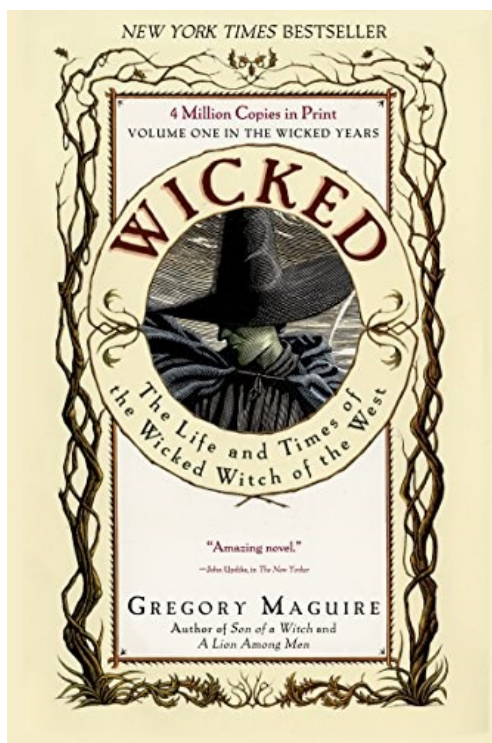


WICKED: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST



Book Summary:

The book tells of The Wizard of Oz's Wicked Witch of the West's life story.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; profanity; nudity; mild profanity; and alcohol use.

Adult

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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1	"She was castrated at birth," replied the Tin Woodman calmly. "She was born hermaphroditic, or maybe entirely male."
2	<p>"She's a woman who prefers the company of other women," said the Scarecrow, sitting up.</p> <p>"She's the spurned lover of a married man."</p> <p>"She is a married man."</p> <p>The witch was so stunned that she nearly lost her grip on the branch.</p>
12	<p>Within the lighted window of a stage, we saw a marriage bed, with a puppet wife and husband. The husband was asleep and the wife sighed. She made a motion with her carved hands to suggest that her husband was disappointingly small. The audience shrieked with laughter.</p> <p>...The dragon rested again but draped a wing over another archway, which lit up the puppet husband, wandering out in the night. Along came a puppet widow, with sprigged hair and high color, dragging along a protesting, flinty-toothed daughter. The widow kissed the puppet husband, and pulled off his leather trousers. He was equipped with two full sets of male goods, one in the front and another hanging off the base of his spine. The widow positioned her daughter on the abbreviated prong in the front, and herself took advantage of the more menacing arrangement in the rear. The three puppets bucked and rocked, emitting squeals of glee. When the puppet widow and her daughter were through, they dismounted and kissed the adulterous puppet husband. Then they kneed him, simultaneously, fore and aft. He swung on springs and hinges, trying to hold all of his wounded parts.</p>
19	<p>"The dwarf and his boykins were drinking in the tavern too," said the maiden breathlessly. "There's no one here to stop us!"</p> <p>The crone said, "So you've been peering in the tavern windows at the men, you slut?"</p>
20	<p>"Another willfull boy," said the fishwife, sighing. "Shall we kill it?"</p> <p>"Don't be so nasty to it," said the crone, "it's a girl."</p> <p>"Hah," said the bleary-eyed maiden, "look again, there the weather vane."</p> <p>...The finger was dug out of the mire and shoved in an apron pocket, possibly to sew back onto the hand that had lost it. "It's a cock, she just realized she didn't have one," screeched the maiden, and fell on the ground laughing. "Oh, beware the stupid boy first tries to please himself with her! She'll snip his young sprout off for a souvenir!"</p>
21	"Maybe she'll chop the tit next, that'll bring Her Drowsy Frailness around quick enough," the crone chuckled.
28	<p>"Did you sleep with someone other than Frex?" Nanny asked.</p> <p>"Don't be mad!" said Melena.</p> <p>"I know you honey," said Nanny. "I'm not saying you're not a good wife. But when you had the boys buzzing around you in your parents' orchard you changed your perfumed undergarments more than once a day. You were lusty and sneaky and good at it. I'm not looing down at you. But don't pretend to me that your appetites weren't healthy."</p> <p>..."Nanny, I love Frex. But he leaves me alone so often! I would kill for some tinker to pass by and sell me more than a tin coffeepot! I would pay well for someone</p>

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	<p>less godly and more imaginative!" ..."I wouldn't have sex with an elf!" Melena shrieked.</p>
29	<p>"You mean you indulged in adultery and you don't even have the benefit of a good saucy memory about it?" Nanny was scandalized. "I don't know that I did!" said Melena. "I wouldn't choose to, I mean not if I was thinking clearly. But I remember once when a tinker with a funny accent gave me a draft of some heady brew from a green glass bottle. And I had rare expansive dreams, Nanny, of the Other World- cities of glass and smoke- noise and color- I tried to remember." "So you could well have been raped by elves. Won't your grandfather be pleased to learn how Frex is taking care of you." "Stop!" cried Melena.</p>
32	<p>If a frolic of elves scampered through the yard she would leap on them for company, for sex, for murder. ..."Your father is a charlatan," continued Melena. "He used to be very good in bed for a religious man, and this is how I know his secret. Holy men are supposed to be above earthly pleasures, but your father enjoyed his midnight wrestling. Once upon a time! We must never tell him we know he's a humbug, it would break his heart. We don't want to break his heart, do we?" And then Melena burst into a high peal of laughter. ...She dropped the collar of her spring robe a little lower and the pink yoke of her bare shoulders gyrated. ...Elphaba cocked her head to one side as if listening for some part of her mother not intoxicated with leaves and wine. ...Melina's robe dropped lower. Her breasts worked their way out from between the dirty ruffles of the collar. ...Look at me, thought Melena, showing my breasts to the child I couldn't give milk for fear of amputation. ...She has lost the social touch. For instance, her breasts should not be staring at him o. Yet she did not clasp her gown.</p>
32	<p>If a frolic of elves scampered through the yard she would leap on them for company, for sex, for murder. ..."Your father is a charlatan," continued Melena. "He used to be very good in bed for a</p>
37	<p>They left the door to the cottage open so that, from time to time, they could peer out from the bed to check on the child who, in the same glare of a sunny day, would not be able to focus her eyes to see in the house shadows, and who anyway never turned to look. Turtle Heart was unbearably beautiful. Melena dragon-snaked with him, covered him with her mouth, poured him in her hands, heated and cooled and shaped his luminosity. He filled her emptiness.</p>
46	<p>"But you know Frex is bound to notice sooner or later. These energetic afternoon naps you take- well, you always had an eye for the fellow with a decent helping of sausage and hard-boiled eggs-" ..."Isn't aging a cruel hoax? I'd trade my hard-won pearls of wisdom for a good romp with Uncle Flagpole any day."</p>

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47	<p>"So your dragon-snaking with Turtle Heart is what- devotional exercises?"</p> <p>...There crept Turtle Heart into the cool shadows of the cottage, when Melena was tired from a morning's work in the vegetable garden. He covered her with a sense of holiness, and it was more than her undergarments that would drop away from her when they tumbled panting onto the bedclothes. She would lose her sense of shame.</p> <p>...Nevertheless, should a tribunal of unionist ministers call her to court for adultery, she would tell the truth.</p> <p>...It was not the sex that saved her, though the sex was mighty vigorous, even frightening. It was that Turtle Heart didn't blush when Frex showed up, that he didn't shrink from beastly little Elphaba.</p>
52	<p>Their afternoon dalliance began to lose the heat of urgency, and developed in warmth. Melena had always appreciated the attentions of Frex, and been attentive to him but somehow his body had not been as supple as Turtle Heart's. She drifted off to sleep with Turtle Heart's mouth on one of her nipples and his hands- his big hands- roaming like sentient pets. She imagined that Turtle Heart divided his body when her eyes were closed; his mouth roamed, his cock rose and nudged and leaned, his breath was somewhere other than his mouth, hissing elegantly into her ear, wordlessly, his arms were like stirrups.</p>
56	<p>"What will he do until Ozma is of age but ride the hunt, and eat Munckinlander pastries, and fuck the odd housemaid on the side?"</p>
59	<p>"What does it say about my lover?"</p> <p>"You are a pest," said Nanny. "She said to rest and not to worry. She gives her blessing. She is a filthy whore but she knows what she's talking about."</p>
76	<p>On one notable occasion, which no Crag Hall girl present ever forgot, the senior boys from Three Queens College across the canal, for a lark and a dare, had tanked themselves up with beer in the middle of the afternoon, had hired a White Bear violinist, and had gone down to dance together under the willow trees, wearing nothing but their clinging cotton drawers and their school scarves.</p>
77	<p>The green face above the wheat-gray fabric seemed almost to glow, and the glorious long straight black hair fell right over where her breasts should be if she would ever reveal any evidence she possessed them.</p>
81	<p>She did a little domestic magic, turning water into orange juice, changing cabbages into carrots, and running knives through a terrified piglet, which spouted champagne instead of blood. They all had a sip.</p>
87	<p>"You got satisfied to the Clock of the Time Dragon and were turned into a boy. But on your marriage night when your wife opens your legs you'll turn back into a tadpole and-"</p>
96	<p>The fingers they dove into clumps of satin bow, to untie them, the fingers they peeled gloves off with, and worked cunning rows of forty miniature pearl buttons with, the fingers they loaned to each other, at the inside laces and the private places that college boys knew only by mythology! The unexpected tufts of hair-how tender!</p>
102	<p>He felt a surge of possibility, an inclination to rub his lips on the place where her shoulder became her neck.</p>

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107	He lingered at a kiosk, staring. Cigarettes, ersatz love charms, naughty drawings of women undressing, and scrolls pained with lurid sunsets, overladen with one-line inspirational slogans.
124	He kissed her, he kissed her, he kissed her, little by little by little.
150	That evening the friends risked breaking curfew by ordering another bottle of wine. Nanny tutted and fretted, but as she kept downing her portion as neatly as anyone else, she was overruled. Fiyero told the story of how he had been married at the age of seven to a girl from a neighboring tribe. They all gawped at his apparent lack of shame. He had only seen his bride once, by accident, when they were both about nine. "I won't really take up with her until we are twenty, and I'm now only eighteen," he added. With the relief of imagining he might still be as virginal as the rest of them, they ordered yet another bottle of wine.
161	<p>There was the proposal. It was a proposal, wasn't it? Of some questionable proposition in (was it) the civil service? Doing some- some ballroom dancing, which didn't make sense. Some laughing, a glass of champagne, a handsome man taking off his cummerbund and pressing his starched cuffs against her neck, nibbling the teardrop-shaped rubies at her ears...Talk softly but carrying a big stick. Or was it not a proposal but a prophecy? A friendly encouragement about the future? And had she been alone, the others hadn't been listening, Madame Morrible has spoken directly to her. A lovely testimony to Glinda's...potential. The chance to rise. Walk softly but marry a big prick. A man draping his evening tie on a bedstead and rolling his diamond studs, nudging them with his nose, down the declivity of her superior neck...It was a dream, Madama Morrible couldn't have said that! She must be dazed with grief. Poor Ama Clutch. It had only been a quiet word of condolence from the dear and self-effacing Head, who found it hard to speak in public. But a man's tongue between her legs, a spoonful of saffron cream...</p> <p>Nessarose said, "Catch her, I can't, I'm-"and she sagged against Nanny's bosom, and Glinda swooned at the same moment. Elphaba thrust out strong arms and swooped Glinda in mid-collapse. Glinda didn't really lose consciousness, but the uncomfortable physical nearness of hawk-faced Elphaba after that undesired act of desire made her want to shiver with revulsion and purr at the same time. "Steady on, girl, not here," said Elphaba, "resist, come on!" Resist was just what Glinda didn't want to do.</p>
164	"You little idiot, we have no time to waste on sex!"
165	<p>"Have a drink on the house, watch the girlie show, and dance a little if you want. Every hour or so I close this street door and open the next."</p> <p>...There was a chanteuse singing a send-up of "What is Oz without Ozma," and teasing herself with a parrot-colored feather boa. A small band of elves- real elves!- tootled and rattled out a tiny accompaniment. Boq had never seen an elf, even though he knew there was a colony of them not far from Rush Margins. "How weird," he said, inching forward. They look like hairless monkeys, naked but for little red caps, and without any appreciable sex characteristics.</p> <p>...There were Animals, humans, dwarfs, elves and several tictok things of incomplete or experimental gender. A squadron of well-built blond boys circulated with tumblers of rotgut squash wine, which the friends drank because it</p>

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	<p>was free.</p> <p>"I don't know if I want to go any more daring than this," said Pfannee to Boq at one point. "I mean, look, that hussy of a Baboon is almost out of her dress. Perhaps we should call it a night."</p> <p>...But Before they could make their way across the crowded dance floor, the elves began to let out a banshee screech, and the singer thrust out her hip and said, "That's the mating call, dollies! Ladies and gentlefriends! We're doing, and I mean doing"- she glanced at a note in her hand- "five black clubs, three black clubs, six red hearts, seven red diamonds, and- on their honeymoon, isn't it sweet"- she simulated gagging- "two black spades. Up to the mouth of everlasting bliss, fraidies and genlehens."</p> <p>"Avaric, no," said Boq.</p> <p>But the crone from the font, who called himself Yackle, came knocking through the hall- having apparently locked up the front door for the time being- and she remembered the holders of the designated cards, and brought them forward with a smile. "All rides, all riders, on the ready," she said, "here we be, at the shank end of the evening! Lighten up, lads, it's not a funeral, it's an entertainment!"</p> <p>...A smell of roasting timm leaves- sweet and softening, you could almost feel them turning up their purplish edges. Yackle led the way, and the twenty-three revelers processed, in a confused state of apprehension, elation, and randiness. The dwarf followed behind. Boq took stock, as best his stumbling mind could manage. An erect Tiger in hip boots and a cape. A couple of bankers and their evening consorts, all wearing black masques: as a protection against blackmail or as an aphrodisiac? A party of merchants from Ev and Fliaan, in town on business. A couple of women rather long in the tooth, bedecked in costume jewelry. The honeymoon couple were Glikkuns. Boq hoped that his crowd wasn't gawping as much as the Glikkuns were. He glanced around, only Avaric and Shenshen looked eager- and Fiyero, possibly because he hadn't yet grasped what this was all about. The others looked more than a little squeamish.</p> <p>...He felt he was knowing less and less, and it was more and more beautiful to do so. Why had he been alarmed? He was sitting on a stool, and around him in the stall sat, almost preternaturally near, a man in a black masque, and Asp he hadn't noticed before, the Tiger whose breath ran hot and meaty on his neck, a beautiful schoolgirl, or was that the bride on her honeymoon? Did the whole stall then tilt forward, like a gently swung bucket? Anyway, they leaned together toward the central dais, an alter of veils and sacrifices. Boq loosened his collar and then his belt, felt the gingery appetite between heart and stomach and the resulting stiffening apparatus below that. The music of pipes and whistles were slowing, or was it that he watched and waited and breathed so, so slowly, that the secret area inside himself uncloaked itself, where nothing mattered?</p> <p>The dwarf, in a darker hood now, appeared on the stage. He could see from his vantage point into all the stalls but the revelers in separate stalls couldn't see one another. The dwarf leaned and reached a hand here, there, welcoming, beckoning. He encouraged from one stall the figure of a woman, from another man (was it Tibbett?), and from the stall where Boq sat he gestured to the Tiger. Boq felt only faintly sorry not to be chosen himself as he watched the dwarf pass a smoking vial beneath the nostrils of the three acolytes, and help them to</p>

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	<p>remove their clothes. There were shackles, and a tray of scented oils and emollients, and a chest whose contents were still in the shadow. The dwarf bound black blindfolds around the heads of the scholars.</p> <p>The Tiger was pacing on all fours and growling softly, tossing his head back and forth in distress or excitement. Tibbett-for it was he, though nearly out of consciousness- was made to lie on his back on the floor of the stage. The Tiger strode over him and stood still while the dwarf and his assistants lifted Tibbett and tied his wrists together, around the Tiger's chest, and his ankles around the tiger's pelvis, so Tibbett hung beneath the Tiger's belly, like a trussed pig, his face lost in the Tiger's chest hair.</p> <p>The woman was set on a sloping stool, almost like a huge tilting bowl, and the dwarf tucked something aromatic and runny up in the shadowy regions. Then the dwarf pointed to Tibbett, who was beginning to twist and moan into the Tiger's chest. "Let X be the Unknown God," said the dwarf, poking Tibbett in the ribs. The dwarf then slapped the tiger on his flank with a riding crop, and the Tiger strained forward, positioning his head between the woman's legs. "Let Y be the Dragon of Time in its cave," said the dwarf, hitting the Tiger again.</p> <p>As he laced the woman into the half-shell, stroking her nipples with a glowing salve, he handed her a riding crop with which she could lash at the Tiger's flanks and face. "And let Z be the Kumbric Witch, and let us see if she exists tonight..."</p> <p>The crowd drew nearer, almost participants themselves, and the musky sense of adventure made them tear at their own buttons and nibble their own lips, leaning in, in, in.</p> <p>"Such are the variables in our equation," said the dwarf as the room darkened even further. "So now, let the true, clandestine study of knowledge begin."</p>
178	<p>She put her face against Glinda's and kissed her. "Hold out, if you can," she murmured, and kissed her again. "Hold out, my sweet."</p>
191	<p>She would not let him see her naked in the light, but since he also was not allowed to visit during the day this was hardly a problem. She waited for him on appointed evenings, sitting naked under the blanket, reading essays on political theory or moral philosophy.</p> <p>..."Is it changing how you live?" he asked, turning down the light and slipping out of his clothes.</p> <p>"You think all this is new to me," she said, sighing. "You think I am such a virgin."</p> <p>"You didn't bleed the first time," he observed. "So what's to think about?"</p> <p>"I know what you think," she said. "But how experienced are you, Lord Sir Fiyero, Arjiki Prince of Kiamo Ko, Mightiest Stalker of the Thousand Year Grasslands, Chiefest Chieftain in the Great Kells?"</p> <p>"I am putty in hour hands," he said, truthfully. "I married a child bride and to preserve my power I haven't been unfaithful. Until now. You are not like her," he said. "You don't feel like her, it doesn't feel the same. You're more secret."</p> <p>"I don't exist," she said, "so you're still not being unfaithful, either."</p> <p>"Let's not be unfaithful right now then," he said, "I can't wait," running his hands along her ribs, down the tight plane of her stomach. She always brought his hands to her thin, expressive breasts; she would not be touched below the waist by hands. They moved together, blue diamonds on a green field.</p>

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196	<p>Coming back, Fiyero looked at the form of his lover, more pearly than green tonight. He had brought her a traditional Vinkus fringed silk scarf-roses on a black background- and he had tied it around her waist, and from there on it was a costume for lovemaking. Tonight in sleeping she had nudged it up, and he admired the curve of her flank, the tender fragility of her knee, the bony ankle. There was a smell of perfume still in the air, and the resinous, animal smell, and the smell of the mystical sea, and the sweet cloaking smell of her hair all riled up by sex. He sat by the side of the bed and looked at her. Her pubic hair grew, almost more purple than black, in small spangled curls, a different pattern than Sarima's. There was an odd shadow near the groin- for a sleepy moment he wondered if some of his blue diamonds had, in the heat of sex, been steamed onto her own skin- or was it a scar?</p>
200	<p>"When I disappear again, dearie, I'll surely be less real than I am now." She made to stimulate sex against him; he turned his head, surprised at the vigor of his aversion.</p>
204	<p>He noticed too, that when she was agitated she was more the liberal in her lovemaking.</p>
206	<p>She turned, "Oil my breasts, will you?" "I'm no that stupidly male. Elphaba." "Yes you are"- she laughed, but lovingly- "come on." ...She dropped her shyness like a nightgown, and in the liquid glare of sunlight on old boards she held up her hands- as if, in the terror of the upcoming skirmish, she had at last understood that she was beautiful. In her way. ...He took some coconut oil and warmed it between his palms, and slid his hands like leathery velvet animals on her small, responding breasts. The nipples stood, the color flushed. He was already fully dressed, but recklessly he pressed himself against her mildly resisting form. One hand slid down her back; she arched against him, moaning. But perhaps, this time, not from need? Still his hand moved down onto her buttocks, felt between her cheeks, beyond, felt the place one muscle pulled in crookedly, endearingly, felt the very faintest etching of hair beginning its crosshatch shadows, its swirl toward vortex. He worked his intelligent hand, reading the signs of her resistance. ... "What is your object?" he breathed, kissing her, loosening his trousers again, as if this were the first time, his tongue tracing the twisting funnel of her ear. ...She cupped more oil in her hand and as they slid and fell into the light, she made him bright and anguished with oil, took him deeper in than ever before.</p>
207	<p>And Elphi wasn't just a different (not to say novel) provincial type- she seemed an advance on the gender, she seemed a different species sometimes. He caught himself with a mammoth erection just remembering that last time, and he had to hide himself behind some ladies' scarves in a shop until it subsided.</p>
230	<p>They couldn't help but feel the unsettling eroticism of the landscape. From the eastern approach, the Kumbricia Pass looked like a woman lying on her back, her legs spread apart, welcoming them.</p>
237	<p>Her toweling fell to the ground. She was naked and old and strong; what had seemed like boredom was revealed in patience, memory, control. She shook the very hair off her head and it uncoiled down her back and disappeared. Her feet</p>

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	<p>moved massively, as if seeking the best purchase, like columns, like pillars of stone. She dropped her arms forward and her back was a dome; still her head was up, her eyes the brighter, her nose working mightily; she was an Elephant.</p>
246	<p>She moved her right thumb to her mouth, and with her left hand felt the cloth of Sarima's gown just below the torque, until she found a nipple, and she ran her thumb over it lovingly as if it were a small pet. "Manek made him pull down his trousers so we could make sure his thing wasn't green." Sarima disapproved- on the grounds of hospitality if nothing else- but was compelled to ask, "And what did you see?" "Oh well you know." ..."Stupid-looking boy's thing. Smaller the Manek and Irji. But not green. I was so bored I didn't look much."</p>
284	<p>Her fingers tensed at the sides of the butcher's block, gouging splinters, as if in an ecstasy of sexual tension.</p>
294	<p>She was only ten, but a strapping, mature ten. She had hiked her green skirt up into her belt, and because the sun was high and strong, she had shucked off her blouse and tied it like a bandanna around her head. She hardly had a swelling here or there on her chest with which to startle any sheep, and anyway she expected to be able to spot a shepherd from miles away.</p>
297	<p>"Believe me, after a life looking after your dear mother's devout husband, Frex, and your sister after that, I know a religious lunatic when I see one." she said to Elphaba.</p>
308	<p>He told her about her sister's rise to Eminence, and the secession in the late spring. "Yes, yes, I know of it but not why," she said, prodding. So he decided the burning of a grange were opposition meetings had been gathering, the reported rape of a couple of Munchkinlander maidens following a cotillion of the Wizards' army garrisoned near Dragon Cupboard.</p>
367	<p>"Well, I wouldn't have thought anything more of it, but then you show up this afternoon from more or less the same zone of memory. Weren't you there, yourself? Didn't you go with us to the Philosophy Club that night, we got so drunk, and they had that charmed-sex thing, and that effeminate Tibbett got so wasted and lost his mind and just about everything else when that Tiger...? You were there, surely."</p>
371	<p>"I like pain, if I'm wearing calfskin chaps and have my wrists tied behind me-"</p>
374	<p>Lights came up on another little stage. There was a credible likeness of Colwen Grounds painted on a cupboard backdrop beyond. A figurine who was Melena kissed her parents good-bye and went off with Frex, a handsome little puppet with a short black beard and a jaunty step. They stopped in a small hut, and Frex kissed her and continued to preach. All through the rest of the scene he was off to one side, yammering away to some peasants who were busy screwing each other on the ground before him, hacking each other to pieces and eating their sexual parts, which ran with a real gravy; you could smell the garlic and sauteed mushrooms. Melena, at home, yawned and waited, and teased her pretty hair. Along came a man whom the Witch could not identify at first. He had a small black bag and</p>

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	from it he extracted a green glass bottle. He gave it to Melena to drink, and when she had, she fell into his arms, either stupefied and drunk as the Witch was tonight, or liberated. It wasn't clear. The traveler and Melina made love in the same bouncy rhythm as Frex's parishioners. Frex started to dance to the rhythm himself. Then, when the act of love was done, the traveler pulled himself off Melena. He snapped his fingers, and a balloon with a basket beneath descended from the fly space above. The traveler got in. It was the Wizard.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	2
Cock	2
Fuck	3
Piss	4
Prick	1
Shit	1