

Eureka in Oz



By David Hulan



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Eureka in Oz

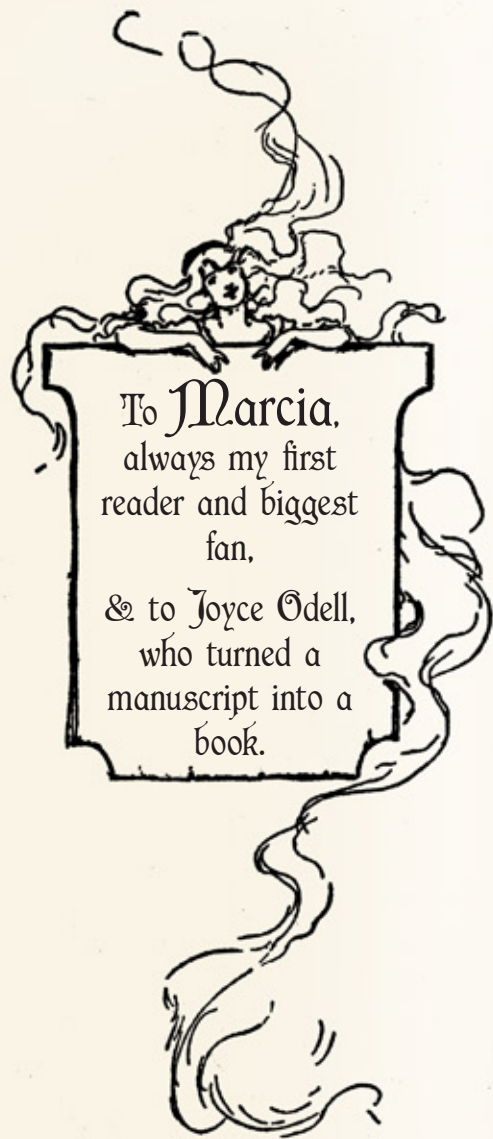
BEING THE STORY OF HOW EUREKA MET DOROTHY,
HOW SHE RETURNED TO OZ IN SECRET, HOW SHE
LEARNED TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN, AND
WHY SHE TURNED
PINK.

BY
DAVID HULAN



ILLUSTRATIONS ADAPTED FROM

JOHN R. NEILL



To Marcia,
always my first
reader and biggest
fan,

& to Joyce Odell,
who turned a
manuscript into a
book.



TO MY READERS

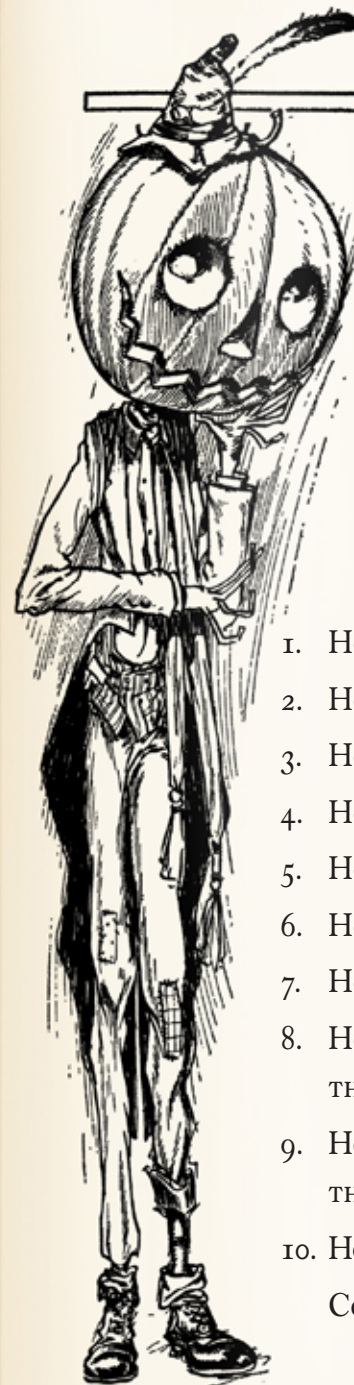
Some years ago I was friends with a young Oz fan named Barry Klein; we didn't meet in person but a couple of times at International Wizard of Oz Club conventions, even though we didn't live that far apart, but we used e-mail to keep in touch, mostly discussing Oz. We were both the kind of Oz fans who liked to pretend that the Oz books told real history – not, perhaps, infallibly true in every detail (how could the Winkie Country be in the west in one book and the east in another?), but then neither are other kinds of history books – and to try to fill in the gaps of that history with plausible inferences. I was distressed when I learned that he and his twin sister Becky had disappeared one day, but not too long after that I received an e-mail from him telling me that much of our pretending was in fact true! There is an Oz, and Barry and Becky had gone there and Ozma had agreed to let them stay. Not only that, but Oz was on the Internet—though I was strictly charged with keeping its address a secret. I suppose that one would expect that Glinda would make sure that Oz had everything it needed to keep up with the modern world.

Over the course of the next few weeks he told me of how he and Becky had reached Oz and of their first adventures there; I wrote an account of it and it was published in 1995 by Emerald City Press under the title *THE GLASS CAT OF OZ*. But after that had been accomplished, we continued to correspond, and I was able to get the answers to many questions that I had long had about Oz.

One question that I asked him had to do with Eureka. She makes her first – and only very important – appearance in *DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ*. In that book she’s a white kitten, and at the end of the book she has disgraced herself by intending to eat a tiny piglet that belongs to Ozma. She is confined to Dorothy’s suite of rooms, and because she wants more freedom she returns with Dorothy to Kansas. Her return to Oz is never chronicled by L. Frank Baum, but in *THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ* she is described as a pink kitten who is quite a court favorite. If she remains a kitten she must have returned to Oz not long after the adventures of *DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ*, but how? And when and why did she turn pink? I asked Barry, and he asked Eureka, and then relayed to me the story that follows.

I hope you’ll find it entertaining; it does seem to me to explain why Eureka was not very well-behaved when we first meet her in the books, and why she later became popular in the Emerald City. And we meet once more with the wise Professor Nowitall, whose teaching was instrumental in the thorough education of Professor Woggle-bug.

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How Eureka Found Dorothy



Dorothy Gale
of Kansas

THE little white kitten peeked out from behind the dustbin. Her mother was cuffing at the other kittens to chase them away. Her brothers and sisters were mewling unhappily at her rejection. *Not I*, thought the white one. *I know when I'm not wanted. And I can probably do better on my own anyway.*

She slipped silently out of the alley and trotted down the pavement, looking warily about her for dogs, boys, or other natural enemies. It was after dark in Sydney, Australia, but a white kitten is still easy to see.

She soon left the railroad warehouses behind her. She had spent her whole life there, but that seemed reason enough to go away. She didn't know just what she wanted her future to be, but she knew she didn't want to stay where she had been born.

She had several adventures that night. One dog chased her under a porch, but she revenged herself by scratching his nose badly enough to make him run away yelping. Another time she scampered up a tree to avoid a noisy group of boys who were approaching. Best of all, she spotted a flying phalanger gliding down from the top of a tree toward the base of another. She hid behind the second tree, and as the little animal landed the kitten used her quickness and her mother's lessons to gain herself a satisfying meal.

I can survive, she thought proudly. I just need to be very careful and very clever. But for me, those are easy.

She had found the phalanger in the backyard of one of a row of boarding-houses. There were dustbins in the yards, much like the ones around the warehouses where she had been born. Few of those had contained anything to eat, but many of these gave off appetizing

aromas of fish, chicken, and other food. Alas, they were also usually covered with heavy lids.

Then she saw one without a lid, and quickly sprang up to its rim. When she looked down into it, though, a big tiger tabby-cat with frayed ears and only one eye looked up at her and hissed.

The kitten fluffed her own fur, arched her back, and hissed back, but she knew that this was only for show. She twisted and dropped back to the ground, stalking away with as much dignity as she could manage.

I didn't need anything from that bin, she thought. I'm not hungry. But I wish I were bigger!



In the next few days and nights the kitten learned that life was not as easy as she had expected. She survived, to be sure, but her meals were infrequent, and she had to make full use of the available bolt-holes to keep from losing fur.

She found that there were several large cats in the neighborhood who prowled the night, and who were not at all welcoming to a newcomer, especially a small, clean one. They usually laid up somewhere in the daytime, but then there were

the dogs and the boys, who were just as unfriendly. They were a little easier to avoid, though, so the kitten mostly searched for food in the daytime and rested at night.

Her fifth night she spent under the front porch of a boarding-house, where she had found a hole in the skirting barely big enough to admit her. She had hoped to find a mouse, or even a grasshopper, sharing the space, but there was nothing there for her to eat. The sun rose on a very hungry kitten. She squeezed back out through the hole, which was behind a vine-covered trellis, and was just about to go back to the alley when she heard a weak fluttering and something hit the ground just behind her.

She spun in her tracks and saw a fledgling bird that appeared to have fallen from its nest. A moment later and the kitten was no longer hungry. *I wonder where that nest is?* she thought. *Where there was one, there are probably others, for several more days!*

There wasn't a tree close by, so it seemed most likely that the nest was somewhere in the vine, and the kitten lost no time in starting to climb the trellis, doing her best to stay behind the

leaves so no one could see her from the ground.

She was not, however, concealed from the open window of the room that looked onto the trellis, and she heard a surprised voice say, "Why, Kitty! What are you doing up here?"

The kitten looked over at the window and saw a pretty little girl leaning out looking at her. She looked down and saw that one of the neighborhood dogs had just wandered into the yard below. She froze.

"You're a pretty kitty, aren't you?" the little girl said. "But awf'ly thin, poor thing! Doesn't anybody feed you?"

The kitten didn't understand her words, but she could recognize a friendly tone. *Mother always said to run from boys, and be careful of men, but that women and girls were usually kind to cats.* She mewed plaintively.

"Would you like to come in? I'll get you some milk!" The girl put her hand out slowly toward the kitten, who first drew back and then sniffed the hand and allowed it to stroke her head. It was the first time she'd been touched by a human, and it felt strangely pleasant. She purred, and let the child scoop her up and bring her into the room.

“Now you wait here, and I’ll be back in a minute with some milk for you!” She put the kitten down on her bed, closed the window, and went out the door. The kitten could hear her steps pattering down the stairs, and a few moments later coming back up. She was carefully carrying a saucer of milk, which she put down on the rug in front of the wash-stand. The kitten jumped down off the bed and quickly began to lap up the milk. *Mother was right*, she thought. *At least this girl is kind to cats!*

When she had licked the last of the milk from the saucer, and had thoroughly groomed herself, she let the little girl take her in her lap and stroke her back. The kitten purred loudly with pleasure.

“I wonder if you b’long to anyone,” the girl said. “If you don’t, I’d like to adopt you myself. Uncle Henry and I are going back to America in a few days, and I know you’d be good comp’ny for both of us on the ship.”

Just then someone tapped on the door. The kitten jumped from the girl’s lap and hid under the bed. “Come in,” the girl said, “but don’t let the kitten out.”

A tall old man with a beard and a kind, rather sad face came in, carefully watching the floor

as he entered. “A kitten, Dorothy? Where did it come from?”

“I found it, Uncle Henry; it was on the trellis right outside my window. I don’t think it b’longs to anyone; it’s too thin! May I keep it, and take it back to America with us?”

The man smiled. “First we need to be sure that it doesn’t belong to anyone, and that it’s healthy. May I see it?”

The kitten peeked out from under the bed. She knew she had to be careful with men, but this one seemed to be a friend of Dorothy’s. The girl got down on her knees near the bed and murmured, “Here, kitty-kitty-kitty!” The kitten emerged, stretched, and yawned.

“She keeps herself very clean, especially for a white kitten,” the man said admiringly. He picked her up gently and looked into her eyes and ears, then stroked along her sides. “As far as I can tell, she looks healthy. Doesn’t even have fleas. And you’re right that she’s very thin for a cat that has a good home. We’ll ask around the neighborhood, and have a vet look her over. And of course, we’ll have to make sure they’ll let us bring her on the ship. But it’s fine with *me!*”

“Oh, *thank you*, Uncle Henry!” Dorothy said, hugging him tightly.

“I don’t suppose you’re going to keep calling it ‘Kitty’, though, are you? It needs to have a proper name.”

“And I know just what it will be. You know how when you find something you’ve been looking for, you often say ‘Eureka!’, and you told me it means ‘I’ve found it’? Well, I’ve found this kitten, so I’m naming her ‘Eureka!’”

Eureka knew who had found whom, but she only purred.



How Eureka Came to America



EUREKA was not pleased when Dorothy and Uncle Henry took her to the veterinarian. She purred happily enough in Dorothy’s arms when they left the house and climbed into a horse-drawn cab, but when they went into a neat clapboard cottage, the smell of dogs and other cats – nearly drowned out by the even less pleasant tang of medicines – made her twist and try to get away. She even unsheathed her claws for a moment, but she found that Dorothy had wisely worn a sturdy jacket, so the kitten did no damage.

The vet quickly soothed Eureka with his firm but kindly handling. *He's used to frightened kittens*, she thought. He checked her carefully and said, "She seems perfectly healthy to me. How long has she been with you?"

"Three days," Dorothy said. "She was thinner than this when I found her, but she's been eating everything we've given her."

"If she hasn't shown any signs of illness in three days then it isn't likely she's carrying any disease," the vet said. "I see no reason why you can't take her back to America with you. But I suggest you get something to carry her in; next time she gets nervous you might not have as good a grip and she might get away and get hurt."

"That's a good idea," Uncle Henry said. "Maybe some kind of box with some holes for air?"

"Oh, *no*, Uncle Henry!" Dorothy protested. "I know she'd want to see what was going on! How 'bout a bird cage?"

"That would work," the vet agreed. "She's still small enough that it would have plenty of room for her."



Two days later Eureka watched Dorothy packing her possessions into a big box she called a "steamer trunk". It was fascinating to the kitten – one side all drawers, and the other side with clothes hanging in it. Eureka had great fun jumping into drawers, batting at dresses, and amusing and annoying Dorothy at the same time. Finally the little girl put the last of her possessions into the trunk and closed and locked it. Eureka heard the steps of two big men coming up the stairs and scampered under the bed.

"We're 'ere to tyke your trunk to the ship, Miss," one of the men said.

"That's fine," Dorothy replied, and the men each picked up an end of the trunk and started back down the stairs.

"It's time for us to get ready to go now too, dear," she said to Eureka. "Uncle Henry says our cab will be here in a few minutes." She went to the corner where a bird cage was still sitting and opened its door. Eureka had been curious as to the purpose of this contraption, and had noticed a delicious aroma coming from it as well this morning. She emerged

from under the bed to examine it. She put her nose through the door and noted that her whiskers passed easily, which meant that the rest of her body couldn't get stuck. There was a tasty-looking morsel of chopped liver inside that was the source of the tantalizing smell, and she hopped through the door and bolted it down in seconds. But when she turned around, she found that Dorothy had closed and latched the door, and she was unable to get out.

What's happening? she thought. *I thought Dorothy was going to take care of me, but now I'm a prisoner!* And she mewed piteously, clawing at the wires.

"It's all right, Eureka darling," Dorothy said in a soothing voice. "You won't need to stay in there long, but we're going for another cab ride and I'm 'fraid you might get lost."

Eureka was beginning to understand a few words of Dorothy's speech by now, since the little girl talked to her constantly when they were together and awake. She still didn't understand enough to be sure what Dorothy meant, but she could tell from the loving tone of her voice that she meant her no harm, and

settled down rather sulkily on the floor of the cage. A moment later Uncle Henry appeared in the doorway and said, "Ready to go, Dorothy?"

"Of course, Uncle Henry," Dorothy said, putting on her bonnet and picking up Eureka's cage. They went downstairs, where Dorothy and Uncle Henry said goodbye to their hosts and entered the waiting cab.

Eureka sat up in the cage and watched with interest as they left the streets of residences behind and entered a more commercial district. The familiar scents of horses, dogs, dust, and humans began to fade and a new aroma, compounded of fish, tar, coal smoke, and salt air, began to replace them. Soon she could see a great man-made forest rising before them, and the cab stopped at the base of a long pier.

"That's our ship, Eureka," Dorothy said, pointing at a big steamer on their left. "It's much bigger and faster than the one we came here on, but Uncle Henry got a cable from Aunt Em saying he was needed at home, so we had to take a faster ship even though it's awf'ly 'spensive!"

Eureka didn't much like the smell of the ship;

dark clouds were already rising from its funnels, and the biting scent of the coal smoke made her nose itch. When Dorothy and Uncle Henry arrived with her at their tiny, windowless cabin she rose to her feet, bristled her fur, and hissed. She had been struck by a pungent scent that reminded her of the mice she had caught in the past, but stronger and much nastier.

“What’s the matter, Eureka?” Dorothy asked. “Just wait a minute, and I’ll let you out of there. I have to close the door first.”

When she opened the door of the cage, Eureka hopped out and immediately leaped up onto the lower of the two bunk beds that took up all of one wall. The unfamiliar animal scent was weaker here, so she took the time to look around the little room before investigating it further. There wasn’t much to it; there was a chest of drawers into which Uncle Henry had already begun unpacking his suitcase, a rack that could hold the empty suitcases and Eureka’s cage, and the two beds. There wasn’t room between the beds and the chest for both Dorothy and Uncle Henry to unpack at the same time, so the little girl climbed up

the ladder to the upper bunk and watched her uncle. Eureka jumped down and followed the nasty scent under the lower bunk and up to a hole in the wooden bulkhead.

It was big enough that she could get her head into it, but her whiskers brushed the sides and she knew that her body wouldn’t follow, so she quickly backed out. She sneezed and emerged to lick her fur back into its usual immaculate condition. Uncle Henry was just finishing unpacking, and he placed his suitcase on the rack. “You can unpack now, Dorothy,” he said. “I’ll go and find out where all the facilities are; don’t leave the cabin until I come back.”

He closed the door behind him and Dorothy began unpacking her wicker suitcase. “This cabin isn’t nearly as big or airy as the one we had on the ship coming here,” she said to Eureka. “But that was a sailing ship, and it took us two months from San Francisco to Sydney.”

Then she chuckled and said, “Well, it took the ship and Uncle Henry two months. I got washed overboard and ended up having quite a few adventures in the Wheeler country and

Ev and the Nome Kingdom before I got back to Oz, and then Ozma sent me back to Uncle Henry in Sydney.”

She chattered on, telling Eureka about her first trip to Oz, when a cyclone had carried her house there and she had destroyed two wicked witches and made friends of a live Scarecrow, a Tin Woodman, and a Cowardly Lion. Then she told about her second trip when she had met Ozma, the lovely little fairy who now ruled Oz, and others like Tik-Tok, a clockwork man, and a Hungry Tiger. Eureka was far from understanding everything she said, but she did understand enough to recognize that her little mistress was no ordinary child.

Long before she finished her story Dorothy had finished her unpacking, and had neatly placed her suitcase and Eureka’s cage on the rack. Then she had sat down on the lower bunk and continued talking, while Eureka sat in her lap purring for a while and then jumped down to explore the cabin again.

Suddenly the nasty scent became much stronger, and Eureka froze as the head and then the body of an unknown animal slithered out



DOROTHY'S ADVENTURES AT SEA

of the hole. It looked rather like a mouse, but it was nearly as large as Eureka herself. Instinct told her that this was a natural enemy, and she instantly pounced on it. She was lucky, since she was yet so small, that the foe had been taken completely by surprise and had no opportunity to defend itself; otherwise she might have been badly injured herself. But once again her quickness and her mother's hunting lessons worked, and the nasty-smelling animal was dead before it realized what was happening.

Dorothy heard the commotion under the bunk and got down on her knees to see what was happening. "Ee, a *rat!*" she squealed. "And you killed it, Eureka! *Good* kitty! I'll get you something 'specially nice for your dinner tonight, I promise. But I wish Uncle Henry would come back so he could get rid of that nasty thing!"

He did come back in a few minutes, and was as full of praise for Eureka as Dorothy had been. He took the rat away, wrapped in newspapers, and before long a man came to the cabin with a sheet of tin that he nailed over the hole to keep any more rats from entering the cabin.

"Not that it'll stop 'em long, I'm afraid," he said to Uncle Henry. "They'll just gnaw another hole somewhere else. But you may be off the ship before they make another one into this cabin."

If they knew Eureka was in this cabin, they wouldn't even try! the kitten thought, strutting about with her head held high.



"The purser told us that you could only leave the cabin in your cage, dear," Dorothy told her. "Uncle Henry and I are going to dinner now, but I promise to bring you back something." And the two humans closed the door behind them, leaving Eureka alone. After a careful wash, she curled up on the lower bunk and went to sleep.



She woke when the door opened and Dorothy and another little girl about the same age entered. "This is Eureka," Dorothy said. "Eureka, this is my new friend Polly; she lives in San Francisco, where we're going on our way back to Kansas."

Eureka lifted her head and sniffed at the fingers Polly extended to her. She smelled nice, not unlike Dorothy, and she seemed to know how to behave with a kitten. Her hand was gentle as it stroked the back of her head and softly scratched behind her ears. Eureka purred and rubbed her head against Polly's hand.

"She seems to like me," the new little girl said. "And you said she killed a big rat earlier today?"

"That's right. She's very brave; the rat was 'most as big as she is."

"Do you have a piece of string? Let's see if she'd like to play!"

Dorothy didn't have any string, but she left the room and soon came back with a piece that she'd begged from a steward. Polly knotted it around a scrap of paper and began dragging in across the bunk. Eureka sprang to her feet and pounced on it, but Polly jerked it away. It reminded Eureka of the tip of her mother's tail that she had chased when she was younger. Back and forth across the bunk, onto the floor, up the ladder to the upper bunk, across to the chest of drawers, over to the lower bunk

– the kitten charged madly around the cabin, chasing the elusive paper. Dorothy and Polly were both dissolving into gales of laughter, and Eureka finally seized the paper in her jaws and hung on grimly.

"She's really agile, even for a kitten," Polly said. "No wonder she could kill a rat!"

"*Good* kitty!" Dorothy said. "Now, I have some nice minced chicken for you here, and I'll be getting you some cream a little later." She took a napkin out of her pocket and unwrapped it onto the floor.

Eureka jumped down and sniffed the chicken, then began to gobble it down with little gurgling sounds. It had been several hours since she had last eaten, and she was still not entirely convinced that her next meal would come without great effort on her part.



The voyage was rather tiresome for Eureka, because Dorothy and Polly spent much of their time playing together outside the cabin, though they did spend time with Eureka every day. A couple of times Dorothy put her in her



DOROTHY'S FRIEND, THE SCARECROW OF OZ

cage and took her up on deck, showing her the great expanse of the Pacific as the ship plowed across it. Since the kitten didn't care any more for water than any other cat, she was not excited by this, although she did enjoy the fresh air. And she enjoyed even more the sight and smell of the beautiful port of Honolulu when they stopped there so the ship could refuel and some passengers could disembark and others board. She also learned to understand Dorothy's speech much better from listening to her and Polly constantly talking to each other when they were around her.

Finally the great day came when Dorothy put Eureka in the cage and took her on deck so she could see the city of San Francisco gliding past on the right as they steamed through the Golden Gate. They had packed their suitcases that morning, so that when the ship docked they were ready to disembark. Although he was anxious to return to the farm, Uncle Henry had agreed to let Dorothy spend a week with Polly in her home before they left for Kansas. "Em's sister and her husband live on a ranch down near Salinas," he said. "I'd like to visit

Eureka in Oz

with Bill Hugson for a few days myself, so if Polly's folks can put you on the train a week from today, we can meet there and then go on home."



Eureka was neither surprised nor pleased to find that there were three other cats at Polly's house. They were well-behaved and didn't bother her, but they weren't friendly either. Since every other adult cat Eureka had known, except her mother, had been hostile to her, she spent most of the week with her fur slightly ruffled and her nerves on edge. For once, she was happy to go into the cage when it was time for Dorothy to catch the train.

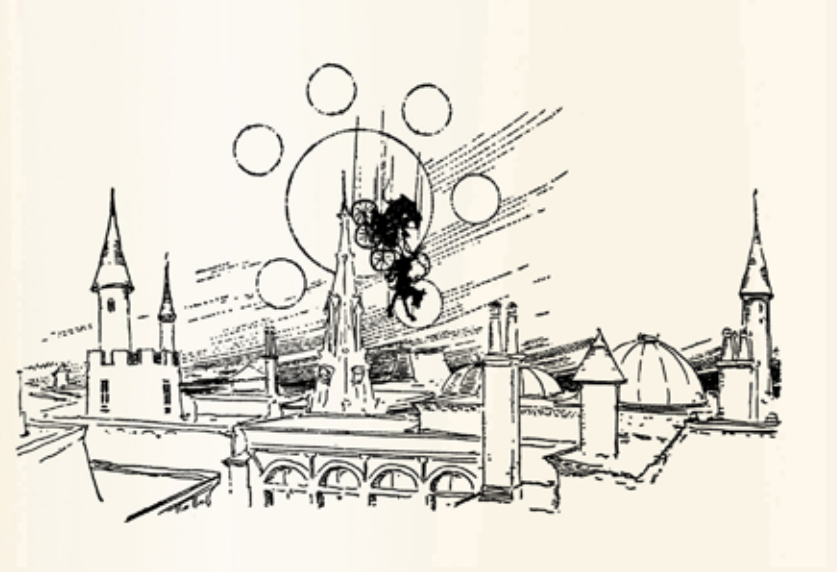
They were on the platform getting ready to board the train when suddenly the whole world seemed to shake. Dorothy cried out, "What was that?"

"Just a little earthquake," Polly said calmly. "We have them all the time here in California. They don't usually do any real damage."

All that night the earth continued to rumble and shake, so the train had to travel very slowly

How Eureka Came to America

and carefully. Instead of arriving at Hugson's Siding at midnight, dawn was breaking by the time Dorothy and Eureka left the train and found Dorothy's cousin Zeb waiting for them with his horse and buggy. But long before they reached the Hugson ranch, a really big earthquake opened a huge crack in the earth and horse, buggy, and all fell into it – and fell, and fell, and fell!



How Eureka Came to Kansas



IF you have read *DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ*, by L. Frank Baum, you already know what happened next. If you haven't, you can read it to find out about Dorothy and Eureka's adventures under the earth and in Oz – how Eureka was delighted to find that in both places she could speak, and see colors, but how her conceit and bad manners caused her to greatly anger Ozma, who ordered her confined to Dorothy's rooms as long as she stayed in Oz. Eureka hated being a prisoner, even in luxurious surroundings, so when Dorothy wanted to return to Kansas to



THEIR ADVENTURES WITH ZEB AND THE WIZARD

be with her beloved Uncle Henry and Aunt Em, Eureka begged to go with her. So Ozma used her Magic Belt to send them both back to America.

The two of them materialized in the little upstairs loft where Dorothy slept, and Eureka promptly jumped out of Dorothy's arms and down to the floor. Dorothy opened the door and instantly they heard the sound of delighted barking from the ground floor. Eureka made a mighty leap to the top of the door, where she balanced and hissed as a little black dog scrambled up the stairs and started bouncing around Dorothy.

She picked him up and hugged him; then she spoke to an annoyed and jealous kitten. "This is Toto, Eureka," she said. "He's been my pet for years and years, and went to Oz with me the first time. And Toto," she continued, "this is Eureka, my new pet that I found in Australia. She's very clever, though she doesn't always behave the way she should. I want the two of you to be friends."

Friends? thought Eureka. *Whoever heard of a dog and a kitten being friends!* She tried to say so, but found that upon her return from Oz she had

lost the power of speech. The colors were all gone, too! Everything looked black and white, the way it had before she'd gone to the magical countries. She almost scratched at Dorothy when the little girl lifted her down from the top of the door, but thought better of it, and quickly found herself placed nose to nose with the dog.

"Woof!" Toto said, wagging his stubby tail and cocking his head to one side.

Eureka made no sound, but stretched her neck toward the dog so their noses touched. *He still smells like a dog,* she thought, *but at least he's not as filthy as most of those that chased me in Sydney.*

Toto bounced back stiff-legged a couple of steps, inviting her to play, but Eureka wasn't interested in doggy games. She yawned, sat down, and began to wash herself carefully. Dorothy smiled and went down the stairs, followed by Toto. Eureka heard a woman's voice greeting Dorothy joyfully, and a moment later the rumble that she recognized as Uncle Henry's. She stretched and then trotted sedately down the stairs to be introduced to Aunt Em.

"I see you still have your kitten," Uncle Henry

said. "She's come a long way in her short life, all the way from Australia to Kansas."

A lot farther than that, Eureka thought, considering the detour by way of the center of the earth and the Land of Oz. She wished she could tell them about it herself, but no matter how hard she tried, all she could do was mew and purr and hiss.

"She's a pretty little thing, and very clean," Aunt Em said admiringly. "And Henry told me that she'd caught a great rat in your cabin on the ship."

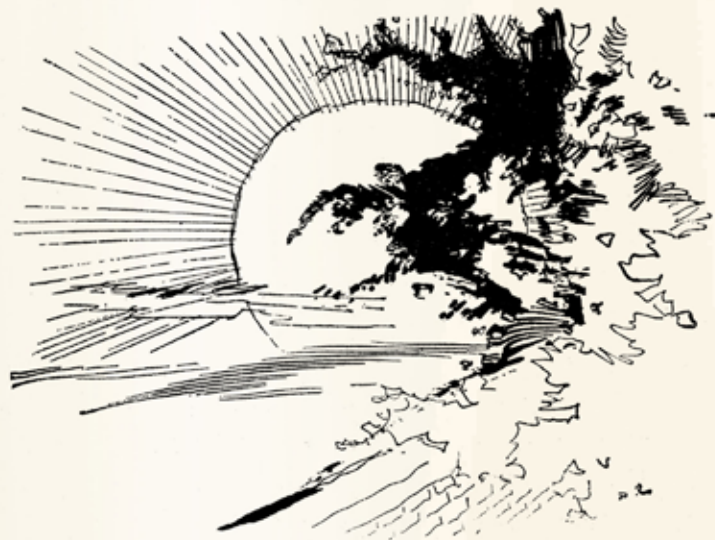
"That's right," Dorothy said. "I 'spect she can be a lot of use around the farm, catching mice and such."

Eureka sat up and lifted her head smugly. *Any mice around here are going to be sorry I ever arrived, she thought. I think I'll leave any rats to Toto, though.*



It didn't take Eureka very long to make herself at home on the farm. Twice a day there was a saucer of milk in the kitchen, and sometimes she shared table scraps with Toto. But for the

most part she found her own meals, since there were many mice living around the granary, baby quail nesting on the ground in the fields, and easiest of all the countless grasshoppers. The farm was very unlike the city where she had been born, but it was much better for her – no other cats, no boys, and Toto the only dog.



She still hadn't decided just what she thought of Toto. Because Dorothy had asked it, they lived together peacefully enough, but they approached life very differently. Eureka was above all practical; she knew what she wanted, she generally knew what she needed to do to get it, and she was perfectly willing to do

whatever she needed to do. Toto seemed much more interested in Dorothy's approval for its own sake; if he thought she wouldn't want him to do something, he generally wouldn't do it, even though she probably wouldn't find out about it and probably wouldn't do anything to him if she did.

Eureka was also an expert hunter, with great skill in finding, seizing, and killing any prey small enough to be practical for her. Toto, on the other hand, though brave and agile enough, was far more inclined to chase potential prey, barking wildly, than to get within charging range before letting it know he was present. He kept the farm relatively free from gophers, prairie dogs, woodchucks, and other burrowing animals because every time one would show its head he would chase it, but he very, very rarely caught one.

Both of them were careful to obey Dorothy about one thing – the chickens who lived on the farm. Toto mostly seemed to want to chase them, but Eureka's mouth would water when some of the baby chicks would scamper across the barnyard under her nose. *So small, so tender, so tasty*, she thought. *And Dorothy fed me mostly*

chicken on the voyage from Australia, too. Why can't I have just one or two of these? But she knew that it was forbidden, and that it was unlikely that she could get away with eating one of them. Besides, the old hens were formidable opponents; Eureka wasn't exactly afraid of them, but she knew that if one caught her eating a baby chick, she would have a hard time fleeing fast enough to escape a painful pecking.



The long, hot, dusty days of July faded into the shorter, hotter, dustier days of August. Dorothy was sitting on the porch one day with both her pets huddled at her feet, fanning

herself with her sunbonnet. "They call these the dog days, Toto," she said. "I 'spect that means you should like 'em better than I do."

Toto lifted his head slightly and panted, showing any intelligent observer that he was far from happy with the weather. Eureka sprawled out as far as she could, trying to let what little breeze there was cool as much of her body as possible. *They'd never call this weather Cat Days, she thought. Everybody knows cats are smarter than that!*

"I wonder if any of the apples are ripe yet," Dorothy said. "Even if they aren't, I think I'll climb up in the tree and see if there's any more breeze up there."

"Woof!" Toto said wistfully.

He can't climb with her, Eureka thought. But I can. And will. She followed Dorothy around to the side of the house, where the little girl craned her neck to see how the apples were doing.

"I don't think any are quite ripe enough to pick yet," she concluded. "Another week, though, and there should be lots. But I can see the leaves stirring up there, so I think I'll get a book and climb up there to read."

She went back into the house and came out with a book. She swung herself easily up into the branches of the apple tree and climbed to a comfortable crotch about eight feet above the ground. Eureka dug her claws into the bark of the trunk and scrambled up to a big branch beside her mistress, where she stretched out and decided that perhaps it *was* a bit cooler up here. Dorothy opened the book and said, "This is a really good book; I've read it several times already. It even has a kitten in it, Eureka, though it's not nearly as int'resting as you. Would you like me to read you some of it?"

Eureka lifted her head and opened her eyes, wanting to say "yes" but unable to. Dorothy seemed to undersand, though, and said, "This is a funny poem from the book:

*"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."*

I don't know about how funny it is, Eureka thought, but it has a lot of words in it I never

heard before.

Dorothy went on reading aloud, though Eureka stopped paying attention when she realized that she couldn't understand most of what was being said. Instead, she looked down and noticed something big moving behind the shrubs near the house. It was almost the same shade of gray as the fields around and the house itself, so that if she hadn't been looking at just the right place she might have missed it, but when she saw it she sprang to her feet and hissed.

Dorothy was busy reading, and didn't seem to notice, so the kitten let out a yowl and dug her claws into the girl's leg, trying not to really hurt but to get her attention. "What is it, Eureka?" Dorothy asked, following her gaze. "Oh, no! A coyote! And Toto's out!"

Just then the little dog trotted around the corner of the house, as if he'd heard Dorothy saying his name. As he did, the breeze brought him the scent of the coyote, and he crouched and barked ferociously. The coyote sprang back at first, ready to avoid a bigger animal, but when he saw Toto his lips pulled back in a sinister grin and he began to circle the dog. Toto

retained his crouch, moving his hindquarters to keep himself facing his wild cousin. Both were growling angrily. The coyote dashed in for an instant, but Toto sprang in under his head and got in a quick nip at one of his forelegs before retreating to his crouch. The coyote had slashed at the back of Toto's neck, but the thick collar there had protected him.

Dorothy was screaming for Uncle Henry, afraid to climb down the tree and put herself in danger. Eureka, admiring Toto's fighting spirit and skill, crawled farther out on the limb so she could see the fight better. A bit farther than she meant to – suddenly the limb cracked and she found herself falling straight toward the coyote's back!

Now, a three-month-old kitten is no threat to a coyote. Eureka knew that quite well, and had had no intention of attempting any heroics. But when she was falling, she twisted to a feet-down position, as cats always do, and landed on the coyote with her rear claws dug into its neck and her front claws into its nose. She gave a quick rip with both and leaped away, running for the tree as fast as she could. But the coyote didn't know what had attacked it. The little

dog had fought better than it had expected; a human child was screaming, which usually brought adult humans at once; and something sharp had just attacked from above. It turned tail and bolted for the open prairie.

“Good Eureka!” Dorothy said, when she had climbed down and embraced both her pets. “Toto, she may have saved your life; I hope you’ll thank her!”

Toto slurped his tongue across Eureka’s cheek, which didn’t really please her that much, but she knew that the dog was grateful. *And I didn’t really mean to do anything for him, though he deserved some help*, she thought a bit ashamedly. *I just fell in the right place when that branch broke. But I thought fast when it happened!*

After that the dog and kitten were fast friends. Eureka recognized Toto’s courage and gained more respect for his wisdom, for he had learned a great deal about the ways of humans in the years he had lived among them, and Eureka was still learning. And Toto was equally impressed by Eureka’s cleverness and resourcefulness. Then a new adventure threatened to separate them.

How Eureka Returned to Oz



“PLEASE, miss,” said the shaggy man, “can you tell me the road to Butterfield?”

Eureka had been sleeping under a bush when she heard the stranger addressing Dorothy, and pricked up her ears. She still didn’t trust men much, and it seemed to her that Dorothy was being far too friendly to someone she obviously didn’t know. She slithered through the bush to where she could see the little girl, who was talking and pointing while the man simply looked confused.

Finally Dorothy ran into the house, saying

she'd get her sunbonnet and then show him the way. The shaggy man strolled over to the apple tree and began to pick up some of the windfalls and put them in his big pockets. Just then Toto ran out of the house and began barking at the man, dashing in as if to take a nip from his leg. But the man was amazingly quick, grabbing the little dog by the neck and stuffing him into the pocket with the apples.

This is serious, Eureka thought. This man is a thief, and he's stealing Toto. And Dorothy is going with him! I'd better follow and try my best to make sure he doesn't hurt her.

Dorothy climbed the fence into the ten-acre field, and the shaggy man followed her. Eureka crawled under the fence and stalked them across the field, using all her hunting skills to avoid being seen. So intent was she on her task that she ignored a frightened field mouse that dived into its burrow just seconds before she passed it. They crossed the field, climbed another fence, and walked along the lane that led to the highway, with Eureka following in the tall grass along the verge. Finally they came to a spot where five roads led off in different directions,



THE SHAGGY MAN AND THE LOVE MAGNET

and Dorothy pointed to one of them.

The shaggy man promptly started off down another one. Eureka was about to leave her hiding place and attack him in an effort to get him to release Toto when she realized that the scene had changed, and that she could see in color again. *Magic!* she thought. The only times she'd ever seen similar sudden changes had been when Ozma had used her magic belt to bring them to Oz and send them to Kansas.

"Can I talk again?" she muttered to herself, and was delighted to find that she could. Wherever they were, then, must be a magical country, and since she had already begun to find Kansas boring she was happy to be wherever she was.

Dorothy and the shaggy man were still talking when Toto managed to get his head out of the pocket and bark. The man laughed, took him out of the pocket, and put him on the ground, where he quickly ran over to Dorothy, barking joyfully. Then he sat looking up at her with an inquiring look.

She tried to get him to find their way home, but Toto was as lost as Dorothy, which didn't surprise Eureka. She knew that they were far

from Kansas. Finally Dorothy, the shaggy man, and Toto started down one of the roads, and Eureka followed them, staying out of sight in the grass and weeds along the roadside.

They had not gone far when Toto sniffed the breeze and trotted over to Eureka. Dorothy and the shaggy man were deep in a conversation and didn't notice. "Don't bark at me, Toto," Eureka said. "I don't want the shaggy man to know I'm here, in case he tries to harm Dorothy."

Toto nodded his head and wagged his tail.

"You must be able to talk, too," Eureka said. "Why don't you?"

"Rather not," the dog said briefly, and dashed back onto the path after the others.



Eureka followed the others along a pretty road through hills and meadows. At one point they found a little boy, younger than Dorothy, digging a hole beside the road. Eureka couldn't hear much of what they said, but eventually he joined them and the three humans, along with Toto, continued on to a city that appeared to

be inhabited by civilized foxes!

Eureka had no desire to get close to that city, so she circled around it and hunted down a few grasshoppers for a meal. The others stayed in the city overnight, and when they came out the little boy, to Eureka's surprise, had the head of a fox. (The story of Dorothy's journey, and what happened in the various places they visited, is told in the book *THE ROAD TO OZ*, by L. Frank Baum. But Eureka only learned about those things much later.)

Not far down the road, the travelers came upon a beautiful little girl, clad in a flowing gossamer gown of many colors, dancing unhappily in the middle of the road. The grass was thick near the road, so Eureka was able to get close enough to learn that the girl was Polychrome, the Rainbow's daughter, but that she had danced off her rainbow and had lost it. The little boy's name turned out to be Button-Bright, or at least that was all he could remember.

Polychrome joined the others, though she was restless and constantly danced ahead, behind, and to either side of the others. During one of her dances that took her far from the others,



POLYCHROME, THE RAINBOW'S DAUGHTER

she suddenly danced over to Eureka and said, "Why are you following us, little one?"

Eureka was startled, but realized that Polychrome's fairy magic made her hard to hide from. "I'm Dorothy's kitten," Eureka said. "I was following her when she and the others were magically transported to this land, and I was transported too. Please don't tell her I'm here, though; I don't entirely trust the shaggy man, and I want to be able to help if she should need me."

Polychrome's laughed her silvery laugh, and said, "I'm sure you're wrong about the shaggy man, but I'll respect your wishes. I know you mean well." Then she danced off to join the others.

Shortly before nightfall they arrived at another city, this one inhabited by civilized donkeys. Once again Eureka circled the city (though she was not nearly as nervous about donkeys as about foxes), found herself dinner, and waited until the others came out in the morning. This time the shaggy man had a donkey's head!

I'd look bad with either of those heads, the kitten thought. Good thing I'm staying outside.

That morning Eureka saw the first house that she'd seen aside from the two animal cities, but

the sounds coming from it were so unpleasant that they hurt her ears, so she circled wide around it and waited until the others caught up with her. By afternoon the green meadows and woods that she had been passing through gave way to bare, rocky ground, and she was glad that she had caught several grasshoppers



while she waited for the others. There was no grass for her to hide in, but there were plenty of big rocks, so by darting from one to another she didn't fall too far behind.

Then the others were met and captured by a strange race who had faces on both sides of their heads, and who could take their heads off and throw them. One of them spotted Eureka

and threw its head at her, but she had no difficulty dodging it and finding a safe hiding place. The others, however, were marched to a cave that could only be reached by a narrow bridge over a deep gulf. She was trying to think of a way by which she could free them when they all came out at a run; when the creatures tried to throw their heads this time, the shaggy man caught each one and threw it down the gulf, where it would probably stay forever.

Just before sunset the travelers reached a narrow fertile strip where fruit trees grew and there was a spring that bubbled out into a little brook. Eureka had become very thirsty, so she refreshed herself well downstream of the others, and then slipped through the tall grass until she was close to them again. They were standing on the edge of the fertile strip looking across a bleak gray desert, and the shaggy man was reading a sign aloud: "All persons are warned not to venture upon this desert," he read. "For the deadly sands will turn any living flesh to dust in an instant. Beyond this barrier is the Land of Oz, but no one can reach that beautiful country because of these destroying sands."

The travelers discussed what they should do next, but by nightfall they had come up with no solution. Overnight, however, the shaggy man had had an idea, and using a short incantation he summoned a strange little man he called Johnny Dooit, who agreed to build them a sandboat that would take them across the desert.

When Eureka heard this, she knew that she had to do something. She certainly didn't want to be left behind on the edge of the desert, but now that she knew the party was going to Oz, she was even more reluctant to reveal herself to Dorothy. She knew she had offended Ozma, and if the princess learned that she was back she'd surely be sent to Kansas again.

She knew Toto would be willing to help her, but she couldn't think of any way he could. But Polychrome also knew of her presence and hadn't revealed it, and she could be of more help if she would. While everyone was watching Johnny build the boat, Eureka crept close to Polychrome and whispered, "Can you help me get on the boat without anyone seeing me?"

"Get under my gown when I stand up," Polychrome whispered back. "I'll board the



THE VOYAGE OF THE SAND BOAT

boat first, and once I'm on board you stay close in front of me and my skirts will hide you from the others."

In an amazingly short time the boat was finished and Johnny Dooit had disappeared. Polychrome rose to her feet and Eureka ducked under the hem of her skirts, rubbing against her ankles and purring with gratitude. The little fairy walked carefully to the steps Johnny had built to help them board, with the kitten dancing along avoiding being either stepped on or revealed. Once they had crossed the gunwale of the boat Polychrome's skirts blocked the others from seeing anything immediately in front of her, and Eureka was able to move out into the open. Polychrome moved all the way to the front of the boat, and Eureka curled up in the "V" of the bow where she was completely out of sight.

The shaggy man wasn't a very good sailor, but he got the boat across the desert without capsizing. He was unable to get it to slow down as they approached a line of rocks at the far edge of the desert, however, and the trip ended with the boat smashing against the rocks.

Dorothy, Button-Bright, Toto, Polychrome, and the shaggy man were all thrown out of the boat high onto a grassy tableland behind the rocks. Eureka, being below the gunwale and restrained by the bow, didn't fly out herself, but she jumped out and scampered behind a nearby tree before any of the others had recovered enough to look around them.

Oz again at last! she thought. *Now all I have to do is make sure I get to stay here from now on, whatever it takes. And one thing it will take at first is to make sure Ozma doesn't know I'm back.*

The grass was tall enough to conceal her if she stayed low, so when the others started off toward a circle of trees not far away she was able to follow unseen, except of course by Toto. The little dog was dashing off in all directions anyway, so Dorothy paid him no attention, and at one point he came up to Eureka and woofed in satisfaction that she had made it across the desert successfully.

In the grove of trees the travelers found a pond. "Ah!" cried the shaggy man, reading a silver plate just under the surface of the water. "We've found it at last!"

"Found what?" Dorothy asked.

"The Truth Pond. Now, at last, I may get rid of this dreadful head; for we were told, you remember, that only the Truth Pond could restore me to my proper face."

In his excitement Button-Bright fell into the pond, and sure enough, when the shaggy man pulled him out he was restored to his rightful appearance. The shaggy man himself then took off his coat and dived into the pond, and he too came out of the water with his own face again.

Eureka had watched this with great interest, but withdrew into the tall grass as the others proceeded on their way. They found a road, and as Polychrome danced ahead of the others and out of their sight Eureka was able to thank her for her help.

"I'm happy to have been able to help you, little one," the fairy said. "But don't you think you could reveal yourself now? The shaggy man has bathed in the Truth Pond, so he can no longer be deceitful even if he was before."

"No, I have another reason now," Eureka replied. "Dorothy loves her uncle and aunt, and always wants to go back to Kansas to be with them. If I join her, I know she'll want me to go back to Kansas

with her. And I'd rather stay in Oz, even though she's been very good to me and I love her."

"But you don't love her enough to go back to Kansas with her?" Polychrome looked rather disappointed in the kitten.

"What I think is that she should bring her uncle and aunt and Toto to Oz instead of always going back herself. If she won't do that, I don't see why it means I should have to put up with Kansas."

"Have you suggested to her that she should bring them here?"

"No, because in Kansas I can't talk and since we left there I've been hiding from her."

"Well, if I get a chance I'll suggest it to her. It seems like a good idea to me. Oh!" she cried, looking up the road and then running back toward the others. Eureka ducked into the tall grass and watched as a funny round man made of copper, with a yellow hen perched on his shoulder, appeared over a rise and marched slowly toward Dorothy's party.

"Oh, Tik-tok!" Dorothy cried, running up to the man, who lifted her up and kissed her with his copper lips.

Good, thought Eureka. I remember Tik-tok and Billina; they're friends of hers and should be able to protect her from here on. It's time for me to find a new home here in Oz, at least until Dorothy comes to her senses and comes here to stay herself.

She saw Toto try to chase Billina, and Dorothy make him apologize; then, after Dorothy had rewound Tik-tok's speech and



thoughts, she heard him tell Dorothy that Ozma had sent him to escort them to her grand birthday celebration in the Emerald City. *So that's what's going on, Eureka thought. Ozma probably transported us all from Kansas. Though why she didn't transport us all the way to Oz is more than I can figure out.*

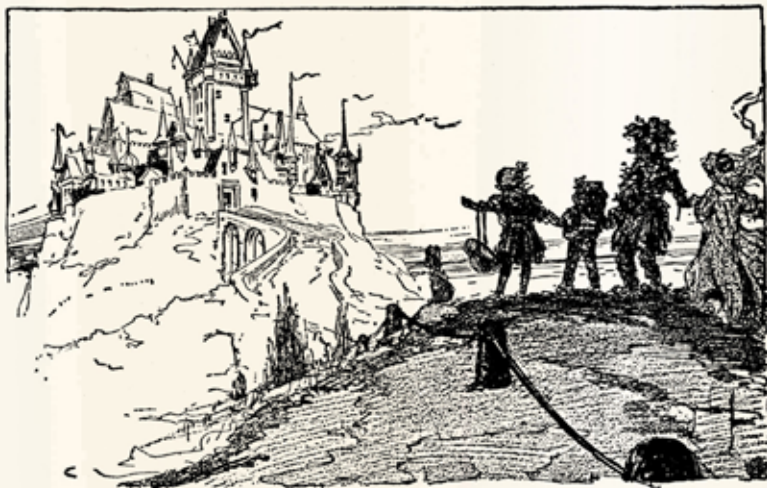
While the others started off toward the

Emerald City, Toto followed his sensitive nose over to where Eureka was hiding. "You'd be better off if you'd talk," the kitten said. "But I'm glad you came over, because I wanted to say goodbye, at least for the time being."

"Woof?" said Toto, with a questioning look.

Eureka explained her desire to stay in Oz, even if it meant separating from Dorothy and Toto. "But I hope you'll both come back to stay very soon. Meanwhile, take care of Dorothy."

"Woof!" Toto said, nodding his head and wagging his tail. Then he dashed back to where Dorothy and the others were starting up the road, and Eureka struck out across the meadow to the east, keeping her eyes open for breakfast.



How Eureka Spared a Queen



THE kitten hadn't left the road far behind when she found a small thicket. *A good place to rest a while*, she thought. *I'm not used to all this traveling.* She found a spot under a bush lined with soft grass, and curled up there for a cat-nap. When she awoke, rested and refreshed, she looked around for something to eat. On the journey she had subsisted mostly on insects; they were easy to find and easy to catch, and nutritious enough for the purpose. But they weren't very tasty, and she craved some milk or fish or warm-blooded food. Milk or fish seemed unlikely where she was, but there should be some mice or little birds

around if she could find them.

There were birds enough in the trees, she could see and hear, but unless she could find a nest she had no chance of catching a bird in a tree. She intended to ignore those birds, but not all of them ignored her.

A canary flew onto a branch immediately above her, though well out of her jumping range, and said, "What kind of animal are you? You look a bit like a miniature leopard, except for being white."

"I'm a kitten. Haven't you ever seen a kitten before?"

"Nor heard of one, anywhere in the Winkie Country."

"I just came to Oz today; maybe I'm the first one," Eureka said. She knew that she hadn't seen any other cats on her previous visit.

"And what are you doing?"

"Looking for something to eat," Eureka growled. This bird was much too chatty for her taste, and nosy as well.

"And what does your kind eat?"

"Milk, and fish, and insects, and mice – and birds are tasty, too!" she said with a hungry leer.

"You'd better leave birds alone," the canary warned. "We generally take care of each other, and if you attack one of us we'll call on the crows to peck your eyes out."

Eureka shuddered at the thought. "You mean I can't eat any kind of bird at all?"

"Any talking bird, and that's all of us you can see around here."



"I thought all animals in Oz could talk!"

"A lot can, but many – especially the smaller ones – can't. Most of the little rodents can't talk, although a few of them can. Songbirds and crows and hawks and owls can all talk, but most of the ground birds like quail and grouse can't."

"Those are the ones I usually eat anyhow," Eureka said. "The other birds won't bother me if I do?"

“Not unless you attack one of the few who can talk. The hawks and owls need to eat, too, after all. And they love baby quail and grouse. Of course, they might find kitten tasty as well, but you have to take your chances with that.” And the canary flew away.

Eureka began prowling around the thicket, using her keen sense of smell to see if she could detect anything edible. Soon she crossed the trail of a wood mouse, and followed it to a hollow stump. In the hollow the mouse had built a cozy little nest of grasses where it cowered in terror as Eureka poked her nose in.

“Do you talk?” Eureka asked. “Because I’m afraid I’ll get into trouble if I eat something that talks.”

The mouse trembled, but didn’t speak. When Eureka considered she’d given it enough time, she seized it and was soon no longer hungry.



She rested there for a couple of days, rebuilding her reserves. There were many wood mice and voles living in the thicket, and none of them seemed to have the gift

of speech, so the kitten was able to eat her fill with very little effort. There were many birds around, and some of them talked to her from a safe distance, but she didn’t pay much attention. When she wasn’t hunting, she spent her time trying to think of a good way to persuade Ozma to let her live in Oz free from constraints, though without much success.



It’s time to be moving on, she finally thought. *I can eat well here, but I ate well in Kansas. And this is almost as boring.* She traveled due east, not really knowing what she was looking for. There seemed to be few humans living in this part of Oz, but there were many edible insects and occasional field mice to eat, and there

were frequent brooks and streams where she could drink. Fortunately, few of them were very wide, and those all had stones in them that let her cross without getting wet. Eureka could swim if she had to, but like most cats she very much disliked getting wet.

Not long after she left the thicket she noticed a change in the colors of the countryside. Where previously most of the birds had been canaries and goldfinches, and the flowers buttercups and marigolds and daffodils, she was now seeing cardinals and tanagers in the trees and wild roses and geraniums and red lilies in the fields. She remembered that Dorothy had told her that yellow was the main color in the western Winkie country, while red had the same place in the southern country of the Quadlings, so she knew that she must have crossed the border.

And if I reached the border so soon, she thought, I must be pretty far south.



Once she came upon a small cottage surrounded by several fenced-in pastures where

about two dozen animals with horns and beards were placidly grazing. When one of them spied Eureka it said, "What kind of creature are *you*?"

"I'm a kitten," Eureka said. "What are *you*?"

"We're all goats," the other said in an offended tone. "And there are many of us in the Quadling Country, but I never heard of a 'kitten' before."

"Well, I'm new to Oz," the kitten replied. "And where I came from they didn't have any goats."



"What a strange place that must have been," the goat sniffed.

Eureka had no particular desire to defend either Sydney or Kansas, so she held her peace on that subject. "Do you live in the cottage?" she asked.

"Of course not!" the goat said. "Our goatherd lives there; he milks us daily and then takes

the milk to the village a few miles away. It's considered the finest milk in the Quadling Country, he says."

I wonder if he'd give me some, Eureka thought. "Is he home now?"

"Yes, he just got back from the village."

Eureka left the snooty goat behind and trotted over to the cottage door, where she mewed plaintively. The door opened and a kind-looking man with a short, well-trimmed beard looked out at her. "Upon my word, I've never seen a white leopard before, or one so tiny!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not a leopard," Eureka said, "although I think they're relatives of mine. I'm a kitten. And I love milk."

"Then you've come to the right place; I have plenty, even though I just made a delivery." He opened a trap door in the floor and descended a steep flight of stairs while Eureka leaned over the edge and watched him. Then he climbed back up with a pitcher of milk in his hand.

"I was going to use most of this to make cheese," he said as he poured a generous helping into a bowl for the kitten. "It keeps

better than milk, so more people want it. But I can wait till tomorrow to start a new batch; I don't often have company."

The milk was delicious, far richer than any Eureka had found in a bowl. She emptied the bowl and carefully washed her face and whiskers. "I thank you very much," she said. "I'd think that with your goats, and your trips to the village, you wouldn't be needing other company."

"I don't *need* it, I suppose," he said. "If I needed other company, I'd have found a place nearer some city. But I enjoy talking to someone different sometimes; I've known these goats and villagers for many years, and we've not much new to say to each other."

Eureka told him a bit about her current journey to Oz, though she didn't mention that this was her second trip. The man seemed friendly enough, but she didn't know what he'd do if he found out that she was unpopular with Ozma.

"I've heard of Dorothy and Toto," the man said when she finished her tale. "I never met them when they were in Oz a few years ago, and they didn't make as big a difference for us here in the Quadling Country as they did

for the Munchkins and Winkies and Emerald City folks. Glinda ruled us then, and she rules us still, and we don't notice much difference whether it's the Wizard or the Scarecrow or Jinjur or Ozma ruling in the capital. Still, Dorothy did some important things; I'm happy to hear that she's back in Oz."

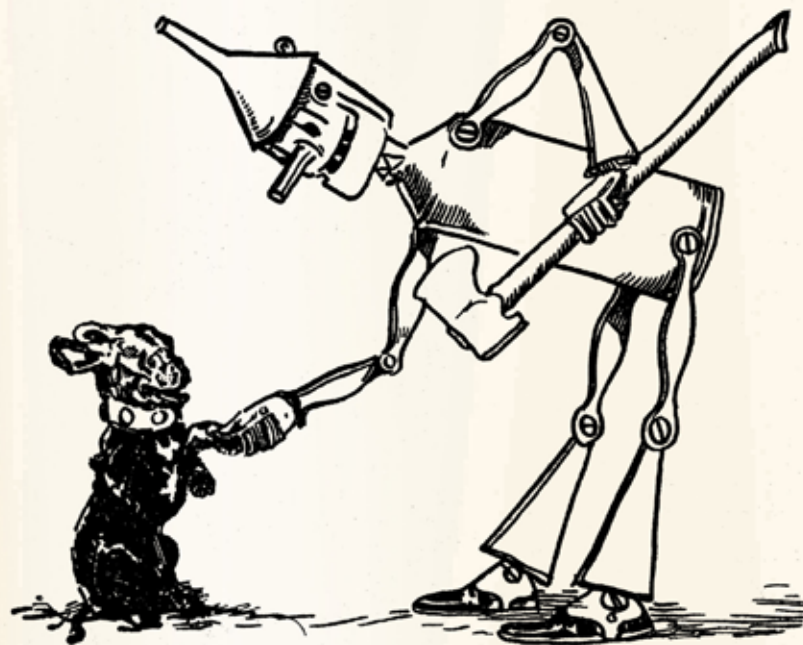
"I doubt she'll stay long this time, either," Eureka said. "Her uncle and aunt are still back in Kansas, and as long as they're there, she'll keep going back to them."

"And that's why you're not with her any more?" the man asked shrewdly.

"That's right. I don't like being where I can't talk or see colors, and Kansas is pretty dull compared with Oz anyhow."

"Can't blame you for that."

Eureka thought of staying with the goatherd for a while, but she was afraid that if she accompanied him to the village someone there might know of her bad reputation, and with so many people around she might be captured and taken to the Emerald City. So after spending a cozy night by the fire and once more drinking her fill of goat milk, she thanked the goatherd



THE TIN WOODMAN AND TOTO

and continued on her way, turning her path more to the northeast this time.



The terrain began to turn more rugged as she progressed; there were some fairly high mountains with ravines separating them. Usually there were streams running through the ravines, and in those she was always able to find something to eat. One day, though, she found herself in a dry canyon and had to press on without food or water all day. She rested briefly at nightfall, but she knew that she would have to find at least water soon or she'd begin to weaken. *Dorothy says no one can die in Oz, she thought, but lying here forever because I'm too weak to move doesn't seem like a very good thing either.*

Not long after the moon rose she came to the end of the canyon and found that she had come all the way through the mountains; fertile fields, dotted with farmhouses and an occasional village, stretched before her as far as she could see. She descended the last slope and her keen hearing quickly led her to a spring bubbling out of a rock. She satisfied her thirst and then

began to look around for something to eat. In the mud by the spring she saw many tiny tracks, as if some small animals came here to drink regularly. She tested the breeze and then circled to lurk under a bush downwind of the water. Sure enough, after a few minutes a little gray mouse scurried out of shelter under a rock and began to drink at the spring. Eureka's tail twitched and then she launched herself out from under the bush and across the spring before the mouse had time to do more than turn around and start to run.

At one time Eureka would have simply snapped her jaws on the mouse's neck and gotten on with her meal, especially since she was very hungry indeed. But she had become more cautious here in Oz, and so she pinned the mouse under one paw, firmly enough that it couldn't get away but not so heavily that it would be injured.

"Please spare me!" the mouse squeaked.

"Oh, you're one of the talking ones!" Eureka said in disgust. "All right, I won't hurt you." She released the mouse and looked at it more closely. She was surprised to see a tiny crown on the mouse's head.

“Thank you!” the mouse said. “I am the Queen of all the field mice, and my subjects will be as grateful to you as I am.”

“Would any of them be grateful enough they’d let me eat them? I’m *very* hungry!”

“Not that!” the Queen said, horrified. “But we can find you other things to eat.”

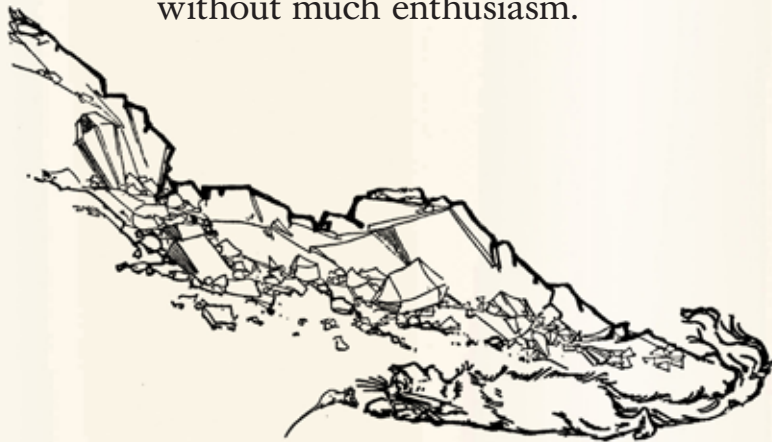
“Such as?”

“We eat mostly seeds...”

“Those are no good to me. I need meat, or fish, or insects, or milk.”

“We don’t have that kind of food in our larders, but we can find you grasshoppers and beetles if you can catch them yourself.”

“That will do for now,” Eureka agreed without much enthusiasm.



How Eureka Found a New Home



THE Queen was as good as her word, and her subjects quickly led Eureka to a succession of large insects that satisfied her hunger, if not her taste buds. She found a soft bed of grass and curled up to sleep away the rest of the night.

When she awoke the Queen of the field mice was sitting on her haunches in front of her. “Tell me something about yourself,” she said. “You look like the wildcats that are our great enemies, but much smaller. And none of them would have hesitated a moment if it had the opportunity to eat one of us.”

"I'm not a wild cat," Eureka said. "I'm not exactly a house cat, either, though. I guess I'm what people in the outside world call an alley cat. A girl named Dorothy made me her pet for a while, but I'm on my own again now."

"Dorothy?" The Queen's ears pricked up. "Could that be the Dorothy who came to Oz some years ago and destroyed the Wicked Witches of the East and West?"

"So she told me," the kitten said.

"Then I've met her! She was very young, but she had a gift for making friends. There was a Scarecrow, and a Lion, and a little dog that liked to chase mice, but my favorite was a Tin Woodman who saved my life and kept the dog from chasing us."

"The dog must have been Toto," Eureka agreed. "He's a good friend of mine. I've met the others – the Tin Woodman was my defense lawyer once – but I don't really know them very well."

"Defense lawyer?" the Queen asked doubtfully.

"I'm afraid that the last time I was in Oz I made myself unpopular with Ozma – in fact, I was put on trial for my life, though I proved myself

innocent. Even so, Ozma thought she had reason enough to send me away from Oz, and so I'd rather she didn't know I was back. Since I spared your life, I trust that you won't tell her?"

"I hate to keep a secret from Ozma, but since I'm indebted to you I won't tell her," the Queen said. "What did you do? I've never known Ozma to be unjust."

"I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind."

"As you wish. You do know that Glinda may well read about your return in her Great Book of Records, don't you? And if she does, she might tell Ozma. On the other hand, she might not; she doesn't always tell Ozma everything if she doesn't think it's important."

"Then I hope she doesn't think I'm important."

"With all due respect, I think your chances are pretty good. Especially since you're still here. If Glinda were going to report you to Ozma just for returning to Oz, she would probably have done it already, and you'd either be in the Emerald City or back in Kansas."

Eureka felt the same way. She had been in Oz

long enough that she was sure Ozma's birthday party had already passed, and she was equally sure that Glinda would have attended that party and would have told Ozma anything she intended to about Eureka's return.

"So what are your plans now?" the Queen asked. "I'd be happy to do anything I can to help you."

"I wish I knew," Eureka said. "I've thought and thought about it, and my only hope that I can see is to behave so well for a long time that when Ozma finally finds out that I'm here she'll relent and let me stay. But I'm not even sure what behaving well *is*. I didn't really think there was anything that bad about what I was accused of on my first trip, but a lot of other people did."

The Queen thought deeply, and then said, "I think that what you need is an education. You're obviously very clever, but except for the little while you were with Dorothy you never had anyone to teach you what well-behaved animals should do. And while Dorothy is a sweet child she probably just told you what to do and what not to do, rather than why you



GLINDA AND THE BOOK OF RECORDS

should or shouldn't."

"That's exactly right!" Eureka said admiringly. "I didn't know that mice were so clever."

"I am, after all, their Queen," she said with a smile. "And I've lived many years longer than any mouse you'd have known in the outside world."

"No mouse I knew in the outside world lived very long – but let that pass!"



"I will this time, but if you keep talking like that I may change my mind about helping you."

"Yes, your majesty," the kitten said with mock contrition.

"As I see it, there are two things you need," the Queen continued. "First, a place to live where you can be fed without having to eat any of my people – or indeed, any other living

creatures of Oz. And second, someone to teach you not only how to behave, but why you should behave in that way. And I think I know just the place."

"Is it near here?"

"Not terribly near, but when I was crowned Queen of the field mice Glinda knew that I would have to be able to move around Oz faster than my legs could carry me. Why, it would take me months just to get from the Munchkin Country to the Winkie Country. So she gave me a magical incantation that will transport me, and anyone else I choose, anywhere in Oz in an instant. It takes a little time, which is why I couldn't use it to escape from you when you caught me, but it works very well."

Eureka had been transported by magic often enough that it held no terrors for her, so she said, "Is there any reason to wait?"

"None that I can think of." The Queen stood on all four feet and said, "Ee-nah-oh, Ah-nee-oh, Nah-ay-oh."

Eureka's eyes widened as the Queen then lifted her right forepaw and said, "Toh-nah-oo, Tee-noo-ah, Tah-nee-ay."

She then sat back on her haunches and said, "On-don-ton, Om-bom-pom, Ol-vol-fol!"

And Eureka blinked and found that the meadow had vanished and they were sitting in front of a small building. Dorothy had once pointed out the schoolhouse she attended when Uncle Henry had driven them to the nearest town for marketing, and this building looked a lot like it. An even smaller cottage in the traditional Oz shape sat near it. Both were painted bright yellow.

"I take it we're back in the Winkie country?"

"Of course," the Queen said. "Now, I wonder if the professor is at home?"

"Professor?" Eureka said sharply. She had only known one Professor in her life, and they had not had a happy relationship.

"I see him there!" A tall, gray-haired gentleman with a kindly face was emerging from the cottage, and in a moment he caught sight of his visitors.

Not the same professor, then, the kitten thought. Whatever a professor is.

"Welcome, Your Majesty!" the man said, bowing to the Queen. "You have an unusual

companion."

"That's certainly true," she agreed, "but she has done me the favor of sparing my life when she could have eaten me, and in return I'd like to help her. Professor, this is Eureka, a kitten from the Great Outside World; Eureka, this is Professor Nowitall, the greatest scholar in the Land of Oz."

Eureka and the professor acknowledged the introduction, but then Eureka said, "I was once told by no less an authority than himself that the greatest scholar in Oz was Professor H.M. Wogglebug, T.E."

Both the professor and the Queen smiled, and the Queen said, "And did the Wogglebug tell you where he became Thoroughly Educated?"

"Not that I recall."

"It was in this very schoolhouse. He was once just an ordinary wogglebug, but he crawled into the schoolhouse one day and made his home in the hearth, where he absorbed many lessons from Professor Nowitall. To his credit, he learned a great deal from those lessons, which by no means all of the professor's pupils did."

"And then one day," the professor continued,



PROFESSOR H. M. WOGGLEBUG, T. E.

“I noticed a wogglebug crawling across the hearth. I captured it and projected its magnified image onto a screen so that my pupils could see this rare insect, but there was a disturbance and during the confusion the highly magnified wogglebug left the screen and escaped. He was of great assistance to Ozma in winning back her throne and her true shape, and she has helped him set up his Royal Athletic College. I’m sure that it’s a worthy venture, but not really the sort of education that I have tried to impart.”

“Believe me, you will be better off with Professor Nowitall than with Professor H.M. Wogglebug,” the Queen said.

“I would hope so,” Eureka said. “I told you how the Tin Woodman was once my defense lawyer. Well, Professor Wogglebug was the prosecutor in that case.”

The Queen explained to the professor that Eureka needed a place to live and lessons in how to behave.

“I’d be happy to have you live with me,” the professor said quickly. “It’s been lonely here the last few years, as parents have stopped sending their children to be educated. I would

be delighted, both to have a companion in my loneliness and to have someone to teach again.”

Eureka was puzzled. “Why don’t you have any company? I’d think the greatest scholar in Oz would have a great many children wanting to study under him!”

“When no one grows any older?” The professor smiled ruefully. “It’s very pleasant to grow no older myself, as has been true since Ozma’s restoration. But children soon learn everything they need to know for their age, and if they never grow older, they never need to know any more. So it’s been several years since I had any new pupils. I suppose that if I chose to move to another part of Oz I could have pupils again for a few years, but I’m rather attached to my cottage and garden here,”

Eureka thought about this, and decided that the professor’s problem was her opportunity, both to be helpful to someone else and to be helped in turn. “Well, I’d be happy to learn whatever you can teach me. I’m only a kitten, but Dorothy has said that I’m clever.”

She turned to thank the Queen, but found that while she and the professor had been

talking the Queen had quietly disappeared, either through magic or just by hiding in the tall grass. On the chance that she was still in earshot, the kitten called out, “I thank you! And I hope to see you again!”

The professor led her toward the cottage. He walked with a loose-limbed amble that was both amusing and endearing; it also covered the ground rapidly, so that Eureka had to trot quite fast to keep up. He opened the door and ushered her into the single room. Like most Oz houses, it had a fireplace on both left and right sides, even though it was small enough that one would have been enough to provide any heat the mild Oz climate might require. One, however, was clearly for cooking, with a large pot simmering over it; the Professor’s chair was set up flanking the other on one side, with another chair for a visitor opposite it.

“Would you care for some breakfast?” the professor asked. “I’m having porridge myself, but I doubt you’d care for that. Perhaps a bowl of cream?”

“I like cream better than anything!”

“Then you shall have it. But first lesson –

when you're offered something you want, your proper response is, 'Please!' After that, you can elaborate as much as you like, but that word is very important."

"Then – please, I like cream better than anything!"

"Very good." The professor opened the door of an icebox and took out a jug of cream. As he poured it into an earthenware bowl, he asked, "And why do you think it's important to say 'please'?"

Eureka puzzled over this for a moment while the professor finished pouring and stood there holding the bowl. "Because that's what people do?"

"That's probably a good enough reason to start with, but it goes beyond that. 'Please' is short for 'if you please.' And to say it means that you acknowledge that the other person is doing something for you that he doesn't have to do, that he's doing you a favor."

He put the bowl on the floor and Eureka started to plunge her nose into it and lap, when a thought struck her. She raised her head and said, "Thank you!"

"You're welcome!" the professor said with a smile. "I thought for a moment there I was going to move on to the second lesson."

"I know that much, at least, though I've only been able to talk for about three or four weeks of my life, so I couldn't say anything the rest of the time no matter how much I wanted to."

"You'll have to tell me about that, but for now, have your breakfast and I'll have mine." He gave the simmering pot a stir and then ladled another bowl full of its contents. He sat down at the scrubbed pine table in the middle of the room and added some more cream from the jug and a dollop of honey from a pitcher. Both of them ate in silence for some minutes, but the two bowls were emptied at about the same time.

The professor put the bowls into the sink and pumped enough water in for them to soak. Then he moved to his easy chair, sat down, and filled and lit his pipe. Eureka sprang up into the other chair and curled up facing him, purring. "And now, Miss Eureka," he said, "I'd like to know the rest of the story of your life. Leave out no detail that you can remember!"

How Eureka Became Educated



LIFE for Eureka soon settled down into a pleasant routine. In the morning she rose from where she slept on the foot of the Professor's bed and enjoyed a bowl of cream while the professor had his porridge. Then they went to the schoolhouse for lessons until noon, when he would feed her the ham or chicken or beef filling from one of the sandwiches on his sandwich tree, while eating a whole sandwich himself. After lunch the professor would take a short nap and then read until time to prepare dinner, while Eureka went outside and exercised, chasing birds and mice but being

How Eureka Became Educated

careful not to hurt them. Dinner was usually a share of the contents of his dinner-pail tree, although on occasion a grateful former pupil would bring him something different, and if it were suitable for a cat Eureka would share in it. Then in the evenings they talked about the lessons of the morning, with the professor drawing out the kitten's thoughts and leading her to examine them from all sides.

The lessons included reading and arithmetic, hoztry and geozify, manners and deportment, ethics and elocution, and many other subjects in which he was well versed and which Eureka eagerly absorbed. Some subjects, of course, were difficult if not impossible for a kitten; she had no hands, so anything requiring writing was very difficult. She could, with great effort, make large letters using her whole paw, but it required dipping it into something that would leave a mark, and Eureka remained a fastidious kitten. Still, she had all the curiosity for which cats are famous, and it was natural to extend it from exploring her physical surroundings to exploring ideas. In this way she rapidly added knowledge to her cleverness, and the professor

praised her frequently as one of the best pupils he'd ever had.

"Did the rest of them have the advantage of living with you and being your only pupil?" Eureka asked one day.

"No, you're right about that," the professor chuckled. "And that you asked the question proves that you're making excellent progress in learning how to behave; I don't think that the Eureka who first came here would have thought any more than, 'Of course I'm one of the best!'"

"And perhaps I still really think that," Eureka retorted, "but you've taught me that I shouldn't *say* it!"

"That was the whole point, wasn't it?" And they went back to discussing the social factors that had led up to Jinjur's revolt a few years earlier.



At times Eureka felt that her head would burst with all the new information that was being crammed into it. Oz is not a civilized country, so that the details in the history that she learned were frequently uncertain. Professor Nowitall admitted that he wasn't

entirely sure himself just when aging stopped in Oz, and its inhabitants became almost immortal. "Oz has been a magic land for centuries," he said one day. "Some of the magic-workers undoubtedly used their magic to make themselves stop aging and live indefinitely. And they might do the same for their friends and servants and so on. Still, most ordinary



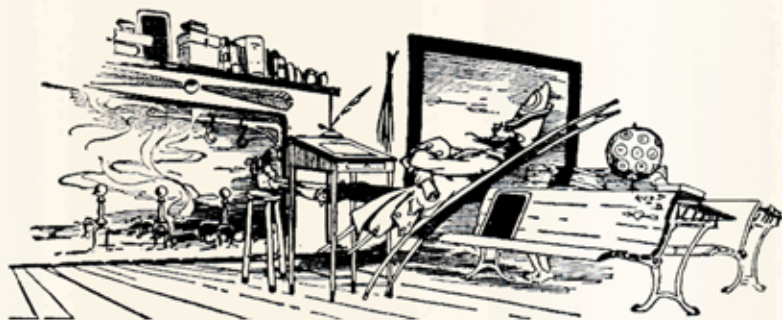
citizens of Oz continued to age right through the reigns of the Wizard and the Scarecrow; it was only after Ozma took the throne that we all began to notice that the children weren't growing older without conscious effort, and it's apparently true for adults as well."

"I know I don't seem to have aged since I've

been here,” Eureka said. “I’m still small and feel like a kitten, but it’s been long enough that I would be close to a full-grown cat in the Outside World.”



One afternoon, while the professor was having his nap, Eureka saw something small and very fast scuttling across the yard. Her



hunting instincts were aroused, and she made a lightning pounce that pinned down one of the strangest beings she had ever seen. It was a little bigger than a mouse, but had a body and limbs like a human. Its head, however, more nearly resembled that of a canary-bird, with bright yellow feathers rather than hair, and a pointed nose that resembled a beak – although when the kitten looked closely she could see

a separate mouth. It was wearing a crudely-fashioned tunic and apparently nothing else.

“What are you?” Eureka asked, gripping it firmly between her paws.

The little creature trembled in her grasp but said nothing.

“Surely you can talk! You look far too nearly human to be one of the mute ones.”

There was still no answer. *I guess I’d better wake the professor and let him sort this out*, she thought. She took a tight grip on the back of the tunic with her teeth, lifted the creature off the ground, and trotted up the steps and into the cottage. When she leapt up onto the professor’s bed the good man opened his eyes and blinked in astonishment.

“My word! Eureka, you’ve captured a tixie, the first I’ve ever seen! That’s very clever of you, but now, please let it go.”

“Very well,” the kitten said. As she opened her mouth to speak the tixie moved so rapidly that it was little more than a blur, across the bed, down the bedpost, across the floor, and out the door. The professor’s eyes couldn’t really follow it, and even Eureka’s were challenged.

“So, what’s a tixie, and if that was the first one you’ve seen, how did you know what it was?”

“I’ve never seen a whale, either, but if I should see one I’d know what it was,” the professor said. “I’ve read about both whales and tixies in books, and seen pictures of them. As for what a tixie is – you’ve no doubt noticed that each of the five regions of Oz has a dominant color?”

“I’ve noticed that about the Winkie and Quadling countries and the Emerald City; I’ve only heard about the Munchkin and Gillikin countries,” Eureka replied.

“Well, why do you think that’s true?”

“I thought it was just because the people of those countries liked those colors.”

“It’s more the other way round. People who like a particular color a lot tend to move to the region of Oz where it’s dominant. And the tixies are the reason a particular color is dominant in a region. Here in the Winkie country, for instance, we have Yellow Tixies, like the one you caught.

“Tixies aren’t terribly bright – as far as anyone knows, they can’t even talk – but they’re creatures of magic that can influence their

surroundings in important ways. Particularly color, as you should know by now yourself.”

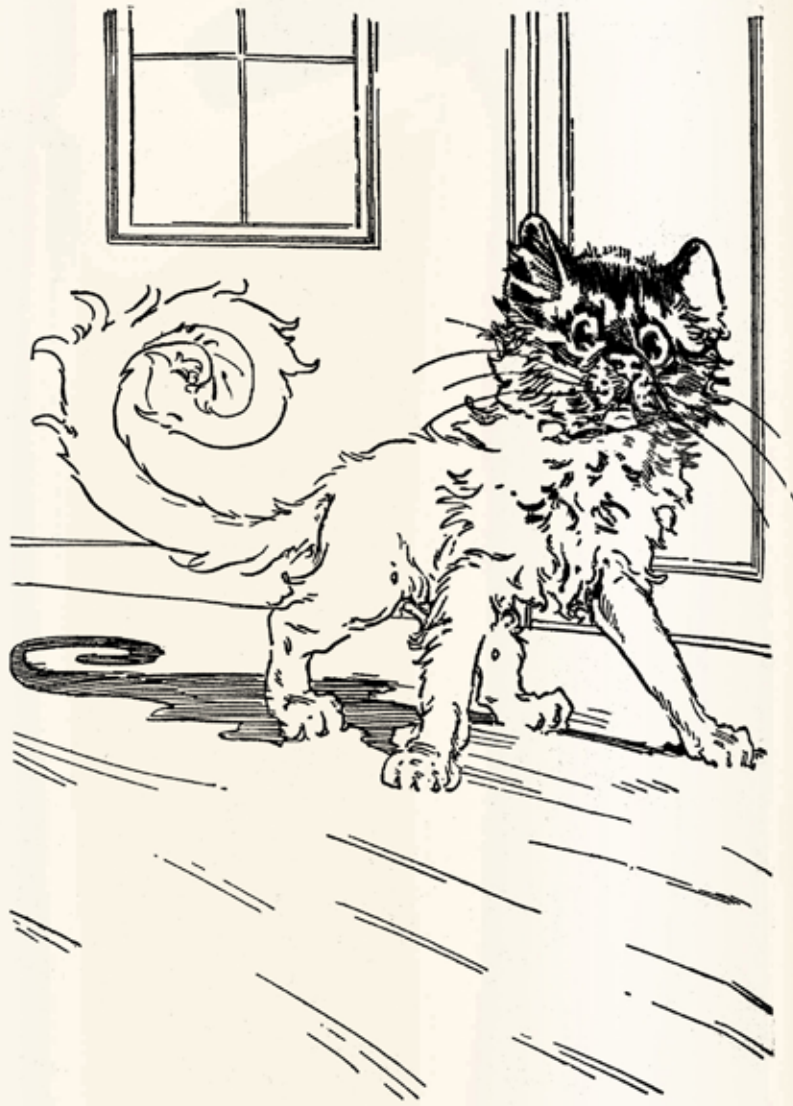
“Why so?” the kitten asked.

“Maybe it isn’t easy for you to see, especially against my yellow bedspread. But look at your fur against this.” The professor took a book from his bedside table and opened it to the blank endpapers. Eureka extended a forelimb onto the book and then drew back with an involuntary hiss, her fur standing on end. Instead of being the pristine white of which she was so proud, it was distinctly cream-colored.

“The color of a tixie seems to transfer to some extent to everything near it. The longer it’s near, the more of its color transfers. That’s why I asked you to let it go; if you hadn’t, you’d have been a bright yellow kitten in an hour or so.”

“But how do I get back to white again?” Eureka wailed.

“Glinda could turn you back, I’m sure. Ozma probably could with the Magic Belt, and the Wizard might be able to – I’ve heard that he’s been learning some real magic from Glinda since he came back to Oz. Other than that, I’m afraid you’re stuck.”



“THAT ONE DID HARM TO ME!” EUREKA PROTESTED.

“Will my fur grow back white?”

“I’m sorry, but no. The change is permanent unless it’s changed by magic of some kind.”

Maybe if Dorothy comes back, she thought. I don’t want to be cream-colored! And I don’t want to approach Ozma, either.

“Anyhow,” the professor continued, “one type of tixie lives in each of the five regions. I don’t think anyone knows why they don’t mingle with each other, or why their territories are so well-defined. But tixies seem to encourage the growth of plants and animals of their own color, so that over the years yellow plants and birds have thrived best in the Winkie country, red ones in the Quadling, and so on. They don’t, as far as we know, do any real harm to plants and birds of other colors; they just don’t help them.”

“That one did harm to *me!*” Eureka protested.

“Not real harm,” the professor said gently, “but in any case, it was your fault. You didn’t know any better, but that tixie would never have gotten near you if you hadn’t caught it, and if it hadn’t, you’d still be snow-white.”



From time to time Eureka saw what she believed to be tixies moving rapidly from one protected spot to another, but she no longer tried to catch them. She gradually became inured to her new color, although it suited her much less well than her original white. Someday, perhaps, she would be in a position to ask one of the magic-workers to restore her, but until then cream wasn't too unreasonable. It was, after all, one of her favorite foods.

Meanwhile, autumn passed and the mild Oz winter began. Except in the mountains, it rarely snows in Oz, but the winter months are noticeably cooler than the summer, and Eureka could tell that her fur was growing thicker and longer. The professor noticed as well, and besides complimenting her on her new appearance, took pleasure in brushing her until she was sleek and shining in her winter coat. Although she had hoped he might be wrong, it became clear that the professor had been right about the permanence of her change of color; all the new fur growing in was the same pale cream color the tixie had produced in her summer coat.

How Eureka Foiled the Red Menace



SINCE Eureka had learned that she shouldn't hurt the birds or mice that she found around the professor's house, they had grown accustomed to her and no longer avoided the place when she was outside. She still remained a keen observer of all the small wildlife who came around, however, and so she was startled one day when she saw a bright orange canary landing on the professor's bird feeder.

"I've never seen a canary your color before!" she exclaimed.

"I don't know that there's ever been a canary

my color before," the bird said sadly. "I wasn't hatched this color, I assure you."

"Then how did it happen?"

"I wish I knew. Yesterday I was perched on a yellow raspberry bush just south of here, happily eating the berries, when out of the corner of my eye I saw the berries begin to turn



orange and then red. I started to look more closely at them when I saw my own feathers start to turn color as well! I flew away as fast as I could, and as soon as I was away from the bush my color stopped changing. Still, you can see how much it has changed as it is."

"Please, come with me to see the professor,"

Eureka said. "He may be able to help you, or at least tell you where to find help. He's a very wise man."

The bird willingly followed her into the house, where the professor was just rising from his nap. "Gracious goodness, what have we here?" he said, looking closely at the canary.

It repeated its tale, and he frowned. "I'm afraid a Red Menace is loose in the Winkie country," he said. "Such a thing hasn't happened in my lifetime, but after you caught that tixie some time ago, Eureka, I did some research into my old books of prehoztoric lore. In ancient times, a tixie from one region sometimes left its region, for no reason anyone knew, and turned a great many living things in another region into its color, against their will and nature."

"Then a Quadling tixie must have crossed into the Winkie country!" Eureka cried.

"That's right. And while Quadling tixies in their own country are natural and normal, in another country they're called the Red Menace. As other tixies out of their proper realm are called the Yellow Streak, the Purple Plague, the Blue Devils, and the Green Fiends."

“So how can I get my beautiful yellow color back?” the canary asked plaintively.

“I can only suggest to you, as I did to Eureka when the Winkie tixie gave her a yellowish tinge, that Ozma or Glinda or the Wizard might be able to help you.”

“Well, I don’t much care to leave the Winkie country, but perhaps I’ll go to the Emerald City and appeal to Ozma,” the canary said, and fluttered out the window.

“And what do *we* do?” Eureka asked. “Is there any way to stop this ‘Red Menace’ from turning great strips of the Winkie country red?”

The professor wrinkled his brow. “The old stories don’t tell how things were brought back to rights,” he said. “They don’t really even know how some tixies get outside their proper place. Let me think about it a while.”

He sat in deep thought for a few minutes. Then he pulled an old book off the shelf beside him, leafed through it until he found the reference he wanted, nodded, and put it back. He tipped his head back, stared at the ceiling until Eureka was ready to pounce upon him in her impatience, and then took another



THE WIZARD OF OZ

old book from the shelf and checked another reference. Finally he turned to her.

“Those who told the old stories didn’t know why or how tixies leave their natural homes, but they describe a number of cases where it happened, and I think I know the answer. As I told you, tixies are not very intelligent. I believe that in each of those cases, a tixie somehow wandered outside its own region. When it saw a tixie of a different color, it panicked and started running away from it, whatever direction that might be. Probably this happens fairly often, but most of the time the tixie returns to its own land before anyone really notices; you’ll have seen how the borders between the regions of Oz aren’t sharp, but shade into each other over a distance of a mile or so.”

“I did see that when I crossed from the Winkie to the Quadling country,” Eureka agreed. “Not when I came back, though, since that was by magic.”

“Then you know what I mean. Undoubtedly there are tixies of both races in those border regions, but if a Quadling tixie is afraid of

Winkie tixies, it will turn around and return to its own land when it sees one. It’s just that sometimes paths must cross, and the Quadling tixie will see the Winkie tixie between itself and the Quadling side, in which case it would go toward the Winkie country instead. And if this happened several times, it might find itself fully into the Winkie country, with as much chance of going deeper into it as of returning to its own country.”

“Then all that’s really necessary is to catch the stray tixie and return it to the Quadling country.”

“That’s all. But that’s easy to say and not so easy to do. You’ve seen how quickly tixies can move.”

“And you’ve seen how quickly *I* can move!” Eureka replied smugly.



The canary had given them directions to where it had encountered the tixie, about a mile south of the Professor’s house and rather closer to the Quadling border. In order to be sure that Eureka was as fresh as possible for the chase,



HUNTING THE RED MENACE

the professor put her on his shoulder and set out, covering the ground rapidly with his long strides. Sooner than they had expected, they saw a blaze of orange in a tree at the edge of a small woods.

“It’s there or it’s been there,” the professor said. “At least we should be able to pick up its trail.”

He hurried on to the tree, and they could both see a streak of red fading into orange, leading to the south in one direction and up into the tree in the other. “It must be in the tree somewhere now,” Eureka said. “Put me on that low branch and I’ll try to track it down and catch it.”

When she had settled herself on the branch, she sniffed the air to see if she could detect the faint but unmistakable scent of a tixie. It was definitely there, though she was surprised to learn that a red tixie’s scent had overtones of cinnamon, where the yellow tixie she had first captured was more like lemon. Still, they smelled very much alike, and she began to follow its trail up the tree.

Eureka was very quick, but in the tree she

was at a disadvantage. As she climbed, she suddenly heard something moving rapidly down the tree on the opposite side of the trunk, and by the time she could get around to that side she could see the tixie leaving the tree and darting into a nearby bush.

She backed partway down the tree, and when she was low enough for it to be safe, turned and sprang down the rest of the way. In a flash she was into the bush where the tixie had disappeared, only to find that it had left that bush for another. Back and forth through the undergrowth the kitten chased the tixie, while the yellow leaves of the vegetation turned more and more orange. Finally, with a well-placed cuff and a twisting pounce, Eureka landed on the tixie's back and seized its tunic in her teeth. As rapidly as she could, she bounded out of the woods and over to the professor, who picked her up and trotted as fast as he could toward the south.

Neither of them spoke for a while; Eureka couldn't because she'd have had to loosen her hold on the tixie, and the professor needed all of his breath for running. Finally, however, the

orange streak left by the tixie faded into the general reddish color of all the surrounding vegetation, and the professor knew that they had crossed the Quadling border. He put Eureka down and puffed, "Let the tixie go now; it's safe."

Eureka gratefully released the little creature, and it instantly disappeared behind a tree. The two of them looked at each other ruefully, and then they both began to laugh.

"Well, you don't have to worry about being cream-colored any more!" the professor said. "Now you're truly unique – probably the only pink kitten in the world!"

"And you look ever so much younger with your red hair and beard!" Eureka retorted.

"At least we've saved this part of the Winkie Country from being chromatically incorrect," the professor chuckled. "I really think that if we presented your case to Ozma now, she'd have to agree that you deserve to stay in Oz."

"I'd hope so," Eureka said. "But until Dorothy has returned to Oz for good, I'd rather stay with you and not chance it."

How Eureka Returned to the Emerald City



NEWS from the rest of Oz came slowly to the Professor's house, since it was near no road or village. Sometimes former pupils of the Professor's would come there to pay their respects to their old teacher, and then they would pass on the latest things they had heard, but often they knew little. The birds, too, would sometimes tell them of things that had happened elsewhere in the country, but most of them took very little interest in human affairs, and so had little news for the professor or Eureka. One day, though, Eureka

How Eureka Returned to the Emerald City

was exercising in the yard when she detected a familiar scent.

"Your Majesty!" the kitten said, bowing as gracefully as she could to the Queen of the field mice.

"Your manners have certainly improved," the Queen said with a laugh. "I see that you haven't wasted your time with the professor."

"I hope not," Eureka replied. "I know that I've learned a great deal; I hope that it shows."

"As far as I can tell so far, it does. Can you call the professor out? I have some news for you both."

Eureka went into the cottage, where the professor was sitting and reading one of his many books. "The Queen of the field mice is outside, and says she has news for both of us. Can you come, please?"

"Of course," the professor said, inserting a bookmark into his book and putting it down on the table by his chair. He rose and went to the door, saying, "When something interests the Queen enough to bring her here, it's always well worth hearing about."

"Good afternoon, Professor," the little mouse

said. "I have news for you both that you may not have heard yet. Did you know that Dorothy has returned to Oz for good?"

"No!" Eureka said. "Did she bring her aunt and uncle and Toto with her?"

"She did, or at least they're here now too. And it's a good thing that you came here when you did, because a few weeks ago Glinda created a Barrier of Invisibility that she says will keep anyone from getting to Oz from the Outside World ever again."

"Why would she do that?" the professor asked.

"I suppose if you haven't heard about Dorothy's return, you haven't heard about the Nome King's invasion, either, have you?"

They both shook their heads, so the Queen gave them a brief description of how the Nome King's subjects had dug a tunnel under the Deadly Desert, and how they and their evil allies the Phanfasms, the Growleywogs, and the Whimsies had tried to invade Oz, though the country was saved by the Scarecrow's brains and the powers of the Forbidden Fountain and the Magic Belt. (If you don't know this story, you can find it in *THE EMERALD CITY OF OZ*, by L. Frank Baum.)

"So Dorothy is back in Oz," Eureka said thoughtfully. "I suppose that this means that I need to make some decisions."

"I'm afraid so," the professor said, his face expressionless. "I know that you've always said that if Dorothy returned to Oz to stay, you wanted to live with her. But I can tell you



that I'll miss you a great deal. I've enjoyed teaching you, and even more I've enjoyed your companionship."

"That's for the two of you to discuss and decide," the Queen said. "I thought you needed to know what had happened; I'll leave you now." And using her incantation, she shortly disappeared.



The professor sat in his chair on beside the fireplace with the pink kitten in his lap, both thinking deeply. Finally Eureka broke the silence. “I have to go back to Dorothy,” she said. “She saved me from what I now know would have been a short, miserable life on the streets of Sydney, and I both owe her and love her for that. But I’ve come to love you as well, and I’m going to miss you a lot.”

The professor sighed. “If you’d decided differently then I’d know that you hadn’t absorbed all that I’ve tried to teach you about gratitude and loyalty,” he said. “But that doesn’t make it any easier for me to say goodbye to you.

“Not,” he continued more cheerfully, “that I intend to say goodbye to you any time soon. I have every intention of accompanying you to the Emerald City and seeing to it that you’re welcomed there. And I’ve never been to the capital myself since the Wizard built the city; it should be a most educational experience.”

“It’s a beautiful place,” Eureka said. “I haven’t been in that many cities, of course, but compared

with Sydney, or San Francisco, it’s magnificent. Honolulu, now – well, it’s different, and I didn’t see it up close.”

“And I suppose that now you never will. But come – let’s have some supper, and then I need to think about what I should pack to take with me. You’re fortunate in that way; you can always travel light.”



After breakfast the next morning the professor put a few items into a shoulder bag, donned a light coat against the coolness of the “winter” morning, and slung the bag over one shoulder and placed Eureka on the other. Then he set out to the northeast at a brisk walk, and within a couple of hours he reached the banks of a broad, slow-flowing river.

“The Winkie River,” he said to the kitten. “There should be a ferry along here somewhere, though I’m not sure where. If not, maybe we can find a friendly fisherman to take us across.”

Eureka brightened at the mention of fish. She had been very satisfied with the food she had had at the Professor’s house, but she liked

a variety of foods, and fish was one thing that had not been available. To her disappointment, however, they first came to a regular ferryman, who cheerfully agreed to row them across.

“It’s my job,” he explained. “Ozma sees to it that I’m given anything I need from her storehouses, and in return I take anyone across who needs to get to the other side. Back in the old days I had to charge money for the trip, so I could use it to buy what I needed, but I like this way much better.”

“What if you want more than Ozma wants to give you?” Eureka asked curiously. (Ecoznomics had been a favorite study of hers.)

“How should I know?” the ferryman asked as he pulled the boat up to the pier on the other side of the river. “I’ve never asked her for anything she didn’t give me.”

Interesting, the kitten thought. Somehow she suspected that people in the Outside World might be greedier than even Ozma’s powers could satisfy, but all the Ozites she’d met seemed to be happy with the way things were run, and that was hard to argue with.

They continued on their way, and by noon

they could see the colors around them shading from the dominant yellow of the Winkie Country to the green of the Emerald City. The towers of the city itself were also barely visible on the horizon, but there were quite a few miles to go before they reached them.

“Time for lunch,” the professor said, sitting down cross-legged on the grass next to a sparkling brook. Eureka hopped down from



his shoulder, and he opened his bag and took out a sandwich for himself and some chicken for her. They ate in companionable silence and satisfied their thirst from the stream. The day had warmed up since morning, so the professor took off his coat, folded it neatly, and stored it in the shoulder bag. Then he picked up the kitten and the bag and set out on the final leg of their journey to the great city.



When they reached the western gate of the city it was standing open, and there was no Guardian there. “I wonder what happened to the Guardian of the Gate,” Eureka mused. “Dorothy told me that he was very important here.”

“I imagine that was back before Ozma’s reign,” the professor chuckled. “I believe the Wizard made everyone wear green glasses, so it was important to have someone at each gate to make sure that they did. Since Ozma came to the throne, anyone can enter the city who wants to, so there’s really no need for a Guardian. I’ve heard that one of the old Guardians – there were four in the Wizard’s time, one for each gate – still goes to one or another of the gates every day and welcomes visitors to the city, but he only does it because he enjoys it. I suppose he’s at one of the other gates now.”

They continued down the great western boulevard that led to the west entrance of Ozma’s palace; Eureka had seen it all before, though briefly, but the professor was highly impressed by the magnificent green marble

construction of all the houses, and the countless emeralds that made the city sparkle in the sunlight. Still, he had a goal, and so he proceeded steadily along the boulevard until he reached the palace itself.

An immensely tall soldier with short green whiskers stood before the doors of the palace. “Do you have business with Princess Ozma?” he asked.

“With Princess Dorothy first, please” Eureka said. “Though we’ll need to see Ozma later.”

The soldier bent down and looked at her more closely. “If you weren’t pink, I’d say you looked like a kitten that Princess Dorothy brought here last year sometime.”

“And if you didn’t have whiskers, I’d say you looked like Omby Amby, whom I met the last time I was here.”

The soldier laughed. “Then you *are* Eureka! I won’t ask how you got here, but I know Dorothy will be glad to see you. As for my whiskers, I had magnificent long green whiskers back when the Wizard was the ruler, but when Jinjur invaded I shaved off my whiskers as a disguise. Then when Ozma came to the throne my superior officers

made me keep them shaved off. I recently asked her if I could grow them back, and she said of course I could. But it takes a while to grow a long beard.”

He opened the great doors and beckoned to a footman who was standing in the hallway. “Escort this gentleman – err, what is your name, sir?”

“I’m Professor Nowitall.”

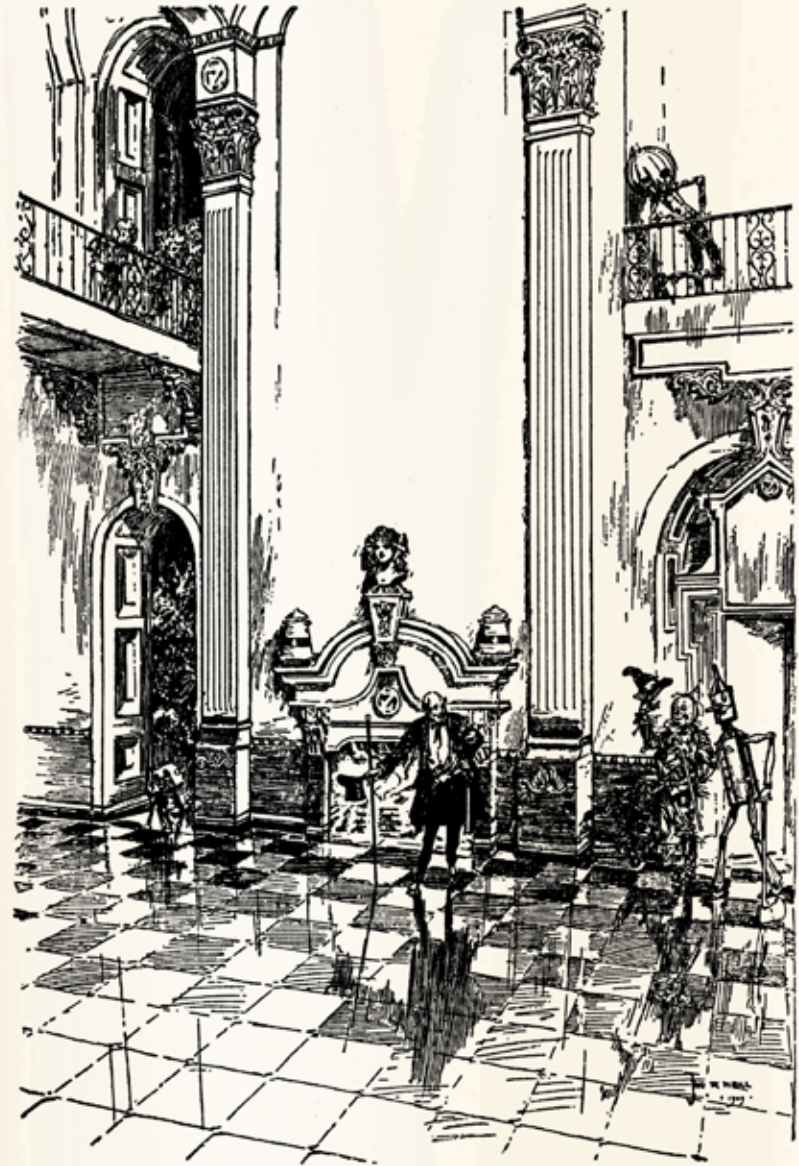
“Escort Professor Nowitall and Miss Eureka here to Princess Dorothy. If she isn’t in her suite, escort them to a comfortable salon and find her.”

“Yes, sir!” the footman rapped, did a sharp about-face, and strode off along the hallway. The professor and Eureka followed him up a staircase and along corridors until he paused at a door and knocked twice.

“Who is it?” Dorothy’s voice called.

“A Professor Nowitall and a kitten named Eureka,” the footman replied.

The door burst open and Dorothy seized the kitten and hugged her fiercely. “Where have you *been?*” she cried. “And how did you come to be *pink!*” Then, remembering her manners,



IN THE ROYAL PALACE OF OZ

she dropped a curtsey to the professor and said, "I thank you for bringing Eureka back to me, but who are you and how did she get to be with you and..."

"Gently, gently," the professor said, laughing. He had taught many, many little girls like Dorothy over the years, and knew just how to talk with them. "We'll tell you everything you want to know, but first let's allow this poor fellow to return to his post."

"Oh, being of service to Princess Dorothy is a great pleasure," the footman said cheerfully. "But I suppose Omby Amby will miss me if I don't return soon." He bowed, did another about-face, and walked briskly away down the corridor.



How Eureka's Appeal was Heard



DOROTHY and the professor took chairs in Dorothy's sitting-room, and Eureka sprang up into the little girl's lap and began to purr. "I've missed you a lot," Dorothy said. "Where did you go? When I got back to Kansas from Ozma's birthday party, Aunt Em said that you'd disappeared the same time Toto and I had, and that she'd never seen you since."

"I was with you on that trip, at least until you got to Oz," the kitten confessed. "I didn't tell you I was there at first because I didn't trust

the shaggy man, and then once we all got to Oz I didn't want to go back to Kansas."

"I don't s'pose I can blame you for that," Dorothy said thoughtfully. "I didn't stay there long myself after that. Oz is ever so much nicer. But now, tell me all about what's happened to you since the last time I saw you."

And Eureka, with some help from the professor, told how Polychrome had helped her cross the desert ("Naughty of Polly not to tell me!" Dorothy muttered), how the Queen of the field mice had brought her to the professor, and how she had been turned pink by the Red Menace.

"When the Queen of the field mice told us that you had returned to Oz for good, I knew it was time for me to come back to you, if Ozma will let me," she concluded.

"Oh, I'm sure she will!" Dorothy said. "Ozma's awf'ly sweet and kind, 'specially to me. I'll run ask her right now!" And after picking Eureka up and putting her on the floor, she jumped up and ran out the door.

"She certainly seems confident of your welcome," the professor said.

"I hope she's right," the kitten replied. "It's true that Ozma's sweet and kind, but the last time I was here I wasn't very nice, and she didn't like me at all. I hope she'll give me a chance to prove that I've changed."

A few minutes later Dorothy came back into the room wearing a long face. "Ozma doesn't



want you running free in the palace," she said sadly. "She says you still have to stay in my rooms, at least till she gets back. She and the Wizard were just leaving in the Red Wagon for Glinda's, and they'll spend the night there and won't be back till about this time tomorrow."

"Can you get me an audience with Ozma, so that I can argue Eureka's case to her?" the

Professor asked.

"Course I can," Dorothy said. "But it can't be today. They've left by now."

"Then can you direct me to a place where I can spend the night?"

"Oh, you can stay here in the palace," she said. "There's heaps of room; I'll just get Jellia to find a suite for you." And she pulled a bell-rope on the wall near the door. In a few minutes a pretty girl in a maid's uniform opened the door, and Dorothy said, "Jellia, do you have a room for Professor Nowitall, here? He needs to spend the night so he can talk to Ozma tomorrow."

"Of course," Jellia said with a smile. "The Royal Oak suite is ready, unless you need new clothes?"

"No, I brought enough for another day, at least," the professor said.

"Then I'll take you to your room," and Jellia escorted him out into the corridor and closed the door behind them.

"Where's Toto?" Eureka asked Dorothy when the others had gone.

"He should be around somewhere," she said. "He spends a lot of time down in the stables

with the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger and the Sawhorse, 'cept the Sawhorse isn't there now 'cause he's taking Ozma and the Wizard to Glinda's."

Eureka had fun playing with Dorothy until dinner time; she had forgotten, while she studied with the professor, how much fun



pure play could be. After all, she was still a kitten, even though she was now a thoroughly educated one.



Dinner that night was a quiet affair, since Ozma and the Wizard were gone and the shaggy man was also out wandering the byways

of Oz. At the main banquet table were only Dorothy, the professor, Uncle Henry, and Aunt Em; Eureka joined Toto, Billina, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger at the animals' table.

"I have a great many children and grandchildren and even great-grandchildren," the Yellow Hen said proudly, "but it would get too



crowded at this table if they all came in, so Ozma felt that it was better that none of them eat in here. As the senior chicken in all of Oz, however, I have that privilege."

Rather a smug lady, Eureka thought. *She could use some time with the professor herself.* However, she kept her thoughts to herself; *she* had had the advantage of a good education.

"Are you going to be living here from now on?" the tiger asked.

"It depends on Ozma," Eureka answered. "She told Dorothy that I couldn't be anywhere in the palace except her rooms unless she was with me. But the professor is going to try to get her to change her mind."

"And what if she doesn't?" asked the lion.

"Then I think I'll go back and live with the professor, if Ozma will let me do that. I love Dorothy, but not enough to make myself a prisoner for her. I'd hope she'd come visit us sometimes."



Early the next afternoon a footman knocked on Dorothy's door. "Her Royal Highness has returned to the palace and is preparing to hold court," he said. "You asked to be told."

"Thank you," the little girl said. "Eureka, let's get the professor and go down and see her now."

When they entered the throne room the professor paused, looking around to take in its grandeur. Before he moved on, a voice cried,

“Professor Nowitall! Can it really be you?”

Eureka looked on with some jealousy as Professor H.M. Woggle-bug, T.E., hurried across the room and seized Professor Nowitall by the hand, pumping it vigorously. “It is indeed I,” said the human professor with a smile. “You must realize that although your reputation has reached me, we have never really been introduced.”

“True, true,” the Woggle-bug said, shaking his head. “Yet how oft have I spoken of my happy years in your school-house hearth, drinking thirstily of the ever-flowing fount of limpid knowledge before me. It is an honor to finally take you by the hand.”

“And I am honored in my turn,” the professor said. Eureka recognized by his slight smile that he was unimpressed by the Woggle-bug’s flowery speech. “Although your Royal College of Athletic Arts and Sciences is very different from my own school, it has become famous throughout Oz.”

It appeared that the two educators might spend the rest of the day exchanging compliments, but Dorothy tugged impatiently on

Professor Nowitall’s sleeve. “Come *on!*” she said. “We need to talk to Ozma *now!*”

He apologized briefly to his colleague, and then accompanied Dorothy and Eureka to a spot directly in front of Ozma’s great throne.

“I see that you have brought an advocate,” Ozma said, favoring the professor and Dorothy with warm smiles, but with a much cooler look for Eureka.

“May I speak, Your Highness?” the professor asked.

“You may,” Ozma replied. “But you will need convincing evidence to persuade me to change my order. Eureka attempted a serious crime the last time she was here.”

The professor was an eloquent speaker when he had the occasion. First, he described Eureka’s background in the alleyways of Sydney. Then he outlined the course of study Eureka had completed with him, with all its beneficial effects. He continued with the story of how Eureka had saved at least a portion of the Winkie country from the ravages of the Red Menace, at the cost of her own pristine color.

“I feel that her actions since returning to



OZMA HOLDS COURT

Oz have amply demonstrated that she has overcome the disadvantages of her early life, and is prepared to be a most useful citizen of Oz. That being the case, surely she should have all the rights and privileges of other citizens," he concluded.

Ozma looked thoughtful. "You make a strong case," she said. "But there remains the matter of her earlier crime. It is true that she was not successful, but even attempted murder is a crime. A pardon should not be given lightly."

"May I call a witness or two, Your Highness?"

"Certainly."

"First, then, I call the Queen of the field mice," the professor said.

"Is she present?" Ozma asked.

"Here I am," the little Queen said, appearing suddenly in front of the throne. *She must have known when to use her incantation*, Eureka thought.

"Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth as far as you know it?" the professor asked.

"I do," the mouse replied.

“Then, Your Majesty, I want you to tell Princess Ozma what happened when Eureka captured you a few months ago.”

“She pounced on me when I went to a spring for water, down in the Quadling Country,” the Queen said. “She was very hungry, but she captured me gently and when I asked her to spare me, said, ‘Oh, you’re one of the talking ones!’ and let me go. And this was before she’d spent any time with the professor.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty,” the professor said. “Now, I call the Cowardly Lion.”

The Queen withdrew to one side of the throne room and the big lion rose from his post beside the throne and padded over to stand before the professor.

“Do you promise that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth as far as you know it?” the professor asked again.

The lion looked over his shoulder at Ozma a bit anxiously, but when she nodded he said, “I do.”

“Then cast your memory back to the days when you lived in the forest, before you came to the Emerald City to live. In those days, did you eat the flesh of other animals?”

The lion cast another agonized look at Ozma, then one at Dorothy, and finally said, “Well, yes. Lions are flesh-eaters, and there wasn’t any other way to get it when I lived there.”

“And is Eureka not a distant cousin of yours, and also a natural flesh-eater?”

“That’s true.”



“Thank you. No more questions,” the professor said.

“Return to your post, then,” Ozma said, repressing a smile as the lion slunk shamefacedly back to his side of the throne.

“I could call the Hungry Tiger as well, if you would care for further evidence, but it would only confirm what the lion has said,” the

professor continued.

“That won’t be necessary,” Ozma said, and the tiger gave a sigh of relief.

“My point, then, is this,” the professor argued. “Members of the cat family are born to eat the flesh of other creatures, and must do so to survive unless they come to a place where they can be fed from such sources as the sandwich and lunch-pail trees that we have in the settled parts of Oz. Therefore it would be wrong to consider the killing of a natural prey ‘murder’. If it were, then our friends the Cowardly Lion and Hungry Tiger would be multiple murderers themselves, would they not?”

“But Eureka wasn’t in the forest – she didn’t need my piglet for food!”

“That is true – but if it would not have been murder in the forest, then how could it have been murder in the palace? It was, of course, wrong for Eureka to try to eat the piglet. She knows that now, although at that time you must remember that she was only a few weeks old, and didn’t know it. But her crime was surely not attempted murder,” the professor continued. “I believe that you defined her real

crime with your last words – “*my piglet*”. Since eating the piglet would not have been murder, she was not guilty of attempted murder. But in attempting to destroy the property of the ruler of Oz, she was indeed guilty of lese-majesty. A crime, to be sure, but one whose punishment is surely completely within the discretion of the offended ruler.

“Because of that, my client and I ask only that you exercise your well-known mercy and compassion and pardon her, knowing that she has learned her lesson well and will never do it again.”

Professor Woggle-bug, who had been the prosecutor in Eureka’s original trial, stepped forward and said, “Your Highness, now that I have heard my learned colleague’s argument, I find that I agree with him, and beg of you to give Eureka a full pardon.”

Ozma’s eyes twinkled as she said, “With the two most eminent scholars in my realm in agreement, how can I object? Eureka, Professor Nowitall has said that you have learned your lesson and will never again take the life of another creature. Do you promise that?”

From her place in Dorothy's arms, Eureka said, "I promise that I will never take the life of another creature within the walls of the Emerald City. And I promise that I won't take the life of a speaking creature anywhere, nor of any creature at all unless I must to survive. Is that good enough?"

Ozma smiled. "You *have* been studying with the professor, haven't you? Yes, that's good enough. You are pardoned, then, and may live with Dorothy in the palace and move freely in it."

Dorothy hugged her pet, and then the Woggle-bug, the Scarecrow, Uncle Henry, Aunt Em, Tik-Tok, and several other famous Ozites joined them and congratulated both the professor, on his eloquent defense of the kitten, and Eureka, on being restored to full citizenship.

"And what will you do now, Pro-fes-sor?" Tik-Tok asked in his mechanical voice.

"Spend another night here, if that's all right, and return to my home tomorrow morning."

"Can't you stay longer?" Dorothy asked. "I know Eureka will miss you when you have to go."

"Yes, please stay longer," the Woggle-bug



THE HUNGRY TIGER AND THE COWARDLY LION

asked in his pompous manner. "There are a great many items I should like to discuss with you. It is so seldom that one has the opportunity to talk with one's intellectual equal."

"Very well," Professor Nowitall said. "But I only brought clothing for three days."

"Oh, that's all right," Dorothy said. "Jellia can get you lots more, as much as you'll ever need."



Dinner that night was a joyous one, as Dorothy celebrated the return of her pet and the others present made the acquaintance of Professor Nowitall. The professor and the Wizard took an immediate liking to each other, and spent much of the after-dinner hour in close conversation, causing some jealousy on the part of the Woggle-bug. "I knew him first," Eureka heard him mutter, and suppressed a grin.

And over the next few days, matters were arranged so that everyone was happy. The professor agreed to spend three months a year at the palace and three months at the Royal College of Athletic Arts and Sciences; in turn,

Dorothy and Eureka, along with the children of several of Ozma's courtiers, would spend three months of the year studying at the Professor's school. "Cause I didn't get all the schooling I wanted in Kansas," the little girl said. "And Eureka says the professor is the best teacher there ever was."

Eureka was now wise enough to know that she didn't know all the teachers that ever were. But she also knew the professor was very, very good. And that was good enough for her.

~ THE END ~



Walaphon

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Fonts used are: individual cuttings from the Adobe Caslon and Berthold Caslon Book families, modified in Macromedia/Altsys's Fontographer to more closely resemble the letterpress variants used by the Reilly & Lee Publishing Company, circa 1909. (And let me tell you, it was a wrench to duplicate their loose and clunky typesetting.) Spacer characters are Linotype Decoration Pi 1. Chapter headings are set in Aridi 28 with some alternate characters from Aridi 27. Aridi 01 is also used in the project.

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