

DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ

Chapter Ten: The Braided Man of Pyramid Mountain

The mountain before them was shaped like a cone and was so tall that its point was lost in the clouds. Directly facing the place where Jim had stopped was an arched opening leading to a broad stairway. The stairs were cut in the rock inside the mountain, and they were broad and not very steep, because they circled around like a corkscrew, and at the arched opening where the flight began the circle was quite big. At the foot of the stairs was a sign reading:

WARNING.

These steps lead to the
Land of the Gargoyles.
DANGER! KEEP OUT.

“I wonder how Jim is ever going to draw the buggy up so many stairs,” said Dorothy, gravely.

“No trouble at all,” declared the horse, with a contemptuous neigh. “Still, I don’t care to drag any passengers. You’ll all have to walk.”

“Suppose the stairs get steeper?” suggested Zeb, doubtfully.

“Then you’ll have to boost the buggy-wheels, that’s all,” answered Jim.

“We’ll try it, anyway,” said the Wizard. “It’s the only way to get out of the Valley of Voe.”

So they began to ascend the stairs, Dorothy and the Wizard first, Jim next, drawing the buggy, and then Zeb to watch that nothing happened to the harness.

The light was dim, and soon they mounted into total darkness, so that the Wizard was obliged to get out his lanterns to light the way. But this enabled them to proceed steadily until they came to a landing where there was a rift in the side of the mountain that let in both light and air. Looking through this opening they could see the Valley of Voe lying far below them, the cottages seeming like toy houses from that distance.

After resting a few moments they resumed their climb, and still the stairs were broad and low enough for Jim to draw the buggy easily after him. The old horse panted a little, and had to stop often to get his breath. At such times they were all glad to wait for him, for continually climbing up stairs is sure to make one’s legs ache.

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They wound about, always going upward, for some time. The lights from the lanterns dimly showed the way, but it was a gloomy journey, and they were pleased when a broad streak of light ahead assured them they were coming to a second landing.

Here one side of the mountain had a great hole in it, like the mouth of a cavern, and the stairs stopped at the near edge of the floor and commenced ascending again at the opposite edge.

The opening in the mountain was on the side opposite to the Valley of Voe, and our travelers looked out upon a strange scene. Below them was a vast space, at the bottom of which was a black sea with rolling billows, through which little tongues of flame constantly shot up. Just above them, and almost on a level with their platform, were banks of rolling clouds which constantly shifted position and changed color. The blues and greys were very beautiful, and Dorothy noticed that on the cloud banks sat or reclined fleecy, shadowy forms of beautiful beings who must have been the Cloud Fairies. Mortals who stand upon the earth and look up at the sky cannot often distinguish these forms, but our friends were now so near to the clouds that they observed the dainty fairies very clearly.

“Are they real?” asked Zeb, in an awed voice.

“Of course,” replied Dorothy, softly. “They are the Cloud Fairies.”

“They seem like open-work,” remarked the boy, gazing intently. “If I should squeeze one, there wouldn’t be anything left of it.”

In the open space between the clouds and the black, bubbling sea far beneath, could be seen an occasional strange bird winging its way swiftly through the air. These birds were of enormous size, and reminded Zeb of the rocs he had read about in the Arabian Nights. They had fierce eyes and sharp talons and beaks, and the children hoped none of them would venture into the cavern.

“Well, I declare!” suddenly exclaimed the little Wizard. “What in the world is this?”

They turned around and found a man standing on the floor in the center of the cave, who bowed very politely when he saw he had attracted their attention. He was a very old man, bent nearly double; but the strangest thing about him was his white hair and beard. These were so long that they reached to his feet, and both the hair and the beard were carefully plaited into many braids, and the end of each braid fastened with a bow of colored ribbon.

“Where did you come from?” asked Dorothy, wonderingly.

“No place at all,” answered the man with the braids; “that is, not recently. Once I lived on top the earth, but for many years I have had my factory in this spot—half way up Pyramid Mountain.”

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“Are we only half way up?” enquired the boy, in a discouraged tone.

“I believe so, my lad,” replied the braided man. “But as I have never been in either direction, down or up, since I arrived, I cannot be positive whether it is exactly half way or not.”

“Have you a factory in this place?” asked the Wizard, who had been examining the strange personage carefully.

“To be sure,” said the other. “I am a great inventor, you must know, and I manufacture my products in this lonely spot.”

“What are your products?” enquired the Wizard.

“Well, I make Assorted Flutters for flags and bunting, and a superior grade of Rustles for ladies’ silk gowns.”

“I thought so,” said the Wizard, with a sigh. “May we examine some of these articles?”

“Yes, indeed; come into my shop, please,” and the braided man turned and led the way into a smaller cave, where he evidently lived. Here, on a broad shelf, were several cardboard boxes of various sizes, each tied with cotton cord.

“This,” said the man, taking up a box and handling it gently, “contains twelve dozen rustles—enough to last any lady a year. Will you buy it, my dear?” he asked, addressing Dorothy.

“My gown isn’t silk,” she said, smiling.

“Never mind. When you open the box the rustles will escape, whether you are wearing a silk dress or not,” said the man, seriously. Then he picked up another box. “In this,” he continued, “are many assorted flutters. They are invaluable to make flags flutter on a still day, when there is no wind. You, sir,” turning to the Wizard, “ought to have this assortment. Once you have tried my goods I am sure you will never be without them.”

“I have no money with me,” said the Wizard, evasively.

“I do not want money,” returned the braided man, “for I could not spend it in this deserted place if I had it. But I would like very much a blue hair-ribbon. You will notice my braids are tied with yellow, pink, brown, red, green, white and black; but I have no blue ribbons.”

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“I’ll get you one!” cried Dorothy, who was sorry for the poor man; so she ran back to the buggy and took from her suitcase a pretty blue ribbon. It did her good to see how the braided man’s eyes sparkled when he received this treasure.

“You have made me very, very happy, my dear!” he exclaimed; and then he insisted on the Wizard taking the box of flutters and the little girl accepting the box of rustles.

“You may need them, some time,” he said, “and there is really no use in my manufacturing these things unless somebody uses them.”

“Why did you leave the surface of the earth?” enquired the Wizard.

“I could not help it. It is a sad story, but if you will try to restrain your tears I will tell you about it. On earth I was a manufacturer of Imported Holes for American Swiss Cheese, and I will acknowledge that I supplied a superior article, which was in great demand. Also I made pores for porous plasters and high-grade holes for doughnuts and buttons. Finally I invented a new Adjustable Post-hole, which I thought would make my fortune. I manufactured a large quantity of these post-holes, and having no room in which to store them I set them all end to end and put the top one in the ground. That made an extraordinary long hole, as you may imagine, and reached far down into the earth; and, as I leaned over it to try to see to the bottom, I lost my balance and tumbled in. Unfortunately, the hole led directly into the vast space you see outside this mountain; but I managed to catch a point of rock that projected from this cavern, and so saved myself from tumbling head-long into the black waves beneath, where the tongues of flame that dart out would certainly have consumed me. Here, then, I made my home; and although it is a lonely place I amuse myself making rustles and flutters, and so get along very nicely.”

When the braided man had completed this strange tale Dorothy nearly laughed, because it was all so absurd; but the Wizard tapped his forehead significantly, to indicate that he thought the poor man was crazy. So they politely bade him good day, and went back to the outer cavern to resume their journey.