



Tik-tok of OZ



Chapter Twenty-One: A BASHFUL BROTHER

With fast beating hearts they all rushed forward and, beyond a group of stately metal trees, came full upon a most astonishing scene.

There was Ruggedo in the hands of the officers of Oogaboo, a dozen of whom were clinging to the old nome and holding him fast in spite of his efforts to escape. There also was Queen Ann, looking grimly upon the scene of strife; but when she observed her former companions approaching she turned away in a shamefaced manner.

For Ann and her officers were indeed a sight to behold. Her Majesty's clothing, once so rich and gorgeous, was now worn and torn into shreds by her long crawl through the tunnel, which, by the way, had led her directly into the Metal Forest. It was, indeed, one of the three secret passages, and by far the most difficult of the three. Ann had not only torn her pretty skirt and jacket, but her crown had become bent and battered and even her shoes were so cut and slashed that they were ready to fall from her feet.

The officers had fared somewhat worse than their leader, for holes were worn in the knees of their trousers, while sharp points of rock in the roof and sides of the tunnel had made rags of every inch of their once brilliant uniforms. A more tattered and woeful army never came out of a battle, than these harmless victims of the rocky passage. But it had seemed their only means of escape from the cruel Nome King; so they had crawled on, regardless of their sufferings.

When they reached the Metal Forest their eyes beheld more plunder than they had ever dreamed of; yet they were prisoners in this huge dome and could not escape with the riches heaped about them. Perhaps a more unhappy and homesick lot of "conquerors" never existed than this band from Oogaboo.

After several days of wandering in their marvelous prison they were frightened by the discovery that Ruggedo had come among them. Rendered desperate by their sad condition, the officers exhibited courage for the first time since they left home and, ignorant of the fact that Ruggedo was no longer King of the nomes, they threw themselves upon him and had just succeeded in capturing him when their fellow adventurers reached the spot.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Betsy. "What has happened to you all?"

Ann came forward to greet them, sorrowful and indignant.

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“We were obliged to escape from the pit through a small tunnel, which was lined with sharp and jagged rocks,” said she, “and not only was our clothing torn to rags but our flesh is so bruised and sore that we are stiff and lame in every joint. To add to our troubles we find we are still prisoners; but now that we have succeeded in capturing the wicked Metal Monarch we shall force him to grant us our liberty.”

“Ruggedo is no longer Metal Monarch, or King of the nomes,” Files informed her. “He has been deposed and cast out of his kingdom by Quox; but here is the new King, whose name is Kaliko, and I am pleased to assure Your Majesty that he is our friend.”

“Glad to meet Your Majesty, I’m sure,” said Kaliko, bowing as courteously as if the Queen still wore splendid raiment.

The officers, having heard this explanation, now set Ruggedo free; but, as he had no place to go, he stood by and faced his former servant, who was now King in his place, in a humble and pleading manner.

“What are you doing here?” asked Kaliko sternly.

“Why, I was promised as much treasure as I could carry in my pockets,” replied Ruggedo; “so I came here to get it, not wishing to disturb Your Majesty.”

“You were commanded to leave the country of the nomes forever!” declared Kaliko.

“I know; and I’ll go as soon as I have filled my pockets,” said Ruggedo, meekly.

“Then fill them, and be gone,” returned the new King.

Ruggedo obeyed. Stooping down, he began gathering up jewels by the handful and stuffing them into his many pockets. They were heavy things, these diamonds and rubies and emeralds and amethysts and the like, so before long Ruggedo was staggering with the weight he bore, while the pockets were not yet filled. When he could no longer stoop over without falling, Betsy and Polychrome and the Rose Princess came to his assistance, picking up the finest gems and tucking them into his pockets.

At last these were all filled and Ruggedo presented a comical sight, for surely no man ever before had so many pockets, or any at all filled with such a choice collection of precious stones. He neglected to thank the young ladies for their kindness, but gave them a surly nod of farewell and staggered down the path by the way he had come. They let him depart in silence, for with all he had taken, the masses of jewels upon the ground seemed

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scarcely to have been disturbed, so numerous were they. Also they hoped they had seen the last of the degraded King.

“I’m awful glad he’s gone,” said Betsy, sighing deeply. “If he doesn’t get reckless and spend his wealth foolishly, he’s got enough to start a bank when he gets to Oklahoma.”

“But my brother—my dear brother! Where is he?” inquired Shaggy anxiously. “Have you seen him, Queen Ann?”

“What does your brother look like?” asked the Queen.

Shaggy hesitated to reply, but Betsy said: “He’s called the Ugly One. Perhaps you’ll know him by that.”

“The only person we have seen in this cavern,” said Ann, “has run away from us whenever we approached him. He hides over yonder, among the trees that are not gold, and we have never been able to catch sight of his face. So I can not tell whether he is ugly or not.”

“That must be my dear brother!” exclaimed Shaggy.

“Yes, it must be,” assented Kaliko. “No one else inhabits this splendid dome, so there can be no mistake.”

“But why does he hide among those green trees, instead of enjoying all these glittery golden ones?” asked Betsy.

“Because he finds food among the natural trees,” replied Kaliko, “and I remember that he has built a little house there, to sleep in. As for these glittery golden trees, I will admit they are very pretty at first sight. One cannot fail to admire them, as well as the rich jewels scattered beneath them; but if one has to look at them always, they become pretty tame.”

“I believe that is true,” declared Shaggy. “My dear brother is very wise to prefer real trees to the imitation ones. But come; let us go there and find him.”

Shaggy started for the green grove at once, and the others followed him, being curious to witness the final rescue of his long-sought, long-lost brother.

Not far from the edge of the grove they came upon a small hut, cleverly made of twigs and golden branches woven together. As they approached the place they caught a glimpse of a form that darted into the hut and slammed the door tight shut after him.

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Shaggy Man ran to the door and cried aloud:

“Brother! Brother!”

“Who calls,” demanded a sad, hollow voice from within.

“It is Shaggy—your own loving brother—who has been searching for you a long time and has now come to rescue you.”

“Too late!” replied the gloomy voice. “No one can rescue me now.”

“Oh, but you are mistaken about that,” said Shaggy. “There is a new King of the nomes, named Kaliko, in Ruggedo’s place, and he has promised you shall go free.”

“Free! I dare not go free!” said the Ugly One, in a voice of despair.

“Why not, Brother?” asked Shaggy, anxiously.

“Do you know what they have done to me?” came the answer through the closed door.

“No. Tell me, Brother, what have they done?”

“When Ruggedo first captured me I was very handsome. Don’t you remember, Shaggy?”

“Not very well, Brother; you were so young when I left home. But I remember that mother thought you were beautiful.”

“She was right! I am sure she was right,” wailed the prisoner. “But Ruggedo wanted to injure me—to make me ugly in the eyes of all the world—so he performed a wicked enchantment. I went to bed beautiful—or you might say handsome—to be very modest I will merely claim that I was good-looking—and I wakened the next morning the homeliest man in all the world! I am so repulsive that when I look in a mirror I frighten myself.”

“Poor Brother!” said Shaggy softly, and all the others were silent from sympathy.

“I was so ashamed of my looks,” continued the voice of Shaggy’s brother, “that I tried to hide; but the cruel King Ruggedo forced me to appear before all the legion of nomes, to whom he said: ‘Behold the Ugly One!’ But when the nomes saw my face they all fell to laughing and jeering, which prevented them from working at their tasks. Seeing this, Ruggedo became angry and pushed me into a tunnel, closing the rock entrance so that I could

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not get out. I followed the length of the tunnel until I reached this huge dome, where the marvelous Metal Forest stands, and here I have remained ever since.”

“Poor Brother!” repeated Shaggy. “But I beg you now to come forth and face us, who are your friends. None here will laugh or jeer, however unhandsome you may be.”

“No, indeed,” they all added pleadingly.

But the Ugly One refused the invitation.

“I cannot,” said he; “indeed, I cannot face strangers, ugly as I am.”

Shaggy Man turned to the group surrounding him.

“What shall I do?” he asked in sorrowful tones. “I cannot leave my dear brother here, and he refuses to come out of that house and face us.”

“I’ll tell you,” replied Betsy. “Let him put on a mask.”

“The very idea I was seeking!” exclaimed Shaggy joyfully; and then he called out: “Brother, put a mask over your face, and then none of us can see what your features are like.”

“I have no mask,” answered the Ugly One.

“Look here,” said Betsy; “he can use my handkerchief.”

Shaggy looked at the little square of cloth and shook his head.

“It isn’t big enough,” he objected; “I’m sure it isn’t big enough to hide a man’s face. But he can use mine.”

Saying this he took from his pocket his own handkerchief and went to the door of the hut.

“Here, my Brother,” he called, “take this handkerchief and make a mask of it. I will also pass you my knife, so that you may cut holes for the eyes, and then you must tie it over your face.”

The door slowly opened, just far enough for the Ugly One to thrust out his hand and take the handkerchief and the knife. Then it closed again.

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“Don’t forget a hole for your nose,” cried Betsy. “You must breathe, you know.”

For a time there was silence. Queen Ann and her army sat down upon the ground to rest. Betsy sat on Hank’s back. Polychrome danced lightly up and down the jeweled paths while Files and the Princess wandered through the groves arm in arm. Tik-Tok, who never tired, stood motionless.

By and by a noise sounded from within the hut.

“Are you ready?” asked Shaggy.

“Yes, Brother,” came the reply and the door was thrown open to allow the Ugly One to step forth.

Betsy might have laughed aloud had she not remembered how sensitive to ridicule Shaggy’s brother was, for the handkerchief with which he had masked his features was a red one covered with big white polka dots. In this two holes had been cut—in front of the eyes—while two smaller ones before the nostrils allowed the man to breathe freely. The cloth was then tightly drawn over the Ugly One’s face and knotted at the back of his neck.

He was dressed in clothes that had once been good, but now were sadly worn and frayed. His silk stockings had holes in them, and his shoes were stub-toed and needed blackening. “But what can you expect,” whispered Betsy, “when the poor man has been a prisoner for so many years?”

Shaggy had darted forward, and embraced his newly found brother with both his arms. The brother also embraced Shaggy, who then led him forward and introduced him to all the assembled company.

“This is the new Nome King,” he said when he came to Kaliko. “He is our friend, and has granted you your freedom.”

“That is a kindly deed,” replied Ugly in a sad voice, “but I dread to go back to the world in this direful condition. Unless I remain forever masked, my dreadful face would curdle all the milk and stop all the clocks.”

“Can’t the enchantment be broken in some way?” inquired Betsy.

Shaggy looked anxiously at Kaliko, who shook his head.

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“I am sure I can’t break the enchantment,” he said. “Ruggedo was fond of magic, and learned a good many enchantments that we nomes know nothing of.”

“Perhaps Ruggedo himself might break his own enchantment,” suggested Ann; “but unfortunately we have allowed the old King to escape.”

“Never mind, my dear Brother,” said Shaggy consolingly; “I am very happy to have found you again, although I may never see your face. So let us make the most of this joyful reunion.”

The Ugly One was affected to tears by this tender speech, and the tears began to wet the red handkerchief; so Shaggy gently wiped them away with his coat sleeve.