

DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ

Chapter Eleven: They Meet the Wooden Gargoyles

Another breathless climb brought our adventurers to a third landing where there was a rift in the mountain. On peering out all they could see was rolling banks of clouds, so thick that they obscured all else.

But the travelers were obliged to rest, and while they were sitting on the rocky floor the Wizard felt in his pocket and brought out the nine tiny piglets. To his delight they were now plainly visible, which proved that they had passed beyond the influence of the magical Valley of Voe.

“Why, we can see each other again!” cried one, joyfully.

“Yes,” sighed Eureka; “and I also can see you again, and the sight makes me dreadfully hungry. Please, Mr. Wizard, may I eat just one of the fat little piglets? You’d never miss ONE of them, I’m sure!”

“What a horrid, savage beast!” exclaimed a piglet; “and after we’ve been such good friends, too, and played with one another!”

“When I’m not hungry, I love to play with you all,” said the kitten, demurely; “but when my stomach is empty it seems that nothing would fill it so nicely as a fat piglet.”

“And we trusted you so!” said another of the nine, reproachfully.

“And thought you were respectable!” said another.

“It seems we were mistaken,” declared a third, looking at the kitten timorously, “no one with such murderous desires should belong to our party, I’m sure.”

“You see, Eureka,” remarked Dorothy, reprovingly, “you are making yourself disliked. There are certain things proper for a kitten to eat; but I never heard of a kitten eating a pig, under ANY cir’stances.”

“Did you ever see such little pigs before?” asked the kitten. “They are no bigger than mice, and I’m sure mice are proper for me to eat.”

“It isn’t the bigness, dear; its the variety,” replied the girl. “These are Mr. Wizard’s pets, just

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as you are my pet, and it wouldn't be any more proper for you to eat them than it would be for Jim to eat you."

"And that's just what I shall do if you don't let those little balls of pork alone," said Jim, glaring at the kitten with his round, big eyes. "If you injure any one of them I'll chew you up instantly."

The kitten looked at the horse thoughtfully, as if trying to decide whether he meant it or not.

"In that case," she said, "I'll leave them alone. You haven't many teeth left, Jim, but the few you have are sharp enough to make me shudder. So the piglets will be perfectly safe, hereafter, as far as I am concerned."

"That is right, Eureka," remarked the Wizard, earnestly. "Let us all be a happy family and love one another."

Eureka yawned and stretched herself.

"I've always loved the piglets," she said; "but they don't love me."

"No one can love a person he's afraid of," asserted Dorothy. "If you behave, and don't scare the little pigs, I'm sure they'll grow very fond of you."

The Wizard now put the nine tiny ones back into his pocket and the journey was resumed.

"We must be pretty near the top, now," said the boy, as they climbed wearily up the dark, winding stairway.

"The Country of the Gurgles can't be far from the top of the earth," remarked Dorothy. "It isn't very nice down here. I'd like to get home again, I'm sure."

No one replied to this, because they found they needed all their breath for the climb. The stairs had become narrower and Zeb and the Wizard often had to help Jim pull the buggy from one step to another, or keep it from jamming against the rocky walls.

At last, however, a dim light appeared ahead of them, which grew clearer and stronger as they advanced.

"Thank goodness we're nearly there!" panted the little Wizard.

Jim, who was in advance, saw the last stair before him and stuck his head above the rocky sides of the stairway. Then he halted, ducked down and began to back up, so that he

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nearly fell with the buggy onto the others.

“Let’s go down again!” he said, in his hoarse voice.

“Nonsense!” snapped the tired Wizard. “What’s the matter with you, old man?”

“Everything,” grumbled the horse. “I’ve taken a look at this place, and it’s no fit country for real creatures to go to. Everything’s dead, up there—no flesh or blood or growing thing anywhere.”

“Never mind; we can’t turn back,” said Dorothy; “and we don’t intend to stay there, anyhow.”

“It’s dangerous,” growled Jim, in a stubborn tone.

“See here, my good steed,” broke in the Wizard, “little Dorothy and I have been in many strange countries in our travels, and always escaped without harm. We’ve even been to the marvelous Land of Oz—haven’t we, Dorothy?—so we don’t much care what the Country of the Gargoyles is like. Go ahead, Jim, and whatever happens we’ll make the best of it.”

“All right,” answered the horse; “this is your excursion, and not mine; so if you get into trouble don’t blame me.”

With this speech he bent forward and dragged the buggy up the remaining steps. The others followed and soon they were all standing upon a broad platform and gazing at the most curious and startling sight their eyes had ever beheld.

“The Country of the Gargoyles is all wooden!” exclaimed Zeb; and so it was. The ground was sawdust and the pebbles scattered around were hard knots from trees, worn smooth in course of time. There were odd wooden houses, with carved wooden flowers in the front yards. The tree-trunks were of coarse wood, but the leaves of the trees were shavings. The patches of grass were splinters of wood, and where neither grass nor sawdust showed was a solid wooden flooring. Wooden birds fluttered among the trees and wooden cows were browsing upon the wooden grass; but the most amazing things of all were the wooden people—the creatures known as Gargoyles.

These were very numerous, for the place was thickly inhabited, and a large group of the strange people clustered near, gazing sharply upon the strangers who had emerged from the long spiral stairway.

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The Gargoyles were very small of stature, being less than three feet in height. Their bodies were round, their legs short and thick and their arms extraordinarily long and stout. Their heads were too big for their bodies and their faces were decidedly ugly to look upon. Some had long, curved noses and chins, small eyes and wide, grinning mouths. Others had flat noses, protruding eyes, and ears that were shaped like those of an elephant. There were many types, indeed, scarcely two being alike; but all were equally disagreeable in appearance. The tops of their heads had no hair, but were carved into a variety of fantastic shapes, some having a row of points or balls around the top, others designs resembling flowers or vegetables, and still others having squares that looked like waffles cut criss-cross on their heads. They all wore short wooden wings which were fastened to their wooden bodies by means of wooden hinges with wooden screws, and with these wings they flew swiftly and noiselessly here and there, their legs being of little use to them.

This noiseless motion was one of the most peculiar things about the Gargoyles. They made no sounds at all, either in flying or trying to speak, and they conversed mainly by means of quick signals made with their wooden fingers or lips. Neither was there any sound to be heard anywhere throughout the wooden country. The birds did not sing, nor did the cows moo; yet there was more than ordinary activity everywhere.

The group of these strange creatures which was discovered clustered near the stairs at first remained staring and motionless, glaring with evil eyes at the intruders who had so suddenly appeared in their land. In turn the Wizard and the children, the horse and the kitten, examined the Gargoyles with the same silent attention.

“There’s going to be trouble, I’m sure,” remarked the horse. “Unhitch those tugs, Zeb, and set me free from the buggy, so I can fight comfortably.”

“Jim’s right,” sighed the Wizard. “There’s going to be trouble, and my sword isn’t stout enough to cut up those wooden bodies—so I shall have to get out my revolvers.”

He got his satchel from the buggy and, opening it, took out two deadly looking revolvers that made the children shrink back in alarm just to look at.

“What harm can the Gurgles do?” asked Dorothy. “They have no weapons to hurt us with.”

“Each of their arms is a wooden club,” answered the little man, “and I’m sure the creatures mean mischief, by the looks of their eyes. Even these revolvers can merely succeed in damaging a few of their wooden bodies, and after that we will be at their mercy.”

“But why fight at all, in that case?” asked the girl.

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“So I may die with a clear conscience,” returned the Wizard, gravely. “It’s every man’s duty to do the best he knows how; and I’m going to do it.”

“Wish I had an axe,” said Zeb, who by now had unhitched the horse.

“If we had known we were coming we might have brought along several other useful things,” responded the Wizard. “But we dropped into this adventure rather unexpectedly.”

The Gargoyles had backed away a distance when they heard the sound of talking, for although our friends had spoken in low tones their words seemed loud in the silence surrounding them. But as soon as the conversation ceased, the grinning, ugly creatures arose in a flock and flew swiftly toward the strangers, their long arms stretched out before them like the bowsprits of a fleet of sailboats. The horse had especially attracted their notice, because it was the biggest and strangest creature they had ever seen; so it became the center of their first attack.

But Jim was ready for them, and when he saw them coming he turned his heels toward them and began kicking out as hard as he could. Crack! crash! bang! went his iron-shod hoofs against the wooden bodies of the Gargoyles, and they were battered right and left with such force that they scattered like straws in the wind. But the noise and clatter seemed as dreadful to them as Jim’s heels, for all who were able swiftly turned and flew away to a great distance. The others picked themselves up from the ground one by one and quickly rejoined their fellows, so for a moment the horse thought he had won the fight with ease.

But the Wizard was not so confident.

“Those wooden things are impossible to hurt,” he said, “and all the damage Jim has done to them is to knock a few splinters from their noses and ears. That cannot make them look any uglier, I’m sure, and it is my opinion they will soon renew the attack.”

“What made them fly away?” asked Dorothy.

“The noise, of course. Don’t you remember how the Champion escaped them by shouting his battle-cry?”

“Suppose we escape down the stairs, too,” suggested the boy. “We have time, just now, and I’d rather face the invis’ble bears than those wooden imps.”

“No,” returned Dorothy, stoutly, “it won’t do to go back, for then we would never get home. Let’s fight it out.”

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“That is what I advise,” said the Wizard. “They haven’t defeated us yet, and Jim is worth a whole army.”

But the Gargoyles were clever enough not to attack the horse the next time. They advanced in a great swarm, having been joined by many more of their kind, and they flew straight over Jim’s head to where the others were standing.

The Wizard raised one of his revolvers and fired into the throng of his enemies, and the shot resounded like a clap of thunder in that silent place.

Some of the wooden beings fell flat upon the ground, where they quivered and trembled in every limb; but most of them managed to wheel and escape again to a distance.

Zeb ran and picked up one of the Gargoyles that lay nearest to him. The top of its head was carved into a crown and the Wizard’s bullet had struck it exactly in the left eye, which was a hard wooden knot. Half of the bullet stuck in the wood and half stuck out, so it had been the jar and the sudden noise that had knocked the creature down, more than the fact that it was really hurt. Before this crowned Gargoyle had recovered himself Zeb had wound a strap several times around its body, confining its wings and arms so that it could not move. Then, having tied the wooden creature securely, the boy buckled the strap and tossed his prisoner into the buggy. By that time the others had all retired.