

Diary of a Mountie - Part the Twelfth Greenwich Mean

by
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(based on COTY)

Day Ten - 10:30 PM
Somewhere Over Scotland

Well.

Dorothy was asleep on one of the couches in the sitting-room when I found her. (Can't blame her. I wish I were, myself.) The others were there, too, mostly reading over the maps and papers we'd found. I shook Dorothy's shoulder gently. "Dorothy," I said, "it's time."

"Hmmm?"

"It's ten o'clock, Dorothy. It's four o'clock in Kansas."

That got her awake straight away. She sat up, blinking. "Do you really think this'll work?" she asked.

"Only way to know is to find out."

She nodded soberly. Taking a deep breath, she carefully held up her right hand- index finger extended, other fingers curled- and looked to the ceiling.

Nothing happened, at least so far as I could see; but Toto, who had been dozing at his mistress' side, suddenly lifted his head and started barking furiously.

Miss Poppins set her reading aside, looking with some surprise to the little terrier. "Dorothy," she said urgently, "he says to look in your bag."

The girl blinked. "My what?"

"The bag of jewels Glinda gave you, to trade with in the outside world."

Sure enough, there was a little sack tucked behind that great gold belt of hers. Dorothy undid the knots holding the sack shut and shook the contents out into her lap. I'm no judge of gemstones, but I'm pretty sure I saw rubies and sapphires bigger than the end of my thumb in there. More than that I couldn't have said, and for good reason; several of the gems were emeralds, and the emeralds were glowing.

"I say, is that what's supposed to happen?" asked Lord Wimsey.

Dorothy shook her head. "No," she said, "not really; Ozma's s'posed to get me, but..." The light faded from the stones. Not from her eyes, though. They were shining with the kind of joy children get when they're given their first pup.

"Oh dear. I'm so sorry, Miss Gale."

She shook her head, scooping the gems back into the bag. "It's all right, Mr. Wimsey. There's someone watching me, that's the important part. Why, it's the most I've heard of anything from Oz since I came to England." She looked up at me and smiled, the sweetest smile I think I've ever seen in my life. "Thank you, Mr. Preston," she said very softly.

What happens next, I don't know. I don't even know if we're going to tell J. about the emeralds. We'll see, though. That's a matter for tomorrow... and right now, no matter how many signs and wonders I've seen, I have got to get some sleep.