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АНГЛИЙСКИЙ В АДАПТАЦИИ: ЧТЕНИЕ И АУДИРОВАНИЕ

Лаймен Фрэнк Баум

**УДИВИТЕЛЬНЫЙ ВОЛШЕБНИК СТРАНЫ ОЗ =
THE WONDERFUL WIZARD OF OZ**

1-й уровень

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L. Frank Baum



The
Wonderful
Wizard of
Oz

CHAPTER 1

THE CYCLONE

Dorothy lived in the middle of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and in this room there was an old stove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy had a little bed in another corner. There was no cellar in the house — only a small, dark hole in the ground, where the family could hide from cyclones. They called it a cyclone cellar.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see only the great gray prairie on every side. There wasn't a tree or a house around — only a gray country that reached the horizon. The sun was so hot that the grass was not green; it was the same gray color that Dorothy could see everywhere. Even the house was as gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. Now her eyes and lips were gray; she was thin and never smiled. When she heard Dorothy's



cheerful voice she looked at the little girl and thought, "It's strange that she can find anything to laugh at."

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked solemn, and didn't speak very often.

Only Toto made Dorothy laugh, and didn't let her become as gray as her aunt and uncle, and the prairie around. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long hair, small black eyes, and a funny nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him very much.

But today they were not playing. Uncle Henry was sitting in the doorway and looking anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy was standing in the doorway with Toto in her arms, and looking at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.


From the far north they heard a low howl of the wind. Then they heard a howl of the wind from the south. Uncle Henry stood up.

"A cyclone is coming, Em," he called to his wife. "I'll go and look after the cows and horses." Then he ran towards the sheds.

Aunt Em stopped washing the dishes and came to the door. She looked at the sky and saw the coming danger.

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

Toto jumped out of Dorothy's arms and hid under the bed, and the girl rushed to get him. Aunt Em opened the door in the floor and climbed down the steps into



the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt. When she was almost near the cellar, she heard a great howl from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she fell down suddenly upon the floor.

Then a strange thing happened.

The house turned around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. "It feels like going up in a balloon," thought Dorothy.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the center of the cyclone. The winds raised the house up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and carried it miles and miles away.

It was very dark, and the wind howled around Dorothy. She was so afraid.

Toto also did not like it. He ran about the room and barked loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what was going to happen next.

Once Toto got too near the open cellar door, and almost fell in; but Dorothy caught Toto by the ear, and closed the cellar door quickly.

At first the little girl worried that the house was going to break to pieces and kill her and Toto when it fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and decided to wait and see what the future was going to bring her. At last, she got to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her. Soon Dorothy closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER 2

THE COUNCIL
WITH THE MUNCHKINS


A sudden shock woke Dorothy up. Toto put his cold little nose into her face and began to bark. Dorothy sat up. The house was not moving and it wasn't dark anymore because the bright sunshine came in through the window of the little room. She jumped from her bed, ran to the door and opened it.

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

The house was in the middle of a country of great beauty. There was lovely green grass all about, and tall trees with rich and fine fruits. Beautiful flowers were everywhere, and colourful birds sang in the trees. A little way off there was a small stream that ran along between green banks. It was a very pleasant sight for a little girl from the dry, gray prairies.

While she was standing in the doorway and looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she saw a group of strange people that was coming towards her. They were not as big as the grown-up people; but they were not very small either. In fact, they seemed about as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were many years older.

Three were men and one was a woman, and all of them wore strange clothes. They wore round



pointed hats with little bells that made sweet sounds as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a long white dress with little stars that shone in the sun like diamonds. The men wore blue clothes and black boots with blue tops. The men were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them had beards. But the little woman was much older. There were wrinkles all over her face, her hair was almost white, and she walked with difficulty.

When these people came up to the house, they stopped and whispered among themselves. It seemed to Dorothy that they were afraid to come farther. But the little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice:

"You are welcome, the great Sorceress, to the land of the Munchkins. We are so grateful to you because you killed the Wicked Witch of the East, and set our people free."

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What did the little woman mean? Why did she call her a sorceress? Well, she didn't kill anybody. Dorothy was a harmless little girl, who was many miles from home.

But the little woman was waiting for her answer; so Dorothy said:

"You are very kind, but there must be some mistake. Why do you say that I killed somebody?"

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh, "and that is the same thing. See!" she pointed to the corner of the house. "There are her two feet under the bottom of your house."



Dorothy looked, and cried out in fear. There just under the corner of the house, two feet in silver shoes with pointed toes were sticking out.

“Oh, dear!” cried Dorothy, in dismay. “The house fell on her. What shall we do?”

“There is nothing to do,” said the little woman.

“But who was she?” asked Dorothy.

“She was the Wicked Witch of the East,” answered the little woman. “All the Munchkins were her slaves for many years. Now they are all free, and are grateful to you for your help.”

“Who are the Munchkins?” asked Dorothy.

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

“Are you a Munchkin?” asked Dorothy.


“No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent for me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North.”

“Oh, dear!” cried Dorothy. “Are you a real witch?”

“Yes, I am,” answered the little woman. “But I am a good witch, and the people love me. But I am not as powerful as the Wicked Witch was who ruled here, so I couldn’t set the people free myself.”

“But I thought all witches were wicked,” said the girl, who was a little afraid of a real witch.

“Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good



witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself. Those who lived in the East and the West were wicked witches; but now there is only one Wicked Witch in all the Land of Oz — the one who lives in the West.”

“But,” said Dorothy, after a moment’s thought, “Aunt Em says, ‘There are no witches anymore.’”

“Who is Aunt Em?” asked the little old woman.

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

The Witch of the North thought for a while. Then she looked up and said, “I do not know where Kansas is. But tell me, is it a civilized country?”

“Oh, yes, it is,” replied Dorothy.

“Then that explains everything. In the civilized countries I believe there are no witches, wizards, sorceresses, or magicians left. But, you see, the Land of Oz is not civilized, because a desert cuts it off from all the rest of the world. That’s why we still have witches and wizards among us.”

“Who are the wizards?” asked Dorothy.

“Oz himself is the Great Wizard,” answered the Witch in a whisper. “He is more powerful than all the rest of us together. He lives in the City of Emeralds.”

Dorothy was going to ask another question, but just then the Munchkins, who were still standing by, gave a loud shout and pointed to the corner of the house.

“What is it?” asked the little old woman, and looked, and began to laugh. The only thing left of the dead Witch was the silver shoes.



“She was so old,” explained the Witch of the North, “that she dried up quickly in the sun. That is the end of her. But the silver shoes are yours, and you will have to wear them.” She reached down and picked up the shoes; then she shook the dust out of them and gave them to Dorothy.

“The Witch of the East was proud of those silver shoes,” said one of the Munchkins, “and there is some charm in them; but we don’t know what it is.”

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

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


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

“At the East, not far from here,” said one, “there is a great desert that no one can cross.”

“It is the same at the South,” said another Munchkin. “The South is the country of the Quadlings.”

“It is the same at the West,” said the third man. “It is the country of the Winkies and the Wicked Witch of the West rules it. Don’t go there or she will make you her slave.”

“The North is my home,” said the old lady, “and it is the same there. The great desert is all around this Land of Oz. I’m afraid, my dear, you will have to live with us.”



Dorothy began to cry at this, for she felt lonely among all these strange people. Her tears made the kind Munchkins sad, and they took out their handkerchiefs and began to cry also. As for the little old woman, she took off her cap, put its pointed end to her nose, and began to count “One, two, three” in a solemn voice. At once the cap changed to a slate with some words on it. The little old woman took the slate from her nose, and read the words:

“LET DOROTHY GO TO THE CITY OF EMERALDS”

Then she asked, “Is your name Dorothy, my dear?”

“Yes,” answered the child.

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

“Where is this city?” asked Dorothy.

“It is right in the center of the country, and the Great Wizard Oz rules it.”

“Is he a good man?” said the girl anxiously.

“He is a good Wizard. But I cannot tell you if he is a man or not, because he never shows himself to anybody.”

“How can I get there?” asked Dorothy.

“You must walk. It is a long journey, through a country that is sometimes pleasant and sometimes dark and terrible. But I will use all the magic powers I have to keep you from harm.”

“Won’t you go with me?” begged the girl.

“No, I cannot do that,” replied the little old woman, “but I will give you my kiss, and no one will harm you.”



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

“The road of yellow brick will lead you to the City of Emeralds,” said the Witch, “so you cannot miss it. When you get to Oz do not be afraid of him, but tell your story and ask him to help you. Good-bye, my dear.”


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

CHAPTER 3

HOW DOROTHY SAVED THE SCARECROW

When Dorothy was alone again she began to feel hungry. So she went to the cupboard and cut herself some bread and cheese. She gave some to Toto. Then she started to get ready for the journey to the City of Emeralds.

Dorothy had only one other dress, but that was clean. The dress was white and blue. It was quite old, but it was still pretty. The girl washed herself carefully, dressed herself in the clean dress. She took a little basket and filled it with bread from the cupboard. Then she looked down at her feet and saw how old her shoes were.



“They won’t stand a long journey, Toto,” she said. And Toto looked up into her face with his little black eyes and barked to show he knew what she meant.

At that moment Dorothy saw the silver shoes of the Witch of the East.

“I hope they will fit me,” she said to Toto. “They will be good for a long walk, for they won’t wear out.”

She took off her old shoes and tried on the silver ones, which fitted her.

Finally she picked up her basket.

“Come along, Toto,” she said. “We will go to the Emerald City and ask the Great Oz how to get back to Kansas again.”

She closed the door and put the key carefully in the pocket of her dress. And so, with Toto behind her, she started on her journey.

There were several roads near by, but it did not take her long to find the one of yellow bricks. Soon Dorothy and Toto were walking towards the Emerald City. The sun shone bright and the birds sang sweetly. As Dorothy walked along, she saw how pretty the country was about her. There were neat fences at the sides of the road and beyond them were fields of grain and vegetables. It was clear that the Munchkins were good farmers. Once in a while she passed a house, and the people came out to look at her and bow low as she went by; for everyone knew about her great deed and was grateful to her. The houses of the Munchkins were unusual-looking buildings, for each was round. All the