

5 The Wonderful Wizard of Oz

7 Chapter I

9 The Cyclone

21 Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle
35 Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their
51 house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many
66 miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and
79 this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a
95 table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big
110 bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no
126 garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole dug in the ground, called a
139 cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great
152 whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was
168 reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led
174 down into the small, dark hole.

186 When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see
202 nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke
218 the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all
232 directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little
246 cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had

262 burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be
275 seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the
291 paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray
294 as everything else.

308 When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The
322 sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her
338 eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and
353 lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now.
368 When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so
381 startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand
393 upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she
408 still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh
409 at.

420 Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night
437 and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his
448 rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.
463 It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as
477 her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with
491 long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of

505 his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him,
509 and loved him dearly.

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

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

621 Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

634 “There’s a cyclone coming, Em,” he called to his wife. “I’ll go look
648 after the stock.” Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses
650 were kept.