

MACMILLAN READERS

PRE-INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

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The Wizard of Oz

Retold by Elizabeth Walker



MACMILLAN

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The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the State of Kansas with her Uncle Henry and her Aunt Em. They all lived in a little wooden house in the middle of the great Kansas prairie. The land was very flat and there were no trees or other houses nearby.

Uncle Henry was a farmer and he had built the wooden house himself, many years before. The house only had one room. That room was used for eating and for sleeping in too.

There was a little hole under the house that was called the "cyclone cellar". The family hid in the cellar when the strong winds of a cyclone blew across the prairie.

The hot sun had burnt the paint on the little house. Now the paint on the house was gray. The sun had burnt the land around the house too. Everything on the prairie was gray. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had gray hair and gray, tired faces.

Dorothy's Uncle Henry and Aunt Em were poor and they had worked very hard all their lives. It was not easy to be a farmer on the prairie and Uncle Henry was always very tired. He never smiled and Aunt Em always looked sad too. But Dorothy was always laughing. The girl had a little black dog called Toto. Dorothy played with Toto all day long.

But today, Dorothy and Toto were not playing. Uncle Henry was standing with Dorothy in the doorway of the little house. He was looking at the gray sky and he was very worried. Then they heard the sound of a strong wind. It was coming from the south. It whistled¹¹ and roared¹². It blew the long grass of the prairie until it was flat.

"There's a cyclone coming, Em!" Uncle Henry called to

his wife. "Get into the cyclone cellar! You get in too, Dorothy. I'll look after the cows and horses."

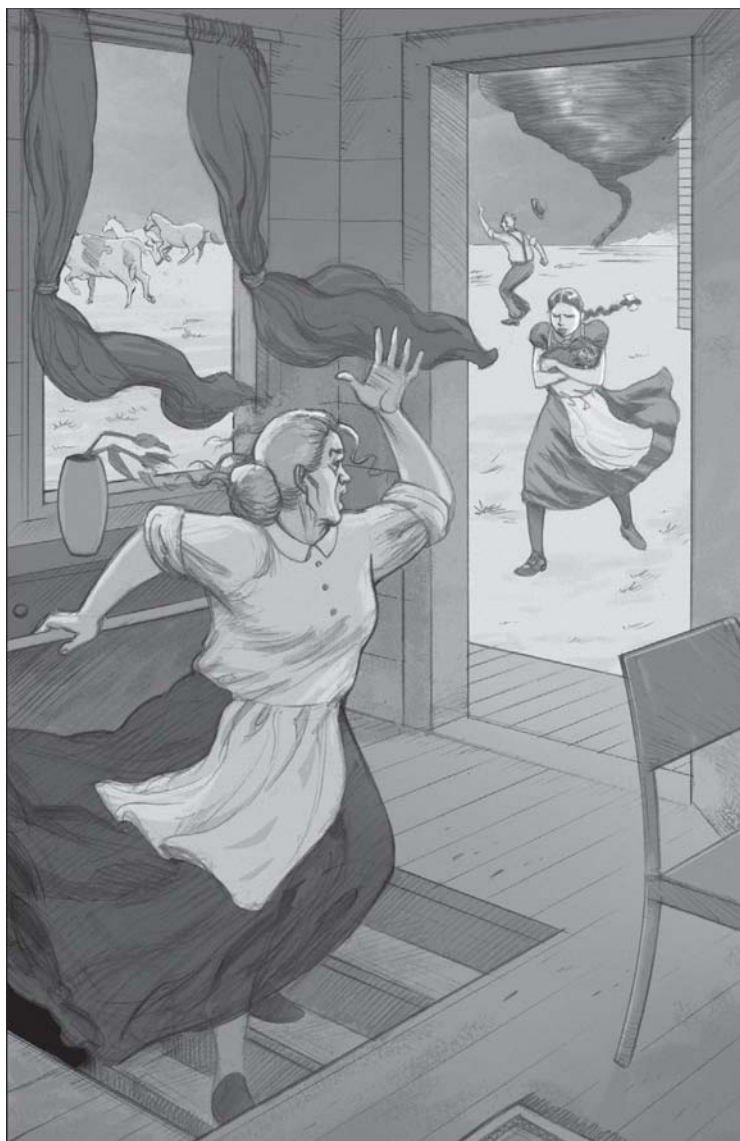
"Quick, Dorothy! Get inside!" Aunt Em cried as she opened the wooden trap door to the cellar.

Aunt Em climbed down through the trap door into the little hole. Dorothy ran into the house with Toto. But the little dog was afraid of the wind. He jumped down from Dorothy's arms and ran under her bed. Dorothy caught him quickly and ran back across the room. But it was too late. The wind had blown into the house and shut the trap door. Dorothy could not get into the cyclone cellar. The wind blew harder and harder. The little house shook and Dorothy fell down onto the floor.

Then a strange thing happened. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em's house began to move. It turned around and around and went up and up. It was in the center of the cyclone where the north and south winds met. The winds pushed the house higher and higher, like a balloon¹³.

The little house was carried over the prairie for miles and miles. Many hours went by. It was very dark now and the wind went on making its terrible roaring sound. At last Dorothy lay down on her bed with Toto beside her. The girl closed her eyes and she was soon fast asleep.

Hours later, Dorothy was woken up by a hard bump¹⁴. Everything had gone still. The house had stopped turning and bright sunshine filled the room with light.



“Quick, Dorothy! Get inside!” Aunt Em cried as she opened the wooden trap door to the cellar.

In the Land of the Munchkins

Dorothy jumped down from her bed and ran to the door. When she opened it, she gave a cry of surprise.

She was not looking at the gray prairie anymore. The house was in a beautiful country that was covered with green grass and tall trees. There were flowers of every color in the grass and the trees were full of delicious fruit. Birds sang and there was a little stream of clear water.

“How different this country is from Kansas!” Dorothy cried. “I have never seen such a beautiful place. Where am I? And how did I get here?”

At that moment, Dorothy saw some people coming towards her. The people were small, but they were not children. The three men had beards and the woman’s hair was white.

They were all very strangely dressed. They wore blue hats that were tall and pointed. The men were all dressed in blue, but the little woman was dressed in white. She walked towards Dorothy and bowed¹⁵.

“Welcome to the Land of the Munchkins,” the woman said. “Thank you for killing the Wicked¹⁶ Witch of the East. You must be a witch too. You have killed the Wicked Witch with your magic¹⁷ and now we are free. Thank you.”

Dorothy was very surprised. She had no magic and she had never killed anyone in her life.

“You have made a mistake,” Dorothy replied. “I am a girl, not a witch. I have not killed anyone.”

“Well, then your house killed her. It fell on top of her,” said the woman with a laugh. “Look, you can see the legs of the Wicked Witch sticking out from under the house. You can see her Silver Shoes.”