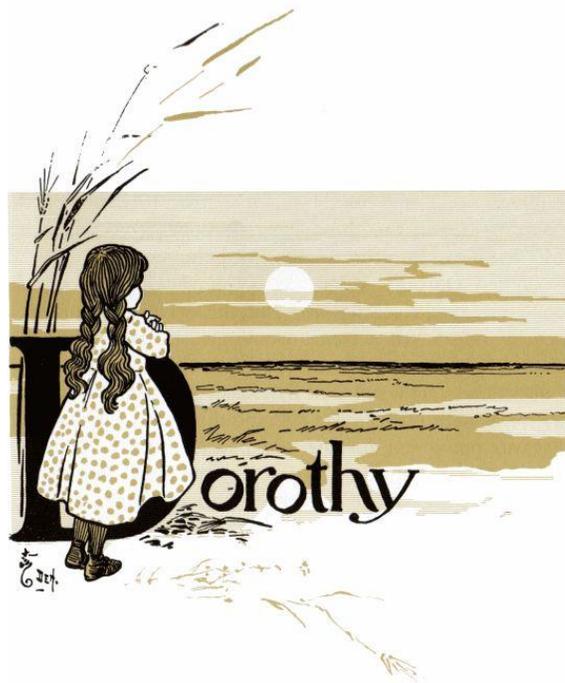


Chapter 1

The **C**yclone



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 cookstove**, 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 n**o** **garret** at all, and n**o** **cellar** — **except** a small h**ole** dug in the ground, called a **cyclone cellar**, where the **family** could g**o** in c**ase** one of those great **whirlwinds** a**rose**, **mighty** e**nough** to crush **any building** in its path. It was r**eached** by a trap door in the **middle** of the floor, from which a **ladder** led down **into** the small, dark h**ole**.

When **Dorothy** stood in the **doorway** and looked **around**, she could s**ee** **nothing** but the great g**ray** **prairie** on **every** s**ide**. Not a t**ree** nor a house b**roke** the broad s**weep** of flat **country** that r**eached** to the edge of the sky in all **directions**. The sun had b**aked** the plowed land **into** a g**ray** mass, with **little** cracks **running** through it. **Even** the grass was not g**reen**, for the sun had burned the tops of the long bl**ades** **until** they were the s**ame** g**ray** **color** to b**e seen** **everywhere**. Once the house had been **painted**, but the sun **blistered** the p**aint** and the r**ains** washed it **away**, and now the house was as dull and g**ray** as **everything** else.