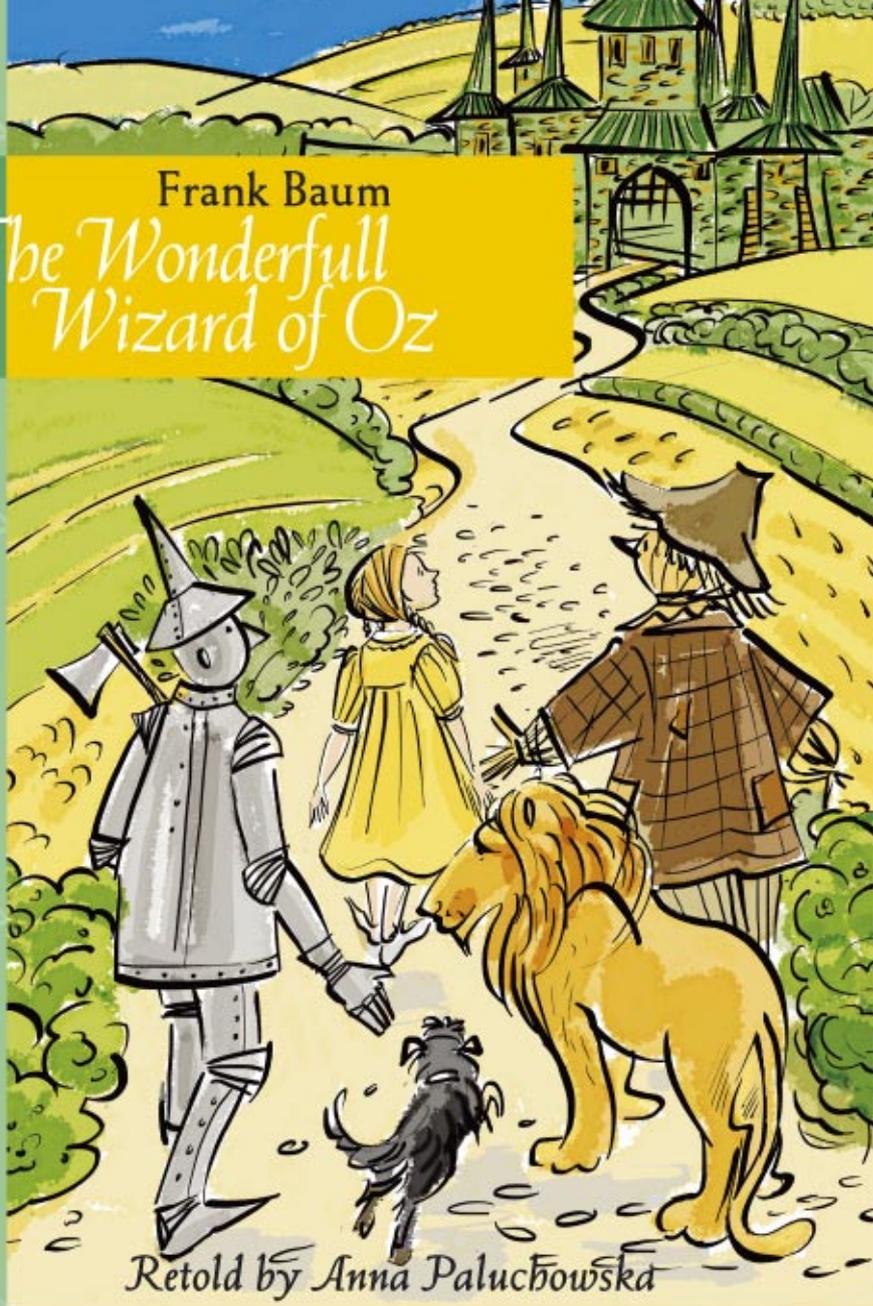


Frank Baum
*The Wonderfull
Wizard of Oz*



Retold by Anna Paluchowska

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Chapter I

The Cyclone



Dorothy lived in the middle of the countryside in Kansas with Uncle Henry and Aunt Em, who were farmers. The three of them lived in a small house which had only one very simple room. There were four chairs in it and a table and two beds. The interesting thing about the room was that in the middle of the floor it had a small door. If you opened it, you could go down a ladder into a deep hole in the ground which was called a cyclone cellar. The family could go in there in case a cyclone came and crushed their house.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway of the little house and looked around, she could see nothing but grey prairie on every side. There were no houses or trees anywhere, only the grey grass burnt by the sun. The strong prairie sun and wind had taken all the colour from Uncle Henry and Aunt Em's cheeks and eyes and left them grey too. Only Toto was not grey. He was a little black dog, with small black eyes which smiled at Dorothy from his tiny face. Toto and Dorothy were best friends, and they usually played together all day.



But today they were not playing. They were watching Uncle Henry, who was sitting on the doorstep and watching the sky, which was even greyer than usual. His

face looked sad, and when he heard the loud crying sound of the wind from the north, he stood up and said:

'That's a cyclone. You two go down into the cellar, and I'll look after the animals.'

The same moment Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed. Dorothy ran towards him while Aunt Em threw the small trap door open and climbed quickly down the ladder into the cellar. When Dorothy finally caught Toto and started to follow her Aunt, a very strange thing happened.

The strong wind shook the house so much that Dorothy fell over onto the floor. Then the house started to move around and then began to go up slowly through the air like a balloon. The north and the south winds met where the house stood and so made it the exact centre of the cyclone. In the middle of the cyclone the air was still, but the great pressure of the wind was raising the little house higher and higher until it went up to the very top of the cyclone and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

It was dark inside the house and the sound of the wind outside was terrible, but Dorothy felt strangely safe riding through the air. Toto didn't like it though, and the little girl had to hold him in her arms. After several hours they were both so tired that despite the terrible noise, they fell asleep on the floor.

They were awoken by a great shock as the house finally landed. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving anymore. It was not dark either. She jumped up onto her feet and ran to the door, opened it, and as she looked around, her eyes started to grow bigger and bigger.

It turned out that the cyclone had set the house, very gently - for a cyclone - in the middle of a beautiful country. The grass around was green and with colourful flowers in it. Pretty birds were singing beautifully among the trees and bushes.

And then Dorothy saw a group of people coming towards her from among the trees. Three of them were men, dressed from head

toe in blue, and one was a woman and was wearing a white dress with little silver stars on it. When they noticed that Dorothy was looking at them, the three men stopped, as if frightened. But the little woman came up to Dorothy and said in a sweet voice:

'You are welcome, great Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are very grateful to you for killing the Wicked Witch of the East and for making the Munchkins free people.'

Dorothy could not believe her own ears. What could it all mean?

'You are very kind, but there must be some mistake,' said she. 'I am not a sorceress and I have not killed anything in my life.'

'Your house did, anyway. See!' said the little woman laughing and pointing to one of the corners of the house. Dorothy looked over and saw two thin feet in silver shoes sticking out from under the house.

'Oh, dear! Oh dear!' cried Dorothy. 'The house must have fallen on her! But who was she?' asked Dorothy.

'She was the Wicked Witch of the East, as I said,' answered the little woman. 'She was



terrible and wicked indeed. She ruled over this beautiful land, making the Munchkins her slaves night and day. Now they are free and very grateful to you.'

'I see,' said Dorothy thinking that it was all very strange indeed.

'But I am not a Munchkin,' added the woman. 'I'm the Good Witch of the North.'

'Really?' Dorothy's eyes grew bigger. 'I thought all witches were wicked?'

'Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in the Land of Oz, and two of them - those who live in the North and in the South - are good witches. There were two wicked witches who lived in the East and in the West, but now that you've killed one of them, there's only one wicked witch in the Land of Oz.

The Witch of the North stopped at this point and looked at the corner of the house to which the three Munchkins were now pointing. The feet of the dead witch had disappeared and all that was left of her now were the two silver shoes. The Witch of the North picked them up and handed them to Dorothy.

'They are yours now. The Wicked Witch was very proud of them because they have some magic power, but I never knew what it was.'

'Thank you,' said Dorothy taking the shoes. 'But now I would really like to go back home to Kansas. Otherwise, I'm sure my Aunt Em will be very worried. Could you help me find my way?'

'Kansas?' said the Witch thoughtfully. 'I'm sure I don't know where that is. All I know is that the Land of Oz is surrounded by a desert which nobody can cross. I'm afraid, my dear, you will have to stay with us.'

When Dorothy heard this, tears came to her eyes, and she started to cry. The Munchkins felt so sorry for her that immediately they took out blue handkerchiefs from the pockets of their blue trousers and began to cry too. Only the Witch of the North didn't cry. Instead, she slowly took off her white hat, then looked inside it and read:

'LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS.'

'If your name is Dorothy, my dear,' said the Witch looking carefully at Dorothy, 'then you must go to the Emerald City. Perhaps Oz will help you.'

'And where is this city?' asked Dorothy drying her eyes.

'It's exactly in the middle of the country, and it is ruled by Oz, the Great Wizard.'

'How can I get there?' asked the little girl, who was slowly getting used to finding out about new Witches and Wizards.

'You must walk. The road to the Emerald City is made of yellow brick. You cannot miss it. And I'll give you my kiss, which will keep you safe. No one will dare hurt a person who has been kissed by the Witch of the North.'

She came close to Dorothy and kissed the girl's forehead, which left a round shiny mark on it.

'Good luck, my dear,' the Witch said and disappeared.

Chapter II

The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman



Dorothy decided to lose no time and set off for the Emerald City as soon as possible. But then she looked down at her feet and saw how old and worn her shoes were. Fortunately she remembered the pretty silver shoes that the Witch of the North had given her. She tried them on and found that they fitted her perfectly. Satisfied, she stood up and said: 'Come now, Toto, we're going to see the Great Oz, and he'll send us home to Kansas.'

They found the road made of yellow brick very quickly and soon were walking happily towards the Emerald City. They looked around as they walked and saw that the country of the Munchkins was very beautiful. There were green fields everywhere with little blue houses and pretty blue fences. Munchkins seemed to be very good farmers and blue was clearly their favourite colour.

They had walked several miles when Dorothy thought they should stop to rest. She climbed to the top of a blue fence beside the road and sat down. There was a great corn field on the other side

of the fence, and not far away she saw a Scarecrow placed on a high pole to keep the birds away from the corn. Dorothy thought it was the best Scarecrow she had ever seen. It had a head made of a small bag stuffed with straw, with eyes, ears, a mouth and a nose beautifully painted on it. On its head it had a blue hat, and the rest of the figure had been made out of a blue shirt and trousers, also stuffed with straw.

Suddenly, to Dorothy's great surprise, one of the painted eyes in the Scarecrow's face moved around, and then the Scarecrow said:

'Good day. How do you do?'

'Very well, thank you,' answered Dorothy politely, thinking at the same time that she had never seen a talking Scarecrow before. 'How do you do?'

'I'm not very well,' said the Scarecrow with a smile. 'I wish I didn't have to stay all day on this pole.'

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

'Not really,' said the Scarecrow, 'unless you help me.'

Dorothy jumped off the fence, ran up to



the Scarecrow, lifted him off the pole and put him on the ground.

'Thank you very much,' said the Scarecrow stretching his stuffed arms and legs. Dorothy found that he could not only speak, but he could walk too. He followed her back to the fence and then asked:

'Who are you? And where are you going?'

Dorothy told him all about her adventures so far and about her journey to the Emerald City and how she would ask Oz to send her back home to Kansas.

'And who is Oz?' asked the Scarecrow.

'Don't you know?' asked Dorothy in surprise.

'No, I don't know. I know nothing. You see, I am stuffed and have no brains at all,' he answered sadly. 'Do you think,' he added after a short pause, 'if I go to the Emerald City with you, that Oz would give me some brains?'

'I don't know,' answered Dorothy. 'But come with me anyway. Even if Oz doesn't give you any brains, you won't be worse off than you are now. And it's always worth trying.'

'That's true,' said the Scarecrow. 'You see, I don't mind being stuffed in my arms and legs because at least I cannot get hurt. But if I always have straw in my head instead of brains, how shall I ever know anything?'

'Let's go then,' said Dorothy and the three of them started along the yellow road.

Towards the evening, after a few hours walk, they came to a great forest, and it was completely dark when they finally decided to stop for the night. The Scarecrow, who could see in the dark as well as during the day, saw a small house on one side of the road, and Dorothy thought she should sleep there. There was nobody in the house so they made themselves at home. Soon Dorothy was fast asleep while the Scarecrow decided to keep watch as he didn't need to sleep.

When Dorothy woke up the next morning, she saw that the Scarecrow was still standing in the corner and waiting for her to wake up.

'Listen!' he said.

And then came a strange noise from among the trees, as if someone was trying to say something.

'What was it?' asked Dorothy. 'Let's go and see!'

They went in the direction of the noise and soon saw something shining among the trees. They ran there and found a tree half cut down with a man standing next to it. It wasn't an ordinary man, though. His whole body, arms and legs were made of tin, and he stood there, without moving, holding an axe in both hands.

'Were you trying to say something?' asked Dorothy.

'I was,' answered the tin man with great difficulty.

'What can we do for you?' asked the girl.

'Get an oil-can from the house and oil my neck, arms, and legs,' said the Tin Woodman. 'They are rusted so badly that I cannot move them at all.'

Dorothy ran to the house and soon came back with the oil-can. With the help of the Scarecrow, she managed to oil his arms, legs and neck, so that he soon felt as good as new and could easily walk about and talk. In the meantime they told him about their

adventures and how they were going to see the great Oz and ask him to send Dorothy back home and give the Scarecrow some brains.

'I see,' said the Tin Woodman when they finished. 'But after all, brains are not the best things in the world. I myself once had brains and a heart, and having tried both of them, I would much prefer to have a heart.'

'And why is that?' asked the Scarecrow, greatly intrigued.

'Oh,' sighed the Tin Woodman sadly, 'I have not always been made of tin. I was born a man. When I was young, I fell in love with a pretty Munchkin girl, and we were going to be married. But the Wicked Witch of the East didn't like it. She put a spell on my axe, and one day, as I was cutting a tree, the axe slipped and cut off my left leg. I couldn't be a woodman with one leg, so I went to the smith and asked him to make a new leg out of tin. He did, and my new leg worked very well. But the next day, my axe slipped again and I lost my right leg. So I went to the smith again, and he made another leg out of tin for



me. And within the next two days, I had two more accidents, and the smith had to make a new pair of arms and hands for me. The next day, when the axe cut off my head, I thought it would be the end of me, but luckily the smith was just passing by my house when it happened, and he carried me to his house and made a new tin head for me as fast as he could. And the next day, the smith had to help me for the last time. The axe slipped again and cut my chest into two. He made a new body for me, but he couldn't make a heart. It worked very well, but with my heart gone, I lost all my love for the Munchkin girl. I forgot about her and did nothing but cut trees until one day I got caught in the rain. Before I could do anything, I rusted so much that I couldn't move. I was standing like that for a year before you came and rescued me, so I had lots of time to think. It was then that I decided that I was much happier with a heart than without it. Perhaps I should go with you to the Emerald City and ask for one,' the Tin Woodman finished with a sigh.

'Yes, let's go together!' said Dorothy.

Chapter III

The Cowardly Lion and the Queen of Mice



The four companions set off as soon as they could, but walking along the yellow path in the forest was getting less and less pleasant. It was dark and scary, and to make matters worse, from time to time they could hear a loud animal growling from among the trees.

'Is this forest never going to end?' cried Dorothy after hours of walking in the dark.

And just as she said that, they heard a really loud roar from behind the trees. The next moment an enormous lion jumped onto the road in front of them. Little Toto ran barking towards the big beast, and if Dorothy had not followed him and slapped the lion's nose as hard as she could, the beast would have bitten the little dog.

'You should be ashamed of yourself!' the little girl shouted at the lion. 'Such a big beast like you! And to bite a poor little dog! You're such a coward!'

'I know it,' said the Lion, sitting down with a sigh. 'I've always known it.'

Two big tears appeared in his enormous eyes and started to fall down his nose.



'Even this tiny animal of yours,' he added, pointing at Toto with his tail, 'is much braver than me.'

'But that can't be right,' said the Scarecrow looking carefully at the Lion. 'The King of Animals can't be a coward.'

'I know,' said the Lion sadly. 'That's my greatest problem. Whenever there's any danger my heart begins to beat so fast...'

'At least it proves you have a heart,' interrupted the Tin Woodman encouragingly as he was beginning to feel sorry for the Lion.

'I haven't got one and I'm not happy about it at all.'

'Perhaps if I didn't have a heart, I would be braver,' said the Lion thoughtfully.

'And have you got any brains?' asked the Scarecrow.

'I think so,' answered the Lion. 'Why?'

'I haven't got any now,' said the Scarecrow. 'But we're going to the Emerald City to see the Great Oz, and I'm going to ask him to give me some.'

'And I'm going to ask him for a heart,' added the Tin Woodman.

'And I'm going to ask him to send Toto and me back home to Kansas,' said Dorothy. Then they all told the Lion about their adventures so far, and when they finished, the Lion thought for a while.

'Do you think Oz could give me some courage?' he asked at last.

'As easily as he could give me brains,' said the Scarecrow.

'Or me a heart,' added the Tin Woodman.

'Then, if you don't mind,' said the Cowardly Lion. 'I'll go with you and ask him for courage.'

'You are very welcome,' said Dorothy, who by that time was not angry with him at all.

Fortunately, the dangerous forest ended soon after that, and the five companions sighed with relief when they saw green fields with flowers again. The further they walked, the more flowers there were on both sides of the yellow road. All the flowers were red poppies and gave out a strong sweet smell. The smell was so strong that after some time, Dorothy got a headache and started

to feel more and more sleepy. The same happened to Toto and the Lion. Soon the three of them could hardly walk.

'It's these flowers,' said the Scarecrow looking carefully at his companions. 'They make you sleepy. They do nothing for me or the Tin Woodman, because we're not made of flesh. We've got to get out of here as fast as we can. Otherwise you'll all fall asleep, and we'll never wake you up again.'

As soon as he said that, Dorothy fell onto the ground and fell fast asleep. They tried to wake her up but they couldn't. The Scarecrow turned to the Cowardly Lion and shouted:

'Run as fast as you can to the end of this field. We can carry Dorothy and Toto, but if you fall asleep, we'll have to leave you here to sleep forever, because you're too heavy for us to lift.'

The Lion nodded, and though terribly tired, he ran as fast as he could and soon disappeared out of sight.

The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow lifted Dorothy and Toto up and went slowly



on. After several hours, they reached the end of the poppy field and put Dorothy down on the green grass so that the fresh wind could wake her up. On their way they had seen the Cowardly Lion lying among the poppies fast asleep. They tried to pull him out of the field, but the great beast was much too heavy for them, and after an hour's struggle, they had to give up and leave him among the poisonous flowers. Full of sadness, they sat down in silence next to the sleeping Dorothy. Neither of them liked the idea of leaving a friend behind like that.

At that moment, the Tin Woodman saw a wild cat torturing a small animal in the grass. Even though he had no heart, he greatly disliked cruelty, especially towards small helpless animals. Without much thinking, he lifted his axe and cut the wild cat's head off. Then he saw a small grey mouse looking at him from the grass.

'Thank you,' it said. 'You've just saved the Queen of the Field Mice. How can I repay your kindness?'

'You're very welcome, Your Majesty,' said the Tin Woodman. 'But I don't think there is anything...'

But before he managed to finish, the Scarecrow jumped up and interrupted him:

'Oh, yes, there is one thing, Your Majesty,' he said with a low bow. 'If your mice could help us to pull our friend Lion out of the poppy field, we'd be most grateful to you.'

'A Lion?!' screamed the Queen of Mice. 'But he'd eat us!'

'No, he wouldn't,' said the Tin Woodman. 'He's a great coward, and anyway, he wouldn't eat any of our friends.'

'Very well, I trust you,' said the Queen of Mice after a moment of thought. 'What shall I do then?'

'Could you ask your mice to come here now, each with a long piece of string,' said the Scarecrow, who already had thought of a plan to rescue the Lion.

The next moment, the grass around began to move, and thousands of mice appeared from every side. The Scarecrow

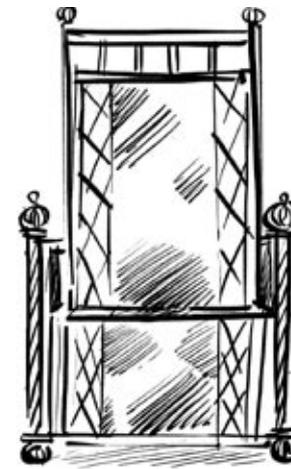
instructed the Tin Woodman that he should cut some trees and make a strong wooden platform on wheels. When that was done, the Scarecrow asked the mice to tie their pieces of string to the platform, and a few moments later he was directing the mice to pull the platform towards the sleeping Lion. When they found their friend, the Scarecrow and the Woodman pushed him onto the platform with the greatest effort and ordered the mice to pull. Soon, to the two friends' great joy, the platform began to very slowly move out of the poppy field.

About an hour later, the Cowardly Lion was safe on the green grass next to Dorothy. The field mice, so very tired, disappeared back to their homes. Their Queen was the last to leave.

'If you ever need us again,' she said, 'just call us, and we'll come to help you.'

Chapter IV

The Great Oz



As soon as Dorothy and the Lion opened their eyes, they lost no more time and immediately set off in the direction where the sky was turning green. The Emerald City could already be seen there on the horizon. On the way, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman told them all about the poisonous poppies and how the field mice had helped them. Both Dorothy and the Lion felt thankful to the mice and happy to be so close to the end of their journey.

It did not take them long to reach the green walls of the Emerald City. They stopped at a big gate and rang the bell. They were let in by a little man, wearing green from head to toe, including a green pointed hat.

'I am the Guardian of the Gates,' he said in a serious voice. 'What do you wish to do in the Emerald City?'

'We want to see the Great Oz,' answered Dorothy politely. 'Could you show us the way?'

'Certainly,' said the Guardian of the Gates, trying to look as important as he



could. 'But first you must put on these glasses,' he added, opening a big box full of different sizes of green glasses.

'But why?' asked Dorothy.

'Because if you don't wear these glasses, the fantastic brightness of the Emerald City will blind you. Even those who live in the city have to wear glasses night and day.'

As he was saying this, he took out five pairs of glasses from his box. 'Now,' he said. 'I'll lock them onto your heads and then unlock them when you want to leave the city.'

Then he put one pair over Dorothy's eyes and locked them at the back of her head with a small key. Then he fitted a pair round each of the others' heads, and even little Toto got his own pair.

Once that was done, they all followed the Guardian into the streets of the Emerald City. He led them through green streets with green houses and green shops until they reached a huge building whose walls were shining with the largest emeralds in the city. It was the Palace of the Great Oz.

A soldier in a green uniform and with a long green beard was guarding the door.

'These strangers would like to see the Great Oz,' the Guardian of the Gates told him.

The soldier nodded his head and asked them wait while he himself would go and tell the Great Oz they had arrived. They had to wait a very long time before the soldier finally returned.

'The Great Oz will see you all,' he said. 'But each of you must come and see him on their own, and he will only see one of you each day.'

The five friends nodded their heads as politely as they could.

'So,' the soldier added. 'You must stay at the Palace for some days. Let me show you your rooms.'

They all followed the soldier and soon found themselves in beautiful green rooms, where all the furniture was made of different size emeralds. Dorothy, Toto and the Lion were still very tired and immediately fell asleep. Only the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, who never slept, stood in the

corners of their rooms all night, thinking about the Great Oz.

The next morning, after breakfast, Dorothy was called as the first one to see the Great Oz. Her friends smiled at her encouragingly and wished her luck. The soldier led her through a labyrinth of emerald rooms and corridors until they finally reached the Throne Room. Through this door Dorothy had to go alone.

When she went in, she found herself in the biggest and the greenest room she had ever seen in her life. In the middle of the room stood a large throne, and in the middle of the throne sat an enormous Head. It had no body attached to it and no hair on it. It looked like a giant egg with eyes and a nose and a mouth, and it spoke in a deep voice:

'I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you want to see me?'

'I am Dorothy, and I have come to ask you for help.'

The Head raised its eyebrows and looked carefully at Dorothy. Then it said:

'Where did you get the silver shoes?'



'From the Wicked Witch of the East, when my house fell on her and killed her.'

'Hmm,' said the voice. 'And where did you get the shiny mark on your forehead?'

'The Good Witch of the North kissed me when she sent me to you.'

'Hmm,' said the voice. 'And what do you wish me to do?'

'Send me back to Kansas to my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. I'm sure they're terribly worried.' And then Dorothy told the Great Oz about the cyclone and her adventures in the Land of Oz.

'Well,' said the Giant Head when she finished. 'I will send you to Kansas, but first you must do something for me.' At this point the Head paused, and after a moment, he explained:

'Kill the Wicked Witch of the West.'

'But I cannot!' exclaimed Dorothy in great surprise.

'Why not?' said the Head with a wicked smile. 'You have already killed one Witch. And now, you just need to kill another. Then I will send you back home.'

Dorothy left the Throne Room with tears in her eyes. She was led back to her room, where her friends were all waiting for her. They were all very sorry to hear what the great Oz said, and they all wondered what he would say to them.

The next morning, the Scarecrow was called to see the Great Oz. He had already prepared himself for the sight of a giant head, so, great was his surprise when he was welcomed by a beautiful lady who spoke in a sweet singing voice. When he told his story and said that his greatest wish was to have some brains, the Lady answered:

'Very well. If you help Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West, I will give you brains so good that you will be the wisest man in the Land of Oz.'

The Scarecrow left the Throne Room and joined his friends feeling very sad.

'This Oz might be great, but she needs a heart as much as the Tin Woodman,' was his first comment.

The next morning, the Tin Woodman was called into the Throne Room. He wondered

whether he would see the Head or the Lady. But he saw neither. Instead on the throne sat a giant monster-like beast, which spoke in a series of roars rather than words. Once he got used to the sight of the Beast, the Tin Woodman told his story and explained that his greatest wish was to have a loving heart.

'Right!' roared the Beast. 'I will give you a heart, but first you must help Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West.'

When the Tin Woodman reported to his friends what had happened in the Throne Room, none of them had any doubts that the Cowardly Lion would hear the same answer the next day. They were not mistaken. The next morning, the Lion entered the throne room to see a giant Ball of Fire. The hair stood up on his great neck and shoulders, and his heart began to beat very fast. In a small trembling voice, he told his story and asked the Great Oz for some courage. A low, hissing voice came with an answer from the Ball:

'You shall have it. But only if you help Dorothy kill the Wicked Witch of the West.'

Chapter V

The Wicked Witch of the West



The next day, the five friends had their last breakfast at the Palace. They were not in the happiest of moods.

'There is only one thing we can do now,' said the Scarecrow finally, 'and that is to go to the Yellow Land of the Winkies and destroy the Wicked Witch of the West.'

They all nodded their heads sadly and decided to start on their journey as soon as possible.

The soldier showed them the way back to the gates, and there they were met by the Guardian. He unlocked their glasses and carefully put them back into his box.

'Thank you very much,' said Dorothy. 'And could you tell us which road leads to the Wicked Witch of the West.'

'There is no road,' answered the Guardian greatly surprised. 'No one ever wants to go that way.'

'Oh,' said Dorothy. 'How can we find her then?'

'That will be easy,' said the Guardian with a polite bow. 'When she knows you are on her land, she'll find you herself and make

you her slaves. For the time being, just keep to the West, where the sun sets.'

With this not very encouraging advice, the Guardian opened the Gates for them and let them out of the City.

Our friends were not easily put off though. They marched towards the West, admiring the landscape of the Emerald Country ruled by the Great Oz. But in the evening the ground became less pretty and more hilly. They guessed they had entered the Yellow Land of the Winkies. In the distance, to the West, a range of high yellow mountains could be seen, and the five companions started to wonder how they would get over them.

It was then that they were first seen by the Wicked Witch of the West. Every day she sat on the doorstep of her Yellow Castle in the mountains and looked around to see what was happening in her country. She had only one eye, but it was as good as a telescope, and she could see with it as far as the most distant corner of the Land of the Winkies. With this eye, she saw Dorothy

and her friends walking in the direction of the castle. The Wicked Witch trembled with anger.

She stood up and went up to her cupboard and took out a Golden Cap. The Cap had a very special power. The person who had it could call three times on the Winged Monkeys, who would obey any order that they were given, even the most terrible one. But no person could call these strange creatures more than three times. The Wicked Witch had already used the Golden Cap twice: once when she made the Winkies her slaves; and the second time when she fought a great battle against Oz himself. As she looked at Dorothy, a strange suspicion came to her head that something very dangerous could happen. She saw she had no choice but to call on the Winged Monkeys again.

So she put the Golden Cap on her head said slowly:

'Ep-pe, pep-pe-kak-ke!'

'Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!'

'Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!'

At the same moment, the sky darkened, and a crowd of Winged Monkeys started to land around the Witch's castle. Their leader stopped right in front of the Witch and said in a nasty screeching voice, half speaking, half laughing:

'You have called us for the third and last time. What do you want us to do?'

'Go to the strangers who came to my land and destroy them all apart from the Lion. He'll serve me as a horse. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

The Winged Monkeys immediately flew to where Dorothy and her companions were getting ready for the night's rest. When the group of friend saw the Monkeys about to attack, they started to run, but they could not get away. Some of the Monkeys caught the Scarecrow and pulled all the straw from his clothes and his head and threw it on the top of the highest tree in the Land of the Winkies. Some other Monkeys caught the Woodman and carried him to the sharpest rocks and dropped him there so many times that his whole body was so bent and twisted that

he could not move or say anything.

But they dared not touch Dorothy or Toto when they saw the shiny mark on the girl's forehead. So both her and the Lion they carried back to the Wicked Witch's castle. There they sat them down in front of the Witch.

'We have obeyed you as far as we could,' said the Leader pointing meaningfully at the mark on Dorothy's head. 'And now, your power over us has ended.'

And the next moment, the laughing and screeching band flew up in the air and were soon out of sight.

When the Wicked Witch saw the shiny mark on Dorothy's forehead and her silver shoes, she knew that she would not dare hurt her either. But then she looked into Dorothy's eyes and saw that the little girl did not know the power she had or how to use it. So with a nasty smile, she said in a voice most terrible:

'Your job will be to clean my kitchen. And be careful to do it well or you'll end like the Scarecrow or the Tin Woodman!'

Dorothy trembled with fear and got down to work immediately. The Wicked Witch looked very pleased and went to talk to the Lion. But here she was not so easily obeyed. The Lion roared at her as terribly as he could and would not let her even come up to him, not to mention riding him like a horse.

'If I cannot ride on your back,' said the Witch, 'I can starve you! You will have nothing to eat until you do as I tell you!'

And so the Lion was left imprisoned with no food behind the strongest iron bars, while Dorothy had to work hard night and day in the Witch's kitchen. Their lives became very sad. The only nice moments they had were when the Witch was asleep, and Dorothy quietly went to the iron bars and brought the Lion some food which she had stolen from the kitchen during the day. Then they would sit together and wonder how they should escape, and what had happened to their friends. And sometimes they would just cry together in the greatest unhappiness.



The Wicked Witch spent all her days thinking how she could steal Dorothy's silver shoes. She had used up all the power of the Golden Cap, and now she needed some more magic. However, Dorothy loved her silver shoes, and she never took them off apart from when she was having a bath. But the Witch was terribly afraid of water and never dared come near Dorothy when she was in the bathroom.

The Witch of the West was not only wicked, but also very clever, and finally she thought of a trick which would get her the silver shoes. She came into the kitchen, where Dorothy was busily cleaning the floor. There she observed her at work, and then when Dorothy was less careful, she used all her magic spells to make her slip on the freshly cleaned floor. Dorothy fell over, but nothing happened to her, only one of her silver shoes flew off her foot. The Witch caught it in the air, and immediately put it on one of her feet. This made Dorothy really angry.

'You may be a Witch, but you have no right to take my shoe from me!' she shouted at the Witch. And not thinking much, she took the bucket of dirty water with which she was cleaning the floor and threw the water on the Witch, making her wet from head to toe. At this, the Wicked Witch gave a terrible cry, and to Dorothy's greatest surprise, she started to melt into a brown dirty puddle.

'I've been so careful with water all the time!' were the Witch's last words. 'But I never thought a little girl like you would melt me so easily!'

Within a minute only the silver shoe and the key to the Lion's cage were left of the Witch. Dorothy picked these up and ran to tell the Lion good news.

Chapter VI

The Discovery of Oz, the Terrible



At first the Lion could not believe their luck, but when Dorothy showed him the key to his cage and opened the iron door with it, he knew she must be right. The next moment they called all the Winkies to tell them they were from that moment free people and not slaves any more. The Winkies thought themselves the happiest people in the world and began to sing and dance.

'Ah,' sighed the Lion, looking at the happy Winkies with melancholy. 'If only we had our friends here with us.'

'True!' said Dorothy. 'Why don't we ask the Winkies to help us?'

The Winkies were more than happy to be able to do something for their rescuers. A group of them set off immediately to look for the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow's clothes. Three days later they were back with what remained of the two friends after the Winged Monkeys had treated them so terribly. Dorothy and the Lion had tears in their eyes and could hardly speak. But soon the Scarecrow was stuffed with the finest

straw the Winkies could find, and the best tin smiths in the Land of the West were working on putting the Woodman back into shape again. In a couple of days, both friends looked as good as ever, and there was no end to the hugging and celebrating again.

But the next day, Dorothy said to her friends: 'We must go back to Oz and ask him to fulfil his promise.'

They all agreed, and the next day they were ready to start on the journey. The Winkies were very sorry to see them go. They had grown very fond of them and especially of the Tin Woodman, whom they asked to stay and rule over them. But seeing how determined they all were to go to Oz, they just asked the Woodman to promise that he would come back and be their king, and then wished them all a safe journey.

As Dorothy was packing, she found the Golden Cap in the Witch's cupboard. She tried it on and found that it fitted her perfectly and strangely matched her silver shoes. She decided to take it.

The next morning, they set off back to the Emerald City, but the journey was very difficult. There was no road, not even a path through the high mountains. The five friends wandered for days and weeks in the steep hills, until they realised that they knew neither the way back to the Winkies' Castle nor to the Palace of Oz. They were so tired that they could hardly walk.

'Why don't we call the field mice!' said the Scarecrow at last. 'They said they'd help us.'

'What a brilliant idea!' they all said and began to call on the mice.

The next moment, the tapping of thousands of tiny feet could be heard, and the fields around them filled with little grey mice.

'What can we do for you?' asked their Queen in a small voice.

'We lost our way and we don't know how to get to the Emerald City.'

The Queen of Mice looked at them in surprise.

'Why don't you use the charm of the Golden Cap?'

'I didn't know it had a charm,' said Dorothy slightly confused.

'It has,' answered the Queen. 'You can call on the Winged Monkeys. They'll carry you to the Emerald City in less than an hour. The magic words are written inside the Cap,' she added.

And with this she disappeared, followed by the other grey mice.

Dorothy looked into the Golden Cap and carefully read the instructions inside it.

'Ep-pe, pep-pe, kak-ke!'

'Hil-lo, hol-lo, hel-lo!'

'Ziz-zy, zuz-zy, zik!'

The next moment, the whole band of the Winged Monkeys was before them. Their leader bowed before Dorothy and asked:

'What do you wish us to do?'

'Can you carry us to the Emerald City?' asked the girl.

'Of course,' said the leader, and soon they were all in the air, travelling safely towards the Emerald City. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman still did not feel very safe and insisted on flying as close to Dorothy

as possible. Dorothy, on the other hand, felt quite comfortable. Just as the Queen of Mice had said, in less than an hour they were safe at the Gates of the Emerald City.

The five travellers were let into the City by the same Guardian of the Gates as before, and exactly as before, he locked green glasses on their heads. When they told him that they had destroyed the Wicked Witch of the West by melting her, he bowed low before them and led them immediately to the Palace of Oz.

There they were met by the same soldier in a green uniform, who, on hearing the news, opened his eyes very wide and ran immediately to tell Oz about it. In a few moments he was back with an invitation for them to see the Wizard that very morning. They followed the soldier through the complicated labyrinth of emerald rooms and corridors, wondering what shape the Wizard would take this time. But as they entered the Throne Room, they saw nobody on the magnificent Chair. They



only heard a terrible voice coming from that direction:

'I am Oz, the Great and Terrible. Why do you want to see me?'

'We have come to ask you to fulfil your promise.'

'Is the Wicked Witch really destroyed?' the voice asked.

'Yes,' answered Dorothy proudly. 'I melted her with a bucket of water.'

'Well,' said the voice. 'Come tomorrow, I need some time to think it over.'

'You've had plenty of time!' said the Scarecrow.

The Lion thought that perhaps at this point it would be a good idea to frighten the Wizard a little, and he gave the most terrible roar that he could make. The roar was so sudden that it alarmed Toto, who had never really got used to the Lion's roars, and the poor little dog jumped to the corner and bumped his head on a big screen. The screen fell down, and behind it there stood a tiny old man with big scared eyes in a very wrinkled face.

'I am Oz, the Great and Terrible!' he said in a very small voice. 'But please do not hurt me!'

The five friends looked at the tiny man in great amazement.

'We thought you were a Big Head!'

'Or a lovely Lady!'

'Or a Giant Beast!'

'Or a Ball of Fire!'

'Oh, no!' said the man sadly. 'I was just cheating.'

'Cheating?!' exclaimed Dorothy. 'Are you not a Great Wizard?'

'Not a bit my dear.' And he pointed to the corner behind the screen, where there was a big head and a costume of a lovely lady and a giant beast and a half burnt cotton ball.

'Let me explain,' said the man. 'I was born in Omaha.'

'That's not far from Kansas!' interrupted Dorothy.

'No, but very far from here,' said Oz sadly. 'I grew up in a circus and became a ventriloquist.'

'Who?' asked the Lion.

'It means I can make my voice come from anywhere in this room. That's how I tricked you.'

'Oh!' they all said.

'But then I became a balloonist,' continued Oz. 'My job was to go up in a balloon to advertise a new circus performance. But one day, the ropes holding the balloon broke, and up I went in the air. I couldn't go down again for a very long time, and the next day I woke up slowly landing in this beautiful country. The people who saw me coming down from the air thought me a Great Wizard and agreed to anything I told them to do. It amused me greatly, and I asked them to build this City and my Palace. The country around it was so green that I called the city the Emerald City. To make it fit its name even better, I ordered everyone to wear green glasses, so that they would see everything in green.'

'Is not everything green in the City then?' asked Dorothy.

'No more than in any other city, but it is true that the land is rich and the people are happy here. I have ruled the City justly, and the people like me, though I didn't let them see me for so many years that nobody knows what I look like any more. But they still believe I am a Wizard. And fortunately so did the two Wicked Witches who you have destroyed. Otherwise they would have done away with me long ago. But now that they've been destroyed, and I don't need to fear them any more, I can honestly tell you I cannot keep the promises I made you.'

'Can't you give me brains then?' asked the Scarecrow, looking at the little man with great disappointment.

'You don't need them. You're learning something everyday, and you're the brightest Scarecrow I've ever heard of.'

'All the same, I won't be happy unless I have real brains,' said the Scarecrow sadly.

'Very well,' answered Oz after a moment of thought. 'Come and see me tomorrow morning and I'll stuff your head with some brains.'

'And what about my courage?' asked the Lion.

'True courage is being able to face danger when you are afraid. And that kind of courage you've got plenty of'

'Maybe,' said the Lion. 'But I would prefer to get some more of the courage that makes you less afraid of danger.'

'Very well,' said Oz with a sigh. 'Come tomorrow, and you'll have it.'

'And my heart?' asked the Tin Woodman.

'Come tomorrow, too,' said the Wizard with resignation.

'And what about me?' asked Dorothy.

'I think there's only one way,' answered the Wizard seriously. 'We'll have to repair my old balloon. But please, promise me that you won't tell anyone about my secret.'

Chapter VII

Back Home



The next day, the Scarecrow entered the Throne Room first.

'Ah, yes!' said the Wizard as he saw him.

Then he opened the Scarecrow's head and took out all the straw from it. Then he filled it with a mixture of straw and pins and needles and put it back onto the Scarecrow's body.'

The Scarecrow felt very wise immediately. He thanked Oz and left the room, while the Tin Woodman entered it.

'Yes,' said Oz as he saw him. 'I'll have to make a hole in your chest first, I'm afraid.'

'That's fine,' said the Woodman. 'It won't hurt me.'

So Oz made a small hole in the Woodman's chest and then went to his drawer and took out a pretty red heart made of silk and stuffed with cotton. He put it into the Woodman's chest and closed the hole.

The next moment, the Tin Woodman felt like the most kind-hearted person in the world. He thanked Oz and went out. At the same moment, the Lion came in.

'Yes, your courage,' said Oz. 'Here it is.'

He took out a small bottle and poured some green liquid from it into a bowl.

'You'll have to drink it,' he said.

The Lion did not hesitate a moment, and the bowl was empty within seconds. His chest immediately rose, and he felt like the bravest animal in the world.

As he left the room to share his happiness with the others, Dorothy came in.

'Now my dear!' said Oz. 'We have to make a balloon. I'll cut some long strips of silk, and you'll sew them. Then, when the bag is big enough, we'll coat its insides with glue, and we'll tie it to a large basket. Then we'll make a fire and fill the bag with hot air, and off we'll go!'

'To Kansas!'

'I hope so,' said Oz. 'But first across the desert. And then it should be easier.'

That was exactly what they did. They worked the whole week to make the balloon, and when it was ready, Oz ordered everyone to spread the message among his people that he was going in a balloon to pay a visit to his brother Wizard in the Clouds,



and during his absence, the Emerald City would be ruled by the Wise Scarecrow.

The next day, early in the morning, Oz checked all the ropes and got into the basket to wait till the hot air from the fire would lift the balloon. Dorothy was about to get in with him when she realised that Toto was nowhere to be seen. She went to look for him immediately. While she was gone, Oz tied the basket with a rope to the ground and waited for her. She didn't come back for some time during which the hot air filled the balloon and lifted the basket off the ground. It was starting to pull at the rope dangerously hard.

'Hurry up, dear!' shouted Oz as he saw Dorothy running towards him with Toto in her arms. But at precisely that moment, the rope holding the balloon broke, and the basket with Oz was lifted up in the air.

'Come back!' shouted Dorothy.

'I cannot,' shouted Oz as he disappeared into the distance. 'Good-bye!'

Dorothy cried all day and most of the night as she saw no chance of getting back home

now. The next morning, however, her friends invited her to the Throne Room to talk the matter over. The Scarecrow had thought so hard the whole night that the pins and needles began to stick out of his head. As his friends entered the room, he said:

'And why don't we call the Winged Monkeys again and ask them to carry you across the desert?'

'A brilliant idea!' Dorothy exclaimed. She took off her Golden Cap and spoke the magic words. The next moment, the band of Winged Monkeys flew into the room through the window.

'What is your wish?' asked their leader.

'I want to go home to Kansas'

But the leader shook his head.

'That cannot be done. We belong to this country alone.'

'Is there no one who can help me?' asked Dorothy sadly.

'Glinda might,' answered the Leader. 'The Good Witch of the South, she rules the Land of the Quadlings.'

With this the Winged Monkeys flew away.

'Right,' said the Lion. 'So when are we leaving for the South?'

'Will you go with me?' asked Dorothy.

'Of course!' answered the Scarecrow and the Woodman in one voice. 'We'll always help you as you've helped us.'

The next day, they were on their way to the Land of the Quadlings. The journey was full of adventures, most of them dangerous, but the five friends always helped each other, and at last, after two or three weeks, they reached the Red Country of the Quadlings. It was as beautiful as the Blue Land of the Munchkins or the Emerald Land of Oz, except everything was ruby red here, for red was the Quadlings' favourite colour.

They reached the Palace of Glinda, the Good Witch of the South, after another two days of very pleasant walking. Glinda was already expecting them.

They were invited into a magnificent red room, where a beautiful woman, neither



young nor old, was sitting on a throne of rubies. She was wearing a white shiny dress, and her hair was a rich red colour while her soft eyes were blue.

'What can I do for you, my child?' asked Glinda.

'I would really like to go back home to Kansas.'

'I'm sure I can do that!' Glinda said with a smile. 'But then you'll have to give me your Golden Cap.'

'With pleasure,' answered Dorothy quickly. 'I won't need it any more!'

'And I will,' said Glinda. 'I'll ask the Winged Monkeys to send the Wise Scarecrow here back to the Emerald City, where the people already miss their new ruler.'

The Scarecrow bowed and smiled modestly.

'And then,' continued Glinda, 'I'll ask them to carry the kind-hearted Tin Woodman here to the Yellow Castle of the Winkies in the West, who can't wait to welcome their new ruler back home.'

The Tin Woodman smiled happily as he remembered the lovely faces of the Winkies as they were saying their good-byes to him.

'And my third wish to the Winged Monkeys will be,' said Glinda, 'to carry the Brave Lion here back to his forest, where all the animals have elected him to be their king.'

The Lion looked up in great surprise and suddenly felt he missed his home terribly.

'But what about me?' asked Dorothy.

'Your silver shoes will carry you across the desert and wherever you want beyond it. You just have to knock your heels together three times, and say your wish. That's all. If you had known their power, you could have gone back home the very first day you arrived here.'

'But then I would have never got my brains,' said the Scarecrow.

'Or I my heart,' added the Woodman.

'And I would still have been a coward!' exclaimed the Lion.

'And I would have never made such



good friends,' said Dorothy, hugging her friends.

Then she took Toto in her arms and knocked her heels three times and said slowly:

'Take me home to Aunt Em!'

At the same moment, she was flying through the air faster than during the cyclone, and in a lot more pleasant way. In a few moments she found herself sitting on the grey grass outside the new house that Uncle Henry had built while she was gone. Dorothy stood up and saw she had no shoes on, for the Silver Shoes had fallen off her feet during her flight and were lost forever in the desert.

Aunt Em had just come out of the house and saw Dorothy running towards her.

'My darling child!' she cried, covering Dorothy's face with kisses.

'Oh, I'm so glad to be home again!' said Dorothy.

Glossary

absence – nieobecność
admire – podziwiać
adventure – przygoda
advice – rada, wskazówka
agree – zgodzić się
air – powietrze
amazement – zdumienie
amuse – bawić
arrive – przybyć
attached – dołączony
aunt – ciotka
balloon – balon



bar – pręt
bathroom – łazienka
be worried – martwić się
beard – broda
beautiful – piękny
believe – wierzyć
bent – zgięty, pozginany
blind – ślepy
body – ciało

bow – kłaniać się
box – pudełko
brain(s) – rozum, umysł, mózg
breakfast – śniadanie
brightness - jasność
building – budynek
cage – klatka
carefully – uważnie, ostrożnie
castle – zamek
celebrate – świętować, obchodzić
cellar - piwnica
charm – czar, wdzięk, moc
cheat – oszukiwać
chest – klatka piersiowa
circus – cyrk



clean – czyścić
clever – inteligentny, sprytny
coat – powlec, pokryć
comment – uwaga, komentarz
confused – zmieszany
corner – róg, kąt, zakątek

cotton – bawełna
countryside - wieś
courage – odwaga
cupboard – szafa, garderoba



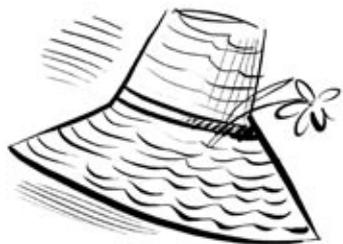
cyclone – cyklon
dance – tańczyć
dangerous – niebezpieczny
dare – odważyć się
desert – pustynia
destroy – zniszczyć
determined – zdeterminowany
different – różny
direction - kierunek
disappear – znikać
disappointment – rozczarowanie
doorway – wejście, brama
drawer – szuflada
drop – upuścić, rzucić
during – podczas
emerald – szmaragd
encouragingly – zachęcająco, w sposób mający
dodać otuchy
enormous – ogromny, wielki

enter – wejść
escape – uciekać
exactly – dokładnie
exclaim – wykrzyknąć
explain - wyjaśniać
eyebrows – brwi
fantastic – fantastyczny
farmer – farmer, rolnik
fear – strach
field mice – myszy polne
fit – pasować
follow – iść za
forehead – czoło
fortunately - na szczęście
fought – czas przeszły od czasownika „fight”
– walczyć
from head to toe – od stóp do głów
fulfill – wypełnić
furniture – meble
gate – brama



giant – gigantyczny
glasses – okulary

glue – klej
greatly – wielce
greatly – wielce
guard – strzec
guess – zgadywać
hat – kapelusz



hesitate – wahać się
hilly – pagórkowaty
hissing – syczący
hole – dziura
horizon – horyzont
hug – obejmować się, ścisnąć
huge – ogromny
immediately – natychmiast, od razu
important – ważny, istotny
imprisoned – uwięziony
including – łącznie z
invitation – zaproszenie
iron – żelazny
journey – podróż
justly – sprawiedliwie

key – klucz



kind-hearted – dobry, o dobrym sercu
labyrinth – labirynt
land – lądować
landscape – krajobraz
led – czas przeszły czasownika "lead" –
prowadzić
luck – szczęście, powodzenie
magnificent – wspaniały
march – maszerować
mark – znak
meaningfully – znacząco
melt – roztopić się
mixture – mieszanka
modestly – skromnie
mood – nastrój
nasty – okropny
needle – igła
nod – skinąć (głową)
obey – być posłusznym
order – rozkazać

pair – para
palace – pałac
pause – przerwać
perfectly – idealnie
pin - szpilka
pointed - spiczasty
poisonous – trujący
politely – uprzejmie
poppy – mak
pour – nalać
power – moc, siła
precisely – dokładnie
prepare – przygotować
promise – obietnica
proudly – dumnie, z dumą
puddle – kałuża
range - łańcuch, szereg
remained – pozostały
repair – naprawić, zreperować
report – opisać, opowiedzieć
rescuer – wybawca
return – wrócić
ring the bell – zadzwonić (do drzwi)
roar – ryk
rock – skała
room – pokój
rule – rządzić
safe – bezpieczny

scarecrow – strach na wróble
screeching – skrzeczący
set – zachodzić (o słońcu)
set off – wyruszyć w drogę
sew – szyć
sharp – ostry
shine – błyszczyć
shiny – błyszczący
shoe – but
shoulder – ramię



sight – widok
silk – jedwab
silver – srebrny, srebro
sing – śpiewać
size – rozmiar
sky – niebo
slave – niewolnik
soldier – żołnierz
special – specjalny
starve – głodzić
strangely – o dziwo
stranger – nieznajomy, obcy
straw – słoma

strip – pasek
 stuff (with) – wypchać, napętnić
 surprised – zdziwiony, zaskoczony
 suspicion – podejrzenie
 tap – pukać, stukać, tupać
 telescope – teleskop
 terrible – okropny
 terribly – okropnie
 thankful – wdzięczny
 throne – tron



towards – ku, w stronę
 tremble – drżeć
 trembling – drżący
 twisted - skręcony
 uncle – wujek
 uniform – mundur
 unlock – odkluczyć
 ventriloquist – brzechomówca
 voice – głos
 walk – iść, spacerować
 wise – mądry
 wizard – czarnoksiężnik
 wrinkle – zmarszczka

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