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The Wizard of Oz

L. Frank Baum

Published by **Puffin**

Sample extract from *The Wizard of Oz* includes:

Introduction by Cornelia Funke

Who's who in *The Wizard of Oz*

Extract from *The Wizard of Oz*

Biography of L. Frank Baum

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INTRODUCTION BY
CORNELIA FUNKE

I was born in Germany, where you didn't read *The Wizard of Oz* as a child but *Jim Knopf and Lucas the Steam Engine Driver*, *Pippi Longstocking* or *Emil and the Detectives*, and maybe *Tom Sawyer* (I read that at least a dozen times), but not *The Wizard of Oz*.

Surely that story was not a book? It was a movie – a famous movie, with an adult woman dressed up as a girl, with lots of singing and very evil witches – wasn't it?

I can't remember exactly how old I was when I found out that originally there was a book (as so often with great stories) telling the tale of the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Woodman who thinks he has no heart, and the Scarecrow who believes he has no brains. But I was a so-called adult when I first read it. Today I own two quite different copies of this book: a German one with wonderful illustrations by Lisbeth Zwerger (my favourite being the one where the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow carry the sleeping Dorothy through the Deadly Poppy Field); and another

one in English – the American first edition, with all its pages illustrated but only in green and red, as it was hard (and expensive) to print colour at that time.

When I started to write this introduction, I took the two books from my shelf and put them on my writing desk – and just looking at them made me realize, once again, what a timeless and unforgettable story L. Frank Baum told. Only the best stories inspire illustrators all over the world to find their own (and often very different) images for one story, because only very special stories create characters who speak to all of us, all over this world, who personify deeply human matters – the weaknesses and virtues, feelings and thoughts we all share.

Although my first edition (which means it is quite an old book!) shows the Tin Woodman in almost the same way my German (and quite new) book does, other characters are drawn differently – for example, only in the old book does the Lion wear a crown, and the Scarecrow is much fatter in the new one. Nevertheless, whichever way the reader or illustrator imagines them, the characters in this story are unforgettable and over the many years *The Wizard of Oz* has been told, readers have given its characters new faces, new clothes, new shapes, but still they remain the one and only Lion, Scarecrow, Tin Woodman and Wizard.

That is another wonderful thing about a great story like this: it changes all the time with the readers it finds. No

child today will imagine Dorothy with pigtails as she is portrayed in my first edition, but however you imagine her it will still be Dorothy, a character as immortal as a printed page can grant.

But why exactly is this story a great story? I am tempted to say you should find out for yourself, as I believe that every reader finds another story between the pages of a book. If you don't like it, it is often not the story that is to blame, just the fact that it was not the right one for you. The better a story is, the more readers will find themselves in it – and each one will find something that seems to be there especially for him or her: a certain episode or character, sometimes a sentence, that gives us the words for something we always knew, but never had the words for.

Yes, that's what storytelling is all about: word fishing – and giving birth to characters from these words.

When we remember a story, what do we remember most? The story itself or its characters? Don't these characters sometimes follow us through all our lives like good friends? That's another kind of magic a great story can weave. *The Wizard of Oz* will make you meet three quite unforgettable characters. Your own beating heart will suddenly remind you of the Tin Woodman, who so desperately longs to have such a heart. Each scarecrow you see in a field will make you ask yourself whether this one would also like to walk away to find a brain. And

every lion's roar will remind you of the Cowardly Lion, who touched your heart in the kingdom of Oz. This is another thing a great story can do: it adds another reality to the one we see. It weaves another story into our own story and makes them all one – as they probably are anyway.

So, open the book and start travelling through the pages. It will be quite a journey, and you won't come back the way you started, which is true for all journeys, especially written ones. Accept the invitation of the printed letters and step into the strange land of Oz. And if you are luckier than me, you'll go there while you are still a child.

WHO'S WHO IN *THE WIZARD OF OZ*

Dorothy – The main character. A straightforward, kind girl who is loyal to her friends and shows real determination, Dorothy's greatest desire is to return home to Kansas.

Toto – Dorothy's companion (transported with her in the cyclone), Toto is a plucky little black dog with a playful nature. Unlike the other animals in the story, he does not speak.

Scarecrow – The first friend that Dorothy makes in Oz, the Scarecrow accompanies her on her journey along the yellow brick road to fulfil his ambition to have a brain instead of a head stuffed with straw. He is, in fact, a very thoughtful character.

Tin Woodman – Once human, but turned into a tin man by the Wicked Witch of the East, his desire is to be given a heart by the Wizard of Oz – believing it to be the most valuable possession of all. However, he shows an already tender and kind-hearted nature along the way.

Lion – Also known as the Cowardly Lion, he wishes to reach the Emerald City so that he can gain the bravery he thinks he lacks. He is a real help to the friends on their dangerous journey and, ironically, performs many acts of courage that the bravest creatures would be proud of.

Wizard of Oz – The ruler of the Emerald City (which lies at the centre of the Land of Oz), he is known for his great deeds but also for his impressive and sometimes terrifying manner. He turns out to be a clever opportunist – or a 'humbug' as he calls himself – who is no more than an ordinary man from Omaha. But he is a good man and he finds a way to help Dorothy and her friends.

Wicked Witch of the West – A one-eyed, ruthless woman, she is the evil presence in the story. Oz himself fears her and sends Dorothy and her friends on what he believes to be an impossible task – to defeat her. Yet her weakness is her greed: she covets Dorothy's silver shoes, and the girl unintentionally kills her when she throws a bucket of water over her – the one thing capable of destroying the sorceress.

Glinda, the Good Witch of the South – The opposite of 'witchy', Glinda personifies all that is good. When Dorothy goes to see her to find a way back to Kansas, Glinda not only reveals the secret of the silver shoes but helps the friends return to the respective lands that they have been asked to rule.

Wicked Witch of the East – The second evil witch in the Land of Oz, she is killed by Dorothy's house when it falls out of the sky, which in turn frees the Munchkins who were slaves under her spell. She was the original owner of the charmed silver shoes which Dorothy inherits.

Good Witch of the North – A friend of the Munchkins, Dorothy meets her when she first arrives in Oz. She explains the layout of the country and advises her to seek out the Great Wizard by following the yellow brick road. She also kisses Dorothy on the forehead and tells her that all who see the mark of the Good Witch of the North will know she is protected by magic.

Queen of the Mice – Dorothy first makes her acquaintance when the Tin Woodman chops off the head of a wildcat that is pursuing her. She is very grateful and promises that in return the field mice will always be at the Tin Woodman's bidding. When the Lion falls asleep in the field of poppies, the friends call on the Queen of the Mice and her subjects to carry him away from the sleep-inducing flowers.

Winged Monkeys – A group of intelligent, flying monkeys that are ruled by a golden cap. Whoever possesses it is entitled to make three wishes that the monkeys have to fulfil.

Aunt Em – Originally a pretty, fresh-faced, young woman who has been turned grey by life on the prairie. She is Dorothy's adoptive mother.

Uncle Henry – A serious man of few words and Dorothy's adoptive father. He works tirelessly on their Kansas farm.

This Book is Dedicated
To My Good Friend and Comrade
My Wife

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1
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, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor, and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty-looking cooking stove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar – except a small hole, dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great grey 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. The sun had baked the ploughed land into a grey mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same grey colour to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and grey as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober grey; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were grey also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. 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 never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was grey 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, and saved her from growing as grey as her other surroundings. Toto was not grey; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair

and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even greyer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

'There's a cyclone coming, Em,' he called to his wife. 'I'll go look after the stock.' Then he ran towards the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close at hand.

'Quick, Dorothy!' she screamed. 'Run for the cellar!'

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last, and started to follow her aunt. When she was halfway across the room there came

a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and 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. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact centre of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but 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.

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.

Once Toto got too near the open trap door, and fell in; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto



by the ear, and dragged him into the room again, afterwards closing the trap door so that no more accidents could happen.

Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she felt quite lonely and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to pieces when the house fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

2

The Council with the Munchkins

She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; and Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving; nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.

The cyclone had set the house down, very gently – for a cyclone – in the midst of a country of marvellous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all about, with stately trees bearing 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. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and

sparkling along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, grey prairies.

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

Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a white gown that hung in pleats from her shoulders; over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in the sun like diamonds. The men were dressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats, and wore well-polished boots with a deep roll of blue at the tops. The men, Dorothy thought, were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them had beards. But the little woman was doubtless much older; her face was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly.

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. But 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 for having killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage.'

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by calling her a sorceress, and 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 all her life.

But the little woman evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy 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. 'There are her two toes, still sticking out from under a block of wood.'

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay. 'The house must have fallen on her. Whatever shall we do?'



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

'But who was she?' asked Dorothy.

'She was the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said,' answered the little woman. 'She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favour.'

'Who are the Munchkins?' inquired Dorothy.

'They are the people who live in this land of the East, where the Wicked Witch ruled.'

'Are you a Munchkin?' asked Dorothy.

'No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North.'

'Oh, gracious!' cried Dorothy. 'Are you a real witch?'

'Yes, indeed,' answered the little woman. 'But I am a good witch, and the people love me. I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch was who ruled here, or I should have set the people free myself.'

'But I thought all witches were wicked,' said the girl, who was half frightened at facing a real witch.

'Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself, and cannot be

mistaken. Those who dwelt in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there is but one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz – the one who lives in the West.'

'But,' said Dorothy, after a moment's thought, 'Aunt Em has told me that the witches were all dead – years and years ago.'

'Who is Aunt Em?' inquired the little old woman.

'She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from.'

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said, 'I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized country?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Dorothy.

'Then that accounts for it. In the civilized countries I believe there are no witches left, nor wizards, nor sorceresses, nor magicians. But, you see, the Land of Oz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from all the rest of the world. Therefore we still have witches and wizards among us.'

'Who are the wizards?' asked Dorothy.

'Oz himself is the Great Wizard,' answered the Witch, sinking her voice to a whisper. 'He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the City of Emeralds.'

Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Munchkins, who had been standing silently by,

gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house where the Wicked Witch had been lying.

'What is it?' asked the little old woman and looked, and began to laugh. The feet of the dead Witch had disappeared entirely and nothing was left but the silver shoes.

'She was so old,' explained the Witch of the North, 'that she dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you shall have them to wear.' She reached down and picked up the shoes, and after shaking the dust out of them handed them to Dorothy.

'The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes,' said one of the Munchkins, 'and there is some charm connected with them; but what it is we never knew.'

Dorothy carried the shoes into the house and placed them on the table. Then she came out again to the Munchkins and said:

'I am anxious to get back to my aunt and uncle, for I am sure they will worry about me. Can you help me find my way?'

The Munchkins and the Witch first looked at one another, and then at Dorothy, and then shook their heads.

'At the East, not far from here,' said one, 'there is a great desert, and none could live to cross it.'

'It is the same at the South,' said another, 'for I have been there and seen it. The South is the country of the Quadlings.'

'I am told,' said the third man, 'that it is the same at the West. And that country, where the Winkles live, is ruled by the Wicked Witch of the West, who would make you her slave if you passed her way.'

'The North is my home,' said the old lady, 'and at its edge is the same great desert that surrounds this Land of Oz. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us.'

Dorothy began to sob at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people. Her tears seemed to grieve the kind-hearted Munchkins, for they immediately took out their handkerchiefs and began to weep also. As for the little old woman, she took off her cap and balanced the point on the end of her nose, while she counted 'One, two, three' in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate, on which was written in big, white chalk marks:

LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS

The little old woman took the slate from her nose, and having read the words on it, asked, 'Is your name Dorothy, my dear?'

'Yes,' answered the child, looking up and drying her tears.

'Then you must go to the City of Emeralds. Perhaps Oz will help you.'

'Where is this city?' asked Dorothy.

'It is exactly in the centre of the country, and is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard I told you of.'

'Is he a good man?' inquired the girl anxiously.

'He is a good Wizard. Whether he is a man or not I cannot tell, for I have never seen him.'

'How can I get there?' asked Dorothy.

'You must walk. 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.'

'Won't you go with me?' pleaded the girl, who had begun to look upon the little old woman as her only friend.

'No, I cannot do that,' she replied, 'but I will give you my kiss, and no one will dare injure a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North.'

She came close to Dorothy and kissed her gently on the forehead. Where her lips touched the girl they left a round, shining mark, as Dorothy found out soon after.

'The road to the city of Emeralds is paved with yellow brick,' said the Witch, 'so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Good-bye, my dear.'

The three Munchkins bowed low to her and wished her a pleasant journey, after which they walked away through the trees. The Witch gave Dorothy a friendly little nod, whirled around on her left heel three times, and straightaway disappeared, much to the surprise of little

Toto, who barked after her loudly enough when she had gone, because he had been afraid even to growl while she stood by.

But Dorothy, knowing her to be a witch, had expected her to disappear in just that way, and was not surprised in the least.

AUTHOR FILE

NAME: L. Frank Baum (first name Lyman, but he preferred to use his middle name)
BORN: 15 May 1856 in Chittenango, New York State
DIED: 6 May 1919 in California
NATIONALITY: American
LIVED: in New York State and then moved to South Dakota with his wife, followed by Chicago and ultimately to his final home in Hollywood, which he named Ozcot
MARRIED: Maud Gage in 1882
CHILDREN: four sons

What was he like?

Baum was born with a weak heart which troubled him throughout his life. He was a quiet child, but was gifted with a vivid imagination that kept him happy and occupied. As an adult, this translated into a man who, despite health problems, had enormous energy for his creative endeavours (which included woodwork, growing prize-winning flowers and playing the piano). Always a dreamer, but with real enthusiasm for anything that captured his imagination, Baum got on well with children and they with him, and he was known to spend hours telling them stories. Baum was an optmist, an unstoppable creative force, writing until his dying day.

Where did he grow up?

Born in Chittenango, New York, Baum was the seventh of nine children, although, sadly, only five of them reached

adulthood. They grew up on their parents' estate – Rose Lawn – and, apart from two unsuccessful years at military college which made him miserable and seriously ill, Frank had all his tutoring there. He loved his home life and, together with a burning ambition to write, his father's gift of a small press prompted him to print his own newspaper at the age of fifteen, which he called *The Rose Lawn Home Journal.*

What did he do apart from writing books?
Baum took an interest in 'fancy poultry' and with his father and brother, Harry, bred award-winning Hamburg chickens. He went on to open a general store in South Dakota called Baum's Bazaar, prior to setting up a local newspaper. He also worked as a reporter in Chicago and edited a furniture magazine. But Baum's enduring love was the stage and, during the course of his life, he performed, managed, taught and wrote for the theatre. He also invested a lot of money in musicals over the years and was heavily involved in the stage production of *Oz*. Latterly he opened his own film production company in Hollywood. Although he enjoyed success in many of his ventures, many also failed and left him penniless, but his passion for the theatre stayed with him forever.

What did people think of* The Wizard of Oz *when it was first published in the 1900s?
For the first two years after its publication, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (as it was originally called) was the best-selling

children's book in America. However, the book was banned in some libraries for several years as it was considered not to be quality children's literature (due to its simple style and language) and was even seen as controversial. Nevertheless, the book sold as many as 90,000 copies in 1900 when it was first published.

***Where did L. Frank Baum get the idea for* The Wizard of Oz?**

The Wizard of Oz sprang from a story that he told to his children and the local neighbourhood kids. The descriptions of Kansas were based on the time he lived in South Dakota. Over the years there have been countless theories on Baum's intent in writing *The Wizard of Oz*, yet, in his lifetime, whenever he was asked directly about any hidden meanings, he would reply that his only intention was to make money for his family and to give pleasure to children.

What other books did he write?

Baum wrote two earlier children's books: *Mother Goose in Prose* and *Father Goose: His Book* – the latter being his first collaboration with W. W. Denslow, who illustrated *The Wizard of Oz*. Baum had not intended to produce a whole *Oz* series, but due to popular demand he wrote fourteen titles in total. The worldwide appeal of these books (they have been translated into more than forty languages) prompted his publishers to commission Ruth Plumly Thompson to write a further nineteen adventures after he died!

Baum was a prolific writer and keen to explore other avenues and escape his *Oz* identity, so he used a variety of male and female pen-names. In his lifetime, he wrote over sixty books, mainly for children.

Munchkin Country – A farming country full of crops, where the houses are round with domed roofs and blue is the favoured colour. It lies to the east of the Land of Oz and is connected to the Emerald City by a road of yellow brick.

Winkie Country – It lies to the west of the Land of Oz; the main colour is yellow. The Winkies are kind people who restore the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman (destroyed by the Winged Monkeys) and ask the Tin Woodman to be their ruler.

Quadling Country – This lies to the south of the Land of Oz and is ruled by Glinda the Good Witch of the South. All the inhabitants wear red and most things are painted red. Its dwellers include the china people, the armless and aggressive Hammer-Heads and the forest of Fighting Trees. There is also a giant spider that frightens the inhabitants of another forest – the Lion kills this monstrous creature and becomes the King of the Forest.

Yellow Brick Road – It is on this road (on her way to the Emerald City) that Dorothy meets and makes friends with the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and the Lion (as well as the Queen of the Mice). It takes them through a soporific poppy field and a dark forest where they come across the Kalidah (ferocious creatures with the head of a tiger and the

body of a bear). Along the way, the road is often lined with fruit or nut trees and the Tin Woodman's cottage lies close to it.

Emerald City – The capital of the Land of Oz, it lies at the end of the yellow brick road. It is a magnificent structure that appears to be entirely green – made up of green glass and jewels; its inhabitants are also green. However, this is one of the Wizard of Oz's tricks: he commands everyone entering the city to wear spectacles to protect their eyes from its brilliant light, but later reveals to Dorothy that the spectacles have tinted glass and in fact the city is white! When Oz departs, the Scarecrow is made the ruler.

Desert – Surrounding the Land of Oz, it cuts off the inhabitants from the rest of the world – even the Winged Monkeys are unable to cross it. The Wizard of Oz first arrived in the Emerald City when he was swept across the desert in a hot-air balloon and he plans to cross it in the same way, once more, with Dorothy.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT . . .

Dorothy is considered by many to have all the best character traits a girl could hope to have. What do you think these are?

In his introduction, Baum insists that he wrote *The Wizard of Oz* 'solely to please children' and calls it a 'modernized fairy tale', but as with all fairy tales it also has some lessons to teach us. What do you think they are? And has Baum fulfilled his wish to write a story full of 'wonderment and joy'?

What do you think of the Wizard of Oz himself? Do you think he was wrong to trick the people of the Emerald City? If so, do you think that he redeems himself in the end?

Baum never states Dorothy's age. Do you think this is deliberate? How old do you think she is? And does age make a difference in certain circumstances?

There are thousands of children's books set in fantasy worlds. What do you think it is about *The Wizard of Oz* that has made it such a popular classic?

★ The word 'cyclone' means a storm or wind that rotates, and it comes from the Ancient Greek word meaning 'to go round'. The 'eye of the storm' lies in the centre and is an area of fairly light winds and blue skies compared to the surrounding stormy environment.

★ Many years ago, about the time that L. Frank Baum wrote *The Wizard of Oz*, people thought that cyclones and tornadoes were pretty much the same thing. But today the term 'cyclone' is used to describe a strong tropical storm over the sea, causing hurricanes (also known as typhoons) and floods to occur on land, and a 'tornado' is used to describe an extremely violent windstorm which happens over land. A tropical cyclone may last for several days, whereas a tornado – although highly destructive – may only last for five to ten minutes.

★ A tornado needs warm, moist air to come into contact with cooler, drier air. They almost always develop with thunderstorms. Strong air currents in the thundercloud causes the air to speed up and spin at a very fast speed, causing a column of air starting from the base of the thundercloud and reaching down to the ground. More and more air is then sucked up into the column like a giant vacuum cleaner which is so powerful it can uproot trees and lift the roofs off houses, flip cars and trucks – even

people (although it's unlikely to carry you to the land of Oz!).

- ★ A tornado is only a tornado if it makes contact with the ground. Otherwise it is known as a 'funnel'. Tornadoes can reach wind speeds of up to 300 miles per hour. Another type of tornado is a 'waterspout', which is a tornado over water.

- ★ Tornadoes occur all over the world, but some areas are more prone to them than others. The most famous area for tornadoes is Tornado Alley in the central United States, which includes the states in between the Rocky Mountains to the west and the Appalachian Mountains to the east. Many people who live in Tornado Alley have storm shelters beneath their houses to protect them.