

The Tin Woodman of Oz

by L. Frank Baum

CHAPTER 4 - THE LOONS OF LOONVILLE



Toward evening, the travelers found there was no longer a path to guide them, and the purple hues of the grass and trees warned them that they were now in the Country of the Gil-likins, where strange peoples dwelt in places that were quite unknown to the other inhabitants of Oz. The fields were wild and uncultivated and there were no houses of any sort to be seen. But our friends kept on walking even after the sun went down, hoping to find a good place for Woot the Wanderer to sleep; but when it grew quite dark and the boy was weary with his long walk, they halted right in the middle of a field and allowed Woot to get his supper from the food he carried in his knapsack. Then the Scarecrow laid himself down, so that Woot could use his stuffed body as a pillow, and the Tin Woodman stood up beside them all night, so the dampness of the ground might not rust his joints or dull his brilliant polish. Whenever the dew settled on his body he carefully wiped it off with a cloth, and so in the morning the Emperor shone as brightly as ever in the rays of the rising sun.

They wakened the boy at daybreak, the Scarecrow saying to him:

“We have discovered something queer, and therefore we must counsel together what to do about it.”

“What have you discovered?” asked Woot, rubbing the sleep from his eyes with his knuckles and giving three wide yawns to prove he was fully awake.

“A Sign,” said the Tin Woodman. “A Sign, and another path.”

“What does the Sign say?” inquired the boy.

“It says that ‘All Strangers are Warned not to Follow this Path to Loonville,’” answered the Scarecrow, who could read very well when his eyes had been freshly painted.

“In that case,” said the boy, opening his knapsack to get some breakfast, “let us travel in some other direction.”

But this did not seem to please either of his companions.

“I’d like to see what Loonville looks like,” remarked the Tin Woodman.

“When one travels, it is foolish to miss any interesting sight,” added the Scarecrow.

“But a warning means danger,” protested Woot the Wanderer, “and I believe it sensible to keep out of danger whenever we can.”

They made no reply to this speech for a while. Then said the Scarecrow:

“I have escaped so many dangers, during my lifetime, that I am not much afraid of anything that can happen.”

“Nor am I!” exclaimed the Tin Woodman, swinging his glittering axe around his tin head, in a series of circles. “Few things can injure tin, and my axe is a powerful weapon to use against a foe. But our boy friend,” he continued, looking solemnly at Woot, “might perhaps be injured if the people of Loonville are really dangerous; so I propose he waits here while you and I, Friend Scarecrow, visit the forbidden City of Loonville.”

“Don’t worry about me,” advised Woot, calmly. “Wherever you wish to go, I will go, and share your dangers. During my wanderings I have found it more wise to keep out of danger than to venture in, but at that time I was alone, and now I have two powerful friends to protect me.”

So, when he had finished his breakfast, they all set out along the path that led to Loonville.

“It is a place I have never heard of before,” remarked the Scarecrow, as they approached a dense forest. “The inhabitants may be people, of some sort, or they may be animals, but whatever they prove to be, we will have an interesting story to relate to Dorothy and Ozma on our return.”

The path led into the forest, but the big trees grew so closely together and the vines and underbrush were so thick and matted that they had to clear a path at each step in order to proceed. In one or two places the Tin Man, who went first to clear the way, cut the branches with a blow of his axe. Woot followed next, and last of the three came the Scarecrow, who could not

have kept the path at all had not his comrades broken the way for his straw-stuffed body.

Presently the Tin Woodman pushed his way through some heavy underbrush, and almost tumbled headlong into a vast cleared space in the forest. The clearing was circular, big and roomy, yet the top branches of the tall trees reached over and formed a complete dome or roof for it. Strangely enough, it was not dark in this immense natural chamber in the woodland, for the place glowed with a soft, white light that seemed to come from some unseen source.

In the chamber were grouped dozens of queer creatures, and these so astonished the Tin Man that Woot had to push his metal body aside, that he might see, too. And the Scarecrow pushed Woot aside, so that the three travelers stood in a row, staring with all their eyes.

The creatures they beheld were round and ball-like; round in body, round in legs and arms, round in hands and feet and round of head. The only exception to the roundness was a slight hollow on the top of each head, making it saucer-shaped instead of dome-shaped. They wore no clothes on their puffy bodies, nor had they any hair. Their skins were all of a light gray color, and their eyes were mere purple spots. Their noses were as puffy as the rest of them.

“Are they rubber, do you think?” asked the Scarecrow, who noticed that the creatures bounded, as they moved, and seemed almost as light as air.

“It is difficult to tell what they are,” answered Woot, “they seem to be covered with warts.”

The Loons—for so these folks were called—had been doing many things, some playing together, some working at tasks and some gathered in groups to talk; but at the sound of strange voices, which echoed rather loudly through the clearing, all turned in the direction of the intruders. Then, in a body, they all rushed forward, running and bounding with tremendous speed.

The Tin Woodman was so surprised by this sudden dash that he had no time to raise his axe before the Loons were on them. The creatures swung their puffy hands, which looked like boxing-gloves, and pounded the three travelers as hard as they could, on all sides. The blows were quite soft and did not hurt our friends at all, but the onslaught quite bewildered them, so that in a brief period all three were knocked over and fell flat upon the ground. Once down, many of the Loons held them, to prevent their getting up again, while others wound long tendrils of vines about them, binding their arms and legs to their bodies and so rendering them helpless.

“Aha!” cried the biggest Loon of all; “we’ve got ‘em safe; so let’s carry ‘em to King Bal and have ‘em tried, and condemned and perforated!” They had to drag their captives to the center of the domed chamber, for their weight, as compared with that of the Loons, prevented their being carried. Even the Scarecrow was much heavier than the puffy Loons. But finally the

party halted before a raised platform, on which stood a sort of throne, consisting of a big, wide chair with a string tied to one arm of it. This string led upward to the roof of the dome.

Arranged before the platform, the prisoners were allowed to sit up, facing the empty throne.

“Good!” said the big Loon who had commanded the party. “Now to get King Bal to judge these terrible creatures we have so bravely captured.”

As he spoke he took hold of the string and began to pull as hard as he could. One or two of the others helped him and pretty soon, as they drew in the cord, the leaves above them parted and a Loon appeared at the other end of the string. It didn’t take long to draw him down to the throne, where he seated himself and was tied in, so he wouldn’t float upward again.

“Hello,” said the King, blinking his purple eyes at his followers; “what’s up now!”

“Strangers, your Majesty—strangers and captives,” replied the big Loon, pompously.

“Dear me! I see ‘em. I see ‘em very plainly,” exclaimed the King, his purple eyes bulging out as he looked at the three prisoners. “What curious animals! Are they dangerous, do you think, my good Panta?”

“I’m ‘fraid so, your Majesty. Of course, they may not be dangerous, but we mustn’t take chances. Enough accidents happen to us poor Loons as it is, and my advice is to condemn and perforate ‘em as quickly as possible.”

“Keep your advice to yourself,” said the monarch, in a peeved tone. “Who’s King here, anyhow? You or Me?”

“We made you our King because you have less common sense than the rest of us,” answered Panta Loon, indignantly. “I could have been King myself, had I wanted to, but I didn’t care for the hard work and responsibility.”

As he said this, the big Loon strutted back and forth in the space between the throne of King Bal and the prisoners, and the other Loons seemed much impressed by his defiance. But suddenly there came a sharp report and Panta Loon instantly disappeared, to the great astonishment of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and Woot the Wanderer, who saw on the spot where the big fellow had stood a little heap of flabby, wrinkled skin that looked like a collapsed rubber balloon.

“There!” exclaimed the King; “I expected that would happen. The conceited rascal wanted to puff himself up until he was bigger than the rest of you, and this is the result of his folly. Get the pump working, some of you, and blow him up again.”

“We will have to mend the puncture first, your Majesty,” suggested one of the Loons, and the prisoners noticed that none of them seemed surprised or shocked at the sad accident to Panta.

“All right,” grumbled the King. “Fetch Til to mend him.”

One or two ran away and presently returned, followed by a lady Loon wearing huge, puffed-up rubber skirts. Also she had a purple feather

fastened to a wart on the top of her head, and around her waist was a sash of fibre-like vines, dried and tough, that looked like strings.

“Get to work, Til,” commanded King Bal. “Panta has just exploded.”

The lady Loon picked up the bunch of skin and examined it carefully until she discovered a hole in one foot. Then she pulled a strand of string from her sash, and drawing the edges of the hole together, she tied them fast with the string, thus making one of those curious warts which the strangers had noticed on so many Loons. Having done this, Til Loon tossed the bit of skin to the other Loons and was about to go away when she noticed the prisoners and stopped to inspect them.

“Dear me!” said Til; “what dreadful creatures. Where did they come from?”

“We captured them,” replied one of the Loons.

“And what are we going to do with them?” inquired the girl Loon.

“Perhaps we’ll condemn ‘em and puncture ‘em,” answered the King.

“Well,” said she, still eyeing them, “I’m not sure they’ll puncture. Let’s try it, and see.”

One of the Loons ran to the forest’s edge and quickly returned with a long, sharp thorn. He glanced at the King, who nodded his head in assent, and then he rushed forward and stuck the thorn into the leg of the Scarecrow. The Scarecrow merely smiled and said nothing, for the thorn didn’t hurt him at all.

Then the Loon tried to prick the Tin Woodman's leg, but the tin only blunted the point of the thorn.

"Just as I thought," said Til, blinking her purple eyes and shaking her puffy head; but just then the Loon stuck the thorn into the leg of Woot the Wanderer, and while it had been blunted somewhat, it was still sharp enough to hurt.

"Ouch!" yelled Woot, and kicked out his leg with so much energy that the frail bonds that tied him burst apart. His foot caught the Loon—who was leaning over him—full on his puffy stomach, and sent him shooting up into the air. When he was high over their heads he exploded with a loud "pop" and his skin fell to the ground.

"I really believe," said the King, rolling his spotlike eyes in a frightened way, "that Panta was right in claiming these prisoners are dangerous. Is the pump ready?"

Some of the Loons had wheeled a big machine in front of the throne and now took Panta's skin and began to pump air into it. Slowly it swelled out until the King cried "Stop!"

"No, no!" yelled Panta, "I'm not big enough yet."

"You're as big as you're going to be," declared the King. "Before you exploded you were bigger than the rest of us, and that caused you to be proud and overbearing. Now you're a little smaller than the rest, and you will last longer and be more humble."

"Pump me up—pump me up!" wailed Panta "If you don't you'll break my heart."

"If we do we'll break your skin," replied the King.

So the Loons stopped pumping air into Panta, and pushed him away from the pump. He was certainly more humble than before his accident, for he crept into the background and said nothing more.

"Now pump up the other one," ordered the King. Til had already mended him, and the Loons set to work to pump him full of air.

During these last few moments none had paid much attention to the prisoners, so Woot, finding his legs free, crept over to the Tin Woodman and rubbed the bonds that were still around his arms and body against the sharp edge of the axe, which quickly cut them.

The boy was now free, and the thorn which the Loon had stuck into his leg was lying unnoticed on the ground, where the creature had dropped it when he exploded. Woot leaned forward and picked up the thorn, and while the Loons were busy watching the pump, the boy sprang to his feet and suddenly rushed upon the group.

"Pop"—"pop"—"pop!" went three of the Loons, when the Wanderer pricked them with his thorn, and at the sounds the others looked around and saw their danger. With yells of fear they bounded away in all directions, scattering about the clearing, with Woot the Wanderer in full chase. While they could run much faster than the boy, they often stumbled and fell, or got in one another's way, so he managed to catch several and prick them with his thorn.

It astonished him to see how easily the Loons exploded. When the air was let out of them they were quite helpless. Til Loon was one of those who ran against his thorn and many others suffered the same fate. The creatures could not escape from the enclosure, but in their fright many bounded upward and caught branches of the trees, and then climbed out of reach of the dreaded thorn.

Woot was getting pretty tired chasing them, so he stopped and came over, panting, to where his friends were sitting, still bound.

“Very well done, my Wanderer,” said the Tin Woodman. “It is evident that we need fear these puffed-up creatures no longer, so be kind enough to unfasten our bonds and we will proceed upon our journey.”

Woot untied the bonds of the Scarecrow and helped him to his feet. Then he freed the Tin Woodman, who got up without help. Looking around them, they saw that the only Loon now remaining within reach was Bal Loon, the King, who had remained seated in his throne, watching the punishment of his people with a bewildered look in his purple eyes.

“Shall I puncture the King?” the boy asked his companions.

King Bal must have overheard the question, for he fumbled with the cord that fastened him to the throne and managed to release it. Then he floated upward until he reached the leafy dome, and parting the branches he disappeared from sight. But the string that was tied to his body was still connected with the arm of

the throne, and they knew they could pull his Majesty down again, if they wanted to.

“Let him alone,” suggested the Scarecrow. “He seems a good enough king for his peculiar people, and after we are gone, the Loons will have something of a job to pump up all those whom Woot has punctured.”

“Every one of them ought to be exploded,” declared Woot, who was angry because his leg still hurt him.

“No,” said the Tin Woodman, “that would not be just fair. They were quite right to capture us, because we had no business to intrude here, having been warned to keep away from Loonville. This is their country, not ours, and since the poor things can’t get out of the clearing, they can harm no one save those who venture here out of curiosity, as we did.”

“Well said, my friend,” agreed the Scarecrow. “We really had no right to disturb their peace and comfort; so let us go away.”

They easily found the place where they had forced their way into the enclosure, so the Tin Woodman pushed aside the underbrush and started first along the path. The Scarecrow followed next and last came Woot, who looked back and saw that the Loons were still clinging to their perches on the trees and watching their former captives with frightened eyes.

“I guess they’re glad to see the last of us,” remarked the boy, and laughing at the happy ending of the adventure, he followed his comrades along the path.