

THE  
EMERALD  
CITY OF  
OZ  
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*Chapter 4: How the Nome King Planned Revenge*

The reason most people are bad is because they do not try to be good. Now, the Nome King had never tried to be good, so he was very bad indeed. Having decided to conquer the Land of Oz and to destroy the Emerald City and enslave all its people, King Roquat the Red kept planning ways to do this dreadful thing, and the more he planned the more he believed he would be able to accomplish it.

About the time Dorothy went to Ozma the Nome King called his Chief Steward to him and said: "Kaliko, I think I shall make you the General of my armies."

"I think you won't," replied Kaliko, positively.

"Why not?" inquired the King, reaching for his scepter with the big sapphire.

"Because I'm your Chief Steward and know nothing of warfare," said Kaliko, preparing to dodge if anything were thrown at him. "I manage all the affairs of your kingdom better than you could yourself, and you'll never find another Steward as good as I am. But there are a hundred Nomes better fitted to command your army, and your Generals get thrown away so often that I have no desire to be one of them."

"Ah, there is some truth in your remarks, Kaliko," remarked the King, deciding not to throw the scepter. "Summon my army to assemble in the Great Cavern."

Kaliko bowed and retired, and in a few minutes returned to say that the army was assembled. So the King went out upon a balcony that overlooked the Great Cavern, where fifty thousand Nomes, all armed with swords and pikes, stood marshaled in military array.

When they were not required as soldiers all these Nomes were metal workers and miners, and they had hammered so much at the forges and dug so hard with pick and shovel that they had acquired great muscular strength. They were strangely formed creatures, rather



round and not very tall. Their toes were curly and their ears broad and flat.

In time of war every Nome left his forge or mine and became part of the great army of King Roquat. The soldiers wore rock-colored uniforms and were excellently drilled.

The King looked upon this tremendous army, which stood silently arrayed before him, and a cruel smile curled the corners of his mouth, for he saw that his legions were very powerful. Then he addressed them from the balcony, saying:

“I have thrown away General Blug, because he did not please me. So I want another General to command this army. Who is next in command?”

“I am,” replied Colonel Crinkle, a dapper-looking Nome, as he stepped forward to salute his monarch.

The King looked at him carefully and said:

“I want you to march this army through an underground tunnel, which I am going to bore, to the Emerald City of Oz. When you get there I want you to conquer the Oz people, destroy them and their city, and bring all their gold and silver and precious stones back to my cavern. Also you are to recapture my Magic Belt and return it to me. Will you do this, General Crinkle?”

“No, your Majesty,” replied the Nome; “for it can’t be done.”

“Oh indeed!” exclaimed the King. Then he turned to his servants and said: “Please take General Crinkle to the torture chamber. There you will kindly slice him into thin slices. Afterward you may feed him to the seven-headed dogs.”

“Anything to oblige your Majesty,” replied the servants, politely, and led the condemned man away.

When they had gone, the King addressed the army again.

“Listen!” said he. “The General who is to command my armies must promise to carry out my orders. If he fails he will share the fate of poor Crinkle. Now, then, who will volunteer to lead my hosts to the Emerald City?”

For a time no one moved and all were silent. Then an old Nome with white whiskers so long that they were tied around his waist to prevent their tripping him up, stepped out of the ranks and saluted the King.

“I’d like to ask a few questions, your Majesty,” he said.

“Go ahead,” replied the King.

“These Oz people are quite good, are they not?”



“As good as apple pie,” said the King.

“And they are happy, I suppose?” continued the old Nome.

“Happy as the day is long,” said the King.

“And contented and prosperous?” inquired the Nome.

“Very much so,” said the King.

“Well, your Majesty,” remarked he of the white whiskers, “I think I should like to undertake the job, so I’ll be your General. I hate good people; I detest happy people; I’m opposed to any one who is contented and prosperous. That is why I am so fond of your Majesty. Make me your General and I’ll promise to conquer and destroy the Oz people. If I fail I’m ready to be sliced thin and fed to the seven-headed dogs.”

“Very good! Very good, indeed! That’s the way to talk!” cried Roquat the Red, who was greatly pleased. “What is your name, General?”

“I’m called Guph, your Majesty.”

“Well, Guph, come with me to my private cave, and we’ll talk it over.” Then he turned to the army. “Nomes and soldiers,” said he, “you are to obey the commands of General Guph until he becomes dog-feed. Any man who fails to obey his new General will be promptly thrown away. You are now dismissed.”

Guph went to the King’s private cave and sat down upon an amethyst chair and put his feet on the arm of the King’s ruby throne. Then he lighted his pipe and threw the live coal he had taken from his pocket upon the King’s left foot and puffed the smoke into the King’s eyes and made himself comfortable. For he was a wise old Nome, and he knew that the best way to get along with Roquat the Red was to show that he was not afraid of him.

“I’m ready for the talk, your Majesty,” he said.

The King coughed and looked at his new General fiercely.

“Do you not tremble to take such liberties with your monarch?” he asked.

“Oh no,” replied Guph, calmly, and he blew a wreath of smoke that curled around the King’s nose and made him sneeze. “You want to conquer the Emerald City, and I’m the only Nome in all your dominions who can conquer it. So you will be very careful not to hurt me until I have carried out your wishes. After that—”

“Well, what then?” inquired the King.

“Then you will be so grateful to me that you won’t care to hurt me,” replied the General.

“That is a very good argument,” said Roquat. “But suppose you fail?”



“Then it’s the slicing machine. I agree to that,” announced Guph. “But if you do as I tell you there will be no failure. The trouble with you, Roquat, is that you don’t think carefully enough. I do. You would go ahead and march through your tunnel into Oz, and get defeated and driven back. I won’t. And the reason I won’t is because when I march I’ll have all my plans made, and a host of allies to assist my Nomes.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the King.

“I’ll explain, King Roquat. You’re going to attack a fairy country, and a mighty fairy country, too. They haven’t much of an army in Oz, but the Princess who rules them has a fairy wand; and the little girl Dorothy has your Magic Belt; and at the North of the Emerald City lives a clever sorceress called Glinda the Good, who commands the spirits of the air. Also I have heard that there is a wonderful Wizard in Ozma’s palace, who is so skillful that people used to pay him money in America to see him perform. So you see it will be no easy thing to overcome all this magic.”

“We have fifty thousand soldiers!” cried the King proudly.

“Yes; but they are Nomes,” remarked Guph, taking a silk handkerchief from the King’s pocket and wiping his own pointed shoes with it. “Nomes are immortals, but they are not strong on magic. When you lost your famous Belt the greater part of your own power was gone from you. Against Ozma you and your Nomes would have no show at all.”

Roquat’s eyes flashed angrily.

“Then away you go to the slicing machine!” he cried.

“Not yet,” said the General, filling his pipe from the King’s private tobacco pouch.

“What do you propose to do?” asked the monarch.

“I propose to obtain the power we need,” answered Guph. “There are a good many evil creatures who have magic powers sufficient to destroy and conquer the Land of Oz. We will get them on our side, band them all together, and then take Ozma and her people by surprise. It’s all very simple and easy when you know how. Alone, we should be helpless to injure the Ruler of Oz, but with the aid of the evil powers we can summon we shall easily succeed.”

King Roquat was delighted with this idea, for he realized how clever it was.

“Surely, Guph, you are the greatest General I have ever had!” he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with joy. “You must go at once and make arrangements with the evil powers to assist us, and meantime I’ll begin to dig the tunnel.”

“I thought you’d agree with me, Roquat,” replied the new General. “I’ll start this very afternoon to visit the Chief of the Whimsies.”

