



The
TIN WOODMAN of Oz
by L. Frank Baum

CHAPTER 16 - CAPTAIN FYTER



“Are you really a soldier?” asked Woot, when they had all watched this strange tin person parade up and down the path and proudly flourish his sword.

“I was a soldier,” was the reply, “but I’ve been a prisoner to Mr. Rust so long that I don’t know exactly what I am.”

“But—dear me!” cried the Tin Woodman, sadly perplexed; “how came you to be made of tin?”

“That,” answered the Soldier, “is a sad, sad story. I was in love with a beautiful Munchkin girl, who lived with a Wicked Witch. The Witch did not wish me to marry the girl, so she enchanted my sword, which began hacking me to pieces. When I lost my legs I went to the tinsmith, Ku-Klip, and he made me some tin legs. When I lost my arms, Ku-Klip made me tin arms, and when I lost my head he made me this fine one out of tin. It was the same way with my body, and finally I was all tin. But I was not unhappy, for Ku-Klip made a good job of me, having had experience in making another tin man before me.”

“Yes,” observed the Tin Woodman, “it was Ku-Klip who made me. But, tell me, what was the name of the Munchkin girl you were in love with?”

“She is called Nimmie Amee,” said the Tin Soldier. Hearing this, they were all so astonished that they were silent for a time, regarding the stranger with wondering looks. Finally the Tin Woodman ventured to ask:

“And did Nimmie Amee return your love?”

“Not at first,” admitted the Soldier. “When first I marched into the forest and met her, she was weeping over the loss of her former sweetheart, a woodman whose name was Nick Chopper.”

“That is me,” said the Tin Woodman.

“She told me he was nicer than a soldier, because he was all made of tin and shone beautifully in the sun. She said a tin man appealed to her artistic instincts more than an ordinary meat man, as I was then. But I did not despair, because her tin sweetheart had disappeared, and could not be found. And finally Nimmie Amee permitted me to call upon her and we became friends. It was then that the Wicked Witch discovered me and became furiously angry when I said I wanted to marry the girl. She enchanted my sword, as I said, and then my troubles began. When I got my tin legs, Nimmie Amee began to take an interest in me; when I got my tin arms, she began to like me better than ever, and

when I was all made of tin, she said I looked like her dear Nick Chopper and she would be willing to marry me.

“The day of our wedding was set, and it turned out to be a rainy day. Nevertheless I started out to get Nimmie Amee, because the Witch had been absent for some time, and we meant to elope before she got back. As I traveled the forest paths the rain wetted my joints, but I paid no attention to this because my thoughts were all on my wedding with beautiful Nimmie Amee and I could think of nothing else until suddenly my legs stopped moving. Then my arms rusted at the joints and I became frightened and cried for help, for now I was unable to oil myself. No one heard my calls and before long my jaws rusted, and I was unable to utter another sound. So I stood helpless in this spot, hoping some wanderer would come my way and save me. But this forest path is seldom used, and I have been standing here so long that I have lost all track of time. In my mind I composed poetry and sang songs, but not a sound have I been able to utter. But this desperate condition has now been relieved by your coming my way and I must thank you for my rescue.”

“This is wonderful!” said the Scarecrow, heaving a stuffy, long sigh. “I think Ku-Klip was wrong to make two tin men, just alike, and the strangest thing of all is that both you tin men fell in love with the same girl.”

“As for that,” returned the Soldier, seriously, “I must admit I lost my ability to love when

I lost my meat heart. Ku-Klip gave me a tin heart, to be sure, but it doesn’t love anything, as far as I can discover, and merely rattles against my tin ribs, which makes me wish I had no heart at all.”

“Yet, in spite of this condition, you were going to marry Nimmie Amee?”

“Well, you see I had promised to marry her, and I am an honest man and always try to keep my promises. I didn’t like to disappoint the poor girl, who had been disappointed by one tin man already.”

“That was not my fault,” declared the Emperor of the Winkies, and then he related how he, also, had rusted in the forest and after a long time had been rescued by Dorothy and the Scarecrow and had traveled with them to the Emerald City in search of a heart that could love.

“If you have found such a heart, sir,” said the Soldier, “I will gladly allow you to marry Nimmie Amee in my place.”

“If she loves you best, sir,” answered the Woodman, “I shall not interfere with your wedding her. For, to be quite frank with you, I cannot yet love Nimmie Amee as I did before I became tin.”

“Still, one of you ought to marry the poor girl,” remarked Woot; “and, if she likes tin men, there is not much choice between you. Why don’t you draw lots for her?”

“That wouldn’t be right,” said the Scarecrow.

“The girl should be permitted to choose her own husband,” asserted Polychrome. “You

should both go to her and allow her to take her choice. Then she will surely be happy.”

“That, to me, seems a very fair arrangement,” said the Tin Soldier.

“I agree to it,” said the Tin Woodman, shaking the hand of his twin to show the matter was settled. “May I ask your name, sir?” he continued. “Before I was so cut up,” replied the other, “I was known as Captain Fyter, but afterward I was merely called ‘The Tin Soldier.’”

“Well, Captain, if you are agreeable, let us now go to Nimmie Amee’s house and let her choose between us.”

“Very well; and if we meet the Witch, we will both fight her—you with your axe and I with my sword.”

“The Witch is destroyed,” announced the Scarecrow, and as they walked away he told the Tin Soldier of much that had happened in the Land of Oz since he had stood rusted in the forest.

“I must have stood there longer than I had imagined,” he said thoughtfully.