



L. Frank Baum

Ozma of Oz



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CHAPTER 1
THE GIRL IN THE CHICKEN COOP

The wind blew hard and joggled the water of the ocean, sending ripples across its surface. Then the wind pushed the edges of the ripples until they became waves, and shoved the waves around until they became billows. The billows rolled dreadfully high: higher even than the tops of houses. Some of them, indeed, rolled as high as the tops of tall trees, and seemed like mountains; and the gulfs between the great billows were like deep valleys.

All this mad dashing and splashing of the waters of the big ocean, which the mischievous wind caused without any good reason whatever, resulted in a terrible storm, and a storm on the ocean is liable to cut many queer pranks and do a lot of damage.

At the time the wind began to blow, a ship was sailing far out upon the waters. When the waves began to tumble and toss and to grow bigger and bigger the ship rolled up and down, and tipped sidewise—first one way and then the other—and was jostled around so roughly that even the sailor-men had to hold fast to the ropes and railings to keep themselves from being swept away by the wind or pitched headlong into the sea.

And the clouds were so thick in the sky that the sunlight couldn't get through them; so that the day grew dark as night, which added to the terrors of the storm.

The Captain of the ship was not afraid, because he had seen storms before, and had sailed his ship through them in safety; but he knew that his passengers would be in danger if they tried to stay on deck, so he put them all into the cabin and told them to stay

there until after the storm was over, and to keep brave hearts and not be scared, and all would be well with them.

Now, among these passengers was a little Kansas girl named Dorothy Gale, who was going with her Uncle Henry to Australia, to visit some relatives they had never before seen. Uncle Henry, you must know, was not very well, because he had been working so hard on his Kansas farm that his health had given way and left him weak and nervous. So he left Aunt Em at home to watch after the hired men and to take care of the farm, while he traveled far away to Australia to visit his cousins and have a good rest.

Dorothy was eager to go with him on this journey, and Uncle Henry thought she would be good company and help cheer him up; so he decided to take her along. The little girl was quite an experienced traveller, for she had once been carried by a cyclone as far away from home as the marvelous Land of Oz, and she had met with a good many adventures in that strange country before she managed to get back to Kansas again. So she wasn't easily frightened, whatever happened, and when the wind began to howl and whistle, and the waves began to tumble and toss, our little girl didn't mind the uproar the least bit.

"Of course we'll have to stay in the cabin," she said to Uncle Henry and the other passengers, "and keep as quiet as possible until the storm is over. For the Captain says if we go on deck we may be blown overboard."

No one wanted to risk such an accident as that, you may be sure; so all the passengers stayed huddled up in the dark cabin, listening to the shrieking of the storm and the creaking of the masts and rigging and trying to keep from bumping into one another when the ship tipped sidewise.

Dorothy had almost fallen asleep when she was aroused with a start to find that Uncle Henry was missing. She couldn't imagine where he had gone, and as he was not very strong she began to worry about him, and to fear he might have been careless enough to go on deck. In that case he would be in great danger unless he instantly came down again.

The fact was that Uncle Henry had gone to lie down in his little sleeping berth, but Dorothy did not know that. She only remembered that Aunt Em had cautioned her to take good care of her uncle, so at once she decided to go on deck and find him, in spite of the fact that the tempest was now worse than ever, and the ship was plunging in a really dreadful manner. Indeed, the little girl found it was as much as she could do to mount the stairs to the deck, and as soon as she got there the wind struck her so fiercely that it almost tore away the skirts of her dress. Yet Dorothy felt a sort of joyous excitement in defying the storm, and while she held fast to the railing she peered around through the gloom and thought she saw the dim form of a man clinging to a mast not far away from her. This might be her uncle, so she called as loudly as she could:

“Uncle Henry! Uncle Henry!”

But the wind screeched and howled so madly that she scarce heard her own voice, and the man certainly failed to hear her, for he did not move.

Dorothy decided she must go to him; so she made a dash forward, during a lull in the storm, to where a big square chicken coop had been lashed to the deck with ropes. She reached this place in safety, but no sooner had she seized fast hold of the slats of the big box in which the chickens were kept than the wind, as if enraged because the little girl dared to resist its power, suddenly redoubled its fury. With a scream like that of an angry giant it tore away the ropes that held the coop and lifted it high into the air, with Dorothy still clinging to the slats. Around and over it whirled, this way and that, and a few moments later the chicken coop dropped far away into the sea, where the big waves caught it and slid it uphill to a foaming crest and then down-hill into a deep valley, as if it were nothing more than a plaything to keep them amused.

Dorothy had a good ducking, you may be sure, but she didn't lose her presence of mind even for a second. She kept tight hold of the stout slats and as soon as she could get the water out of her eyes she saw that the wind had ripped the cover from the coop, and the poor chickens were fluttering away in every direction,

being blown by the wind until they looked like feather dusters without handles. The bottom of the coop was made of thick boards, so Dorothy found she was clinging to a sort of raft, with sides of slats, which readily bore up her weight. After coughing the water out of her throat and getting her breath again, she managed to climb over the slats and stand upon the firm wooden bottom of the coop, which supported her easily enough.

“Why, I’ve got a ship of my own!” she thought, more amused than frightened at her sudden change of condition; and then, as the coop climbed up to the top of a big wave, she looked eagerly around for the ship from which she had been blown.

It was far, far away, by this time. Perhaps no one on board had yet missed her, or knew of her strange adventure. Down into a valley between the waves the coop swept her, and when she climbed another crest the ship looked like a toy boat, it was such a long way off. Soon it had entirely disappeared in the gloom, and then Dorothy gave a sigh of regret at parting with Uncle Henry and began to wonder what was going to happen to her next.

Just now she was tossing on the bosom of a big ocean, with nothing to keep her afloat but a miserable wooden hencoop that had a plank bottom and slatted sides, through which the water constantly splashed and wetted her through to the skin! And there was nothing to eat when she became hungry—as she was sure to do before long—and no fresh water to drink and no dry clothes to put on.

“Well, I declare!” she exclaimed, with a laugh. “You’re in a pretty fix, Dorothy Gale, I can tell you! And I haven’t the least idea how you’re going to get out of it!”

As if to add to her troubles the night was now creeping on, and the gray clouds overhead changed to inky blackness. But the wind, as if satisfied at last with its mischievous pranks, stopped blowing this ocean and hurried away to another part of the world to blow something else; so that the waves, not being joggled any more, began to quiet down and behave themselves.

It was lucky for Dorothy, I think, that the storm subsided; otherwise, brave though she was, I fear she might have perished.

Many children, in her place, would have wept and given way to despair; but because Dorothy had encountered so many adventures and come safely through them it did not occur to her at this time to be especially afraid. She was wet and uncomfortable, it is true; but, after sighing that one sigh I told you of, she managed to recall some of her customary cheerfulness and decided to patiently await whatever her fate might be.

By and by the black clouds rolled away and showed a blue sky overhead, with a silver moon shining sweetly in the middle of it and little stars winking merrily at Dorothy when she looked their way. The coop did not toss around any more, but rode the waves more gently—almost like a cradle rocking—so that the floor upon which Dorothy stood was no longer swept by water coming through the slats. Seeing this, and being quite exhausted by the excitement of the past few hours, the little girl decided that sleep would be the best thing to restore her strength and the easiest way in which she could pass the time. The floor was damp and she was herself wringing wet, but fortunately this was a warm climate and she did not feel at all cold.

So she sat down in a corner of the coop, leaned her back against the slats, nodded at the friendly stars before she closed her eyes, and was asleep in half a minute.

CHAPTER 2
THE YELLOW HEN

A strange noise awoke Dorothy, who opened her eyes to find that day had dawned and the sun was shining brightly in a clear sky. She had been dreaming that she was back in Kansas again, and playing in the old barnyard with the calves and pigs and chickens all around her; and at first, as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes, she really imagined she was there.

“Kut-kut-kut, ka-daw-kut! Kut-kut-kut, ka-daw-kut!”

Ah; here again was the strange noise that had awakened her. Surely it was a hen cackling! But her wide-open eyes first saw, through the slats of the coop, the blue waves of the ocean, now calm and placid, and her thoughts flew back to the past night, so full of danger and discomfort. Also she began to remember that she was a waif of the storm, adrift upon a treacherous and unknown sea.

“Kut-kut-kut, ka-daw-w-w—kut!”

“What’s that?” cried Dorothy, starting to her feet.

“Why, I’ve just laid an egg, that’s all,” replied a small, but sharp and distinct voice, and looking around her the little girl discovered a yellow hen squatting in the opposite corner of the coop.

“Dear me!” she exclaimed, in surprise; “have you been here all night, too?”

“Of course,” answered the hen, fluttering her wings and yawning. “When the coop blew away from the ship I clung fast to this corner, with claws and beak, for I knew if I fell into the water I’d surely be drowned. Indeed, I nearly drowned, as it was, with all that water washing over me. I never was so wet before in my life!”

“Yes,” agreed Dorothy, “it was pretty wet, for a time, I know. But do you feel comfortable now?”

“Not very. The sun has helped to dry my feathers, as it has your dress, and I feel better since I laid my morning egg. But what’s to become of us, I should like to know, afloat on this big pond?”

“I’d like to know that, too,” said Dorothy. “But, tell me; how does it happen that you are able to talk? I thought hens could only cluck and cackle.”

“Why, as for that,” answered the yellow hen thoughtfully, “I’ve clucked and cackled all my life, and never spoken a word before this morning, that I can remember. But when you asked a question, a minute ago, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to answer you. So I spoke, and I seem to keep on speaking, just as you and other human beings do. Strange, isn’t it?”

“Very,” replied Dorothy. “If we were in the Land of Oz, I wouldn’t think it so queer, because many of the animals can talk in that fairy country. But out here in the ocean must be a good long way from Oz.”

“How is my grammar?” asked the yellow hen, anxiously. “Do I speak quite properly, in your judgment?”

“Yes,” said Dorothy, “you do very well, for a beginner.”

“I’m glad to know that,” continued the yellow hen, in a confidential tone; “because, if one is going to talk, it’s best to talk correctly. The red rooster has often said that my cluck and my cackle were quite perfect; and now it’s a comfort to know I am talking properly.”

“I’m beginning to get hungry,” remarked Dorothy. “It’s breakfast time; but there’s no breakfast.”

“You may have my egg,” said the yellow hen. “I don’t care for it, you know.”

“Don’t you want to hatch it?” asked the little girl, in surprise.

“No, indeed; I never care to hatch eggs unless I’ve a nice snug nest, in some quiet place, with a baker’s dozen of eggs under me. That’s thirteen, you know, and it’s a lucky number for hens. So you may as well eat this egg.”

“Oh, I couldn’t poss’bly eat it, unless it was cooked,” exclaimed Dorothy. “But I’m much obliged for your kindness, just the same.”

“Don’t mention it, my dear,” answered the hen, calmly, and began preening her feathers.

For a moment Dorothy stood looking out over the wide sea. She was still thinking of the egg, though; so presently she asked:

“Why do you lay eggs, when you don’t expect to hatch them?”

“It’s a habit I have,” replied the yellow hen. “It has always been my pride to lay a fresh egg every morning, except when I’m moulting. I never feel like having my morning cackle till the egg is properly laid, and without the chance to cackle I would not be happy.”

“It’s strange,” said the girl, reflectively; “but as I’m not a hen I can’t be ‘spected to understand that.”

“Certainly not, my dear.”

Then Dorothy fell silent again. The yellow hen was some company, and a bit of comfort, too; but it was dreadfully lonely out on the big ocean, nevertheless.

After a time the hen flew up and perched upon the topmost slat of the coop, which was a little above Dorothy’s head when she was sitting upon the bottom, as she had been doing for some moments past.

“Why, we are not far from land!” exclaimed the hen.

“Where? Where is it?” cried Dorothy, jumping up in great excitement.

“Over there a little way,” answered the hen, nodding her head in a certain direction. “We seem to be drifting toward it, so that before noon we ought to find ourselves upon dry land again.”

“I shall like that!” said Dorothy, with a little sigh, for her feet and legs were still wetted now and then by the seawater that came through the open slats.

“So shall I,” answered her companion. “There is nothing in the world as miserable as a wet hen.”

The land, which they seemed to be rapidly approaching, since it grew more distinct every minute, was quite beautiful as viewed

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