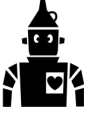


Dorothy lived in a little house in Kansas, with Uncle Henry, Aunt Em, and a small black dog whose name was Toto. They had a little house. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a large bed in one **corner**, and Dorothy a little bed in another **corner**.

When Aunt Em came there to live, she was a young, pretty wife. Now, she was thin, gray and gaunt, and never smiled. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. Uncle Henry never laughed. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke. It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him **dearly**. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog,



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with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose.

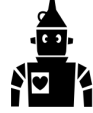
When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. There were no trees and no **hills** in Kansas, and it was often very windy. Even the grass was not green. Sometimes the wind came very fast and very **suddenly**. It was a **cyclone**, and it **blew** trees and people and houses **away**. Everyone had **cellars** below the houses. And when there was a **cyclone**, people came into their **cellars** and stayed there. One day Uncle Henry went out and looked up at the sky. Aunt Em was washing the dishes. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Suddenly Uncle Henry ran quickly back into the house. ‘There will be a **cyclone**,’ he **called** to Aunt Em and Dorothy, ‘We must go into the **cellar**!’

Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Toto jumped out of Dorothy’s arms and hid below the bed, and the girl ran after him. Aunt Em, very scared,



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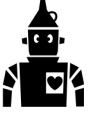
threw open the trap door in the floor and went down the **ladder** into the little, dark hole. ‘Quick, Dorothy!’ she screamed. ‘Run for the **cellar**!’ Dorothy caught Toto finally and ran after her aunt.

But before she came there, the **cyclone** hit the house.

And then a very odd thing **happened**. The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The house **moved**, and it went slowly up, up, up into the sky. Aunt Em and Uncle Henry were down in the **cellar** below the ground, but the house, Dorothy, and Toto went up to the top of the **cyclone**. Dorothy looked through the open **cellar** door and saw **hills** and houses, a long way down. She closed the **cellar** door.

The wind blew the house along for a long time. At first Dorothy was scared. It was very dark, and the wind **howled horribly** around her, but then Dorothy found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around, and one other time when the house tipped **badly**, she felt as if she were being rocked gently, like a baby in a cradle.



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Toto did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would **happen**. Toto came too near the open door, and fell in; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and **dragged** him into the room again, afterward closing the trap door so that no more **accidents** could **happen**.

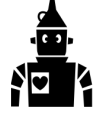
‘We can’t do anything about it,’ she said to Toto. ‘So let’s wait and see.’ And after two or three hours, she and Toto went to bed. In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

When Dorothy woke up, the house was on the ground and everything was quiet around. The **cyclone** had set the house down very gently — for a **cyclone** — in the midst of a country of wonderful beauty. There were lovely patches of green all around, with trees and rich and nice fruits. She took Toto, opened the door, and went out. They saw tall trees and beautiful flowers, and little houses with blue doors.

While she was looking **eagerly** at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming toward her a group of the **queerest** people she had ever seen.



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Three were men and one woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they **moved**. They were not as big as the grown folk she had always been used to; but neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed about as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were, so far as looks go, many years older.

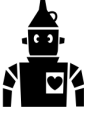
When these people drew near the house where Dorothy was standing in the doorway, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if afraid to come farther.

Dorothy cried. 'This isn't Kansas, Toto! And who are these people?'

There were three very short men in blue hats, coats and trousers, and a little old woman in a beautiful white dress. The woman walked up to Dorothy and said, 'Thank you, thank you! Now the people are free!' Her face was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly.

'Why are you thanking me?' Dorothy asked.

'You killed the Witch of the East,' said the woman. 'She was bad, and her people, the Munchkins, were very



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afraid of her. Now she is killed, and we and the Munchkins want to say thank you.'

The little old woman and the three little men all smiled happily at Dorothy, but Dorothy did not understand anything. Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by saying she had killed the Wicked Witch of the East? Dorothy was an innocent, harmless little girl, who had been carried by a **cyclone** many miles from home; and she had never killed anything in her life.

'But I didn't kill her!' she said with hesitation, 'You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything.'

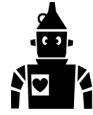
'Your house did, anyway,' replied the little old woman, with a laugh, 'and that is the same thing. See!' she continued, pointing to the **corner** of the house. 'Your house fell on the Witch,' laughed the little woman. 'Look! You can see her feet!'

Dorothy looked and saw two feet, with silver shoes, under the house. Suddenly, one of the Munchkins cried. 'Look! Her feet are **disappearing** in the hot sun.'

'There is nothing to be done,' said the little woman calmly.



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‘But who was she?’ asked Dorothy.

‘She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. They are the people who live in this land of the East where the Wicked Witch ruled.’

A second later, there were only the silver shoes.

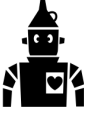
‘Good,’ said the little woman. She picked up the shoes and gave them to Dorothy. ‘These are your shoes now. You must wear them, because witch’s shoes can sometimes do wonderful things.’

‘Thank you’, said Dorothy. ‘But who are you? Are you a Munchkin?’

‘No, but I’m their friend. I’m the Witch of the North, and I came to see the dead Witch of the East. But don’t be afraid—I’m a good witch’.

‘But Aunt Em says there aren’t any witches.’

‘Who is Aunt Em?’ inquired the little old woman. ‘Oh yes, there are!’ said the Witch. ‘Here in the country of Oz we have four witches. The witches of the North and the South are good witches, but those of the **East** and the **West** are bad witches. Now the Witch of the **East** is dead, so there is only one bad witch. We have a famous **wizard**, too. We call him the Wizard of Oz, and he lives in the



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Emerald City. How many witches and **wizards** are there in your country?’

‘We don’t have any,’ said Dorothy. Suddenly she remembered Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. ‘How can I get back home to Kansas?’ she asked.

‘Where is Kansas?’ asked the good Witch. ‘I don’t know a country **called** Kansas, so I can’t tell you the way.’

Dorothy began to cry. ‘Oh no! What can I do?’

‘Please don’t cry!’ said the Witch. ‘Go and see the Wizard of Oz. He’s a good **wizard**, and **perhaps** he can help you. It’s a long way, and you must walk there. I can’t go with you, but I can give you my kiss.’

She gave Dorothy a little kiss. It looked like a small red flower on Dorothy’s face.

‘Now nothing can **hurt** you,’ she said. ‘It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. However, I will use all the magic arts I know of to keep you from harm. Look — it is the road to the Emerald City. It is made of yellow bricks, so you cannot lose your way. Goodbye.’

She reached down and picked up the shoes, and after shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy.

‘Goodbye!’ said the three little Munchkins.