



THE WIZARD OF OZ VOCABULARY

BUILDER

by Mark Phillips

Introduction

If your vocabulary needs building, you're probably the type of person who doesn't like to read. But because people remember the meanings of unfamiliar words only if they learn them in context, the only way to build your vocabulary is—you guessed it—by reading. And the fastest and most painless way of putting that idea into practice is by reading just one short book that happens to include all the vocabulary words you need to know—for standardized tests such as the SAT or GRE, or for everyday intelligent-sounding conversation.

Just as people might use “The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog” to easily and conveniently test out the keys of a typewriter or computer (because it contains all 26 letters of the alphabet in a single, short sentence), you can use *The Wizard of Oz Vocabulary Builder* (a specially rewritten version of L. Frank Baum's classic, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*) to easily and conveniently build your vocabulary (because it contains all the words you need to know, 1850 of them, in context, in a single, short book).

Whereas the physical edition of this book includes definitions by the author at the bottom of each page, this Kindle edition instead makes use of Kindle's built-in dictionary. In the story, each vocabulary word appears in capital letters. Simply use Kindle's “Lookup” feature to instantly reveal the definition of the word. (If the built-in dictionary seems not to include the word in question, use Kindle's “Search” feature to find the word in the



built-in dictionary. If the word still does not appear, search for a simpler form of the word; that is, present tense rather than past tense, singular rather than plural, and so on.)

SlackaHead



Chapter 1 “The Tornado”

Once upon a time, a WINSOME young orphan named Dorothy lived with her Aunt Em and Uncle Henry on a bleak, HARDSCRABBLE Kansas farm. Located about fifty feet from their SPARTAN little house was a small underground room called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those mighty, house-crushing whirlwinds arose.

Dorothy’s one real joy came from playing with Toto, her little black dog. Toto had long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny little nose. Together they frittered away many an afternoon, frolicking among the haystacks in perpetual delight, far beneath the PELLUCID Kansas skies.

One day, while HUNKERED down to milk a MOTTLED cow, Uncle Henry kept an anxious eye toward an increasingly OMINOUS sky above. Suddenly seeing the long grass ripple before him, he froze. Now there came a sharp whistling from behind him, and as he turned his head he saw UNDULATIONS in the grass in that direction also. The usually PHLEGMATIC farmer bolted straight up in alert attention. “There’s a twister coming, Em,” he shouted to his wife. Ever SOLICITOUS of his livestock, he bolted toward the barn.

With uncommon ALACRITY, Aunt Em dropped her work and ran to the door. One glance at the LOWERING sky told her of the coming danger. “Quick, Dorothy!” she shrieked. “Run for the cyclone cellar!”

GALVANIZED into action by Aunt Em’s STRIDENT EXHORTATION, Dorothy grabbed Toto and followed her aunt to the metal trap door that led to the SANCTUARY of the underground room. But just as she was about to enter, Toto jumped from her arms and scampered back into the house. After running this way and that, he found what seemed to be a safe HAVEN—a spot under the center of Dorothy’s bed.



Not yet appreciating the full power of the storm, and despite her aunt's hurried ADMONITIONS, Dorothy started back to retrieve the little dog from the house, which, framed against the EERIE, electrified sky, lost its PROSAIC outlines and became mysterious and threatening. After she had taken only two steps, the tornado descended violently, DECIMATING everything in sight. The wind, tearing past her at ninety miles an hour, seized a sharp-edged shingle from the roof and flung it downward through the air like a guillotine that missed Dorothy's neck by mere inches.

Now the wind took hold of the girl and knocked her down. All around her, flying flowerpots, DENUDED branches, and pieces of fence smashed to bits as they struck the ground. She slowly raised herself to her feet, and, INCLINING her body sharply forward, set out again toward the house. But her flapping dress HOBbled her as it clung to her legs at every step.

With her head down and arms stretched out before her, she stumbled on, feeling her way like a blind girl. After every few steps some unseen flying object appeared from the darkness and struck her. But when she screamed out in fear and pain, her own voice was OBLITERATED by the deafening, insane music of the swirling storm.

With great difficulty she had now crossed the yard, and as she was about to enter the house, the storm made a final MALEVOLENT gesture. Two sharp metal gutters, stripped from the roof by a single blast of wind, came flying toward her like parallel spears. Before she knew what had happened, she saw them stick themselves deeply into the ground at her feet!

Now inside the house, she desperately looked for Toto. The wind, which outside the house had maintained a constant course, now swirled around the furniture in a hundred directions and made it impossible for Dorothy to walk in a straight line. She was tossed and battered like a ship in a MAELSTROM until an ERRATIC VORTEX caught her and flung her upon her bed, where she lost consciousness.

Then something strange ENSUED. The house, now at the center of the tornado, where the air is somehow strangely still, whirled around two or three times, then started to rise slowly through the air like a balloon. Once



at the PINNACLE of the twister's funnel, it was whisked across the boundless FIRMAMENT.

When Dorothy finally regained consciousness she saw that the air in her room was still, but she lay on the bed with Toto beside her until her shattered nerves began to compose themselves. Then she looked out the window and was horrified to see that her house was airborne! It was terribly dark outside, and the wind, which refused to ABATE, howled horribly.

Dorothy found that in spite of the surrounding TURBULENCE, the house was riding quite easily. When several hours had passed without a catastrophe, she settled down a bit, and then, examining her situation, began to seriously LAMENT her PLIGHT. After all, when the house fell again, she and Toto could be smashed to pieces. With a brave but SPURIOUS INSOUCIANCE, she decided to wait and see what would happen next. But the gentle swaying of the house was a SOPORIFIC, and Dorothy finally became drowsy and fell asleep.

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Chapter 2 “The Munchkins”

A sudden shock jolted Dorothy awake. She noticed that she was back on the ground UNSCATHED, and she gratefully patted the PLIANT mattress she and Toto had been lying upon. Brilliant sunshine SUFFUSED the house with light. Dorothy, feeling restored and refreshed, leaped from her bed and ran to the door. Then, as a wave of uncertainty came over her, she GINGERLY pushed it open.

As she stepped outside, a little cry of amazement escaped from her lips. As her pupils contracted to adjust to the bright sunlight, her eyes simultaneously widened at the unbelievable VISTA she beheld.

Sparkling brooks MEANDERED through VERDANT fields, and VARIEGATED profusions of flowers sprang COPIOUSLY from LUXURIANT banks. Friendly trees PROFFERED CORNUCOPIAS of luscious fruits, and singing birds of brilliant, IRIDESCENT plumage fluttered from bush to bush.

All this was so different from the ARID, gray prairies she had known, that Dorothy SURMISED she was no longer in Kansas. She promptly divulged her little EPIPHANY to Toto.

For a while, she stood, mouth AGAPE, in a state of TRANSFIXED INCREDULITY. As she finally came out of her STUPOR, she noticed a KNOT of strange little people approaching her. They were only as tall as children, but they looked to her much older.

There were several men, but only one woman. The BEWHISKERED men Dorothy thought to be about as old as Uncle Henry. But the woman, WIZENED and HOARY, with a stiff, deliberate GAIT, was doubtless much older.



When these DIMINUTIVE creatures drew near to where Dorothy was standing, they suddenly paused, as if afraid to come any closer. Then, while the men TIMOROUSLY held back, the woman EMBOLDENED herself to walk up to Dorothy and say, “Welcome to the Land of the Munchkins. Thank you for killing the Wicked Witch of the East and for freeing our people from her HEINOUS HEGEMONY.”

Dorothy, an INGENUOUS little girl who had never killed anything in her life, was taken aback. She wondered what the little woman could possibly mean. “I didn’t kill anyone,” Dorothy protested. “There must be some mistake.”

“Your house fell on her, and therefore, however UNWITTINGLY, you killed her just the same,” REJOINED the little woman. The Wicked Witch’s two feet, sticking out from under the corner of the house, EVINCED the VERACITY of the little woman’s claim.

The woman then told Dorothy that she herself was a witch! Sensing the girl’s sudden alarm, she quickly reassured her. “Not all witches are wicked,” she explained. “In the Land of Oz there were four witches. Two of them, the ones who live in the North and the South are good. I should know this is true because I am the Witch of the North.”

ELUCIDATING further, the Witch of the North continued, “There were two wicked witches—the ones who lived in the East and West. But of course, now that the Witch of the East is PATENTLY dead, there remains only one wicked witch—the Witch of the West.”

Just then, the Munchkins, who had been silently standing by, began shouting and GESTICULATING. They were pointing toward the corner of the house where the Wicked Witch had been lying. Amazingly, her legs and feet began to disappear! The good Witch explained, “This is a case of what we call spontaneous DESICCATION. The Witch of the East was so old that, now that she is dead, the sun can quickly dry her up!”

All that remained was a pair of beautiful, gleaming, Silver Shoes that so BELIED the wickedness of the Witch. The good Witch reached down and picked them up, then handed them to Dorothy. “These Silver Shoes are



yours to keep and to wear,” she said, BENEFICENTLY WAIVING the PUTATIVE claim she had on them herself.

“The Witch of the East was especially proud of the Silver Shoes,” one of the Munchkins chimed in, “because of their REPUTED magical powers. But so far, no one has discovered what the Shoes’ powers are or how they’re used. Over the years, a few ideas have been BANDIED about, but so far no one has POSTULATED a CREDIBLE theory. It’s a CONUNDRUM that may never be solved.

Dorothy suddenly became aware that Aunt Em and Uncle Henry were probably beginning to worry about her by now, so she asked how she might get back to Kansas. But knowing the Land of Oz was surrounded on all sides by vast deserts, the good Witch regrettably told her, “There is no way back to Kansas, so you will have to remain with the Munchkins forever.”

Dorothy was CRESTFALLEN. She wondered if this could be her COMEUPPANCE for her INADVERTENT act that had caused the Wicked Witch’s DEMISE. Soon she began to cry because she felt lonely among such strange people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, who became LACHRYMOSE and began pulling out handkerchiefs.

It suddenly occurred to the Witch of the North that perhaps the great Wizard of Oz himself might help Dorothy find her way home. “The Land of Oz is ruled by a BENEVOLENT but REDOUBTABLE POTENTATE known as the Great Wizard, who lives in the Emerald City,” explained the good Witch. “His immense power is often TOUTED as being more powerful than that of all the witches put together. Perhaps he might help you find a way back to Kansas.”

Dorothy immediately seized upon this opportunity and asked how she might get to the Emerald City. The good Witch answered, “The Emerald City is located far off, in the exact center of the Land of Oz. The only way to get there is to hike along the road paved with yellow bricks.” Then the Witch of the North kissed Dorothy on the forehead, leaving a shiny, round mark. “This kiss,” the good Witch explained, “will FORESTALL any injuries and protect you from harm during your travels.”



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Chapter 3 “The Scarecrow”

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Dorothy went back inside her house to prepare for the long journey. But suddenly feeling hungry and thirsty, she took Toto outside with her to a little brook that flowed behind the house. There she filled a pail with cool, clear water. While drinking it she spotted some SAVORY-looking fruit, hanging like so many colored PENDANTS from a nearby branch. As AMBROSIAL as the fruit tasted, she JUDICIOUSLY ate only until she was pleasantly SATIED. With such a long walk facing her, she knew that she had to avoid the uncomfortable, sick feeling a SURFEIT of eating would surely cause.

Now it was time to dress for her trip. Dorothy was not a VAIN little girl, so she never wasted time PRIMING or PREENING. She had one other dress to wear, a blue-and-white checkered GINGHAM frock, which she DONNED UNCEREMONIOUSLY. Then, spying her old, LACKLUSTER shoes, she quickly grabbed the shiny Silver Shoes the Witch of the North had given her. These fit as if they had been made for her. And so, with her hunger APPEASED and thirst SLAKED, and with a fresh change of clothes, shiny, magical, new Shoes, and a protective kiss on her forehead, one guaranteed to STAVE off anything and everything UNTOWARD, Dorothy set off on her journey.

She located the yellow brick road with no problem, and soon found herself walking through some pretty countryside. There were NATTY little blue fences along the side of the road, and beyond them were miles of FECUND fields. As she and Toto passed by each little, round, blue house, she noticed that the Munchkins who lived there came out to GENUFLECT to her. Because she was both a child and a RANK outsider, their DEIFICATION of her seemed strange, but then she realized that these people knew it was she who had freed them from bondage.



After walking several miles, Dorothy stopped for a short rest. Sitting on a fence that SKIRTED a large cornfield, she noticed in the field, attached to a tall pole, a Scarecrow, OSTENSIBLY placed there to frighten away any MARAUDING crows. The Scarecrow's head was nothing more than a straw-filled sack with painted eyes and nose. And its body, a SARTORIAL disaster, was a threadbare, tattered, old blue suit, also stuffed with straw.

The Scarecrow's queer, painted VISAGE attracted Dorothy's attention. As she stared at it, she saw one of the eyes wink at her! She thought that during her HIATUS she might have dozed off and was only dreaming, because no scarecrows she'd ever seen in Kansas had ever winked. But now, fully awake, she saw the TATTERDEMALION figure GENIALLY nod his head at her.

Normally, Dorothy would have been CHARY of speaking to such an oddity as a SENTIENT Scarecrow, but because he seemed such an AFFABLE sort, Dorothy approached him without TREPIDATION. Toto ran around and around the pole, barking gleefully.

"Good day. How do you do?" said the Scarecrow.

"Very well. How do you do?" answered Dorothy.

"Not well at all," said the Scarecrow, who, in a most polite manner, began to BEMOAN his fate. The underlying problem was that the pole forced his body into an unnatural position. He hoped he might become INURED to the discomfort, but that didn't seem to be happening. On top of that, he felt LISTLESS, no doubt from staying in one position all day. Certainly, the ENERVATING tedium of his life was enough to subject anyone to feelings of LANGUOR, even depression. He told Dorothy that he would be much obliged if she would remove him from the pole. She was able to lift him off easily because, being made of straw, the Scarecrow was quite light.

Once on the ground, the Scarecrow asked Dorothy who she was and where she was going. Dorothy told him her name and explained that she was going to the Emerald City to ask the Great Wizard to find a way to send her back to Kansas. But then she discovered that the Scarecrow had never heard of the Emerald City or the Great Wizard or even Kansas! Her surprise was



so apparent that the Scarecrow felt it necessary to explain. “Because I’m made of straw, I have no brains, and so I don’t know anything at all,” he said sadly. Then, in a sudden fit of LUCID forethought, especially for one made of straw, he asked, “Do you think the Great Wizard might be able to give me some brains?”

“I don’t know,” said Dorothy, “but you may come with me if you like. Even if the Great Oz won’t give you any brains, you’ll be no worse off than you are now.”

The Scarecrow sensed that this was a chance, however TENUOUS, to get some brains and thereby PRECLUDE the MORTIFICATION of being thought a fool—his great fear, second only to his fear of a lighted match! And the thought of a CONVIVIAL TRIUMVIRATE intrigued him, especially after the overwhelming LASSITUDE he’d suffered in the DESOLATE PURGATORY of the cornfield.

And so, with Toto following DESULTORILY in their wake, the two of them—a would-be INTERLOPER turned LIONIZED savior and a DESPONDENT, BENIGHTED sack of straw turned JOVIAL WAYFARER—started along the yellow brick road for the promise of the Emerald City.



Chapter 4 “The Tin Woodman”

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Dorothy, the Scarecrow, and Toto walked for a long while, past the suburbs and EXURBS, to the HINTERLANDS of Oz. Here, the yellow brick road became rough and irregular, with increasingly widening gaps between the bricks. Dorothy and Toto easily jumped over these INTERSTICES, but, with crack-jumping apparently beyond the PURVIEW of his understanding, the Scarecrow continued walking as though the road were still smooth and regular. Over and over he fell flat on his face and Dorothy repeatedly had to straighten him up. Being made of straw, these falls never hurt the Scarecrow, who smiled BLITHELY at each mishap.

Around noon, Dorothy was FAMISHED, so she stopped to eat by a PLACID pond. She noticed a pretty little PROMONTORY jutting out into the water but was too RAVENOUS to bother walking out on it.

She offered some bread from her basket to the Scarecrow, but he declined. His show of ASCETICISM seemed unreasonable to her, so she gave him a questioning look. “I never get hungry,” he told her, “because I have no stomach; only straw.” Then he said that he was lucky he never became hungry. If he were to eat, he explained, he would swallow the straw where his mouth was, distorting the shape of his head. Disfigurement added to ignorance would be a burden too ONEROUS to bear. Dorothy RUMINATED on this awhile; then, realizing that what the Scarecrow said was true, nodded and continued her REPAST in silence.

Finally SATIATED, Dorothy handed the basket to the Scarecrow and said, “Let’s go.”

As they walked along the road, the Scarecrow tried to think of something interesting to say to show the girl that he was not quite as empty-headed as she might suppose. Then it struck him—some witty REPARTEE would be just the thing! But when he tried to think of something clever to say,



nothing came to him except an INCHOATE jumble of TRITE CLICHÉS. Oh, how he cursed himself for being such a DOLT! Now he felt it INCUMBENT upon himself to relieve the CONSTRAINT quickly descending upon him, and his straw mind COMPELLED him to break the silence. In a desperate, JEJUNE attempt at high wit, he blurted out the BANAL declaration, “Nice weather we’re having.” When she just looked at him curiously, he said, “I’m sorry.”

“What for?”

“For being so stupid and such dull company,” he answered DEJECTEDLY, convinced he was nothing but a pathetic CIPHER.

“My heavens! You shouldn’t put yourself down like that.” Then she continued kindly, “I’m enjoying walking with you. I’m enjoying every minute of it.”

The Scarecrow felt his self-consciousness slowly melt into a kind of EUPHORIA. Did she really like him?

Now they walked in silence until they reached the point where the little, blue fences ended. Here they found the surrounding land rough and unplowed.

Toward evening, they came to a spot on the yellow brick road where the trees that STRADDLED it were so large that their branches intertwined above, OCCLUDING most of what remained of the WANING sunlight. UNDAUNTED, they continued into the FORBIDDING woods, until, after about an hour, they found themselves enveloped by a FOREBODING darkness.

Luckily, dogs and scarecrows can see well in CREPUSCULAR light, so Dorothy took hold of the Scarecrow’s arm, and they managed to proceed at a reasonable pace. She instructed the Scarecrow to watch for a place to sleep, and he soon spotted an empty cottage made of logs and branches.

He led the child through the trees and into the cottage, where she found a soft bed of dried leaves. With Toto beside her, she soon fell fast asleep. The



Scarecrow, who was unaffected by the CIRCADIAN rhythms of humans, stood all night in the corner of the room with nothing to do but listen to the soft, SUSURRANT sounds of the AMBIENT wind.

The next morning, the sun was shining brightly. Dorothy, feeling hungry and grimy, led the Scarecrow to a small brook, where she washed. Then, casting the ABLUTION in all directions with a few careless flicks of her wrists, she took some bread from her basket. While she ate, the Scarecrow OPINED that being human must be a great deal of trouble, what with all the CONCOMITANT hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But then he speculated that having a brain would make all that discomfort worth a lot of bother. Dorothy considered this awhile, but just as she was about to respond, she was startled to hear a deep, PLAINTIVE groan.

“What was that?” Dorothy asked, looking a little afraid.

“I can’t imagine. But let’s go see,” replied the Scarecrow.

Just then, coming from the same place as the previous sound, they heard a desperate, KEENING wail. The CELERITY of their response surprised Toto, who followed APACE as Dorothy and the Scarecrow raced through the woods toward the person or thing from which these hideous sounds EMANATED.

Through the trees, a brilliant glint of light sharply struck Dorothy’s eye, and she saw that it was reflected from a piece of shiny tin! Toto barked wildly, as if disturbed by the ANOMALY of shiny metal in a PRISTINE forest. As Dorothy and the Scarecrow moved closer, they were amazed to see a man made entirely of tin standing perfectly still, like a statue!

“Did you groan?” asked Dorothy.

“I did,” answered the Tin Woodman. “I’ve been standing here groaning like this for over a year, but until now, no one has come to help me.”

Dorothy and the Scarecrow were moved by the MELANCHOLY tone of the Tin Woodman’s voice, so they wanted to help him in any way they could.



“How can we help you?” asked Dorothy.

Now, oil was an ANODYNE that never failed to ALLAY the Tin Woodman’s discomfort. He asked Dorothy, “Can you please pick up the oilcan on the ground and oil my joints, starting with my neck?” Dorothy applied the BALM at once, and as the neck joint was badly rusted, the Scarecrow gently moved the tin head from side to side until the Tin Woodman could do this on his own.

Next Dorothy oiled the arms and legs, which the Tin Woodman, sighing with relief, slowly bent and unbent. The SALUTARY effect of the EFFICACIOUS treatment was immediately apparent as the Tin Woodman, now in much higher spirits, repeatedly thanked Dorothy and the Scarecrow, who were touched by his politeness and gratitude.

“How did you happen to be here?” asked the Tin Woodman.

Dorothy explained all about how she and the Scarecrow were on their way to see the Great Oz to ask him to send her back to Kansas and to give him some brains. The Tin Woodman seemed to COGITATE deeply for a while, then said suddenly, “Because I’m made of tin, I have no heart. But I want one ever so badly. Do you suppose Oz could give me one?”

“I don’t see why not,” answered Dorothy. “It would be just as easy as to give the Scarecrow brains.”

“That’s true,” said the Tin Woodman. “If you’ll allow me, I’ll join you on your trip to the Emerald City.”

Dorothy and the Scarecrow heartily welcomed the AMIABLE Tin Woodman to join them on their PILGRIMAGE. As the Tin Woodman shouldered his axe, a PRESCIENT Dorothy took a quick look at the oilcan and PRUDENTLY placed the PANACEA in her basket. Then they all walked merrily through the woods until they were back on the yellow brick road headed for Oz.

If not for their SERENDIPITOUS encounter with the Tin Woodman, the travelers would have soon been at a standstill, for they were now standing



at a place where a thick overgrowth of trees and long branches made the road impassable. But the Tin Woodman tirelessly worked his axe, TRUNCATING limb after limb, until a passage was finally cleared.

As they walked along again, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, ESPOUSING opposite points of view, debated the relative importance of brains and hearts. Meanwhile, Dorothy, noticing that there was enough bread left in her basket for only one more meal, and anxiously envisioning ABSTEMIOUS days ahead, PRAGMATICALLY PROPOUNDED the theory that access to food was perhaps most important of all!

SlackaHead



Chapter 5 “The Cowardly Lion”

Walking with her companions through thickening, darkening woods, Dorothy began to feel a gnawing DISQUIETUDE in her gut. She had a vague PREMONITION of danger, but she wasn't sure why. Maybe it was because in this part of the woods the birds no longer chirped. Or perhaps it was because here all the yellow bricks that made up the road were covered by dried branches and leaves. She nervously clutched the Scarecrow's sleeve. In his mind he EXTRAPOLATED that the darkening sky was merely a PRECURSOR to total darkness, but he didn't announce this for he knew it would probably frighten the girl.

“How much longer until we're out of the forest?” asked Dorothy in a TREMULOUS little voice.

With a natural, AVUNCULAR affection, the Tin Woodman tried to ASSUAGE the child's BURGEONING panic by reminding her that no harm could come to her because she still carried on her forehead the protective mark of the good Witch's kiss. “And you don't need to worry about me or the Scarecrow either,” he told her, “because I'm made of tin and the Scarecrow of straw, so we can't be hurt.”

“But what about Toto?” asked Dorothy anxiously. “What will protect him?” She knew she had always COSSETED her dog—at least that's what Uncle Henry claimed—but now she didn't care if she CODDLED him; in fact, she was glad of it!

“We will protect him ourselves,” said the Tin Woodman, still hoping to PLACATE the little girl.

Just as he was about to offer a few BROMIDIC reassurances, he heard a terrifying roar and an enormous Lion jumped onto the road! With one swipe of his paw, the great beast sent the Scarecrow head over heels to the side of



the road. With another blow, he easily knocked the Tin Woodman to the ground. They both began to get back up but then QUAILED, apparently COWED by the Lion's size and PUGILISTIC pose.

Little Toto INTREPIDLY ran barking toward the Lion, whose gaping MAW was ready. Dorothy, looking like a mother rushing to save her child from an oncoming train, raced forward and whacked the Lion on his nose as hard as she could!

Incredibly, the Lion started to cry, and BLUBBERED, "What did you do that for? I didn't hurt him."

"No, but you tried to," said Dorothy INDIGNANTLY, gently DANDLING Toto in her arms. "You should be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you trying to bite a poor little dog. Why, you're nothing but a great big coward!"

"I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame. He went on to explain that his CRAVEN behavior was INHERENT in his nature, most likely CONGENITAL. "I learned early on," he continued, "that my loud roar scared the other animals, so I've always used it to frighten them away. That way I avoided fights. Until now it had always worked."

"It's not right that the King of Beasts should be afraid," said the Scarecrow.

"I know," said the Lion, wiping a tear from his eye. "But what can I do? I don't have the nerve to act brave. I'm even afraid of my own shadow." An embarrassing PAROXYSM of sobbing, briefly PRESAGED by quivering shoulders, forced him to turn away from the group.

In SOTTO VOCE tones, the travelers agreed that, rather than CHASTISE the Lion further, they should try to SUCCOR him in some way. Agreeing on a plan, they approached the Lion, told him about their trip, and invited him to join them in the hope that the Great Oz would give him some courage.

The Lion seemed afraid of meeting the Wizard, but with great RESOLVE he said, "I must go with you, for living a life without courage is simply



unbearable.” Dorothy was especially SANGUINE about having the Lion along because she knew that with his great roar he could keep away other wild beasts.

Once again the little company set off upon the journey to the Emerald City. All the rest of that day there was no other adventure to MAR the peace of their travels—no other, that is, except when the Tin Woodman accidentally stepped on a tiny bug and killed it! He felt so bad that he cried until he rusted himself with his tears.

“You people with hearts,” the Tin Woodman said, after the Scarecrow had applied some oil to his mouth, “are lucky because you have something to guide you, and you’ll never do wrong. But I have no heart and so I have to be very careful.” And thereafter, the Tin Woodman, in an effort to EXPIATE his offense, VIGILANTLY looked down at the road as he walked and carefully stepped over every little bug he encountered along the way.

SlackaHead



Chapter 6 “The Kalidahs”

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As night fell, our little group decided to BIVOUAC under a large tree in the forest. The Tin Woodman chopped a pile of wood with his axe and Dorothy built a fire, which warmed her. After she ate the last remaining SMIDGEN of bread, she confided to the Scarecrow that she was thirsty and still a little hungry.

Assigning himself the task of PROCURING SUSTENANCE for the girl, he began FORAGING in the surrounding area for food and POTABLE water. After not too long he spotted, next to a clear brook, a tree full of nuts. He CULLED the largest of them to fill Dorothy’s basket, then filled the hollow of a small, curved piece of tree bark with water.

When he returned and handed the food and drink to the child, she noticed that the nuts looked strange and prickly. Though normally not particularly FASTIDIOUS about food, she was rather afraid to try them. She sipped some of the water; after a while she sipped some more. Then, with hunger winning out over caution, she cracked open one of the strange-looking shells. Taking a TENTATIVE taste of the kernel inside, she found it to be surprisingly PALATABLE.

When Dorothy lay down to sleep, the Scarecrow covered her with dry leaves that kept her snug and warm. Toto and the Lion LOLLED near the fire awhile, then fell fast asleep. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, not needing sleep, stood awake all night PLYING the burning PYRE with fresh logs and trying hard not to laugh at the Lion’s STERTOROUS breathing.

The next morning, the little group started off again toward the Emerald City. But within an hour they came to a great ditch that crossed the road and divided the forest as far as they could see to their left and right. Walking to the edge, they saw the sides of the ditch were PRECIPITOUS and that the deep bottom was filled with large, jagged rocks.



For a while it seemed their journey must end. Then the Lion had a thought, but he felt too DIFFIDENT to voice it. Finally forcing himself, he proclaimed, “I think I can jump across the ditch!”

“Then we can continue,” said the Scarecrow in another exhibit of PERSPICACIOUS insight. “You can carry us over on your back, one at a time. Take me first, because if I fall, I won’t get hurt.”

“I’m terribly afraid of falling myself,” said the Lion, “but what else can we do? Get on my back and I’ll give it my best.” So the Scarecrow climbed upon his mighty MOUNT and the large beast, giving a great spring, shot through the air and landed safely on the other side. The Scarecrow dismounted and the Lion sprang back across the ditch for the next passenger.

Dorothy decided she would be next, and since Toto weighed very little, she carried him in her arms. She climbed on the Lion’s back, and in a moment she found herself on a brief but HARROWING flight over the TREACHEROUS ditch. After landing safely on the other side, the Lion went back a third time for the Tin Woodman.

After they had all safely crossed the ditch, and once the HAGGARD Lion had had a chance to rest awhile, they all set out again along the yellow brick road. On this side of the ditch, the thick, CIMMERIAN woods frightened the travelers, and each wondered, in his own mind, if they would ever reach the REFUGE of the Emerald City.

Now Dorothy started to hear strange noises coming from deep within the forest, and the Lion whispered to her, “This is the part of the country where the Kalidahs live.” Then he thought to himself: And I’m scared to death of them! The Kalidahs, he went on to explain, were large, RAPACIOUS beasts with heads like tigers and bodies like bears, and with long, sharp claws that could easily SEVER a limb. Suddenly hearing a TOCSIN of alarm sound in his mind, he began anxiously obsessing about his dreaded BÊTE NOIRE. That’s when he AVOWED his great fear of them to Dorothy.

Now, terrified that some Kalidahs might detect their presence, they moved onward as STEALTHILY as possible.



Suddenly they saw before them another gulf across the road. This one was so big that the Lion knew he couldn't possibly leap over it. As they all sat down to consider what to do, the Scarecrow quickly surveyed the surrounding area. With reasoning surprisingly COGENT for one with no brains, he determined that if the Tin Woodman could chop down a nearby tree so that it fell across the ditch, they could all easily cross to the other side!

And so, with an axe-blade as TRENCANT as the Scarecrow's perception, the Tin Woodman mightily set to work, and soon the tree trunk was nearly chopped through. Now the Lion pressed his strong front paws against the tree and pushed hard until the tree slowly tipped over. With a CACOPHONOUS crash it fell across the ditch, its BENUMBED leaves and top branches resting on the other side.

They had just started to cross this queer bridge when they heard behind them a loud snarl that made them stop and turn around. Racing toward them were two large beasts with heads like tigers and bodies like bears! Dorothy, Toto, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman immediately scrambled to the other side. But the Lion, shaking with fear, stayed behind to face the ABHORRENT brutes.

FEIGNING TRUCULENCE, the Lion roared so loudly that even Dorothy and her friends were momentarily frightened. The Kalidahs stopped a moment in startled surprise, but then, realizing they were bigger than the Lion and that there were two of them and only one of him, easily saw through his empty BRAVADO and again rushed forward.

Knowing he was only moments away from EXCORIATION or worse, the Lion, responding more to VISCERAL than intellectual motivation, crossed the bridge like something shot from a slingshot.

Now the Kalidahs were crossing the tree, and the Lion IMPETUOUSLY said to Dorothy, "They're going to tear us to pieces, but stand behind me and I'll fight them as long as I'm alive." With PALPABLE apprehension, he GIRDED himself for the FRAY.



Meanwhile, the Scarecrow had been furiously RATIOCINATING. With the SAPIENT strategy of a SEASONED general, he told the Tin Woodman to chop away the end of the tree that rested on their side of the ditch. The Tin Woodman set to work at once, and just as the VORACIOUS PREDATORS were nearly across, the tree fell with a horrifying DIN into the gulf, carrying the Kalidahs with it. Both were neatly IMPALED on the sharp, jagged rocks below.

Understandably, the travelers now felt even more threatened by the BALEFUL atmosphere of the TENEBROUS woods, and they walked as fast as they could. They were delighted to see that the trees became thinner as they advanced. But suddenly they stopped, for before them was a broad, swiftly flowing river.

SlackaHead



Chapter 7 “The River”

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On the other side of the river they could see brilliant sunshine, AZURE skies, and beautiful, green meadows studded with brightly colored flowers. And WAFTING across the water was the delightful aroma of the delicious fruits that hung from the trees that bordered the yellow brick road.

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

“That’s easy,” said the Scarecrow. “The Tin Woodman can chop logs and fasten them together to make a raft. We’ll float across.”

So the Tin Woodman set to work by chopping down small trees. But it takes a long time to build a raft, even when one is as ASSIDUOUS as the Tin Woodman. By nightfall, the work was still not done, and Dorothy, now comfortably ENSCONCED in a bed of dry leaves, fell asleep.

The next morning the raft was finished, and Dorothy and her friends awakened feeling refreshed and full of hope. The HALCYON landscape across the river seemed to HERALD an AUSPICIOUS new chapter in their PEREGRINATIONS.

Dorothy sat at the middle of the raft with Toto in her arms. When the massive Lion stepped on, the raft LISTED so severely to STARBOARD that it appeared the vessel might FOUNDER. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman quickly positioned themselves on the PORT side, one near the BOW and the other near the STERN, and this way they were able to steady the wobbly craft.

With long poles held in their hands, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, pushing against the river bottom, began propelling the raft across the river. They moved along quite well at first, but when they reached the middle of the river, the strong, INEXORABLE current swept them downstream, further and further away from the yellow brick road.



In an effort to stop the ERRANT raft, the Scarecrow pushed hard on his pole and it stuck fast in the VISCOUS mud. Before he could pull it back out or even let go, the raft was swept away from under his feet, and the HAPLESS Scarecrow was left clinging to the pole in the middle of the river!

Soon the CAREERING raft was far downstream, and the Lion, realizing something must be done to save them, said to the Tin Woodman, “I’ll jump into the water and swim to shore. If you hold on to the end of my tail, the raft will be pulled along behind me.”

The Lion swam TENACIOUSLY, but the IMPLACABLE current was hard to overcome. Eventually he managed to draw the raft out of the flow, and Dorothy, taking the long pole from the Tin Woodman, CONNED the craft to shore.

With the rafting FIASCO behind them, it was now time to find their way back to the Scarecrow and the yellow brick road. The Lion thought the best plan would be to simply walk along the riverbank toward where they had started. So, with their FLAGGING energy restored by a short rest, they began their journey upstream.

As they walked they couldn’t help but IMBIBE the beauty of the scenery. MYRIADS of MOTES, HITHERTO invisible, now flitted EVANESCENTLY as the wind whisked them through parallel bars of sunlight. And beyond them Dorothy saw a COPSE of pretty trees FESTOONED with multicolored fruits. If not for her deep concern for the Scarecrow, Dorothy could have been very happy on this side of the river.

All at once the Tin Woodman pointed and cried out “Look!” Dorothy and the Lion saw the Scarecrow still perched on his pole in the middle of the river, his usual cheerful COUNTENANCE METAMORPHOSED into a SCOWL. They tried to think of a way to help him but couldn’t, so they just sat on the riverbank and gazed at him COMMISERATIVELY.

After a while, a Stork happened to fly by and, seeing Dorothy and her friends, stopped to rest near them. When the large bird gazed at them QUIZZICALLY, Dorothy introduced herself and her friends and told the



Stork about their trip to the Emerald City. “The only problem,” Dorothy finished, looking WISTFULLY toward the river, “is that we’ve lost the Scarecrow.”

The Stork eyed the Scarecrow thoughtfully and said, “If he weren’t so big, I would get him for you.”

“But he’s very, very light because he’s made of straw,” urged Dorothy BESEECHINGLY, hoping this RIPOSTE would convince the bird to at least try.

“I’ll try,” said the Stork, “but if he’s too CUMBERSOME, I’ll have to drop him in the river.” And with that the bird suddenly flew to the Scarecrow.

She tried to lift him, but he desperately clung to the still-stuck pole. “Pull up if I pull up,” she coached him PALINDROMICALLY. Then with her strong, sharp TALONS she pulled on his shoulders as he did on the pole, and she easily carried him, pole still in hand, to the shore.

The Scarecrow was so happy to be on dry land with his CRONIES again that, after flinging away the pole, he CAPERED about EBULLIENTLY, stopping only to momentarily hug each of them. Finally, exhausted from his own REVELRY, he quit the HISTRIONICS, sat down, and said with sincere gratitude to his rescuer, “If I ever get any brains, I’d like to do some kindness for you in return.” But the Stork, politely DEPRECATING what she had done, ALTRUISTICALLY assured the Scarecrow that no repayment was expected, and with that the bird wished them luck and flew off.



Chapter 8 “The Poppies”

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As they all walked further upstream, they heard the DULCET songs of birds and the gentle PLASH of the river waves as they LAPPED the shoreline. Their eyes were drawn by brilliantly colored flowers that dotted the BUCOLIC landscape. Yellow, white, blue, and purple ones were scattered about, but it was the great clusters of brilliant, SCARLET poppies that dazzled Dorothy’s eyes. The further they walked, the thicker the flowers became, until they formed a carpet beneath their feet.

As they continued walking, all the while breathing in the spicy scent of the flowers, they began to notice a PLETHORA of red poppies and a PAUCITY of the other blossoms. Soon they found themselves in the center of a vast meadow of poppies. Now, nearly everyone knows that when you have great numbers of poppies, their fragrance is so POTENT that anyone who breathes it falls asleep. And if the sleeper isn’t carried away from the CLOYING perfume, he’ll sleep on forever!

But Dorothy didn’t know this, and soon the SOMNIFEROUS effect of the poppies caused her eyes to grow heavy, and she announced that she must lie down. But the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, who, not being human, were unaffected by the poppies, wouldn’t permit this. They took the SOMNOLENT little girl by the arms and GOADED her along, lest she SUCCUMB once and for all to the INSIDIOUS spell of the flowers.

With her friends supporting her by the arms, Dorothy SOMNAMBULATED awhile. But then her lifeless form suddenly collapsed to the ground. “What shall we do?” asked the Tin Woodman, RUEFULLY gazing at the pathetic, PROSTRATE figure at their feet.

The Lion’s energy, too, was now seriously beginning to EBB. At best he would remain AMBULATORY for only a few minutes more. And poor Toto was already deeply asleep.



“Run fast,” said the Scarecrow to the Lion. “Get out of the poppy field as fast as you can. If you fall asleep here you’ll die. We can carry Dorothy and Toto, but you’re too big to carry.” So with great determination of will, and despite a nearly incapacitating **TORPOR**, the great beast somehow managed to **SHORE** himself up; he bounded forward and was soon out of sight.

Now the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman picked up Toto and placed him in Dorothy’s lap. They crisscrossed their hands to form a seat, and with a deep sense of purpose, they **STEADFASTLY** carried the sleeping child between them through the flowers’ sweet but **NOXIOUS** fumes.

They walked on and on, following the river upstream, and it seemed as if the great carpet of poppies would never end. Finally they came upon the Lion, lying asleep among the **BANEFUL** flowers. He had at last given up, only a short distance from the end of the flowerbed. Beautiful, green meadows **LOOMED** just beyond.

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman looked down at the sleeping beast and knew at once there was nothing they could do for him. With wretched anguish they agreed that they would have to leave him to sleep on forever, for he was much too massive to lift. They both now tried to think of some **FELICITOUS**, **EPITAPHIC** remarks to make but were unable to. **DOLEFULLY**, the **BEREFT** but **STALWART** pair walked on until they reached a pretty spot next to the river, far enough away from the flowerbed to prevent any more of the **DELETERIOUS** vapors from affecting their **INSENSATE** passenger. Here they lay Dorothy down on the soft grass and patiently waited for the cool, fresh air to revive her.



Chapter 9 “The Mice”

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As they waited for Dorothy to awaken, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were suddenly startled by the sound of a low growl. Running toward them at BREAKNECK speed was a large, TAWNY wildcat. It must be chasing something, reasoned the Tin Woodman, because its ears were flat against its head, its mouth was SLAVERING, and its eyes glowed liked fireballs.

As the cat came near, the Tin Woodman saw that before the FERAL FELINE, running for its life, was a tiny mouse. Now, even though the Tin Woodman had no heart, he knew it was wrong for the wildcat to kill such a harmless creature. With his finely HONED axe, he found himself in a perfect position to METE out a little justice. Just as the ODIIOUS brute ran by, the Tin Woodman lifted his blade, and with one sharp, perfectly aimed blow, cleanly DECAPITATED him.

Now that the mouse was safe, it stopped short, turned around, and walked slowly back to the Tin Woodman. “Thank you for saving my life,” it said in a high, squeaky voice.

“Because I have no heart,” the Tin Woodman explained, “I must always be extra careful to help all those in need, even if they are only mice.

The mouse BRISTLED and said, “Only mice! Why, I am the Queen—the Queen of all the mice!”

With sincere REVERENCE, the Tin Woodman bowed and HUMBLY said, “Yes, Your Majesty.”

“You have done a great and brave thing in saving my life,” the Queen said. And as she said this, many other mice came running up. Without leaving out the LURID details, the Queen told them how the Tin Woodman had saved her life, and they all listened with MORBID fascination. Then, in an



IMPERIOUS tone, she instructed her MINIONS to forever after serve the Tin Woodman and obey his slightest wish! In giving OBEISANCE to the Queen, the tiny subjects bowed so low that they appeared to be standing on their heads!

“Is there anything we can do to repay you for saving our Queen?” one of the bigger mice DEFERENTIALLY asked the Tin Woodman.

“Nothing that I can think of,” he answered.

But the Scarecrow, who was trying to think but couldn’t because he had no brain, said, “Yes. You can save our friend the Lion who is asleep in the poppy field.” And when the mice heard the word “Lion,” their little bodies convulsed APOPLECTICALLY and their faces turned ASHEN.

“L-L-L-Lion?” they all stammered, QUAVERING with fear.

The Scarecrow made a QUELLING motion and said, “This Lion is a coward, and he would never hurt you.”

His words seemed to PACIFY them somewhat. The mice huddled together and, using their peculiar mouse PATOIS, discussed the situation. The Scarecrow strained to hear what they were saying, but their squeaky, ARGOTIC speech was all but INDECIPHERABLE. Finally, the Queen came forward and said, “Very well. What can we do to help?”

Encouraged by her ACQUIESCENCE, the Scarecrow quickly answered, “Do you have many subjects who will obey you?” And when the Queen told him there were thousands, the Scarecrow asked the Queen to summon all her followers and have each one bring a long piece of string.

Immediately, the Queen PEREMPTORILY ordered her ACOLYTES to spread the word. Now, with the CONSCRIPTION DECREED, the Scarecrow turned his attention to the Tin Woodman. With military precision he said, “Go with your axe to the trees by the river and build a truck that will carry the Lion.”



The Tin Woodman worked as quickly as he could, chopping away leaves and branches, making wheels out of short pieces of tree trunk, and ADROITLY fastening all the pieces together with wooden pins. When he finished, he looked down and saw a curious PULLULATION at his feet. The MULTITUDINOUS army had arrived with their strings!

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman now began attaching the mice to the truck. One end of each string was tied around the head of a mouse, and the other end was tied to the truck. Of course, the truck was a thousand times bigger than any of the LILLIPUTIAN soldiers who were to draw it, but when all the mice had been harnessed, they were able to pull it quite easily.

When the truck had been drawn alongside the sleeping Lion, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman tried to push the beast aboard. This took a PRODIGIOUS effort because the Lion was so PONDEROUS. The moment they finally accomplished the HERCULEAN task, the Queen ordered her people to start pulling the truck, for she knew that if the mice TARRIED, they, too, would be overcome by the poppies' deadly MIASMA.

Here is where the Queen proved her METTLE as a monarch. Knowing her troops would PERISH if they didn't give their all, and knowing that even a single GOLDBRICKER could SCUTTLE the mission, she became a MARTINET, threatening DRACONIAN punishments for all who didn't perform.

The truck started to move, and the Queen, unwilling to BROOK any sign of SLOTH, METICULOUSLY watched over the proceedings. Any mouse without FERVOR in his eyes she HECTORED mercilessly. MALINGERERS were yanked to their feet by their ears. With the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman pushing the truck from behind, they soon rolled it out of the deadly flowers and onto the sweet, green grass.

The mice were unharnessed, and they all ran off to their homes. The Queen was the last to remain. The Tin Woodman sincerely thanked her for saving their companion, while the Scarecrow enthusiastically praised her leadership skills. Not one to rest on her LAURELS, she said, "If you ever need our help again, just call and we shall come to your assistance. Good-bye." Then she was gone. Now the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman,



RECUMBENT on the cool grass, waited for Dorothy and the Lion to awaken.

SlackaHead



Chapter 10 “The Guardian of the Gates”

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When Dorothy and the Lion finally woke up, they felt refreshed and were very glad to find themselves still alive and safe from the floral EFFLUVIUM. The Scarecrow told them how the mice saved the Lion’s life, and the large beast inwardly marveled that such small things as flowers could almost kill him and such tiny animals as mice could save him.

They started walking upstream again, greatly enjoying the SALUBRIOUS effects of the clean, fresh air. Soon they reached the yellow brick road that led to the Emerald City. As they walked they noticed that on this side of the river the road was smooth and well paved, and the surrounding countryside was especially beautiful. Once more they could see neat, little fences along the side of the road; but whereas those in Munchkinland were blue, these were green.

They walked for a while listening to nature’s COUNTERPOINT—a softly hissing wind competed with songbirds for the TREBLE, while distant, BOVINE LOWING dominated the bass. Suddenly they noticed in the distant sky a beautiful green glow. “That must be the Emerald City!” cried Dorothy EXULTANTLY.

As they walked on, the heavenly, green NIMBUS became brighter and brighter, and it seemed that their journey was at last over. Still, it wasn’t until an hour later that they finally arrived at the huge, emerald-studded gate to the City. There was a bell beside it, and when Dorothy pushed it, they heard exquisite, silvery TINTINNABULATIONS that made them smile.

The great PORTAL swung open, revealing the Emerald City in all its glittering glory. Awe-struck, the travelers stared at the CORUSCATING wonderland until they heard a voice ask, “What do you wish in the Emerald City?”



Before them stood a little man about the same size as the Munchkins. When Dorothy told him they had come to see the Great Oz, the little man told Dorothy that the Wizard usually SHUNNED the company of strangers, and that, in particular, curiosity seekers, members of the FOURTH ESTATE, and people with foolish requests greatly angered him. “And if Oz detects even a trace of GUILF, he will destroy you in an instant!” finished the man COMPLACENTLY, staring directly into Dorothy’s face.

The Scarecrow decided he had nothing to lose by INTERCEDING. “But our request isn’t foolish,” he said. “And we were told that Oz is a good wizard.”

“I’m the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz, I must take you to his Palace,” said the man, OBVIATING the need for any further debate. Relieved, and with a high sense of expectancy, Dorothy and her little RETINUE followed the Guardian of the Gates into the streets of the Emerald City.

SlackaHead



Chapter 11 “The Emerald City”

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Dorothy and her friends were dazzled by the brilliancy of Oz. Glittering emeralds studded the beautiful houses that lined the streets. Even the sidewalk sparkled because between the green marble blocks that formed it lay INTERPOSING rows of closely set emeralds glinting in the sunlight.

Now, most little girls REARED in the modest, AUSTERE surroundings of rural Kansas might have found the ORNATE City GARISHLY OSTENTATIOUS, but Dorothy thrilled to its magnificence.

The Guardian of the Gates SQUIRED Dorothy through the streets, and her friends followed closely behind. The HOI POLLOI, looking mostly happy and prosperous, were milling about, and they stared at the travelers in wonder.

Many of the younger women had one or two DOCILE youngsters in tow, but one poor woman SUFFERED an OBSTREPEROUS little girl, a REFRACTORY, SASSY-mouthed little boy, a FRACTIOUS bulldog, and a RECALCITRANT cat. When they saw the huge Lion, they all silently scampered behind the woman's skirt.

Dorothy noticed that the City was made up mostly of cute little shops and TONY restaurants. Splendid STATUARY adorned the front of one especially pretty restaurant, and Dorothy stopped to gaze through its window. Inside she saw snow-white NAPERY and gleaming, silver CUTLERY far more exquisite than any she'd ever seen in Kansas. An OBSEQUIOUSLY bowing, SACCHARINELY smiling maître d' FULSOMELY flattered each OPULENTLY dressed, BEJEWELED customer, and FAWNING, UNCTUOUS waiters hovered OFFICIOUSLY, ready to pounce on any water glass that was less than full.



At a small table at the back, two INEBRIATED, RAMBUNCTIOUS young men giggled uncontrollably as they QUAFFED beers and TAUNTED their CRIMSON-faced young waitress. At the front, a QUEUE of PALAVERING PATRONS waited to pay the cashier.

Finally arriving at the exact center of the City, our group stood before a great building, which was the Palace of the Great Wizard. A soldier stood before the door, and Dorothy noticed that a green EPAULET adorned each shoulder of his RESPLENDENT green uniform.

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

The soldier led the little party into a CAPACIOUS, green-carpeted waiting room that boasted green leather armchairs and small TEAK tables inset with emeralds. WAINSCOTING divided the walls into two DISCRETE yet complementary shades of green, the lighter shade toward the top. “Make yourselves comfortable while I go to the Throne Room to tell Oz you are here,” said the soldier politely.

While waiting for the soldier to return, the travelers had their first chance to relax and discuss the VICISSITUDES of their long journey. WAXING philosophical, the Scarecrow attributed everything that had happened to nothing more than the VAGARIES of fate. The Tim Woodman, sounding somewhat CALVINISTIC, CONJECTURED that whatever happened was simply “meant to be.” And at one point, the Lion, at the risk of sounding SOLIPSISTIC, asked if he might merely be dreaming.

Their reflections were interrupted by the sudden return of the soldier. Dorothy noticed for the first time that a single-striped CHEVRON was sewn onto each of his sleeves. “Have you seen the Wizard,” she QUERIED expectantly.

“I’ve never seen him,” answered the soldier, “but I spoke to him as he sat behind his screen. He said that you should all come back tomorrow and he will grant you an audience. Tonight you shall sleep in the Palace.”



Their disappointment at not being received at once was somewhat MITIGATED by the soldier's assurance that they would be heard tomorrow. Exhausted from their long day, they decided to go to bed at once and ADJOURNED to their RESPECTIVE bedrooms.

Alone in her room, Dorothy gazed for a while through the window at the TAFFETA backdrop of the night, wondering what tomorrow would bring. When she climbed into bed she found she was too keyed up to sleep. After a while she got dressed again and slipped out of the room to roam the halls of the great Palace.

SlackaHead



Chapter 12 “The Citizens of the Emerald City”

The DENIZENS of Oz, who, for the most part, were GREGARIOUS and GARRULOUS, were out in great number, and it seemed they had nothing to do but satisfy their PENCHANT for COLLOQUY. A feeling of downtown BONHOMIE PERVADED the atmosphere. Dorothy COVERTLY listened in on a few conversations.

A short, CORPULENT, SWARTHY fellow, whose colorful but somewhat SLOVENLY ATTIRE flirted with BOHEMIANISM, had BUTTONHOLED a tall, thin, TACITURN, conservatively dressed TOWHEAD and was now forcing him to listen to a BAWDY joke. The story, which Dorothy didn't completely understand, concerned an especially NUBILE, COQUETTISH, and DÉCOLLETÉ young woman who, while SULTRILY CAROUSING at a BACCHANALIAN New Year's Eve FETE, met an ERSTWHILE UXORIOUS MILQUETOAST, recently CUCKOLDED, who was now an OVERWEENING, ROISTERING ROUÉ. The listener never actually laughed, but kept rolling his eyes in larger and larger arcs. The story became increasingly SALACIOUS as it continued, and Dorothy, feeling embarrassed, walked away before the punch line. Still, from a slight distance, she heard "...so the sister-in-law said, 'and if you think *he's* a MISOGYNIST, you should see his cousin Harold!' ” Then, only the fat one laughed.

Listening now to a group of SLATTERNLY women in heavy makeup and TAWDRY clothes, Dorothy heard another RIBALD tale, this time SCATOLOGICAL in content. Throughout the long story, to the listeners' delight but Dorothy's confusion, baby farm animals served METAPHORICALLY for a group of Munchkins, the humor deriving from the City dwellers' unspoken but obvious BIAS against the appearance of their pint-sized neighbors to the east. For additional comic effect, the speaker BOWDLERIZED this CONCEIT by intentionally omitting the vulgarisms, knowing for a certainty her listeners' imaginations would



accurately fill in the INTERLARDING LACUNAE. At every EXPURGATION she slowly and deliberately ran her long painted fingernails through her BLOWZY, dyed hair, giving her audience, all of whom appeared to Dorothy frighteningly CONSUMPTIVE, time to giggle and snort as their imaginations ran wild. Dorothy's face reddened as the FROWZY, JOCUND women laughingly pointed at her and asked each other who the PRISY little stranger was. Our little INGÉNUE, thoroughly DISCOMFITED, quickly backed away. Once at a safe distance, she wondered if all the HABITUÉS of the Palace hallways were as LEWD as the first few she'd encountered. Then again, she thought, maybe those people were merely the city's RIFFRAFF.

Dorothy knew that her Kansas upbringing had been somewhat PRIM, but she didn't wish to be thought a prude. At the risk of SULLYING her character, she decided to listen in on one more conversation, however LICENTIOUS. WENDING her way through the crowd, she soon found herself standing near a distinguished-looking SEPTUAGENARIAN in a well-tailored, green SERGE suit who at first seemed a gifted and CHARISMATIC RACONTEUR. Before him was a sizable group.

He spoke VOLUBLY and GRANDILOQUENTLY, using many SESQUIPEDALIAN words Dorothy had never heard. His ANIMATED facial expressions and hand gestures served to emphasize his points. Unable to understand even the gist of his PROLIX discourse, it occurred to her that this man might be as LASCIVIOUS as the others, but she couldn't tell.

With ABEYANT distrust, she listened for about fifteen minutes to what sounded to her like a SKEIN of UNFATHOMABLE CIRCUMLOCUTION but was in reality a CAUSTIC, PONTIFICATING POLEMIC on the Wizard's politics and character. She noticed that many of the listeners grew increasingly ALOOF with each passing minute. Some just stood there with BEMUSED expressions, others with VACUOUS stares.

She tried to pay attention, but the VERBOSE speech was so OBFUSCATING that she couldn't. Absorbing only bits and pieces, she heard him say:



“Most of you don’t remember, long ago, when our EPONYMOUS leader first came to us, but I do—a MERCURIAL presence with an INTRACTABLE point of view. Is there any among us who can VOUCH for this man’s RECTITUDE? Why should we trust anyone with a SOBRIQUET as ridiculously unlikely as Oz? At every turn he ESCHEWS publicity and SPURNS all who try to befriend him. From his EXALTED position, and under the GUISE of charity, he GARNERS filthy LUCRE by EXPLOITING the masses—with IMPUNITY! He KOWTOWS to the GENTRY while SANCTIMONIOUSLY EXTOLLING an EGALITARIAN ETHOS. There must be a PARITY between what this MERCENARY monarch gives and what he takes. The reason ALMS for the INDIGENT are MINUSCULE is the same as why government SUBSIDIES and ENDOWMENTS have been ABROGATED—it’s his PROPENSITY for greed and PRONENESS to PARSIMONY.

He PURPORTS to be a man of LOFTY ideals, a PARADIGM of effective leadership, but in truth he’s a PHARISEE. The beauty of this glittering City actually masks deep SYSTEMIC problems that are largely unknown to the public. Do you think that government DEVOID of GRAFT and COLLUSION is a QUIXOTIC notion? I say it is not; I say corruption can be EXTIRPATED.

“You may be asking yourself, Why is this DRONING DISSIDENT HARANGUING us with this LOQUACIOUS, VITUPERATIVE INVECTIVE?, and I tell you it’s because we’re all in danger—the man is evil INCARNATE. Now, you might think that opposing an OMNIPOTENT Wizard is FRUITLESS—but remember, history has shown that when great numbers unite in their demand for change, they are a JUGGERNAUT. Join me now and you’ll stand in the VANGUARD of—and I’m not being HYPERBOLIC—the greatest reform movement this land has ever known. Then, because increasing our numbers is PARAMOUNT, we must go out and PERTINACIOUSLY IMPORTUNE our friends and neighbors to join the INSURRECTION.”

At this point a bearded, BESPECTACLED college student in the crowd, worried that this SUBVERSIVE RADICAL might FOMENT serious trouble, interrupted the INCENDIARY SCREED to shout, “Because Oz has



never imposed an EMBARGO on criticism, you're really free to RAIL against his policies all you like; you have every right to your BLASPHEMY. You can DECRY the state of the City with your SCURRILOUS attacks and DEMAGOGIC appeals. You can condemn the man with your GRANDIOSE FULMINATIONS and ICONOCLASTIC ravings. But I really think the public CONSENSUS of general opinion is that Oz's virtue is UNIMPEACHABLE and that nearly everyone would VEHEMENTLY defend him. So since everything's really pretty COPACETIC, why not give up this crazy, MAVERICK campaign? It really isn't fair of you to BESMIRCH the name of our ILLUSTRIOUS leader with your DISPARAGING remarks and INTEMPERATE insults. Your INCULPATORY claims and SEDITIOUS statements could really UNDERMINE him."

In response to what he considered an annoyingly SOPHOMORIC defense—especially with its SUPERFLUOUS use of the word *really* and the TAUTOLOGICAL REDUNDANCY of the phrase *of general opinion*—the speaker's mouth muscles managed to produce a smile that was at the same time SARDONIC and overly patient. Then, with a PETULANT wave of his hand, he glared with thinly veiled CONTEMPT at the INTERLOCUTOR and RETORTED TESTILY, "My ideas may not sound so HERETICAL to you when I point out that while people are living in SQUALOR, this PROFLIGATE regularly EXPROPRIATES PRODIGAL sums from the City's treasury for his personal pleasures—in spite of STRINGENT measures that were designed to prevent that very thing! How do you suppose this EGOMANIAC supports his SYBARITIC lavishness? His SUPERANNUATED ideas and MYOPIC FISCAL policies raise the SPECTER of OMNIPRESENT poverty for us and our POSTERITY for generations! Is that what you ADVOCATE? If *you* want to foolishly embrace the TENETS and IDEOLOGY of AUTOCRACY, that's your funeral; but don't call *me* unfair. This is war! And in the THROES of battle, as they say, all is fair!"

When, in his PERORATION, the MALCONTENT INVEIGHED against the Wizard's PROMULGATION of a policy of OBSCURANTISM, then called for a RENASCENCE of the pre-Ozian lifestyle, Dorothy's mind became so BEFUDDLED, she rushed to the nearest exit. As she hurried out



she just barely heard the FIREBRAND remark, “And I’ve never known a man with such CATHOLIC tastes to possess so PAROCHIAL an outlook!”

Back in her room under the BEDCLOTHES, Dorothy lay SUPINE, staring at the ceiling. With her thoughts a FARRAGO of hopes, doubts, and fears, the sleep she so needed was ELUSIVE. Disturbing images of the long day danced PHANTASMAGORICALLY across her mind’s eye. With a sickening revulsion she reviewed the river crossing that had gone AWRY, the VIRULENT poppies and her near-fatal collapse, the vulgar group of laughing DEMIMONDAINES, and finally the BOMBASTIC, PROSELYTIZING DIATRIBE she had just heard.

The ARRANT PANDERING she had witnessed—first to the whims of the City’s NABOBS in the PRETENTIOUS, upscale restaurant, then to the PRURIENT interests of those DISSOLUTE RAKES and LIBERTINES who enjoyed exchanging dirty jokes in the Palace hallways—gave her nightmares of SURREAL scenes of DIONYSIAN DEBAUCHERY.

SlackaHead



Chapter 13 “The Wizard”

Early the next morning, Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Lion were summoned to the Throne Room. Dorothy, battling the LETHARGY of sleep deprivation, gathered her dwindling forces as best she could. For a moment she considered what to wear to this important meeting, but the question became MOOT when she remembered that her blue-and-white frock was all she had.

As they walked down the long passageway that led to the Wizard, the Lion, looking like a DODDERING old man, tried to control the violent shaking of his knees. At the end of the hallway, they walked through a door and beheld a big, round room with a high, arched ceiling. In the middle of the room stood a large, green, marble throne. Every part of the room—walls, floor, ceiling, and throne—was BEDECKED with the UBIQUITOUS, sparkling emeralds that Dorothy by now had come to expect.

Floating above the throne, like a monstrous APPARITION, was a GARGANTUAN Head, normal in every way except that it was hairless, bigger than the head of the biggest giant, and unattached to a body to support it! Dorothy and her friends gazed at the Head with a mixture of wonder and fear. The Head’s eyes moved slowly until they focused on the little group. Then the mouth began to move, and an alarmingly STENTORIAN voice said, “I am Oz, the Great and Terrible! Who are you, and why do you seek me?”

The Lion’s heart beat a frantic TATTOO on his ribs. He let out a shriek and began to turn and run, but the Tin Woodman grabbed him by the tail and pulled him back. Our PLUCKY PROTAGONIST, with nervous determination in her voice, said, “I am Dorothy, the Small and Meek, and I have come to ask you to send me back to Kansas.”



The Head thoughtfully examined the little girl for a while, as if trying to ASSESS her honesty. Noticing the Silver Shoes and the mark upon her forehead, he asked how she got them. Dorothy quickly explained, “The good Witch of the North gave them to me after the Wicked Witch of the East was killed by my falling house.” Ordinarily, any story this fantastic would sound APOCRYPHAL, but the Head’s eyes could see she was telling the truth.

Now the Head asked each of Dorothy’s friends, in turn, what they wanted, and each answered in turn. The Scarecrow explained that he wanted a brain so he could be as much a man as any other in the Wizard’s kingdom. The Tin Woodman echoed the Scarecrow’s SENTIMENTS, saying he wanted a heart so that he, too, could be like other men. The Lion, now slightly less fearful, said he wanted courage so he could in reality be the King of Beasts, as the UNDERLINGS of the jungle called him.

“If you expect me to use my VAUNTED powers to grant your wishes,” answered the Head, “then you must do something for me in return.”

“What can we do?” asked Dorothy, who was ready to do just about anything.

In a SEPULCHRAL tone the Head answered, “Kill the Wicked Witch of the West.”

Dorothy protested that she was just a helpless, little girl who couldn’t knowingly kill anyone, but the Head DOGMATICALLY ADDUCED the argument that because Dorothy was able to crush to death the Witch of the East, she could easily accomplish the same COUP with her ANTIPODAL sister.

Smelling SOPHISTRY, the Scarecrow, having quickly MARSHALED some counter-arguments, started to REPUDIATE the faulty logic, but the Head, with OBSTINATE finality, cut him off with a **curt** but bellowing “That is all!”

Back in the hallway outside the Throne Room, the Scarecrow, DISGRUNTLED by the Head’s SPECIOUS reasoning, BROODED awhile,



then VENTED by hurling a string of IMPRECATORY EPITHETS in the Head's general direction. "What will we do now?" asked Dorothy after the Scarecrow's little TIRADE subsided.

"There is only one thing to do," answered the Lion, greatly relieved that the Head hadn't heard the Scarecrow's CONTUMELIOUS YAMMERING, "and that is to go to the Land of the Winkies, where the Wicked Witch lives, and destroy her. I'm too much of a coward to kill a Witch myself, but I'll go with you."

Convinced that the Wizard's decision was IRREVOCABLE, the Scarecrow added, "I'm too stupid to know how to kill a Witch, but I'll go, too."

The Tin Woodman also thought there was no chance that the Wizard would RESCIND his decision. "I don't have the heart to kill even a Wicked Witch," he said with a sigh, "but I'll go, too."

"Then we're anonymous," proclaimed the Scarecrow proudly.

"Unanimous," corrected Dorothy automatically, shooting him a look of gentle REPROOF. She hoped she didn't come across like a CAPTIOUS old PEDAGOGUE, but at the same time she couldn't help laughing inwardly at the RISIBLE MALAPROPISM, and this, thankfully, DISSIPATED her tension a bit.

That night, they all went to bed early. Dorothy, having had very little sleep the night before, dozed off right away, but her sweet dreams of APOLLONIAN futures were immediately TRANSMOGRIFIED into grotesque nightmares of a green-TINGED SODOM, whose unearthly LUMINANCE was surrounded by an INSCRUTABLE STYGIAN darkness. The poor Scarecrow, standing awake all night, was seized by an INCIPIENT PARANOIA that eventually swirled uncontrollably through his straw-filled head. Now that he had had his first glimpse of URBANE society, he felt more than ever like a creature apart, an empty-headed PARIAS sure to be MALIGNED and DERIDED by all.



Chapter 14 “The Search for the Wicked Witch”

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The next morning, the soldier in the green uniform led our group back through the streets of the City toward the Guardian of the Gates. Dorothy, her spirit nearly broken, gazed blindly in front of her, an AMALGAM of fear and frustration in her VAPID eyes. She tried her best to QUASH her doubts, but it was no use. How was she, a helpless, little girl, supposed to kill a powerful Wicked Witch?

“Which road leads to the Wicked Witch of the West?” Dorothy asked the Guardian of the Gates APATHETICALLY when they at last arrived at the edge of the City.

“There is no road,” he answered, “because no one ever wishes to go that way.”

The idea that she now had the ONUS of somehow DIVINING the correct path was almost more than Dorothy could endure. She felt tears welling up behind her SMARTING eyes, but she forced herself to SUPPRESS them.

“How are we supposed to find her then?” she asked, her voice shaking.

“Now, now,” said the Tin Woodman soothingly, patting Dorothy’s back. “We’ll find her.”

“Her APPELLATION indicates that she lives in the West,” said the Guardian of the Gates, “so I suggest you walk toward where the sun sets.”

Having now ASCERTAINED the correct route, our curious COTERIE walked west across fields of soft grass dotted here and there with daisies and buttercups. As Dorothy filled her lungs with fresh, clean air, tiny waves of optimism began to roll over her, and little by little she started to feel like her old self again. Then, when the Scarecrow shot an infectious, little smile her way, her fears melted under its warmth.



Now the Emerald City was far behind them. As they advanced, the ground became rougher and hillier, the soil less ARABLE. There were no trees here, so sunlight brightly illuminated their weary faces.

Now, the Wicked Witch of the West had eyes as powerful as telescopes, and they could see everywhere. As she sat in the doorway of her IMPOSING castle, she looked around, and her gaze fell upon Dorothy and her strange ENTOURAGE. Their presence in her kingdom, ALBEIT far off, immediately aroused her WRATH. Then it occurred to her that the death of her sister, the Witch of the East, had still not been AVENGED.

INCENSED, the Witch went to her cupboard to get the Golden Cap. Whoever owned this magical Cap could call upon the army of Winged Monkeys, who, with MONOLITHIC solidarity, were forced to carry out any order they were given. She summoned them, and at once the great HORDE descended, their immense wings casting a menacing shadow across the land.

The largest Monkey, who was their leader, landed close to the Witch and asked, “What is your command?”

“Fly to the revolting VERMIN who have invaded my land and destroy them—especially the murderous child, the LINCHPIN of that MOTLEY band,” answered the Witch. “But bring the Lion to me,” she added, rubbing her hands together in a show of anticipatory, MALICIOUS glee, “for I might YOKE him like a horse so I can practice my EQUESTRIAN skills.”

“Your command shall be obeyed,” said the leader COMPLIANTLY. Then, with a low rumbling sound, the SIMIAN SWARM flew in ECHELON formation to the place where Dorothy and her friends were walking.

Swooping down, one row of soldiers seized the Tin Woodman and carried him through the air until they were high above a KNOLL covered with sharp rocks. Here they dropped the poor metal man, who, lacking any RESILIENCE, lay so dented he couldn’t move.

A PHALANX of sharp-clawed Monkeys caught the Scarecrow and EVISCERATED him by pulling all of the straw out of his clothes. Then



they made his pants and jacket into a small bundle and flung it into the top branches of a tall tree.

A CADRE of large soldiers PINIONED the Lion's legs by winding many coils of rope around them. Then they lifted his IMMOBILE form and flew him to the Witch's castle, where they locked him in a small yard with a high iron fence around it.

Dorothy stood, with Toto in her arms, watching the DEBACLE and knowing she'd be the next victim of this insane POGROM. The leader of the Winged Monkeys, ready to complete the ROUT of the queer quartet, flew up to her, his long, HIRSUTE arms stretched out and his ugly face grinning terribly. She gave a gasp of sheer terror, then, afraid that her fear might fan the enemy's MARTIAL spirit, tried her best to be still. That's when the leader saw the round mark upon Dorothy's forehead and, realizing the girl was traveling under the AEGIS of the Good Witch of the North, stopped short, motioning his LACKEYS not to touch her.

"We dare not harm this little girl," he said to them CIRCUMSPECTLY, "for, as a PROTÉGÉ of the Good Witch of the North, she is protected by the Power of Good, which PREDOMINATES over the Power of Evil. All we can do is carry her to the castle of the Wicked Witch and leave her there."

Carefully and gently they lifted Dorothy in their arms and carried her swiftly through the air until they came to the castle, where they set her down upon the front doorstep. The leader said to the CANTANKEROUS, CRAGGY-faced CRONE, "We have obeyed you as far as we were able. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow are destroyed, and the Lion is tied up in your yard. The little girl we dare not harm, nor the dog she carries in her arms." Then, with a great clatter, the flying FLOTILLA rose into the air and were soon out of sight.



Chapter 15 “The Wicked Witch of the West”

When the Wicked Witch saw the flat, round AMULET on Dorothy’s forehead, she BLANCHED, for she knew well that because the girl traveled under the AUSPICES of the Good Witch of the North, neither the Winged Monkeys nor she, herself, dare hurt her in any way. She looked down at Dorothy’s feet and saw the magical Silver Shoes, and a tremor of fear passed over her. But then she happened to look into the child’s ARTLESS eyes and saw how simple the soul behind them was. At once she knew that the little girl was completely unaware of the wonderful power the Silver Shoes gave her. The Witch laughed insanely, her FETID breath OBTRUDING itself upon Dorothy’s sensitive nostrils.

Then the hideous HAG threw a hard, INIMICAL glance at Dorothy and said, with an obvious display of ANIMOSITY in her voice, “Come with me, my PULCHRITUDINOUS little PRIG, and do everything I tell you or I’ll put an end to you, as I did to the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow.” Then, almost as an afterthought, she threw in, “And your little dog, too!”

An uncontrollable pounding in her chest made speech impossible, so, forgetting everything but her fear, Dorothy mutely followed her NEFARIOUS NEMESIS through a BYZANTINE LABYRINTH of castle hallways and SINUOUS staircases. The TORTUOUS path at last ended in a grimy kitchen, where the Witch handed the girl a scrub brush, towel, and broom, all of DUBIOUS cleanliness, and ordered her to wash and dry all the pots and pans and to sweep the floor. When another ABOMINABLE, blood-curdling laugh accompanied the Witch’s sudden EGRESS, Toto fled and hid. Now Dorothy sat in MOROSE solitude. Yet in reality she did have plenty of company, for right in front of her face stood the mountain of filthy CROCKERY, and upon her face flowed the many little RIVULETS of tears that STRIATED her expression of utter hopelessness.



With each dismal day, the FORLORN child became more despairing of ever seeing her aunt and uncle again. She tried to picture Uncle Henry's long, EQUINE face and UNKEMPT hair, but found her recollection of him becoming increasingly NEBULOUS, and this made her more DISCONSOLATE than ever. In an attempt to cheer herself, she pictured Aunt Em's glorious smile. How often she'd seen her flash it at her RETICENT, LACONIC uncle in an attempt, usually unsuccessful, to break through his stiff barrier of STOLID RESERVE.

She considered writing Aunt Em a letter but immediately dismissed the idea when she realized that her MISSIVE had no chance of ever finding a mailbox—assuming, that is, that mailboxes even existed in this crazy place. Oh, how she longed for that BASTION of normalcy called Kansas!

At night, in her dim, cell-like bedroom, an ANEMIC overhead light fixture, rather than dilute the gloom, served more to accentuate it by giving it contrast. Its NIGGARDLY illumination seemed to mock her, to say, “Look, little girl, this is what brightness is like—when there is any.”

Gradually her fear DIMINISHED, only to be SUPPLANTED by an endless tedium that was equally horrible, pushing what little was left of her dwindling FORTITUDE to its limit. Her swollen, downcast eyes, drooping mouth, and SALLOW cheeks RENDERED her almost unrecognizable, even to Toto.

Finding a scrap of paper one day, she imagined it to be a letter from Aunt Em. She composed it in her mind: “Dearest Dorothy, We love and miss you very much. We know where you are and are coming to rescue you. All our love, Aunt Em and Uncle Henry.” Below their names she imagined she saw a string of x's and o's representing kisses and hugs. Every day the scrap of paper became another letter, each worded less SUCCINCTLY and with more x's and o's than the previous, but all of the same theme. She carefully stored all these imaginary EPISTLES in a secret drawer in her mind.



Chapter 16 “The Escape”

Meanwhile, the Witch was becoming more and more COVETOUS of Dorothy’s enchanted Silver Shoes. Even forgetting about their wonderful power, the mere ownership of them CONFERRED a certain CACHET she found irresistible.

If only she could have them, she thought, her power would reach the ACME of its supremacy, exceeding that of even the Great Oz himself! But how to get them...how to get them? The only time Dorothy took them off was when she took a bath. But water was ANATHEMA to the Witch, so she didn’t dare go near when the girl bathed. She considered simply asking the child for them, or, failing that, trying to WHEEDLE them out of her, but couldn’t think of any way to BROACH the subject without sounding humiliatingly SUPPLICATORY.

A savage passion now seethed within the Witch. Here was this INSIPID little UPSTART whose TALISMANIC existence threatened her very reputation! She felt herself being dragged down in OPPROBRIUM through this pitiful thing with a blue-and-white frock and a basket! How she longed for RETRIBUTION! She thought of her old black magic handbook, with its chapter on ten effective MALEDICTIONS, but exasperatedly realized they were powerless in the face of the Witch of the North’s protective kiss. She yearned to PUMMEL the girl with her fists; then, considering it beneath her dignity to resort to FISTICUFFS, she instead took a VINDICTIVE delight in imagining herself using her stiff, black umbrella to BLUDGEON the child to a bloody pulp and then crushing whatever remained beneath the steel-rimmed heel of her hard, black boot.

Now her thoughts returned to how she might acquire the Silver Shoes. MACHIAVELLIAN MACHINATIONS aplenty whirled through the WILY Witch’s evil mind, but she rejected one flawed SCENARIO after the other. When at last she did find a workable RUSE, the thrill of a delicious



discovery ran through her, momentarily ERADICATING her habitually DOUR expression.

Putting her plan into action, she fetched a long metal bar, SURREPTITIOUSLY placed it across the middle of the kitchen floor, then used her magical powers to raise it a few inches and to make it invisible to human eyes. Now she SKULKED in the kitchen closet and waited for Dorothy to walk across the room.

But Dorothy was hard at work scrubbing a large pot. “Why must you DALLY so?” thought the Witch impatiently, her IRE steadily rising. Indeed, Dorothy labored over every pot and pan, for during her first few days at the Castle the Witch had QUERULOUSLY CARPED about substandard work—even though, to Dorothy’s eyes, the pots sparkled—and the girl had CHAFED at the Witch’s NIGGLING faultfinding. Now, just so the PICAYUNE Wicked Witch could have nothing to CAVIL about, the child, SCRUPULOUS in her efforts to please, was forced to spend twice as long scrubbing each pot!

Finally, after the last pot was cleaned and put away, the OBLIVIOUS child approached the bar, stumbled over it, and fell to the ground. In the process, one of the Silver Shoes fell off, and before Dorothy could retrieve it, the Witch, with LARCENOUS eyes, sprang from the closet, snatched it away, and put it on her own foot! The MALEFACTOR was greatly pleased with her CUNNING because now she possessed half the power of the Shoes. Her DIABOLICAL delight ENGENDERED another SPATE of gleeful shrieks.

For Dorothy this was the final straw, and what little FORBEARANCE she still INDULGED was completely wiped away. Everything that had led up to this moment—seeing her friends destroyed by the Winged Monkeys, MOILING in the kitchen day after day without RESPITE, being COERCED into performing GRUELING and STULTIFYING MENIAL tasks, and finally, having her cherished Shoe PLUNDERED—pushed her beyond all reason.

She felt her blood rise behind her temples in pulsing waves, and the TEMPEST in her mind made her forget everything except her deep hatred of the vicious VIRAGO before her. Her face was drained of all color, but



bright sparks flashed deep within her dark pupils. With all her puny strength she fired the words explosively, CATHARTICALLY: “*Give me back my shoe!!*” Then, with her chest heaving and her reason returning, Dorothy watched to see how the wicked woman would respond.

But the Witch simply ignored the BRAZEN outburst—except that her usual ACERBIC GLOWER was now replaced by a horrible, mocking grin. Then, as she inhaled sharply through her SCABROUS, AQUILINE nose, Dorothy knew another fit of LOATHSOME laughter was IMMINENT. Without thinking, her body acting like a machine with a will of its own, Dorothy picked up a bucket of water that stood near and dashed it over the Witch, wetting her from head to toe. Amazingly, this STANCHING the flow of nauseating laughter as soon as it had begun. In the Witch’s wicked eyes, the evil black IRISES that had been riding a surging sea of SUPERCILIOUS DISDAIN now became fixed in horror.

“No, no, no!” she shrieked in VOCIFEROUS denial, water SLUICING from her black dress. “Look what you’ve done! I’m melting! I’m melting!” As the Witch kept repeating the words “I’m melting,” she became smaller and smaller, and her voice got softer and softer, until nothing remained but a RANCID, AMORPHOUS blob of TURBID liquid that slowly spread over the kitchen floor.

Dorothy quickly drew another bucket of water and poured it over whatever VESTIGES of the Witch remained, then swept everything out the door. She plucked the precious Silver Shoe from the DROSS, cleaned and dried it, and put it back on.

It took a moment for her to realize she was actually free, and as she did, Toto leaped into her arms and licked her face. At once, as if by magic, her PALLID cheeks regained their natural, rosy HUE.

Then, with her heart TUMULTUOUSLY thumping with excitement, she ran to the yard where the Lion was trapped and quickly unlocked the gate. She hugged the beast FERVIDLY and told him how the Wicked Witch had come to an end and that they were no longer prisoners.



Chapter 17 “The Rescue”

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Dorothy and the Lion went together into the castle, where Dorothy called all the Winkies together and eagerly told them they were no longer in THRALL to the Wicked Witch of the West. There was great rejoicing among the yellow-CLAD Winkies, for they had been kept in such ABJECT SUBJUGATION and in such horribly ABYSMAL conditions for so many years, that they had long ago given up hope of ever escaping the Witch’s PERNICIOUS TYRANNY.

“If our friends, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, were only with us,” said the Lion yearningly, “I would be quite happy.”

“Do you suppose we could rescue them?” asked the girl.

“We can try,” answered the Lion.

Dorothy asked the Winkies if they could help rescue her friends, and the Winkies replied that they would be delighted to do everything in their power for her.

They all traveled one full day and part of the next until, weary with fatigue, they at last came to the little, rocky hill where the poor, misshapen Tin Woodman lay. One of the more SEDENTARY Winkies, taking UMBRAGE at having been DRAGOONED into participating, tried to insert a SOUPÇON of sarcasm into the proceedings by humming a DIRGE. But when its ELEGIAC strains were lost in the wind, he instead panted and wiped a hand across his brow in mock exaggeration and said WRYLY, “Now I can skip my daily exercise routine for a week!”

When this FLIPPANT SALLY provoked nothing but icy stares of REBUKE from his comrades, he stopped short, SIMPERED foolishly, and vowed to himself to make his next PITHY one-liner a little more APPOSITE. “Hey, I was just being FACETIOUS,” he grumbled.



The other Winkies now lifted the Tin Woodman tenderly in their arms and carefully carried him back to the castle. Dorothy shed a few tears along the way, her thoughts now and then jumping back to a LUGUBRIOUS funeral CORTEGE she had once witnessed in Kansas.

When they finally arrived at the castle, Dorothy said to the Winkies, “Are any of your people tinsmiths?”

“There’s certainly no DEARTH of tinsmiths here,” one of the Winkies proudly told her. And the tinsmiths were summoned at once. They soon arrived with a gleaming PANOPLY of metal tools.

One older tinsmith, who seemed to be the chief, was accompanied by a large crew of helpers—some old hands, some mere NEOPHYTES. Dorothy inquired of the chief, “Can you straighten out those dents in the Tin Woodman, bend him back into shape again, and solder him together where he’s broken?”

The old tinsmith carefully ASSAYED the Tin Woodman’s mangled metal skin. RAVAGED by time, wind, and rain, it now wore a sickly, green PATINA. After what seemed like an eternity, the tinsmith suddenly smiled and said ELATEDLY, “I think we can mend him so he’ll be as good as ever!” Dorothy felt a sudden inward thrill.

The tinsmiths worked all day, hammering, soldering, and polishing INDEFATIGABLY, but to no avail. REDOUBLING their efforts, they worked through the night, and by morning the Tin Woodman was finally straightened out into his old form and was as good as ever.

When, at last, he saw Dorothy and had PROFUSELY thanked her for rescuing him, he wept tears of joy. And Dorothy, smiling BEATIFICALLY, had to wipe each one carefully from his face so his joints wouldn’t rust. At the same time her own tears fell thick and fast at the joy of seeing her old friend again, but these tears didn’t need to be wiped away.

“If we only had the Scarecrow with us again,” said the Tin Woodman, when Dorothy had finished telling him everything that had happened, “I would be quite happy.”



“We must try to find him,” said the girl RESOLUTELY.

Once again she called on her friends the Winkies to help her, which they were only too glad to do. They walked all that day and part of the next, CIRCUITOUSLY ROVING fields and forests, all the while DILIGENTLY SCOURING the landscape, until they at last found the tree whose top branches held the Scarecrow’s clothes. It was a very tall, narrow tree, and its trunk was so smooth that no one could climb it.

Studying the scene from all angles, the same sarcastic wise guy who had earlier made an unsuccessful crack during the Tin Woodman’s rescue now QUIPPED, “We’ve just found the PROVERBIAL haystack in a needle!” He was so SMUGLY delighted with his clever INVERSION of the well-known phrase that he didn’t care that no one seemed to appreciate his RAPIER wit. In fact, no one even heard him because they were all too busy trying to figure out how to get the Scarecrow down. Then, with a mental ACUITY REDOLENT of the Scarecrow’s, the Tin Woodman announced, “I’ll chop down the tree, and then we’ll be able to get the clothes.”

As soon as he had spoken, he began to chop, and in a short time the tree began to TOTTER, then fell over with a crash. When the Scarecrow’s SODDEN, DERELICT garments fell out of the branches and onto the ground, Dorothy picked them up and had the Winkies carry them back to the castle, where they were cleaned, dried, and stuffed with nice, new straw. And suddenly, there stood our EPITOME of BEDRAGGLED inelegance, the Scarecrow, RESURRECTED and as good as ever, thanking them over and over for saving him!

But then Dorothy thought of Aunt Em and of Kansas and realized that their ODYSSEAN quest, however PERIPATETIC, must continue. “We must go back to the Wizard and claim his promise,” she ASSERTED.

They called all the Winkies together and regretfully told them they were leaving, and the Winkies were sorry to have them go. They had grown so fond of the Tin Woodman, in fact, that they begged him to stay and rule over them and the Land of the West, promising to COMPORT themselves in an appropriately SUBMISSIVE manner. But finding he was determined to leave with the others, they accepted his decision STOICALLY and gave



him a brand-new oilcan as a going-away gift. Then every one of the travelers shook hands with the Winkies until their arms ached.

Before leaving, Dorothy went to the Witch's cupboard to fill her basket with food for the journey, and there she saw the Golden Cap. LEERY of anything that belonged to one as wicked as the Witch, a fearful indecision took possession of her. But then our DOUGHTY little heroine suddenly tried it on and found that it fit her perfectly. Of course, Dorothy didn't know anything about the magic of the Cap, but she saw that it was pretty, so she decided to wear it. Then, ending their SOJOURN in the West, the travelers started their journey back toward the Emerald City and the Great Wizard.

SlackaHead



Chapter 18 “The Discovery”

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At the suggestion of the Scarecrow, the NOMADIC foursome walked toward the rising sun, and they spent three mostly uneventful days following this easterly course. The only bit of excitement occurred on the second day when they passed a large cornfield surrounded by a yellow fence. Inside the field stood what appeared to be an ANTEBELLUM Southern BELLE whose DEMURE, RETIRING DEMEANOR approached COYNESS. Her large, yellow sunbonnet did nothing to contain her CASCADING golden LOCKS. Her long, tight-waisted yellow dress rippled tantalizingly in the soft breeze.

It took them a moment to realize that the ANACHRONISTIC image was really an INANIMATE female scarecrow. Just then, *our* Scarecrow experienced an exquisite yearning, and the straw that was at the center of his chest began to SMOLDER and smoke. Next, his CALLOW straw heart suddenly started to catch fire, and the Lion, using the end of his tail, had to smother the NASCENT flames.

After they all calmed down and started on their way again, the Scarecrow inwardly marveled at the thrilling, new sensation he had just experienced. What he felt for his imaginary PARAMOUR must be what people called love, he thought, and as the light in his eyes became LAMBENT with adoration, his painted face took on a radiant, reddish glow. Then, nervously envisioning a LETHAL CONFLAGRATION, he fought to ATTENUATE his desires and to block any thoughts of CLANDESTINE TRYSTS that lingered in his active little mind. In doing so, his FATUOUS expression slowly turned to one of stiff, IMMUTABLE determination.

When the four travelers finally arrived at the edge of the Emerald City, the Guardian of the Gates greeted them CORDIALLY and led them toward the door of the Great Palace. As they walked, Dorothy breathlessly told him all about their FORAY in the West.



At they neared the door to the Palace, a familiar-looking man wearing green pants and a green shirt ACCOSTED them and started PERFUNCTORILY SHUNTING them toward the Throne Room. As Dorothy wondered what had happened to the uniformed soldier who had escorted them before, the man suddenly covered his face with his hands and then just as quickly revealed himself in an IMPROMPTU game of peek-a-boo. Why, this was the soldier! “I’ll bet you didn’t recognize me in MUFTI, did you?” he said ARCHLY. Then, in a more serious tone, he explained, “My uniform’s being cleaned.” Dorothy couldn’t think of anything to say about that, so she gave about a quarter of a smile and kept on walking.

Presently they were in the Throne Room, and there again was the FORMIDABLE, GLABROUS Head. In a solemn, OROTUND voice it said, “I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you seek me?”

“We have come to claim our promise,” answered Dorothy.

“Is the Wicked Witch dead?” asked the Head HAUGHTILY.

“Yes,” Dorothy AVERRED. “I melted her with a bucket of water.”

“Dear me, dear me,” said the Head, TEMPORIZING. “Well, come back tomorrow, for I must have time to think it over.”

“You’ve had plenty of time already,” said the Tin Woodman, suddenly angry.

“We won’t wait a day longer,” said the Scarecrow, who could no longer stomach the Head’s CONDESCENDING POMPOSITY.

Now Dorothy’s determination hardened. “You must keep your promises to us!” she demanded.

The Lion thought it would be a good idea to frighten the Wizard, so he gave his loudest roar. It was so fierce that Toto jumped away in alarm and knocked over a screen that stood in the corner of the room. As the screen fell with a crash they all looked that way, and the next moment they saw



what the screen had been hiding. There stood a bald, FLACCID-limbed, BULBOUS-nosed, little old man, who was visibly CHAGRINED.

“Pay no attention to that man behind the screen!” boomed the Head.

The Tin Woodman BRANDISHED his axe and cried out, “Who are you?”

“I AM OZ—” began the Head in a loud, HUBRISTIC tone. Then, in a feeble, apologetic tone, the old man finished, “—the Great and Terrible.”

Our friends looked at him with a mixture of surprise and disgust. “I thought Oz was a great Head,” said Dorothy.

The little man looked down, ABASHED, and said softly, “I’ve been making believe.”

“Making believe?” cried Dorothy, NONPLUSSED. She wondered for a second if this funny little man could possibly be a DOTTY escapee from some nearby GERIATRIC center. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman exchanged a swift glance.

“Hush, my dear,” he said. “Don’t speak so loudly because if you’re overheard people will know I’m just a DISSIMULATING little fraud, and I will surely be VILIFIED.”

“But I don’t understand,” Dorothy said, looking at him ASKANCE. “How was it that you appeared to us as a great Head?”

“Well, that was just a bit of CHICANERY, said Oz. “And now, for your DELECTATION and EDIFICATION, I’ll tell you how I did it. The Head you saw was just a clever ARTIFICE—many layers of painted paper that I hung from the ceiling by a wire.” He pointed to the fallen screen. “I stood behind that screen and pulled a string to make the eyes move and the mouth open. Actually, I’m capable of producing several distinct forms. With my PROTEAN talents as a puppeteer I can also SIMULATE a lovely lady, a terrible beast, and a ball of fire.” Then, as though speaking to himself, he added VAINGLORIOUSLY, “My little SHAM was quite PLAUSIBLE and my Head did possess a certain VERISIMILITUDE.” Suddenly looking up,



he added, “Oh, and I’m a ventriloquist. I threw my voice so it sounded like it was coming from the Head.”

“You’re more than that,” said the Scarecrow. “You’re a CHARLATAN, and you should be ashamed of yourself!”

“I am ashamed,” answered the little man CONTRITELY. “But please let me explain.”

So they all listened while the old man told the following tale.

“I was born on a farm in Omaha...”

“Why, that isn’t very far from Kansas!” cried Dorothy, her eyes suddenly glistening with EFFERVESCENCE.

“That’s right! Well, as I was saying, when I was a young man in Omaha, immediately after leaving the ivy walls and HALLOWED halls of my old ALMA MATER, Nebraska Junior College, instead of joining the summer EXODUS to the country resorts, I took a position with a FLEDGLING circus company. It was my job to go up in a balloon on circus day to draw a crowd so I could sell them tickets. Then—sometimes with the help of a SHILL—I would MULCT them out of everything they had. Of course, I’m not proud to admit that, but the REMUNERATION I received for my services was so PALTRY that I was forced to CADGE almost all of my meals—and if you’ve ever been in that position, you know how embarrassing it can be. And besides, the SCUTTLEBUTT was that our company’s president was experiencing PECUNIARY difficulties and was about to RETRENCH by eliminating half the workers, including me—even though those stories about my PILFERING the elephant’s peanuts and PURLOINING clown costumes were proven to be nothing but outrageous CANARDS when a CACHE of various stolen items turned up in the suitcase of one of the TRANSIENT laborers. Of course, I was completely EXCULPATED and all mention of those incidents was EXPUNGED from my record.

“Anyway, one day I went up in the balloon and the ropes got twisted so that I couldn’t come back down.” Oz used his fingers to approximate the idea of



twisted ropes. “It floated VERTIGINOUSLY upward until it was above the clouds, and there a current of air carried it many miles away.” Again he demonstrated all this with his fingers. “For a day and a night I traveled through the sky, and on the morning of the second day I awoke and found the balloon hovering over a strange and beautiful land.

“It came down gradually, and I wasn’t hurt a bit. But I found myself in the midst of a strange people, who, seeing me come from the clouds, thought I was a great Wizard and made me their ruler! And there wasn’t a single GAINSAYER among them! Because they promised to do anything I wished, and because a little streak of CUPIDITY got the best of me, instead of admitting I was just a simple RUBE who didn’t even know how to handle a balloon, I allowed this TRAVESTY to persist.

Then, just to amuse myself and to keep the PENURIOUS PEONS busy and off the DOLE, I ordered them to build this City and my Palace. After that, at my BEHEST, they REFURBISHED all the outlying buildings and roads. I paid the HIRELINGS a small but fair wage, and though the INGRATES never went so far as to thank me for my INNOVATIVE policies or my LARGEES, they at least never complained. But why should they? Since I LEVIED only a NOMINAL income tax, it was I who saved their IMPECUNIOUS hides from DESTITUTION! And besides, now they—not to mention all their precious PROGENY—had this beautiful City and all its AMENITIES—a more than MUNIFICENT gift—to enjoy for generations to come.

“Because I didn’t really possess any of the magical powers IMPUTED to me, I kept myself hidden in the Palace so no one would ever discover what I really was—a DISSEMBLING little PARVENU. Luckily, no one ever IMPUGNED my motives; in fact, everyone had an UNASSAILABLE impression of me as some VENERABLE PATRIARCH—and who was I to tell them otherwise?

“But my stimulus was never AVARICE; it was fear. I was terrified of the powerful, evil Wicked Witches for many years, so you can imagine how pleased I was when I heard your house had fallen on the Wicked Witch of the East—the single most STUPENDOUS episode in the entire LEXICON



of Ozian events, and, I daresay, a historical WATERSHED sure to secure you a top position in the PANTHEON of Ozian heroines!

“Now, normally I have no PROCLIVITY for PREVARICATION, but when you came to me, I was so desperate to have that other hateful HARRIDAN killed that I was forced to tell you anything you wanted to hear. But now that you’ve LIQUIDATED her, so to speak, I’m ashamed to say I can’t keep my promises.” He paused, then said REPENTANTLY, “I know my DUPLICITY was DASTARDLY, and I’m truly sorry.” He forced a tiny, PROPITIATING smile, but his eyes held a desperate appeal.

SlackaHead



Chapter 19 “The Granting of Wishes”

“I think you’re a very bad man,” said Dorothy, as if UPBRAIDING a naughty five-year-old.

The CASTIGATORY remark seemed to hurt Oz deeply, for he flinched as if struck by an invisible arrow. “Oh no, my dear,” he said COMPUNCTIOUSLY, “I’m really a very good man, just a very bad Wizard.”

“Can you give me brains?” asked the Scarecrow, still naïvely hopeful that the man possessed at least a MODICUM of wizardry. Oz thought for a while. He knew that these people probably considered him a VENAL villain, a MENDACIOUS MISCREANT. But in his own mind he was a pillar of PROBITY.

Finally he said, “My dear Scarecrow, you think of yourself as nothing but a GAUCHE DUNDERHEAD. But from what I can see, your natural ACUMEN and SAGACITY surpass that of many of the Emerald City’s so-called PEDANTS and PUNDITS. Why, you don’t need brains! A baby in SWADDLING clothes has brains, but it PRATTLES INANELY. Experience is the only thing that brings knowledge, and the longer you’re alive the more experience you’ll get.”

“That may be true,” said the Scarecrow, not sure if the RHETORIC he’d just heard was GNOSTIC truth or SENTENTIOUS DRIVEL, “but I’ll be very unhappy unless you give me brains.”

The false Wizard looked at him EMPATHETICALLY. “Well, I’m not much of a Wizard, as I explained, but I’ll stuff your head with brains,” he said, feeling like a kindly country doctor prescribing a PLACEBO to MOLLIFY a distraught HYPOCHONDRIAC. “I can’t tell you how to use them, however. You must find that out for yourself.”



“Oh, thank you, thank you!” cried the Scarecrow. “I’ll find a way to use them!”

“Okay, then sit down in that chair, please,” replied Oz. “You must excuse me for taking your head off, but I have to in order to put your brains in their proper place.”

Then the Wizard unfastened the Scarecrow’s head and emptied out a small portion of straw. Next he went into the back room and got some bran cereal, which he used to fill the newly made cavity. When he had fastened the Scarecrow’s head on his body again, he said to him, “You are now an intelligent Scarecrow, COGNIZANT of even the most ARCANES bits of MINUTIAE.” The Scarecrow, believing he now EMBODIED the ZENITH of human comprehension, was both pleased and proud at the fulfillment of his greatest wish and thanked Oz warmly.

“How about my courage?” asked the Lion.

“And you, dear Lion, think you are a FECKLESS, IGNOMINIOUS coward, too PUSILLANIMOUS to deserve the MONIKER “King of Beasts.” All living things—ever since the first, miserable PRIMEVAL organisms emerged from the PRIMORDIAL ooze—have been afraid when faced with danger. True courage is in facing danger when you *are* afraid, and that kind of courage you have plenty of. All you need is confidence in yourself.”

“But I’m scared just the same,” said the Lion, unconvinced by the APHORISTIC little speech. “I’ll be very unhappy unless you give me the kind of courage that makes me forget I’m afraid.”

Realizing that giving these creatures what they thought they needed would REDOUND to everyone’s benefit, including his own, he said, “Very well, I’ll get it for you.”

He went to a cupboard and, reaching up to a high shelf, took down a square green bottle, the contents of which he poured into a beautifully carved green dish. Placing this before the Lion, who stared at it with an AMBIVALENT mixture of hope and fear, the Wizard said, “Drink it.”



“What is it?” asked the Lion SKEPTICALLY.

“Well,” answered Oz, “this is UNADULTERATED liquid courage. You know, of course, that courage is always on the inside, so this really can’t be called courage until you’ve swallowed it. Therefore, it will BEHOOVE you to drink it right away.”

VACILLATING no longer, the Lion drank till the dish was empty. “I’m full of courage!” he shouted proudly.

The Tin Woodman had been watching all this in RAPT attention. The “miracles” he had just witnessed had kept him on TENTERHOOKS, and now he could no longer contain himself. He blurted out, “What about my heart?”

Now warmed up to this vein of SACERDOTAL guidance, Oz answered, “Dear Woodman, you think of yourself as a clanking collection of tin whom no one could ever love because you have no heart. But you are indeed lovable because you are kinder and more thoughtful than even our so-called PHILANTHROPISTS. But I think you’re wrong to want a heart because the unhappy COROLLARY to having one is that one day someone may break it.”

“I’ll bear all the unhappiness without a murmur if you’ll only give me one,” promised the Tin Woodman.

“Very well, you will have it,” answered Oz, genuinely hoping to MINISTER to the Tin Woodman’s needs and thereby, in some small way, REDRESS his own mistakes. “But I’ll have to cut a hole in your chest, so I can put your heart in the right place.” Oz took a pair of tinsmith’s shears and cut a small, square hole in the left side of the Tin Woodman’s chest. Then, going to a chest of drawers, he took out a shiny, JAPANNED box. Opening it, he revealed a pretty, red heart, made entirely of silk and stuffed with sawdust. “Isn’t it a beauty?” he asked.

“It is, indeed!” replied the Woodman, who was greatly pleased. “But is it a kind heart?”



“Oh, very!” answered Oz. He was about to say that it was a heart of gold, but since he DETESTED HACKNEYED expressions, he said nothing as he carefully placed the sawdust-filled silk in the Tin Woodman’s chest and then replaced the square of tin, soldering it neatly together where it had been cut.

“There,” he said, “now you have a heart that any man might be proud of.” Then, with currents of BLISS flowing INEFFABLY from his metal body, the Tin Woodman, WALLOWING in BATHOS, MAWKISHLY acknowledged Oz’s kindness in a TREACLY but heartfelt little speech.

“And now,” said Dorothy, who’d been waiting patiently, “how am I going to get back to Kansas? I don’t suppose you have anything in your bag of tricks for me.”

Oz, whose FACILE tongue could have easily delivered another old SAW, instead PONDERED his success in giving the Scarecrow, the Lion, and the Tin Woodman exactly what they thought they wanted. It was easy to make them happy, he thought to himself, because they imagined I could do anything. But it will take more than a few PLATITUDINOUS pronouncements to get Dorothy back to Kansas.

“I guess I’ll have to think about that for a few days,” he finally answered. When Dorothy just stared at him, he added, “I know that sounds EQUIVOCAL and DILATORY, but none of my LEGERDEMAIN will carry you over the desert. In the meantime you can all stay in the Palace as my guests.” Then he suddenly became PENSIVE.

“Please keep my secret,” he ENTREATED, “and tell no one I’m a fake. Of course, it’s not that I’m LOATH to admit my mistakes, but you know how FICKLE public opinion can be. If I were DEBUNKED, the press—those PURVEYORS of worthless TRIPE—would TRADUCE my character... they’d FLAGELLATE me. Of course, any claims of serious MALFEASANCE on my part ultimately would be REFUTED, so I’m in no danger of being—to use criminal PARLANCE—sent up the river. But I’d be MIRED in controversy, forced to endlessly PARRY any DEROGATORY remark thrust at me. OBLOQUY would naturally ACCRETE around me, and my reputation would be forever TAINTED.” He felt a thick web of



CALUMNY tighten around him as he realized that his story, if it were to get out, would become FODDER for the eager journalistic gristmill. “I can see it now—YELLOW RAGS SPEWING ACRID VITRIOL in PURPLE PROSE. I’d be a laughingstock. I’d be REVILED...LAMBASTED...PILLORIED...OSTRACIZED!” When he paused momentarily to dwell on the consequences of PERDITION and imagined himself living on the street with penniless, drunken REPROBATES—or worse, dwelling in that fiery VENUE far, far below the street with a red-suited, TRIDENT-carrying PERSONIFICATION of evil—his eyelids began to quiver. In a pleading voice he continued, “I IMPLORÉ you. After all, I’m only human and therefore INTRINSICALLY not perfect. We all have our FOIBLES, our little PECCADILLOES. And I assure you that I’ve already been sufficiently CHASTENED and that I’ve learned my lesson.”

They felt sorry for the BELEAGUERED old man, and they all accepted the proposed COVENANT AMENABLY. Dorothy, thinking that Oz showed a few outward signs of genuine PENITENCE, decided that if he could find some way to send her back to Kansas, she’d be willing to CONDONE everything he had done.



Chapter 20 “The Confession”

For three days Dorothy heard nothing from Oz. These were sad days for the little girl, although her friends were all quite contented. The Scarecrow, thankfully noticing that his constant fear of publicly embarrassing himself—by committing some GRIEVOUS social FAUX PAS or grammatical SOLECISM—had at last subsided, told everyone that he was CONTEMPLATING ABSTRUSE theories and RECONDITE facts, but that he couldn't say what they were because they were far too ESOTERIC for anyone but himself to comprehend. When the Tin Woodman walked about he felt his new heart moving around in his chest, and he told Dorothy he had discovered it to be a kind and CLEMENT one. The Lion declared he was afraid of nothing on earth and would gladly face a dozen bloodthirsty Kalidahs.

On the fourth day, to Dorothy's great joy, Oz sent for her, and when she entered the Throne Room he greeted her pleasantly. “Sit down, my dear,” he said. “The reason I haven't summoned you for the past few days is not because I've been REMISS; it's just that it would have been pointless for me to make meaningless PROGNOSTICATIONS. But now I think I've found a way to get you back to Kansas.”

Dorothy felt her heart skip, and she watched him intently. “You see,” he continued, “when I came to this country it was in a balloon. You also came through the air, being carried by a cyclone. So I believe the best way to get you back home is through the air. Now, it's quite beyond my KEN to make a cyclone, but it's certainly within my BAILIWICK to make a balloon.”

Starting to feel slightly less like some pathetic ALSO-RAN, Dorothy asked, “How?”

“A balloon,” said Oz, envisioning his old circus balloon ARCHETYPALLY, “is made of silk, which is coated with a VENEER of glue to keep the hot air



in. I have plenty of silk in the Palace, so it will be no trouble to make the balloon. The only danger is that if the air gets cold the balloon will start to drop and we'll have to JETTISON our supplies. At worst, we'll drop back to the ground and be lost in the desert—a SOBERING thought."

"We?" exclaimed the girl. "Are you going with me?"

"Yes, of course," replied Oz. "I'm sick of this ridiculous MUMMERY and I'm tired of being a HYPOCRITE. And sitting ENTRENCHED, or shall I say IMMURED, in my Palace day after day is TANTAMOUNT to LANGUISHING in prison! It gets unbearably boring, and the ENNUI makes me RESTIVE."

He paused for a while with his eyes closed, then continued CANDIDLY, "Do you know how I really spend my time? I try to LUXURIATE in my leisure, but it's a FARCE. Mostly I sit alone, jumping back and forth between painting watercolor landscapes—with as much dash and VERVE as I can muster, which, in spite of my best efforts to JUXTAPOSE light and shade, isn't really very much—and clumsily playing popular melodies on my flute. When I tire of one, I try the other. Back and forth, back and forth, like an INFERNAL Ping-Pong ball. I'm really just a hopeless DILETTANTE, and I sometimes embarrass myself with my TYRONIC blunders. It's IRONIC, actually, because when I played the flute as a boy, my mother, who was something of a CONNOISSEUR of music, and my teacher, the old DOWAGER who lived in the large but DOWDY house next-door, each referred to me, PATRONIZINGLY, I now realize, as 'my PRECOCIOUS little PRODIGY'! For a long time I didn't know how badly I played, and I actually considered music my MÉTIER! I even considered taking up a second instrument, the cello, because I loved its SONOROUS tone, but it just seemed too heavy to carry around.

"Other than that, I usually sit alone in my library, which is CONTIGUOUS to the Throne Room." He gestured in its general direction. "I'm an AVID reader, you know. Even as a boy, whenever I wasn't TOOLING around the neighborhood on my shiny, green bicycle, I spent most of my time reading—especially the many fairy tales by those PROLIFIC TEUTONIC masters, the brothers Grimm, even though they gave me disturbing nightmares of WISPY WRAITHS and wicked witches." He reflected a moment, then said,



“Maybe that’s why even today—” He stopped in mid-sentence with a slightly frightened look in his eyes. He paused again and, having composed himself, continued, “Today my tastes in reading are ECLECTIC, and my library is a MÉLANGE of every type of book 📖 imaginable. I try to give equal consideration to GENRES as DISPARATE as GOTHIC romance and science fiction—though I usually find the FORMER too FLORID and MELODRAMATIC and the LATTER too DRY and DIDACTICALLY ALLEGORICAL. But I confess I have a real PREDILECTION for murder mysteries, and I’ve devoured entire OEUVRES of mystery writers both RENOWNED and obscure. I like them because I can’t resist a good plot and because they’re so superficial and obvious—they’re never TENDENTIOUS, nor do they try to POSIT any complex moral DILEMMAS or other PROFUNDITIES under hazy layers of meaning. By the way, I don’t know why, but I especially prefer stories that feature an ECCENTRIC, upper-class, male detective. But the truth is that the EPHEMERAL pleasures I get from reading these TRIFLES really don’t add up to much—unless you count the guilt I sometimes feel for having SQUANDERED my time.” He paused and looked at Dorothy, then continued, “In a fit of ambition, I once tried to write a murder mystery myself, but soon discovered that—well, let’s just say that I posed no immediate threat to the literary ELITE. I stopped after only a few pages when I realized that the slangy VERNACULAR I tried to use sounded forced and that I didn’t have my own style—only an UNGAINLY PASTICHE of other writers’ styles. And true artistry, as you know, TRANSCENDS mere imitation; true artistry is that rare CONFLUENCE of originality, style, and technique. Anyway, I keep my mystery collection stored behind the lovely leather-bound TOMES on the top shelf of my bookcase—all, that is, except my prized possession, the only EXTANT copy of *Munchkin Murder OMNIBUS*, which I keep locked in my safe. Did you know that practically every SEMINAL figure is represented in the VOLUMINOUS writings of that anthology?” Dorothy wasn’t sure if he expected her to answer, but before she could, he continued, “You know, people believe I’m a man of great ERUDITION, a CONSUMMATE scholar—and I probably could’ve been, if only I’d been more selective in my reading...if only I’d WINNOWED out the trash. After all, for years my library, the largest REPOSITORY of information and knowledge in all of Oz, has been the VIRTUAL HUB of my existence.



“Oh, and let’s not forget about all the time I spend eating...or shall I say GORMANDIZING. Now, there’s one ENDEAVOR in which I’m no NOVICE!” He winked at her, then continued, “If I want to, I can GORGE myself with nothing but EPICUREAN delicacies—one of the PERKS of this CUSHY SINECURE. I tried that for a while but quickly became JADED. The truth is, my tastes are much more PROVINCIAL than they are PATRICIAN. What I really long for—if I had my DRUTHERS—is a nice stuffed cabbage like my mother used to make—with a little DOLLOP of PIQUANT horseradish. She served it at Thanksgiving, and, with its aroma PERMEATING the entire house, it was a PERENNIAL source of joy.” He sniffed as if trying to detect the aroma. “Can you smell it? Just telling you about this miracle of CULINARY art lets me experience it VICARIOUSLY.” He winked again, then continued, “I know you’re thinking that roast turkey with stuffing is the QUINTESSENTIAL holiday fare, and of course you’re right—but to each his own.” Dorothy realized that she *was* thinking that, but didn’t say anything. “And for dessert,” he continued, “we always had lots of chocolate—my one VICE. Even now I eat way too much of it. I try to give it up SPORADICALLY, but I’m too much of a RECIDIVIST. I think it must contain some SUBLIMINAL pleasure-producing ingredient! Anyway, then five months later came the DECADENT UTOPIA of that VERNAL delight, Easter morning. As an only child, the entire TROVE—dozens of little chocolate eggs in shiny, gold foil—was all mine to find and devour!”

He thought for a while, then said, “Don’t repeat this to anyone, but I think if my PLEBEIAN tastes became public knowledge, the BRAHMINS would condemn me as a PHILISTINE.” Then he startled Dorothy by suddenly laughing very loudly. “But I DIGRESS,” he continued. “I know all these TANGENTIAL MUSINGS aren’t really GERMANE to our balloon discussion, but I really needed to talk to someone—especially to a fellow Midwesterner!—and this little TÊTE-À-TÊTE was just what the doctor ordered. You see, because I’m alone all the time, I crave conversation—any kind of conversation, from FRIVOLOUS PERSIFLAGE to EARNEST and intelligent DISCOURSE. I hope you can forgive me.” He peered at her face from beneath lowered eyelids. “Anyway, enough of these PERIPHERAL matters. The point is, I’d much rather go back to good old PEDESTRIAN Omaha and work with a circus again—maybe even become an



IMPRESARIO, like P. T. Barnum! Now, if you'll help me sew the silk together, we'll begin work on our balloon.”



Chapter 21 “The Balloon”

Forcing herself to overcome the INERTIA of quietly sitting and listening to Oz’s strange but POIGNANT confessions, Dorothy now stood and, without responding, accepted the needle and thread he held out to her. Then, as he carefully cut strips of green silk into the proper shape, she PUNCTILIOUSLY sewed them together. It took three long days to bring their efforts to FRUITION, but when they were finally finished they had a bag of silk more than fifty feet long. Then Oz painted it with a thin coat of glue to make it airtight.

Realizing they’d need a basket to ride in, Oz sent the soldier in the green uniform to fetch a large clothesbasket. When the AIDE-DE-CAMP returned, Oz used strong ropes to tie the basket to the bottom of the balloon. Next Oz sent word to his people that he was going up into the clouds to attend a conference of the world’s most EMINENT Wizards. The news PROPAGATED rapidly throughout the City, and all of Oz’s ADHERENTS, as well as many of his DETRACTORS, came to see their RECLUSIVE, ENIGMATIC Wizard and the wonderful balloon.

Oz ordered a few FUNCTIONARIES to take the balloon outside, in front of the Palace, and, overcoming their natural INDOLENCE, the SLUGGARDS managed to LACKADAISICALLY carry out his request. The assembled PROLETARIAT gazed upon the large, sun-drenched green balloon in awe from behind a CORDON of green-uniformed police officers. A group of young girls struggled with the breeze to display a flimsy sign with the words *Good-bye, Oz* BLAZONED across it. A PASSEL of the City’s business MAGNATES and political LUMINARIES stood beside the basket.

The Tin Woodman, having SEDULOUSLY chopped a large pile of wood into small, neat pieces, now made a fire of them. Oz held the bottom of the balloon over the flames so that the rising hot air would be caught inside the



silken bag. Gradually the balloon swelled out and rose into the air until finally the basket barely touched the ground.

Then Oz climbed into the basket and said to all the spectators in a RESONANT, official voice, “The Great Wizards of the World conference—which, as you know, is a yearly gathering of the world’s most PREEMINENT wizards—will be starting shortly. Because I fit that RUBRIC, my attendance is MANDATORY. But don’t think of this as my SWAN SONG, for I shall return,” he lied. “During my JUNKET, the Scarecrow, by virtue of his INIMITABLE brain, will rule over you. I hereby ENJOIN you to ABIDE by his orders as you would mine.”

This announcement came as a surprise to the AGGRANDIZED Scarecrow, who was about to DEMUR on the grounds of OBTUSENESS. But then, remembering his new brain, he kept quiet.

The balloon was by this time tugging hard at the ropes that held it to the ground, for the air within it was hot, and this made it so much lighter than the air outside it that it pulled hard to rise into the sky.

“Come, Dorothy!” urged Oz. “Hurry, or the balloon will fly away!”

“I can’t find Toto anywhere!” yelled the girl, who refused to leave her little dog behind. Toto had run into the crowd to chase a kitten, causing a FRENETIC MELEE. Dorothy tried to follow after them, but they were too quick. As the PURSUER and his SPRY little QUARRY darted here and there, the onlookers, trying to be helpful, kept screaming out Toto’s location to her, but their words were lost in the confused BABEL of everyone talking at the same time. Then, when Toto, in his FEISTY chase, FORTUITOUSLY passed right before her, Dorothy ended the FRACAS by scooping him into her arms. Now, while simultaneously CHIDING the dog for acting like a naughty little SCAMP and DOTINGLY petting him, she worked her way as EXPEDITIOUSLY as possible through the throng, toward the balloon. She was within a few steps of it, and Oz was holding out his hands to help her into the basket, when her passage was unexpectedly blocked by a passing woman with a green PARASOL. Just then the ropes cracked and the TUMESCENT balloon started rising into the air without her.



“Come back!” she screamed, APPALLED. “I want to go, too!”

“I can’t come back, my dear,” called Oz helplessly from the basket. “I don’t know how.”

Now the ERSATZ Wizard, the CYNOSURE of all eyes, rose swiftly into the sky. With every passing moment he grew smaller and smaller. As they watched him vanish into nothingness, the Tin Woodman’s metal hand, as if of its own VOLITION, gently placed itself upon Dorothy’s shoulder in a kind of mute consolation.

SlackaHead



Chapter 22 “The Letter”

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Feeling she had reached the NADIR of her hopes, a MANTLE of profound hopelessness enveloped Dorothy. And her companions grieved over losing their kindly MENTOR.

The next morning the four travelers met in the Throne Room to discuss matters. The Scarecrow sat on the Throne with his LANKY limbs SPLAYED awkwardly over its edges.

“Well then, what can be done about getting Dorothy home?” the Tin Woodman said to no one in particular.

Eager to demonstrate that with his new brain he was neither ADDLED nor IRRESOLUTE, the Scarecrow immediately suggested a plan. “Let’s ask the soldier in the green uniform,” he said. Now, even though, as far as plans go, this wasn’t much of one, no one SCOFFED at it. When the would-be ORACLE was summoned, he entered the Throne Room timidly, for while Oz was at the HELM he never was allowed inside the SACROSANCT inner chamber.

“This little girl,” said the Scarecrow to the soldier, “wishes to go back to Kansas. How can she do so?”

“She can’t,” answered the soldier TERSELY. Suddenly aware that his answer may have sounded GLIB or possibly CAVALIER to his new ruler, he quickly clapped his hand over his mouth and made a PROTRACTED show of SYCOPHANTIC bowing. Then, standing at attention with serious **mien**, he continued in a tone IMBUED with PIETY, “Perhaps Glinda, the Good Witch of the South, might help you.” As he spoke he inwardly feared that his silly TOADYISM might in some way DENIGRATE the memory of his former ruler, but he couldn’t help himself. He finished in the same



respectful, STAID manner, “She’s the most powerful of all the Witches and she rules over the Quadlings.”

“How can we get to her castle?” asked the Scarecrow.

“The road is straight to the South,” he answered COMPLAISANTLY, with a GRATUITOUS smile. Being unaccustomed to his new ruler’s personality, the soldier wasn’t sure exactly how much GROVELING—or of what sort—was appropriate. Then as he walked toward the door, it suddenly occurred to him that, though he still secretly worshiped the Wizard, it probably would be POLITIC to congratulate his new boss. Whether he was a phony, traitor, or APOSTATE, he supposed, depended on one’s point of view. As he reached the doorway, he turned, bowed, and, feeling more PERFIDIOUS than ever, said in a STILTED manner, “My FELICITATIONS on your new position.” He closed the door behind him.

Now everyone looked to the Scarecrow, who, trying hard to sound OMNISCIENT, proclaimed, “The best thing we can do is travel to the Land of the South and ask Glinda to help Dorothy.”

They started leaving the room in single file, with Dorothy at the rear. Just as she was about to exit, her attention was drawn to an envelope lying on a nearby table. As her curiosity became more and more PIQUED, her pace became correspondingly LAGGARD. Staying behind to have a look, she FURTIVELY picked up the envelop and examined it. Though it and the paper inside had been turned yellow and brittle by the normal DEPREDACTIONS of time, the writing on them was perfectly LEGIBLE. As soon as she started reading, she realized that this was a letter the Wizard had written long ago but had never mailed. Unable to stop herself, she read the whole thing, as follows:

Dear Mom,

I have to tell you about one of the strangest places I’ve encountered here in Oz. It’s a land whose floor is as smooth and shiny as the bottom of a big platter.



One day when I was out for my daily CONSTITUTIONAL—the totality of my feeble exercise REGIMEN—I came upon a large wall. Climbing over it, I was amazed to see many houses made entirely of china. And they were so small that the biggest of them reached only as high as a Munchkin’s waist! But the strangest things were the people and animals who lived in this queer country. They were all made of china, too, including their clothes, and were so small that the tallest of them was no higher than a Munchkin’s knee!

I began walking through this country of tiny china people, and the first thing I came to was a china milkmaid milking a PIEBALD china cow. As I came near, the cow, startled by the sound of my FOOTFALLS, suddenly kicked and knocked over the stool, the pail, and even the milkmaid herself. All fell to the china ground with a great clatter. I was shocked to see that the cow had broken her leg off, that the pail was shattered, and that the poor milkmaid had nicked her left elbow. She stood up, BRIDLED, and said to me with ASPERITY, “See what you’ve done? What do you mean by coming here and frightening my cow?”

She picked up the leg sulkily and led her cow away, the poor animal limping on three legs. As she walked away the IRASCIBLE woman kept casting ASPERSIONS at me, but at the same time she INCESSANTLY stared at her nicked elbow as if obsessed with her INFIRMITY. I must say, in view of my CULPABLE disregard of her cow’s potential reaction to my sudden PROPINQUITY, the milkmaid’s CENSURE of me was probably TENABLE. I felt quite guilty about this little CONTRETEMPS, and I decided I’d have to be very careful here or I might hurt these pretty little people so badly they would never mend. I imagine this society has a very high rate of ATTRITION from breakage alone!

A little farther on I met a beautifully dressed, perfectly COIFED, young Princess, who stopped short as she saw me, then started to run away. I wanted to see more of her, so I ran after her. Then the china girl suddenly turned around and cried out, “Don’t chase me! Don’t chase me! If I run I may fall down and break myself.”

I stopped and, admiring her clear, COMELY face, asked, “But couldn’t you be mended?”



“Yes, but no one’s ever as pretty after being mended,” she replied. “For example, take our oldest clown. He’s broken himself so many times that he’s been mended in a hundred different places and doesn’t look at all pretty—and that’s made him CURMUDGEONLY. Here he comes now, so you can see for yourself.” Indeed, an ancient clown came slowly walking toward us, and even a CURSORY glance—I didn’t want to be so impolite as to stare—revealed that he was completely covered with cracks, showing plainly that he had been mended in many places.

He gave me a SURLY look, which seemed highly INCONGRUOUS with his big red nose and brightly painted smile. Then he puffed out his cheeks and stood on his head! “Don’t mind him,” the Princess said to me. “He’s cracked in the head, and that makes him CHURLISH.” With her index finger she made little circles in the air next to her ear. As the clown walked off, he barked a string of PROFANITIES that hung in the air awhile, then evaporated.

“Oh, I don’t mind him,” I said, ignoring the Princess’s DROLL wit and the clown’s PARTHIAN VOLLEY of EXPLETIVES. I realized the CHOLERIC little creature was in his DOTAGE and didn’t know any better. “But you’re such a pretty little knickknack,” I continued, “that I’d like to carry you home and stand you on my mantelpiece—if you’d DEIGN to permit it.”

“I’m afraid I can’t ACCEDE to your request,” answered the china Princess. “You see, here in our country we can talk and move about as we wish. But whenever any of us is taken away, our joints OSSIFY, and we can only stand straight and look pretty. That would make me very unhappy. You know, many EXPATRIATE china people are standing miserably on mantelpieces right now, PINING for their homeland, but with no hope of REPATRIATION.”

She was so tiny, I could have taken her in spite of her unwillingness and she would have been forced to CAPITULATE—but, of course, my INNATE sense of right and wrong and my INVIOLEABLE conscience force me to TEMPER all my decisions with compassion. So let’s just say we made a BILATERAL agreement to part.



I walked very carefully through the rest of the china country. All the little people and animals scampered out of my way, fearing, understandably, that I might knock them over and break them.

After an hour or so I reached the other side of the country and came to another wall, in front of which stood a row of about six simple, UTILITARIAN buildings. In climbing the wall I accidentally upset the PENULTIMATE little EDIFICE—a china church—with my foot and smashed it to pieces. Three winged angels—really just an artist’s stained-glass portrayal of them as CORPOREAL beings—actually flew a few feet into the air before shattering loudly among the DETRITUS below! With one stroke I may have transformed the CLERIC and all his parishioners into INFIDELS! It was unfortunate, and I wished there was something I could have done to REDEEM myself for the damage I caused, but I think I was lucky in not doing these FRANGIBLE people more harm than breaking a cow’s leg and a church.

That’s all for now, Mom. I hope all is well with you. I love and miss you very much.

Love, Sonny

Marveling at how strange it all was, but touched by the FILIAL devotion evident in the final paragraph, Dorothy carefully put the letter back exactly as she had found it and hurried out.



Chapter 23 “The Fighting Trees”

The next morning our friends shook hands with the soldier in the green uniform, who, with IMPECCABLY DECOROUS DEPARTMENT, had walked with them as far as the gate. When the Guardian of the Gates saw them again he wondered why they would leave the beautiful City to get into new trouble, but he kept his thoughts to himself and merely wished them luck. Then, suddenly remembering that it was the Scarecrow to whom Oz had BEQUEATHED his throne, he yelled to him, “You’re our ruler now, so you must come back to us as soon as possible.”

“I certainly will if I am able,” replied the Scarecrow, “but first I must help Dorothy get back to Kansas.”

The sun shone brightly as our ITINERANT friends turned their faces toward the Land of the South. Throughout the morning they walked through green fields PEPPERED with bright flowers, but in the afternoon they came to a PORTENTOUSLY thick forest that seemed to extend to the right and left as far as they could see.

They didn’t dare change the direction of their journey for fear of getting lost. So, in spite of the unknown, SYLVAN dangers that lurked within, they decided to walk through the woods. Now they looked for a gap in the thick FOLIAGE where they could enter.

The Scarecrow, who was in the lead, discovered a big tree with such wide-spreading branches that there was room for the party to pass underneath. Now, this tree was one of an enchanted species, ENDEMIC to this region, that didn’t take kindly to strangers ENCROACHING on their land. So when the Scarecrow walked under the tree’s branches, they bent down and twined around him. The next minute he was raised from the ground and flung headlong among his fellow travelers.



“And that’s what we do with people who FLOUT the rules of PROPRIETY!” shouted the tree.

“Let me try,” said the Tin Woodman. Shouldering his axe, he marched up to the tree. This second SORTIE only EXACERBATED the tree’s anger. A big branch flung itself furiously at the Tin Woodman, who chopped at it like a DYNAMO until it was cut in two. At once the tree began shaking all its branches as if in EXCRUCIATING pain, and the Tin Woodman passed safely under it.

“Come on! Be quick!” he shouted to the others, desperate to end this queer IMBROGLIO once and for all. They all ran forward and passed under the tree without injury. The thought of these PRESUMPTUOUS trespassers entering the forest make the tree LIVID. It quickly threw out a SERPENTINE, PREHENSILE branch that tightly and painfully encircled Toto’s body, and the terrified, ULULATING dog was shaken mercilessly until the Tin Woodman set him free by chopping off the FLAILING limb with one mighty swing of his axe.

The other trees of the forest did nothing to keep them back, so they made up their minds that it was only that crazed ZEALOT in the first row who had the powers of a magical SENTINEL. The four travelers now walked with ease until they came to the other edge of the woods. Before them they saw a disagreeable country, full of MORASSES and covered with wildly PROLIFERATING weeds.



Chapter 24 “The Giant Spider”

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It was difficult to walk through the QUAGMIRE without falling into muddy holes, for here the weeds were so thick that they hid the holes from sight. Normally, Dorothy wasn't AVERSE to hiking, but now, terrified of the possibility of stepping into deadly quicksand, she silently cursed their ANTEDILUVIAN mode of travel. But by carefully picking their way, they got safely along until they reached solid ground.

Now the country grew wilder with every step they took. The downward DEVOLUTION seemed to cast a PALL over the proceedings, and their expressions grew increasingly SATURNINE as they continued onward. Dorothy had an uneasy PRESENTIMENT that more ADVERSITY lay just ahead. Then suddenly they entered another forest, where the trees were bigger and older than any they had ever seen.

“This forest is perfectly delightful!” EMOTED the Lion, obviously overcome by the majesty of the AUGUST trees. “Never have I seen a more beautiful place. I'd like to live here all my life.”

They started walking through it, and before they had gone very far, they heard a loud rumbling sound. When they came to a clearing, they saw hundreds of beasts of every kind. There were tigers, bears, wolves, foxes, and all the others of the animal kingdom, and for a moment Dorothy was afraid. But the Lion explained that the animals were holding a meeting. He judged by their snarling and growling that they were in the midst of some kind of INTERNECINE feud.

The beasts suddenly caught sight of him and were at once hushed by his PUISSANT presence. The largest of the tigers approached the Lion and bowed, saying, “Welcome, O King of Beasts! You have OPPORTUNELY arrived to bring peace to our STRIFE-ridden forest once more.”



“What’s the trouble?” asked the Lion with genuine concern.

“We’re all threatened,” answered the tiger, “by an enemy who is the BLIGHT of our existence. It’s a most tremendous monster, like a gigantic spider, with a body as big as an elephant’s and eight legs as long as tree trunks. As this BEHEMOTH crawls through the forest, it seizes its PREY with a leg and drags it to its mouth, where it slowly and mercilessly MASTICATES it. Like most spiders, it’s OMNIVOROUS, so both FLORA and FAUNA are at risk. We don’t know where this beast comes from, but it’s certainly not INDIGENOUS to this or any other nearby areas. Not one of us is safe while the creature is alive. Our normally COHESIVE group seems to have become POLARIZED, and I fear our PARTISAN conflicts will VITIATE our ability to defend ourselves. We were at LOGGERHEADS and just debating what to do, rather loudly, I’m afraid, when you most PROPITIOUSLY came along.”

The Lion thought for a moment while he studied the assemblage. He noticed URSINE, LUPINE, and VULPINE FACTIONS, but he didn’t notice any other lions. When he inquired about this, the tiger answered, “There were some lions, but even they were helpless to stop the CARNAGE. The LEVIATHAN has eaten them all. But none of them was as large or brave as you.”

“Take good care of these friends of mine,” said the Lion with APLOMB, “and I’ll go at once to fight the monster.” He said good-bye to his comrades and, determined to either return a hero or die a MARTYR, he STEELED himself to do battle and proudly marched away.

A NOCTURNAL hunter, the REPUGNANT beast was deep in his DIURNAL slumber when the Lion found him. Nearby, a HOST of MAGGOTS feasted on the SINEWY CARRION of the monster’s latest victim. The MALODOROUS meal sickened the Lion, but, doing his best to ignore the NOISOME OFFAL, he approached the DORMANT enemy.

Its legs were as long as the tiger had said, and its body was covered with coarse, black hair. It had a huge mouth with a row of foot-long, triangular teeth, each of which, while rather blunt at the base, was razor sharp at the APEX. But the spider’s head was joined to its pudgy body by a



GOSSAMER neck, and this gave the Lion a hint of the best way to attack the creature.

As he knew it was easier to fight it asleep than awake, he gave a great spring and landed directly upon the monster's back. Then, with one blow of his heavy, sharp-clawed paw, he sliced the spider's head clear off its body. Jumping down, he watched for a long time as the MORIBUND beast's long legs wiggled disgustingly. When they finally stopped, he knew the monster's heart no longer beat. That's when he became conscious of the hammering of his own heart.

The Lion went back to the clearing where the beasts of the forest were waiting for him and, with his LEONINE pride bursting, said, "You needn't fear your enemy any longer." An explosion of APPROBATION filled the air as the great gathering burst into a triumphant PAEAN. With ADULATION pouring from their eyes, they bestowed a DELUGE of ACCOLADES and KUDOS upon their new King. Following the PLAUDITS, the largest tiger delivered a formal but spirited ENCOMIUM, and the Lion, overwhelmed by the LAUDATORY remarks—especially the COMMENDATION on his "MERITORIOUS conduct" and the descriptions of him as "a PARAGON of bravery" and "the APOTHEOSIS of courage"—felt his heart expand till it nearly burst. When the round of PANEGRICS was finally over, the Lion promised everyone he would return to rule over them as soon as Dorothy was safely on her way back to Kansas.



Chapter 25 “The Hammer-Heads”

While the four travelers passed safely through the rest of the woods, the Lion proudly REGALED the others with a narrative, REplete with gory, MACABRE details, explaining how he ANNIHILATED the monster. The gruesome images disturbed Dorothy, but at the same time she was thrilled to see the Lion in such fine FETTLE. Just when her stomach could take no more, they came out into the light and saw before them a long, steep hill, covered from top to bottom with large rocks. “That will be a hard climb,” said the Scarecrow, “but we must get over the hill, nevertheless.”

He started up the ARDUOUS path and the others followed. They had nearly reached the first rock when they heard a BELLIGERENT-sounding voice ELLIPTICALLY cry out, “Back!” Then a head showed itself over the rock and the same voice said, “This hill belongs to us, and we don’t allow anyone to cross it.”

“But we must cross it,” said the Scarecrow. “We’re going to the country of the Quadlings.”

“You shall not!” replied the voice CONTENTIOUSLY, and there stepped from behind the rock the strangest man the travelers had ever seen.

He was quite short and ROTUND and had a big head, which was flat at the top and supported by a thick neck full of wrinkles. But he had no arms at all, and the Scarecrow didn’t see how their climb up the hill could possibly be THWARTED by a creature who looked so helpless. “I’m sorry not to do as you wish, but we must pass over your hill whether you like it or not,” he said with TEMERITY as he continued walking through the PROSCRIBED area.

The Scarecrow soon found that the strange creature’s INJUNCTION was not mere BLUSTER when, as quick as lightning, the man’s head shot



forward and his neck stretched out until the top of his head, where it was flat, struck the Scarecrow in the middle and sent him tumbling, over and over, down the hill. Almost as quickly as it came, the head recoiled back to the body, and the man said PUGNACIOUSLY, “You won’t try that again if you know what’s good for you!”

A chorus of BOISTEROUS laughter came from the other rocks, and Dorothy saw that the hillside was TEEMING with the armless Hammer-Heads. The Lion, ROILED by the laughter at the Scarecrow’s expense, gave a loud roar and dashed up the hill.

Again a head shot swiftly out, and this sudden SALVO sent the Lion rolling down the hill as if he had been struck by a cannonball. Dorothy, followed by the Tin Woodman, ran down the hill to help her battered friends to their feet. Like a miniature TRIAGE nurse, she tried to weigh their relative needs, but was momentarily paralyzed because those needs seemed to her in EQUIPOISE. Then, when she saw the Tim Woodman move toward the Lion, she automatically turned to help the Scarecrow. Both were shaken up, but otherwise INTACT. “It’s useless to fight people with shooting heads,” said the Lion, getting to his feet. “No one can withstand them.”

“What can we do?” Dorothy fretted. But no answer came because no one could think of a way to pass the INSUPERABLE barrier or even to AMELIORATE the KNOTTY situation. Suddenly losing her EQUANIMITY, the child angrily paced back and forth. Such ARROGANCE!...Such IMPERTINENCE!...Such GALL! It stuck in her CRAW. She paced faster and faster until it looked as if she were doing some kind of strange dance.

“Look! A GAMBOLING GAMINE!” shouted one of the Hammer-Heads EPIGRAMMATICALLY. Then, with an exaggerated LITHESS of limb and a womanly LISSOMENESS, he MINCED back and forth with great ÉLAN in a cruel, mocking imitation of the girl. His COHORTS behind the adjacent rocks laughed uncontrollably as if this queer POSTURING were the funniest thing they had ever seen.

Dorothy heard the INVIDIOUS, POINTED BARB and was reminded of a time in Kansas when, on her way home from school, passing by a CUL-DE-



SAC, a couple of WAYWARD URCHINS had WAYLAID her to make fun of her freckles. By comparison, that was good-natured RAILLERY, INNOCUOUS BADINAGE. But these OUTRÉ antics were beyond the PALE. The OVERT hostility of these BUMPTIOUS MISANTHROPEs produced in her a raging, INUNDATING ENMITY, and swift waves of RANCOR rose chokingly in her throat till she nearly gagged. But she decided she had already SURMOUNTED too many obstacles to give up now. With her INVETERATE HARDIHOOD—and despite a sudden, nearly paralyzing XENOPHOBIA—she tightened her will and vowed to get past these BELLICOSE bullies one way or another.

The Scarecrow, now deep in a BROWN STUDY, scratched his head. Dorothy, thinking that scratching her own head might help her think of a way to ease the situation's mounting VOLATILITY, took off her Golden Cap and held it in her hand. But the ugly ALTERCATION had RANKLED her too much for her to concentrate. As her annoyance at the CONTUMACIOUS CABAL FESTERED in her mind, she kept mumbling to herself, "The INSOLENCE!...The AUDACITY!...The IMPUDENCE!...The EFFRONTERY!"

Her little LITANY of PEJORATIVES was interrupted when an EFFULGENT flash of sunlight suddenly struck the inside of the shiny brim of the Golden Cap and was PROVIDENTIALLY reflected directly into the Tin Woodman's eye. "Look, Dorothy!" he said. "There's something written inside the brim of your Cap!"

They all stared intently at the Cap. ETCHED into the metal, in tiny letters, were the words *Whosoever possesses this Golden Cap shall command the Flying Monkeys*. After that, in even smaller letters, were what appeared to be a string of magic words: *Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke! Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo! Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!*

Remembering that it was the Monkeys who had ABETTED the Wicked Witch in her EXECRABLE acts, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were rather afraid to have anything to do with them. But then, realizing the Monkeys were merely acting according to PROTOCOL, the Scarecrow pushed aside his JAUNDICED point of view and pointed out that their seemingly INIQUITOUS behavior was understandable because, whether



they liked it or not, the Monkeys' only FEALTY was to the owner of the Cap.

The Tin Woodman, still afraid, at first DISSENTED. But then, because he didn't want to USURP the Scarecrow's authority, and because he realized a SURCEASE of hostilities was unattainable because any attempt to verbally CONCILIATE the INTRANSIGENT enemy would prove FUTILE, he finally agreed that using the charm of the Cap was their only FEASIBLE alternative. "You possess the Golden Cap, Dorothy," he said at last. "Summon the Winged Monkeys."

Knowing that even one misplaced syllable would probably NULLIFY the charm, Dorothy carefully PERUSED what was printed inside the Cap. Only then did she begin to INTONE the INCANTATION. Gliding her index finger back and forth over the letters as she spoke produced a pleasant TACTILE sensation that helped soothe her. In a few moments the entire band of Monkeys stood before her.

"What is your command?" inquired the King of the Monkeys, bowing low.

"Please carry us over the hill to the country of the Quadlings," answered the girl.

"It shall be done," said the King, and at once the Monkeys took the travelers in their arms and flew away with them. As they passed over the hill, the IRATE Hammer-Heads repeatedly shot FUSILLADES of flying heads in the air, which, even at their APOGEE, couldn't reach the high-flying Monkeys.



Chapter 26 “The Flying Monkeys”

Dorothy found herself being carried easily by the King, and after a time her curiosity IMPELLED her to ask, “Why is it that you have to follow the command of whoever owns the Golden Cap?”

“It’s a long story,” he answered, “but since we have some time before we reach the country of the Quadlings, I’ll tell you. I just hope it won’t bore you too much.”

“Of course not,” replied the girl, wondering if asking may have been a mistake.

“Very well. You see, once we were a free people, living CAPRICIOUSLY in a great forest, flying from tree to tree, eating nuts and fruit, and doing just as we pleased without having to answer to anyone. Some of us were a little too PUCKISH at times, flying down to pull animals’ tails, or chasing birds, or BEDEVILING people who walked in the forest by throwing nuts at their heads. You could say our HALLMARK was a refusal to behave in an civil manner, but we were happy and carefree and we enjoyed every minute of our UNTRAMMELED freedom.

“There was living here then, too, a wise and beautiful Princess hailed by all as the very AVATAR of goodness. Though everyone loved her, she couldn’t find anyone to love in return because all the men here were too ugly or stupid. At last, however, she found a young boy, the SCION of a GENEALOGICALLY respectable family, who was both handsome and smart and who, she was convinced, possessed many LATENT abilities. The Princess made up her mind that when he grew up she would make him her husband. She DISCREETLY took him to her palace and molded his MALLEABLE young mind into one as wise and good as hers, for she knew that having these fine attributes in common AUGURED well for CONJUGAL FELICITY.



“When the boy at last reached adulthood, he was said to be the wisest and handsomest man in all the land. The Princess was greatly ENAMORED of him and HASTENED to make everything ready for the IMPENDING NUPTIALS.

“At that time the King of the Winged Monkeys was my grandfather—on the DISTAFF side—and the old guy loved to play practical jokes. Interestingly, whereas my parents were always very serious, I’m also rather mischievous, and I accept this ATAVISTIC trait as my grandfather’s LEGACY.” To prove his point he smiled ROGUISHLY and pretended he was about to drop his passenger, producing in Dorothy a flash of panic. Then, holding her securely, he continued, “Anyway, one day, just before the wedding, my grandfather was flying out with his band of Monkeys when he saw the Princess’s BETROTHED walking beside the river. This TOUCHSTONE of wisdom and VIRILITY was dressed in a rich costume of SEQUINED purple velvet and DIAPHANOUS pink silk—a bit MERETRICIOUS and EFFETE for my taste, I must say, and probably for my grandfather’s, too, for he WHIMSICALLY decided, as was his WONT, to see what kind of trouble he could cause.

“At his suggestion, the band of Monkeys CONNIVINGLY flew down, seized the FOPPISHLY dressed young man, and carried him until they were over the middle of the river. Then, sarcastically asking him whether it was an elf, pixie, or FEY aunt who had lent him the outfit he’d been FLAUNTING, they dropped him into the water. Realizing it was all in fun, he laughed good-naturedly and UNFLAPPABLY swam to shore. But when the Princess came running out to him and found his silks and velvet ruined by the water, she was outraged by the PUERILE prank.

“She knew, of course, who did it, so she had all the Monkeys brought before her and, in an attempt to INCULCATE them with a love of virtue, she began delivering a moralizing HOMILY. She pointed out that each Monkey’s life, both TEMPORAL and eternal, is affected by his behavior. Then, while encouraging them to SUBLIMATE their IMPISH urges by participating in relay races, one of the younger Monkeys, hidden among the SERRIED ranks, GRIMACED and groaned. Suddenly unable to stomach the sight of any of them, she CALLOUSLY declared that all their wings



should be tied and they should be treated as they had treated her fiancé and dropped into the river. But my grandfather EXPOSTULATED with her because he knew the Monkeys would drown if their wings were tied. At first, because she DEEMED them EGREGIOUS troublemakers, the Princess was IMPERVIOUS to the potential suffering—and probable DISSOLUTION—of the Monkeys.

“Finally, however, perhaps because of my grandfather’s ARDENT REMONSTRATIONS, her OBDURATE heart softened and she became DISPASSIONATE. She decided, while not EXONERATING them, to at least spare them on the condition that they should forever after be forced to obey the wishes of the owner of the Golden Cap. This Cap had been bought as a wedding present for her husband—after the Princess, with tremendous difficulty, finally succeeded in persuading the previous owner to sell it. But that turned out to be a PYRRHIC victory, so the story goes, because the Cap’s EXTORTIONATE price was more than the Princess could afford. She ended up borrowing the money from a USURER, and the excessive interest forced her to survive on FRUGAL meals for months! But today few give much CREDENCE to that story. Of course, my grandfather and all the other Monkeys at once agreed to the condition, and that’s how it happens that the Monkeys are the slaves of whoever owns the Cap.

“The new Prince, being the first owner of the Cap, was the first to impose a wish upon the Monkeys. As his bride had a natural ANTIPATHY toward them, he called all of them together and ordered them always to keep where his wife wouldn’t set eyes on them, which they were glad to do, for they were all afraid of her and had no desire of any RAPPROCHEMENT.

“And this was all they ever had to do until the Golden Cap fell into the hands of the Wicked Witch of the West, who forced them to WANTONLY PILLAGE all the nearby villages. The Monkeys, of course, having no desire of RAPINE, were horrified and guilt-ridden by the REPREHENSIBLE acts they were forced to commit.”

Just when the King finished his story by saying, “...and everyone hated them and referred to them as ‘the SCOURGE of the land,’” the Monkeys carefully set the travelers down in the beautiful country of the Quadlings.



“How interesting,” Dorothy said. Then, waving to the Monkeys as they rose into the air and flew away, she yelled, “Thank you!”

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Chapter 27 “The Land of the South”

Now Dorothy surveyed the surrounding area. The country of the Quadlings appeared AFFLUENT and happy. There was field upon field of ripening grain—the MAINSTAY of their economy—with well-paved roads running between, and pretty rippling brooks with strong bridges across them. The fences and houses were all painted red, and the AMICABLE-looking Quadlings themselves, who were short but PORTLY, were all dressed in red—except a lone teenaged boy. This RENEGADE, convinced that the Emerald City was the BELLWETHER of the fashion industry, sported an outfit of bright, BILIOUS green.

“How far is it to Glinda’s Castle?” Dorothy asked a passerby, a PORCINE little man with a CHERUBIC, RUBICUND face.

“It’s not a great way,” he answered CONGENIALLY, DOFFING his hat. “Take the road to the South and you’ll soon reach it.”

They walked past IDYLLIC fields and across pretty bridges until they spotted a beautiful Castle. Walking closer, they saw, GARRISONED at the gate, a young, pretty, blonde-haired soldier girl in a red uniform. Attached to her belt was a long sword with a GILDED HILT. As Dorothy approached, the soldier said to her, “Why have you come to the Land of the South?”

“To see the Good Witch who rules here,” Dorothy answered, staring at the golden HAFT and deciding that it must be a HARBINGER of hope. “Will you take us to her?”

“Give me your names and I’ll ask Glinda if she’ll see you,” answered the girl. Dorothy explained who they were, and the soldier went into the Castle.

While they waited, the Tin Woodman decided that if they received a denial, he would use his INGRATIATING charm to INVEIGLE the girl into letting



them through the gate; so he prepared a few BLANDISHMENTS, just in case. The Scarecrow, in a similar vein, decided that if they were denied he would devise a clever scheme to sneak them into the Castle. But neither CAJOLERY nor SUBTERFUGE was required, for after a few moments the soldier came back to say that Dorothy and the others were to be admitted at once.

They followed the soldier girl into a COMMODIOUS room where the Good Witch Glinda sat upon a throne of rubies. She was both young and ETHEREALLY beautiful to their eyes. From her TIARA-adorned, rich red hair, flowing ringlets fell over the shoulders of her pure-white dress. Her LIMPID blue eyes gazed kindly upon the little girl. “What can I do for you, my child?” she asked in a MELLIFLUOUS, flutelike tone that carried with it its own musical accompaniment.

Chapter 28 “The Return Home”

Dorothy told Glinda her entire story, starting with the cyclone and ending with the Hammer-Heads. “My greatest wish now,” Dorothy finished, “is to get back to Kansas, for Aunt Em will surely think something dreadful has happened to me.” As Dorothy spoke that last sentence, an invisible EXUDATION of all her TOILS and TORTUROUS sufferings drifted slowly upward from her body and condensed into a beautiful TRANSLUCENT radiance that filled the entire room.

The Good Witch leaned forward and kissed the sweet, upturned face of the PREPOSSESSING little girl. “Bless your dear heart,” she said, fully aware that they were all standing at the very DENOUEMENT of Dorothy’s EPIC adventure. “I’m sure I can tell you of a way to get back to Kansas.”

“How?” asked Dorothy, a little drop of brightness forming in the corner of each eye.



“Your Silver Shoes will carry you home,” replied Glinda. “If you had known their power you could have gone back to your Aunt Em the very first day you came to this country. One of the most curious things about the Silver Shoes is that they can carry you to anyplace in the world in three steps, and each step will be made in the wink of an eye. All you have to do is click the heels together three times and command the shoes to carry you wherever you wish to go.”

“If that’s so,” said the child, staring down at the SCINTILLATING Shoes and wondering why the Good Witch of the North hadn’t been aware of that SALIENT fact, “I’ll ask them to carry me back to Kansas.”

She couldn’t bear to think of leaving her friends, but that pain was PALLIATED by the thought of returning to Aunt Em. First she turned to the Lion. Looking tenderly into his eyes, she said, “I know you’ll find a way back to that beautiful, SERENE forest where you’ve been proclaimed King and that you’ll be happy there.” She handed the Golden Cap to Glinda, then threw her arms around the Lion’s neck and kissed him, gently patting his big head. Inwardly he HARBORED a surge of pent-up feelings, but his INDOMITABLE bravery forbade him from displaying them.

Then she turned to the Tin Woodman, who was weeping in a way most dangerous to his metal joints. “You mustn’t cry or you’ll rust your joints again,” she said with just a hint of REPROACH. “Will you be going back to the Land of the West to rule over the Winkies?” Not trusting his voice to speak, he merely nodded. Dorothy kissed his hot metal cheek and a look of tenderness and devotion welled up in his eyes.

Finally she turned to the Scarecrow, her first friend in Oz, the one she knew best of all. She touched his arm, and an enormous, overwhelming rush of fondness for the girl swept over him, PREVAILING over every other sensation. She gave him a little CONSPIRATORIAL smile and said SUB ROSA, “I think I’ll miss you most of all.”

But he made no response. He just stood there as if permanently paralyzed, with one hand over his eyes and the other dangling lifelessly at his side.

“Scarecrow!—”



Tears spilled through his fingers and dripped onto his feet. He made no sound. His whole body was shaking with his effort not to give way. But it was no use. “Don’t cry! There’s nothing to cry about,” Dorothy said, gently patting his back, her eyes glazing over. She felt her throat swell into an unbearably TURGID lump, nearly suffocating her. Violent sobs suddenly broke from her, convulsing her narrow shoulders. She desperately flung her arms around the soft, stuffed body of the Scarecrow and kissed his painted face.

He tried to speak, but the words clung to the straw lining of his throat. “I’m sorry,” he finally said, in a strangled croak that brought with it a few strands of straw. “I’ll be all right...I’ll be all right.” He wiped a sleeve across his painted eyes.

As Glinda stepped down from her throne to give the little girl a good-bye kiss, FULGENT patterns of sunlight crisscrossed the room. Dorothy, composing herself as well as she could, thanked the good Witch for her kindness. Glinda’s smile deepened, emphasizing the lines of kindness around her eyes. Now Dorothy took Toto solemnly in her arms and said, “I’m ready now.” Then, waving good-bye to them all, she clicked her heels together three times and said, “Take me home to Aunt Em!”

Instantly she was whirling through the air so swiftly that all she could hear was the SIBILANT wind rushing past her ears. The Silver Shoes took but three steps and then stopped so suddenly that Dorothy rolled over upon the grass several times. Then she sat up and looked around her.

“Good gracious!” she cried, for she was sitting on the broad Kansas prairie, and just before her was the new farmhouse Uncle Henry built after the howling HOLOCAUST had devastated the old one. Dorothy stood up and found she was in her stocking feet. The Silver Shoes, her only TANGIBLE evidence of her fantastic adventure, had fallen off during her flight through the air and were lost forever. After taking only a few steps toward the house, she felt comfortably ACCLIMATED to her wonderfully MUNDANE existence.

Aunt Em had just come out of the house to water the flowers when she looked up and saw Dorothy running toward her. “My darling child!” she



cried, folding the little girl in her arms and EFFUSIVELY kissing every part of her face. “Where in the world were you?”

Aunt Em’s WAN face suddenly began to regain its natural, ROBUST color, and Dorothy stared into the MAUDLIN eyes that sat at its center. How could she possibly explain her PRETERNATURAL adventures? She knew she couldn’t. “In a faraway land,” she answered simply, tears of joy running down her cheeks. “And here is Toto, too. And oh, Aunt Em, there’s no place like home!”

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