

A RED HEN PUBLICATION



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The Magic Carpet of



BEING THE STORY OF WHY AND HOW
OZMA LEARNED HER MAGIC.
AS WELL AS THE ADVENTURE OF THE
THEFT OF THE MAGIC CARPET AND
HOW IT WAS RECOVERED.

by
David G. Hulan



To Marcia, always my first reader and biggest fan, to D. Cary Grady, who critiqued the first draft and made several excellent suggestions, and to Joyce Odell who turned a manuscript into a book.



To My Readers

As I DESCRIBED in the introduction to EUREKA IN Oz, published by Red Hen Publications in 2003, I have been in email correspondence with Barry Klein (now an Oz resident) for a good number of years now, and one of the major topics of our correspondence has been apparent inconsistencies in the Oz books. EUREKA IN Oz told of how it happened that Eureka returned to Oz and why she is now pink and a palace favorite, when earlier she had been banished for bad behavior, but that was far from the only topic of similar nature that Barry and I have discussed.

Another puzzle in the Oz series is the fact that for the first ten books in which she appears Ozma does not seem to have any magical powers of her own. She can use magic tools, especially the Magic Carpet, the Magic Picture, and the

Magic Belt, but so can Dorothy. When she needs magic worked that isn't within the capabilities of those tools, she depends on Glinda or the Wizard. Then, suddenly, in **THE TIN WOODMAN OF Oz**, she has become an accomplished magic-worker in her own right, and continues to be throughout the series.

When I asked Barry about it he told me that it had indeed come about in an unrecorded Oz adventure – he didn't know if Mr. Baum had known of it and decided it wouldn't be that interesting to his readers, or whether no one had told him. But he related the story to me that I've written here, and it turned out to probably explain a couple of other puzzles as well. In the earlier books the Cowardly Lion always claims to be terrified when danger threatens, but he always meets it bravely even so. But while he continues to meet threats from living beings bravely throughout the rest of the series, in both **THE ROYAL BOOK OF Oz** and **THE COWARDLY LION OF Oz** he becomes completely panicked by thunderstorms and causes his companions considerable hardship because

of it. I think his dream described in this book may well be the source of that panic. Also, at the end of **THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF Oz**, the Wizard turns the Glass Cat's pink brains transparent, yet the next time she is described, in **THE MAGIC OF Oz**, her brains are pink again.

As was true of **EUREKA IN Oz**, the events described are as Barry related them to me, but of course he didn't have access to the actual dialog that occurred – a few lines here and there are actual quotations, but by and large I've invented the dialog to fit the situations and the characters. I'm reasonably sure that Mr. Baum, Miss Thompson, and the other "canonical" authors did much the same. I hope you enjoy the story.

David Hulan
Naperville, 2011



List of Chapters

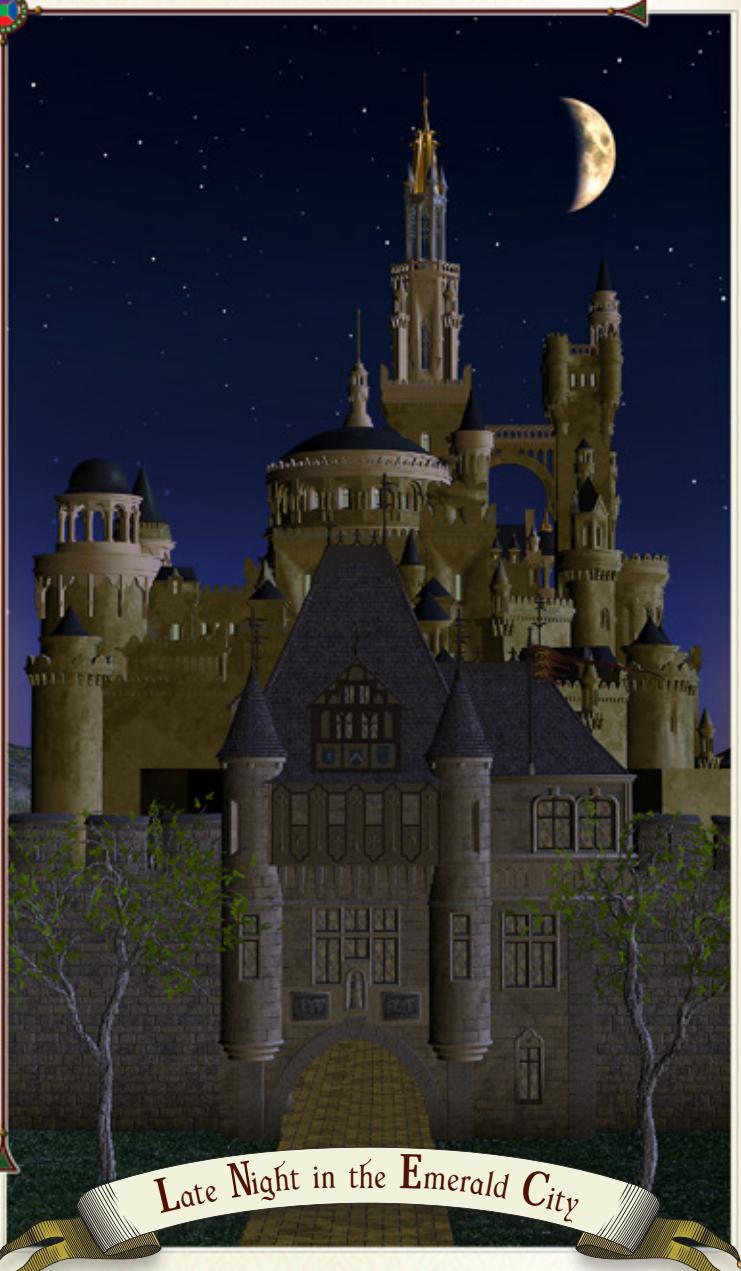
	(PAGE OF .PDF)
1. THE COURAGE OF CATS	6
2. THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN	12
3. THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL.....	19
4. ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE	25
5. THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE.....	32
6. THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS.....	38
7. ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN.....	45
8. DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS	52
9. HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?.....	58
10. OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS	63
11. AS SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?.....	68
12. THE ROAD NORTH.....	75
13. THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE	81
14. GURKIN ON THE TRAIL	87
15. TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS	93



(PAGE
OF .PDF)

16. ANDIOR'S DREAM	100
17. GURKIN'S DREAM	104
18. THE FROGMAN'S DREAM.....	104
19. THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM	108
20. OZMA LEARNS MAGIC.....	112
21. THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS.....	119
22. BACK TO CARPETON	123
23. JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!	130
24. THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET	133
25. THE USES OF THE WAND	138
26. GURKIN'S LAST STAND	142
27. THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE	148
28. BACK TO OZ	152
29. A HERO'S WELCOME.....	160
30. RETURN TO BOBOLAND.....	167
COLOPHON.....	171





Late Night in the Emerald City

The Courage of Cats

I

URING THE DAY and early evening, the streets of the Emerald City are as busy and merry as you would expect in the capital of the happiest fairyland out of the world. But its citizens take the one great law of Oz – “Behave yourself” – very seriously, and are almost always settled in their homes long before midnight.

Even in Oz, however, cats behave very much as they choose. Although the clock on the stable tower of Ozma's palace was striking two in the morning, it would have surprised no one to see Bungle, the Glass Cat, and Eureka, the Pink

THE COURAGE OF CATS

Kitten, trotting side by side past a sleeping sentry through the great south gate into the palace grounds.

"You need to be more colorful," the kitten was saying. "Now, I've a lovely coat of pink fur to go with my bright blue eyes, and between them I'm admired by everyone at court. You, on the other hand, are a colorless character."

"Am not!" the cat retorted. "I have emerald eyes and a ruby heart to add color, and you can't deny that I have the clearest complexion in Oz!"

"Yes, but – "

"What's that!" the cat interrupted. "Someone's climbing the wall outside Ozma's window!"

It was a dark night, and a human might have missed the greater darkness against the ivied wall, but the two cats had no trouble seeing the shadowy figure making its way up the vines. There was no good reason why anyone should be doing that, and they both remembered well how Ugu the Shoemaker had kidnapped Ozma only a few months earlier and thrown all Oz into confusion until she was found again.

"Get some help, Eureka!" the cat said quickly.

THE COURAGE OF CATS

"The Shaggy Man is probably closest. I'll try to delay whoever it is!"

Eureka sprang through an open window on the ground floor and raced up the stairs, while Bungle followed the mysterious figure up the ivy toward the window of Ozma's bedroom. Ozma's fairy senses must have warned her of the intruder, because she was rising from her bed as he swung his legs through the window and stood to face her.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Leave my room immediately or I'll call my – "

He laughed and blew a sparkling pink powder at her from a tube he was holding. "Freeze, now!" he said with a mystic gesture, and the fairy ruler stood motionless, with one arm raised to point at him. He then swung a long cape off his shoulders and was about to wrap it around her when ten pounds of glass landed on his back and attached itself with needle-sharp claws.

"Yeow!" he yelled, and twisted his free arm around to try to get a grip on the snarling, scratching Glass Cat. But Bungle was fast and angry, and was able



A Wicked Attempt

THE COURAGE OF CATS

to flick her tail out of his reach and put another line of scratches on his left cheek before springing down to the floor, up onto a chair, and then onto his chest. He was forced to drop the cloak so that he could protect his eyes with one arm and grab at the cat with the other. She got a swipe in on his other cheek before he got hold of her neck, and her hind claws took a toll on the hand he'd caught her with, but then he hurled her across the room.

Fortunately for Bungle her landing was cushioned by the thick draperies in the archway between Ozma's bedroom and dressing room, and she was uninjured. The intruder had just picked up his cape when the cat returned to the fray, and the best he could do was to swing the cape toward her and tangle her in its folds. Holding her through the cape, he looked desperately around. He caught sight of the marble top of Ozma's dresser and raised the struggling cat high over his head; then with all his strength he started to bring her down, intending to shatter her against the stone-hard surface. But as he started his downward motion, a strong hand caught at the flowing end of the cape

THE COURAGE OF CATS

and yanked him backward and off balance, so that he fell onto the floor and lost his grip on the cat.

Before he could recover, a tall man with shaggy hair, a shaggy beard, and even shags and bobtails on his pajamas had wrapped him in his own cape and was sitting on him. The cat, after hissing at him and giving his long nose one final rake with her claws, said, "He cast some kind of spell on Ozma! Is the Wizard coming?"

"He should be," the Shaggy Man said. "Eureka found me first, but she was going to get the Wizard next, and then Uncle Henry and Omby Amby." He shook the intruder and continued, "Who are you? What were you trying to do?"

The prisoner clamped his lips together, and before the Shaggy Man could say anything further a bald-headed little old man in striped pajamas and a dressing-gown rushed in, carrying a black bag. "Oh, good," the Wizard said. "You've captured him! But what's this?" He looked at Ozma in dismay.

"He blew some kind of powder onto her, and she froze stiff," Bungle said. "I hope you know how to break the spell!"

THE COURAGE OF CATS

"Hm-hm-hm!" the Wizard muttered. "This isn't the kind of spell that Glinda or I like to use, but I don't think it could be very complicated. This intruder seems hardly more than a boy."

The others had hardly had a chance to take a close look at their foe, but when they did they could see that he looked to be somewhere in his teens. By the time of our story no one in Oz ever needed to grow any older, but this had only become true for most Ozites quite recently. Someone who looked so young was unlikely to be very old.

At this point Eureka entered the room, closely followed by a sturdy old farmer, an immensely tall soldier with long green whiskers, and a one-legged sailorman.

"I think the four of you should be able to hold him still and keep him from doing any more harm," the Wizard said. "Don't let him move his hands, but let's get him onto his feet so I can search him. If I can find out what he used to work his spell, I can probably break it."

The Shaggy Man gripped the young man's forearms firmly through the cape and eased his



THE COURAGE OF CATS

I
weight off him, while Cap'n Bill took his right shoulder and Uncle Henry his left. When Omby Amby had gotten a firm grasp of the left forearm, Shaggy released it and took the right forearm in both hands; then the four of them lifted the intruder to his feet and held him securely while the Wizard searched through his pockets.

"Those are right nasty scratches you've got there, lad," the old sailor chuckled. "Fall in a thorn bush, did ye?"

"You're lucky they missed your eyes," Omby Amby added.

"I wish I *had* scratched his eyes out!" the Glass Cat spat. "First he enchanted Ozma, and then he tried to smash *me*!"

"And I wish I *had* smashed you, you horrid animal!" The intruder spoke for the first time, glaring at his captors and especially at Bungle.

Just then the Wizard pulled a small envelope from one of the young man's pockets, and on checking inside it gave a nod of satisfaction. "As I suspected, it's rosarundic dust. Harmless enough most of the time, but the right words

THE COURAGE OF CATS

I
and gestures can give it certain magical properties. I believe my Handbook of Wizardry here has the counterspell..." and he began to leaf through the book while other residents of the palace, drawn by the unusual movements in the corridors, began to crowd into the room.

"Oh, Ozma!" Dorothy cried in distress when she saw her friend's condition. She ran over and put her arms around the ruler, but began weeping when she felt how rigid she was.

"It's all right, Dorothy dear," Uncle Henry said soothingly. "The Wizard says he knows how to break the spell, and she'll be fine in a jiffy!"

Dorothy's wailing ceased, but she continued to sniffle as the Wizard found the correct page, nodded, and said "Unfreeze now!" with a gesture not too different from the one the intruder had used.

"—guards!" Ozma said — then blinked, shook her head, and looked in wonderment at all the people who were standing around in her bedroom. "What happened? Where did everyone come from?"

"You were under an enchantment, my dear," the Wizard said. "This young man climbed into

THE COURAGE OF CATS

I
your window – ”

“I remember that,” she interrupted.

“ – and used some rosarundic dust to freeze you in place. Luckily, Bungle and Eureka saw him climbing the wall, and Eureka brought help while Bungle attacked him and kept him from doing anything with you until the Shaggy Man arrived and captured him.”

“I thank you both from the bottom of my heart,” Ozma said, kneeling down and stroking both the cats. “If there is any reward I can give either of you, you have only to ask.”

“I already have all the cream I can eat,” Eureka said lazily. “I can’t think of anything else I want, but if I do, I’ll be sure to let you know.”

“There *is* one thing I’d like,” the Glass Cat said hesitantly.

“For your courage in helping me, you may have it, whatever it might be, as long as it harms no one else.”

“Well, you remember when I first came to the Emerald City a few years ago, I had pink brains that I was very conceited about.”

THE COURAGE OF CATS

I
“Yes, and at your own request the Wizard made them transparent, and you became much more humble,” the princess agreed.

“Well, it’s completely unnatural for a cat to be humble. So if you don’t mind, I’d like to have my brains turned pink again. Perhaps I won’t be as conceited about them as I once was, but at least I can be proud of them.”

“You’ve earned that,” Ozma said with one of her delightful smiles. “Even if you become conceited again, we can all remember your bravery and what we owe you, and forgive you for it. Wizard?”

The Wizard took a hood-like instrument out of his black bag and placed it over Bungle’s head. He closed a switch on it, there was a bright flash, and when he removed it the cat’s brains were as pink and active as they had been before he had made them transparent. The cat trotted over to a mirror and gazed into it with satisfaction.

“Look at that, Eureka! You can see ‘em work again!”

“So who cares?” the kitten yawned, and curled up in front of the fireplace to see what happened next.

The Correction of a Magician



"OW," OZMA SAID, confronting the intruder, "who are you, and what were you trying to do?"

The lad clamped his lips together and refused to speak.

"I know who he is," a reedy voice came from the back of the room. Professor H.M. Woggle-bug, T.E., stepped forward with his usual pompous tread. "He has changed somewhat in appearance in the years since I first knew him, but his nature unfortunately seems unchanged. He was a bad boy then, and he seems to be a bad young man now."

The prisoner looked at him in puzzlement. "I never knew you," he said. "I couldn't forget such a big ugly bug!"

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

"No," the Professor said. "When I knew you, I was only a tiny woggle-bug myself – although, I must say, I was considered quite a handsome one by the other members of my species. But while I was living in the hearth at Professor Nowitall's school, drinking thirstily of the ever-flowing limpid fount of knowledge there offered, you were one of his pupils. And all the insects who lived in and around the school were in mortal fear of one Jommy Zelv – you!"

"Hey, they were just bugs!" the lad protested, turning a shade paler.

"*Just 'bugs'?*" the Professor demanded in outrage. "And have we insects no rights? Have we no feelings? Here in Oz, indeed, many of us have the gift of speech, nor was I the only one of my kin who was able to appreciate the good professor's lectures, though I must acknowledge that I benefited the most from them. Yet *you*" – he shook a fist under the scratched-up nose of the intruder – "*you* spent much of your time capturing poor innocent insects, tearing off their wings and legs, impaling them on cruel pins for your 'collection',

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

and otherwise spreading terror and destruction among us. You, sir, are an evil person!"

The professor could see that the others appeared surprised at such an outburst from someone so educated, someone who was normally so fully in control of his notable faculties. But this had not been just another thoughtlessly naughty boy. Jommy Zelv had been a thoroughly bad and miserable child, miserable to be around but clearly miserable in his own heart, doing bad things to others in an effort to make them as unhappy as he was. Although the Woggle-bug now felt some pity for the lad, he knew that something serious must be done about him.

"So the professor has told you who he is," the Glass Cat said. "And I can tell you what it looked like he was trying to do. When I came in the window he was just freezing you, Your Highness, and he took off his cape and looked as if he was about to wrap you up in it. I'm sure that he was planning on kidnapping you, though he may have had other plans as well."

The Wizard interrupted the proceedings,

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

saying, "Your Highness, it's still the middle of the night. I propose that I use Mr. Zelv's own magic on him, just in case he has some other resources that I don't know of, and that we hold a formal inquiry in the Council Chamber in the morning."

"Since I know from experience that being frozen in that way doesn't hurt, I'll allow it," Ozma said thoughtfully. "Go ahead."

The Wizard packed a small amount of the rosarundic dust into a silver tube he took from his bag and blew it on Jommy Zelv, saying, "Freeze, now!" and making the required gesture. The prisoner became rigid, and his four captors lifted him up and carried him to an inner room with no windows, where they locked him in for the night.



Glinda, the Good Sorceress of Oz, has a Great Book of Records that records every event of importance that takes place anywhere in the world, just as it is taking place. Because there is so much to record, however, the book does not always give as much detail as one would wish.

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

2

Early every morning she reads it to see if she needs to take some action to preserve the peace and tranquillity of Oz.

It was therefore no great surprise to anyone in Ozma's palace when Glinda's magnificent swan chariot swooped down and landed on the lawn of the palace. Ozma was just finishing eating breakfast on the terrace, with the Wizard and the three little girls who were her closest friends: Dorothy, Trot, and Betsy Bobbin. "Another kidnapping attempt!" the tall, beautiful sorceress said, alighting from the chariot. She walked over to the table where the girl ruler was sitting.

"We're not certain of that yet," Ozma said, "but it seems most likely."

"I think we can be sure enough," Glinda replied. "My Book of Records said, 'Jommy Zelv's attempt to kidnap Ozma was bungled.'"

All four of the girls giggled, and even the Wizard smiled more broadly than usual. "Your book is being its usual cryptic self," he said. "But that's certainly one way to put it, since our friend Bungle, the Glass Cat, was the one who



THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

(2)
was most responsible for stopping him."

Glinda smiled at this, but quickly became serious again. "I suppose the first thing to do is to deal with Jommy Zelv, but after that I believe we should have a meeting of your full Council of State, Ozma. This is the second time in only a few months that someone has attempted to kidnap you."

"I know," Ozma replied. "It made me sad enough to think that there was even one person in Oz who would do such a wicked thing; if there are two, there may well be even more. I'm afraid that I may have failed in my attempts to make all my subjects happy."

"Why, that's just silly, Ozma!" Dorothy blurted indignantly. "You're the best ruler Oz could poss'bly have, and the only people who aren't happy are those that can't be happy unless other people are unhappy!"

"Wisely spoken, Dorothy," the Wizard said approvingly. "We know that Ugu was never going to be happy unless he ruled all of Oz himself, and from what Professor Woggle-bug has told us about him, I think that Jommy Zelv is

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

(2)
probably the same kind of unhappy person."

"Perhaps you're right," Ozma said with a frown, "but what made them the sorts of persons they are? Could I have helped prevent that?"

"I doubt it," Glinda said gently. "We know that Jommy was a bad boy long before you came to the throne, and from the stories the Czarover of Herku told about Ugu, he too was terribly discontented long before your reign. If they were already unhappy people of that sort, I doubt that anything you could have done would have made them content."

Ozma and the others rose from the table, and together with Glinda they went into the palace and down one of its beautifully decorated corridors to the great council chamber. While Ozma usually held court in her throne room, this case was delicate enough that she decided to limit the attendees to her closest friends and counselors. The Shaggy Man and Omby Amby brought Jommy Zelv into the room between them. When all were seated, the Wizard blew another dose of the rosarundic dust onto the youth and restored his ability to move.

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

2

He looked around nervously. The Shaggy Man, Omby Amby, Uncle Henry, and Cap'n Bill would have made it hard enough to escape, but the huge lion and tiger who glared at him from either side convinced him that he would have to obey all of Ozma's orders.

"Will you answer my questions now?" Ozma asked.

"Oh, all right," he said sullenly.

"Then why did you want to kidnap me?"

"Well, you're so beautiful, I fell in love with you, and I knew you'd never have anything to do with me..."

Glinda shook her head and pointed at the great pearl that was hanging from her neck. It had been white, but as soon as Jommy had said "I fell in love with you," it had turned a deep black. Ozma remembered how it had done the same when Mombi had tried lying to the sorceress, back when Ozma herself had thought she was a boy called Tippetarius.

"Some of what you have said is true," Glinda said. "Ozma is indeed beautiful, and you knew

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

2

that she'd never have anything to do with you in a romantic way – "

"Or with anyone else!" Ozma interjected, her eyes twinkling.

"Certainly not soon," Glinda agreed. "But in any case, the pearl reveals that Jommy is not telling the truth when he says he fell in love with you. So, young man – tell us the truth now, knowing that we can detect any lies."

The prisoner clamped his mouth shut, until the Hungry Tiger with a pensive look lifted one mighty forepaw and bared all its claws. "I – I'll tell you the truth!" he blurted. The tiger lowered his paw back onto the floor.

"I've been studying magic," the youth began, "and have learned some pretty good tricks. But I knew it was against the law, and that sooner or later it would come to Glinda's notice. Then I heard about how Ugu had kidnapped you, Your Highness. I thought that if he could do it, I probably could too. And that as long as I could hold you captive, nobody would dare interfere with what I was doing and I could learn all the



THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

2

magic I wanted to."

"But we were able to rescue Ozma from Ugu even though he'd stolen most of the magical tools in Oz!" Dorothy said. "Why would you think we couldn't rescue her from you?"

"Ugu was stupid," Jommy said nonchalantly. "He hid Ozma off in the middle of an orchard where he couldn't keep an eye on her. I was going to keep her close to me, where I could threaten to hurt her if anyone bothered me."

"And you would have, you wicked boy!" exploded the Woggle-bug, as most of the others drew back in dismay at this threat to their beloved ruler. "We will punish you severely for your insolence and your evil intentions!"

"Gently, Professor, gently," Ozma said. "You know that we never punish people for punishment's sake. We need to make sure that he never does it again, and if possible that he never wants to do it again, but correction is the goal, not punishment."

"Someone as bad as this lad deserves punishment as well as correction," the Professor muttered, but Ozma ignored him.

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

2

Ozma's friends and counselors began discussing how best to see that Jommy Zelv never worked magic again, and indeed would never want to work magic again. The Wizard offered to freeze him again with the rosarundic dust, and then leave him in that condition, but Ozma could not agree to that. Glinda said that she could remove his magic powers, as she had with Mombi, but that this would not prevent him from wanting to work magic, and would not prevent him from doing other wicked things. The Frogman – an ordinary frog who had eaten magical food and grown to the size of a man – remembered that he had once bathed in the Truth Pond, and had ever afterward been forced to tell the truth. He suggested that if Jommy were to bathe in the Truth Pond, he too would then have to tell the truth at all times, which makes it hard to do anything very bad. Ozma was pondering this when Uncle Henry spoke up:

"I recollect that the Forbidden Fountain in your garden did a bang-up job of washin' the wickedness out of a bunch o' folks that were a lot worse than this young fella," he said. "Talkin'

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

of the Truth Pond reminded me of that. How about we make him drink from that fountain?" For anyone who drank of the water from the Forbidden Fountain at once lost all his personal memories. He became like a little child, innocent of all wickedness and vain desires.

"It's a serious thing to lose all one's memories," Glinda reflected. "But in this case, I believe that it might serve the purpose."

"Surely his memories are only making him unhappy and miserable now," Ozma said. "He will forget all his wickedness, just as the Phan-fasms and Growleywogs and Whimsies did, and we can give him a position in the palace and teach him to be a good and useful citizen of Oz. Surrounded by kind and loving friends, he will have no further wish to do wrong."

Still, it is no pleasant thing for a person to contemplate losing all of the memories that make him what he is, even if they make him wicked and unhappy. Jommy protested strongly, but the Shaggy Man and Omby Amby marched him out of the palace and into the garden, preceded by

THE CORRECTION OF A MAGICIAN

the lion and tiger and followed by all the others who had been in the council chamber. There they found a beautiful fountain spouting sparkling water high into the air, where it fell into a golden basin. On it, however, was a sign: "ALL PERSONS ARE FORBIDDEN TO DRINK AT THIS FOUNTAIN."

"You wouldn't want me to break a law, would you?" Jommy pleaded, making one last try.

"Since I made the law, I can declare an exception to it," Ozma said with finality. "Drink."

Jommy sighed, cupped his hands, filled them with water, and drank. Slowly the frightened glare faded from his eyes, and he looked about him in childlike wonderment at the beauties of the garden and the strange and wonderful citizens of Oz who surrounded him.

"Take him to Jellia Jamb," Ozma said to Omby Amby. "Tell her to give him a room and to find him some useful work around the palace. And to give him a fresh start in life, we'll give him a new name as well. From now on he will be known as Tando Makrit, which means "kind and industrious" in the old language."

The Advice of Council

OST OF THE MEMBERS of Ozma's Council of State were already in the Emerald City, but the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and Jack Pumpkinhead were all at their homes in the Winkie Country. Ozma went to the comfortable chamber in the stables where the Sawhorse stayed when he was not taking others around the land of Oz. "I need you to go to the Tin Woodman's castle and pick him up; then pick up the Scarecrow and Jack Pumpkinhead at their homes on your way back here."

"Just get someone to harness me, then," the wooden steed said amiably.

So Ozma called for a groom,

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

who quickly secured the traces from the Red Wagon to the Sawhorse. Unlike horses you might have known, the Sawhorse was a wise creature and needed no guidance. His harness had never included reins or a bridle, since it was only necessary to tell him where you wanted to go and he would take you there more swiftly than any meat horse that has ever existed. When he was harnessed, Ozma said, "There's no great hurry. The council meeting will be held tomorrow morning, and since neither you nor any of your passengers need sleep, getting them here by then will be fine."

"It won't take me that long to make the journeys, but I don't know how long it will take each of them to get ready to go," the Sawhorse said. "I'll make sure that we're back in time for your meeting, at least." And with that he trotted off toward the west gate of the palace, the Red Wagon rattling behind him.



Surely no ruler has ever had so unusual a council of advisors as the fairy princess of Oz. To be sure, Glinda and the Wizard were the sort that

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

any ruler might have wanted in her council, and the Shaggy Man, Cap'n Bill, and Uncle Henry, while not very typical of royal advisors, were at least adult human beings. But as for the others!

You have already met Dorothy, a little American girl much like many another American girl, but one whose courage and resourcefulness had led Ozma to appoint her a Princess of Oz. And you have also met Professor H.M. Wogglebug, T.E., and the Frogman, who both had once been very much smaller, but were now as large as grown men, and were also renowned for their wisdom and learning.

The remaining councillors could never have lived in any form in the Great Outside World. The two who were already in the Emerald City were Tik-Tok, a copper man who worked by means of intricate clockwork, and Scraps, a girl made from an old patchwork quilt and stuffed with cotton, who had been brought to life by the same Powder of Life as the Glass Cat, the Sawhorse, and Jack Pumpkinhead. When he was properly wound, Tik-Tok was entirely reliable and steady, since he always did what he





THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

was wound up to do. Scraps, by contrast, was anything but steady, but such was her mixture of cleverness and good humor that she was highly popular in spite of her tendency to spout doggerel verse with little or no provocation.



In the middle of the night the Sawhorse arrived with the last three councillors. Nick Chopper, the Emperor of the Winkies, had once been an ordinary Munchkin woodchopper, but a wicked witch had enchanted his axe so that it cut off first one part of his body and then another. Each lost part he had had replaced with a tin substitute, until eventually he was entirely made of tin. The Wizard had given him a heart, and some said that it was even kinder than Ozma's own, though both were so kind it would be hard to decide.

The Scarecrow had been made by a Munchkin farmer from an old suit of clothes and a grain-sack, all stuffed with straw, but on her first trip to Oz Dorothy had freed him from the bean-pole where the farmer had placed him. The Wizard

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

had given him such an excellent mixture of brains that for some years he had actually ruled Oz. Now he lived in a fine palace built in the shape of an ear of corn, not far from the castle of his friend Nick Chopper in the Winkie Country.

The last member of the council was Jack Pumpkinhead, a man with a wooden body and a carved pumpkin for a head. Ozma had made him when she was still in a boy's body, and old Mombi, the witch who had enchanted Ozma, had brought him to life with the same magical powder that had later been used on the Sawhorse, Scraps, and the Glass Cat. He had been Ozma's first companion after she had run away from Mombi, so despite the fact that he was neither very wise nor very clever, she included him in her council. And indeed, sometimes Jack's simple straightforward way of thinking came more quickly to the point than the more intricate thoughts of the others.



Ozma seated herself at the head of the table in the great Council Chamber, and Glinda took her usual place at the foot. The Wizard sat to

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

Ozma's right and Dorothy to her left; Nick Chopper sat to Glinda's right and Scraps – whose natural exuberance was at least slightly checked by the nearness of the stately sorceress – to her left. The Scarecrow, Tik-Tok, the Shaggy Man, and Cap'n Bill filled in the places between Dorothy and Nick Chopper; Uncle Henry, the Frogman, Professor Woggle-bug, and Jack Pumpkinhead filled in between the Wizard and Scraps.

When all were seated, Ozma nodded to Glinda to open the council. "For the second time in a few months," the sorceress began, "someone has attempted to kidnap Ozma. The first attempt was successful; the second was only foiled through good luck and the courage and quick thinking of the Glass Cat and Eureka. As you might expect, Ozma's chief concern is to know why anyone would be so discontented as to want to kidnap her. That is her nature, and if it were different we might not all love her as we do.

"But for the rest of us, the most important thing is to arrive at a means of preventing such attempts from succeeding. The perfect solution, of course,

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

would be to ensure that no one ever wished to kidnap or otherwise harm Ozma; I'm sure that this would be the outcome she would like best."

The ruler nodded gravely.

"In the long run, this solution might be effective," Glinda continued. "But we had no idea that either Ugu or Jommy Zelv were unhappy with their lot, so we had no reason to seek them out and try to help them become happy. How are we to know that there are not others like them elsewhere in Oz? I believe that we need to find a way to prevent anyone from kidnapping Ozma even if they desire to. Does anyone have any suggestions?"

"If she locked all her windows and doors, nobody could get in," Jack Pumpkinhead suggested.

"I refuse to make myself a prisoner in my own palace," Ozma objected. "I like to feel the breeze coming through my windows when I go to bed at night."

"Mebbe you could just put bars in front of the windows," Cap'n Bill said. "That'd let the breeze through fine, but it'd keep intruders out."

"It would still make me feel like a prisoner,"



THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

Ozma said firmly.

"Perhaps the Wizard or Glinda could make a magic bar-ri-er," Tik-Tok said in his mechanical voice.

"I could make one," the Wizard said, "but it would act the same as shutting the windows, and I believe the same would be true for Glinda." The sorceress nodded her head. "Besides, while physical or magical barriers might keep out someone like Jommy Zely, Ugu entered using magic of his own, and I know of no magic that might have stopped him."

The councillors mulled things over for a while. Finding a way to exclude kidnappers without offending Ozma wasn't easy.

"If we made everyone in Oz bathe in the Truth Pond, then we could just ask them if they had any desire to kidnap Ozma, and if they did, we could make them drink at the Forbidden Fountain," the Frogman suggested.

Ozma laughed. "You just want everyone in Oz to be in the same situation you are!"

The Frogman couldn't blush, but he cast his eyes down and said truthfully, "Well, yes, but I

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

still think it would work."

"Perhaps, but I don't want to use that much compulsion on my people. And I'm not sure that it would be a good thing to rule a kingdom where everyone always had to tell the truth."

After a few more minutes Uncle Henry said, "How 'bout if you have the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger take turns sleeping in your sitting-room? Then they could defend you if somebody came into your suite."

"If they had magic that would disable me, then it could probably disable the lion or the tiger as well. I don't think that would help."

The Tin Woodman began polishing his head with a silk handkerchief, perhaps in the hope that it would make him a bit brighter. Suddenly Scraps leaped up, turned a pair of cartwheels up the room, landed on her feet next to Ozma, and sang out:

*"Whoop-di-toodle-oo,
I see what we should do.
If magic's what attacking you,
You need some magic too!"*



THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

"But I have magic!" Ozma protested. "I have the Magic Picture, and the Nome King's Magic Belt – though that's really Dorothy's – and several other magic instruments that Glinda and the Wizard have given me for various purposes."

"Scraps has a point, though," Glinda said thoughtfully. "You are a fairy, my dear, and fairies have their own kind of magic that is very different from mine or the Wizard's. Yet I've never known you to use your fairy magic at all, but only magical things that you were given by others."

"Well, that's because I don't know how," Ozma said uncomfortably. "You know I was raised by Mombi and didn't even know I was a girl, much less a fairy, until right before I came to the throne. I guess even fairies need to learn how to use their powers, and there aren't any fairies here in Oz for me to learn from."

"I never realized that!" the Wizard exclaimed. "I knew you usually called on me when you wanted any magic done, but I thought it was just that you wanted me to feel needed."

"You *are* needed!" Ozma said with an affec-

THE ADVICE OF COUNCIL

3

tionate smile.

"But this explains something I should have wondered about long ago," Glinda said. "Fairies' magic powers are mostly inborn, and they need very little in the way of equipment to use them. Sometimes they use a wand to concentrate their powers, but they can do a great deal with nothing but their hands and wills. I'm quite sure that if you knew how to use your fairy powers, Jommy Zelv could never have overcome you, and I doubt if Ugu could have either."

"But how do I learn how to use my powers? I have a kingdom to rule!" Ozma asked.

"And we hope that you'll rule it forever," Glinda replied. "But the chances of that will be much greater if you take some time now to learn how to use your powers. Both the Scarecrow and the Wizard have ruled Oz in the past, and either could easily handle the routine affairs of state in your absence. I strongly recommend that you journey to the Forest of Burzee, to the home of Queen Lurline's fairy band, and petition her for training in the use of your fairy powers."

On the Road to Burzee

THE FOREST OF BURZEE lies across the Great Sandy Waste to the south of Oz, and is the home of many immortals, from the Wood Nymphs who follow Queen Zurline to the crooked Knooks who are among the most important helpers of Santa Claus. Most important to the humans of our world are the fairies, who are the guardians of human beings. Their queen, Lurline, once placed an enchantment on Oz so that no one in that happy land need ever grow any older, and she left one of her band behind to be born as an infant girl to the

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

ruler's wife, and in the fullness of time to rule the land and complete the enchantment.

Unfortunately, while that fairy was still a baby, a conspiracy of wicked witches overthrew the king and hid both him and his little daughter where none of their loyal subjects could find them. The witches knew that if they should succeed in destroying the body of the baby, its fairy spirit would return to Lurline's band and probably bring the great queen's wrath down upon them. Instead, Mombi, the Wicked Witch of the North, transformed the baby into a boy and kept him as her ward in a little cottage in the Gillikin Country.

Eventually, with the aid of Glinda, the transformation was reversed and the boy, Tip, became Ozma, the ruler of Oz. And after ruling Oz wisely and well for a number of years, she now agreed that she needed to learn how to use her fairy powers.

"You can't go alone, of course," the Wizard said. "Perhaps I should go with you, and leave the Scarecrow to rule in your absence."

"I'm afraid that you can't," Glinda said. "Neither, in fact, could I. Under the laws of Ak, the

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

Master Woodsman of the World, human beings are not allowed inside the Forest of Burzee. He once allowed the rule to be broken so that the infant who became Santa Claus could remain there, but that was a special case. I don't think we have sufficient justification for him to make another exception."

"I'll go with her," Scraps said happily.

"I'm not any kind of human.

I can be her loyal crewman!"

"They might allow you in," Glinda agreed. "But you look a great deal like a human in many ways."

"So does Ozma," the Scarecrow pointed out.

"I believe," Professor Woggle-bug asserted, "that it would be best for me to go along as her advisor. I am certainly not a human in any sense, and I know that animals of all kinds are welcome in the Forest of Burzee."

"And I can join her as well," added the Frogman.

"That's enough," Ozma decided. "I plan to take the Sawhorse and the Red Wagon to ride in. Scraps, Professor Woggle-bug, and the Frogman can ride in the wagon with me, and I'll take the

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger as well for protection against any wild animals we might meet along the way." While the Red Wagon could seat six, both the Woggle-bug and the Frogman were great dandies, and by the time their trunks and the Magic Carpet were added, there would be no room for more than four.

"And I can't go?" Dorothy was bitterly disappointed.

"I'm sorry, dear, but you're most certainly human. I'm sure you'll find something interesting to do until I return."

The next question to be settled was that of who would rule Oz while Ozma was absent, and here she surprised everyone by designating Jack Pumpkinhead. "He is, after all, my sole offspring," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "And with the Wizard and the Scarecrow to advise him, as well as Glinda if need be, I have complete faith that he will be an excellent ruler."

"I'll do the best I can, dear father," Jack said humbly. "I hope you won't be disappointed in me."

"I'm sure I won't."

40

40

41



ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4



The rest of that day Ozma, Professor Wogglebug, and the Frogman spent in packing. Having been strictly instructed that they could bring no more than one small trunk each, the two dandies had many agonizing decisions to make as they chose the most essential items from their wardrobes. Ozma's packing was much simpler; she dressed almost invariably in loose, flowing white gowns, and since her mission this time was to take instruction, rather than to act as a ruler, she felt she could leave behind all the more elaborate costumes she wore in court. Half a dozen simple cotton frocks, with one more elegant silk gown in case of a more formal occasion, were all she felt she would need in the way of outer garments. Even with the addition of undergarments and toiletries, she was able to fit all her needs into a modest valise.

Jellia Jamb, who acted as Ozma's personal maid as well as being housekeeper for the entire palace, was distressed that her mistress

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

was traveling so lightly. "It's not fitting, Your Highness," she said. "Here you're the ruler of the greatest country in fairyland, and you're not taking a quarter as much as either the Professor or the Frogman."

"I'm taking everything I need," Ozma said firmly. "If the others feel that they need more, that's their decision."

Jellia was unconvinced, but she knew that once Ozma had made up her mind, it was very difficult to get her to change it. She made sure that Ozma's gowns were packed carefully so that they would not wrinkle badly, and beyond that kept her opinions to herself.



The next morning, as soon as those who would be traveling had had their breakfasts, the Sawhorse was harnessed to the Red Wagon and the equipage was brought to the front of the palace. Jellia Jamb carried Ozma's valise, and carefully placed it under the rear seat of the wagon. Professor Woggle-bug struggled a bit

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

under the weight of his very full trunk, but found that there was ample room left for it under the rear seat as well. The Frogman, however, was forced to put his trunk on the seat itself. Scraps, who had no need for any baggage, leapt into the front seat and cried,

*"Mister Frog! Professor Bug!
Brought a lot too much to lug!
How do we fit in the rug?"*

Ozma couldn't resist laughing at the comic verse. "Oh, I don't think there's any problem," she said. "Rolled up, the Magic Carpet will fit between the Professor's trunk and the back of the middle seat."

When the footman who was carrying the carpet – who turned out to be Tando Makrit, the former Jommy Zelv – laid it in the wagon, it proved to fit very nicely. The Professor and the Frogman both mounted into the middle seat, and Ozma, carrying a basket, joined Scraps in the front. All of the councillors who were not accompanying the ruler were present to bid her farewell, along with many of the palace servants

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

and courtiers. Ozma signaled the Sawhorse to go, and he drew the Red Wagon south through the main gate and onto the streets of the Emerald City. "Not too fast, now," Ozma cautioned the wooden animal. "Remember, the Cowardly Lion and Hungry Tiger are traveling with us, and they're not tireless."

"I remember," the Sawhorse said brusquely. He moved along at an easy trot, and the two great cats had no trouble in keeping up with him as they passed through the south gate of the city and out onto the road leading to Glinda's palace.

They continued south for several hours, until the Hungry Tiger said, "I'm starving! Is it time for lunch yet?"

"I'd like some food myself," Ozma agreed. "All right, Sawhorse, stop in the shade of those trees up ahead and we'll see what the basket will provide."

The basket had been given her by the Wizard, who had assured her that it would furnish all the food and shelter that they would need for their journey. The first item she found was a large cloth that she handed to the Woggle-bug,



A Picnic on the Road

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

who spread it out on the ground. Then came china, silver, and glassware for three, along with two great platters for the lion and tiger. Several joints of raw meat followed, and were portioned out between the animals; then came a selection of delicious dishes prepared for humans, some smoking hot. The Woggle-bug and Frogman, although not human, had learned to prefer human food during the many years they had lived in human society, so that everyone was well satisfied. Scraps and the Sawhorse needed no food, of course, but they were accustomed to amusing themselves while meat creatures satisfied their hunger, so they waited patiently until the others were ready to go.

No sooner had they risen from their picnic than the cloth and everything on it vanished. "That's an excellent spell," the Frogman said admiringly. "Not only no work to prepare our meal, but no clean-up needed afterward!"

"The Wizard is a very practical man," Ozma acknowledged.

The old road between the Emerald City and

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

Glinda's palace had led through a forest of fighting trees, a dainty china country, another forest where the Hungry Tiger had been born, and the mountains of the Hammerheads, but that way had been very difficult for travelers. The new road, built during the Scarecrow's reign, ran farther east and bypassed those hazards, passing through peaceful Quadling farm country the entire way.

When the Sawhorse was traveling alone, his speed was limited only by the need to avoid jolting his passengers too much as the Red Wagon rolled over the road. He could easily make the trip from the Emerald City to Glinda's palace between breakfast and luncheon. With his pace slowed to accommodate the lion and tiger, however, dusk fell while they were still more than ten miles from their destination. Ozma could also see that, although they were uncomplaining, their two animal protectors were quite tired.

"Let us camp here for the night," she said, indicating a pretty meadow they were passing with a sparkling brook flowing through it.

48

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

The Sawhorse pulled off the road and the Cowardly Lion and Hungry Tiger gratefully flopped down beside the wagon. Ozma opened the basket again, and the first item she took from it was a bright lantern shining with a cold light, mounted on a telescoping stand that the Woggle-bug set up so that they could see what they were doing. The next few items were identical to the ones that had appeared during their lunch stop, except that the food items were different enough to give them some variety.

When they had eaten, the cloth and dishes again disappeared. Ozma reached into the basket again, and drew out two small pieces of cloth. When she placed them on the ground, they grew into two cozy tents – a small, dainty one for Ozma, and a somewhat larger one for the Woggle-bug and the Frogman. Scraps and the Sawhorse never slept, and both the lion and the tiger preferred to sleep outdoors if the weather was good.

Since they had gone to bed early, the travelers woke with the dawn (those who slept at all),

49

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

and after a hearty breakfast provided by the basket, they resumed their journey. The tents, like the eating utensils, had disappeared as soon as they were no longer needed.

They reached Glinda's palace at about the same time that the great sorceress had finished her daily scan of her Great Book of Records. "I see nothing in the book that would interfere with your leaving the country," she told Ozma. "I hope that your mission is successful."

"I hope so, too," Ozma said. "I know that you're right, that I need to develop my fairy powers. But I remember nothing of Lurline, and I've always been afraid to ask anything of her because of that."

"I can understand," Glinda agreed. "I've never met Lurline myself, though I've had messages from her from time to time. I can give you no advice on dealing with her. You did bring your wand, didn't you."

"Oh, yes," the little ruler said, drawing an ivory wand from her bosom. "You said that fairies often use wands to concentrate their powers,

ON THE ROAD TO BURZEE

4

and this wand was found in old Mombi's cottage after I was disenchanted and her powers were taken away. It clearly was intended for the ruler of Oz, from the overlapping "O-Z" letters at its tip, but she had no explanation of what it would do. I've only used it as a scepter."

"I can't explain its powers, either, since they're surely fairy magic and not sorcery. But I have a very strong feeling that it will be a powerful tool in your hands when you have learned more about your kind of magic."



50

51

The Mischievous Whimsie

BEYOND THE DEADLY DESERT surrounding Oz, in a secluded country rarely visited by others, live a curious race known as the Whimsies. They have large, strong bodies, but their heads are tiny, little larger than door-knobs. These tiny heads cannot contain much in the way of brains, and the Whimsies are noted for their foolishness. One proof of their foolishness is their habit of making large pasteboard heads, elaborately decorated and painted, that they wear over their real heads in the fond illusion that others will believe the false heads to be real.

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

In former times they were known as evil spirits and mighty fighters, because they were big and strong and not intelligent enough to know when they were beaten. But some years earlier they had joined with the Nome King and others in invading Oz, and all those from the invading army had drunk from the Forbidden Fountain and forgotten their wickedness. Ozma had then transported them home with the Magic Belt, and they had settled down in peaceful contentment thereafter.

But a few of the least silly among them had felt that even if the invasion were successful, it was unlikely to bring them any benefit, and they had refused to join the invasion force. When their compatriots had magically returned, ignorant of all their past lives, the few who had remained behind became disgusted with the goody-goody behavior of the others. They scattered out among the other lands surrounding Oz and generally made trouble for their human inhabitants.

As strong and fierce as the Whimsies were, though, they remained as foolish as ever. The citizens of Ev, Rinkitink, Boboland, and the

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

5

other countries they had troubled devised traps and captured and imprisoned them one by one. By the time of our story, only one evil Whimsie continued to roam free in the world. His name was Gurkin, and it was the ill luck of Ozma and her party that he happened to be wandering near the point where the Forest of Burzee comes closest to the Great Sandy Waste when he saw something moving out on the desert.

"Now what can that be?" he said to himself. (Whimsies need to talk to themselves in order to think.) "That desert is supposed to destroy all flesh that touches its sands."

He hid behind a clump of bushes and watched as whatever was moving drew closer and closer. Soon he saw that it was a wagon, drawn by a strange wooden animal and followed by a lion and a tiger. It still seemed impossible; perhaps the wagon might be protecting its occupants, and a wooden animal might not be destroyed, but the lion and the tiger still appeared to be walking directly on the sand.

Finally, as the strangers drew closer yet, he

THE MISCHIEVOUS WHIMSIE

5

was able to see that a roll of carpet was unrolling in front of them, so that they were walking on the carpet rather than the sands. Behind the lion and tiger, the carpet was rolling itself back up, so that the length of carpet on the sands was just long enough for the entire party.

"It must be magic," he muttered. "Neither of those rolls is big enough otherwise."

Now, Whimsies are far too foolish to learn wizardry or sorcery, and they have no inborn magical powers like fairies. But magical devices fascinate them, the way bright objects attract jackdaws, so Gurkin stayed hidden and watched as the party from Oz reached the edge of the desert and stepped onto the sweet green grass. A giant frog, dressed in the first style of elegance, hopped down from the wagon and lifted the rolled-up carpet into the space between the middle and rear seats.



"It's nearly dusk," Ozma said as the Frogman climbed back into the wagon. "Rather than going

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

5

into the forest now, where it will be very dark indeed, I think we should camp here just outside. Then we can enter the forest and start searching for Lurline in the morning when it's light."

"Wisely spoken, my dear," the Woggle-bug said. "Since we are no longer in Oz, do you think we should set guards?"

*I can be your only guard.
It could not be very hard.
Since I have no need for sleeping,
You'll be safe within my keeping.*

"True enough, Scraps," Ozma laughed. "And the Sawhorse can help you as well. Shall we see what the basket will provide for dinner?"

The food was as good as it had been the night before, and once again the basket provided tents for the three travelers who needed shelter to sleep. They talked for a while, sitting around the lantern that had lighted their dinner, but the forest scents borne on the night breeze soon had Ozma, the Frogman, and the Woggle-bug yawning. They extinguished the lantern and retired to their tents.

56

THE MISCHIEVOUS WHIMSIE

5

The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger were drawn by the magnificent forest so nearby. "Do you need us to help you, Scraps?" the lion asked. "Of course not!" she said scornfully.

"Then I think we'll go explore the forest for a little while. We'll stay within earshot; call out if you need us." And the two great cats vanished into the darkness.

Now if the Sawhorse had been an ordinary horse, he would surely have been unharnessed from the Red Wagon so that he could roll and graze, and so that his skin would have a chance to rest from any chafing the harness might produce. But he had no need to graze, he never tired of standing up, and the harness never chafed his wooden body. Because of that, he had no objection to remaining harnessed through the night, and so the others saved themselves the trouble of removing and replacing the harness by leaving it in place.

Scraps took her guard duty seriously, but she couldn't look in all directions at once. She paced her way around the campground, checking their surroundings with her bright suspender-button

57

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

5

eyes, but each time she passed in front of the Sawhorse a dark shadow moved closer to the Red Wagon, freezing in place as she moved to where she could see it. Then on one trip past the rear of the wagon, she noticed that the shadow was not where it had been the last time she had passed, but considerably closer.

"Who's that?" she challenged sharply.

With a yell the shadow sprang to its feet and rushed toward the wagon, sweeping the poor Patchwork Girl out of its way and throwing her up into the branches of the nearest tree. Gurkin, for of course it was he, then grabbed the Magic Carpet from the wagon and started at a run for the desert.

The Sawhorse tried to give chase, but the wagon hampered him, and Gurkin had reached the desert, thrown down the carpet, and gotten well out onto the deadly sands by the time the Sawhorse had reached the edge. The Sawhorse himself could have gone onto the desert unharmed, since he is not flesh and blood, but he could see that even if he overtook the thief he would be able to do nothing to recover the



A Failure of the Guard

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

5

carpet by himself. Reluctantly he turned back and returned to the camp.

The noise had naturally aroused the others, so they had emerged from their tents or the forest at about the same time Scraps managed to disentangle herself from the branches she had landed in and drop to the ground. "What happened?" Ozma asked.

"Some big something jumped out of the shadows and threw me up into that tree," Scraps complained. "I don't know what it was, but it was mighty strong! I'm not very heavy, but it didn't even pick me up and throw me – it just swung an arm and whoops!"

*"Up above the world I flew,
Patches soaring in the blue!
In that tree I had to dangle
Till I worked out of the tangle."*

"Where's the Sawhorse?" the Frogman asked.

"Right here," he said, trotting up with the Red Wagon behind him. "Someone stole the Magic Carpet, I'm afraid. I tried to catch the thief, but the wagon slowed me down too much. He

THE MISCHIEVOUS WHIMSIE

5

escaped out onto the desert."

"Did he steal anything else?" the Woggle-bug asked in alarm. "Is my trunk still there?"

"See for yourself," the Sawhorse said with irritation. "What does that matter compared to how we're going to get back to Oz?"

A quick check verified that the Magic Carpet was the only item missing, but as the Sawhorse said, that was problem enough. While it was true that the desert would not turn the Sawhorse or the Red Wagon to dust, the sands also put forth deadly gases. And while Scraps and the Sawhorse had no need to breathe, and Ozma as a fairy was immortal, the Woggle-bug, the Frogman, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger could not possibly cross the desert without the protection of the carpet.

"Do you have any clue as to the nature of the thief?" the Woggle-bug asked.

"Only that he – I'm pretty sure it was a he – was big and strong and fast," the animal said. "Oh, and he had a huge head, even for the size of his body. I never saw anything like him before."

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

5

"A huge head," Ozma said pensively. "I wonder... could you tell whether it was a real head, or possibly a false one?"

"Too dark," the Sawhorse replied. "Could have been false easily enough. It would make more sense; that head looked bigger than his whole upper body."

"Then I suspect it was a Whimsie. I don't believe any of the rest of you were present when the Nome King and his allies tried to conquer Oz, so you wouldn't have seen them when they broke out of the tunnel and drank from the Forbidden Fountain."

"I only heard about it later," the Woggle-bug admitted. "I was at my college at the time."

"And the lion and tiger and I were in the stable," the Sawhorse agreed, "and Scraps and the Frogman hadn't come to the Emerald City yet."

"Well, the Whimsies are big, strong creatures with tiny heads," the princess continued. "They wear big false heads to try to fool people into thinking those are their real heads, although no one could possibly be fooled except when it's

THE MISCHIEVIOUS WHIMSIE

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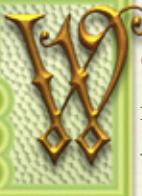
dark, like now. I'd thought that drinking from the Forbidden Fountain had caused them to lose their wickedness, but it appears that at least one is still full of mischief."

"Do you think Lurline could help us recover the carpet?" the Frogman asked with a worried frown.

"I hope so," Ozma sighed. "As you know, I have little idea what fairy magic can and cannot do. But we should learn soon. Meanwhile, let us try to get as much sleep as we can for the rest of the night." And they slowly returned to their tents.



The Council of Immortals



WORRY ABOUT THE missing Magic Carpet caused Ozma, the Woggle-bug, and the Frogman to sleep only fitfully the rest of the night, so that when they arose with the sun they were all sleepy-eyed. They ate their breakfast with less enjoyment than usual and boarded the Red Wagon. The Sawhorse drew it a short distance into the forest, but then came to a stop.

"There are too many trees," he said. "I could get through by myself, but not with the wagon."

"That is as well," a merry voice came from nearby. "Wagons are no more allowed in Burzee than

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

humans. Please back out into the meadow." And a beautiful maiden, who looked about Ozma's age, stepped from behind a forest giant.

The Woggle-bug and the Frogman jumped down from the wagon and helped guide it as the Sawhorse carefully backed up until the wagon had returned to near where it had spent the last half of the night. Then they unhitched the Sawhorse while the maiden looked on from the shelter of a tree.

"I am Melise," she said. "I am a wood nymph, and my queen has asked me to escort you to the fairy ring where Lurline, queen of the fairies, awaits you."

"We welcome your guidance," Ozma said happily. "I am Ozma, ruler of Oz. My friends here are Scraps, the Patchwork Girl; Professor H.M. Woggle-bug, T.E.; the Frogman; the Sawhorse; the Cowardly Lion; and the Hungry Tiger."

"We all know you, Your Highness," Melise said. "We can remember when you were a member of Lurline's band, although I have been told that you no longer remember us. And I am pleased to welcome your friends to the Forest of Burzee,



THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

since none of them could be considered human."

"Is it far to Lurline's fairy ring?" the Frogman asked.

"It will take all day," the nymph replied.

"Then how will I get my trunk there?" the Woggle-bug moaned.

"I think you'll have to resign yourself to dressing less elegantly than usual," Ozma laughed. "You and the Frogman must each make up a pack with one or two changes of clothing, and leave the rest behind. I doubt if anyone will steal your trunks while we're gone."

"No indeed," Melise said. "I'll call on a couple of the lions who live in Burzee, and tell them to keep an eye on your belongings."

While the two dandies agonized over which of their gorgeous garments they needed the most, Ozma sat down on a boulder beside Melise. "Unfortunately, it's too late for one of our most important treasures," she said. "A Whimsie – or at least, we think it was a Whimsie – stole our Magic Carpet last night. I don't know how we'll return to Oz if we can't recover it."

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

"Stolen so close to Burzee!" Melise said with shock. "I'm sorry; had I known such a thing might happen, I would have stood guard all night myself. Perhaps Lurline can help you – either to recover the carpet, or to return to Oz another way."



It was a long walk to Lurline's fairy ring, but the majesty of the ancient forest was so impressive that the travelers hardly noticed the passage of time. Scraps and the Sawhorse never tired, of course, but the air was so bracing and invigorating that even the others still felt no weariness when they reached a circular clearing not long before sunset. Back and forth across the open space scores of fairies trod the steps of an intricate dance. Unlike the only fairies the Ozites had known – Ozma herself and Polychrome, the Rainbow's Daughter – these fairies were endowed with gauzy iridescent wings, and as part of their dance frequently used them to lift themselves from the ground and pass above one of the others. Though Ozma was more beautiful



THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

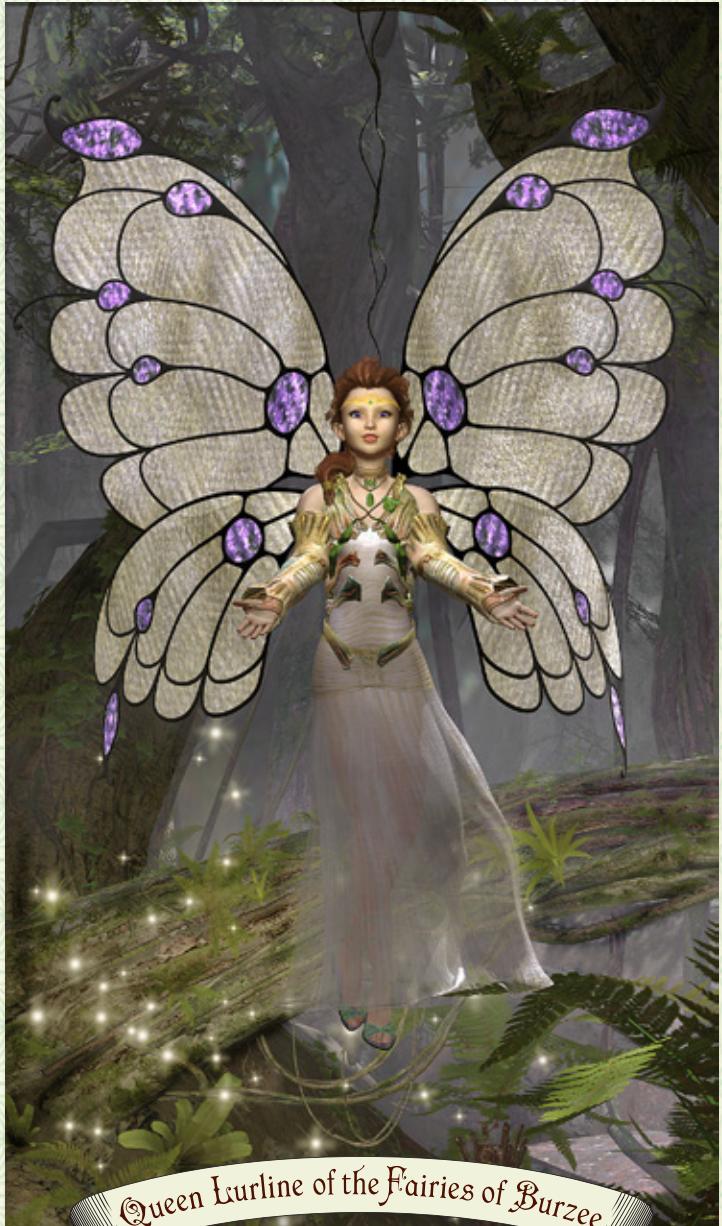
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than any mortal maid, among these fairies she was only their equal, and the travelers watched the dance in rapt awe.

On a green mound to one side of the clearing sat a fairy who seemed rather more serious than the others, though like them all she appeared to be no more than fourteen or fifteen years old. When she saw the travelers enter the clearing, she rose into the air on her shimmering wings and flew above the others to meet them.

“Welcome,” she said in a melodious voice. “As you may have guessed, I am Lurline, queen of the fairies. You, of course, are Ozma, who was once a member of my band and whom I left behind many years ago to rule Oz. But you have brought some unusual friends with you.”

Ozma introduced the others, who all bowed low to the great queen, even Scraps. Then she began to describe their two problems. “First, when I was born as an infant in Oz, I was almost immediately kidnapped by a wicked witch and transformed into a boy. I don’t know if it was the kidnapping or the transformation, but for what-



Queen Lurline of the Fairies of Burzee

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

ever reason, I can remember nothing of fairy magic. I came here hoping that you, or some of my other sisters in your band, might teach me what my powers are, and how to use them."

"Easily done, my dear," the queen said quickly. "I can see that I should have kept in closer touch with Oz; I believed that my enchantment, along with your presence there, would be enough to keep it the happiest of fairylands."

"It is, now," the Woggle-bug said. "But for many years, between the time Ozma was abducted and the time she was restored, parts of Oz were under the rule of wicked witches and were far from happy."

"I wish I had known that sooner," Lurline replied. "Still, everything seems to have worked out well in the end. But you said that that was your first request. Do you have another problem?"

"This one is more immediate," Ozma said. "We used a Magic Carpet that Glinda made for me to cross the Great Sandy Waste that lies between Oz and Burzee. But before we entered the forest, someone – we think a Whimsie – stole it and ran away. If we can't recover it, I

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

don't know how some of us will get back to Oz."

Lurline frowned. "I have no power over the Whimsies, unfortunately," she said. "But I can certainly determine who has your Magic Carpet, and where he is."

She drew a wand from her bosom and waved it in a circle, and immediately it was as if a picture appeared between them and the trees. A strange creature with a huge pasteboard head painted in garish colors was walking across a rocky wasteland, with the Magic Carpet carried rolled up over his shoulder. "It's a Whimsie, all right," Ozma said softly. "Do you know where he is?"

"I recognize the wasteland just south of the Scoodlers' cave," the queen answered. "They're not very pleasant folks, and they might harm defenseless travelers, but I doubt if they'll bother a Whimsie."

"I thought the Shaggy Man threw all the Scoodlers' heads down into a deep gulf, anyway," Professor Woggle-bug said.

"He did, but you don't think I'd leave them helpless forever, do you?" Ozma asked. "As soon as

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

Dorothy and her party were a safe distance away, I used the Magic Belt to bring all their heads back up to their cave – though it took them quite a while to sort out which head went with which body!

"In any case," she went on, "it appears that the Whimsie used the carpet to travel west along the desert rather than crossing over into Oz. For my subjects' sake I'm glad of that, although of course it means that he will probably be making mischief among the countries on this side of the desert."

The fairy dance appeared to have finished, and by now the strangers were surrounded by the lovely winged maidens. "So what should they do now?" one of them asked curiously.

"Ozma must stay here," Lurline said firmly. "Teaching her the arts of fairy magic is of the most importance. After that is achieved, I will be able to transport her back to Oz. And the Sawhorse and the Patchwork Girl can cross at any time without magical help. I am confident that we will be able to think of a way to transport the rest of you as well when the time comes, though I cannot do it directly with my own magic."

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

"How about the Magic Belt?" the Hungry Tiger asked Ozma. "Couldn't you use it to transport the rest of us back to Oz, after Lurline returns you?"

"Unfortunately, the powers of the Magic Belt were sadly depleted when I used it to send the Phanfasm, Growleywogs, and Whimsies home after they drank from the Forbidden Fountain, and to seal the Nome King's tunnel. It can still do transformations, and grant fairly simple wishes, but I hesitate to use it to try to transport anyone across the desert. Its strength seems to be slowly increasing, but if it should fail while one of you was halfway across..."

"I'd rather stay in Burzee, thank you," the Cowardly Lion said with a shudder.

Scraps turned a handspring and caroled,

"I've been thinking like a dunce!"

Glinda made that carpet once.

Surely she could do it twice,

Probably in just a trice."

"I don't know if it would be that easy," Ozma said with a frown, "but it wouldn't hurt to ask her. Scraps, why don't you ride the Sawhorse

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

back across the desert and tell Glinda what has happened, in case her Book of Records didn't make it clear. If she can make another Magic Carpet easily, then that would be one solution. If she can use her magic to recover the original one from the Whimsie, that would be another. Or perhaps she can think of another way to transport the Woggle-bug, the Frogman, the lion and the tiger back to Oz."

Scraps hopped on the back of the Sawhorse and said, "Why waste time? Let's go now!"

The Sawhorse had a firm memory of anywhere he had been, so he needed no guide to take him back through the forest to the desert and on to Glinda's castle. His wooden legs fairly twinkled as he dashed among the trees, and within moments he was out of sight in the darkening forest.

As soon as they were gone, the professor said, "I believe that we should pursue that Whimsie."

"I don't know," Ozma said. "Whimsies are very strong, and they aren't bright enough to know when they're beaten, so they fight very well."

"I confess that I am not a very good fighter,"

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

the professor said, more humbly than any of them could remember his speaking. "But the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger can fight very well, and the Frogman is still extremely strong from the dose of zosozo he took just before he entered Ugu's castle." Zosozo is a magical compound used by the citizens of the city of Herku. It gives them enormous strength, so that they have made slaves of giants and are able to crumble marble with their bare hands. A single dose lasts for a year, and the Frogman had taken one only a few months earlier, when he was part of the group who rescued Ozma from the clutches of Ugu the Shoemaker.

"Perhaps it would be better if you stayed here," the Frogman suggested, "and the lion and tiger and I set out to find the Whimsie."

"I think not," the Woggle-bug said. "Remember, I have studied the existing maps of the lands surrounding Oz quite deeply. I recognize that you are noted for your wisdom, sir, but how much do you know about the geography of these lands?"



THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

"Almost nothing," the Frogman confessed, unable to say anything but the truth.

"Therefore, although I admit that I will be of little use as a fighter, I believe that my services as guide will be important to the success of our mission."

The next few minutes were taken up with a serious discussion between the Frogman and the Woggle-bug as to whether they needed to return to the Red Wagon and replenish their store of clean clothing before setting out. The others watched in amusement at first, but as it began to sound more and more as if they were going to conclude they needed to revisit their trunks, the Cowardly Lion stopped the discussion with a cough that was almost a roar.

"If we're going to catch that Whimsie, we need to start now, and we need to start to follow him and not travel back the other way. You two can just wear dusty clothes part of the time! Let's go!"

"That's very well for you to say," the Woggle-bug sniffed. "You don't wear clothes."

"No, and I'm glad I don't!" the lion said. "And neither of you did before you grew so big, I'll

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

wager. Why are you so concerned about it now?"

They had no good answer for him, other than long habit, so they subsided. Ozma handed them the magic basket, so that they would have a plentiful supply of food and shelter to take with them. "I won't need it while I'm here," she said. "I'm sure Queen Lurline will provide for me."

"Of course, my dear," the queen said. "And although I can't help them a great deal, I can do this much." She picked up a forked twig that had fallen from a nearby hawthorn tree. "If you hold this twig by the two branches of the fork, the free end will point in the direction of the Magic Carpet, whether the Whimsie retains it or someone takes it from him."

Professor Woggle-bug took it from her with profuse thanks, and immediately made use of it to determine their direction. "West by north," he announced, comparing it to the compass that he was never without.

"One more thing," Ozma said. "Let me write you a letter of introduction. I don't rule the lands you'll be traveling through, but my name carries

THE COUNCIL OF IMMORTALS

6

some weight even outside Oz." And she took a pen and paper from her valise and wrote out a quick note, signing it with a flourish. She handed it to the professor, who folded it neatly and placed it in the inside pocket of his coat. And then with bows to Lurline and Ozma, the four adventurers left the fairy circle and made their way toward the edge of Burzee and the little-known countries lying to the south and west of Oz.



78

On the Trail of Gurkin

7

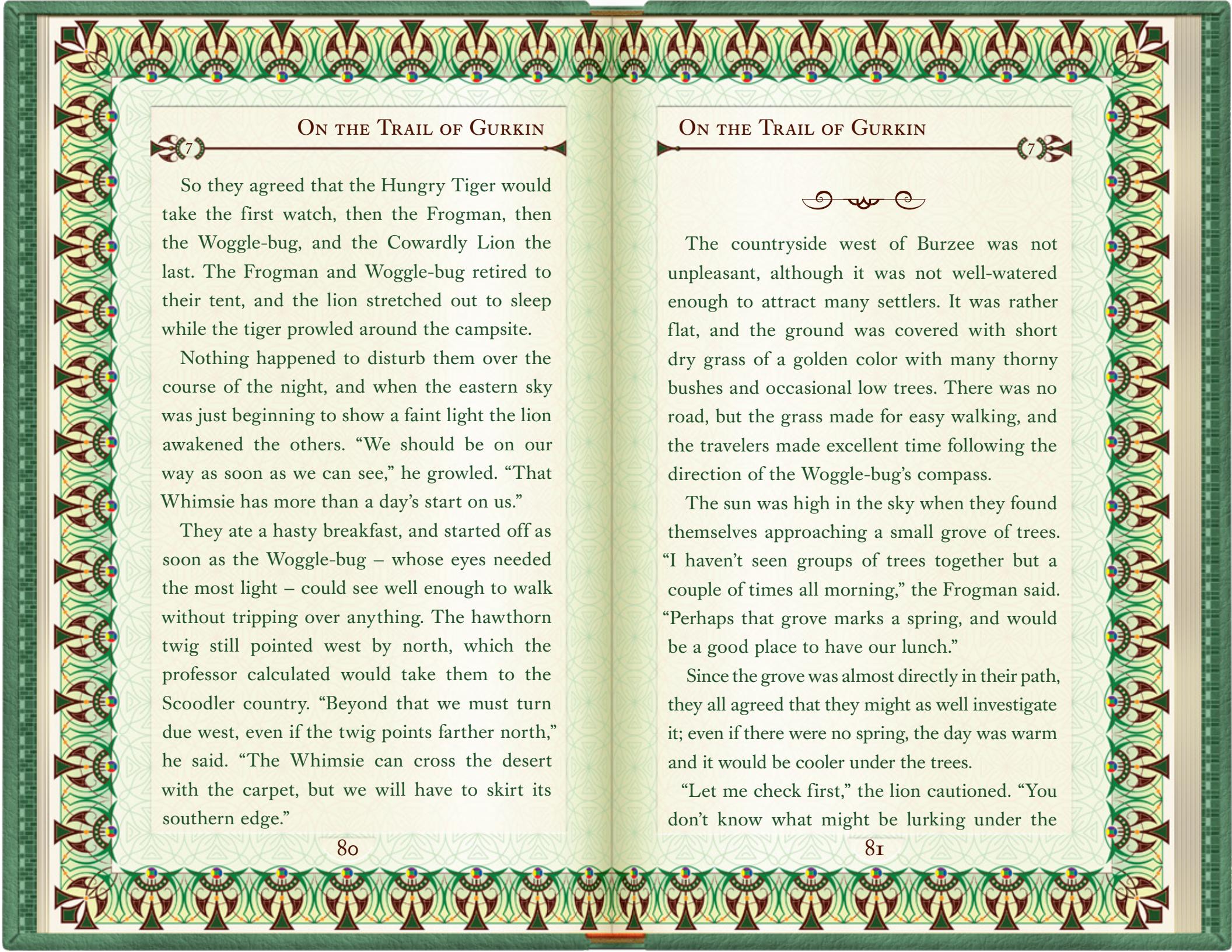
ARKNESS HAD FALLEN

by the time they reached the edge of the forest, so they stopped and ate the supper provided by the basket. "Shall we set a watch?" the Frogman asked.

"We probably don't need to," the Woggle-bug said, "but I would have said the same thing last night. Although we have nothing valuable to steal any more, except the magic basket and our clothes."

"Better safe than sorry," the lion growled. "With four of us we should each get enough sleep if we divide the watches equally."

79



ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

So they agreed that the Hungry Tiger would take the first watch, then the Frogman, then the Woggle-bug, and the Cowardly Lion the last. The Frogman and Woggle-bug retired to their tent, and the lion stretched out to sleep while the tiger prowled around the campsite.

Nothing happened to disturb them over the course of the night, and when the eastern sky was just beginning to show a faint light the lion awakened the others. "We should be on our way as soon as we can see," he growled. "That Whimsie has more than a day's start on us."

They ate a hasty breakfast, and started off as soon as the Woggle-bug – whose eyes needed the most light – could see well enough to walk without tripping over anything. The hawthorn twig still pointed west by north, which the professor calculated would take them to the Scoodler country. "Beyond that we must turn due west, even if the twig points farther north," he said. "The Whimsie can cross the desert with the carpet, but we will have to skirt its southern edge."

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7



The countryside west of Burzee was not unpleasant, although it was not well-watered enough to attract many settlers. It was rather flat, and the ground was covered with short dry grass of a golden color with many thorny bushes and occasional low trees. There was no road, but the grass made for easy walking, and the travelers made excellent time following the direction of the Woggle-bug's compass.

The sun was high in the sky when they found themselves approaching a small grove of trees. "I haven't seen groups of trees together but a couple of times all morning," the Frogman said. "Perhaps that grove marks a spring, and would be a good place to have our lunch."

Since the grove was almost directly in their path, they all agreed that they might as well investigate it; even if there were no spring, the day was warm and it would be cooler under the trees.

"Let me check first," the lion cautioned. "You don't know what might be lurking under the

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

trees." He entered the grove cautiously, and at once saw that it was indeed occupied by a great grey bulk that swung its head to face him.

"We come in friendship," the lion said. But he had forgotten that outside the land of Oz, few animals could speak. The rhinoceros gave a rumble, its tail lifted up, and it charged directly at him. The lion dodged easily enough, since he had no desire to fight, but as bad luck would have it the rhino burst out of the grove charging straight toward the Woggle-bug!

The professor knew he had no chance of outrunning the animal, so he dropped to the ground and hoped that one of his companions could divert it away from him. The Hungry Tiger tried to lead the rhino away by darting across its path, but he was ignored.

"I hope that zosozo still works," the Frogman thought, as he moved between the rhino and the Woggle-bug. He crouched, and as the beast's lowered head was about to strike him, he clasped his hands together and swung them up beneath its chin. All of them were surprised,



Rescue of a Woggle-bug



ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

although the rhino most of all, when this flipped it head-over-tail onto its back. In our world it is unlikely the beast could have survived such a blow. But although this was not Oz, it was still a fairy country, so it was only dazed and confused. It struggled to its feet and charged off in a different direction; no one can know if this was because it lost sight of the travelers, or whether it was running away from the Frogman.

"I thank you, my friend," the Woggle-bug said as he rose and dusted off his clothes as best he could. "I probably owe you my life"

"I was lucky that I took the zosozo," the Frogman said modestly. "I don't think I fully realized how strong it had made me."

"Nor had I," the tiger said as he joined them. "That was very impressive."

"Alas," the Woggle-bug said dolefully, "my best suit did not survive so well as I did. But I suppose that I should wait until tomorrow to change."

"Nothing else in the grove," the Cowardly Lion called to them. "And there's a nice spring."

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7



After they had eaten a delicious lunch in the grove, the Woggle-bug took out the hawthorn twig and checked the direction to the Magic Carpet. "West-northwest now," he said. "I suspect he rounded the southwestern edge of the desert, or maybe crossed it on the carpet, and is starting north. But we should continue in our original direction, if my memory of the shape of the desert is correct. We can't cut the corner as the Whimsie might."

So they traveled on through the long afternoon, through country much like that they had crossed during the morning. As the sun was setting, though, the ground began to be more rocky and barren, and they saw a range of low hills rising up in front of them.

"We need to make camp soon," the Woggle-bug said. "Those hills may be the home of the Scoodlers, if my estimate of the distance we've gone is correct. I'd rather not be too close to them when it's dark."



ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

It was a dry camp, since there were no springs or other water apparent nearby. The enchanted basket provided them with water as well as food and shelter for the night this time, and although they posted a sentry as they had the night before, they were undisturbed by animal, human, or Scoodler.



Once again they were awakened as soon as the eastern sky began to show a faint gray, this time by the Hungry Tiger, who had the last watch. Before he left the tent the Woggle-bug changed into more presentable clothes. "Although if we have many more adventures, I may find myself with nothing fit to wear," he groaned. "I would prefer to be my usual impeccable self at all times in the event we should unexpectedly meet someone who would know the difference. But I must save at least one decent outfit for occasions when I *know* I will need it."

"I sympathize, my friend," the Frogman said. "I was fortunate not to have soiled the outfit I

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

was wearing yesterday."

"I don't understand why the two of you care," the lion growled. "You're not humans; why do you need to imitate them by putting those clumsy pieces of cloth all over the bodies you were born with?"

"Friend lion, we all have our little ways," the Woggle-bug said with a sniff. "You are cowardly – although you always fight valiantly when there is danger. The tiger is always hungry for fat babies – although his conscience would never let him eat one. The Frogman and I are both dandies – although we will not let our regard for our wardrobes prevent us from pursuing the Whimsie, however it may offend our sensibilities."

"Well said," rumbled the tiger. "Now, let's eat breakfast so we can start moving as soon as there's enough light."



The terrain they traveled became more and more rugged. There was no road, so they were forced to climb over rocks and cross ravines



ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

that added considerably to the difficulty of their journey. Finally they crossed a road, but it ran at right angles to their path.

"This is probably the road that Dorothy's party followed through the land of the Scoodlers," the professor said. "I believe that if we follow it south a short distance we will find ourselves out of these hills, and can make better time, even if it adds some distance."

"Anything that will cut down on all this climbing will suit me," the tiger said. "I feel like I've gone a mile up and a mile down for every mile I've gone forward."

The party turned left, but only moments later a queer figure popped up on a rock to their right. It was shaped much like a human being, but it was pure white, including its clothing, except for purple hair. At least, it appeared that way until it leapt into the air, spun round, and came down facing in the opposite direction – at which point they saw that it had two fronts and no back, and that its other side was pure black except for yellow hair.

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

"A Scoodler!" the Woggle-bug exclaimed. "Dorothy and the Shaggy Man have told me a great deal about them." Even as he spoke other Scoodlers began to jump up onto the rocks that were all around them.

"So what do they want with us?" the Cowardly Lion asked, his voice a little shaky.

"They wanted to turn Dorothy's party into soup," the professor said. "I imagine they'd like to do the same with us."

"Yes!" the Scoodlers chorused. "We want you for soup! We haven't had really good soup for years and years!"

"Well, we don't choose to be soup," the Frogman said firmly, and he started to continue his way southward along the road.

One of the Scoodlers removed its head and hurled it at him. The Frogman, however, easily caught the head in the air and with the strength given him by the zosozo threw it so far back along the road that it was quite lost to sight. This infuriated the Scoodlers, and the travelers were subjected to a veritable hail of Scoodler heads



ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

as they tried to advance along the road. The heads were not terribly hard, however, and the Scoodlers also could not throw them with very much force. It was, the professor thought, much like being pelted with soccer balls – and as the head professor at the Royal Athletic College of Oz, he was quite an expert at soccer. He booted any head that neared him well away from the road, and in combination with the Frogman's catches and throws they quickly reduced the Scoodlers to spending all their time chasing down their errant heads.

The travelers once again started to the south, but before they had gotten very far they were once again surrounded by Scoodlers, although fewer than before. One of them seemed to have been chosen as their spokesman, because he hopped into the road in front of them and said plaintively, "Can't you spare just one of you for our soup?"

"I'm afraid not," the Woggle-bug said.

"Perhaps we could give them something from the basket?" the Hungry Tiger suggested. "I understand what it's like to be very hungry."

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

"Will it satisfy you if we give you a quantity of meat to go in your soup?" the professor asked.

"Yes! Soup!" the Scoodlers said in unison.

So the Frogman opened the basket and began withdrawing one fine cut of meat after another and placing them on a nearby stone, where the Scoodlers scuttled up, grabbed them, and dashed off to the north. Finally the last of the odd creatures had seized its prize and disappeared, and the travelers were able to continue their way along the road.



The road did indeed take them out of the rugged terrain in about an hour's walk, and with great relief they turned west again, this time traveling alongside a pretty brook that ran through a lush green valley. After a short stop for lunch, washed down by the sparkling water of the brook, they climbed out of the western end of the valley and were delighted to find that at the bottom of the hill a clearly defined road came up from the southeast and curved to the

ON THE TRAIL OF GURKIN

7

west, leading in the direction they wanted to go.

In the middle of the afternoon they came to a house beside the road – the first human habitation they had seen since leaving Oz. As they approached, a man in a smart blue and white uniform stepped out of the door holding a spear and said, “Halt! What brings you to Boboland, and are you friend or foe?”



92

Damselflies in Distress

8

PROFESSOR WOGGLE-BUG quickly answered the challenge. “Friends! If you please, we are travelers from the Land of Oz, on the trail of a mischievous Whimsie who stole something from us, and we ask nothing more than free passage through your beautiful country.”

“Oz, eh?” the guard said skeptically. “It’s true that we’re at peace with Oz, and in fact our prince has said he owes a debt to Oz and that we should treat anyone from Oz kindly. But how do I know you’re from Oz?”

“Have you heard of animals who can talk who aren’t from

93



DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

Oz?" the tiger growled.

"Not tigers – or lions or frogs or bugs, for that matter," the guard admitted. "But there are talking donkeys and foxes not too far from here, and for all I know there are other places farther east where lions and tigers and bugs and frogs can talk as well."

"As it happens," the professor said pompously, "I met Prince Bobo when he was visiting Oz last year. However, I realize that you only have my word for that. But I also have a letter of introduction from Princess Ozma here, if you would be so kind as to peruse it." And he withdrew the letter that Ozma had given him and handed it to the guard.

"Hmmm," the guard said, reading Ozma's flowing script with a little difficulty. "This is to introduce Professor Woggle-bug, the Frog-man, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger, all loyal subjects of mine. It would please me if the reader would extend the same courtesies to them that they would extend to me.' And it is signed, 'Ozma of Oz'. Of course, I don't know her handwriting, but I doubt if anyone would try to forge the signature of such a powerful

DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

ruler. Very well, then, you may pass. Can I assist you in any other way while you are here?"

The Woggle-bug took out the hawthorn twig and checked the direction of it pointed against his compass. "Northwest by west now," he said. "He seems to be traveling north parallel to the Deadly Desert. Could you tell us how far we need to go along this road before we could turn north without encountering the desert?"

"I'd say maybe twenty, twenty-five miles. You'd do better, though, to stay on this road till you come to Carpeton; that's about thirty miles from here. It's a nice place where you can refresh yourselves, and there's a good road leading north all the way to the border. I'm sure someone there can tell you more about what to expect outside Boboland."

They all thanked the obliging border guard, and continued along the road until sunset. Boboland proved to be a much more settled country than they had encountered the previous day; the road was lined with pretty farms, with rich crops growing in their fields and abundant flow-



DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

ers in the yards of the farmhouses. Twice they passed through small villages, where the inhabitants immediately dashed indoors at the sight of the lion and tiger, and then stared out the windows at them until the travelers had passed.

As darkness drew in on them they came to an open meadow that was not near any farmhouse, so they decided to make camp there. "This is a very pleasant country," the Frogman said. "It appears to be almost as prosperous as Oz itself."

"Indeed," the Woggle-bug said. "As I mentioned to the guard, I had the opportunity to meet their prince when he visited Oz last year. He had been cruelly enchanted and turned into a goat, but Glinda was able to reverse his transformation, and he proved to be an excellent fellow. I'm sure that Boboland will thrive under his rule."

"If he's only been back on the throne for a year or so," the Frogman replied, "then whoever ruled in his stead must have done a fine job of it. Farms aren't brought to this well-kept state in a year."



DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

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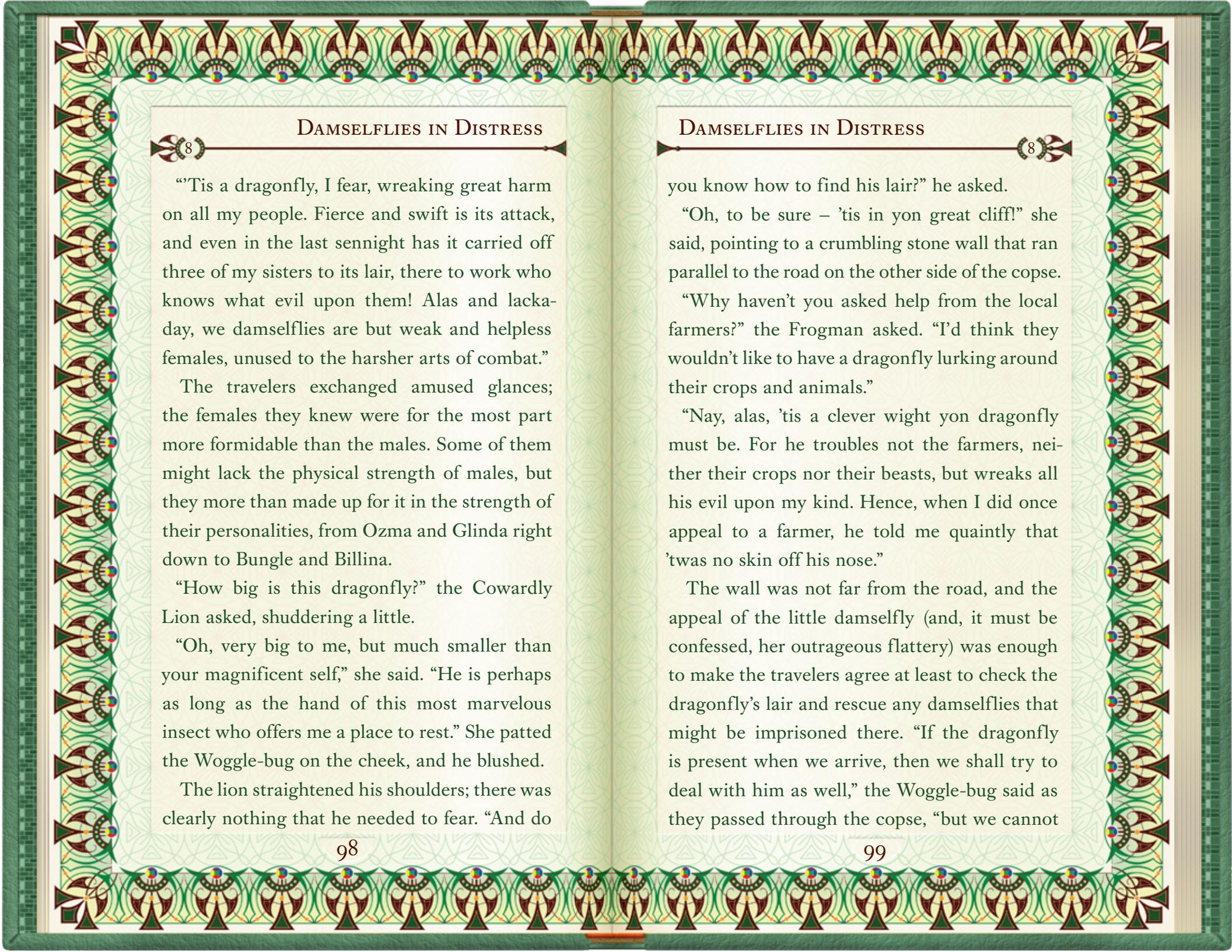
The Frogman wakened them at their usual early hour, and after breakfasting they once again started to the west. By now the hawthorn twig was pointing northwest by north, telling them that the Whimsie must still be traveling north along the western edge of the desert.

The sun was only a little way above the horizon when they heard a high voice crying, "Help me! Help me! Oh, please, someone help me!" Iridescent wings flashed in the morning sunlight and a tiny, perfectly formed little lady hummed out of the small copse they were passing, alighting on the Woggle-bug's shoulder.

"We are in something of a hurry," the Woggle-bug said civilly, "but if it will not take too long, perhaps we could be of service. Are you some kind of fairy?"

"Nay, nay," she giggled, her distress temporarily forgotten. "I'm but a damsel-fly. Hast never seen one of us?"

"I regret to say that I have not, but we are, after all, strangers to Boboland. Tell us, now, what troubles you?"



DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

"Tis a dragonfly, I fear, wreaking great harm on all my people. Fierce and swift is its attack, and even in the last sennight has it carried off three of my sisters to its lair, there to work who knows what evil upon them! Alas and lackaday, we damselflies are but weak and helpless females, unused to the harsher arts of combat."

The travelers exchanged amused glances; the females they knew were for the most part more formidable than the males. Some of them might lack the physical strength of males, but they more than made up for it in the strength of their personalities, from Ozma and Glinda right down to Bungle and Billina.

"How big is this dragonfly?" the Cowardly Lion asked, shuddering a little.

"Oh, very big to me, but much smaller than your magnificent self," she said. "He is perhaps as long as the hand of this most marvelous insect who offers me a place to rest." She patted the Woggle-bug on the cheek, and he blushed.

The lion straightened his shoulders; there was clearly nothing that he needed to fear. "And do

DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

you know how to find his lair?" he asked.

"Oh, to be sure – 'tis in yon great cliff!" she said, pointing to a crumbling stone wall that ran parallel to the road on the other side of the copse.

"Why haven't you asked help from the local farmers?" the Frogman asked. "I'd think they wouldn't like to have a dragonfly lurking around their crops and animals."

"Nay, alas, 'tis a clever wight yon dragonfly must be. For he troubles not the farmers, neither their crops nor their beasts, but wreaks all his evil upon my kind. Hence, when I did once appeal to a farmer, he told me quaintly that 'twas no skin off his nose."

The wall was not far from the road, and the appeal of the little damselfly (and, it must be confessed, her outrageous flattery) was enough to make the travelers agree at least to check the dragonfly's lair and rescue any damselflies that might be imprisoned there. "If the dragonfly is present when we arrive, then we shall try to deal with him as well," the Woggle-bug said as they passed through the copse, "but we cannot

DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

wait until he comes back if he is absent."

The wall itself was about seven feet tall, but the hollow where the dragonfly made his lair was about two feet down from the top. The little damselfly pointed to it, but refused to leave the Woggle-bug's shoulder. It was dark inside the hollow – the wall appeared to be three or four feet thick – but the professor thought he could hear a muted buzzing inside. He thrust his hand in – and jerked it out with a yell, followed by a puff of smoke.

"The dragonfly must be in!" the damselfly shrieked. "Oh, keep him from me, good sirs!"

The professor was shaking his hand, although it was not seriously burned, when the buzz from the hollow grew louder, and the ugly face of a miniature dragon appeared. It breathed out another jet of flame – though since it was so small it only reached about a foot from its mouth – and lifted itself into the air, gaining a few feet of altitude and then diving straight down toward the Woggle-bug's shoulder where the damselfly was perched.

The little creature screamed again and ducked



Rescue of a Damselfly

DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

under the professor's arm, hiding herself as best she might from her enemy's attack. But then there was a sudden "Thwup!" and the dragonfly's buzzing stopped. Instead there was a brief crunching sound, and a satisfied croak.

"Tasty – but a bit spicy," the Frogman said cheerfully.

"You – *ate* him?" the Woggle-bug asked.

"Why not? What do you think ordinary frogs like best to eat?"

The professor looked at him with some nervousness. "Oh, don't worry," the Frogman said with a grin. "You're far too big. And you know I have to tell the truth. And you, my dear," he said to the damselfly, who was trying as hard now to hide from him as she had been from the dragonfly, "are far too beautiful."

Despite his assurances, the damselfly tried her best to stay well away from him as she flew into the hollow to see if any of her sisters had survived their captivity. After a few minutes she emerged with one other damselfly, almost identical to herself, and a sad smile. "My sister tells me that his other captives the wicked creature consumed

DAMSELFLIES IN DISTRESS

8

entirely. But though 'tis a day for mourning them, yet 'tis also a day for rejoicing that she is safe, and the dragonfly dead. Our thanks go with you, kind strangers, and should you meet with other damselflies along your way, but tell them that Princess Lissina bids them treat you well."

"You are most welcome," the Woggle-bug said. "Who knows what might befall us along the way." The others grinned; the Woggle-bug had finally found someone who spoke in an even more stilted manner than he did himself, though he seemed to be trying valiantly to match her.



103

Have You Ever Crossed the Sandy Waste on a Sawhorse?

NIght was falling as the Sawhorse left Lurline's clearing and ran among the trees of the Forest of Burzee. While he and Scraps could both see better in the dark than a human, they needed at least some light, and it became very dark indeed under the trees. He slowed down and nearly stopped, almost feeling his way along.

*"Here we're in a pretty case,
Stuck at just a walking pace!"*

HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

*Dear kind Lurline, send us light
So that we can run at night!"*

Scraps begged, and I suppose the Fairy Queen heard her plea, for hardly had she spoken when a cloud of fireflies rose up around them. That might not have been enough light for you or me, but it was quite enough for the Sawhorse. He began to run through the forest as fast as he could, considering that he could not run in a straight line but had to thread his way through the trees. And it must have been magic, because as they moved new fireflies rose up in front of them in time to let him see his way.

The journey back through the forest took the Sawhorse only a couple of hours, because he could travel much faster than his companions had been able to earlier. They emerged near where they had left the Red Wagon, and the Sawhorse hesitated as he approached the edge of the desert.

"I've been on it once before," he said slowly. "Back when Glinda rode me while we chased Mombi in griffin form. I know it won't hurt me immediately. But it's so hot and dry... "



HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

"I know," Scraps shuddered. "I'm deathly afraid that it may fade the colors of my beautiful patchwork, or dry me out so much I crumble. But surely Lurline would have told us if that were likely. And it must be better to cross it at night, at least."

"True enough," the Sawhorse said. "Well, here we go!"

He trotted out onto the sands, and as nothing happened, he ran faster and faster until he could hardly have been seen if there had been anyone there to see him. Neither of the travelers needed to breathe, but the hot gases coming up off the sands were unpleasant even for them, and Scraps was sure that she could feel the color leaving her patches as she clung to her mount. She cried out:

*"Gases feel like so much bleach;
Sand's much nicer on a beach!"*

But the Sawhorse was going so fast that the wind whipped her words away before they could reach his ears. Indeed, it was lucky that he was going so fast, because the fierce sand-snakes – creatures of pure energy that live underground in the middle of the Great Sandy Waste – were not aware of his presence until he had already



HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

passed them by. More than once Scraps, looking back over her shoulder, saw a bright blue cylinder rise up above the sands and hurl fire after them, but always it fell short. She would shiver, then cling even tighter to the Sawhorse's neck and hope with all her might that they reached the other side of the desert before they happened upon a sand-snake that was already above ground as they approached.

And then, suddenly, the air was blessedly cool again and the Sawhorse felt grass instead of sand under his feet. He slowed briefly and asked Scraps, "How are you?"

"Feeling parched and bleached," she said dryly. "But not torched, thankfully."

"I'll have us at Glinda's in a few minutes," he replied. "I'm sure she can do something to help both of us."



And indeed they reached the gates of her palace as the clock in her tower was tolling midnight. The girl soldiers guarding the gate were surprised to see them, since they had only left the previous

HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

morning, but they were welcomed, and one of them went to inform the great sorceress that she had guests. "I know that neither of you sleep or eat," the other one said, "but is there anything else I can do for you until Glinda comes down?"

"I feel as dry and brittle as kindling wood," the Sawhorse said. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go stand in that fountain and let the spray dampen me down some."

"Of course," the soldier said cordially. "And you, Miss Scraps?"

*"Surely you're joking!
I can't stand soaking!"*

"Then you can wait for Glinda," the Sawhorse said, and once Scraps had dismounted he trotted over to the fountain and restored as much of his natural moisture as he could.

"How are my patches?" Scraps asked the soldier anxiously. "Do they seem badly faded?"

"Not *badly*," the girl replied. "I really can't be that sure, you know. They're still quite — colorful. But whether they're as brilliant as they were yesterday is hard to tell."



HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

Scraps sighed. "Maybe Glinda can tell."

"Can tell what?" the sorceress asked, emerging from the palace.

"Whether the fumes from the Great Sandy Waste faded my patches!"

Glinda hid a smile, and said, "I can't really tell in this light, but come into my laboratory and I'll see. If they've faded any, I'll put you in my rhodinopic chamber and restore them in no time."

"Oh, thank you!" Scraps said gleefully.

*When color pales it makes me glummer
Than schoolboys at the end of summer.*

"And you, Sawhorse? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I don't think I need anything but a good wetting," he replied. "And I'm getting that here. Scraps can tell you why we came to you."

"I'm sure it has to do with that Whimsie stealing the Magic Carpet," Glinda said as she led Scraps through the open door into the great hall of the palace. "But I haven't checked the Book of Records since this morning, so I don't know where things stand just now."

110

HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

Scraps explained as they walked up the stairs and into Glinda's laboratory. "Ah," the sorceress said. "Well, you're right that I could make another Magic Carpet. But you're wrong that it would be easy. The enchantment part isn't terribly difficult; I could do that in a day or two. But the carpet to be enchanted must be woven by a seven-handed Fistikin from the hair of goats from Mt. Mern, far on the other side of the Shifting Sands. That was the only such carpet in all the Land of Oz."

"Then we need to send someone to Mt. Mern!" Scraps declared.

"Perhaps," Glinda said. "First, let me restore your colors and your moisture; you're very dry."

Scraps willingly entered the rhodinopic chamber. First, she felt a surge of humid air that filled up the fibers in her cotton, both inside and outside, rendering her much more plump and fit than she had felt for hours. Then she was bathed in a soothing spectrum of colored lights, and she seemed to feel the colors returning to her patches as she had felt them leaving as she had crossed the desert. Finally, Glinda opened

III



HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

the door and said, "You should feel better now."

"I do, I do!" Scraps exclaimed, standing on her hands and "walking" the length of the laboratory.

"Careful!" Glinda said. "I have delicate apparatus in here!"

Scraps dropped to her feet and quickly apologized.

*I'm afraid that I'm a bad, bad girl,
And I really ought to know much better.
But when all my stuffing starts to curl,
I forget how much that I'm your debtor.*

"Well, remember it now," Glinda said, unable to repress a chuckle. "Let's get out of here for the moment, so you can work off some of your exuberance."

As soon as they were outside the laboratory Scraps set out with a series of handsprings around the whole circumference of the gallery that overlooked the great hall. Then she slid down the banister of the ceremonial staircase, and walked back up the stairs on her hands. Finally, after she descended the staircase in a series of double back flips, she found Glinda reading her Book of Records and said, "That's better. Now, what do we do about a replacement Magic Carpet?"

112

HAVE YOU EVER CROSSED THE SANDY WASTE ON A SAWHORSE?

9

"Nothing at the moment, I think," the sorceress replied. "I see here that Professor Wogglebug, the Frogman, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger are tracking the Whimsie, and Lurline has given them a magic twig that will guide them to the carpet. If they should fail, then I'll look into acquiring another carpet from Mt. Mern. But it shouldn't be necessary."

"Could your magic get the carpet back from the Whimsie, or transport the Woggle-bug, the Frogman, the lion, and the tiger back to Oz?"

"I'm afraid not. Transportation magic of that sort is one of the most difficult kinds of all. The Wizard did work a very clever transportation spell a few years ago, and used it to bring Betsy Bobbin and others to Oz after they'd been to the Nome Kingdom. But it needs the pollen of the xillia flower as an ingredient, and those flowers bloom only once a decade. Without it, I need to use my swan chariot even to travel myself. I could, of course, take my chariot across the Sandy Waste and pick up the Woggle-bug and the Frogman, but the lion and tiger are too heavy for my swans."

113

Ozma's Education Begins

AFTER THE LAST of her companions had left, Ozma turned to Lurline. "So when do my lessons start?"

"Immediately," the fairy queen said. Then, with a smile, "Although I'm sure you would like to eat while we talk."

A wave of her wand produced a table set with delicious food. There was only one place, but Lurline said, "We fairies seldom eat – a few dewdrops, an occasional mist-mistake, but nothing much. Still, we are the protectors of humans, so we understand human appetites, and we know that you have taken on human form."

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

Ozma had not eaten since breakfast, so she sat down at the table and began eating ravenously. Lurline sat down opposite her and continued, "Tell me, do you have any memories of your life as a fairy, before you were born in human form?"

"Not really," Ozma said. "Oh, when I saw your fairy maids dancing when we arrived, it somehow seemed familiar, as if I *ought* to remember it. But I don't."

"Interesting. Of course, you're the only full-blooded fairy who has ever chosen to be reborn as an infant human, so none of us knew just how it would work out. There have been a few fairies over the years who have fallen in love with human men and chosen to take human form and live with them as humans, but that has always been a simple change of form – usually no more than eliminating their wings and giving them greater solidity."

"I know – our histories say that several of the wives of the kings of Oz were fairies, or part-fairies."

"But when you chose to be born as an infant human, it appears that your mind only retained what an infant human's mind would hold –

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

which is nothing much," Lurline said. "However, you said at the time – and I believe that you were right – that if you weren't known to be born to the wife of King Pastoria, you would not be acknowledged as the rightful ruler of Oz."

"I must have been wise at the time," Ozma smiled. "I'm sure that that's correct. Without Glinda's help I could never have taken the throne, and I don't believe that Glinda would have helped me if I weren't Pastoria's true daughter."

"Glinda is... an interesting character," Lurline said. "She isn't a fairy, but she isn't a mortal, either. She was already protecting Oz when I first flew over the land myself; I have no idea how long she has lived there."

"Well, I hope she goes on protecting Oz forever," Ozma said emphatically. "I know that she has always been the greatest help to me."

The other fairy maidens had begun to drift away, somewhat bored by this conversation about a land and people that they hadn't seen themselves in centuries. Several of them flitted up into the darkness above the clearing, and

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

Ozma looked at them a little enviously.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Lurline said. "I could give you wings easily enough, but as a human you weigh far too much for fairy wings to let you fly."

"Oh, that's all right," Ozma sighed. "I'm here to learn magic, not to play."

And learn she did. That evening she received no real instruction; rather, Lurline set her various challenges to test the extent of the powers that she had retained through her transformation. By midnight the queen pronounced herself satisfied.

"I believe that you have retained all the fairy powers that you had when you were the most powerful member of my band next to myself," she said. "Your problem is not lack of power at all, but only lack of knowledge. We can begin to remedy that in the morning, however; I'm sure that you are tired by now."

Ozma, who had lately been drawing on all the power she could find in herself simply to stay awake, nodded feebly.

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

"Here, then!" the queen said, waving her wand. A cozy little cabin appeared at the edge of the clearing, and when Ozma entered she found a comfortable bed, a fire burning on the hearth, and a bathtub full of steaming water with thick towels hanging on a bar in front of the fire. She thanked Lurline, closed the door, and after removing her clothes enjoyed a luxurious soak before drying off, donning a nightdress that was draped over the foot of the bed, and snuggling under the covers. In less than a minute she was sound asleep.



When she awoke in the morning to the delightful songs of dozens of birds, the bathtub was gone, but there was a washstand in its place with hot water and soft towels. She washed her face and hands, brushed her teeth, and dressed, knotting her long hair up to keep it off her neck. Although in Oz she usually wore great poppies over each ear, she decided that in Burzee she would adopt a completely plain look, as befitted a humble student. No sooner had she checked

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

her appearance in the mirror over the washstand and nodded in satisfaction than the entire cabin disappeared, and she found herself facing Lurline across a table set with breakfast.

"Will I be able to do that sort of magic?" she asked in wonderment as she sat down at the table. "Glinda and the Wizard have done it for years, but I thought it was sorcery and not fairy magic."

"You should be able to," Lurline replied. "It's not something that all fairies can do, but as I told you last night, you were the second most powerful of my band. And you shouldn't confuse effects with causes. Both sorcery and fairy magic can make food and housing seem to appear out of nowhere, but they do it by very different methods. I can teach you how to do it with fairy magic, but I have no idea how Glinda or the Wizard would do it."

When Ozma had eaten her breakfast, Lurline waved her wand and the table and the remaining food disappeared, leaving the two of them sitting facing each other in the chairs. "Now," the queen said, "it is time to begin accustoming you

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

to finding the fairy power within yourself, and bringing it out to influence the outside world."

It wasn't easy. How do you reach inside yourself and find anything, she wondered. But yet – yet there *was* something she could almost feel, the elusive touch of something as she concentrated on her own selfhood, something that was different and that she had never noticed before. Ever since she had been disenchanted, she had been so busy ruling Oz, and thinking about the welfare of her subjects, that she had really had no time to think about herself.

Now – there it was again! A rippling feeling that seemed to be halfway between her ears, and that she could almost bring forward – *could* bring forward through her eyes and... it was gone again.

She described the feeling to Lurline, and the queen said, "Yes! That's the beginning – but when you have it outside yourself, and feel that you have it under your control, you should try to infuse it into an object near you. When you have done this properly, then you should be able to move and shape that object as you wish. You

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

have the idea – now, practice, practice, practice!"

Ozma groaned at this, but then sat quietly in her chair trying her best to bring the magical feeling out into the open – that became easier as she became more experienced at recognizing it – and then, eventually, to infuse it into a small stone that lay at her feet. When she thought she had it, she imagined the stone lifting off the ground – and it did! Her delight in her success broke her concentration, of course, and the stone dropped back after rising only an inch or two. But Lurline clapped her hands with pleasure.

"Excellent!" she cried. "That was the hardest part, you know. You have the power in you to do a great deal, but if you can't find it then it does you no good. Now that you know how to find it, we can begin to teach you what you can do with it. But first, I expect you would like some lunch."

Ozma saw to her surprise that the sun was at its zenith, and realized that she was indeed quite hungry. Lurline's wand brought her a dainty luncheon of sandwiches and salad, with cold tea to drink.

OZMA'S EDUCATION BEGINS

As she was eating, a beautiful golden-haired fairy maid flew down into the clearing and spoke softly to Lurline. The queen frowned and said, "I fear I must leave you for a while, Ozma dear. I wish I could stay and give you all your instruction myself, but I am responsible for all the fairies who guard the fates of humans, and there are always problems that I must solve. Ereol, here, can easily teach you the more basic uses of your powers, and I should be back within a day or two to work with you on more advanced studies."

"I am more than happy to, princess," the fairy maid said graciously. "We were dear friends when you were part of the band; I know you don't remember me now, but I still remember you, and nothing will please me more than to help you in regaining your powers."

"I thank you," Ozma said. "I'm sure that I could have no better instructor."



Lurline Introduces Ereol

As Snug as a Bug in a Rug?

S THE MORNING wore on the Woggle-bug's party began to encounter other travelers along the road. Most of them looked askance at the huge lion and tiger, and gave them a wide berth even if it required leaving the road. A few, though, once they saw that no harm was intended, greeted them politely and informed them how far they had yet to go to reach Carpeton. A little before noon they crested a ridge and saw the walls and towers of a sizable town ahead of them. The farms that had lined the road since they had entered Boboland now gave way to more

As Snug as a Bug in a Rug?

closely-packed cottages, some with shop-fronts that appeared to cater to travelers along the road.

The Woggle-bug saw one where a small keg of cider sat on a bed of ice. It looked so refreshing that he walked up to the shopkeeper and said, "May I have a glass of that cider, my good man?"

"If you've the two coppers it takes," the man said rather brusquely. "I've never served a bug before, but I guess your money's as good as anyone's."

The professor stopped short. Money is rarely used in Oz, and he knew he hadn't brought any with him. "Do you have any money?" he asked, turning to the Frogman.

"I'm afraid not," was the reply. "Perhaps, though, the basket..."

"An excellent thought!" the professor said, thrusting one hand into the basket and feeling around. Sure enough, he brought out a small silver piece, which a close look found to be a coin of Boboland. He handed it to the man, saying, "And another glass for my friend the Frogman."

The man filled two glasses from the keg and handed them to the travelers; he then took two

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

copper coins from a pouch at his waist and handed them to the Woggle-bug. "What brings you to Carpeton?" he asked in a more friendly manner.

"We're only passing through," the Woggle-bug answered. "We need to travel on north from here, but we hope to find luncheon, information on what lies to the north, and if possible to have some of our clothing cleaned."

"Oh, aye, lunch is no problem if you've more silver to pay for it. Information you can probably find at the City Hall. As for cleaning your clothes, your only problem will be deciding whether to let the Whoovers or the Whoppers do it – and then keeping the ones you didn't choose from undoing all the good work."

"Whoovers and Whoppers? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"You'll understand soon enough when you get into the city. It's not that easy to explain, but I'll say that they're neither one of them human. But then neither are you, so maybe that won't bother you. Want another of those?" he asked, seeing that both the professor and the Frogman

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

had drained their glasses.

"I think not," the Woggle-bug said. "It was most excellent, but we must be getting along."

The lion and the tiger had been grumbling ever since the others had stopped, but they quieted down as they resumed the walk to the gate. Here Ozma's letter gave them immediate passage, and they were soon in a large open marketplace. The majority of the stalls were selling carpets of all varieties, but there were also many stands featuring delicious-smelling roasts of meat. The space around each food stand was crowded when they entered the marketplace, since it was the time of day when everyone was pausing for their midday meal. When the lion and tiger chose one of the stands and began to advance on it, though, the crowd in front of it melted away.

"Go away! Go away!" the proprietor of the stand wailed, wringing his hands. "You've driven away all my customers!"

"We'll make up for it," the Cowardly Lion said hungrily. "I'd like, oh, half a dozen roasts like that one for starters."

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

"And I'll have the same," the tiger added.

"But how will you pay for them!" the man moaned.

"I suppose you could substitute for the roasts," the Hungry Tiger said, licking his chops and winking at the lion.

"Here, here," the Frogman said. "I'm sorry, but I have to tell the truth – this lion and tiger would never harm you for any reason. However," he fished in the basket, "would this gold coin cover the cost of the roasts my friends here have ordered, along with perhaps some sandwiches for the Woggle-bug and me?"

"Amply, amply!" the man said, seizing the coin gratefully and dropping it into his pouch. "Now, honored sirs, how would you like your roasts cooked?"

"Not at all," the tiger rumbled, and the lion growled his agreement. This simplified matters considerably; the man reached up onto the rack behind him and took down roast after roast, untouched so far by any trace of fire, and tossed them to the great cats.

When they were fully engaged in eating he turned back to the Frogman and Woggle-bug

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

and said, "And your meat?"

"I like mine trimmed from the outside of the roast – crisp and crackly!" the Frogman said.

"And I prefer mine still pink and juicy, but heated thoroughly," the professor added.

The cook wielded his sharp knife deftly, slicing off several outside slices for the Frogman and several from the interior for the Woggle-bug. Then he split two loaves of bread and inserted the slices of meat in them. "Would you care for any mustard? Chutney? Olive oil?" he asked.

"Some mustard, I think," the professor said, and "Chutney for me," said his companion.



When they had all eaten their fill they asked the cook directions to the City Hall, and moved off through the marketplace to his great relief. A gold coin didn't come his way that often, but he could only hope that the memory of the meal he had served today didn't drive others permanently away from his stand. (As it happened, it became more popular than ever as diners came

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

(to hear his story of feeding the giant beasts. But he didn't know that at the time.)

The travelers had not gone far along their way when a strange creature emerged from an alleyway and accosted them. "Whoooo are youuuuu?" it asked in a wheezing tone.

It had a short, round body that moved on four short legs that barely were long enough to lift the body clear of the cobblestones that lined the street. But a long, flexible neck rose from the front of the body to the height of the Frogman's head, topped by a head with two bright eyes and a mouth that seemed to vary in size over a wide range as it spoke.

"Travelers from Oz," said the truthful Frogman. "Why do you ask?"

"Youuuuu're dusty!" the creature said. "For ten coppers oooooonly, I'll clean youuuur clooooootes like newwwwww!"

"Don't. Listen. To him!" snapped an equally strange creature who emerged from an alleyway on their other side. It was not quite as tall as the Woggle-bug, but came well above his shoulder.

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

Its body was thin, but stiff; it had short legs that it stood on, and short arms that it was just then shaking at the other creature. Its most remarkable feature, however, was its head, which seemed to consist of a thick metallic rod bent around to form eyes, nose, and mouth before rejoining the body.

"Looks like a carpet-beater with arms and legs," muttered the Frogman, who had seen those implements used frequently by the inhabitants of the Yip country where he had lived until recently.

"I. Beat. Carpets. When. I. Can." the new creature said, emphasizing each word with a snapping motion of its head. "I. Clean. Much. Better. Than. Whoovers!"

"Noooooooo!" the first one said. "We're muuuuuch gentler! That Whopper will ruuuuuuuin your clooooootes!" He pressed his mouth to the Frogman's sleeve, and with a loud "Whoooooooo!" he sucked most of the dust right out of that spot.

"Filthy. Whoover. Mouths!" the Whopper barked. "Try. Me! Eight. Coppers!"

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

"Perhaps some to each?" the Frogman said quietly to the Woggle-bug.

The professor nodded and spoke sharply, as if to some of his less cooperative students. "Listen to me, and both of you be quiet! Now," he continued as the arguing creatures fell silent, "we each have two suits of clothes to be cleaned – the ones we're wearing, and one in our packs. Frogman, give me the one in your pack, and I'll give you the one in mine. You go with the Whoover, and I'll go with the Whopper – the lion can go with you and the tiger with me." He reached into the basket and took out four of the small silver coins. "There'll be two of these – twelve coppers – for each of you if you clean our clothes nicely without damaging them."

He tossed two of the coins to the Frogman, and then was led off down an alleyway by the Whopper with the Hungry Tiger following in their wake. When they reached the other end, he found himself in an open courtyard occupied by at least a dozen Whoppers.

"Remove. Your. Clothes!" their companion

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

said in his abrupt way.

"But I don't care to stand here naked," the Woggle-bug complained. The tiger grinned.

"Wrap. Yourself. In carpet!" another Whopper said, taking down a beautiful Oriental rug from a nearby line and tossing it to him.

The professor somewhat reluctantly removed his clothes, and quickly wrapped the carpet around his body. There was, to be sure, no particular reason why he should be embarrassed at nudity, but he had formed the habit of wearing clothing many years earlier, and he was uncomfortable to be in public without it.

The Whopper who had first found them then hung the clothes over a line and began slapping vigorously at them with his head, raising great clouds of dust as he worked. "Interesting. Dust. Here," he said. "Not from Boboland."

"You can tell the difference?" the tiger asked.

"All. Dust. Tastes. Different," the Whopper replied, punctuating his words with slaps at the clothing.

Things were definitely looking cleaner, the Woggle-bug was thinking, when he suddenly



I34

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

II

found his feet swept from under him and he measured his length on the cobble-stones. A very small Whopper giggled, and gave him a "whop" in the middle of his back that made him roll across the courtyard. By the time he had stopped moving, he was thoroughly wrapped up in the carpet, and couldn't move a muscle.

The tiger, however, had no such problem. He cuffed the little Whopper hard enough that it started crying, and raced over to stand astride the professor and glare at the other Whoppers surrounding them.

"Does anyone else want some of that?" he growled.

The Whoppers all shrank away, and whenever one reached an exit from the courtyard it would turn tail and run away as fast as its short legs would carry it. Soon no one was left but the first Whopper who had accosted them and the little one who had teased the professor.

"You didn't. Need to. Play so. *Rough!*" the little one whimpered.

"You didn't need to trip my friend and whop

I35

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

him, either!" the tiger said.

"You. Won't. Go back. On paying. Me for. Cleaning. Your clothes. Will you?" the big Whopper asked.

"Not if someone will unroll me from this carpet!" the Woggle-bug said testily.

The little one crept over and, when the tiger moved out of the way, began gently unrolling the carpet. Even doing it gently spun the professor around several times as he rolled across the cobbles, but he was fortunate in that he seldom grew dizzy, and so he sprang to his feet as soon as he was free from the rug.

Seeing that he was unharmed, the Hungry Tiger barked out a laugh. "I've heard of being snug as a bug in a rug," he said, "but this is the first time I've seen what it means!"

The professor drew himself up with as much dignity as he could muster, in the absence of his attire, and said, "There was nothing snug about it. I was quite uncomfortable, in fact. You there! Have you finished cleaning my garments?"

"Finished!" the Whopper replied, giving the Woggle-bug's coat one last slap.

As SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG?

The Woggle-bug resumed his clothing, and tossed the Whopper the two silver pieces. Then he and the tiger retraced their steps through the alleyway, where they found their companions waiting for them anxiously. When the Woggle-bug related their adventure, the Frogman shook his head. "The Whoovers just sucked the dust out of my clothes. I think I got the better deal."



The Road North

THE TRAVELERS RESUMED their interrupted expedition to the City Hall, though before they reached it they were approached by two more Whoppers and another Whoover. However, they were able to fend them off without much trouble and finally reached their destination.

Just to the right as they entered the building was a desk, and above it was a sign reading "INFORMATION FOR TRAVELERS." "Very up to date," the Frogman said approvingly.

The man behind the desk had watched them come through the doorway, and with an inquiring look asked, "May I help you?"

THE ROAD NORTH

"Yes, indeed," the Woggle-bug said. "We are planning to travel north from your fair city, and would like to know as much as we can about what we might expect along the way."

"Traveling on, eh?" the man replied. "Now for that kind of information there's a charge, I must tell you. We give information on the city for free, since usually people who spend time here spend money as well, and that's useful to the city government. But for those who are only passing through, now... "

"How much?" the Woggle-bug snapped impatiently.

"Oh, not so much as all that," the man said. "For twelve coppers I'll tell you all I can think to tell you about what lies north of here, and answer any questions you might have afterwards, as best I can."

"Then pray begin," the professor said, reaching into the basket and drawing out a silver coin that was larger than the one he'd paid the cider vendor with.

The man accepted the coin gravely, put it in a drawer of the desk, and began. "The road north

THE ROAD NORTH

(12) from Carpeton runs close to the edge of the Deadly Desert, and not long after you leave the city the land becomes both drier and rockier. It's not well suited for farming, except around a few springs, but it's well-enough watered to make good pasturage for sheep and goats. Most of the wool that's made into our famous carpets comes from the herds that range along the North and Northwest Roads.

"Wherever there is a spring near the road, there is a village, and most of them have inns where you could stay if you like. However, if you walk steadily you should reach the northern border of Boboland in about a day. Were you planning to leave immediately, or will you stay in Carpeton tonight and leave in the morning?"

"I fear that we are rather in a hurry," the professor replied. "Much as we might wish to enjoy the hospitality of your city, we cannot afford to lose the several hours of daylight remaining to us."

"I'm sorry to hear that," the man said. "But in any case, those are the highlights of the road north; do you have any questions?"

THE ROAD NORTH

(12) "Are the herdsmen friendly?" the Cowardly Lion asked.

"Oh, entirely so," the man assured him. "There was a time, many years ago, when it wasn't unknown for a clan of herdsmen to have banditry as a sideline, but that was before Prince Bobo's uncle Sandor built the North Road and pacified the countryside. He was a fine ruler, was Duke Sandor, even though he refused to take the crown as long as Bobo was not known to be dead. And indeed, Bobo is back now and ruling us very well on his own, though I think he owes a great deal to his uncle's advice."

"And what lies beyond the border of Boboland?" the Frogman asked.

"Ah, now there I can tell you very little," the man said, pursing his lips. "Beyond the border lies the Kingdom of Dreams, and we of Boboland have always preferred to stay on our own side of that border."

"Is it a place of evil, then?" the Woggle-bug asked nervously.

"No, I wouldn't say that," the man said slowly.

THE ROAD NORTH

12

"At least, the inhabitants don't seem to have any interest in invading their neighbors or anything of that sort. But people who have gone there have seemed to be changed in subtle ways by their experience, though they never want to tell why. So we of Boboland have learned to leave that kingdom alone."

As you might imagine, the travelers were not delighted at this news. They hoped that the Whimsie had stayed in Boboland. The hawthorn twig had pointed due north when the professor had checked it after lunch, so it appeared that he was either somewhere along the North Road, or in or beyond the Kingdom of Dreams.

"North of the Kingdom of Dreams is the realm of the Erbs," the Woggle-bug said, as they left City Hall and walked toward the north gate of Carpeton. "The Whimsie who stole our Magic Carpet is a bold fellow, but I doubt that even he is bold enough to venture into the land of the Phanfasmgs and Mimics."

"I thought the Phanfasmgs had all drunk from the Forbidden Fountain and forgotten their

THE ROAD NORTH

12

wickedness," the Hungry Tiger protested.

"The ones who came with the First and Foremost to invade Oz did," the professor said, "but he probably didn't bring all of his subjects with him. And in any case, there are the Mimics. I know little about them, but I have been told that they are even more terrible than the Phanfasmgs."

"Then by all means let us hope that the Whimsie has the good sense to stay out of their domain," the lion shuddered.

"Whimsies are not noted for their good sense, alas," the Woggle-bug sighed. "But we can hope that he has at least that much."



Since they had purchased nothing portable in the city – except for what they carried with them in their stomachs – the guards at the north gate gave them only a perfunctory look before waving them on. Carpeton lay in a circular valley, so that all the roads out of the city first rose to cross the ridge that surrounded it. The East Road that the travelers had followed to enter the city had

142

143

THE ROAD NORTH

(12)

passed through fertile, rolling farmland for many miles, but when they crossed the ridge on the North Road they saw a very different landscape before them. As their informant in Carpeton had told them, it was hilly terrain, with many outcroppings of bare rock that showed that the soil was thin. The grass growing on the hillsides was lush and green, however, and the travelers could understand why it provided good pasturage for the herds of the nomadic clansmen who roamed the north of Boboland.

The sun was setting behind the hills west of them when they reached the substantial village of Brecken, with cottages and shops lining both sides of the road, and a large pond stretching a hundred yards or more alongside the road north of the last house. Two flocks of sheep were drinking along the far side of the pond, and a dozen or so little boys were splashing and screaming in the water on the near side.

The Frogman looked at it longingly. "Perhaps we should stay here for the night," he said. "It's nearly dark; we couldn't go more than another mile or

THE ROAD NORTH

(12)

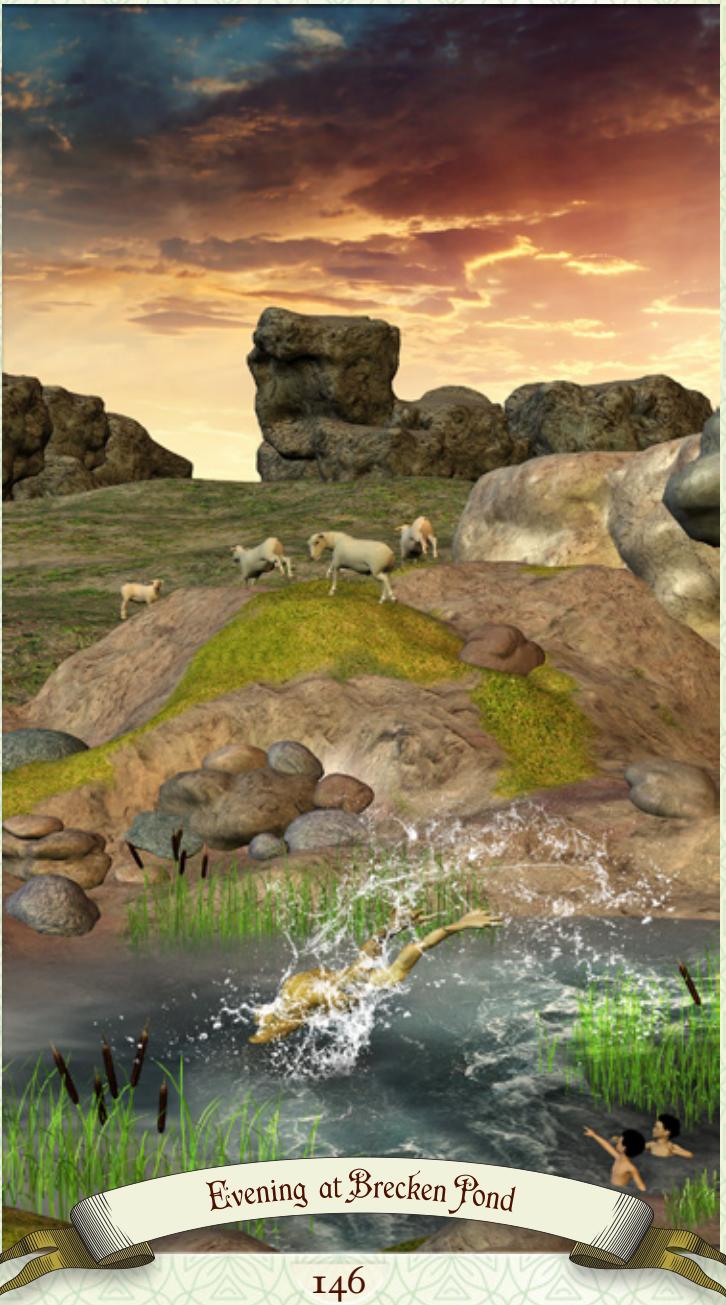
two in any case, and if we did we'd probably have to make a dry camp. Here we have water, an inn where we can meet the local people, and, and,"

"And you'll have a chance to take a swim," the tiger said with a grin.

"And I'll have a chance to take a swim," the Frogman admitted, since he had no choice but to tell the truth. "My skin *has* been drying out, you know, even though I've washed every time we've stopped at a spring or brook. There's nothing like soaking myself completely in water for half an hour or so."

Although none of the others had the slightest interest in swimming – the Woggle-bug couldn't, and the lion and tiger liked it no better than any cat – they all sympathized with the Frogman's plight, and it really was true that they couldn't travel much farther in any case. It would also be pleasant not to have to post a sentry that night, so they could all get a full night's sleep.

The inn was a tidy, clean little place, and although the innkeeper was at first reluctant to allow the lion and tiger inside, he was sufficiently



Evening at Brecken Pond

THE ROAD NORTH

impressed by Ozma's letter of introduction that he relented. He only had two bedrooms, so the lion and tiger shared one and the Frogman and Woggle-bug the other.

As soon as the innkeeper had shown them to their rooms, the Frogman stripped off his clothing and leapt out of the window. It only took him three giant springs, strengthened by the zosozo, to reach the pond, and one more spring took him far over the heads of the boys who were still playing there and into the water.

The loud splash startled the sheep on the far side of the pond, and many of them turned to run away. However, a pair of clever dogs easily managed each of the flocks, quickly turning them back toward the pond without their shepherds – who were both enjoying a mug of cold cider in the taproom of the inn – even being aware of the problem.

The boys, needless to say, were much impressed. "Wish I could make that big a splash!" one of them said.

"Yah, wait'll you're bigger!"



THE ROAD NORTH

12
“Still couldn’t jump that high!”

The Frogman ignored them, instead reveling in the cool feel of the water on his skin. He could go for many days without immersing himself if he needed to, but he soon began to itch, and in particular the rubbing of clothing on his skin was irritating. Since he prided himself on his elegant attire, he did his best to soak whenever he could.

Soon the boys’ mothers began calling them home to wash their hands and eat their dinner, and reluctantly they tore their eyes from the Frogman and trudged away. The sun had set some time since, and it was nearly full dark when the giant frog left the water and returned to the inn, entering his room by the same window he had used to leave it.



The lion and tiger preferred to eat what Ozma’s basket provided for their dinner. “Not that I don’t enjoy eating meat that was once a live animal,” the tiger said regretfully. “The trouble is, I enjoy it *too* much. It really does taste better than the magic meat that the basket pro-

THE ROAD NORTH

12

vides, and that I’m used to eating in the Emerald City. But my conscience bothers me, and so I don’t enjoy it as much as I should.”

The Frogman and the Woggle-bug, however, decided to sample the food at the inn, since the proprietor had assured them that his wife was a famous cook and that he was sure that they would be delighted with their meal. And indeed, this was so. Perhaps it tasted no better than what the basket might have provided, but the braised lamb shank in a garlic sauce, with roast potatoes and fresh peas as side dishes, and a delightful combination of pastry, apples, and cream that they had never tasted before for dessert, were certainly different, and both of them cleaned their plates.

“Time for bed,” the Frogman said. “It’s true we can all sleep all night here, but we mustn’t stay up too late because of that.”

The Woggle-bug nodded, and after checking with the lion and tiger to make sure that they were settled for the night, the two of them retired to their beds and slept soundly until the proprietor knocked on their door at first light.

The Fugitive Whimsie



HEN GURKIN STOLE the Magic Carpet, he had very little idea what he would do with it. His tiny brain was really not capable of much more thought than that he wanted the carpet because it was magic, and that if he got it he could flee into the desert where no one could follow him. The result was that he found himself at midnight on the carpet far out in the Great Sandy Waste, with no food or water and no idea how to guide the carpet.

He angrily kicked the front roll of the carpet with his right foot, and was surprised and pleased

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

to see that this made it veer a little to the left. He kicked it again and again, and it gradually turned in a great arc until it was moving to the southwest. After that he trudged along straight ahead, growing hungrier and thirstier by the minute. Although he was quite uncomfortable, Whimsies are immortal unless they are destroyed by violence, so he kept going and was finally rewarded at sunrise by reaching the grasslands that bordered the desert.

He found food and water easily enough (though I shan't tell you what he ate; Whimsies are not very particular about such things and it was rather nasty), and then balanced the carpet on his shoulder and started west along the edge of the desert. He had traveled this way before during his wanderings, so he knew that if he continued due west he would eventually find the road that led west through Boboland to Carpeton, and eventually to the Land of the Whimsies.

"With this magic carpet," he said to himself, "I will be the greatest Whimsie of them all. They will have to make me Chief of the Whimsies,



THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

and then I can lead them all out to conquer our weaker neighbors."

He moved swiftly at first, and by sunset of that day he had reached the road that led north to the Scoodlers' cave and south to Dunkiton. Since he remembered that the country west of the road was extremely rugged, he decided to camp beside the road for the night and take it in one direction or the other in the morning. Meanwhile, he settled his back against a boulder, removed his false head, and sang a nonsensical song that quite repelled the little group of Scoodlers that had been watching him unseen. With shrugs of disgust they faded away into the night; this stranger was too big and strong to be a good candidate for the soup-pot, and he certainly was no pleasure to be near.

In the morning he said to himself, "If I go south, I'll strike the road that leads west to Boboland. But the people of Boboland don't like Whimsies, and there are a lot of them living along that road. I would have to fight my way through. I could do it, but it wouldn't be fun.

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

If I go north, I come to the desert again. But I have the magic carpet, and I could use it to walk west across the desert. That still leaves me in Boboland, but there aren't so many people in the north. Then all I have to do is go west until I reach the Northwest Road and I can follow that almost to my homeland."

Nodding happily at his own cleverness, Gurkin picked up the carpet and followed the road north. By mid-morning he came once more to the edge of the desert, though instead of going straight out onto it this time he put the carpet down facing away from the sun. At first this took him nearly parallel to the edge of the desert, but then the grassland curved away to the south and he was alone in the midst of the sands once again. This time, though, he had filled a gourd with water before he left the grassland behind so that he didn't suffer from thirst.

Although he moved rapidly, the sun had already set and it was nearly dark when he reached the edge of the desert again and was able to set his feet on grass. He found a hiding place among

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

some bushes, and using the rolled-up carpet for a pillow, slept soundly through the night.



When he woke the next morning he was ravenous. Whimsies will eat almost anything, but they strongly prefer fresh meat, lightly roasted. Gurkin knew that he was now in an area where there were many flocks of sheep and goats, and his mouth began to water at the thought of roasting and eating a lamb. He tucked his false head and the carpet under the bushes, and set out to find a vulnerable flock.

Soon he heard the baa-ing of sheep, and he stealthily wormed his way through the rocks and bushes until he could see the flock. There were perhaps fifty sheep in it, guarded by a pair of dogs and a young shepherd. Had they been truly alone, Gurkin could simply have simply walked in and taken what he wanted. However, he had tried to steal sheep from flocks in north Boboland before, and he knew that the lad had a horn that he could blow that would summon

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

several well-armed men from a nearby camp. "I can get a lamb," he muttered to himself, "but they'll be chasing me as soon as I do. I won't have a chance to roast it, and I'll have to move pretty fast to stay ahead of them."

So he lurked behind a bush, and hoped that a lamb would wander close enough to him that he could grab it and silence it without the shepherd even knowing he was around. Three times one of the foolish little creatures gamboled merrily in his direction, but each time one of the guard dogs saw it and dashed over, herding it back toward the rest of the flock. And he grew hungrier and hungrier.

Finally, when it was nearly noon, he said to himself, "I do have the magic carpet. I can grab a lamb, run back to the carpet, run out onto the desert until I'm out of sight, and then curve around and come back off the desert far enough away that nobody will know that I stole the lamb. That's what I'll do."

So he jumped up out of his hiding place and dashed over to where several lambs were trying

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

to flee but were blocked by the rest of the flock. The shepherd sounded his horn, and the two dogs raced over and started nipping at his ankles. They were not big dogs, though, and two well-placed kicks sent both of them flying through the air. They weren't much hurt, but were quite dazed, and Gurkin was easily able to seize a lamb and run away before they had recovered.

But when he reached the bush where he had hidden his false head and the magic carpet, disaster had struck! The head had been so badly mutilated that it was useless to him, and the carpet had completely vanished. "Aiiyee!" Gurkin screamed. "Someone has stolen my carpet!" Of course, he had stolen it first, so he had no right to it, but the small brain of a Whimsie could never grasp that complicated a point. What he knew was that he could hear the barking of dogs not far behind him, and the shouts of a number of men close behind them. He had no choice; he had to run, and he could run faster unencumbered by the lamb.

With deep regret he put the little animal down.

156

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

"Maybe if they find you safe they won't chase me too hard," he muttered, and ran toward the desert as fast as he could.



Andior scrambled through the rocks and bushes that bordered the desert, looking for that annoying kid that kept straying from his family's flock of goats. Where could the little rascal have gone? He knew that she was smart enough – that was how she managed to evade the guard dogs so often – but she didn't have the experience to know that leaving the flock exposed her to great danger.

Wait a minute! Was that a bleat? He hurried off to his left, following the elusive sound, and a moment later heard it again, closer and clearer. "Butterball!" he exclaimed, as he saw the kid chewing happily on something lying under a bush. He immediately recognized it as a huge pasteboard head. His family's flock had lost several goats to a Whimsie four years earlier, before they had joined with two other families in the

157

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

neighborhood to capture him and take him to the capital for imprisonment. Now it looked as if another one was threatening them.

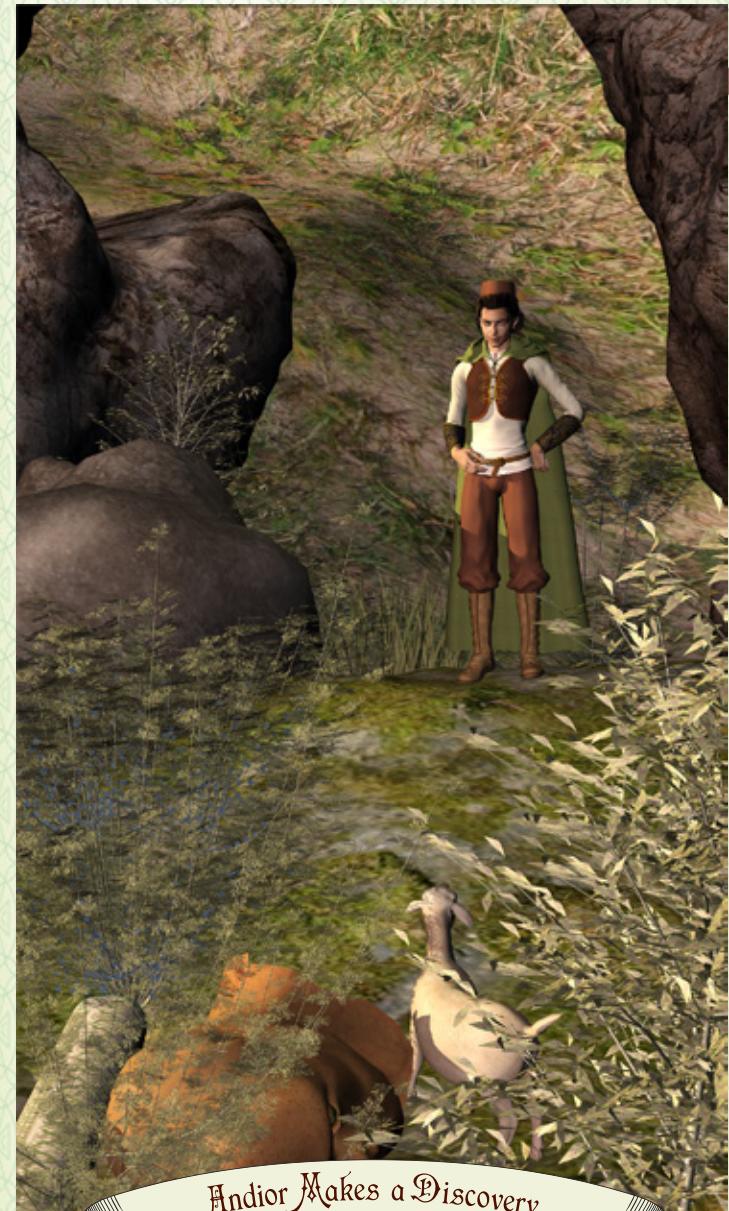
He kicked the head several times, knocking holes in it to try to spoil it for its owner. As he did so, he noticed a rolled-up carpet lying behind the head. He unrolled a little of it.

"Nice work!" he said, whistling. Since he made regular trips into Carpeton to sell goat-hair to the weavers there, he had learned quite a bit about what made a carpet valuable, and this one impressed him even though he knew nothing of its magical properties. Well, one thing he was sure of – however the Whimsie had acquired it, it hadn't been honest. He picked it up and put it over one shoulder; then he picked up Butterball under his other arm and trotted off toward the rest of his family and flock.



"What do you have there?" his father Galdion asked as Andior entered the little hollow where their flock was grazing.

158



Andior Makes a Discovery

159

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

"Well, I found Butterball," Andior said cheerfully. "But Butterball had found a Whimsie's false head, which is not so good."

"No, it's not," his father agreed. "But what's the carpet?"

"It was with the Whimsie's head. He must have stolen it somewhere – you know a Whimsie couldn't make a carpet, and they never have any money so he couldn't have bought it either."

"That's true enough. But he won't think of it that way; he'll think you stole it from him."

Andior's mother Tarama had been listening to this exchange and said, "I think this would be a good time for you to visit my brother Zankor up north. And take the carpet with you. If the Whimsie should find our camp, I'd rather he didn't find that carpet among us."

The lad shrugged and said, "I'd enjoy a visit with Uncle Zankor, and it would be a change from herding goats. But I don't think we're in any danger from the Whimsie."

"Just go," Tarama said. She quickly made up a bundle and handed it to him. "Here. Two loaves

THE FUGITIVE WHIMSIE

13

of bread and a wedge of cheese for you to eat on the way, and wheel of cheese as a present for Zankor and Milia. Take your spare robe and you'll do well enough."

"Yes, mother!" Andior laughed, and stooped to kiss her. Then he added his spare robe to the bundle, tied it around his waist, shouldered the carpet, and started west to the North Road.



Gurkin on the Trail



HEN THE HERDSMEN found the lamb they broke off their pursuit, so Gurkin only had to run a short distance. After a little while he slipped back toward the spot where had spent the previous night, to find that the herds-men had gone and taken his false head with them. This annoyed him greatly, even though he knew that he would never have worn that head again anyway.

After he satisfied his hunger with some things that only a Whimsie would eat, he began to search around to see if he could find the tracks of the person who had taken the carpet. Whimsies

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

are not very bright, but they are good trackers, and he was soon able to pick up Andior's trail leading north. After about half an hour he came to the hollow where Gladion's flock had been, but it was deserted. He could tell that a flock of goats and a few people had been here no more than an hour earlier, but something had made them move on.

He followed the track of the animals to the west and then the south as their path curved, not noticing Andior's trail where it continued west away from the others. Soon he heard the bleating of the goats, mixed with the sound of sheep and dogs. He crept carefully through the bushes until he could see three flocks – two of sheep and one of goats – ranging around a hillside. There were nearly a dozen adult men congregated in a small group talking to one another, while several of the older boys worked with the dogs to keep the three flocks separated. A larger group of younger children were playing nearby, and the women and older girls were talking, cooking, spinning, and weaving in front of their tents. All of them were much too

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

far from cover for Gurkin to reach before the men could forestall him.

He lurked about for the rest of the day, hoping that with darkness he might be able to sneak into the encampment and search for the carpet. However, as dusk began to fall the boys drove the flocks into compact groups near the tents, and the men built a circle of watch-fires around the whole encampment. The fires gave too much light for Gurkin to pass them unseen, so he grumpily made himself a nest of bracken and went to sleep.



In the morning the Whimsie was awakened by the sounds of camp being broken. He returned to his vantage point and saw the tents being struck and the meager household goods of the families being piled into three carts. He watched sharply, especially the household that seemed to own the goats, but he saw no sign of a carpet like the one he had lost. He scratched his head.

"If nobody here has my carpet," he muttered,

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

"then perhaps whoever has it went in a different direction. I'd better go back and see if I missed something along the way."

He followed the back trail of the goats, this time watching carefully to see if any other trail branched off from it. It was not long before he saw signs that a single person had continued to the west where everyone else had turned south. He set out as quickly as he could to follow the trail, muttering darkly to himself that he had wasted nearly a whole day, and had not even found anything good to eat.



Meanwhile, Andior had set out on a visit to his uncle, happily unaware that the Whimsie placed such a high value on the carpet that he would follow wherever its bearer might take it. He whistled a merry tune as he strode along, serenely content to enjoy the vigor of youth and perfect health. He had been surprised to find how light the carpet was, since he had no idea that that was part of the magic charm Glinda had placed on it.

165

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

It took him little more than an hour to reach the North Road, where he turned right and soon passed through Brecken. There he refreshed himself with a drink from its famous pond and continued on to the north. As he marched along the road he waved cheerful greetings to the herdsmen he saw tending their flocks nearby, and they responded in kind. After another couple of hours he knew he should be nearing his uncle's camp, and he called out to the next herdsman he passed, "Do you know where Zankor is camping today?"

"I saw him three days ago camped a couple of miles north and five miles west of here," the herdsman responded. "If he isn't still there, he probably hasn't moved far."

"Thanks!" Andior said. The countryside around him was rolling, but not rugged, so he decided to go across country rather than taking the road any farther. He skirted the other herdsman's flock and struck out toward the west-northwest. As he walked, he ate some of the bread and cheese his mother had given him; to appear hungry at

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

the moment of arrival was not considered polite among the herdsmen of Boboland. Darkness was falling when he came in sight of the watch-fires around his uncle's tents.

"Who's there?" a boy's voice challenged sharply.

"It's me, Andior!" he called back. "Don't you recognize me, Keriар?"

"Andior! Welcome, but what are you doing here? And no, I couldn't recognize my own father when it's this dark." The boy took him by the shoulders and said, "Besides, you've grown six inches since the last time I saw you. You're almost a full-grown man!"

"Well, I'm seventeen now, so I should be," Andior said with a laugh. "Is Uncle Zankor in camp?"

"Of course," Keriар replied.

"Then lead on! Or are you not supposed to leave your post?"

"Not for long, but I can take you into the camp," the boy said. "Let's go."

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

Zankor and his family welcomed Andior enthusiastically, and accepted his gift of cheese with thanks. There were three other grown men who also belonged to Zankor's family group, along with their wives and children – in all, about twenty people. The women served up a tasty stew for dinner, and while they ate Andior explained why he had come to them. They were all quite interested in the carpet, admiring its workmanship and marveling at its lightness.

"If you ask me, there's magic in this cloth," Zankor's brother Doriar said. "I don't think it could be this light any other way. Besides, what use would a Whimsie have for an ordinary carpet, even an exceptionally beautiful one? Whimsies don't care about beauty – but they love magic!"

"A magic carpet?" Andior said, intrigued. "Do you think it would fly?"

"You could try it!" Keriар, who had been relieved of his sentry duty, said eagerly.

"No! It might be dangerous!" Milia protested. "What if it flew up high in the air and then fell?"

"Maybe if I just told it to rise a few inches off

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

the ground," Andior said slowly. He recognized the truth of what Milia said, but was very curious about the carpet's powers.

After some discussion he did try to make the carpet fly, but of course that was not part of its power. Disappointed, he rolled it up and tucked it into a corner of the tent where he was to sleep among the other teen-age boys.



Gurkin had no trouble following Andior's trail to the North Road, but so many travelers passed along it in both directions that it was hopeless to try to guess which way he had gone. Finally he shook his head and said to himself, "If he went left to Carpeton, then he's there already. I have no chance of finding my carpet in that place. They don't like Whimsies and there are too many carpets. So I'll hope he turned right."

He didn't dare use the road itself; he had to skulk along, sometimes well off the road, in order to stay out of sight of the herdsmen and villagers along the road. Finally, however, he saw the

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

guard post at the northern border of Boboland, and he knew that his quarry had either gone to Carpeton or had left the road. He retraced his steps and within a couple of miles spotted a lone herdsman tending a flock of sheep.

He stealthily crept up on the man, and then with a quick rush seized him and dragged him behind a boulder. "Did you see someone – probably a young man – pass by here carrying a carpet?"

The herdsman was terrified of the Whimsie, who was as strong as three men and who had mean little eyes. "I saw a young man yesterday," he said quickly. "He was carrying something that might have been a carpet."

"Where did he go?" Gurkin gave him a shake when there was no immediate answer.

"He asked for Zankor's camp," the herdsman said. "I told him it was about five miles over that way," and pointed west.

"Just in case you're lying to me," Gurkin said, "I'll take you along. If he's there, and I find my carpet, I'll let you go free. If he's not, you'll be very sorry."



Gurkin Questions a Herdsman

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

"That's where he said he was going, I promise you!" the man squeaked. "But he may not have stayed there; I can't help that."

Gurkin growled and took the herdsman's pouch, which contained food for his evening meal. Without a word he started eating it, meanwhile dragging the herdsman along with him in the direction he had indicated. When Gurkin caught sight of the camp, he pulled the man behind a thicket and tied him up securely with his own belt.



"You're our guest," Zankor said to Andior in the morning, "but you're family too, which means you get to help out with the herds."

"I've been here before, Uncle," Andior laughed, flexing his arm to show off his biceps. "I'm bigger than I was last time, though. You can give me a man's task, not a boy's."

"True enough," Zankor said, looking with approval on his nephew's muscles. "Very well. You can stand alarm duty with me and Gonior."

172

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

He handed Andior a spear, and then waited while the youth went into the tent and brought out the carpet. "There isn't usually much to do on alarm duty," he said. "Maybe I can figure out how to make this thing work."

The flocks spread out to the north of the campsite, in a circle centered about a quarter mile out. The older boys and the dogs watched the sheep and kept a sharp eye out for wolves and robbers; some of the grown men stayed at the center of the circle ready to answer any alarm from the boys, and the others stayed in the camp to guard the women and younger children.



Andior had no more success with the carpet during the morning than he had had the night before. "I don't think this thing is really magic," he complained. "At least, I can't make it do anything."

"I'm sure it's magic," Zankor said. "I just don't think you've found out what it can do."

It was mid-afternoon when they heard loud shouts from the camp, and the boy with the

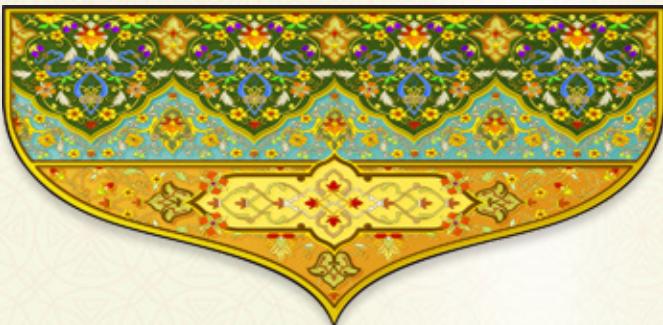
173

GURKIN ON THE TRAIL

14

flock nearest the camp sounded the alarm. They started toward the camp, and then Zankor squinted ahead, paused, and held Andior back. "It's the Whimsie!" he said. "I can see him fighting with Rogalin and Deriar. I don't know how he followed you here, but I think you should take that carpet and make a run for the guard post at the border. The soldiers there can protect you while I gather some friends from other families; then we can escort you down to Carpeton, where you should be safe until we can capture him. I can't protect you well enough here."

Andior didn't want to leave his family, but Zankor had the authority; he shrugged, picked up the carpet, and started trotting east by north toward the guard post on the North Road.



174

To the Kingdom of Dreams

15

WHEN GURKIN CHARGED into the camp, two herdsmen jumped to their feet and seized their spears. They were between him and the tents, where he hoped to find the carpet. Although he knew that a Whimsie could not be killed by a spear, he knew that their sharp points would be painful and could disable him, so he tried unsuccessfully to dodge around them. He heard one of the boys sounding his horn, and knew that in a few moments he would have to face even more herdsmen. He backed off a few steps and glanced around, looking for an opening.

175

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

Just then, his sharp eyes caught movement out among the flocks, and he saw a tall youth trotting away to the east carrying a carpet – surely the one he considered his! He wheeled away from the herdsmen and immediately started chasing the youth. Andior had some advantage, in that he was rested and well-fed while Gurkin was hungry and had been traveling all day. Still, Whimsies are stronger than humans, and Gurkin slowly began closing in on his quarry.

Andior thought about simply dropping the carpet and letting the Whimsie have it. After all, he didn't know how to use it himself. Still, he kept it because of a stubborn feeling that he shouldn't give anything magical to this enemy of his people.

Gurkin knew well that he couldn't let the lad reach the guard post, so he chose an angle that forced his quarry to go farther and farther north to stay away from him. Finally, about a mile short of the North Road, Andior found he had reached the south bank of the swift river that divided Boboland from the Kingdom of Dreams, and the Whimsie was between him and the road.

176

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

Like most herdsmen, Andior was never around sizable bodies of water long enough to become a good swimmer; he had splashed around in the pond at Brecken a few times, but he knew he would have no chance of swimming across this river. In despair he threw down the carpet on the bank, planning to turn and run back to the west and hoping that the Whimsie would settle for recovering his carpet and not pursue him any farther.

To his great surprise, however, the carpet instantly unrolled and formed a bridge across the river. "So *that's* its magic!" he thought. The Whimsie was closing in fast, so crossing his fingers Andior hopped onto the carpet and rapidly ran toward the other bank. It rolled up behind him so that when Gurkin made a desperate leap for its end, he fell a yard short and landed with a loud splash in the water. Andior reached the north bank of the river in a moment, but when he looked back he could see the Whimsie swimming strongly in the same direction, although the current was carrying him westward as well.

177

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

Andior picked up the carpet and ran to the east along the river bank, hoping that his pursuer would be delayed enough by the river that he could beat him to the guard post.

The Kingdom of Dreams, however, is not Boboland, and those who enter it even for a short time are never the same afterward. Andior had not run a hundred yards when a little old man in a gray cloak, carrying a large gray bag over his shoulder, came tripping nimbly down from the sky to dance along beside him.

"You look very tired, poor boy," the little man said. "Here, this will give you some much-needed rest!" And he reached into his bag and tossed a pinch of silvery powder into Andior's face. Instantly the youth felt an overpowering need to sleep, and he was barely able to catch himself from falling flat on his face before he was deep in slumber.

The Sand Man brings sleep to all the people of the world, but he makes his home in the Kingdom of Dreams, and his magic instantly brings him from wherever he might be when strangers



Andior Meets the Sand Man

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

enter the kingdom. He is a kind-hearted little fellow, and would never harm anyone himself, but curious things can happen to those who lie asleep in his kingdom.

He had just settled Andior with his head pillowled on the Magic Carpet when he felt the presence of another stranger on the soil of the kingdom. He quickly danced over to where Gurkin was pulling himself from the river, and as soon as the Whimsie was fully on dry land the Sand Man flicked a pinch of sand into his face. Gurkin, too, immediately fell fast asleep, and again the Sand Man arranged him as comfortably as he could manage.

"Sweet dreams to you both, now," he said gently, and vanished back to his regular rounds.



It was the next morning when the Woggle-bug, the Frogman, the lion and the tiger left the inn at Brecken and resumed their journey up the North Road. The hawthorn twig still pointed north along the road, so they set out briskly. Occasion-

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

ally they could see herdsmen with their flocks of sheep or goats near the road, and when the Bobolanders saw that the lion and tiger showed no interest in them or their animals, they usually gave the travelers a friendly wave.

About the middle of the morning they came to a river—the first they had seen since leaving Oz. The road continued across a bridge, and on the far side was a small blockhouse with a tall gated fence just beyond it. Several herdsmen were clustered around its door, talking to a guard in the blue and white uniform of Boboland. When they saw the travelers approaching they fell silent and waited as they crossed the bridge.

"Halt!" the guard ordered, bringing his pike to a ready position.

"Certainly," the Woggle-bug said, halting along with his companions.

"State your business."

"A Whimsie stole a magic carpet from us," the professor said. "Lurline, the Queen of the Fairies, gave us an enchanted hawthorn twig that points to it, and it has led us here."

181



TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

"What proof have you that it's yours?" one of the herdsmen asked with a hostile glare.

"We have a letter of introduction from Princess Ozma of Oz," was the reply. "It doesn't mention the carpet, but it asks those we meet to assist us."

"So who's Ozma, and where's Oz?" asked another herdsman.

"Oz is the great kingdom on the other side of the desert," the guard said quickly. "And Ozma is its ruler. May I see the letter?"

The professor silently drew it from his pocket and handed it over, and the guard slowly spelled his way through it. Three more guards had joined them outside the blockhouse now, so that it was becoming a bit crowded on the short stretch of road between the bridge and the fence.

"It seems to be in order," the first guard said finally. He turned to the first herdsman who had spoken. "It sounds as if you might know something about this carpet."

"I *thought* it was a magic carpet," the herdsman said. "My name is Zankor, and night before last

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

my nephew Andior brought the carpet to my camp a few miles west of here. He'd found it next to a Whimsie's false head. I didn't think a Whimsie would be carrying an ordinary carpet around."

"Then does it remain at your camp with your nephew?" the Woggle-bug asked eagerly.

"Unfortunately, no," Zankor said. "The Whimsie followed Andior and attacked my camp yesterday. I sent Andior with the carpet to take refuge with the guards here, until I could gather a group large enough to capture the Whimsie or escort the lad to Carpeton. But when we got here a few minutes ago, we found he had never arrived. We were just about to set out and search for him."

"The Whimsie was chasing him," put in another herdsman. "And he's big and fast and mean. He left me tied up, and I'm just lucky you found me before I died of hunger or thirst."

"I do not know if we can locate your nephew," the Woggle-bug said, "but we can find the carpet. If it remains in his possession, we shall find him as well." He took out the hawthorn twig, which now pointed due west.

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

"He must be along the riverbank somewhere!" Zankor said. "Come, let's find him!"

The four Ozites, accompanied by two of the guards and all of the herdsmen, retreated across the bridge and began walking along the south bank of the river. At first the twig continued to point west, but as they progressed it began to twist more and more to the north.

"I fear that the carpet is on the other side of the river," the professor said.

"Then I don't see how Andior could still have it," Zankor said despondently. "He can't swim, and the only bridge for many miles is the one at the guard post."

"That depends," rumbled the tiger. "The carpet could easily have taken him across the river if he gave it a chance."

Zankor brightened. "Then we can hope that he gave it a chance. Wait! I think I see him up ahead!"

Sure enough, they saw the youth stretched out on the ground on the opposite bank, with the carpet rolled up under his head. Not far from him they saw the Whimsie, also stretched

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

out and unmoving.

"What's going on?" the Frogman asked. "What's the boy doing sleeping when there's a Whimsie hot on his trail? And what's the Whimsie doing sleeping when he's almost caught his prey?"

"That's the Kingdom of Dreams over there," a guard said soberly. "Strange things happen to those who cross its borders. That's why we have a guard post at the only bridge, to warn people before they enter."

"When you say 'strange things,' are they bad things?" the lion asked with a nervous quiver to his voice.

"Not necessarily," the guard said. "I've never heard of anyone coming to physical harm there. But nobody who has gone there once has ever gone back for a second time, as far as I know."

The Frogman stood gauging the current of the river, and then said, "I think I can swim across easily enough. With any luck, I can get the carpet and the lad and get back with them before anything happens. I don't see any of the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Dreams, do you?"

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

"I see no one," the other guard said, "but I've been posted here for nearly a year now, and I've never seen anyone on that side of the border."

"For all it's a cliché, nothing ventured, nothing gained is true enough," the Frogman said, and he began stripping off his elegant clothes. He made a neat pile of them on the river bank, charging the Woggle-bug with taking good care of them, and plunged into the river. Frogs are much better swimmers than Whimsies, and with the benefit of the zosozo the Frogman was across to the opposite bank before the current had carried him more than a few yards downstream. He trotted over to the sleeping youth, tucked him under one arm and the carpet under the other, and had started back toward the bank when there was a shimmering in the air in front of him and the Sand Man appeared.

"You can't leave just yet," he said gently, and tossed a pinch of sand into the Frogman's eyes. The Frogman sagged to the ground in full view of the others, now only about ten yards from the bank, and the Sand Man disappeared.

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

"Who was that?" one of the herdsmen asked in a shaky voice.

"I don't know," the Woggle-bug replied, "but clearly a magic worker of some kind. Still, he didn't stop the Frogman until he was nearly back to the river. One more try should make it. Unfortunately, I can't swim."

"Nor can I," Zankor said, and the other Bobolanders shook their heads to indicate that they, too, would be helpless in the water.

"Then it looks as if it's up to us," the lion said with a sigh. "I can't carry the boy and the frog and the carpet, though. In fact, I doubt if the tiger and I could do that together."

"Getting the carpet should be enough," the professor said. "If you can bring that over here, then we should be able to use it for a bridge for several of us to go back across and get the lad and the Frogman back before whoever that was returns."

"I'll try," the lion replied, and with no further ado he trotted about fifty yards upstream. Then he plunged in, and proved that he had gauged the current and his swimming speed well when

TO THE KINGDOM OF DREAMS

15

he reached the opposite bank at almost exactly the nearest point to the Frogman. He sprang up the bank, seized the carpet in his jaws, and was only a foot short of the bank when the Sand Man arrived once more and put him to sleep.

"My turn, I suppose," the Hungry Tiger growled, and repeated the lion's trip upstream and his swim across the river. The tiger, however, didn't even have to set foot on dry land; he hooked the carpet with his claws while clinging to an underwater root, and then took it in his jaws and swam back to the others. The Sand Man never appeared.



188

Andior's Dream

16

EXCEPT FOR THE SAND MAN, all the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Dreams are very tiny creatures called phantagens, who are close kin to the damselflies of Boboland. They have some ability to feel the emotions of others, and when they find someone sleeping, they use that sense to make up a story and whisper it in the sleeper's ear. Perhaps we have such phantagens in our world as well, though no one has ever seen one. But in the Kingdom of Dreams there are a great many, far more than there are sleepers, and so as soon as the Sandman has put

189

ANDRION'S DREAM

16

an intruder to sleep, one of the phantagens will almost immediately be found at his ear. Most are kind, if not terribly intelligent. Because of this, the dreams they bring are pleasant but often make little sense upon waking. Some few, however, while not truly wicked, are mischievous, and the dreams they bring are often frightening to the dreamer.

The phantagen who reached Andrior first was a cheerful little lady who was distressed to find that his primary emotion was fear. "Now, we can't have that," she thought. "It's probably that horrid creature that came out of the water just as he went to sleep. Well, the Sand Man has taken care of that one, so I'll just tell this young man a brisk tale of adventure in which he's the hero, and perhaps take care of his pursuer as well."

And as Andrior slept, he dreamed that he was walking south on the North Road, carrying the magic carpet and whistling a merry tune. Herdsman waved to him from the hillsides as he passed, and whenever he passed through a village there were always two or three pretty

ANDRION'S DREAM

16

girls who looked at him admiringly.

He was in the middle of a village, enjoying the appreciative looks of three particularly pretty young ladies, when suddenly a dark cloud swept over them all, though there was no wind. Then there was a strong scent of salt and pepper, and two red eyes glowed out of the cloud.

"A Rak!" Andrior exclaimed, recognizing it from the descriptions in his family's traditional tales. "Everyone go indoors, and I will fight it!"

A Rak, as you may know, is the most dangerous of all mythological monsters. It can fly in the air, and run like a deer, and swim like a fish. It has a great furnace in its lungs that makes its breath darken the sky for miles around. It is big as a hundred men, and has an insatiable appetite for flesh. It is also immortal and cannot be killed, although it can be injured.

Andrior had not been carrying any weapons, but now he found that he had a strong bow and a quiver of arrows. He had also never shot a bow in his life, but he felt sure that he knew exactly how to use it. He took an arrow from



Andior Saves a Village from a Rak

ANDRION'S DREAM

the quiver, set it to the bowstring, drew the bow as far as he could, and let fly at one of the rapidly-growing red eyes.

The Rak let out a howl as the glow of its left eye disappeared. Andior calmly let another arrow fly, and with a louder howl from the Rak the second eye disappeared as well. With no specific target, Andior shot arrow after arrow into the midst of the cloud, until the cloud itself retreated and quickly disappeared over the horizon.

The three pretty girls ran out of their houses and covered his face with kisses, somewhat to his embarrassment. "You've saved us all!" one of them said. "You've killed the Rak!" said another. "You're wonderful!" cried the third.

"I'm afraid I haven't killed the Rak," he said modestly. "Raks can't be killed, except perhaps by magic. But I made him uncomfortable enough that he probably won't attack *this* village again."

"We still think you're wonderful," the first girl said.

"Will you settle in our village and protect us from other menaces?" asked the second.

"And choose one of us to marry?" asked the third.

ANDRION'S DREAM

16

"I'm sorry, ladies," he said regretfully, "but I have an appointment in Carpeton to show this carpet to an expert. I have to go now, but I must pass this way when I return to my family. Who knows what I may decide then? You're all very lovely."

And as the girls blew him kiss after kiss, he strode on toward the south.

Much sooner than he would have thought possible, he found himself at the north gate of Carpeton, and the guard let him enter. Near the City Hall he found the shop of Korian, the greatest expert on carpets in Carpeton – which probably meant in the world. He was a small man, with keen eyes and powerful arms from constantly handling heavy carpets.

"And what have you here, young Andior?" he asked in his surprisingly deep voice.

"A carpet I found, sir," the youth replied. "I hoped you could tell me something about it."

"Perhaps I could, perhaps I could," Korian said. "But what do you need to know?"

"Uncle Zarkon thinks it's magic, and I do too now," he said, though in the dream he didn't

ANDRION'S DREAM

16

remember its forming a bridge across the river.

"If it is, then it seems likely that it's Ozma's Magic Carpet," was the reply. "That's the only magic carpet that I know of except in silly stories. But if you stole it from Ozma, then I wouldn't want to be in your shoes."

"I didn't!" Andior protested. "I found it next to a Whimsie's false head, and I've been chased by a Whimsie ever since..." He was beginning to remember a little more about what had happened.

"I wouldn't want to be in your shoes if a Whimsie thinks you stole it from him, either," Korian said, shaking his head. "But at least you're probably safe from a Whimsie here in Carpeton."

In the real world that would have been true enough, but in dreams strange things happen, and they both looked up from their inspection of the carpet to see Gurkin's face peering in the window. When he saw the carpet he howled, and kicked the door in even though it hadn't been locked. Andior grabbed the carpet and he and Korian barely beat the Whimsie out the back door.

Strangely, there were no citizens of Carpe-

194

195

ANDRION'S DREAM

16

ton on the streets, and as they fled Gurkin grew larger and larger, and howled louder and louder, as he pursued them down the main street of the city. But suddenly he was tripped, and a moaning voice said, "Whooooo are yoouuuu? Doooooon't hooooowl if yooouuuuuur'e not a Whooooover!" And a giant Whoover, big for its race as Gurkin was for his, stood over him menacingly.

"You. Can't. Beat. Anyone. Here." snapped an equally huge Whopper, emphasizing its words by smacking the Whimsie in the middle of his back with each one. As rapidly as he had grown when chasing Andior and Korian, he shrank under the attacks of the Whoover and Whopper.

"I always thought Whimsies were filth," Korian said. "I guess the Whoovers and Whoppers are the right ones to take care of him."

And as he watched the Whimsie steadily shrink toward nothingness, Andior became aware of someone shaking him and saying, "Wake up, lad! We need to move!"

196

GURKIN'S DREAM

17

NE POOR PHANTAGEN tried her best, but Whimsies have such tiny brains that they never dream.

The Frogman's Dream

18

HEN THE FROGMAN fell asleep, a phantagen flitted up to the side of his head, looking for an ear. It puzzled the little creature a bit, because the ears of frogs are by no means as easy to identify as those of humans, but eventually she correctly decided that the circular patches behind his eyes must be his ears, even

197



THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

though they were flat with no opening in them.

She felt for his emotions, and found that they were dominated by pleasure in the swim he had had in the river, and pride in his strength and intelligence. So the dream she began whispering to him began under water, and the Frogman dreamt of his life when he had been only a wee tadpole in a small pool in the Winkie country of Oz.

And life had been sweet in those days, with no responsibilities except to find enough food to stave off hunger – an easy task in the little pool, with countless tiny creatures available with little more effort than opening his mouth and taking them in. The cool water bathed his skin and gills constantly, and he was happy, but rather bored.

In life it had taken weeks for his legs to grow and his tail and gills to disappear, but in the dream it seemed a matter of only a few minutes before he found himself no longer a tadpole, but a tiny frog, able to leave the pool and hop about on the shore, using his swift tongue to capture some of the gnats that hovered about the pool. Very quickly, as the dream progressed,

THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

he grew into a fair-sized frog, and as had happened in his life, he decided that he was well able to explore the world and see if some place was more interesting than his home.

There was a rush of terror when a hawk stooped down from the sky and seized him in its talons, carrying him high into the air. The Winkie Country spread out below him, and had he not feared for his life he would quite have enjoyed the view. In no time at all, it seemed, the hawk approached a high tableland. The hawk seemed intent on landing in a tree on the tableland, and the frog guessed that he was intended to be food for the hawk's young. Feeding one's children was a virtue, he knew, but not when he was the dinner in question! He kicked frantically, and took the hawk off guard so that he suddenly found himself falling through the air, down, down toward the ground.

He was sure that he would be smashed flat when he struck the ground, but instead the leaves of a clump of bushes slowed his fall, and a moment later he splashed down into the water

198

199



200

THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

of a tiny pool that was even smaller than the one where he had been hatched. He dived to the bottom and huddled there, trembling with reaction to his terrifying experience.

He had a cheerful nature, however, and soon began to explore his new surroundings. Although frogs normally eat small creatures like insects and worms, they sometimes eat vegetable matter, and the first thing that he found that looked edible was a beard-like growth that seemed to sprout from every rock in the pool. He nibbled it a bit, and found that it was delicious. It also seemed to give him marvelous energy, and to sharpen his thoughts greatly. He ate until he was full, and then hopped out of the pool to sit under the branches of a bush where no bird could find him.

By the time he was hungry again the pool seemed smaller than it had been, but he returned to the delicious food and once again ate his fill. In what seemed only a few minutes in the dream, he had grown so large that he could hardly fit into the pool, and he emerged from the bushes with

201

THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

little fear of any bird that might find him.

He had not gone far when for the first time he saw a human, and it is hard to say which of the two was more astonished. "What manner of creature are you?" he asked.

"I'm a Yip," the man said. "And you're a frog, but never in my life have I seen a frog your size."

The frog quickly learned that the Yips were the most important creatures on the tableland, and seeing that they all walked on their hind legs and wore clothing, he decided that he would do the same. And once again the dream made events that had taken weeks and months in his life seem to happen in a matter of minutes, so that he found himself with a house of his own near a pleasant pool where he could swim, and a wardrobe of elegant clothes that were better than any that the Yips themselves wore. He became the nearest thing the Yips had to a ruler, and convinced them all that he was the wisest creature in the world.

But then, as happens in dreams, things suddenly changed, and instead of strolling about

THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

the Yip country receiving the admiration of all he encountered, he found himself wandering through an unknown land with a Yip woman, and learning that those he met were far from impressed by his opinion of himself. And then he found himself swimming in yet a fourth pool, after which he had no choice but to tell the truth as he knew it at all times.

Yet for all the embarrassment that this caused him for a time, he found that to be a Frogman in the great Land of Oz, even though he was valued no more than he deserved, was more appealing than to be thought the wisest person in the world in the tiny Yip country. Among the Yips it was really true that none was as wise as he, and like his life in the pool where he was hatched, it had bored him. In the Emerald City, where he decided to make his home, he could talk with such intelligent folk as Professor Woggle-bug, the Scarecrow, the Shaggy Man, the Wizard, Cap'n Bill, Ozma herself, and on occasions even the great sorceress Glinda. Even Scraps, the Patchwork Girl, though frequently giddy, was full of cleverness and made delightful company.

202

203

THE FROGMAN'S DREAM

18

And so the Frogman was dreaming about an important meeting of Ozma's Council, in which he was making profound comments that were drawing approving nods from the others present, when he felt someone shaking him and the Woggle-bug's voice said, "Wake up, Frogman! We need to move quickly!"



204

The Cowardly Lion's Dream

19



HE LION WAS UNFORTUNATE, because the first phantagen who reached him was one of the mischievous ones. She felt for his emotions, and discovered a mixture of courage and fearfulness that provided a fertile soil for her special kind of nightmare. With a wicked grin she began whispering a dream into the shaggy ear.

The lion found himself wandering alone through a dark forest, full of mysterious sounds – the hissing of reptiles, the rumbling growls of other members of the cat family, even the mirthless laughter of hyenas. He shuddered a little to hear them, but he had

205

THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM

19

learned long ago that if he showed no fear, other beasts would generally leave him alone.

He followed a game trail, hoping to find a way out of the forest and back to the Emerald City where had lived for so many years. He had not gone far when a giant serpent dropped from a tree onto his back. Like lightning he reared onto his hind legs, slapped the serpent with a forepaw, and leaped forward along the trail, leaving the reptile writhing on the ground behind him. His heart was pounding, but for the moment he was safe, and he resumed his regal progress.

Around the next bend in the trail he met a tiger, as large as his friend the Hungry Tiger, but by no means as friendly. The tiger crouched in the middle of the trail, its tail flicking back and forth as it gathered itself to spring forward. Before it could do so, however, the lion uttered a thunderous roar and charged forward himself. The tiger, already tense from preparing to spring forward, instead turned tail and ran, leaving the lion alone again.

"Courage!" he thought to himself. "As long as I meet these creatures with courage – or at least,

THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM

19

without showing fear – they'll run from me."

But that was not true for his next encounter, as a huge gray bull elephant shuffled around a bend. Now normally the Cowardly Lion was quite friendly with elephants; he had nothing they wanted, and they had nothing he wanted, so when they passed in the forest they nodded respectfully to each other and went their ways. In this case, however, his sensitive nose told him that this elephant was in the grip of the madness called *musth*, and would therefore kill any beast or man that he could.

No roar or aggression would deter this elephant, who lifted his trunk to trumpet a challenge and then charged at a lumbering trot. Neither would the lion have a chance if he stood and fought. He might be able to inflict severe injuries on the elephant, though he had no desire to do so, but he knew he would inevitably be crushed if he joined in battle.

So he dodged into the forest, contriving always to place large trees between himself and the elephant, and after a few minutes the sounds of the great tusker crashing through the

THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM

19

trees faded away and the lion was able to regain the game trail. Hardly had he done so when a kalidah, with a body like a bear and a head like a tiger, challenged his right to proceed.

"Let me pass," the lion growled. "I have no desire to remain in your forest."

But the kalidah said nothing – whether because he could not or would not, who can say? Instead, it reared on its hind legs and raised its powerful paws, ready to strike at the lion if he came close. The lion knew that if he retreated, the kalidah would follow him, and that furthermore the elephant and the tiger and the serpent were all probably waiting along the back trail. He gathered himself and sprang forward, his head high as if he were going for the kalidah's throat. The kalidah raised himself a little higher on its hind legs to give its paws a better stroke, and the lion confounded it by dropping his head low and striking the kalidah in its belly, knocking it onto its back. He then quickly dodged to one side and dashed along the trail for about twenty yards, after which he slowed to a trot as he could hear that the kalidah was not following him.

208

THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM

19

"So far," the lion thought, "I've done well enough. Call it courage or common sense, I've met the challenges that I could and evaded the ones that I couldn't, without retreating."

The naughty phantagen was disappointed that her attempts to terrify the lion in his dream had had so little effect, but she had other ideas to try. If the lion could muster courage enough to defy hostile beasts, perhaps the stronger forces of nature might serve her purpose better.

As the lion moved along the trail again, the wind began to moan in the treetops, and here and there in the forest he could hear the crack of a limb as the wind tore it from its tree. The forest giants around him sheltered him somewhat from the full force of the gale, but even so he was forced to flatten himself on the ground to avoid being blown off his feet. Then there was an ominous rending sound, and a tall tree began to topple directly toward where he was lying!

To clear its branches he had to spring almost directly toward the falling trunk, just far enough to one side that the trunk itself missed him.

209

THE COWARDLY LION'S DREAM

19

Moving against the wind felt painfully slow, but the tree crashed beside him doing no harm but a few scratches from some of the smaller twigs. He was shaking a little because of his close call, but then there was a horrendous thunderclap as a bolt of lightning struck a limb of the very tree that had just missed him. That was too much.

In complete panic the lion bolted down the trail, as fast as he could go into the strong wind. Another lightning bolt struck a tree beside the trail, and it flamed up like a torch. It seemed that no matter which way he went – along the trail, into the forest, or wherever – a bolt of lightning was striking never more than a few seconds and a dozen yards from wherever he was. Blindly he fled, crashing into trees, having his hide raked by thorny bushes, terrified by the thunder and lightning that came closer and closer, until it seemed the very earth was shaking, shaking, shaking...

"Wake up, Cowardly Lion," growled the familiar tones of the Hungry Tiger, shaking him out of his nightmare. "We need to get out of the Kingdom of Dreams."



The Lion Dreams of Lightning

Ozma Learns Magic

HALL AFTERNOON EREOL worked with Ozma as the princess practiced the projection of her fairy powers, and by sunset she could bring the power out of herself and infuse it into nearby objects without needing to concentrate at all. A small object she could lift, and she could even carry on a conversation while keeping it in the air.

"You're progressing nicely, Your Highness," Ereol said. "I know you must be hungry now, so I'll provide you with dinner." She drew a wand from her gown and waved it in front of Ozma, and once more a table appeared set with a selection of delicious food

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

and drink. Ozma seated herself in a chair that had also appeared, and ate with a good appetite.

When her hunger was satisfied and she was toying with an airy dessert, she asked, "And are we going to keep practicing this evening as well?"

"That is your choice," the fairy replied. "Our fairy band will dance here tonight, and I thought that it might interest you to watch us, and rest a while from your studies. But I know that you are eager to learn as fast as you can, so that you can return to your kingdom, and if you prefer to work through the evening then I am at your service."

Ozma has always been a most conscientious ruler, but at that time she had not spent many years in human form, and after a full day of studying very hard she was no more enthusiastic about studying some more than you might be yourself. "I don't believe that a few hours now will make much difference in when I can return to Oz," she said. "If I relax for a little while, it will probably make me learn faster in the morning. And I would dearly love to see the fairies dance – it's something that I can *almost* remember!"

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

So Ereol used her wand to create two comfortable chaise longues for herself and Ozma, and they reclined at the edge of the clearing while Lurline's band gathered for their dance. Few humans have ever seen the fairies dancing, and fewer have reported what they have seen, for if the fairies are aware of them they will gently remove the memory of the sight from the viewer. I am told, however, that the music and the dancing of the fairies are so lovely that even those who have seen it and remembered cannot really describe it.

Ozma, of course, was privileged, since although she was in human form she was still a member of the fairy band. Yet even she was completely enchanted by the sight and sound, and when the music and dancing at last came to a close, she was surprised to find that it was after midnight. She covered a delicate yawn and said, "If I'm to study all day tomorrow, I need to get some sleep!"

"Alas," Ereol said, "I fear that I lack Lurline's power, so I cannot provide you with a cabin and a hot bath as she did last night. I had hoped that she might be back by now, but since she is not, I

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

will do what I can."

She waved her wand, and a tent appeared beside them. Ozma entered it, not feeling too particular about the elegance of her accommodations, and was quite pleased to find a washstand with steaming hot water in a ewer, and a comfortable cot with a nightdress laid across it.

"It's all I could wish," she said to Ereol, ducking her head out through the tent flap. "I'll see you again in the morning." And after a quick wash, she changed into the nightdress and settled herself in the bed for a dreamless sleep.



In the morning Lurline had not yet returned, so Ereol provided Ozma with breakfast and resumed their lessons. The sleep overnight seemed to have firmed the lessons of the previous day in the princess's mind, and she was immediately able to lift not just one but two objects at the same time, all the while talking to Ereol about what she was doing.

"You have mastered the hardest part, prin-

214

215

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

cess,” Ereol said with a pleased look. “But there is much more you can do with objects than lift them. With a simple object, like a rock, you should be able to grasp its nature and change its shape to anything you like – though it will, of course, remain a rock. Try it.”

This thought was more difficult than simply lifting, but Ozma quickly found that indeed she could reshape an ordinary pebble into a horseshoe shape, or a perfect sphere, or finally into an elegant replica of Professor H.M. Woggle-bug, T.E. – which evoked a gale of laughter from both of them.

“I wonder if the professor would be more pleased that I chose him as an exercise of my powers, or displeased that he really looks quite pompous and arrogant?” Ozma giggled. (Ozma, like all fairies, has artistic talent far beyond any human, and her little statue was accurate in every detail.)

“I was elsewhere when he was here earlier,” Ereol said, “but from what my sisters have told me, it’s an excellent likeness!”

As the day wore on Ozma practiced shaping more complex objects – first dead twigs and

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

leaves, then living plants, and finally, with Ereol’s close guidance and the little creature’s consent, shaping a mouse into a mole and back.

“You have it!” Ereol said with delight when the experiment was over. “To be honest, that is already far more than I can do without my wand. Using my mind alone, I can only shape dead matter.”

“I know that I’d much rather not try to shape a living creature with my mind,” Ozma said wearily. “Trying to make sure it isn’t hurt while I move parts of it around is quite a strain. Is it easier with a wand?”

“Oh, very much so,” the fairy assured her. “When your wand has been properly empowered, you only need to think about the final result that you want; the wand will make sure that you do no harm.”

“Then how do I get my wand empowered?”

“Only Lurline can do that. Until she returns – oh! Here she is now!” And the graceful queen of the fairies drifted down to them lightly as a dandelion seed.

“How go your lessons?” she asked Ozma.

“Ereol says very well, but I’ll let her tell you

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

exactly," Ozma said modestly.

"She learns very quickly, Your Majesty," Ereol said with enthusiasm. "Already she can transform small animals with the power of her mind alone. I believe that she is ready to have her wand empowered."

"Excellent!" Lurline said. "I can see that you must remember some of your former power, down in the depths of your mind, or you would not learn so easily. The empowerment of a wand takes some time, though, and I think is best postponed until morning. First, you must eat, and then we should check on your comrades."

Once again she created a dinner table for Ozma, and once again the little princess satisfied her hunger and leaned back with a sigh. The table disappeared, and then Lurline circled her wand and a picture appeared before them. The Frogman, the Woggle-bug, the lion, and the tiger were seated around a campfire in what appeared to be prosperous farming country.

"I believe that is eastern Boboland," Lurline said. "They seem to be in no danger, and to be

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

making good progress along their way. Let us check on Scraps and the Sawhorse now."

Another circle of the wand and the Woggle-bug's group faded from sight and a view of the great hall of Glinda's palace appeared. Scraps was turning handsprings up and down its length, and the Sawhorse was standing just inside the entrance looking at her with disapproval on his face.

"They, too, seem to have reached their goal; I suppose that Glinda may be trying to make a new magic carpet."

"Unless what she reads in the Great Book of Records seems likely to make it unnecessary," Ozma said. "Glinda hates to waste magical power."

"I can understand that," the queen replied. "Her type of sorcery uses many rare tools and materials, and acquiring replacements can be a great deal of hard work – sometimes even impossible. We fairies are fortunate; our magic comes from our nature, and while we can temporarily tire, we recover almost at once."

"Can you show me the Magic Carpet?"

"Of course." Lurline circled her wand again and

218

219

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

the image of Glinda's palace faded and to their surprise, they saw the carpet beside a fire surrounded by a family of herdsmen, with several of the men surrounding it and a youth sitting in its center.

"It appears the Whimsie must have lost it!" Lurline said. "Those are herdsmen from the northeastern part of Boboland."

"That's probably a good thing," Ozma said thoughtfully. "I imagine that the professor and his companions will have a much easier time recovering it from those herdsmen – who look pleasant enough – than they would from the Whimsie."



After another refreshing night's sleep – this time following a much-needed hot bath – Ozma arose the next morning full of anticipation. Lurline had promised that immediately after breakfast, they would begin the ceremony that would empower her wand. After that, it was only a matter of learning to use it properly, and she would have regained all the magical power that she had had before her rebirth as a human being.

220

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

The queen was waiting for her outside the cabin, and simultaneously made the cabin disappear and a breakfast table appear. Ozma was almost too excited to eat, but she knew that she would probably need a great deal of energy for the morning's events, so she forced herself to eat a large bowl of porridge and two cups of hot, sweet tea.

"Now," she said, "can we begin?"

Lurline led Ozma over to a bubbling spring that fed a small brook flowing out of the clearing. Then she called out to several of her band who were hovering nearby. They formed a ring with Ozma and Lurline at the center, and began circling them, singing softly, while Lurline asked Ozma for her wand. She then instructed the princess to hold both hands out palms up, and laid the wand across them.

"Infuse your power into the wand," Lurline said, placing her hands on the wand so that her palms met Ozma's. "Treat it as if it were one of those objects that you have moved and transformed."

The wand was much larger than any object that Ozma had ever projected her power into, but

221



222

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

she found that its material was so pure that it was very easy to control. She could also feel additional power coming into it from Lurline, and a swirling of power from the dancing fairies that seemed to create something of a whirlpool centered on the wand, concentrating all three sources of power ever more strongly into its substance.

Slowly the wand began to shimmer with a silvery glow, and little motes of light sparkled around it. After nearly an hour, Lurline lifted one hand and then the other, and the sparkling continued. "Now take the wand in your right hand," she said. "You should feel the power of the wand in your hand, and your own power in the wand."

"I do!" Ozma marveled. "Is the wand empowered now?"

"Yes," the queen said. "But now the power needs to be sealed by the powers of earth, air, fire, and water, or as soon as the others cease dancing the power will begin to drain away again. First, you must seal it to the earth. Scrape the grass away from a patch of earth as large as the wand."

Ozma knelt on the ground and did as the

223

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

queen had bade her. "Now," Lurline continued, "Place the wand on the bare spot, and pressing it down with both hands, say, 'May the power of the earth bind my power into this wand."

Ozma complied, and as she said the words she felt a heavy, solid force seeming to wrap itself around her hands and the wand, give them a gentle squeeze, and relax itself. Then the queen said, "Now, remain kneeling, and lift the wand and hold it much as you did at the beginning. Then say, 'May the power of the air bind my power into this wand."

When Ozma said those words something like a small, horizontal whirlwind whipped around her hands and the wand, first tightening and then fading away. Lurline pointed her own wand at the ground, and a blazing fire sprang up in front of the princess. "Do not fear," she said. "This is a magic fire, that contains the power of fire but will not burn your hands when you place them in the flames. You must do that now, and say, 'May the power of fire bind my power into this wand."

224

OZMA LEARNS MAGIC

20

Ozma trusted the queen completely, so she extended her hands into the flames, holding the wand across them. As Lurline had said, the flames were warm but did not burn. When she said, "May the power of fire bind my power into this wand," she felt a greater warmth, and a sensation that her hands and the wand were almost lifted by the power of the fire.

"Finally, you must immerse the wand in the spring, and say, 'May the power of water bind my power into this wand.'" Ozma did so, and she could feel the water flowing around her hands and the wand and then returning to its usual path. After receiving a nod from Lurline, she lifted the wand and felt its power flowing into her hand as her own power flowed back into the wand.

"The rest of you can go now," Lurline told the other fairies. "Now I must teach Ozma the basics of working magic with her wand."



225

The Rescue of the Sleepers

WHEN THE HUNGRY TIGER reached the south bank of the river, he climbed out and gave a mighty shake that showered all his remaining companions. He then dropped the carpet in front of the Woggle-bug and said, "Pah! It tastes like dusty goat-hair!"

"Probably because magic aside, that's what it is," Zankor said. "A fine grade of it, too — the goat-hair, not the dust. We're proud of the carpets we make in Boboland, but this one is better than any of ours. I'm sure it's Fistikin work. I've only seen a couple of their carpets — their country is far to the east — but both their

THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

goats and their weavers are the best I know of."

"That must be where Glinda got the carpet material before she enchanted it," the professor mused. "However, that is immaterial to our present needs. We need to use it to cross the river."

He rolled it out a few inches toward the river, and the carpet immediately stretched itself out so that all of them could walk out over the rushing water. Zankor and his kin were nervous at first, but when the professor walked nonchalantly out onto a strip of carpet supported by nothing they could see, followed by the tiger, they gritted their teeth and followed.

"Let's not get put to sleep by that little guy," the Tiger rumbled as they neared the north bank.

"Of course not," the Woggle-bug said impatiently. "But I need greater propinquity in order to perceive just what has occurred. We shall cross the river upon the carpet, but must not set foot on the soil of the Kingdom of Dreams."

When they came close to the bank, only a foot from where the Cowardly Lion lay twitching and moaning in the throes of his dream,

THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

21

they were able to see the swarm of tiny phantagens that were hovering around the sleepers. "Damselflies?" asked the tiger.

"Or very near relatives," the professor concurred. "Perhaps that will be the source of our deliverance. Young ladies!"

Three or four of the phantagens flitted over toward them, although they were careful not to pass the edge of the bank. "Come to us," one of them said softly. "The Sand Man will give you sleep, and we can give you such sweet dreams as you could not imagine."

"My friend the lion doesn't appear to be having sweet dreams," the tiger growled.

"Oh, 'tis Magoria!" she said in a vexed tone. "She is not very nice, I fear. But for you, I warrant to select only the sweetest of my subjects should you only come and dream."

"Then you are the queen?" asked the Woggle-bug.

"I, Nembia, rule this band of phantagens, 'tis true, though none but the Sand Man rules the Kingdom of Dreams entire."

"And are you kin to the damselflies of Boboland?"



Negotiating with Nembia



THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

(21)

"We are indeed—close cousins, though not sisters."

"Then I shall pass on a request from your cousin, Princess Lissina. Do you know her?"

"I know of her well," Nembia replied, "though never have we met."

"Earlier in our journey, Princess Lissina appealed to us to destroy a dragonfly that was menacing her and her people. We were fortunate enough to have succeeded in accomplishing this task, and in return she told us that we might ask any of her kin for assistance if we required it."

"Then you have but to tell us your need, for we are at your service entirely."

"Our need, as you might guess, is to return to Boboland with our friends – the Frogman, the lion, and the herdsman lad. Yet we fear that if we step onto your shore, we too will be put to sleep, and unfortunately we lack the time to enjoy the delightful dreams that I am sure you could provide."

Nembia frowned prettily, wrinkling her brow in thought. "The Sand Man is our ruler," she said. "Yet is he a kindly soul, and would heed your appeal readily enough could you but speak

THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

(21)

with him. Alas, he is very busy, and has never given strangers to the kingdom any time to speak ere he sprinkles their eyes with his sand."

"Could you speak to him on our behalf?" the professor asked.

It was clear that this idea had never occurred to Nembia. "To be sure!" she cried, clapping her hands together. "I shall go now and speak!" And the little creature vanished from their sight.

Not two minutes later she popped back into existence before them and said, "All is well. I have spoken to the Sand Man, and he will ignore anyone who enters the kingdom at this point, for the next half hour."

"Good!" said Zankor. "Can we awaken our friends, or must we carry them? The lad is no problem, and the Frogman we should be able to manage, but the lion may be very difficult if he stays asleep."

"Nay, 'tis a simple matter for you, since you can touch both river and bank. Fresh water from the river will annul the effect of the sand; it will not awaken them in itself, but it will make it possible to waken them."



THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

(21)

"But the Frogman and the lion were both soaking wet from the river, and the sand put them to sleep!" objected the tiger.

"Ah, but water already touching one at the time the sleeping sand is thrown has no effect," Nembia corrected. "But once someone sleeps, the water can render the effect of the sand null and void. Ask me not why, for I know not; I only know 'tis so."

"Sounds as if it's up to me again, then," the tiger grumbled, and he dived off the carpet into the river. In a moment he had clambered back onto the bank, and with another of his vigorous shakes he managed to sprinkle all three of the sleepers. He then shook the Cowardly Lion awake, while Zankor did the same with Andior and the professor with the Frogman.

Sleepily the three staggered out onto the carpet, supported by their friends. By the time they had reached the south bank, however, they were fully awake and aware of what had happened to them.

"It was an adventurous dream!" Andior said happily. "I was a hero, and enjoyed it very much. Still, I'm glad to put a river between myself and that Whimsie, and I hope that he sleeps a long, long time."

232

THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

(21)

"Mine wasn't very adventurous, but it was pleasant," the Frogman agreed. "I relived much of my early life, and those were mostly good times."

"Mine was too adventurous," the lion shuddered. "I can stand against wild beasts or hostile men, though I tremble inside, but what can I do against thunder and lightning?"

The Woggle-bug crossed the river again briefly and spoke with Nembia; then he returned to join the others. The carpet rolled itself back up when he reached the bank. "I thanked her for her assistance," he said, "and asked her when the Whimsie would awaken naturally. She said at about noon tomorrow. I believe that it would be judicious for us to be far from here by that time."

"The farther the better!" Andior agreed. "Uncle, I really believe that it would be better for me to go to Carpeton rather than staying with you – don't you agree?"

"I told you that already," Zankor said. "Go; I'll send a message to your parents that you'll visit relatives in Carpeton until you learn that the Whimsie has been captured."

233

THE RESCUE OF THE SLEEPERS

"You are welcome to accompany us if you like," the professor offered. "I would prefer that we avoid all violence, but even in the event he should overtake us, it is improbable that the Whimsie could overcome the combined strength of the lion, the tiger, and the Frogman."

"But who are you?" Andior asked in puzzlement. "And what are you doing here?"

The professor introduced himself and his companions and explained their mission briefly, including the fact that the carpet was Ozma's and had been stolen from her by the Whimsie. "It would be possible for us to use the carpet to cross the corner of the desert and shorten our journey somewhat, but crossing the desert is an unpleasant experience even using the carpet. Returning through Carpeton would be much more agreeable, and I rather fancy examining the offerings in their market as well, now that we have retrieved the Magic Carpet. There is no longer any great hurry."

"Well, if you're going to Carpeton anyhow, I'd be foolish not to accept your companionship and protection," the youth said gratefully.

Back to Carpeton

ANDIOR OFFERED TO CARRY the carpet, and the Wogglebug felt that since he had rescued it from the Whimsie, he had earned the right to carry it if he wished. Parting with the herdsmen, who returned to their camps, the five travelers strode briskly along, rejoining the road a couple of miles south of the border. When they came to a spring bubbling up beside the road, the Hungry Tiger said, "Swimming always makes me especially hungry, and it's past noon anyhow. Let's stop here and eat, where we have good water to drink."



BACK TO CARPETON

(22) "An excellent suggestion," the professor agreed.

Andior watched in amazement as the Woggle-bug drew a groundcloth from the basket, followed by platters for the lion and tiger and plates, glasses, and cutlery for the others. The basket had hardly seemed large enough for those articles, but when he continued by taking out several large joints of raw meat for the great cats, and a variety of hearty sandwiches for the others, the lad's eyes popped.

"What kind of sandwich do you prefer?" he asked the lad. "We have chicken, ham, roast beef, barbecued pork, and egg salad; if you would like something else then mention it and the basket will probably provide it."

"I'm most used to bread and cheese," Andior replied, "with occasionally some lamb or mutton. But I'd rather try something different – perhaps the barbecued pork, whatever that is?"

"I take it you don't raise pigs for meat around here, then?" the Frogman asked.

"Pigs? No, I've heard of them, but there's nothing much here in the northern part of Boboland

BACK TO CARPETON

(22) for them to eat."

"We in Oz don't kill animals for their flesh, because in Oz most animals can speak," the Frogman said. "But fortunately, we have magical sources of flesh that's never been alive, so we don't have to confine ourselves to vegetables either."

"That's wonderful," Andior said. "This barbecued pork is wonderful, too! Thank you for giving it to me." He quickly polished off the first sandwich and began on another.

"You say you don't eat much meat?" the tiger asked.

"We raise our herds primarily for their wool and hair and milk," the youth replied, "but if we have too many lambs for the amount of grazing we may slaughter a few, and when an animal grows too old to keep up with the rest of the herd it can be made into stew or soup. Mostly, though, we live on the milk and cheese they give, and bread we buy from the villagers with the money we get for our wool and goat-hair and the carpets our women weave from them."

When they had finished eating Andior was again astonished to see all the scraps, plates, and cloth



BACK TO CARPETON

(22)

vanish into thin air. "It's all right," the Frogman said, seeing his worried look. "The food you've eaten is real and will stay with you. The basket was enchanted by the Wonderful Wizard of Oz, and the only things that disappear are the leftovers."

Andior shook his head. There is magic in Boboland, of course, but there are no magic-workers in that country who have anything close to the skill of the Wizard; an enchanted basket of that sort was completely unheard of.



They continued down the road, with Andior telling the Ozites about life as a herdsman of Boboland, and learning in exchange some of the wonders of the great fairy kingdom of Oz. He quickly came to feel a strong affection for all of his companions. The Woggle-bug was rather pompous and pedantic, but he was also immensely learned and gave notably clear and precise descriptions of marvelous things. The Frogman was blunt but honest, and had a knack for cutting to the heart of matters and coming

BACK TO CARPETON

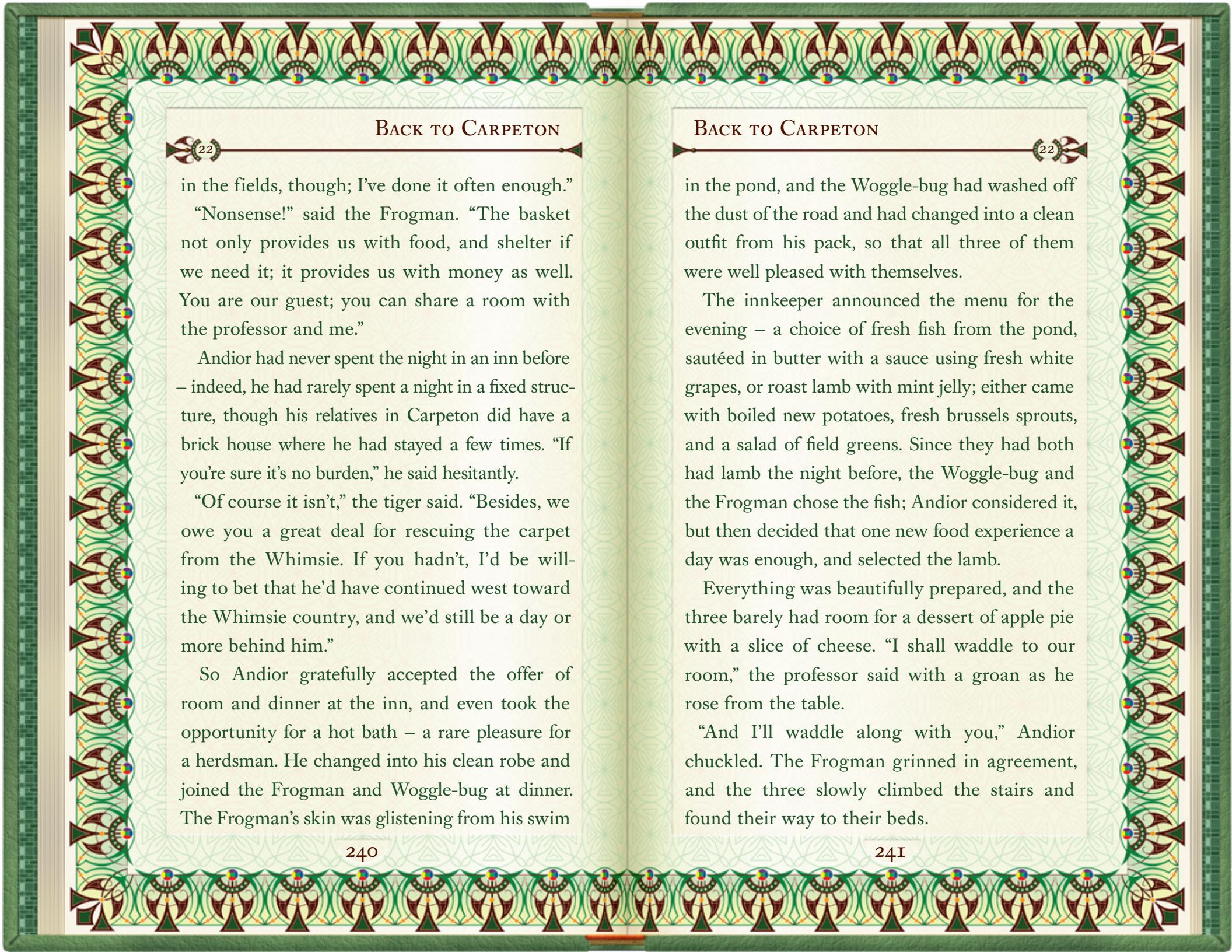
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up with practical suggestions. The Cowardly Lion spoke frequently of his anxieties, but the Hungry Tiger – whose good nature and kindness made him Andior's favorite of them all – privately assured the youth that there was no better ally in the world if real danger threatened.

The sun was nearing the horizon when they reached Brecken, and the Frogman said, "I know that I had a swim last night, and another one earlier today, so I don't insist on stopping. But the Whimsie is supposed to sleep until noon tomorrow, and even if we spend the night here we should be safely in Carpeton by then."

"The inn provided us with a most excellent repast as well," the Woggle-bug concurred. "Have any of the rest of you an objection to our passing the night here?"

Andior was looking around, but there were no herds currently watering at the pond. "When I passed here two days ago Makior was camped nearby," he said. "He's married to my cousin Karia, and I could have spent the night with him. But he seems to have moved on. I can sleep



BACK TO CARPETON

(22)

in the fields, though; I've done it often enough."

"Nonsense!" said the Frogman. "The basket not only provides us with food, and shelter if we need it; it provides us with money as well. You are our guest; you can share a room with the professor and me."

Andior had never spent the night in an inn before – indeed, he had rarely spent a night in a fixed structure, though his relatives in Carpeton did have a brick house where he had stayed a few times. "If you're sure it's no burden," he said hesitantly.

"Of course it isn't," the tiger said. "Besides, we owe you a great deal for rescuing the carpet from the Whimsie. If you hadn't, I'd be willing to bet that he'd have continued west toward the Whimsie country, and we'd still be a day or more behind him."

So Andior gratefully accepted the offer of room and dinner at the inn, and even took the opportunity for a hot bath – a rare pleasure for a herdsman. He changed into his clean robe and joined the Frogman and Woggle-bug at dinner. The Frogman's skin was glistening from his swim

BACK TO CARPETON

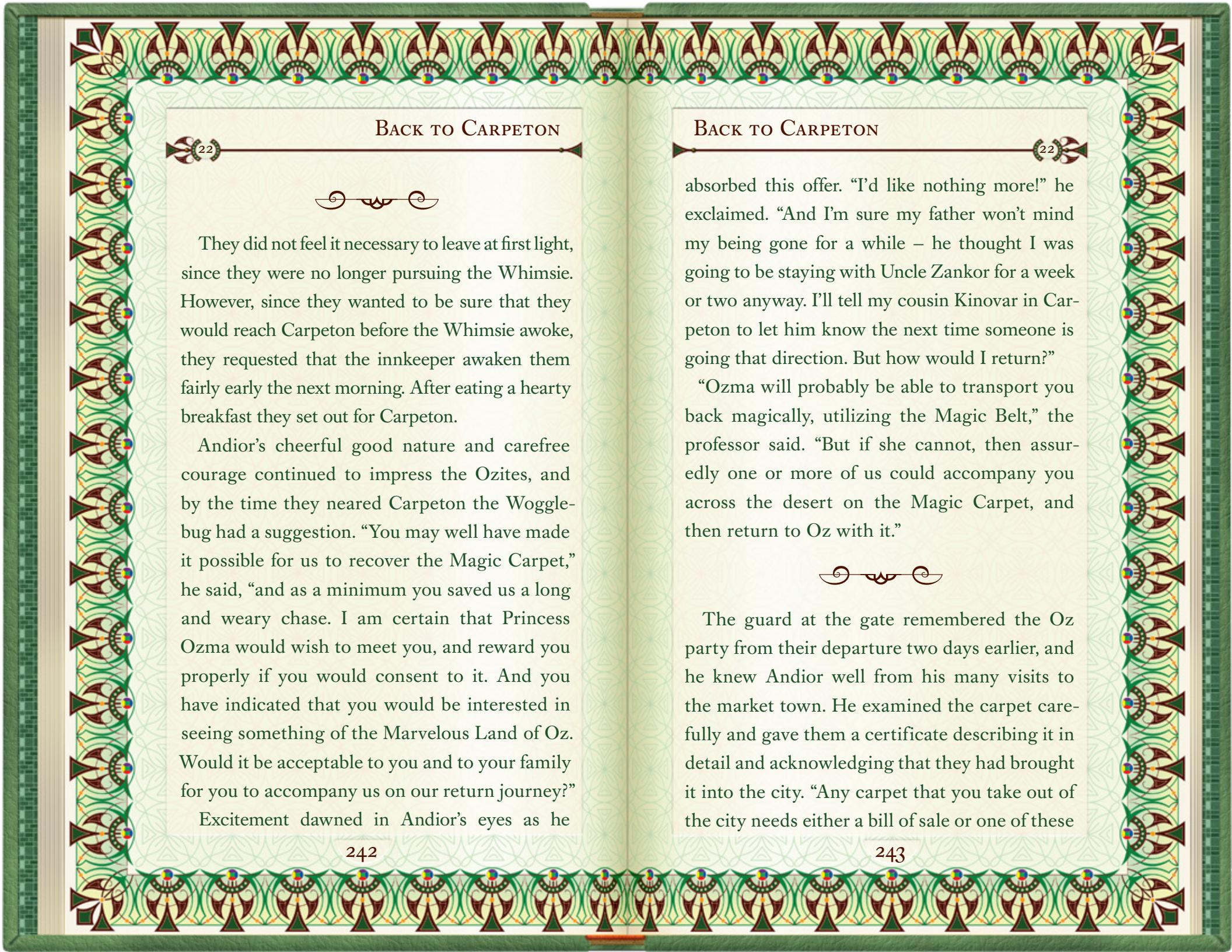
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in the pond, and the Woggle-bug had washed off the dust of the road and had changed into a clean outfit from his pack, so that all three of them were well pleased with themselves.

The innkeeper announced the menu for the evening – a choice of fresh fish from the pond, sautéed in butter with a sauce using fresh white grapes, or roast lamb with mint jelly; either came with boiled new potatoes, fresh brussels sprouts, and a salad of field greens. Since they had both had lamb the night before, the Woggle-bug and the Frogman chose the fish; Andior considered it, but then decided that one new food experience a day was enough, and selected the lamb.

Everything was beautifully prepared, and the three barely had room for a dessert of apple pie with a slice of cheese. "I shall waddle to our room," the professor said with a groan as he rose from the table.

"And I'll waddle along with you," Andior chuckled. The Frogman grinned in agreement, and the three slowly climbed the stairs and found their way to their beds.



BACK TO CARPETON

(22)



They did not feel it necessary to leave at first light, since they were no longer pursuing the Whimsie. However, since they wanted to be sure that they would reach Carpeton before the Whimsie awoke, they requested that the innkeeper awaken them fairly early the next morning. After eating a hearty breakfast they set out for Carpeton.

Andior's cheerful good nature and carefree courage continued to impress the Ozites, and by the time they neared Carpeton the Wogglebug had a suggestion. "You may well have made it possible for us to recover the Magic Carpet," he said, "and as a minimum you saved us a long and weary chase. I am certain that Princess Ozma would wish to meet you, and reward you properly if you would consent to it. And you have indicated that you would be interested in seeing something of the Marvelous Land of Oz. Would it be acceptable to you and to your family for you to accompany us on our return journey?"

Excitement dawnd in Andior's eyes as he

BACK TO CARPETON

(22)

absorbed this offer. "I'd like nothing more!" he exclaimed. "And I'm sure my father won't mind my being gone for a while – he thought I was going to be staying with Uncle Zankor for a week or two anyway. I'll tell my cousin Kinovar in Carpeton to let him know the next time someone is going that direction. But how would I return?"

"Ozma will probably be able to transport you back magically, utilizing the Magic Belt," the professor said. "But if she cannot, then assuredly one or more of us could accompany you across the desert on the Magic Carpet, and then return to Oz with it."



The guard at the gate remembered the Oz party from their departure two days earlier, and he knew Andior well from his many visits to the market town. He examined the carpet carefully and gave them a certificate describing it in detail and acknowledging that they had brought it into the city. "Any carpet that you take out of the city needs either a bill of sale or one of these

BACK TO CARPETON

22

certificates that confirm that you brought it in," he said. "We had too many carpet thieves at one time, and so Duke Sandor made that law while he was regent. Prince Bobo confirmed it when he was restored to the throne."

"It seems a wise provision," the Woggle-bug agreed. "Duke Sandor must have been an excellent regent."

"As good as Boboland has ever had, or anywhere else I know of," the guard said.

"Not as good as our Princess Ozma!" the Cowardly Lion protested.

"Since I know nothing of your Princess Ozma, I have no opinion on that," was the reply. "But on the other hand, you know nothing of Duke Sandor."

Little as they wished to admit that anyone could possibly rule as well as the fairy ruler of Oz, the travelers had to admit the justice of this remark. "I'm happy, at least, to learn that you have had such a fine ruler," the professor said. "And that Prince Bobo has continued his wise laws. I had the privilege of meeting your prince last year, in fact, when he visited Oz and was disenchanted by the great sorceress Glinda."



The Travelers Return to Carpeton

BACK TO CARPETON

(22)

"Do tell," the guard said, only mildly impressed. "I've never seen him myself, but as long as he follows the duke's advice all will be well."



Andior chose to stay with his cousin Kinovar that night, explaining that it would be an insult to stay in an inn when he had a close relative in the town. If they had been in the countryside, where an extra tent or two would accommodate his companions, then by custom the Ozites should have stayed with his relatives as well. But there was little spare room in Kinovar's home, so the others found rooms in a Carpeton inn before meeting in the market square for a midday meal.

The food vendor who had served them before hailed them at once, since his trade had nearly doubled after their previous visit. He served them as before, with Andior joining the Frog-man and Woggle-bug in eating thick meat sandwiches while they wandered around the square examining the many carpets on display.

"You know," the lad said between bites, "I

BACK TO CARPETON

(22)

dreamed that I brought this carpet to Carpeton and showed it to Korian, who probably knows more about carpets than anyone in the world. Now, of course, I know where it's from, but I'm sure Korian would like to see it if you don't mind."

"Not at all," the professor said. "Indeed, I would be interested in the opinion of an expert. I would also be interested in his recommendation of a small example of Carpeton work that I could take back to Oz with me to decorate my quarters at the college. There are many elegant examples of the carpetmakers' craft on display here."



Jack Pumpkinhead Rules!



OU MIGHT BE wondering how Jack Pumpkinhead was faring as the temporary ruler of Oz. Fortunately, the land of Oz is usually so peaceful and prosperous that the day-to-day duties of the ruler are not difficult. Even though Ozma was gone for two full weeks, Jack was only called upon to make decisions half a dozen times.

Once, for example, a delegation of Munchkin farmers brought one of their neighbors to the Emerald City to complain to Ozma, and since they didn't want to stay away from their

JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!

(23)

farms any longer than they had to, they agreed to have their case heard by a substitute.

"We are Munchkins, Your Highness," the farmers' spokesman said, "and in our country it is traditional that our crops are blue. We raise blue corn, bluebells, blueberries, and bluegrass that we feed to our blue cows to produce blue milk."

"Yes, yes, I know that," Jack said impatiently.

"Well, Divoq here has planted a great field of pumpkins, right in the middle of the Munchkin country! *Yellow* pumpkins! It destroys our entire color scheme!"

"I can hardly object too seriously to his growing pumpkins," Jack said. "I grow them myself. But disturbing your color scheme does seem to be a serious offense. What do you have to say for yourself?" he continued, turning to Divoq, who was considerably younger-looking than the others.

"Your Highness, it's only that I like pumpkins so much! They're so round, and firm, and colorful! They bring a little sunshine into my life, and otherwise I'm always feeling blue!"

"How else should he feel in the blue country

JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!

23

of Oz?" asked the Munchkin spokesman. "We all feel blue all the time, and a fine feeling it is, too!"

"I'm sure it is, for you," the Pumpkinhead agreed. "But perhaps this young man doesn't enjoy the feeling."

"That's right, Your Highness!" Divoq said. "It's all very well if you like feeling blue, but I don't!"

The Munchkins were grumbling among themselves when Jack said to Divoq, "How would you like to emigrate? There are untilled fields near my own farm in the Winkie Country that you would be most welcome to plant in pumpkins, or any of the many other yellow crops that are favored in that quarter of Oz."

"Could I do that?" Divoq asked eagerly. "I had thought that since I was born a Munchkin, I was supposed to learn to love blue and to stay there always."

"Of course not!" Jack said emphatically. "Why, I myself was created in the Gillikin Country, where most things are purple. And the Emperor of the Winkies himself, the Tin Woodman, was born a Munchkin, and his best friend, the Scarecrow, who also lives in the Winkie Coun-

JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!

23

try, was created in the Munchkin land as well. If you prefer the color elsewhere, you only need to find land that no one else is using, and let Ozma know through the local ruler that you have moved there."

"Then I'll return to my farm immediately and pack up my possessions. Can you direct me to the area you spoke of?"

"Come back to the Emerald City and I'll guide you there myself, as soon as Ozma returns and I no longer have to act as ruler," Jack said.



On another occasion Jack was sitting in the throne room with Omby Amby and the Shaggy Man when a pretty young woman came strolling in, looking all around her with an air of interest.

"What can we do for you, my dear?" the pumpkinhead asked in a friendly voice.

"It is inappropriate for you to call me 'dear', sir, in that you have not the least knowledge as to whether I am at all deserving of that adjective or if, perchance, I might be a thief or a murderer

JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!

23

or even, probably most terrifying for yourself to contemplate, an lover of pumpkin pies, and therefore you seem to be willing to commit yourself verbally to a completely unwarranted favorable opinion of... ”

“I’ve heard that kind of speech before!” broke in the Shaggy Man, as the young woman continued speaking with hardly a pause for breath and nothing resembling an end to her sentence.

“And so have I!” Omby Amby agreed.

“ ...vexing situation in that there seems to be no one in any of the environs of the Emerald City or indeed in the other nearby sections of this salubrious country of ours who does not seem to prefer to vacate any premises where I might appear, despite the fact that I am well aware from the perusal of my features in a looking-glass that I am not uncomely, and therefore I undertook to visit the very throne room of the ruler in the assurance that our loving and generous fairy ruler, who appears at present to be absent... ”

“Are you from Rigmarole Town?” Shaggy asked.

“Sir, it is surely clear to you that since this is

252



Jack Pumpkinhead Meets a Tourist

253

JACK PUMPKINHEAD RULES!

23

not the place that you have named that I must assuredly be ‘from’ it because I am here and not there, but it is also the case that I have no knowledge of any town of the name that you have cited nor any desire to know more of such a town because I am a free citizen of the Gillikin Country who... ”

“Young lady, we know of a place not far from here where you will find many people who speak just as you do,” Jack said firmly. “I’m sure that you will enjoy their company more than you will that of your fellows who walk away when you appear. Omby Amby!”

And as the young woman continued talking, the Soldier with the Green Whiskers ushered her out of the throne room.

“I certainly hope that she’ll be happier in Rigmorole Town,” Jack said with a sigh, “but I’m quite sure that the rest of us will be happier with her there!”



254

The Cleaning of the Carpet

24

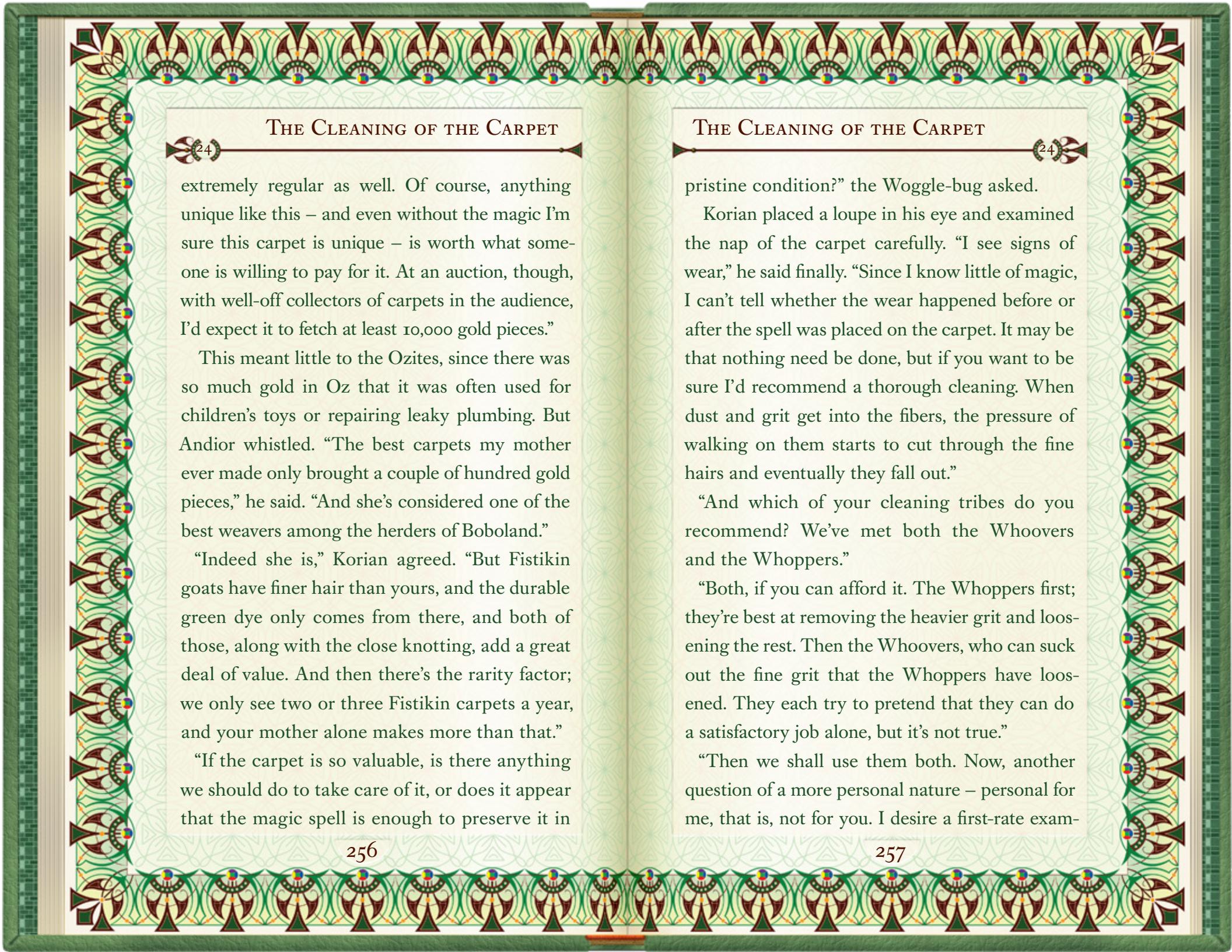
KORIAN WAS IMPRESSED when he examined the carpet. “Fistikin work, for certain,” he said. “The quality of the goat-hair and the basic green color prove that; the only green dyes available to us here in Boboland all tend to fade rapidly, and I can tell that this carpet is far from new.”

“Of course it’s priceless because of the magic spell that Glinda laid on it, but how valuable would it be as an ordinary carpet?” the Frogman asked curiously.

“Quite valuable,” Korian replied. “Look at the closeness of the knots. I’m not going to count them, but I’d say four or five hundred to the square inch. And they’re



255



THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

24

extremely regular as well. Of course, anything unique like this – and even without the magic I'm sure this carpet is unique – is worth what someone is willing to pay for it. At an auction, though, with well-off collectors of carpets in the audience, I'd expect it to fetch at least 10,000 gold pieces."

This meant little to the Ozites, since there was so much gold in Oz that it was often used for children's toys or repairing leaky plumbing. But Andior whistled. "The best carpets my mother ever made only brought a couple of hundred gold pieces," he said. "And she's considered one of the best weavers among the herders of Boboland."

"Indeed she is," Korian agreed. "But Fistikin goats have finer hair than yours, and the durable green dye only comes from there, and both of those, along with the close knotting, add a great deal of value. And then there's the rarity factor; we only see two or three Fistikin carpets a year, and your mother alone makes more than that."

"If the carpet is so valuable, is there anything we should do to take care of it, or does it appear that the magic spell is enough to preserve it in

THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

24

pristine condition?" the Woggle-bug asked.

Korian placed a loupe in his eye and examined the nap of the carpet carefully. "I see signs of wear," he said finally. "Since I know little of magic, I can't tell whether the wear happened before or after the spell was placed on the carpet. It may be that nothing need be done, but if you want to be sure I'd recommend a thorough cleaning. When dust and grit get into the fibers, the pressure of walking on them starts to cut through the fine hairs and eventually they fall out."

"And which of your cleaning tribes do you recommend? We've met both the Whoovers and the Whoppers."

"Both, if you can afford it. The Whoppers first; they're best at removing the heavier grit and loosening the rest. Then the Whoovers, who can suck out the fine grit that the Whoppers have loosened. They each try to pretend that they can do a satisfactory job alone, but it's not true."

"Then we shall use them both. Now, another question of a more personal nature – personal for me, that is, not for you. I desire a first-rate exam-



THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

(24)

ple of a Boboland carpet – not too large, since I must carry it on my shoulder for many miles – and would greatly appreciate your expert advice.”

Korian walked over to a tall pile of small rugs, the professor following. “These are probably the size you’d like,” he said. “What color would you prefer? Green, as I’ve said, is not something we do well here in Boboland; you’ll find some soft greens as part of the decoration, but your base colors need to be red, tan, or blue.”

The professor considered for a moment and then said, “Since my college is in the Munchkin country of Oz, where blue is the preferred color, I believe that would be best.”

Korian folded the top three rugs back and displayed one with a deep blue as the basic color. There was a border in a red so dark as to be almost purple, and both border and center were decorated with intricate geometric designs in other colors. The pile was soft to the touch and quite deep.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed the Woggle-bug.

“Oddly enough, Andior’s mother wove this one,” Korian said. “It’s one of her best, I think.

THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

(24)

Galdion’s goats were producing unusually fine hair last year, and that probably inspired her to buy a better grade of dye as well. And her workmanship has always been superb.”

“And what would the price be?”

Korian smiled sympathetically. “If you were from Boboland, or one of the regular rug-traders who pass through here, I’d start by asking a thousand gold pieces, and expect to end up selling it for around three hundred fifty. But since you’re friends of Andior’s, and I know Oz people know nothing about haggling over price, I’ll quote you the three hundred fifty price firm at the beginning.”

The Woggle-bug began to extract gold coins from the basket a handful at a time, and Korian deftly stacked them as he counted. When the total reached three hundred fifty he swept them into a bag and said, “You now own a fine example of a Boboland rug. Can I help you with anything else?”

“I think not.” The professor looked at his companions one by one, and they all shook their heads. “Then we thank you very much, and will now go to arrange for the cleaning of the Magic Carpet.”



THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

They had gone only a short distance from Korian's shop when they were approached by a Whoover on one side and a Whopper on the other. "Clean. Your. Carpets?" snapped the Whopper.

"Dooooon't listen tooooo himmm!" the Whoover howled.

"We plan to use you both," the Frogman said. "On the advice of Korian, we will first pay you," addressing the Whopper, "to beat the carpet, and then you," turning to the Whoover, "to extract the remaining grit."

"You. Don't. Need. Him." the Whopper said.

"Nooooo, it's himmmm youuuu dooon't neeeeed," retorted the Whoover.

"Both of you are biased in your own favor," the professor said firmly. "We shall follow the recommendation of an impartial advisor."

And they followed the Whopper down an alleyway to the same courtyard where the professor's clothes had been cleaned on their previous visit to Carpeton. The Whoover followed them part way, but when it saw that there were



THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

24

half a dozen Whoppers standing between it and the courtyard, with unfriendly expressions on their faces, it stopped and withdrew.

The Whopper took the Magic Carpet and hung it over a line. Although it seemed to be infinitely long when it was being used to cross a desert, when it was hung over the line it barely reached the ground on either side. The Whopper attacked it vigorously, raising great clouds of dust that the breeze carried away.

"Not. Tasty. Dust," the Whopper complained.

"I am hardly surprised," the professor said. "Most of the time it has been on the ground, it has been on the poisonous sands surrounding Oz. I trust that you will not find it toxic."

"Nothing. Poisons. Whoppers," it replied, continuing to beat the carpet.

"Perhaps, though," the professor said softly to the Frogman, "we should warn the Whoover, just in case they are more susceptible to poison than the Whoppers."

After about fifteen minutes of vigorous beating, further blows by the Whopper failed to raise any

THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

24

visible dust. "Good. Clean. Carpet," the Whopper said in a satisfied tone. "No. Need. For Whoovers."

"Perhaps not," the Woggle-bug said. "However, once we have remunerated you for your efforts, it is our decision regarding our further activities."

"Twenty. Coppers. Then."

The professor took two of the larger silver coins from the basket and handed them to the Whopper. "There. Retain the four extra coppers as a bonus, because the dust was unpalatable."

"Thanks." the Whopper snapped, and scuttled out of the courtyard, probably in search of new business.

The Ozites and Andior threaded their way back out through the alleyway to the street where they had left the Whoover. It was still waiting for them, and said impatiently, "Youuuuuu wasted youuuur time and cooooin. But I'll remooooooove the duuuuust from youuuur carpet!"

It led them down a different alleyway to a courtyard that was paved perfectly flat, and scrupulously clean. It took the carpet, and as it was spreading it out on the pavement the Frogman said, "We should warn you that the dust

THE CLEANING OF THE CARPET

24

remaining in the carpet probably came from the poisonous desert surrounding Oz. It's possible it might harm you."

"Noooo poooison can harm a Whooooover!" it said complacently. And it applied its mouth to the carpet and began sucking vigorously away at the residual dust. The observers could see little difference in the appearance of the carpet, but since the Whoover complained every minute or two of the bad taste of the dust, it was apparently getting something.

Finally it lifted its head and said, "Noooow youuuuur carpet's like newwwww!"

"Excellent!" said the professor, and he rolled the carpet up with the nap on the inside. He gave the Whoover two of the large silver coins, which seemed to satisfy it, and Andior picked up the Magic Carpet while the Woggle-bug put the one he had bought onto his shoulder.

"Now for a good dinner and a good night's sleep!" the Frogman said. "Then we can start back to Burzee in the morning."

264

The Uses of the Wand

25

T WAS ONLY MID-MORNING when the empowerment ceremony was completed, and Ozma could feel the sensation of power in her hand when she held the wand. "How much can I do with this?" she asked.

"It depends in part on your natural power – the more you have, the more you can do – and in part on what you have learned. I believe, for instance, that with practice you will be able to create food and shelter just as I have, although perhaps not as elaborate as those I create. On the other hand, my power to use my wand to view a distant scene is mine alone, and I don't

265

THE USES OF THE WAND

25

believe that you can do it with the wand. Perhaps Glinda will be able to teach you some of her sorcery that will allow you that power."

"At least I have my Magic Picture," Ozma said. "It would be useful if I could see distant scenes wherever I am, but not really necessary."

"Let us try, now, a few of the simpler uses of the wand. Those things that you were able to do just by using your mind should be very easy with the wand. Lift that stone there."

Ozma pointed the wand and felt a surge of power; as soon as she thought of the stone rising into the air, it lifted exactly as she had thought of it, with no concentration at all.

"Now, shape it into a sculpture," the queen continued.

Ozma envisioned a stone figure of the Cowardly Lion, and the stone immediately took on that shape, again with a flow of power through the wand.

Lurline then took her through all the exercises that she had been through with Ereol, and she was amazed at how easy the wand made the transformations and transportations that had

266



Ozma Masters her Wand

267



THE USES OF THE WAND

25

required enormous concentration the day before. By the time the queen was satisfied, it was time for the noon meal, and Ozma was famished.

"I'll create the meal this one last time, my dear," Lurline said. "But by dinner time I will expect you to create your own."

"But I've no idea how to create something from nothing!" Ozma protested. "Can you really teach me that before dinner?"

"If you work hard at it," Lurline replied. "And I imagine that knowing that you'll be hungry until you succeed will make you work hard."



Creation was the important lesson of that afternoon. Ozma found some things relatively easy and others much more difficult. Creating small inert items like stones and jewels was easy, and she mastered that within an hour. Creating larger things was much more difficult; after another hour of effort she had succeeded in creating a rather crude wooden table, but was almost in despair when she tried to create a

THE USES OF THE WAND

25

cloth to cover it. Nothing seemed to work!

"Perhaps woven cloth is too difficult for your current stage of experience," Lurline said. "We can revisit that tomorrow or the next day. Try this time for a felt cover; that's much less complex."

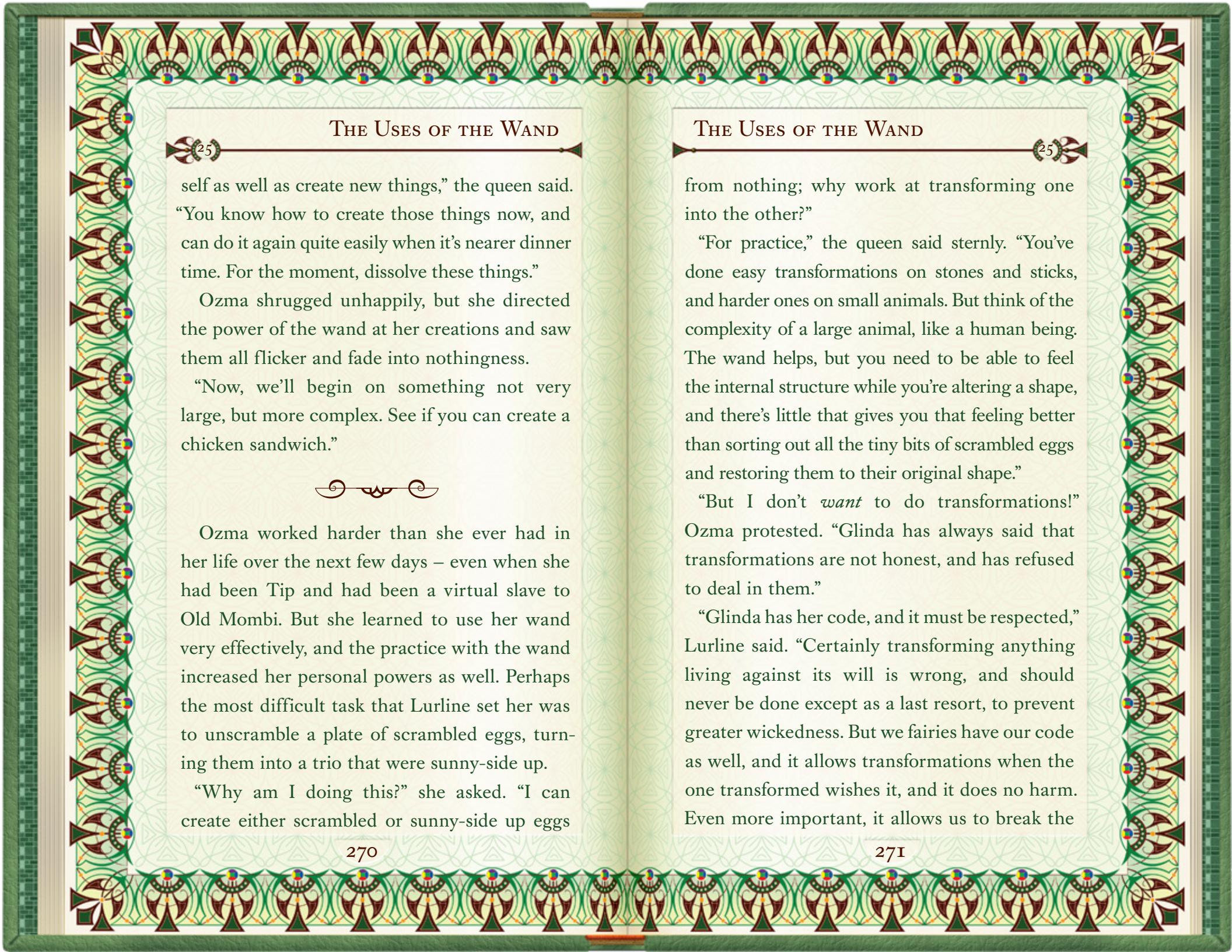
To Ozma's considerable relief she was able to produce a smooth felt covering for the tabletop, and as a gesture to the capital of her country, she colored it an emerald green.

"Some side rails and it would resemble what those in the Great Outside World call a billiard table," Lurline laughed. "But for us, it will serve as your dining table. Plates, silver, and glassware should be easy."

After the extra practice she had gotten with the table and its cover, Ozma found that creating the table setting was simple enough, and required little more of her than to envision the pattern for the various items. She was glowing with pride when Lurline said, "Very good. Now, dissolve them all."

"What?" Ozma cried.

"You need to learn how to clean up after your-



THE USES OF THE WAND

25

self as well as create new things," the queen said. "You know how to create those things now, and can do it again quite easily when it's nearer dinner time. For the moment, dissolve these things."

Ozma shrugged unhappily, but she directed the power of the wand at her creations and saw them all flicker and fade into nothingness.

"Now, we'll begin on something not very large, but more complex. See if you can create a chicken sandwich."



Ozma worked harder than she ever had in her life over the next few days – even when she had been Tip and had been a virtual slave to Old Mombi. But she learned to use her wand very effectively, and the practice with the wand increased her personal powers as well. Perhaps the most difficult task that Lurline set her was to unscramble a plate of scrambled eggs, turning them into a trio that were sunny-side up.

"Why am I doing this?" she asked. "I can create either scrambled or sunny-side up eggs

THE USES OF THE WAND

25

from nothing; why work at transforming one into the other?"

"For practice," the queen said sternly. "You've done easy transformations on stones and sticks, and harder ones on small animals. But think of the complexity of a large animal, like a human being. The wand helps, but you need to be able to feel the internal structure while you're altering a shape, and there's little that gives you that feeling better than sorting out all the tiny bits of scrambled eggs and restoring them to their original shape."

"But I don't *want* to do transformations!" Ozma protested. "Glinda has always said that transformations are not honest, and has refused to deal in them."

"Glinda has her code, and it must be respected," Lurline said. "Certainly transforming anything living against its will is wrong, and should never be done except as a last resort, to prevent greater wickedness. But we fairies have our code as well, and it allows transformations when the one transformed wishes it, and it does no harm. Even more important, it allows us to break the

THE USES OF THE WAND

25

transformations of others, and restore creatures to their original shape. Surely this is good."

After thinking it over, Ozma had to agree. It wasn't easy, deciding which of her two powerful mentors was correct, but she comforted herself with the thought that it was unlikely that she would ever have to choose once she returned to Oz. Even Glinda, she reflected, had used her magic to break the enchantment on Prince Bobo.



272

Gurkin's Last Stand

26

HEN THE WHIMSIE finally awoke he found that his quarry was no longer in sight, and as he raged eastward along the north bank of the river he soon came to the tracks of Andior and others leading to the bank. Obviously they had crossed the river again, so he plunged in and swam across, leaving the Kingdom of Dreams behind. On the south bank some tracks led to the southeast and the road, while others led back westward toward the herdsmen's camps.

"They got my carpet and are probably taking it back where I got it," he said to himself. "So I

273



GURKIN'S LAST STAND

(26)

bet it's with the group going south."

He was hungry, so he robbed another lone herdsman of his food and then continued toward Carpeton, staying away from the road and people as much as he could. He traveled all night, except for a brief nap, so that dawn found him on the circular ridge surrounding the city.

"They'll go east," he muttered, "so I'll go around the city and catch them on the East Road."



Andior and the party of Ozites had discussed the Whimsie the previous evening, and had decided that it was unlikely that he would pursue them through the thickly settled countryside of east Boboland. "He'd run a big risk of being caught by the prince's guard," Andior had said. "I imagine he'll have given up by now."

"And if by chance he hasn't," the tiger had added, "I don't think he'd stand much chance against the Frogman and the lion and me."

The Woggle-bug had left word with the innkeeper to wake them at first light, so that if pos-

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

(26)

sible they could reach the border of Boboland before nightfall. Kinovar had wakened Andior early as well, and the others were just finishing breakfast when he joined them. He carried the Magic Carpet and the Woggle-bug carried his newly-purchased rug, and the five of them reached the east gate of the city just as it was opening for the day.

The guard checked the papers that verified that they owned the two carpets they were carrying, and wished them a pleasant journey. They expressed their appreciation for the hospitality they had received in Carpeton, and strode along the road with the happy feeling that their mission had been accomplished and that they were on their way home – except, of course, for Andior, who was on his way to a hero's reception in a wonderful new place.

Their happiness would have been considerably less if they had realized that as they crossed the ridge to the east of Carpeton, a sinister figure was following them in the shadows of the trees that lined the road. Gurkin had found



GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

them, and was waiting for a good opportunity to seize the carpet back.

"Which one is it, though?" he said. "Now they have two carpets, and I don't know which one is mine." Whimsies, as you might guess from the garish way they paint their pasteboard heads, have very little color sense. Since the carpets were rolled with the nap on the inside, it took a close look to tell the blue one from the green one, and it was quite beyond Gurkin.

The lion and tiger worried him, too. He was big and strong and fierce, but the great cats were bigger and stronger, and might be fiercer as well. He was fairly sure that he could outrun them, given a little start, but as long as they were walking along on either side of the carpet-bearers, he could see no way in which he could get either carpet without getting within range of their teeth and claws. So he followed along, biding his time.

At noon the travelers stopped where the road crossed a rippling brook, and spread out the usual repast from the basket. Gurkin crept close under the cover of a thicket, and his eyes popped – that

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

basket was almost as good magic as the carpet! But he had come to consider the carpet his own property, so that was his chief desire. He watched hungrily as his quarry ate their lunch, and then to his delight he saw the lion and tiger start along the road while the other three were gathering up the carpets and the basket. He would never have a better opportunity!

The Whimsie erupted from the thicket where he had been hiding, and before the others had realized he was within ten miles he had grabbed the carpets from both Andior and the professor. Such was his rage at the lad who had "stolen" his carpet that he took a second to swing the two carpets together toward Andior's head. The youth might have been seriously injured if he had not moved, but when he saw the Whimsie start to swing the carpets at him he dropped to the ground, and they slapped together harmlessly. Then Gurkin turned tail and ran as fast as he could.

He was perfectly correct that with a short lead, he could outrun the lion and tiger, though they charged after him as fast as they could. But he



GURKIN'S LAST STAND

(26)

had had no notion of the strength and speed of the Frogman, who leaped after him and seized him in an unbreakable grip before he had gone twenty yards. He was thrown to the ground, and a moment later the lion's forepaws were pinning his shoulders down and the tiger's his ankles.

"Now what are we to do with him?" the Woggle-bug asked in exasperation when he had come puffing up. "We have nothing that is strong enough to tie him up. If we let him go he will only follow us and attack us again. I suppose the lion and the tiger could tear him to shreds, and we could be back in Oz before he recovered, but I am quite certain that Ozma would not approve."

"Neither would we," the lion growled. "It's one thing to damage someone in a fight that he started, but tearing up a prisoner, in cold blood? Grraaah!"

"The basket has provided for many of your needs," Andior said hesitantly. "Perhaps it might provide fetters or other strong bonds?"

"A perspicacious thought, my lad!" the professor beamed. "Let us attempt it." He reached into

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

the basket, but brought out only a sandwich.

"Apparently not," the Frogman sighed. "It was enchanted to provide us with food and shelter, and apparently can interpret that to mean money when appropriate. But not other needed items."

The Whimsie was struggling, but the combined weights of the lion, the tiger, and the Frogman were more than even his powerful muscles could move.

"It will take a long time," Andior finally said, "but I could go back to Carpeton and report this to the prince's guards. Then they could come with strong fetters and take him back to the capital at Bobobia, and we could go on."

"If we think of nothing else, we may be constrained to that course of action," the Wogglebug said. "But it would lose us a full day. Do none of you have a better idea?"

They all sat and thought for perhaps a quarter of an hour without any result. The kind-hearted tiger did ask the Whimsie if he was hungry, and when he said he was Andior fed him several sandwiches from the basket – being careful not

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

to let his fingers get within range of the captive's teeth. The professor was on the point of sending Andior back to Carpeton when they heard the jingle of harness and the sound of horses' hooves approaching from the east.

"Oh, good!" Andior exclaimed. "No one around here has horses except for the prince's guards, so that must be some of them coming. They should be able to help us." And he ran out to the road to flag them down.

The professor was surprised at the size of the troop; in a peaceful country like Boboland, twenty mounted soldiers seemed more than would ever be required. The leader was a tall, distinguished-looking man in early middle age, with thick gray hair and piercing blue eyes.

"What have we here?" he asked, looking down from his seat on the horse.

"We have taken a Whimsie captive," the Wogglebug said. "He has attacked us more than once, trying to regain a magic carpet that he stole from us and that we had recovered – to be accurate, that this brave shepherd lad recov-

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

ered on our behalf. We wish to ensure that he is imprisoned at least long enough for us to return to Oz undisturbed."

"It seems a reasonable ambition," the man said with a slight smile. "We have no use for Whimsies in Boboland, and hold several of them captive in Bobobia even now. Lieutenant Ferian!"

"Yes, Your Grace?" responded one of the troop.

"Do we have fetters among our supplies that will bind this Whimsie securely?"

"We do, Your Grace," the lieutenant said.

"Then chain him up so that these honest travelers can be on their way."

At a signal from the lieutenant four of the troopers dismounted and brought cuffs and chains out of their saddlebags. As they were fastening them on the struggling Whimsie, the professor said, "The lieutenant addressed you as 'Your Grace.' Can it be that you are the famous Duke Sandor of whom we have heard so much during our sojourn in your country?"

"I am Duke Sandor, at least," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "I hope that what you have

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

heard has not been too slanderous."

"Far from it. On the contrary, our impression is that the people of Boboland were rather disconcerted when Prince Bobo – whom I had the honor of meeting last year, I should mention – was disenchanted and returned to the throne. They seem to have no real complaint with his rule, but they were so pleased with your regency that they saw no need for change."

"Perhaps they didn't," the duke said reflectively, "but I was delighted when Bobo reappeared. He's a good lad, and makes a good ruler. And for my own part, I'd far rather spend my days roaming the country as I am now, settling minor disputes and assisting those like you who need it, than worrying about matters like taxes and road repair and the like."

"I can hardly blame you for that," the lion said.

The duke was startled to hear the lion speak, but then said, "Ah, yes, you're from Oz, where all the animals speak as well as the humans."

"Better," growled the tiger, lashing his tail, but grinning to show that he was not upset.

GURKIN'S LAST STAND

26

By this time Gurkin was securely chained, and despite his stormy look he was placed on a spare horse and then the troopers remounted. "It was a pleasure to meet you all," the duke said. "Perhaps we may meet again someday."

"Suggest to Prince Bobo that he send you on an embassy to Oz," the Woggle-bug said. "If he agrees, Glinda will read about it in her Great Book of Records, and Ozma will arrange your transportation. We would be most happy to exhibit the wonders of our country to one so distinguished."

"Perhaps I will," the duke said, raising a hand in salute. And with that the troop of guards trotted off toward Carpeton, and our friends turned their faces to the east.



284

The Return of the Sawhorse

27

NATURALLY, GLINDA AND Scraps had been following the adventures of the Woggle-bug and the carpet as closely as the cryptic text of the Great Book of Records allowed. They rejoiced when Andior recovered the carpet from Gurkin, worried when they learned that the Whimsie was pursuing Andior into the Kingdom of Dreams, and celebrated again when the party from Oz was able to bring both Andior and the carpet back into Boboland.

When the book finally announced that the Whimsie had

285



THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE

been taken captive by Duke Sandor and was on his way to prison in Bobobia, Glinda said, "I think it is time to send the Sawhorse back across the desert."

"Back across?" Scraps cried.

*"Without the Magic Carpet's aid
We nearly didn't get across,
And though he has no dyes to fade,
Our friend is not a stupid hoss."*

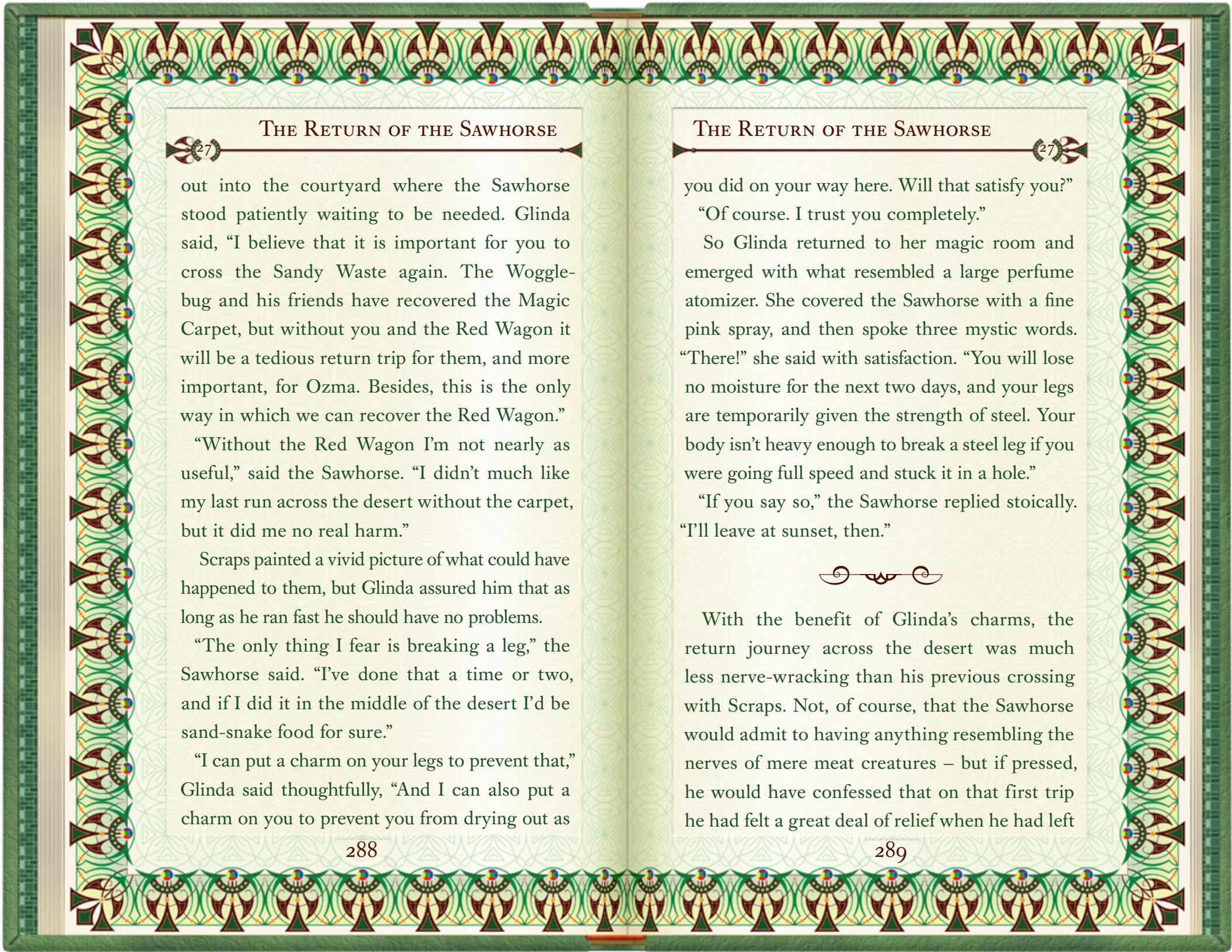
"We'll put it to him directly," Glinda said. "I don't believe that he'll be in any serious danger if he crosses at night. The sand-snakes don't come out then unless they hear movement on the surface of the desert, and the Sawhorse can move so fast that by the time they've heard his hoofbeats and come to the surface, he's out of range."

"As long as you don't want me to go with him," Scraps said rebelliously.

"No, there's no need for that. You can go back to the Emerald City if you like."

"Not that!" Scraps exclaimed. "I want to see Ozma as soon as she returns to Oz."

So the sorceress and the Patchwork Girl went



THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE

27

out into the courtyard where the Sawhorse stood patiently waiting to be needed. Glinda said, "I believe that it is important for you to cross the Sandy Waste again. The Wogglebug and his friends have recovered the Magic Carpet, but without you and the Red Wagon it will be a tedious return trip for them, and more important, for Ozma. Besides, this is the only way in which we can recover the Red Wagon."

"Without the Red Wagon I'm not nearly as useful," said the Sawhorse. "I didn't much like my last run across the desert without the carpet, but it did me no real harm."

Scraps painted a vivid picture of what could have happened to them, but Glinda assured him that as long as he ran fast he should have no problems.

"The only thing I fear is breaking a leg," the Sawhorse said. "I've done that a time or two, and if I did it in the middle of the desert I'd be sand-snake food for sure."

"I can put a charm on your legs to prevent that," Glinda said thoughtfully, "And I can also put a charm on you to prevent you from drying out as

THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE

27

you did on your way here. Will that satisfy you?"

"Of course. I trust you completely."

So Glinda returned to her magic room and emerged with what resembled a large perfume atomizer. She covered the Sawhorse with a fine pink spray, and then spoke three mystic words. "There!" she said with satisfaction. "You will lose no moisture for the next two days, and your legs are temporarily given the strength of steel. Your body isn't heavy enough to break a steel leg if you were going full speed and stuck it in a hole."

"If you say so," the Sawhorse replied stoically. "I'll leave at sunset, then."



With the benefit of Glinda's charms, the return journey across the desert was much less nerve-wracking than his previous crossing with Scraps. Not, of course, that the Sawhorse would admit to having anything resembling the nerves of mere meat creatures – but if pressed, he would have confessed that on that first trip he had felt a great deal of relief when he had left

THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE

27

the Great Sandy Waste behind him.

He found the Red Wagon waiting where he had left it between the desert and the forest. Two lions nearly the size of the Cowardly Lion guarded it. "Any reason I shouldn't go to Lurline's circle and join my mistress?" he asked them.

"None we know of," yawned one of the lions. "You're neither human nor a machine."

Since it was only midnight, and there was no hurry, the Sawhorse waited until daylight. He was not naturally chatty, and neither were the lions, so that the three of them remained silent until the sun rose. Then, without another word, the Sawhorse trotted into the forest.

His perfect memory for paths he had once traveled guided him swiftly to Lurline's circle. When he arrived, well before noon, Ozma greeted him with a cry of delight and a warm hug.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I'll be here another day or two, but then I'll be able to ride you back to the Red Wagon instead of having to walk."

"I'm sorry I don't have my saddle, then," the

THE RETURN OF THE SAWHORSE

27

Sawhorse said gruffly. "It would be more comfortable for you."

"That's one of the best things," Ozma said, her eyes sparkling. "I've learned so much magic that now I can make a saddle for you! I don't expect you thought that boy called Tip would ever be a powerful magic worker, did you?"

"That boy brought me to life," the animal said. "I thought that was pretty good magic."

"True enough. But that was just using someone else's magic. This will be my very own, and I'm glad that you, my second oldest friend, will be the first citizen of Oz to see my new powers."



Back to Oz

ONCE THEY HAD TURNED the Whimsie over to Duke Sandor and his men, the professor and his party had an uneventful journey back to Burzee. They passed south of the Scoodler country and continued due east, skirting the southern edge of the Sandy Waste. Since Andior would not be allowed to enter Burzee, the others elected to stay with him and follow the narrow track between the desert and the forest rather than returning to Lurline's circle.

"We know that Lurline can observe our activities by the utilization of her wand," the Woggle-bug said. "She will assuredly inform Ozma of our location,

BACK TO OZ

and I am confident that the princess will join us at the Red Wagon at her earliest convenience."

Andior had heard so much about the lovely fairy ruler of Oz that he worried a little about his appearance. "I only brought one spare robe," he told the Hungry Tiger on their last full day before reaching the Red Wagon. "And I've worn both of the two I brought until they're badly soiled. I hate to meet Princess Ozma in dirty clothes."

"Ozma is a kind and understanding person," the tiger rumbled, "and she'll know that you've been traveling for several days, and will make allowances. But I can understand that you'd be much more comfortable if you had a chance to wash out at least one of your robes, and probably wash yourself as well."

"That's exactly right!" Andior said.

"Then we need to make sure that we make camp tonight near a spring or stream; the basket will furnish us with enough water for drinking and for washing your face and hands, but not for bathing and washing clothes."

Since there were many springs within Burzee

that turned into streams that flowed out of the forest, it was easy for the party to choose a campsite next to a deep pool fed by one of the streams. First, Andior rinsed out his better robe as thoroughly as he could manage and hung it over a bush to dry. Then, with a little shiver, he stripped off all his clothes and plunged into the chilly water. The invaluable basket had furnished a sponge and a bar of soap, and so he was able to remove the travel dust of several days from his body, face, and hair. The Frogman joined him for a swim, but felt no need for the soap or sponge.

He stretched out beside the pool to let the last rays of the sun dry him off. Apart from the Whimsie's attack, which had only lasted a few seconds, the past few days had been the most enjoyable he could remember. He knew that soon he would start to miss his mother and father, and the dogs and goats and his other relatives, but for the moment he was thoroughly happy. He had almost dropped off to sleep when the Frogman said, "Dinner time!"



The next morning his best robe was dry, and he donned it with some relief. At least, he thought, though my costume is a simple one, it's clean – and so am I.

Their camp proved to have been only about five miles from the Red Wagon, so it was not even mid-morning when they reached it. Andior assumed that the strange wooden animal hitched to the wagon must be the Sawhorse, though even his companions were a bit surprised to find the wooden steed back on the south side of the desert. As they neared the wagon, the loveliest girl that Andior had ever seen – even in his dreams – emerged from behind it and called a greeting to their party.

"Your Highness, we have successfully recovered the Magic Carpet," the Woggle-bug said with his most important air. "And it is primarily because of this brave lad here. May I introduce to you Andior te-Galdion, a herdsman of Boboland – Princess Ozma of Oz!"



296

BACK TO OZ

28

Andior knelt and laid the carpet at Ozma's feet, bowing his head as he did so. "Oh, stand up!" she said with a merry laugh. "As far as my memory goes, I'm about your own age." She extended a hand to him and as he arose, she kissed him soundly on both cheeks. "I hope that the professor has thought of a suitable reward for you."

"Your – Your Highness, you've just given me the greatest reward I could imagine!" Andior said, blushing furiously.

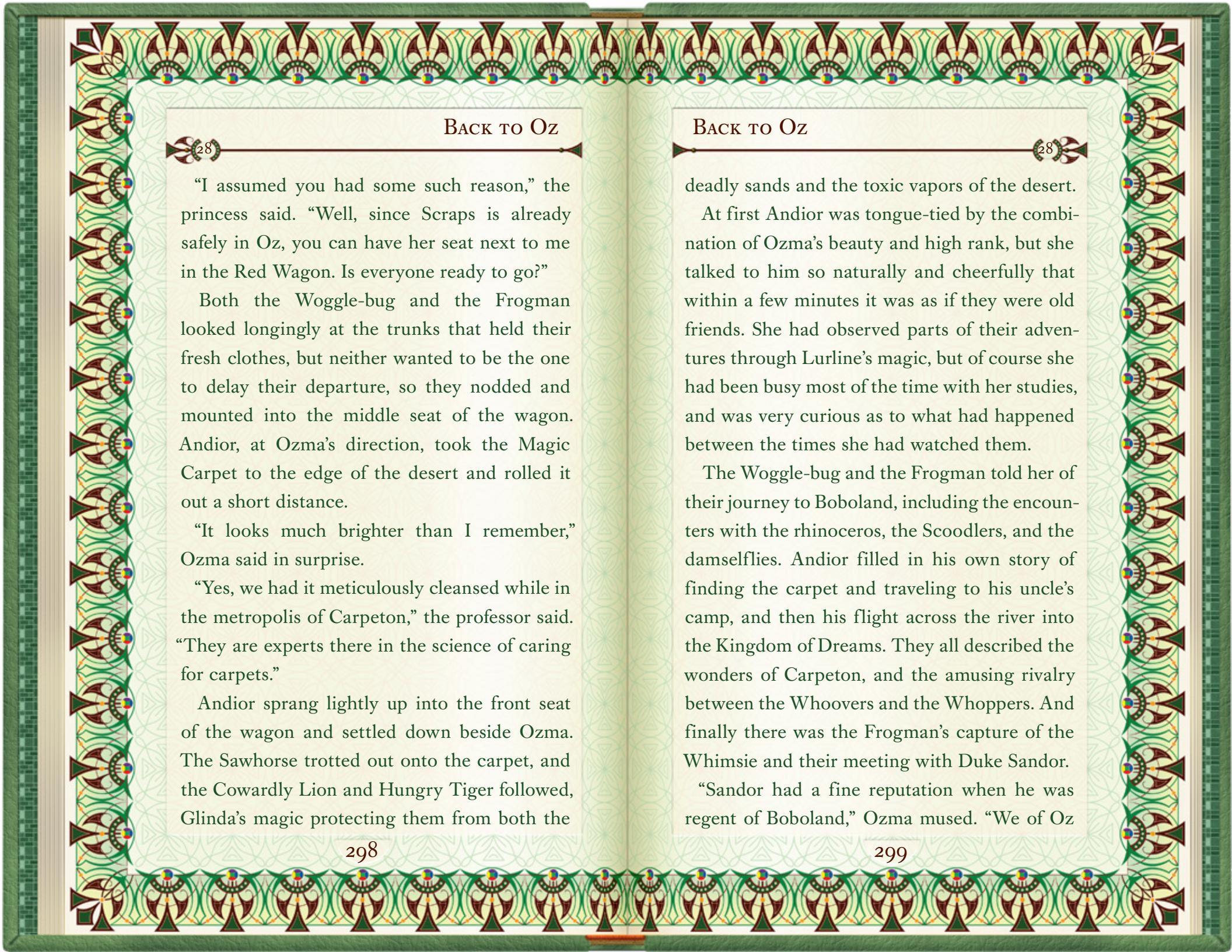
"Ah, and he has the words of a diplomat!" Ozma teased. "A lad of many parts, I can see. Shall I recommend to Prince Bobo that he make you an ambassador?"

"Only if – if I were ambassador to your court!"

"Better and better! Someday I'll speak to him. But meanwhile – "

"I have proposed that he accompany us back to Oz, Your Highness, and that he be given a celebratory feast in the Emerald City and then a tour of some of the more interesting localities in Oz before returning to his native soil," the Woggle-bug interjected.

297



BACK TO OZ

28

"I assumed you had some such reason," the princess said. "Well, since Scraps is already safely in Oz, you can have her seat next to me in the Red Wagon. Is everyone ready to go?"

Both the Woggle-bug and the Frogman looked longingly at the trunks that held their fresh clothes, but neither wanted to be the one to delay their departure, so they nodded and mounted into the middle seat of the wagon. Andior, at Ozma's direction, took the Magic Carpet to the edge of the desert and rolled it out a short distance.

"It looks much brighter than I remember," Ozma said in surprise.

"Yes, we had it meticulously cleansed while in the metropolis of Carpeton," the professor said. "They are experts there in the science of caring for carpets."

Andior sprang lightly up into the front seat of the wagon and settled down beside Ozma. The Sawhorse trotted out onto the carpet, and the Cowardly Lion and Hungry Tiger followed, Glinda's magic protecting them from both the

BACK TO OZ

28

deadly sands and the toxic vapors of the desert.

At first Andior was tongue-tied by the combination of Ozma's beauty and high rank, but she talked to him so naturally and cheerfully that within a few minutes it was as if they were old friends. She had observed parts of their adventures through Lurline's magic, but of course she had been busy most of the time with her studies, and was very curious as to what had happened between the times she had watched them.

The Woggle-bug and the Frogman told her of their journey to Boboland, including the encounters with the rhinoceros, the Scoodlers, and the damselflies. Andior filled in his own story of finding the carpet and traveling to his uncle's camp, and then his flight across the river into the Kingdom of Dreams. They all described the wonders of Carpeton, and the amusing rivalry between the Whoovers and the Whoppers. And finally there was the Frogman's capture of the Whimsie and their meeting with Duke Sandor.

"Sandor had a fine reputation when he was regent of Boboland," Ozma mused. "We of Oz

298

299



BACK TO OZ

28

have little to do with the kingdoms outside our borders, but those reports that came to us were all highly favorable."

"Why do you have little to do with the other kingdoms?" Andior asked curiously.

"My one serious effort to interfere outside Oz, not long after I came to the throne, came close to being a disaster, both at the time and because of its echoes years later. At one point we cut ourselves off completely from the rest of the world, but I decided that we needn't be so exclusive as that. After all, it's still quite difficult for anyone from the Great Outside World to reach Oz, or even the other kingdoms on this continent, without magical help."

On their journey from Boboland to Burzee the Woggle-bug had taken great delight in lecturing Andior about the marvelous Land of Oz, and in particular about the several mortals from the outside world who had come there to stay. These mortals included several of Ozma's closest friends and advisors, and so he was by no means surprised that she had decided to end

BACK TO OZ

28

the complete isolation of Oz that had once seemed a good idea.



The desert crossing went smoothly, and before nightfall they reached Glinda's palace. Andior was somewhat awed by the beautiful, stately sorceress, but any solemnity that the occasion might have warranted was quickly shattered by the madcap Patchwork Girl.

"Hey, now here's a handsome youth!"

"A princely lad, to tell the truth."

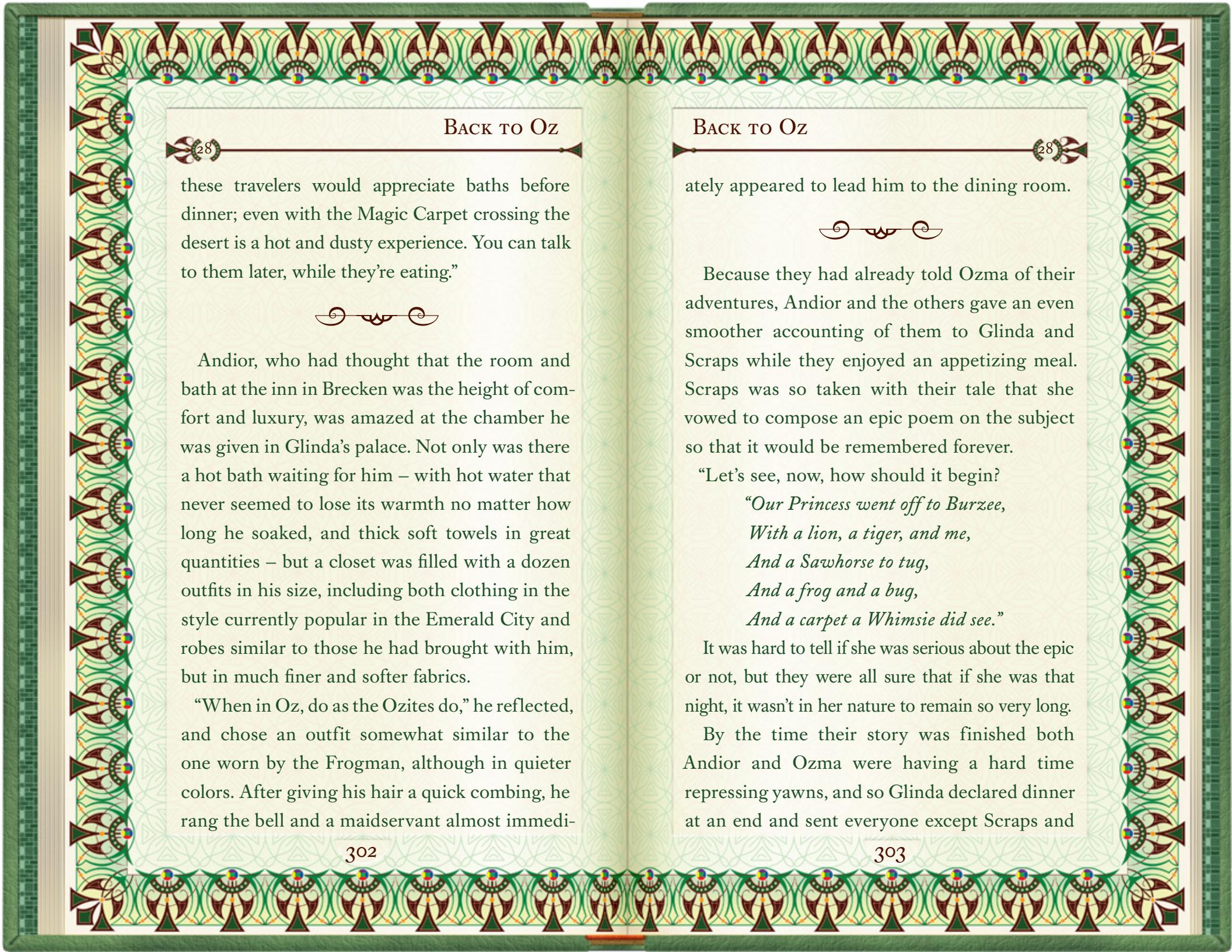
"Can he be that shepherd boy"

"The Whimsie wanted to destroy?"

"The very one!" Ozma confirmed. "But he tells me that the herdsmen of Boboland all have very aristocratic ways. Certainly he has elegant manners himself, as I hope you'll all learn soon."

Andior blushed once again at this enthusiastic praise, but Scraps appeared to take it lightly, and immediately began asking all of them question upon question about their adventures.

"Enough, Scraps!" Glinda commanded. "I'm sure



BACK TO OZ

28

these travelers would appreciate baths before dinner; even with the Magic Carpet crossing the desert is a hot and dusty experience. You can talk to them later, while they're eating."



Andior, who had thought that the room and bath at the inn in Brecken was the height of comfort and luxury, was amazed at the chamber he was given in Glinda's palace. Not only was there a hot bath waiting for him – with hot water that never seemed to lose its warmth no matter how long he soaked, and thick soft towels in great quantities – but a closet was filled with a dozen outfits in his size, including both clothing in the style currently popular in the Emerald City and robes similar to those he had brought with him, but in much finer and softer fabrics.

"When in Oz, do as the Ozites do," he reflected, and chose an outfit somewhat similar to the one worn by the Frogman, although in quieter colors. After giving his hair a quick combing, he rang the bell and a maid servant almost immedi-

302

BACK TO OZ

28

ately appeared to lead him to the dining room.



Because they had already told Ozma of their adventures, Andior and the others gave an even smoother accounting of them to Glinda and Scraps while they enjoyed an appetizing meal. Scraps was so taken with their tale that she vowed to compose an epic poem on the subject so that it would be remembered forever.

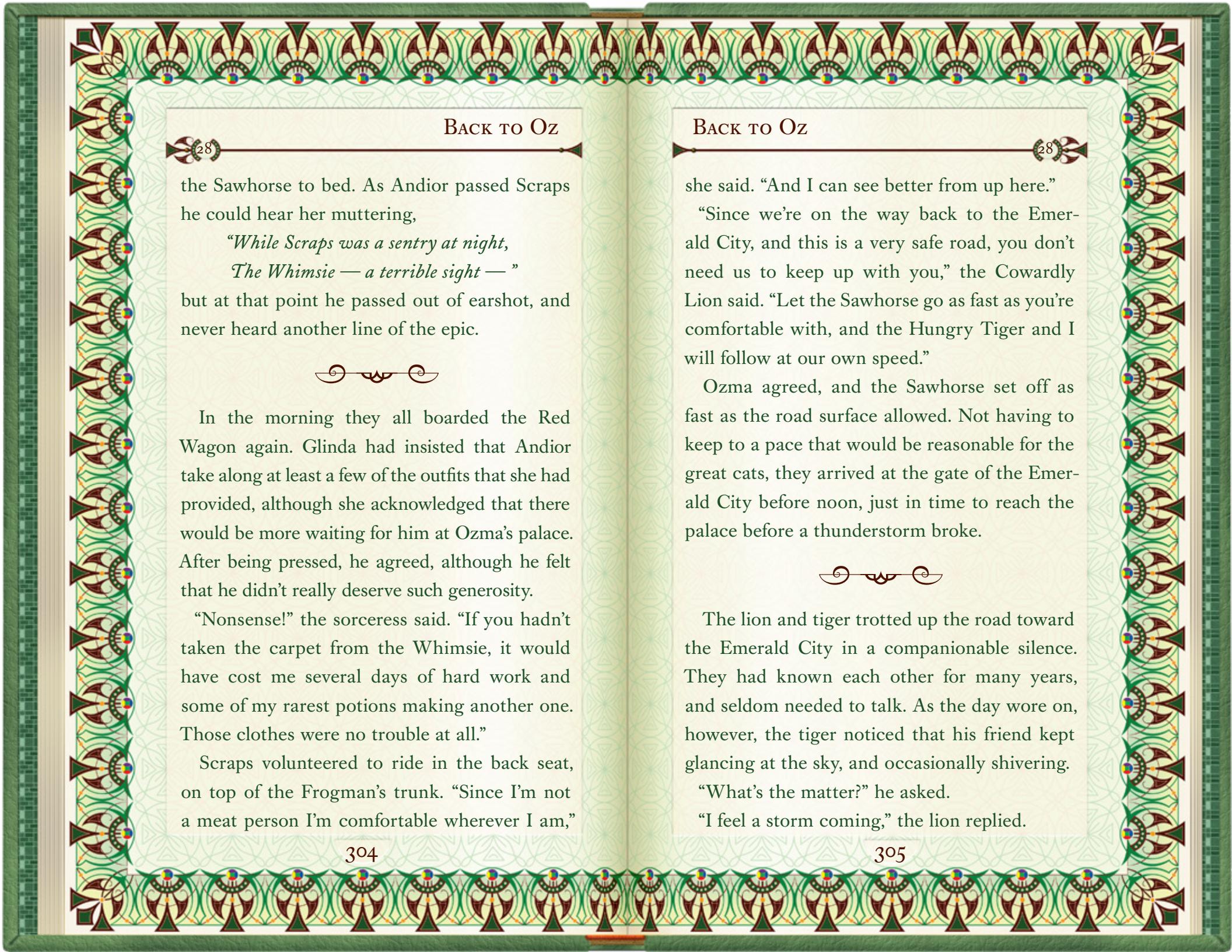
"Let's see, now, how should it begin?

*"Our Princess went off to Burzee,
With a lion, a tiger, and me,
And a Sawhorse to tug,
And a frog and a bug,
And a carpet a Whimsie did see."*

It was hard to tell if she was serious about the epic or not, but they were all sure that if she was that night, it wasn't in her nature to remain so very long.

By the time their story was finished both Andior and Ozma were having a hard time repressing yawns, and so Glinda declared dinner at an end and sent everyone except Scraps and

303



BACK TO OZ

28

the Sawhorse to bed. As Andior passed Scraps he could hear her muttering,

*“While Scraps was a sentry at night,
The Whimsie — a terrible sight —”*

but at that point he passed out of earshot, and never heard another line of the epic.



In the morning they all boarded the Red Wagon again. Glinda had insisted that Andior take along at least a few of the outfits that she had provided, although she acknowledged that there would be more waiting for him at Ozma's palace. After being pressed, he agreed, although he felt that he didn't really deserve such generosity.

“Nonsense!” the sorceress said. “If you hadn't taken the carpet from the Whimsie, it would have cost me several days of hard work and some of my rarest potions making another one. Those clothes were no trouble at all.”

Scraps volunteered to ride in the back seat, on top of the Frogman's trunk. “Since I'm not a meat person I'm comfortable wherever I am,”

BACK TO OZ

28

she said. “And I can see better from up here.”

“Since we're on the way back to the Emerald City, and this is a very safe road, you don't need us to keep up with you,” the Cowardly Lion said. “Let the Sawhorse go as fast as you're comfortable with, and the Hungry Tiger and I will follow at our own speed.”

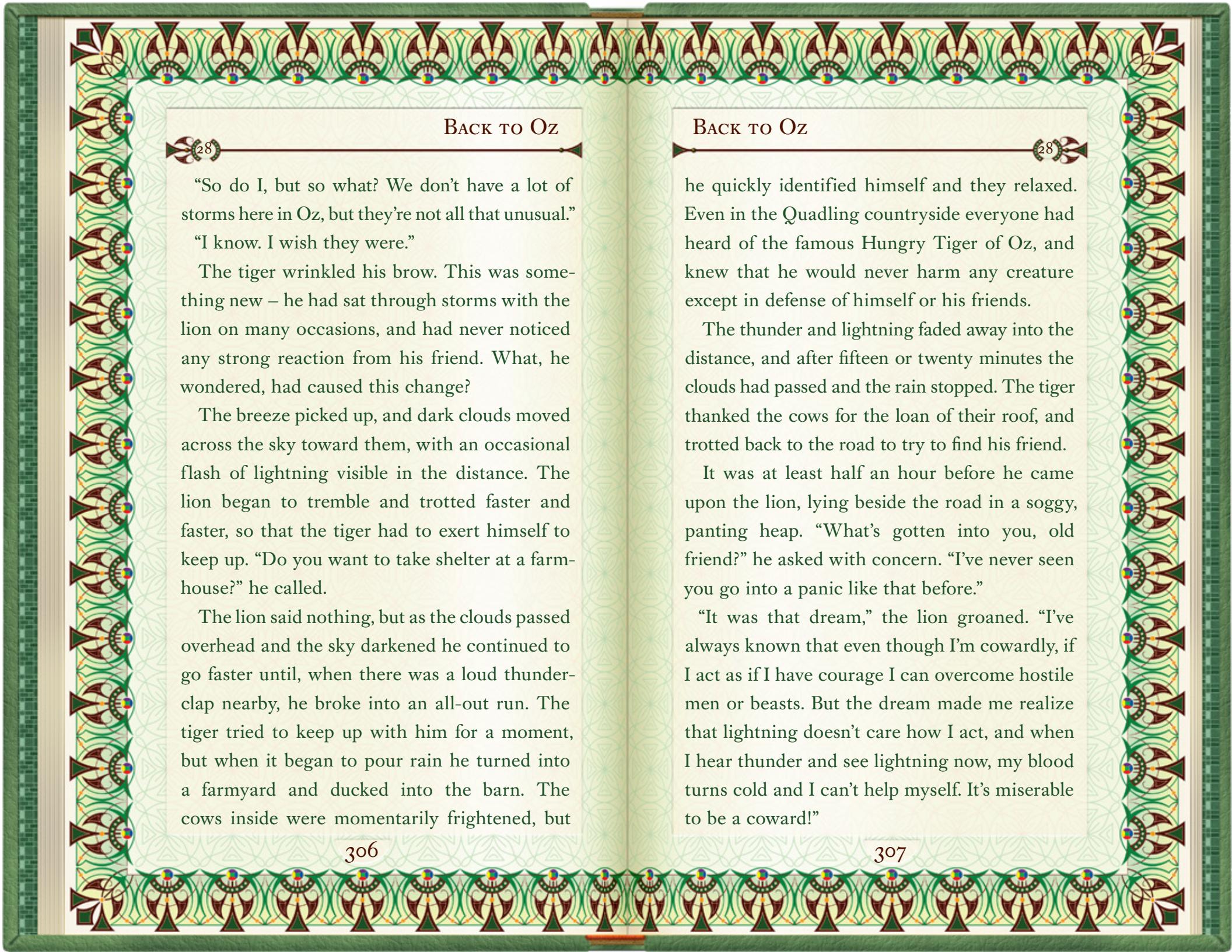
Ozma agreed, and the Sawhorse set off as fast as the road surface allowed. Not having to keep to a pace that would be reasonable for the great cats, they arrived at the gate of the Emerald City before noon, just in time to reach the palace before a thunderstorm broke.



The lion and tiger trotted up the road toward the Emerald City in a companionable silence. They had known each other for many years, and seldom needed to talk. As the day wore on, however, the tiger noticed that his friend kept glancing at the sky, and occasionally shivering.

“What's the matter?” he asked.

“I feel a storm coming,” the lion replied.



BACK TO OZ

28

"So do I, but so what? We don't have a lot of storms here in Oz, but they're not all that unusual."

"I know. I wish they were."

The tiger wrinkled his brow. This was something new – he had sat through storms with the lion on many occasions, and had never noticed any strong reaction from his friend. What, he wondered, had caused this change?

The breeze picked up, and dark clouds moved across the sky toward them, with an occasional flash of lightning visible in the distance. The lion began to tremble and trotted faster and faster, so that the tiger had to exert himself to keep up. "Do you want to take shelter at a farmhouse?" he called.

The lion said nothing, but as the clouds passed overhead and the sky darkened he continued to go faster until, when there was a loud thunder-clap nearby, he broke into an all-out run. The tiger tried to keep up with him for a moment, but when it began to pour rain he turned into a farmyard and ducked into the barn. The cows inside were momentarily frightened, but

BACK TO OZ

28

he quickly identified himself and they relaxed. Even in the Quadling countryside everyone had heard of the famous Hungry Tiger of Oz, and knew that he would never harm any creature except in defense of himself or his friends.

The thunder and lightning faded away into the distance, and after fifteen or twenty minutes the clouds had passed and the rain stopped. The tiger thanked the cows for the loan of their roof, and trotted back to the road to try to find his friend.

It was at least half an hour before he came upon the lion, lying beside the road in a soggy, panting heap. "What's gotten into you, old friend?" he asked with concern. "I've never seen you go into a panic like that before."

"It was that dream," the lion groaned. "I've always known that even though I'm cowardly, if I act as if I have courage I can overcome hostile men or beasts. But the dream made me realize that lightning doesn't care how I act, and when I hear thunder and see lightning now, my blood turns cold and I can't help myself. It's miserable to be a coward!"

"If something has to make you panic, thunder and lightning are more harmless than most," the tiger said comfortingly. "There really isn't anything you can do about them, although running isn't likely to help. It would be much worse if something made you abandon your friends to a danger you might have protected them from."

"Oh, nothing could do that!" the lion said, perking up a little. "It's just that I'm so afraid of storms now."

"Then it's good that they're uncommon in Oz. Are you rested enough to continue on our way, or would you like to stay here a while longer?"

The lion slowly rose to his feet and stretched, then said, "I can go on. But let's not move too fast at first."



A Hero's Welcome



DOROTHY HAD BEEN monitoring the approach of the Red Wagon in the Magic Picture, so that by the time it had reached the Emerald City quite a crowd had gathered to welcome Ozma and her companions back. It was a happy procession that paraded up the great avenue from the south gate of the city to the south gate of the palace grounds. However, the dark clouds that were moving in from the west hurried them along, since everyone wanted to be under a roof before the rain came.

A groom unharnessed the Sawhorse, who then disappeared

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

into the stables, and Tando Makrit appeared to carry the Magic Carpet and Ozma's valise. The others each carried his own baggage – except Scraps, who had none – and entered the palace, while two other grooms pulled the wagon into the carriage-house.

There were so many new people that Andior could hardly keep them straight at first when Ozma introduced him to them. The pretty little girl named Dorothy made an immediate impression, however, when she tucked her arm into his and said, "I've been watching you in the Magic Picture for ever so long, and I think you're terribly brave and clever! That Whimsie was just *awful!*"

"I don't know that I was that brave or clever," Andior said with some embarrassment. "If I'd known the Whimsie would chase me like that, I might not have taken the carpet at all."

"I'm sure you would have," Ozma said with one of her enchanting smiles, "though you might have moved a little faster and gone straight to Carpeton instead of going to visit your uncle."

"But what about you, Ozma?" Dorothy asked.

310

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

"We tried to see what you were doing, but the Magic Picture wouldn't show us anything in Burzee."

"No, the fairy magic in Burzee shields it from any other kind of magic," the princess replied. "I learned that, along with many other things, during my stay with Lurline."

"And did you learn enough magic to be able to protect yourself?" the Wizard asked.

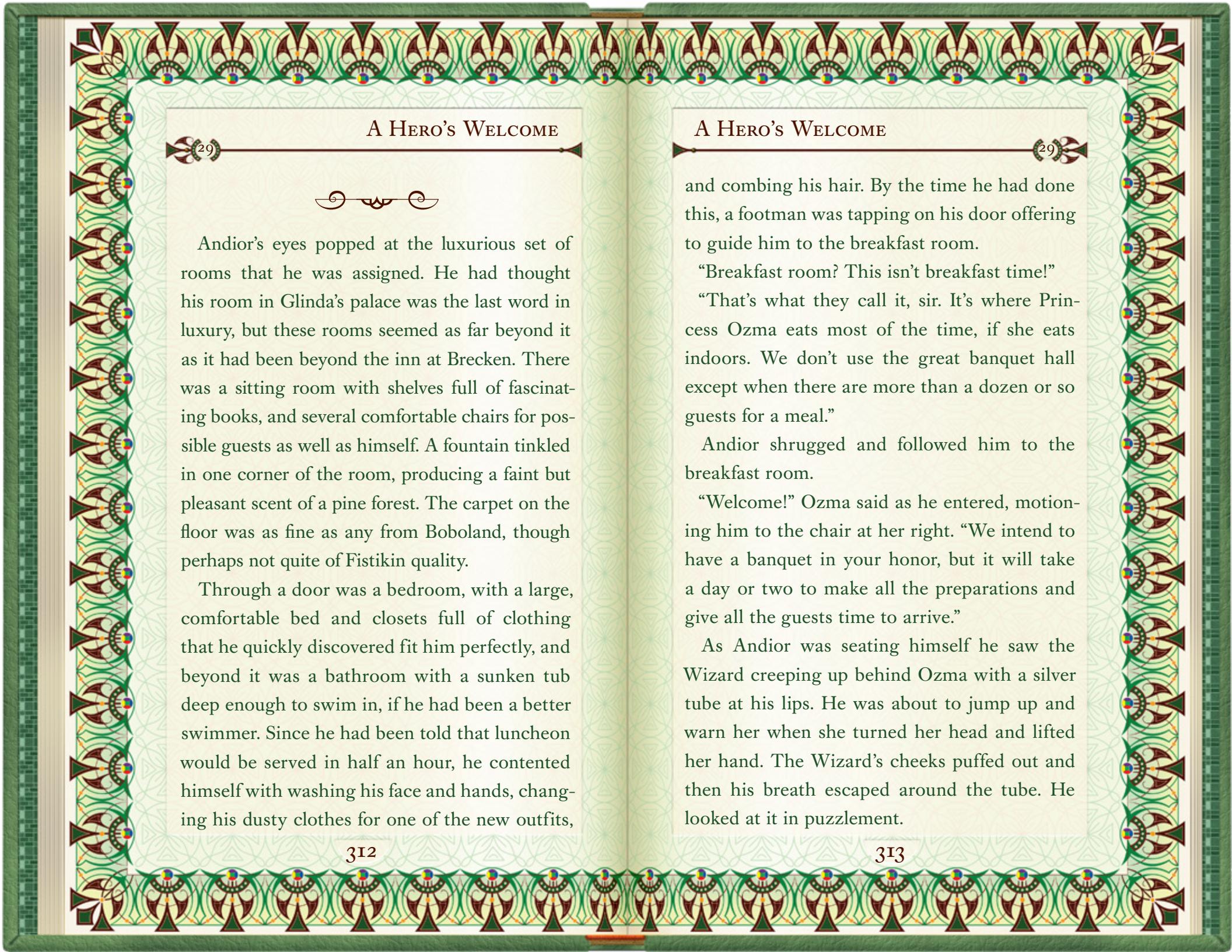
"Certainly I could protect myself against someone like Jommy Zelv," she said. "Perhaps a sufficiently powerful sorcerer, if he took me by surprise, might still overcome me, but I now have considerable power, and with more practice I should be able to increase it further. Why don't you try to freeze me as Jommy did, and I'll show you."

The Wizard lifted an eyebrow, but said, "Let me fetch the tube and the rosarundic dust."

"Oh, not just now. You need to try to take me by surprise. Sometime this afternoon."

She then instructed Jellia Jamb to take Andior to his suite, and linking one arm with Dorothy and the other with Betsy Bobbin, she went up the Grand Staircase to her own rooms.

311



A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)



Andior's eyes popped at the luxurious set of rooms that he was assigned. He had thought his room in Glinda's palace was the last word in luxury, but these rooms seemed as far beyond it as it had been beyond the inn at Brecken. There was a sitting room with shelves full of fascinating books, and several comfortable chairs for possible guests as well as himself. A fountain tinkled in one corner of the room, producing a faint but pleasant scent of a pine forest. The carpet on the floor was as fine as any from Boboland, though perhaps not quite of Fistikin quality.

Through a door was a bedroom, with a large, comfortable bed and closets full of clothing that he quickly discovered fit him perfectly, and beyond it was a bathroom with a sunken tub deep enough to swim in, if he had been a better swimmer. Since he had been told that luncheon would be served in half an hour, he contented himself with washing his face and hands, changing his dusty clothes for one of the new outfits,

312

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

and combing his hair. By the time he had done this, a footman was tapping on his door offering to guide him to the breakfast room.

"Breakfast room? This isn't breakfast time!"

"That's what they call it, sir. It's where Princess Ozma eats most of the time, if she eats indoors. We don't use the great banquet hall except when there are more than a dozen or so guests for a meal."

Andior shrugged and followed him to the breakfast room.

"Welcome!" Ozma said as he entered, motioning him to the chair at her right. "We intend to have a banquet in your honor, but it will take a day or two to make all the preparations and give all the guests time to arrive."

As Andior was seating himself he saw the Wizard creeping up behind Ozma with a silver tube at his lips. He was about to jump up and warn her when she turned her head and lifted her hand. The Wizard's cheeks puffed out and then his breath escaped around the tube. He looked at it in puzzlement.

313

A HERO'S WELCOME

29

"There's nothing wrong with your tube or your rosarundic dust!" Ozma said. "Or there wasn't. I just froze the dust into a solid mass and bonded it to the tube."

"Good heavens! You can do that without any magic tools?"

"I can now. With my wand I can do much more, but we'll talk about that later. Do you believe me now that I can defend myself against magic?"

"I believe that I'm glad that we're friends!" the Wizard said feelingly.



The next day and a half passed in a blur for Andior. Dorothy, Betsy, and Trot decided that it was their duty to show him as many of the wonders of the Emerald City as they could crowd into the time before the great banquet in his honor. Since all three little girls were prime favorites of the people of the capital, they could take him everywhere – from the jewelry makers who cut, polished, and set the emeralds for which the city was famous to the

314



Andior Visits the Emerald City

315

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

bakers who made the delicious green bread and pastries; from the weavers who produced soft silken fabric to the tailors and seamstresses who turned it into beautifully-made clothing; from the glass-blowers who created delightful ornaments for the home to the cleaners who kept them all dusted and cleaned.

"I bet they could use a few Whoovers and Whoppers as assistants," Andior said with a grin after they had seen a demonstration of the speed and skill with which one of the cleaning crews could render a home spotless.

"I'm sure they could," Trot giggled. "We saw them when they were cleaning the Magic Carpet, and they were *so* funny!"

"They're very useful citizens of Carpeton, though," Andior said seriously. "There's much less magic in Boboland than in Oz, you know, and it would be very difficult to keep all the carpets clean without the Whoovers and Whoppers."



Andior spent far more time than usual dress-

316

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

ing himself for the banquet. He tried on several outfits, gauging their effect, but finally decided on a robe similar to those he wore at home, except that it was made of silk in a shade of green that set off his eyes. Ozma had assured him that he would not be expected to make a speech, but had said that a few words from him would be appropriate, so he had spent a sleepless hour or two the night before thinking of what he might say.

By now he knew the way to the banquet hall, but when he emerged into the corridor he found several of his new and old friends awaiting him. The Frogman and the Woggle-bug had donned their most dandified attire. The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger had both been brushed till their coats shone, and the lion had an elegant ribbon binding up his mane. Dorothy, Betsy, and Trot were all wearing exquisite party dresses that had been made up especially for the occasion, and they cooed with approval at Andior's choice of costume.

There were several tables in the great ban-

317

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

quet hall, since not only Ozma's closest friends and counselors, but many of the other courtiers and important citizens of the Emerald City, had been invited. As the guest of honor, Andior was seated at Ozma's right, and Professor Woggle-bug for once was given the next most honored position at her left. Glinda, as usual when she was in the Emerald City, sat at the foot of Ozma's table, with the Frogman to her right and the Patchwork Girl to her left. While the lion and tiger and Sawhorse had been equally important members of the party, they were not comfortable in human chairs, and so were given the most honored positions at the table where the animals were served.

Many of the guests had noticed that although the lights around the wall were illuminated, so that they had no difficulty in seeing, the candles in the many candelabra on the tables were unlit. When everyone had been seated, Ozma said, "As most of you know, I have been away on a visit to Burzee, where I hoped to learn to work magic myself. I understand that Jack Pumpkin-

A HERO'S WELCOME

(29)

head has served very competently as my surrogate while I have been gone. The purpose of magic is not to flaunt one's powers, but I felt that a small demonstration might show you that my absence was worthwhile." She extended her wand, and abruptly flames sprang up at the tip of each candle.

She then returned the wand to her bosom, and the servitors began bringing in the food. Andior thought that he had never seen such a delicious – or abundant – meal. He tried to limit the portions he took, but each dish seemed more appetizing than the last, and it required a heroic effort on his part to avoid stuffing himself to the point where he would be unable to speak when the time came.

Finally, when the last dessert plate had been cleared and the guests were sipping coffee, tea, Ozade, or whatever beverage pleased them at the end of a meal, Ozma rose and gave a brief sketch of the adventures of the rest of her party. Then she honored them one by one.

"Scraps, who risked the brightness of her

A HERO'S WELCOME

29

patches to carry a message to Glinda!" The Patchwork Girl rose and bowed, then recited a sprightly poem of thanks.

"The Sawhorse, who crossed the Great Sandy Waste not once but twice without the Magic Carpet!" The Sawhorse nodded his head and voiced a gruff thanks.

"The Cowardly Lion, who was felled in the Kingdom of Dreams by the Sand Man, but who succeeded in bringing the carpet to where the Hungry Tiger could rescue it!" The lion looked somewhat embarrassed, but growled his thanks.

"The Hungry Tiger, who brought the Magic Carpet back from the Kingdom of Dreams!" The tiger muttered that the Frogman and the lion had done the hard part; what he did was easy.

"The Frogman, who overthrew a rhinoceros, risked the Kingdom of Dreams and was put to sleep there, and saved the carpet when the Whimsie stole it back!" The Frogman rose and said truthfully that without the zosozo he would never have been strong enough to perform those feats.

320

A HERO'S WELCOME

29

"Professor H.M. Woggle-bug, T.E., who used his geographic knowledge to guide the search party through Boboland, and whose diplomacy was a major factor in its success!" The professor stood and bowed, then appeared to be on the verge of one of his long-winded speeches. But to the surprise of everyone, he suddenly said, "Thank you. Thank you very much," and was seated.

Ozma then turned to Andior and extended a hand to draw him to his feet. "And here we have our guest of honor," she said. "Andior te-Galdion, a herdsman of Boboland, found the carpet where the Whimsie had hidden it and took it away, at great peril to himself. If he had not done this, it is doubtful that we could ever have recovered it."

"I'm happy that I could be of help to you," Andior said shyly. "I don't think what I did was so brave or clever; it was mostly just luck. I didn't know much about Oz a few days ago, but I've learned a great deal about it since then, and everything I've learned has been good. I'm greatly honored by this banquet, and if any of you are ever traveling

321

A HERO'S WELCOME

29

in Boboland, I know that any of my relatives will be delighted to entertain you."

He sat down, and the guests broke into loud applause – even louder than the applause they had given for his companions. When it finally began to ebb, Ozma raised her hand and said, "That concludes our banquet. I bid you all good night, and hope that you sleep well."



322

The Return to Boboland

30

INDIOR REMAINED IN OZ for several weeks. Dorothy, Betsy, and Trot volunteered to show him around the country, and Ozma willingly loaned them the Red Wagon. "The Sawhorse isn't mine to loan," she said, "but he loves to be useful, so I'm sure he'll pull it for you."

In that she was quite correct, and the four of them had a delightful time touring the more settled parts of Oz. Sometimes they were joined by the Frogman or the Woggle-bug; the Shaggy Man and Cap'n Bill went along once, when they decided to visit the Hoppers and Horners, because they

323

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

thought there might be some danger. As it turned out, however, those interesting people were at peace with each other and welcomed the visitors warmly, vying with each other as to which could show the finest hospitality.

Andior was amused at Miss Cuttenclip's living paper dolls, and had a wonderful time assembling a few of the Fuddles of Fuddlecumjig. He was less impressed by the Flutterbudgets and the Rigmaroles, although he was appreciative of the Oz custom that sent people of that sort to these two villages. "We have a few Flutterbudgets and Rigmaroles in Boboland," he said. "But they live among us, and make themselves as miserable as they make the rest of us. Putting them all together in one place almost certainly makes them happier, and absolutely makes everyone else happier."

When they visited the Dainty China Country they were very careful to stay outside the wall surrounding it. The fragile inhabitants remembered Dorothy well, but because they also remembered her earlier companions — espe-

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

cially Toto and the Cowardly Lion — they were not very friendly.

The Scarecrow welcomed them all to his palace in the Winkie Country, and Andior laughed at the idea of a house shaped like an ear of corn. Still, he had to admit that it was very comfortable, and that the food and beds were of a remarkably high quality for an owner who never ate or slept himself.

Even more impressive was the tin castle of Nick Chopper, the Emperor of the Winkies. "There are three noteworthy palaces in the Land of Oz," said the Woggle-bug, who was with them on this trip. "The palace of Ozma in the Emerald City is, of course, incomparable, not only in Oz but anywhere that is recorded in any of my books. However, the Ruby Palace of Glinda and the Tin Castle of the Tin Woodman are rightly regarded as belonging in the first rank of all residences."

"Tin doesn't sound very comfortable," Andior said doubtfully. "Sort of cold."

"Nick Chopper knows how to make people

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

comfortable," Dorothy said. "I've stayed there lots and lots of times, and it's as comfortable as Glinda's palace."

And he found to his surprise that it was indeed a comfortable place to visit. To be sure, the tin was most evident on the outside of the palace; the walls on the inside were hung with gorgeous tapestries, and the floors were carpeted with excellent rugs, so that he did not suffer from the reverberation that he had feared. His bed was comfortable, and the food was delicious even though their host never partook of any himself.

"I can remember eating," the Emperor said reminiscently. "There was a certain pleasure involved, to be sure, but I find that I am much more content now, when I never feel the pangs of hunger or thirst."

"If I were often truly hungry," Andior said, "then I might agree with you. But I find the pleasure of the palate very great, and the satisfaction of the mild pangs of appetite is more of a pleasure than the pangs are a pain. So I am happy that I am able to eat."

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

"Very philosophical," the Woggle-bug said approvingly. "Now, I myself once invented a Square-Meal Tablet that provided all the nutrition of a six-course dinner in a single pill. It was very useful for travelers – the Shaggy Man loved them – but even I eventually had to admit that a great deal of satisfaction was lost when the consumption of a six-course meal took a few seconds, and had no taste."

"It seems to me," Andior said, "that those pills combined the worst parts of being like us and being like the Emperor. You still got hungry and had to eat, but you didn't get any pleasure from it."



Finally, Andior decided reluctantly that it was time for him to return to Boboland. He stowed his few possessions in his pack, dressed in one of the robes he had brought with him, and sought an audience with Ozma. His new friends in Oz declared that they would miss him very much, but understood that he needed to see his family again.

"Now that I have learned more about magic,"

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

30

Ozma said, "I know that the Magic Belt has recovered enough power to send you back to Boboland without any danger to you. I think this would be easier on you than sending you with the Magic Carpet; it would also mean that I needn't send someone with you to bring the carpet back."

"We wouldn't mind going with him!" Dorothy, Betsy, and Trot all chorused.

"I know you wouldn't," the princess said indulgently. "He's been like a big brother to you, and I know you all love him dearly. But I may need the wagon or the carpet for something before you could get back. Andior, if you don't mind I'd rather use the Magic Belt."

"I don't mind. But I want you to know that I'll miss you all very, very much."

"And we'll miss you. I'll look for you in the Magic Picture at noon on the first of every month. If you want to be transported to Oz, wrap this green sash around your neck that day."

Andior took the sash reverently. Ozma had removed it from her own slim waist when she had put on the Magic Belt, so that it meant a



Andior Bids a Farewell to Oz

RETURN TO BOBOLAND

330

great deal to him. He folded it carefully and put it into a pocket of his robe. "I'm ready now," he said, his voice a little tight.

Ozma gave him one last brilliant smile, and then touched the jeweled belt around her waist. In an instant, he found himself facing his mother outside their tent.

"Well!" she said. "Where did you come from? You've been gone long enough, and nothing but a message from Zankor that you'd gone to Carpeton, and then one from Kinovar that you'd gone to Oz."

"And that's where I've been," Andior said. "I've met the most beautiful girl in the world, and she even kissed me on both cheeks, not that it meant anything to her."

He sank down by the campfire, stared into the coals, and muttered, "I wonder how one goes about becoming the ambassador to Oz?"



330

Colophon

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