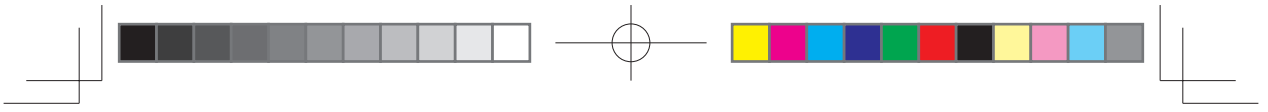


1.

The Cyclone

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cooking stove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole, dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached



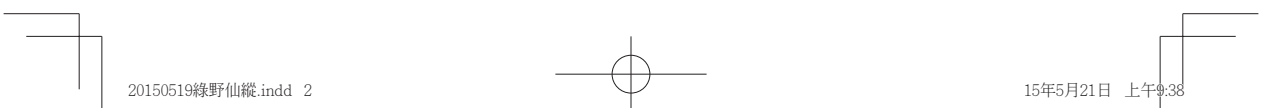
to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray colour to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

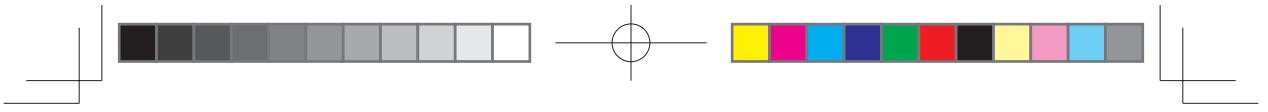
When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her





arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

‘There’s a cyclone coming, Em,’ he called to his wife. ‘I’ll go look after the stock.’ Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close at hand.

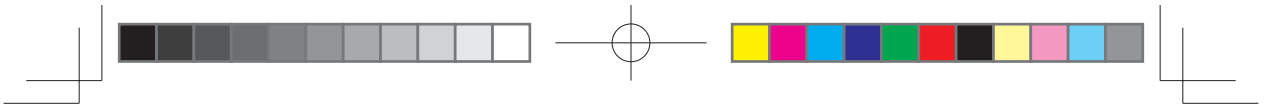
‘Quick, Dorothy!’ she screamed. ‘Run for the cellar!’

Toto jumped out of Dorothy’s arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt. When she was halfway across the room there came a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor.

A strange thing then happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact centre of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.



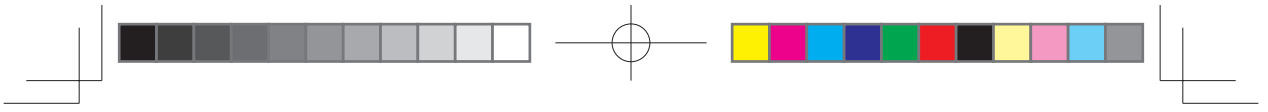
It was very dark, and the wind howled horribly around her, but Dorothy found she was riding quite easily. After the first few whirls around, and one other time when the house tipped badly, she felt as if she were being rocked gently, like a baby in a cradle.

Toto did not like it. He ran about the room, now here, now there, barking loudly; but Dorothy sat quite still on the floor and waited to see what would happen.

Once Toto got too near the open trap door, and fell in; and at first the little girl thought she had lost him. But soon she saw one of his ears sticking up through the hole, for the strong pressure of the air was keeping him up so that he could not fall. She crept to the hole, caught Toto by the ear, and dragged him into the room again, afterward closing the trap door so that no more accidents could happen.

Hour after hour passed away, and slowly Dorothy got over her fright; but she felt quite lonely, and the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf. At first she had wondered if she would be dashed to pieces when the house fell again; but as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; and Toto followed and lay down beside her.

In spite of the swaying of the house and the wailing of the wind, Dorothy soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.



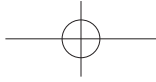
2.

The Council with the Munchkins

She was awakened by a shock, so sudden and severe that if Dorothy had not been lying on the soft bed she might have been hurt. As it was, the jar made her catch her breath and wonder what had happened; and Toto put his cold little nose into her face and whined dismally. Dorothy sat up and noticed that the house was not moving; nor was it dark, for the bright sunshine came in at the window, flooding the little room. She sprang from her bed and with Toto at her heels ran and opened the door.

The little girl gave a cry of amazement and looked about her, her eyes growing bigger and bigger at the wonderful sights she saw.

The cyclone had set the house down, very gently—for a cyclone—in the midst of a country of marvelous beauty. There were lovely patches of greensward all about, with stately trees bearing rich and



luscious fruits. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and birds with rare and brilliant plumage sang and fluttered in the trees and bushes. A little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between green banks, and murmuring in a voice very grateful to a little girl who had lived so long on the dry, gray prairies.

While she stood looking eagerly at the strange and beautiful sights, she noticed coming toward her a group of the queerest people she had ever seen. They were not as big as the grown folk she had always been used to; but neither were they very small. In fact, they seemed about as tall as Dorothy, who was a well-grown child for her age, although they were, so far as looks go, many years older.

Three were men and one a woman, and all were oddly dressed. They wore round hats that rose to a small point a foot above their heads, with little bells around the brims that tinkled sweetly as they moved. The hats of the men were blue; the little woman's hat was white, and she wore a white gown that hung in pleats from her shoulders; over it were sprinkled little stars that glistened in the sun like diamonds. The men were dressed in blue, of the same shade as their hats, and wore well-polished boots with a deep roll of blue at the tops. The men, Dorothy thought, were about as old as Uncle Henry, for two of them had beards. But the little woman was doubtless much older: her face was covered with wrinkles, her hair was nearly white, and she walked rather stiffly.

When these people drew near the house where Dorothy was standing in the doorway, they paused and whispered among themselves, as if afraid to come farther. But the little old woman walked up to Dorothy, made a low bow and said, in a sweet voice,

‘You are welcome, most noble Sorceress, to the land of the



Munchkins. We are so grateful to you for having killed the wicked¹ Witch of the East, and for setting our people free from bondage.’

Dorothy listened to this speech with wonder. What could the little woman possibly mean by calling her a sorceress, and saying she had killed the wicked Witch of the East? Dorothy was an innocent, harmless little girl, who had been carried by a cyclone many miles from home; and she had never killed anything in all her life.

But the little woman evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy said, with hesitation,

‘You are very kind; but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything.’

‘Your house did, anyway,’ replied the little old woman, with a laugh; ‘and that is the same thing. See!’ she continued, pointing to the corner of the house; ‘there² are her two toes, still sticking out from under a block of wood.’

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

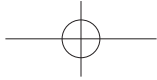
‘Oh, dear! oh³, dear!’ cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay; ‘the⁴ house must have fallen on her. Whatever shall we do?’

‘There is nothing to be done,’ said the little woman calmly.

‘But who was she?’ asked Dorothy.

‘She was the wicked Witch of the East, as I said,’ answered the little woman. ‘She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for many years, making them slave for her night and day. Now they are all set free, and are grateful to you for the favor.’

‘Who are the Munchkins?’ inquired Dorothy.



‘They are the people who live in this land of the East, where the wicked Witch ruled.’

‘Are you a Munchkin?’ asked Dorothy.

‘No, but I am their friend, although I live in the land of the North. When they saw the Witch of the East was dead the Munchkins sent a swift messenger to me, and I came at once. I am the Witch of the North.’

‘Oh, gracious!’ cried Dorothy. ‘are⁵ you a real witch?’

‘Yes, indeed,’ answered the little woman. ‘But I am a good witch, and the people love me. I am not as powerful as the wicked Witch was who ruled here, or I should have set the people free myself.’

‘But I thought all witches were wicked,’ said the girl, who was half frightened at facing a real witch.

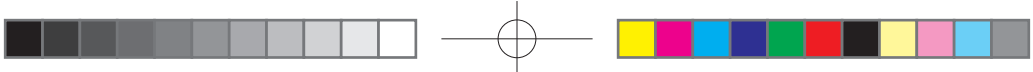
‘Oh, no, that is a great mistake. There were only four witches in all the Land of Oz, and two of them, those who live in the North and the South, are good witches. I know this is true, for I am one of them myself, and cannot be mistaken. Those who dwelt in the East and the West were, indeed, wicked witches; but now that you have killed one of them, there is but one wicked Witch⁶ in all the Land of Oz—the one who lives in the West.’

‘But,’ said Dorothy, after a moment’s thought, ‘Aunt Em has told me that the witches were all dead—years and years ago.’

‘Who is Aunt Em?’ inquired the little old woman.

‘She is my aunt who lives in Kansas, where I came from.’

The Witch of the North seemed to think for a time, with her head bowed and her eyes upon the ground. Then she looked up and said, ‘I do not know where Kansas is, for I have never heard that country mentioned before. But tell me, is it a civilized

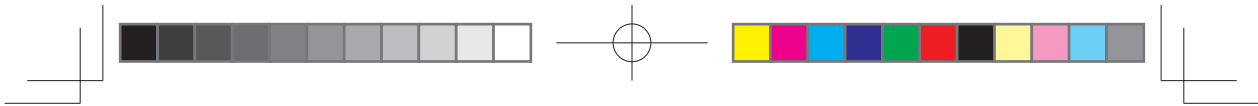


Preface to the Chinese Translation 中文譯本序

百多年前，美國作家弗蘭克·鮑姆（1856—1919）寫出了童話《綠野仙蹤》（又名《奧茲國的神奇魔法師》）。

作品以虛構的奧茲國為背景，講述美國堪薩斯州小女孩桃樂絲被龍捲風捲到了一個叫孟奇金的地方，好女巫指點她到翡翠城去找奧茲國大術士幫忙送她回家。路上，她先後遇到了稻草人——他需要個腦袋，鐵皮伐木人——他需要一顆心，膽小獅——他需要膽量。他們結伴而行，克服了一個又一個困難，終於來到了翡翠城。但是等待他們的又是想不到的麻煩……

作品出版後，立即受到小讀者的熱烈歡迎。鮑姆於是一鼓作氣地寫出了十三部續集。在寫完第三部後，他曾表示要擱筆或寫些其他題材的作品，但是美國各地的孩子們紛紛寫信給出版社和他本人，懇求他繼續寫下去。在孩子們的鼓勵下，他決定像創造了福爾摩斯這個偵探形象的英國作家柯南·道爾一樣，放棄寫一

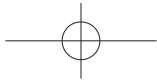


些“嚴肅”作品的念頭，“為了讓孩子們高興”，讓桃樂絲的奧茲國歷險繼續下去，終於完成了十四部一套的《綠野仙蹤》系列童話。此後他又寫了數十部其他童話，總數達到六十部之多，並因此獲得了美國“童話之父”的美譽，實在是當之無愧的。

《綠野仙蹤》第一部問世的第二年，就被搬上了音樂劇舞台，在芝加哥上演。一九三九年，美國荷里活將它改編成電影，搬上了銀幕，想不到竟然像書一樣獲得了成功。在當年的美國奧斯卡電影獎評獎時，獲得了三項提名，並最終獲得最佳歌曲和最佳音樂獎，桃樂絲的扮演者裘蒂·嘉倫獲特別獎。從此，這部電影每年都在電影院上映，電視台更是將它作為假期裏的保留節目。那首由裘蒂·嘉倫演唱的主題歌《彩虹上面》在美國乃至許多國家傳唱了六十多年。一九九九年是電影《綠野仙蹤》上映六十週年，美國電影界為此舉行了隆重的紀念儀式。一部根據童話改編的電影能有如此殊榮，實屬罕見。《綠野仙蹤》的價值由此可見一斑。

雖然這只是一部童話，但它的讀者不應該只是孩子。大人們不妨也來一讀，尤其是那些做孩子時曾經讀過，現在已經長大的讀者，如果再讀一遍的話，你會發現，原來其中有些意思是做孩子時未能讀出來的。相信我，沒錯的。

張建平

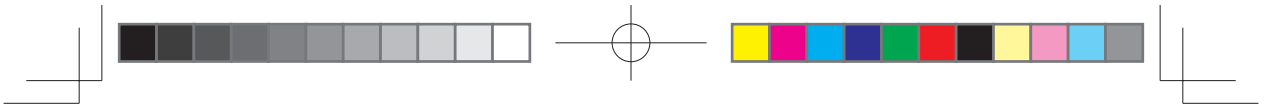


第一章

龍捲風

有個小女孩叫桃樂絲，是個孤兒，她和亨利叔叔、愛姆孀孀生活在一起，他們住在堪薩斯大草原的中部。叔叔是個農夫。他們的屋很小，因為造屋的原木要從很遠的地方用車拉來。屋有四面牆，下有地板，上有屋頂，裏面有一個生鏽的爐灶、一個碗櫃、一張桌子、三四張椅子、兩張牀。亨利叔叔和愛姆孀孀睡在屋角的一張大牀，桃樂絲睡在另一角落裏的小牀。屋裏沒有閣樓，也沒有地窖，只有一個小洞，是在地上挖出來的，叫做避風窖，草原上的龍捲風足以把房屋颳倒，遇到這種情況，全家人就躲到這個洞裏避難。洞挖在地板中央，上面有一扇活板門，翻起這扇門，就能順着梯下到黑漆漆的小洞裏。

桃樂絲站在門口朝四處看，只能看見一大片灰濛濛的草原。四面八方都是一馬平川延伸到天邊，看不見一棵樹或一幢屋。太陽把耕地曬成灰色一片，到處都有細小的裂紋。就連草也不是綠



的，因為太陽把葉尖也曬成了灰色，看起來到處都是灰濛濛的。桃樂絲家的屋曾粉刷過。但經過一次次的日曬雨淋，顏色早已褪盡，屋也變得和其他東西一樣灰不溜秋了。

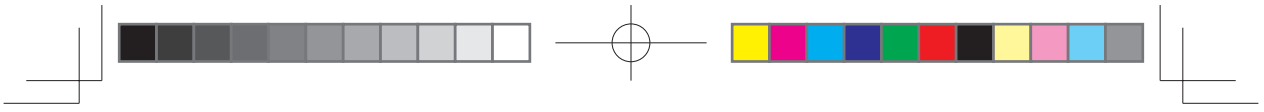
愛姆孀孀剛來這兒定居的時候，還是個年輕、漂亮的太太。太陽和風使她也改變了模樣。她眼睛裏的火花不見了，只剩下憂鬱的灰色；臉頰和嘴唇上的紅潤不見了，也只剩下一層灰色。現在，她瘦削、憔悴，自此不露笑臉。桃樂絲剛來的時候，愛姆孀孀常為她的笑聲感到驚訝，每當聽到她那愉快的聲音，愛姆孀孀就要發出驚叫，並且用手捂住心口；直到現在，她還會驚訝地看着這個小女孩，弄不懂究竟有甚麼值得她笑的。

亨利叔叔從來不笑。他天天從早忙到晚，不知道甚麼是快樂。他也是灰不溜秋的，從長長的鬍子直到粗糙的靴。他樣子嚴峻、莊重，甚少說話。

只有托托逗桃樂絲發笑，使她避免了像周圍的一切那樣變成灰色。托托不是灰色的，牠是一隻黑色的小狗，有絲綢般的長絨毛，一雙烏黑的小眼睛在牠那滑稽的小鼻子兩邊愉快地眨着。托托整天嬉戲，桃樂絲和牠作伴，非常喜歡牠。

但是，今天她們沒有玩。亨利叔叔坐在門檻上，焦慮地望着天空，天空比平日顯得更灰。桃樂絲抱着托托坐在屋裏，也望着天空。愛姆孀孀在洗碗碟。

他們聽見從遙遠的北方傳來了狂風低沉的呼嘯聲，亨利叔叔和桃樂絲看見長長的草被正在到來的狂風吹得像波浪似地起舞。這時南邊的天空中傳來一陣尖厲的呼嘯聲，他們朝那個方向看去，只見那裏的草也蕩開了漣漪。



亨利叔叔突然站了起來。

“龍捲風來了，愛姆，”他朝妻子叫道，“我要去看看牲畜。”說完他就朝拴着馬和牛的牲口棚跑去。愛姆嬌嬌放下手上的工作，跑到門口。她只看了一眼，就知道大難臨頭了。

“快，桃樂絲！”她叫道，“快到地洞裏去！”

托托從桃樂絲的懷裏跳了出來，躲到了牀底下，小女孩追着牠跑。愛姆嬌嬌嚇壞了，打開地上的活板門，爬梯鑽進了黑漆漆的小洞裏。桃樂絲終於抓住了托托，又朝嬌嬌那兒跑。剛跑到一半，就聽狂風一聲呼嘯，屋劇烈地搖晃起來，她失去了平衡，突然摔倒在地板上。

接着，一件奇怪的事情發生了。

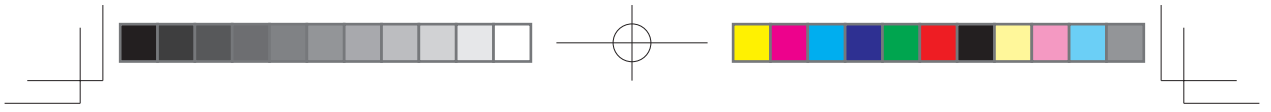
屋轉了兩三圈，慢慢地在空中飛了起來。桃樂絲覺得就像是坐着氣球上了天空似的。

來自北邊和南邊的風在屋座落的地方交會了，屋就成了龍捲風的中心。一般說來，在龍捲風的中心，空氣是靜止的，但來自各個方向的風的巨大氣壓把屋越抬越高，最後到了龍捲風的頂上；它就停留在那個高度，被颳出很多英里，就像你移動一根羽毛似的毫不費力。

四周一片昏暗，狂風肆虐，令人毛骨悚然，但桃樂絲倒覺得騎在龍捲風上騎得挺自在。先轉了數個圈後，屋又狠狠地傾斜了一下，她覺得自己像個嬰兒睡在搖籃裏似的，被輕輕地搖晃着。

托托可不喜歡這樣。牠在房裏奔來奔去，大聲狂吠；但桃樂絲靜靜地坐在地板上，等着看會發生甚麼事。

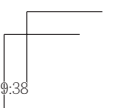
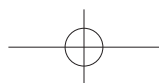
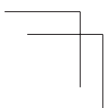
托托跑得離打開的活板門太近，一下子跌了下去；桃樂絲心

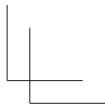


想，這回托托算是完了。但不多一會她就看見牠的一隻耳朵伸出了地洞，因為巨大的氣壓保護了牠，使牠沒有摔下去。她爬到洞口，抓住了托托的耳朵，把牠拖回到屋裏；隨後她關上了活板門，這樣就不會再出事了。

一個小時又一個小時過去了，桃樂絲慢慢地克服了恐懼；但是她感到很孤單，周圍狂風呼嘯的聲音幾乎震聾了她的耳朵。起初，她心想，要是屋再墜落到地上，她會不會被摔得粉碎；但是隨着時間的流逝，任何可怕的事情都沒有發生，她也就不再驚慌，決定冷靜地等待，看看到底會有甚麼結果。最後，她在搖晃的地板上爬到了自己的牀邊，躺到了牀上；托托跟了過來，在她身邊躺下。

儘管屋在搖晃，狂風在尖號，桃樂絲很快閉上眼睛，一會就睡着了。





第二章

與孟奇金人的對話

桃樂絲睡得正香，突然被狠狠地震了一下，把她驚醒了。這一震可真厲害，若不是睡在柔軟的牀上，她準會受傷。她憋着呼吸，弄不清發生了甚麼事；托托把冰涼的小鼻子湊到她的臉上，絕望地嗚咽。桃樂絲坐起來，發現屋已不晃了；屋裏也不黑，明亮的陽光透過窗子射了進來，灑滿了小小的房間。她從牀上一躍而起，奔過去打開了門，托托緊跟在她身後。

小女孩朝四周一看，驚訝地叫了起來，眼前奇妙的情景使她的眼睛越瞪越大，越瞪越大。

這場龍捲風把屋吹到了一個非常美麗的國家的中部，屋輕輕地落了下來（雖然把桃樂絲從睡夢中震醒，但對於龍捲風來說，這算是夠輕的了）。這裏到處都有一塊塊可愛的綠草地，高大的樹上果實纍纍。美麗的鮮花處處開，羽毛奇特漂亮的鳥在樹叢裏婉轉鳴鳴。不遠處有一條小溪，在綠色的河岸間奔淌、閃爍，發



出喃喃私語，對一個長期生活在乾燥、灰色的草原上的小女孩來說，這聲音是那樣的令人愉快。

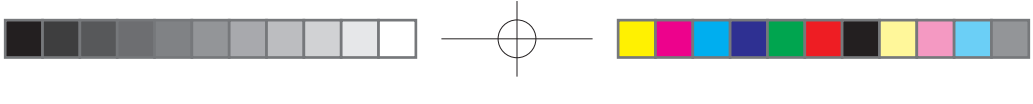
桃樂絲站在那兒，急切地看着這奇怪、美麗的景色，她發現有一群她生平見過的最奇怪的人在朝她走來。他們不像她平日見慣的大人那麼高，但也不是很矮。事實上，他們看起來跟桃樂絲差不多高（她在同齡的孩子中算是高大的），儘管他們的年齡——至少從外表看來——要比她大許多。

其中有三個男人，一個女人，都打扮得很怪。他們戴着尖頂圓邊帽，足有一英尺高，帽簷四周綴着小鈴，走路時發出悅耳的聲音。三個男人的帽子是藍色的；小個子女人的帽子是白的。她穿着一件白色外衣，許多褶邊從雙肩掛下來；衣服上點綴着眾多的小星星，像鑽石似的在陽光裏閃爍。男人們穿着藍衣服，和帽子的顏色一樣，腳上是擦得銜亮的靴，筒子上有一圈深藍色。在桃樂絲看來，那三個男人的年齡跟亨利叔叔不相上下，因為其中兩個留着鬍子。但那個小女人顯然要老得多：她臉上滿佈皺紋，頭髮幾乎花白，走路顛顛巍巍。

這些人走近桃樂絲站在門口的屋時，停了下來，彼此交頭接耳，好像不敢再往前走。但那個小個子老婆婆走到桃樂絲跟前，深深一鞠躬，嗓音悅耳地說：

“歡迎你，最尊貴的女術士，來到孟奇金人的土地上。我們非常感謝你殺死了東方壞女巫，為我們爭到了自由。”

桃樂絲莫名其妙。這個小老婆婆稱她是術士，還說她殺死了東方壞女巫，這都是怎麼一回事呢？桃樂絲是個天真無邪的小女孩，一陣龍捲風把她從很多英里之外的家裏吹來；她從來沒有殺



過任何東西。

但是小老婆婆顯然希望她回答，於是桃樂絲支支吾吾地說：

“你真好；但你肯定弄錯了。我沒有殺過任何東西。”

“那就是你的屋做的，”小老婆婆笑了一聲，回答說，“不都是一樣嗎。看！”她指着屋一角，繼續說，“那是她的兩隻腳趾，還伸出在一根木外面呢。”

桃樂絲一看，輕輕地驚叫了一聲。果然，就在屋底部的大橫木角下，壓着兩條腿，尖腳趾上套着銀鞋。

“哦，天哪！哦，天哪！”桃樂絲叫道，嚇得雙手握在一起，“肯定是屋壓着她了。我們該怎麼辦呢？”

“沒甚麼要做的，”小老婆婆冷靜地說。

“可她是誰呢？”桃樂絲問道。

“她就是我說的東方壞女巫，”小老婆婆答道。“很多年來，她把所有的孟奇金人控制在手中，讓他們日日夜夜為她賣力。現在他們自由了，非常感謝你的救命之恩。”

“孟奇金人是誰？”桃樂絲問。

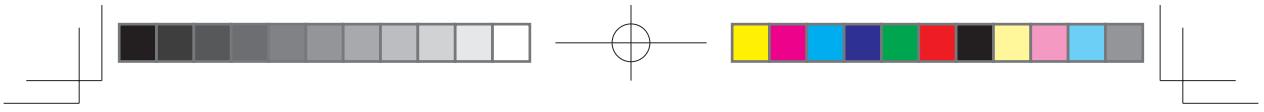
“他們是住在這兒東方的人，這裏受着壞女巫的統治。”

“你是孟奇金人嗎？”桃樂絲問。

“不，但我是他們的朋友，儘管我住在北方。孟奇金人看見這個東方壞女巫死了之後，派了個快腿信使來通知我，我這就來了。我是北方的女巫。”

“哦，我的天！”桃樂絲叫道，“你是個真正的女巫嗎？”

“是的，不錯，”小老婆婆回答說。“但我是個好女巫，人們熱愛我。我不如統治這兒的壞女巫強大，否則我會親自解放他們



的。”

“可我以為所有的女巫都是邪惡的，”小女孩說，站在一個真正的女巫面前，她不免有點害怕。

“哦，不，這是個天大的誤會。奧茲國裏只有四個女巫，住在北方和南方的兩個是好的。我知道這是千真萬確的，因為其中一個就是我，這不會錯。住在東方和西方的兩個是壞女巫，但現在其中一個被你殺死了，整個奧茲國裏只剩下一個壞女巫——就是住在西方的那個。”

“但是，”桃樂絲思索片刻後說，“愛姆嬌嬌告訴我說，所有的女巫都在很多年前就死掉了。”

“誰是愛姆嬌嬌？”小老婆婆問道。

“她是我的嬌嬌，住在堪薩斯，我就是從那兒來的。”

北方女巫似乎沉思了一下，她低着頭，眼睛望着地上。然後她抬起頭來說：

“我不知道堪薩斯在哪裏，以前從沒聽人說起過那個地方。但是請告訴我，那是個文明的地方嗎？”

“哦，是的，”桃樂絲答道。

“那你嬌嬌的話沒錯。在文明的地方我想確實是沒有巫師了；男術士也沒有，女術士也沒有，魔術師也沒有。但是，你看，奧茲國從來沒有文明過，因為我們與世界上的其他地方都沒有來往。所以我們之中還有女巫和巫師。”

“誰會是巫師呢？”桃樂絲問道。

“奧茲本人就是大巫師，”女巫壓低嗓門說。“他的法力比我們全部加在一起還要強大。他住在翡翠城。”

