

hadn't thought of that. well, we have to go on, dorothy, said the scarecrow. well do our best to protect you all, said the tin man. the lion gingerly opened the gates and peered in. not a soul in sight, he said. maybe they're all at a convention or something, he added hopefully. as they walked, everyone felt better. tickleland was quite pretty, really. rolling hills of green grass and clumps of trees here and there. as they approached some trees, they noticed a well. would you like a drink of water, dorothy asked the tin woodman. oh yes, please, replied dorothy. i'm quite thirsty. as the tin man lowered the bucket, he began to relax. well, remarked the scarecrow, it looks as though we may walk right through tickleland without seeing one ticklemonster. ticklelands not very big, you know. look, there the borders right there. everyone turned in the direction he was pointing in and, sure enough, the border was about the same distance as they'd traveled so far. what a relief, said dorothy as the tin woodman handed her a ladle of water from the well. mmmm, this is good, said dorothy. so refreshing. surprise said a loud voice. everyone jumped. they turned to see about twenty ticklemonsters who quickly surrounded them. are we glad to see you, said one who appeared to be their leader. he was a little taller than the others and was the one who had greeted them so abruptly. we welcome you to tickleland, he continued, bending over in a mock bow. i might add that we are all very hungry, so we doubly welcome you. grab those two he said, pointing to the tin woodman and scarecrow. six of the ticklemonsters quickly jumped on them and held their arms and legs. now, said the leader, let's have us a feast oh, no, said the lion, beginning to laugh uncontrollably. i won't be able to stand it. the was a matter of course. then he looked at trustingly which, despite all his friendliness, he had not done until then, and added, they're always rebelling. but the conversation seemed to have become a little uncomfortable for him, as he broke it off by saying, now i have to report to the office. would you like to come with me there's nothing for me to do there, said you'd be able to have a look at it. no one will take any notice of you. is it worth seeing then asked hesitatingly, although he felt very keen to go with him. well, said the usher, i thought you'd be interested in it. alright then, said finally, i'll come with you. and, quicker than the usher himself, he ran up the steps. at the entrance he nearly fell over, as behind the door there was another step. they don't show much concern for the public, he said. they don't show any concern at all, said the usher, just look at the waiting room here. it consisted of a long corridor from which roughly made doors led out to the separate departments of the attic. there was no direct source of light but it was not entirely dark as many of the departments, instead of solid walls, had just wooden bars reaching up to the ceiling to separate them from the corridor. the light made its way in through them, and it was also possible to see individual officials through them as they sat writing at their desks or stood up at the wooden frameworks and watched the people on the corridor through the gaps. there were only a few people in the corridor, probably because it was sunday. they were not very impressive. they sat, equally spaced, on two rows of long wooden benches which had been placed along both sides of the corridor. all of them were carelessly dressed although the expressions on plan into execution. the expected express arrived with several letters, but the emperor did not come back. it grew dark, and heavy rain drops fell from the overcast sky, and still antinous was alone. his anxious longing was mingled with regret for the lost opportunity of seeing selene and alarm at the emperor's prolonged absence. in spite of the rain, which began to fall more violently, he went out into the open air, of which the sweltering oppressiveness had helped to fetter his feeble volition, and called to the dogs, with whose help he proposed seeking the emperor; but just then he heard the bark of argus, and soon after hadrian and mastor stepped out of the darkness into the brightness which shone out from the tent, where lights were burning. the emperor gave his favorite but a brief greeting and silently submitted while antinous dried his hair and brought him some refreshments, and mastor bathed his feet and dressed him in fresh garments. as he reclined with the bathyman, before the supper which was standing ready, he said: a strange evening how hot and oppressive the atmosphere is. we must be on the lookout, something serious is brewing. what happened to you, my lord many things. at the door