



The  
**TIN WOODMAN** of Oz  
*by L. Frank Baum*

## CHAPTER 8 - THE MENACE OF THE FOREST



“Quick!” cried Polychrome the Canary; “we must hurry, or Mrs. Yoop may find some way to recapture us, even now. Let us get out of her Valley as soon as possible.”

So they set off toward the east, moving as swiftly as they could, and for a long time they could hear the yells and struggles of the imprisoned Giantess. The Green Monkey could run over the ground very swiftly, and he carried with him the bird-cage containing Polychrome the Rainbow’s Daughter. Also the Tin Owl could skip and fly along at a good rate of speed, his feathers rattling against one another with a tinkling sound as he moved. But the little Brown Bear, being stuffed with straw, was a clumsy traveler and the others had to wait for him to follow.

However, they were not very long in reaching the ridge that led out of Mrs. Yoop’s Valley, and when they had passed this ridge and descended into the next valley they stopped to rest, for the Green Monkey was tired.

“I believe we are safe, now,” said Polychrome, when her cage was set down and the others had all gathered around it, “for Mrs. Yoop dares not go outside of her own

Valley, for fear of being captured by her enemies. So we may take our time to consider what to do next.”

“I’m afraid poor Mrs. Yoop will starve to death, if no one lets her out of her bedroom,” said Woot, who had a heart as kind as that of the Tin Woodman. “We’ve taken her Magic Apron away, and now the doors will never open.”

“Don’t worry about that,” advised Polychrome. “Mrs. Yoop has plenty of magic left to console her.”

“Are you sure of that?” asked the Green Monkey.

“Yes, for I’ve been watching her for weeks,” said the Canary. “She has six magic hairpins, which she wears in her hair, and a magic ring which she wears on her thumb and which is invisible to all eyes except those of a fairy, and magic bracelets on both her ankles. So I am positive that she will manage to find a way out of her prison.”

“She might transform the door into an archway,” suggested the little Brown Bear.

“That would be easy for her,” said the Tin Owl; “but I’m glad she was too angry to think of that before we got out of her Valley.”

“Well, we have escaped the big woman, to be sure,” remarked the Green Monkey, “but we still wear the awful forms the cruel Yookoohoo gave us. How are we going to get rid of these shapes, and become ourselves again?”

None could answer that question. They sat around the cage, brooding over the problem, until the Monkey fell asleep. Seeing this, the Canary tucked her head under her wing and also slept, and the Tin Owl and the Brown Bear did not disturb them until morning came and it was broad daylight.

“I’m hungry,” said Woot, when he wakened, for his knapsack of food had been left behind at the castle.

“Then let us travel on until we can find something for you to eat,” returned the Scarecrow Bear.

“There is no use in your lugging my cage any farther,” declared the Canary. “Let me out, and throw the cage away. Then I can fly with you and find my own breakfast of seeds. Also I can search for water, and tell you where to find it.”

So the Green Monkey unfastened the door of the golden cage and the Canary hopped out. At first she flew high in the air and made great circles overhead, but after a time she returned and perched beside them.

“At the east in the direction we were following,” announced the Canary, “there is a fine forest, with a brook running through

it. In the forest there may be fruits or nuts growing, or berry bushes at its edge, so let us go that way.”

They agreed to this and promptly set off, this time moving more deliberately. The Tin Owl, which had guided their way during the night, now found the sunshine very trying to his big eyes, so he shut them tight and perched upon the back of the little Brown Bear, which carried the Owl’s weight with ease. The Canary sometimes perched upon the Green Monkey’s shoulder and sometimes fluttered on ahead of the party, and in this manner they traveled in good spirits across that valley and into the next one to the east of it.

This they found to be an immense hollow, shaped like a saucer, and on its farther edge appeared the forest which Polychrome had seen from the sky.

“Come to think of it,” said the Tin Owl, waking up and blinking comically at his friends, “there’s no object, now, in our traveling to the Munchkin Country. My idea in going there was to marry Nimmie Amee, but however much the Munchkin girl may have loved a Tin Woodman, I cannot reasonably expect her to marry a Tin Owl.”

“There is some truth in that, my friend,” remarked the Brown Bear. “And to think that I, who was considered the handsomest Scarecrow in the world, am now condemned to be a scrubby, no-account beast, whose only redeeming feature is that he is stuffed with straw!”

“Consider my case, please,” said Woot. “The cruel Giantess has made a Monkey of a Boy, and that is the most dreadful deed of all!”

“Your color is rather pretty,” said the Brown Bear, eyeing Woot critically. “I have never seen a pea-green monkey before, and it strikes me you are quite gorgeous.”

“It isn’t so bad to be a bird,” asserted the Canary, fluttering from one to another with a free and graceful motion, “but I long to enjoy my own shape again.”

“As Polychrome, you were the loveliest maiden I have ever seen—except, of course, Ozma,” said the Tin Owl; “so the Giantess did well to transform you into the loveliest of all birds, if you were to be transformed at all. But tell me, since you are a fairy, and have a fairy wisdom: do you think we shall be able to break these enchantments?”

“Queer things happen in the Land of Oz,” replied the Canary, again perching on the Green Monkey’s shoulder and turning one bright eye thoughtfully toward her questioner. “Mrs. Yoop has declared that none of her transformations can ever be changed, even by herself, but I believe that if we could get to Glinda the Good Sorceress, she might find a way to restore us to our natural shapes. Glinda, as you know, is the most powerful Sorceress in the world, and there are few things she cannot do if she tries.”

“In that case,” said the Little Brown Bear, “let us return southward and try to get to Glin-

da’s castle. It lies in the Quadling Country, you know, so it is a good way from here.”

“First, however, let us visit the forest and search for something to eat,” pleaded Woot. So they continued on to the edge of the forest, which consisted of many tall and beautiful trees. They discovered no fruit trees, at first, so the Green Monkey pushed on into the forest depths and the others followed close behind him.

They were traveling quietly along, under the shade of the trees, when suddenly an enormous jaguar leaped upon them from a limb and with one blow of his paw sent the little Brown Bear tumbling over and over until he was stopped by a tree-trunk. Instantly they all took alarm. The Tin Owl shrieked: “Hoot—hoot!” and flew straight up to the branch of a tall tree, although he could scarcely see where he was going. The Canary swiftly darted to a place beside the Owl, and the Green Monkey sprang up, caught a limb, and soon scrambled to a high perch of safety.

The Jaguar crouched low and with hungry eyes regarded the little Brown Bear, which slowly got upon its feet and asked reproachfully:

“For goodness’ sake, Beast, what were you trying to do?”

“Trying to get my breakfast,” answered the Jaguar with a snarl, “and I believe I’ve succeeded. You ought to make a delicious meal—unless you happen to be old and tough.”

“I’m worse than that, considered as a breakfast,” said the Bear, “for I’m only a skin

stuffed with straw, and therefore not fit to eat.”

“Indeed!” cried the Jaguar, in a disappointed voice; “then you must be a magic Bear, or enchanted, and I must seek my breakfast from among your companions.”

With this he raised his lean head to look up at the Tin Owl and the Canary and the Monkey, and he lashed his tail upon the ground and growled as fiercely as any jaguar could.

“My friends are enchanted, also,” said the little Brown Bear.

“All of them?” asked the Jaguar.

“Yes. The Owl is tin, so you couldn’t possibly eat him. The Canary is a fairy—Polychrome, the Daughter of the Rainbow—and you never could catch her because she can easily fly out of your reach.”

“There still remains the Green Monkey,” remarked the Jaguar hungrily. “He is neither made of tin nor stuffed with straw, nor can he fly. I’m pretty good at climbing trees, myself, so I think I’ll capture the Monkey and eat him for my breakfast.”

Woot the Monkey, hearing this speech from his perch on the tree, became much frightened, for he knew the nature of jaguars and realized they could climb trees and leap from limb to limb with the agility of cats. So he at once began to scamper through the forest as fast as he could go, catching at a branch with his long monkey arms and swinging his green body through space to grasp another branch in a neighboring tree, and so on, while

the Jaguar followed him from below, his eyes fixed steadfastly on his prey. But presently Woot got his feet tangled in the Lace Apron, which he was still wearing, and that tripped him in his flight and made him fall to the ground, where the Jaguar placed one huge paw upon him and said grimly:

“I’ve got you, now!”

The fact that the Apron had tripped him made Woot remember its magic powers, and in his terror he cried out: “Open!” without stopping to consider how this command might save him. But, at the word, the earth opened at the exact spot where he lay under the Jaguar’s paw, and his body sank downward, the earth closing over it again. The last thing Woot the Monkey saw, as he glanced upward, was the Jaguar peering into the hole in astonishment.

“He’s gone!” cried the beast, with a long-drawn sigh of disappointment; “he’s gone, and now I shall have no breakfast.”

The clatter of the Tin Owl’s wings sounded above him, and the little Brown Bear came trotting up and asked:

“Where is the monkey? Have you eaten him so quickly?”

“No, indeed,” answered the Jaguar. “He disappeared into the earth before I could take one bite of him!”

And now the Canary perched upon a stump, a little way from the forest beast, and said:

"I am glad our friend has escaped you; but, as it is natural for a hungry beast to wish his breakfast, I will try to give you one."

"Thank you," replied the Jaguar. "You're rather small for a full meal, but it's kind of you to sacrifice yourself to my appetite."

"Oh, I don't intend to be eaten, I assure you," said the Canary, "but as I am a fairy I know something of magic, and though I am now transformed into a bird's shape, I am sure I can conjure up a breakfast that will satisfy you."

"If you can work magic, why don't you break the enchantment you are under and return to your proper form?" inquired the beast doubtingly.

"I haven't the power to do that," answered the Canary, "for Mrs. Yoop, the Giantess who transformed me, used a peculiar form of Yookoohoo magic that is unknown to me. However, she could not deprive me of my own fairy knowledge, so I will try to get you a breakfast."

"Do you think a magic breakfast would taste good, or relieve the pangs of hunger I now suffer?" asked the Jaguar.

"I am sure it would. What would you like to eat?"

"Give me a couple of fat rabbits," said the beast.

"Rabbits! No, indeed. I'd not allow you to eat the dear little things," declared Polychrome the Canary.

"Well, three or four squirrels, then," pleaded the Jaguar.

"Do you think me so cruel?" demanded the Canary, indignantly. "The squirrels are my special friends."

"How about a plump owl?" asked the beast. "Not a tin one, you know, but a real meat owl."

"Neither beast nor bird shall you have," said Polychrome in a positive voice.

"Give me a fish, then; there's a river a little way off," proposed the Jaguar.

"No living thing shall be sacrificed to feed you," returned the Canary.

"Then what in the world do you expect me to eat?" said the Jaguar in a scornful tone.

"How would mush-and-milk do?" asked the Canary.

The Jaguar snarled in derision and lashed his tail against the ground angrily.

"Give him some scrambled eggs on toast, Poly," suggested the Bear Scarecrow. "He ought to like that."

"I will," responded the Canary, and fluttering her wings she made a flight of three circles around the stump. Then she flew up to a tree and the Bear and the Owl and the Jaguar saw that upon the stump had appeared a great green leaf upon which was a large portion of scrambled eggs on toast, smoking hot.

"There!" said the Bear; "eat your breakfast, friend Jaguar, and be content."

The Jaguar crept closer to the stump and sniffed the fragrance of the scrambled eggs. They smelled so good that he tasted

them, and they tasted so good that he ate the strange meal in a hurry, proving he had been really hungry.

“I prefer rabbits,” he muttered, licking his chops, “but I must admit the magic breakfast has filled my stomach full, and brought me comfort. So I’m much obliged for the kindness, little Fairy, and I’ll now leave you in peace.”

Saying this, he plunged into the thick underbrush and soon disappeared, although they could hear his great body crashing through the bushes until he was far distant.

“That was a good way to get rid of the savage beast, Poly,” said the Tin Woodman to the Canary; “but I’m surprised that you didn’t give our friend Woot a magic breakfast, when you knew he was hungry.”

“The reason for that,” answered Polychrome, “was that my mind was so intent on other things that I quite forgot my power to produce food by magic. But where is the monkey boy?”

“Gone!” said the Scarecrow Bear, solemnly. “The earth has swallowed him up.”