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The Ozmapolitan

EMERALD CITY • LAND OF OZ

Four-Emerald
FINAL

Volume XCI

Glorious Reign of Ozma—1st Period

Number I

OZTRA! OZTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! BRAND NEW OZ MAG IN THE BIG OUTSIDE WORLD!

Percy in Rat Race to Find Mystery Boy!

Special Dispatch—

Hot off the presses in the big outside world is a new anthology of short fiction, comics, and verse all celebrating our wonderful country, the Land of Oz! It is being published by the Hungry Tiger Press, of New Jersey. *Oz-story Magazine* will contain new short Oz work by the best and most important Oz authors writing today! It will also publish new and old Oz comics and encourage other less traditional forms of Oz storytelling. It will also contain rare Oz—and sometimes non-Oz—work by the original Royal Historians and Illustrators! And get this! Each issue of *OSM* will also contain a novel length work! In the first issue it is Baum's 1906 adventure novel, *Sam Steele's Adventures on Land and Sea*. While copies of *Sam Steele* grow on trees here in Oz, as do all of Baum's works, it is apparently one of Baum's scarcest works in the USA! *Oz-story Magazine* will be an 8-1/2 x 11 squarebound paperback, 128 pages long, with a full-color cover.

National Weather



Emerald City Pleasant
Munchkin Country Warm and Sunny
Gillikin Country Sunny and Warm
Winkie Country Warmer and Sunnier
Quadling Country Sunnier and Warmer
Deadly Desert Hot



News Flash!!
by Rachel Cosgrove Payes
Ozzociated Press

Percy was strolling through the maze in Ozma's garden before breakfast when a bright green beetle lit on the end of his pink nose. His eyes crossed as he tried to see what was tickling it, so he didn't see someone coming around a corner of the high, bozwood maze. Waving a paw to chase the beetle, he crashed into a child who was hurrying in the opposite direction.

"Oof!" said the boy, dropping the potted plant he carried.

"Sorry, fellow!" Percy exclaimed as he snatched the plant from midair before it hit the ground.

"Oh, you mustn't—" cried the lad who was dressed in a snug-fitting purple velvet suit with an amethyst pin on a lapel.

"Clumsy of me, kiddo," Percy said. "Hey, I've never seen a violet with such jazzy, luscious flowers, nor with such a yummy smell. And smelling's one of the things a rat does best. I've never before had my keen nose tickled by such a lovely aroma."

"Oh, dear, you mustn't—" the frightened little lad repeated, his eyes wide with dismay, his face paper-white.

"Not to worry," Percy murmured. He knew he sometimes scared people who hadn't heard of Percy, the famous giant white rat of Oz, friend of both Princess Ozma and Princess Dorothy.

The poor lad stood there wringing his hands and moaning.

"Hey, guy, I don't bite," Percy said. "I'm not vicious."

"Violetta will take away my amethyst," the child moaned. "That plant is to be delivered only to Ozma."

"Well, that's not so easy, buddy-boy," Percy told him, holding out the purple clay pot. "Ozma's gone bye-bye."

The quaking delivery boy looked even more frightened and wretched than he had before. "She's gone? What shall I do?" He wrung his hands again. "It was to be given only to Ozma."

"Not to worry, I can handle it for you. I'll take it into the palace and leave it in Princess Ozma's suite. She should be back later today. Just tell Violetta you delivered the plant to Ozma's private suite. I'll tell Ozma that it's from Violetta. Or if it'll make you happier, you waltz into the palace yourself and leave a note for Ozma. I'll show you where to put it."

"No, no," the fellow moaned, "you've been smelling it."

"Well, that's why flowers smell so sweet, isn't it? So we can sniff 'em. Come along—"

"I can't! I must leave now! She'll punish me!" The boy in the purple velvet suit turned and fled back into the maze.

"Wait!" Percy called, but there was no answer. Weird!

What happened to the kid in the purple velvet suit? What's with this plant?

Percy and the Shrinking Violet, is the first new Oz fiction by Rachel Cosgrove Payes in more than forty years! It is lavishly illustrated by Imperial Illustrator Eric Shanower. You can read the rest of this amazing and intriguing adventure in *Oz-story Magazine No. 1*. On sale in comic-book stores across the country or directly from your friends at Hungry Tiger Press.

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by L. Frank Baum
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Eric Shanower and Dick Martin

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INFLATION IN OZ!

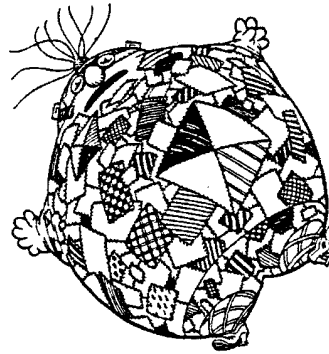
Munchkin Wire Service
By Stephen Kane

Scraps the Patchwork Girl, her quilted skirt flapping, her yarn hair flying, skipped gaily through the Munchkin Countryside, now and then leapfrogging over a large rock or dancing along the top rail of a fence. She had been visiting friends in the Kingdom of Keretaria and was now on her way home to the Emerald City. Scraps was made from a patchwork quilt formed into the shape of a girl. Her antics often reflected her colorful appearance.

"How odd," she thought, staring ahead, "my nose seems to be swelling." She crossed her suspender-button eyes to look at it. Indeed, the yellow ball of fabric that served as her nose was twice its normal size.

"I-I'm swelling all over!" Scraps stopped and watched her body as it slowly expanded. Her arms and legs were puffing up like huge multi-colored sausages. Her dress ballooned out around her. Scraps looked at her feet, squeezed ridiculously into her now too-small shoes, and saw them rising gradually from the ground.

"Help! Help!" she screamed, flailing her fat arms and legs in an attempt to propel herself earthward, but the earth was now



beyond her reach. Her swelling continued, and the more she swelled, the faster she rose.

"Help!" screamed Scraps again, but it seemed that no one was near enough to hear her cries. She floated upward directly into the spreading branches of a tall tree. There she lodged.

Thoroughly alarmed, Scraps continued her cries for help until a chipmunk with navy blue stripes scampered along a branch and stopped before the swollen face of the Patchwork Girl.

"Stop that awful racket!" said the chipmunk, crossly. Then it got its first good look at the Patchwork Girl. Her arms and legs were sausages no longer, but had nearly melted into the contour of her body. Her neck was gone, her head merely a bulge between rounded shoulders. She looked

like a large patchwork ball with fingers, feet, and face.

The chipmunk sat back on its hind legs and began to laugh.

"Wh-what are you?" it managed to choke out between bursts of laughter, "a quilt or a buh-balloon?" It rolled about on the branch, shaking with merriment.

"Neither!" said Scraps. Her alarm was quickly turning to anger. "I'm Scraps, the celebrated Patchwork Girl of Oz!"

"Hey, Shirley," called the chipmunk, "come take a look. We've got the Patchwork Blimp of Oz in our tree."

Another chipmunk appeared, took one look at Scraps, and broke into hysterical giggles.

"Sludge and mudbuckets!" muttered Scraps, trying to ignore the laughter of the chipmunks. She noticed that her swelling had finally stopped. "What now?" she thought, "I'm under some kind of enchantment, I guess, though how it happened I have no clue. I must reach the Emerald City so that Ozma or the Wizard can break the spell, but how do I get out of this tree?"

That crazy Scraps just can't keep her feet on the ground. What will she do now? Only our new Reporter, Stephen Kane, knows what will happen. He continues this ground-leaving story in Oz-story Magazine No. 1.

Quadling Lady Makes the Cut!

A certain Miss Cuttenclip has asked Glinda the Good to issue a Cease and Desist order against Hungry Tiger Press, Bloomfield, New Jersey, USA.

It seems that Hungry Tiger Press has published a sumptuous new *Oz Toy-Book Volume 2* as a companion volume to John R. Neill's original *Oz-Toy Book* of 1915.

Miss Cuttenclip claims that she, and only she, can make Ozzy paperdolls—a right supposedly given to her by Glinda the Good. While Miss Cuttenclip praised the high quality of the drawings in the new volume, and expressed great admiration of the ease with which the figures could be cut out, she believes that the hours of fun the new book will give its purchasers will undermine her reputation as the official Oz paper-doll creator.

Glinda has reportedly told Miss Cuttenclip that her exclusive right was only to make "Living" paper-dolls and in no way prevented others from making the "regular" variety. "Especially," added Glinda, in her decision, "when the figures of such characters as Rinkitink, Trot, Jinnicky, Kabumpo, and so many others, are such beautiful and accurate representations of their true Oz counterparts."



Some examples entered into evidence

Miss Cuttenclip, seen leaving Glinda's Palace, wielding a pair of very large and very sharp scissors had, "no comment."

Hungry Tiger Press did release the following statement: "We in no way wished to offend the highly esteemed Miss Cuttenclip who has done so much for the Quadling Country and played such a large and important role in Oz history. We wished only to provide hours of Ozzy fun with our 14 page *Oz-Toy Book Volume 2* copies of which may be ordered directly from Hungry Tiger Press, 15 Marcy St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003-3814 for only \$8.00 + \$2.00 S&H."



TIGER Talk...

Dear Hungry Tiger,

My husband is an ex-magician. After Ozma made him stop practicing magic he took to doing all the cooking—thinking the two similar pastimes. His food isn't bad but he takes on average six years to prepare each dish! Now I have a hearty appetite and get pretty hungry. I am a large woman. At least I used to be. I nibble at the eclair bush and try and hold on until dinner but six years is a long time when your stomach is growling. Help me please.

—Famished Housewife

Dear Famished,

I understand wanting to eat and not being able to. I have wanted to eat fat babies for years but my conscience won't allow it. To take my mind off my insatiable appetite for fat buttered babies I read Oz-story Magazine. It works for me and it will work for you. It is published annually so you should have no problem holding out till dinner time.

—H. T.

TERROR IN THE NORTH

By Eric Shanower
—Gillikin Correspondent

A short time ago a bird messenger had brought word from Rango the gray ape, the wisest of Gugu's three royal councilors. The message from Rango requested an immediate council meeting. Gugu had summoned his two other councilors and now awaited the arrival of all three.

Into the clearing trotted a chestnut unicorn. His name was Loo. The unicorn was followed by a shambling brown bear whose name was Bru. Loo the unicorn and Bru the bear stood attentively before Gugu's throne.

Gugu greeted them and said: "Does either of you know why Rango has requested this meeting?"

Loo the unicorn spoke. "I haven't the least idea, O great Gugu."

Gugu turned to Bru the bear. Bru shrugged. "Haven't seen Rango for days. Seems to me he was away visiting one branch or another of his family. Don't know what all this bother could be." Bru yawned.

Gugu stretched his forepaws impatiently. "There is a presence in the forest I have never sensed before. I do not know what the presence is, but I fear it means trouble. I suspect it is the reason that Rango has called this meeting."

Bru the bear groaned. "Oh, dear. I hate trouble. It's so... troubling."



At that moment an old ape covered with shaggy gray hair entered the clearing. Gugu and his two councilors turned expectantly as the ape shuffled quickly up to the throne.

"Great Gugu, great Gugu," panted the ape, bowing low, "forgive my tardiness."

"Never mind, Rango," said Gugu. "What is your news?"

Rango looked up into the leopard's soft brown eyes. "Kalidahs," said Rango. "Kalidahs—in the Forest of Gugu."

At Rango's words the corners of Gugu's mouth grew hard. "This is grave news, Rango," he said. "How did you hear of it?"

"My youngest great-great-grandson, Zomp, has just returned from a trip east of the mountains," said Rango. "There the rumor is widespread that Kalidahs have crossed the border from their territory into the Forest of Gugu. The animals along the eastern edge of the forest are terrified."

Loo the unicorn was scornful. "Kalidahs in the forest? Impossible!"

"Do you doubt my word?" asked Rango the gray ape turning to Loo.

Bru broke in. "We don't doubt you, Rango," he said, "but Kalidahs are forbidden to enter the Forest of Gugu. A Kalidah in the

forest is unheard of. Did your great-great-grandson actually see a Kalidah?"

"No," answered Rango, "but even if the rumor of Kalidahs is false, the situation is dangerous. Many animals are in terror. If they panic, there will be widespread injury."

Gugu considered. "For two days I have felt a growing presence—a presence I could not define, but which caused me great uneasiness. The presence of Kalidahs would explain it. I suspect that the rumor of Kalidahs in the forest of Gugu is not rumor but fact. It is time to act. I am the ruler of this forest whose name I bear. It is my duty to care for and defend it and all its creatures. The eastern border is distant and isolated, but it is nonetheless a part of the Forest of Gugu. The time has come to make the journey there."

"Do you mean to walk right into the Kalidah's clutches?" said Loo. "They will rip you to shreds!"

"It is true that Kalidahs are savage and merciless creatures," murmured Gugu. "They fear nothing that is not stronger than they are, and they love to terrorize all who are weaker. But they do not belong in the Forest of Gugu."

"How soon shall you begin this journey, O Gugu?" asked Rango the ape.

"Before next dawn," said Gugu. "Rango and Loo will accompany me."

The exciting story, Gugu and the Kalidahs, written and illustrated by Eric Shanower is printed in its entirety in Oz-story Magazine No. 1, where Gugu will meet his greatest challenge!



Boy Left Orphan As Captain Goes Down With Ship!

Special Report
By Floyd Akers

As I entered the living-room in response to Mrs. Ranck's summons I was surprised to find a stranger there, seated stiffly upon the edge of one of the straight chairs and holding his hat in his lap, where he grasped it tightly with two big, red fists, as if afraid that it would get away. He wore an old flannel shirt, open at the neck, and a weather-beaten pea-jacket, and aside from these trade-marks of his profession it was easy enough to determine from his air and manner that he was a sea-faring man.

"Tell him.

"Yes, marm," answered the man; but he shifted uneasily in his seat, and seemed disinclined to proceed further.

All this began to make me very nervous. Perhaps the man was a messenger—a bearer of news. And if so his tale must have an evil complexion, to judge by his manner and Mrs. Ranck's stern face. I felt like shrinking back, like running away from some calamity that was about to overtake me. But I did not run. Boy though I was, and very inexperienced in the ways of life, with its troubles and tribulations, I knew that I must stay and hear all; and I braced myself for the ordeal.

"Tell me, please," I said, and my voice was so husky and low that I could scarce hear it myself. "Tell me; is—is it about—my father?"

The man nodded.

"It's about the Cap'n," he said, looking stolidly into Mrs. Ranck's cold features, as if striving to find in them some assistance. "I was one as sailed with him las' May aboard the 'Saracen.'"

"Then why are you here?" I cried, desperately, although even as I spoke there flashed across my mind a first realization of the horror the answer was bound to convey.

'Cause the 'Saracen' foundered off Lucayas," said the sailor, with blunt deliberation, "an' went to the bottom, 'th all hands—all but me, that is. I caught a spar an' floated three days an' four nights, makin' at last Andros Isle, where a fisherman pulled me ashore more dead 'n alive. That's nigh three months agone, sir. I've had fever sence—brain fever, they called it—so I couldn't bring the news afore."

I felt my body swaying slightly, and wondered if it would fall. Then I caught at a ray of hope.

"But my father, Captain Steele? Perhaps he, also, floated ashore!" I gasped.

The sailor shook his head, regretfully.

Mr. Akers's full-length, unabridged report, *Sam Steele's Adventures on Land and Sea*, can be found in *Oz-story No. 1*

The Jolly Popcorn Bird

Once on a time a little bird
Hopped on a popcorn ear
And ate and ate and ate and ate
The whole of it, my dear!

And then he felt so sleep-like
He cuddled down beside
A nice warm chimney—yes he did
With all that corn inside!

First thing you know—what
with the heat
The corn began to pop—
Up flew that birdling twenty feet
Above the Chimney top!

And he began to swell—and
WELL,
The very last I heard
He'd exploded up and out into
A great big popcorn bird!

—Ruth Plumly Thompson

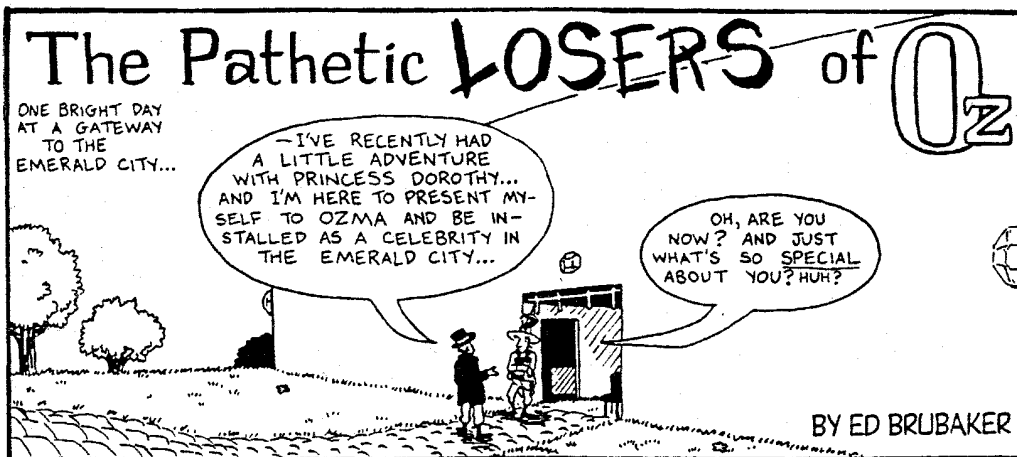
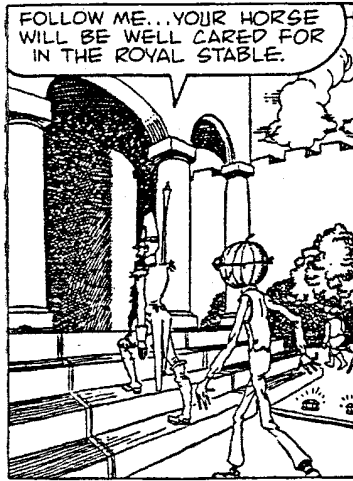


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BY WALT SPOUSE



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