At that very moment Toto saw a kitten in the crowd and jumped from Dorothy's arms to chase it. Dorothy could not bear to leave him behind, so she ran after the little dog and caught him at last. But while she was doing this, the ropes that held the balloon broke with a sudden crack, and the great bag rose into the air before anyone could stop it. Dorothy ran back with Toto in her arms, crying for Oz to come down again, but he could only lean over the edge of the basket and wave his hand helplessly.

"Good-bye!" he called as the balloon rose higher and higher above the city. All the people looked upward and shouted farewell, while Dorothy stood below in bitter disappointment. In a few moments the balloon had become only a small dark shape in the sky, and soon after that it disappeared entirely. No one in the Emerald City ever saw Oz again. Dorothy felt that her best hope had flown away from her, and though she did not regret saving Toto, she wept as if her heart would break.

For several days all the city was full of sadness. Dorothy mourned because she was still far from Kansas, and the others were sorry too, for Oz had at least tried to help them. The Tin Woodman came to Dorothy and said that he felt he should cry a little for the man who had given him his beautiful heart. Dorothy kindly agreed to wipe away his tears as they fell, and she stood beside him with a towel while he wept for some time. When he had finished, he thanked her warmly and oiled himself with great care so that no harm should come from his sorrow.

Meanwhile the Scarecrow had become the ruler of the Emerald City, and the people were proud of him. They often said there could not be another city in the world ruled by a stuffed man, and so they felt their city was more wonderful than ever. The morning after Oz had gone away, Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Lion met together in the Throne Room. The Scarecrow sat in the great throne and looked pleased, and the others stood before him. He said that they were not altogether unlucky, because the city and the palace now belonged

to them, and he himself had risen from a cornfield to a throne.

The Tin Woodman said that he too was content, because he had at last the heart he had wanted for so long. The Lion said modestly that he was satisfied to know he was as brave as any beast that lived. But Dorothy could not be satisfied, and at last she said sadly that she could not live forever in Oz, however beautiful it was. She told them that Aunt Em would be grieving for her, and that all she truly wanted was to go home. At those words her friends became silent, because they loved her and knew her sorrow was real.

Then the Scarecrow began to think as hard as he could, and soon he said there might still be one hope left. He remembered that there was another good witch in the Land of Oz, the Witch of the South, whose name was Glinda. Perhaps, he said, Glinda might know what no one else knew and could tell Dorothy how to return home. So they sent for the soldier with the green whiskers and asked him about Glinda and the road to her country. The soldier told them that Glinda was indeed the Good Witch of the South and ruled the Quadlings, but the journey was long and full of dangers, and between the Emerald City and the South Country lay strange places that few people ever crossed.

Even so, the Scarecrow said that Dorothy's best chance was to travel south and ask Glinda for help. At once the Lion declared that he would go too, because he was tired of city life and longed again for woods and open country, and because Dorothy would need someone to protect her. The Tin Woodman said that his axe might be useful, so he also would go. Then, to Dorothy's surprise, the Scarecrow himself said that he would not leave her until she had safely started back to Kansas at last, because all his good fortune had begun when she took him down from the pole in the cornfield. Dorothy thanked them with all her heart, and the Scarecrow said they would start the next morning, for the journey would be long and they must make ready at once.

Part 9

The next morning Dorothy and her friends left the Emerald City and turned

their faces toward the South. Before going, they looked back once at the green towers and shining walls behind them. The Tin Woodman said that Oz had not been such a bad Wizard after all, because he had given them what they most needed, even if he had done it in a strange way. The Scarecrow agreed and said he was very proud of his fine new brains. Dorothy said little, but in her heart she forgave Oz, because he had at least tried to help her.

The first day's journey led them through green fields full of flowers, and that night they slept on the soft grass under the stars. In the morning they came to a thick forest that stretched so far to the right and left that they could not see any end to it. Since they feared losing their direction if they went around it, they searched for the easiest place to enter. The Scarecrow found a great tree with branches high enough to leave a space below, and he walked toward it boldly. But the moment he passed under the first branches, they bent down, caught him up, and threw him back among the others.

Dorothy ran to help him and saw that he was not hurt, though he looked surprised and confused. The Lion found another opening and called to them, but when the Scarecrow tried that place, the same thing happened again. The travelers then understood that the trees were alive and meant to drive all strangers away. The Tin Woodman at once stepped forward with his axe upon his shoulder and faced the first tree. When a large branch bent down to seize him, he struck it so sharply that he cut it in two, and the whole tree shook with pain and fear.

"Come quickly!" he cried, and the others ran after him as fast as they could. The angry branches did not dare touch the Woodman again, though one small one seized Toto and shook him until he howled. The Tin Woodman cut that branch off too and set the little dog free at once. After that, the rest of the forest did not trouble them, and they passed safely through. Dorothy said she thought the first row of trees must be the guards of the forest, and the others agreed that this was likely true.

Beyond the forest they came to a high wall of bright white china, smooth and shining in the sun. There was no gate, but when the Lion looked over it, he said he could see a strange country on the other side. Dorothy climbed onto his back

and peeped over, and there she saw little houses, little people, little trees, and little cows, all made of fine painted china. Since they could not go through the wall, the Lion gathered himself and jumped upon it, and one by one he carried Dorothy, Toto, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman across. As he leaped down again, his tail struck a tiny china church and broke it to pieces, and Dorothy felt sorry, though she said they had been lucky to do no worse harm in such a brittle land.

The little china people were very beautiful, but they were as delicate as glass and moved about carefully for fear of being broken. A pretty china princess came out of her little house and warned Dorothy not to take any of them away, because if they left that country they would grow stiff and lose all life. Dorothy had thought for a moment that such a tiny princess might please Aunt Em, but when she heard this she saw that it would be cruel to remove her. So she only watched with wonder while the little people walked and talked, and then she and her friends went on. They were all glad to leave the dainty country behind, because one careless step might have brought sorrow to its small and fragile people.

Soon after that the land changed again and became full of bogs, marshes, and tall, wild grass. It was hard to walk there, because muddy holes lay hidden under the grass, and Dorothy had to move with great care. At last they reached firm ground and entered another forest, older and grander than any they had seen before. The Lion lifted his head with joy and said he had never known a place that looked so much like a true home for wild beasts. That night they slept beneath the trees, and in the morning they heard deep growls and the sound of many animals gathering nearby.

Before long they came to an opening in the forest where hundreds of beasts had met together. There were tigers, wolves, bears, foxes, elephants, and many others, and at first Dorothy was frightened. But when the animals saw the Lion, they became quiet at once, and the largest tiger bowed low before him. He said that the beasts were in great trouble because a fierce monster, like a giant spider, had entered the forest and was killing them one after another. The Lion listened calmly and then asked where the creature lived. When the beasts showed him the way, he said he would go and fight it alone, because that was the duty of the King

of Beasts.

Dorothy was very anxious for him, but the Lion walked away with proud and steady steps. In time he reached the place where the great spider-creature waited, with a body as large as an elephant and legs as long as tree trunks. The monster rushed at him, but the Lion sprang aside, struck with his heavy paw, and then leaped upon its back. The fight was terrible, yet it did not last long, because the Lion's claws and teeth were strong and his courage was now complete. At last the spider lay dead upon the ground, and the Lion returned to the opening and told the waiting beasts that they need fear their enemy no more.

Then all the animals bowed before him and declared him their King. They begged him to stay and rule over them forever, but the Lion answered that he must first see Dorothy safely on her way to Kansas. He promised to return when her journey was over, and the beasts roared with joy at the promise. Dorothy was delighted to see that her friend had now truly become what he had wished to be from the beginning. The Lion himself was happier than she had ever seen him, for now he knew beyond doubt that he was no coward at all.

Leaving the forest behind them, the four travelers came at last to a steep hill covered with huge rocks. The Scarecrow said it would be a hard climb, but they must cross it to reach the country of the Quadlings. They had scarcely begun when a rough voice cried out and ordered them to keep back. A short, thick creature with no arms appeared from behind a rock and declared that the hill belonged to his people and no one might pass. When the Scarecrow tried to move forward anyway, the man shot out his hard, flat head upon a long neck and struck him so sharply that he rolled back down the hill.

At once the others saw that many more of these strange beings were hiding behind the rocks. The Lion grew angry and sprang upward with a loud roar, but another great head shot out and sent him rolling back as well. Dorothy helped him up, and all of them saw that it was useless to fight such creatures face to face. Then the Tin Woodman remembered the Golden Cap and said there was still one command left. Dorothy put on the cap, spoke the magic words, and the Winged Monkeys came flying to her for the last time. She asked them to carry her and her

friends over the hill into the country of the Quadlings, and they obeyed at once, lifting the whole party high above the Hammer-Heads and setting them down safely on the farther side, where Dorothy saw before her the beautiful red country that led at last toward Glinda.

Part 10

The country of the Quadlings was rich and beautiful, and everything there seemed to shine with shades of red. The grass had a red color, the streams flashed red in the light, and many of the houses were painted a warm red too. Dorothy and her friends walked on until they came at last to a great castle standing in a broad field, with walls and roofs that glowed like rubies. Before the gate stood soldiers dressed in red, and they spoke politely when they learned that Dorothy wished to see Glinda, the Good Witch of the South. Soon word was sent inside, and the travelers were welcomed with honor and led into the castle.

Glinda was more beautiful than Dorothy had expected. She was young to look at, though very wise, and she wore a pure white dress that seemed to shine softly around her. Her long red hair fell over her shoulders, and her blue eyes were kind and clear. When Dorothy told her all that had happened, from the cyclone in Kansas to the death of the Wicked Witch of the West, Glinda listened with deep attention and asked many careful questions. At last she smiled and said that Dorothy had indeed had a long and difficult journey, but now the end of it was near.

Then Dorothy asked at once if Glinda could send her back to Kansas. Glinda answered that she could, and Dorothy was so full of joy that she almost cried. But before explaining how, Glinda wished to hear about the Golden Cap. Dorothy took it from her basket and gave it to the good witch, saying that she no longer wanted such power for herself and thought Glinda would know the best use for it. Glinda was pleased and said she would call the Winged Monkeys three times, once for each of Dorothy's dear friends, and then she would give the cap to the Monkey King so that he and his people would be free forever.

This seemed just and kind to all of them, and Dorothy was glad that the poor monkeys would at last escape their old enchantment. Then Glinda turned to the Scarecrow and asked where he wished to go. He answered that he must return to the Emerald City, because the people there expected him and he wished to rule as wisely as his new brains would allow. The Tin Woodman said he desired to go back to the Winkies, who had asked him to be their king, and the Lion said he longed for the great forest where the beasts waited for him. Glinda promised that each should soon reach the place where he truly belonged.

At last Dorothy said, "But how am I to get back to Kansas?" Glinda looked down at the silver shoes and laughed gently. She told Dorothy that the power to carry her home had been upon her feet from the beginning. All Dorothy needed to do was knock the heels together three times and command the shoes to take her wherever she wished to go. Dorothy was almost too amazed to speak, and then she cried out that if she had known this earlier, she could have returned to Aunt Em at once. Glinda answered wisely that then Dorothy would never have gained such loving friends, and the Scarecrow would not have received brains, the Tin Woodman a heart, or the Lion his courage.

Dorothy saw that this was true, and though she still wished with all her heart to go home, she knew the journey had changed many lives besides her own. Then Glinda lifted the Golden Cap and spoke the magic words. At once the Winged Monkeys appeared in the air above the castle, and their King bowed low before her. Glinda told them to carry the Scarecrow back to the Emerald City, and they obeyed at once. Dorothy kissed the Scarecrow good-bye and thanked him for his faithful friendship, and he answered that he would never forget the girl who had first taken him down from the pole.

When the monkeys had returned, Glinda called them a second time and ordered them to carry the Tin Woodman to the land of the Winkies. Dorothy embraced him warmly, and the Tin Woodman said that although his heart might now make him weep more easily, it would never make him forget her. Then the monkeys came for the third time, and Glinda sent the Lion back to the forest where the beasts were waiting for their king. Dorothy put her arms around his great neck

and pressed her face against his mane. The Lion said that all his courage had first been tested beside her on the yellow road, and then he went away with a mighty leap and a last deep roar of farewell.

When the three friends had gone, Dorothy stood very still with Toto in her arms and looked at the empty sky. She felt joy because home was now so near, yet her heart was heavy because parting from dear friends is never easy. Glinda spoke kindly to comfort her and said that she would always remember the little girl from Kansas who had come so far with so brave a spirit. Dorothy thanked the good witch for all her help and promised never to forget her. Then Glinda bent down and kissed the child, and Toto barked softly as if he understood that the last moment had come.

Dorothy took Toto in her arms, looked once more at the red castle, and then looked up at Glinda and smiled through her tears. "Now I am ready," she said. She clicked the heels of the silver shoes together three times and cried, "Take me home to Aunt Em!" At once the shoes began to sparkle and flash, and Dorothy felt herself rising swiftly into the air. The wind rushed past her, the lands of Oz flew below her like a dream, and before she could even think clearly where she was, the silver shoes slipped from her feet and fell into the desert far below, where no one could ever find them again.

The next moment Dorothy was rolling over and over upon the dry grass of the Kansas prairie. She sat up quickly and looked around with wide eyes. There was the old gray house, and there was the new farmhouse Uncle Henry had built after the cyclone had carried the first one away. Uncle Henry was milking the cows, and Toto ran in circles with delight upon the familiar ground. Aunt Em came out of the house, and for a moment she stood still and stared, as if she could not believe what she saw.

Then Dorothy sprang up and ran to her with a cry of joy. Aunt Em caught her in her arms and covered her face with kisses, calling her darling child again and again. Dorothy looked at the gray prairie, the little house, and the plain clothes of her aunt, and to her they were more beautiful than all the wonders of Oz. She held Aunt Em tightly and said, "I am so glad to be home again!"