

1. The Wonderful Wizard Of Oz

The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots. He looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that **made Dorothy laugh**¹. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long, silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry stood up.

"There's a cyclone coming, Em," he called to his wife.

"Quick, Dorothy!" screamed Aunt Em; "run for the cellar!"

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl **started to get him**². When she was half way across the room there came a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she sat down suddenly upon the floor. A strange thing then happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but Dorothy was riding quite easily. She sat quite still on the floor and waited.

¹ **made Dorothy laugh** — веселил Дороти

² **started to get him** — кинулась его ловить

Hour after hour passed away. Dorothy felt quite lonely. The wind shrieked loudly. As the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying. Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

The Council with **The Munchkins**¹

Dorothy was awakened by a shock. She sat up and noticed that the house was not moving. She opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her. She saw wonderful sights. The cyclone set the house down, very gently, in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all about, stately trees with rich and luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes.

She noticed a group of the queer people. Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The men were dressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats. But the little woman was doubtless much older.

The little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice,

"You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you. You killed the wicked Witch of the East, and set our people free from bondage."

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder and said, with hesitation,

"You are very kind; but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman. "See! There are her two toes, from under a block of wood."

¹ **the Munchkins** — Жевуны

There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out. They were shod in silver **shoes with pointed toes**¹.

"But who was she?" asked Dorothy.

"She was the wicked Witch of the East," answered the little woman. "The Munchkins were her slaves. Now they are all free, and are grateful to you."

"Are you a Munchkin?" asked Dorothy.

"No; but I am their friend. I am the Witch of the North. I am a good witch."

"But I thought all witches were wicked," said the girl.

"Oh, no; that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz. Two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. Those who dwelt in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches. You have killed one of them."

The feet of the dead Witch disappeared entirely and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

"That is the end of her," explained the Witch of the North, "But the silver shoes are yours. There is some charm connected with them. But what it is we don't know."

"I want to get back to my Aunt and Uncle. Can you help me find my way?" Dorothy said.

The Munchkins and the Witch looked at one another.

"At the East, not far from here," said one, "there is a great desert, and none can cross it."

"It is the same at the South," said another, "The South is the country of **the Quadlings**²."

"It is the same at the West," said the third man, "And that country, where **the Winkies**³ live, is ruled by the wicked Witch of the West. She will make you her slave if you go there."

¹ **shoes with pointed toes** — башмаки с загнутыми носками

² **the Quadlings** — Кводлинги

³ **the Winkies** — Мигуны

"Then you must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you", said the little women.

"Where is this City?" asked Dorothy.

"It is exactly in the center of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard."

"How can I get there?" asked Dorothy.

"You must walk. It is a long journey. I will kiss you. No one will injure a person who was kissed by the Witch of the North."

She kissed Dorothy gently on the forehead. Her lips left a round, shining mark.

"The road to the City of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick," said the Witch.

How Dorothy saved **the Scarecrow**¹

Dorothy put the silver shoes on, **which fitted her well**².

"Come along, Toto," she said, "we will go to the Emerald City and ask the great Oz how to get back to Kansas again."

She closed the door and started on her journey. She found the road paved with yellow brick. Soon she was walking briskly toward the Emerald City.

One day she saw a Scarecrow. The Scarecrow was placed high on a pole. Its head was a small sack with straw, with eyes, nose and mouth painted on it. An old blue hat was perched on this head.

"Good day," said the Scarecrow, in a rather husky voice.

"Can you speak?" asked the girl, in wonder.

"Certainly," answered the Scarecrow.

"Can't you get down?" asked Dorothy.

"No, because of this pole in my back. If you take away the pole I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Dorothy lifted the figure off the pole. It was quite light.

¹ **the Scarecrow** — Страшила

² **which fitted her well** — которые оказались ей впору

"Thank you very much," said the Scarecrow. "Who are you?"

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

"Where is the Emerald City?" he enquired, "and who is Oz? I don't know anything. You see, I have no brains at all. Do you think, if I go to the Emerald City with you, that the great Oz will give me some brains?"

"I cannot tell," she returned, "but you may come with me, if you like. Try."

"Good," said the Scarecrow.

The Rescue of the Tin Woodman

They stayed in a little cottage in the middle of a forest for a night.

"We must go and search for water," Dorothy said to the Scarecrow in the morning.

"Why do you want water?" he asked.

"To wash my face and to drink."

"It must be inconvenient to be made of flesh," said the Scarecrow, thoughtfully, "for you must sleep, and eat and drink. However, you have brains."

They left the cottage and walked through the trees until they found a little spring of clear water. When Dorothy was about to go back to the road of yellow brick, she heard a deep groan nearby. They turned and walked through the forest a few steps, when Dorothy heard something.

One of the big trees was partly chopped through, and a man made entirely of tin was standing beside it. He had head and arms and legs, but he stood perfectly motionless.

"Did you groan?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes," answered the tin man; "I did. I am groaning."

"What can I do for you?" she enquired, softly.

"Get an oil-can and oil my joints," he answered. "They are rusted badly. You will find an oil-can on a shelf in my cottage."

Dorothy ran to the cottage and found the oil-can. She oiled the joints. The Tin Woodman gave a sigh of satisfaction and lowered his axe.

"This is good," he said. "You have certainly saved my life. Who are you?"

"We are on our way to the Emerald City, to see the great Oz," the girl answered. "I want him to send me back to Kansas; and the Scarecrow wants him to put a few brains into his head."

The Tin Woodman thought deeply for a moment. Then he said:

"Do you suppose Oz can give me a heart? I want to love."

"I guess so," Dorothy answered, "it will be as easy as to give the Scarecrow brains."

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

"Come along," said the Scarecrow, heartily.

The Cowardly Lion

Dorothy and her companions were walking through the thick woods. The road was still paved with yellow brick.

"How long will it be," the child asked of the Tin Woodman, "before we are out of the forest?"

"I cannot tell," replied the Tin Woodman, "for I have never been to the Emerald City."

Just as he spoke there came from the forest a terrible roar, and the next moment a great Lion bounded into the road.

Little Toto ran barking toward the Lion. The great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy rushed forward and slapped the Lion upon his nose,

"Don't you dare to bite Toto! Shame on you! A big beast like you bites a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the Lion.

"No, but you tried to," she retorted. "You are nothing but a big coward."

"I know it," said the Lion in shame, "It is my great sorrow, and makes my life very unhappy. Where are you going?"

"I am going to the great Oz to ask him to give me some brains," remarked the Scarecrow, "for my head is stuffed with straw."

"And I am going to ask him to give me a heart," said the Woodman.

"And I am going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas," added Dorothy.

"Do you think Oz can give me courage?" asked the cowardly Lion.

"Maybe," said the Scarecrow.

"Then, I'll go with you," said the Lion.

"You will be very welcome," answered Dorothy.

The Deadly Poppy Field

Soon they found themselves in the midst of a great meadow of poppies. Their odor is so powerful that anyone who breathes it falls asleep. If the sleeper is not carried away from the scent of the flowers, he sleeps on and on forever. But Dorothy did not know this; so presently her eyes grew heavy and she wanted to sit down to rest and to sleep.

But the Tin Woodman did not let her do this.

"We must hurry and get back to the road of yellow brick before dark," he said; and the Scarecrow agreed with him.

But Dorothy's eyes closed and she forgot where she was and fell among the poppies. She was asleep.

"Run fast," said the Scarecrow to the Lion, "and get out of this deadly flower-bed as soon as you can. We will bring the little girl with us, but you are too big for us."

The great carpet of deadly flowers that surrounded them was endless. Their friend the Lion fell down. The flowers were too strong for the huge beast and he gave up, at last. He fell only a short distance from the end of the poppy-bed.

"We can do nothing for him," said the Tin Woodman, sadly; "for he is much too heavy to lift."

The Queen of the Field Mice

Soon they saw a field-mouse. She was running away from a big wild cat. The Tin Woodman saved her.

"Oh, thank you very much!" said the mouse. "What can I do for you in return?"

"Who are you?" they asked.

"I am the Queen of all the field-mice!" cried the little animal.

"Can you save our friend, the Cowardly Lion, who is asleep in the poppy bed?"

"A Lion!" cried the little Queen. "why, he will eat us all up."

"Oh, no," declared the Scarecrow; "this Lion is a coward. Are there many of these mice which call you Queen and are ready to obey you?"

"Oh, yes; there are thousands," she replied.

"Please send for them all to come here as soon as possible, and let each one bring a long piece of string."

The Queen called the mice. As soon as they heard her orders they ran away in every direction.

"Now," said the Scarecrow to the Tin Woodman, "you must go to those trees by the river-side and make a truck that will carry the Lion."

The Woodman soon made a truck out of the trees, from which he chopped away all the leaves and branches. He fastened it together with wooden pegs and made the four wheels out of a big tree-trunk.

The mice came from all directions, and there were thousands of them: big mice and little mice and middle-sized mice. Each one brought a piece of string in his mouth. Dorothy woke from her long sleep and opened her eyes.

The Scarecrow and the Woodman now began to fasten the mice to the truck. The Lion was heavy, but they managed to get him up on the truck. The Woodman and the Scarecrow both pushed the truck and soon they rolled the Lion out of the poppy bed to the green fields. The Queen of the Mice said, "If ever you need us again, come out into the field and call. We shall hear you and come to your assistance. Good-bye!" "Good-bye!" they all answered.

The Guardian of the Gate

They all walked through the soft, fresh grass; and it was not long before they reached the road of yellow brick and turned again toward the Emerald City where the great Oz dwelt. Soon they saw a beautiful green glow in the sky just before them.

"That must be the Emerald City," said Dorothy.

In front of them, and at the end of the road of yellow brick, was a big gate, all studded with emeralds. The emeralds glittered in the sun. There was a bell beside the gate, and Dorothy pushed the button. Then the big gate swung slowly open, and they all passed through. Before them stood a little man. He was clothed all in green, from his head to his feet, and even his skin was of a greenish tint.

"What do you wish in the Emerald City?"

"We came here to see the Great Oz," said Dorothy.

The man was surprised at this answer.

"The Great Oz," he said, in perplexity, "is powerful and terrible."

"It is important," said the Scarecrow; "And we know that Oz is a good Wizard."

"So he is," said the green man, "and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. I am the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the Great Oz I will take you to his palace. But first you must put on the spectacles. If you do not wear spectacles the brightness and glory of the Emerald City will blind you."

He opened the big box, and Dorothy saw that it was filled with spectacles of every size and shape. The Guardian of the gates found a pair, and Dorothy put them over her eyes. Then the green man fitted spectacles for the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman and the Lion, and even on little Toto. All were **locked fast**¹ with the key.

The Wonderful Emerald City of Oz

Dorothy and her friends were dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The beautiful houses were all built of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds. They walked over a pavement of the same green marble. The window panes were of green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green.

There were many people, men, women and children, walking about, and these were all dressed in green clothes and had greenish skins. The Guardian of the Gates led them through the streets until they came to a big building, exactly in the middle of the City. It was the Palace of Oz, the Great Wizard. There was a soldier before the door.

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

They passed through the Palace gates and were led into a big room with a green carpet. A bell rang, and the green girl said to Dorothy,

¹ **locked fast** — заперались

"That is the signal. You must go into the Throne Room alone."

She opened a little door and Dorothy walked boldly through and found herself in a wonderful place. It was a big, round room with a high arched roof. The walls and ceiling and floor were covered with large emeralds.

The big throne of green marble stood in the middle of the room. In the center of the chair was an enormous Head, without body or any arms or legs. The eyes turned slowly and looked at her sharply and steadily. Then the mouth moved, and Dorothy heard a voice,

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am Dorothy. I have come to you for help."

The eyes looked at her thoughtfully for a full minute. Then said the voice,

"Where did you get the silver shoes?"

"I got them from the wicked Witch of the East, when my house fell on her and killed her," she replied.

"Where did you get the mark upon your forehead?" continued the voice.

"That is where the good Witch of the North kissed me when she sent me to you," said the girl.

"What do you wish me to do?"

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

The eyes winked three times.

"Well," said the Head, "I will send you back to Kansas, and you will do something for me in return. Kill the wicked Witch of the West!"

"But I cannot!" exclaimed Dorothy, greatly surprised.

"That is my answer," said the Head; "the Wicked Witch must be killed. Now go."

Sorrowfully Dorothy left the Throne Room and went back. Her friends were sorry.

The next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Scarecrow and said,

"Come with me, for Oz has sent for you."

So the Scarecrow followed him and was admitted into the great Throne Room, where he saw, sitting in the emerald throne, a most lovely lady. She was dressed in green silk gauze and wore a crown of jewels. She looked upon him sweetly, and said,

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am a Scarecrow, stuffed with straw. Therefore I have no brains, and I come to you. Please put brains in my head instead of straw."

"Well," said the lady, "I will give you some brains, and you will do something for me in return. Kill the wicked Witch of the West!"

The Scarecrow went sorrowfully back to his friends and told them everything. Dorothy was surprised to find that the great Wizard was not a Head, but a lovely lady.

On the next morning the soldier with the green whiskers came to the Tin Woodman and said,

"Oz has sent for you. Follow me,"

The Tin Woodman followed him and came to the great Throne Room. When the Woodman entered the great Throne Room he saw neither the Head nor the Lady. He saw the most terrible Beast in the world. It was nearly as big as an elephant, it had a head like that of a rhinoceros, with five eyes in its face. There were five long arms growing out of its body and it also had five long, slim legs.

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible," said the Beast. "Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am a Woodman, and made of tin. Therefore I have no heart, and cannot love. I pray you to give me a heart."

"Help Dorothy to kill the Wicked Witch of the West," replied the Beast. "When the Witch is dead, come to me, and I will then give you the heart."

The Tin Woodman returned sorrowfully to his friends and told them of the terrible Beast. The next morning the soldier led the Lion to the great Throne Room.

The Lion passed through the door and saw that before the throne was a Ball of Fire. Then a low, quiet voice came from the Ball of Fire,

"I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Who are you, and why do you seek me?"

"I am a Cowardly Lion, afraid of everything. Please give me courage, so that I may become the King of Beasts."

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

The Lion was angry at this speech, but said nothing in reply. He rushed from the room. He told his friends of his terrible interview with the Wizard.

"What shall we do now?" asked Dorothy, sadly.

"There is only one thing we can do," returned the Lion, "and that is to go to the land of the Winkies, find the Wicked Witch, and destroy her."

They decided to start upon their journey the next morning. The Woodman sharpened his axe on a green grindstone and oiled all his joints. The Scarecrow stuffed himself with fresh straw and Dorothy put new paint on his eyes. The green girl, who was very kind to them, filled Dorothy's basket with food, and fastened a little bell around Toto's neck with a green ribbon.

The Search for the Wicked Witch

The soldier with the green whiskers led them through the streets of the Emerald City until they reached the room where the Guardian of the Gates lived.

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