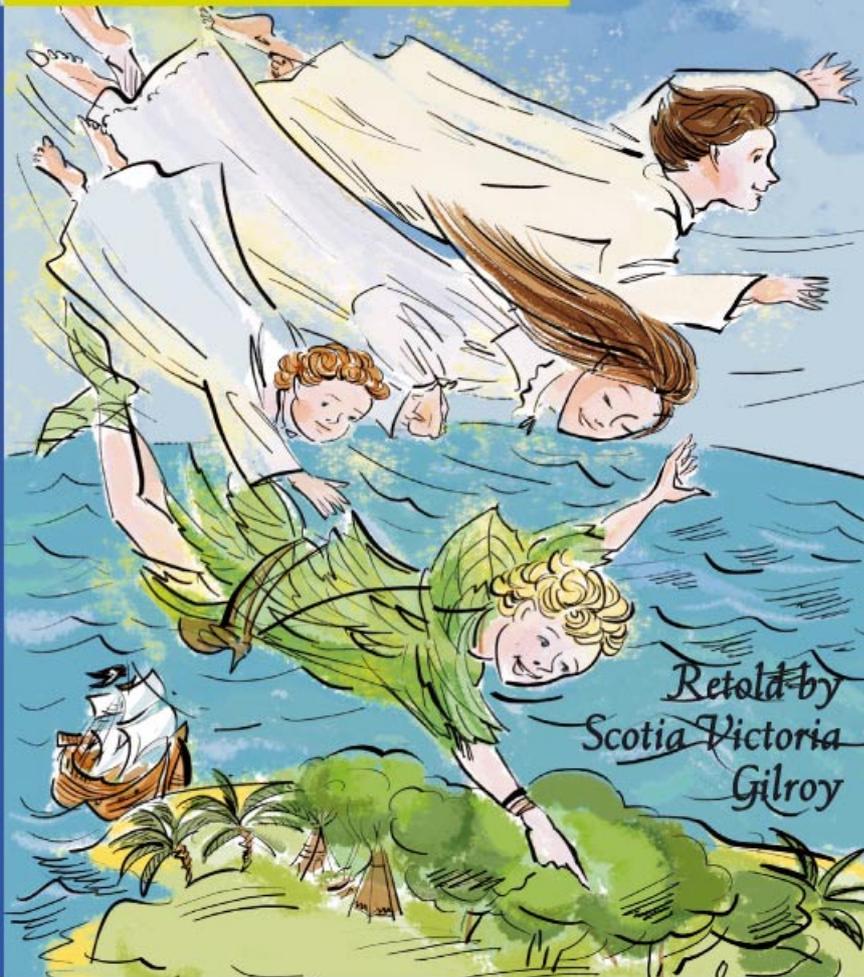


James Matthew Barrie

The Adventures of Peter Pan



Retold by
Scotia Victoria
Gilroy

James Matthew Barrie

Peter Pan



Retold by Scotia Victoria Gilroy

C Z Y T A M Y

w o r y g i n a l e



c z y t a m y w



o r y g i n a l e



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Chapter I

The Neverland



Mrs. Darling first heard of Peter one night while she was tidying up her children's minds. It is the nightly duty of every good mother after her children are asleep to look after their minds and set things straight for the next morning, putting into their proper places the many objects that have moved out of place during the day.

If you could stay awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own mother doing this, and it would be very interesting to watch her. It is just like tidying up drawers. You would see her on her knees, gazing with a smile at some of the contents, wondering where you had picked something up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, stroking one thing as if it were as nice as a kitten, and quickly hiding something else out of sight. When you wake up in the morning, the terrible thoughts and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at the bottom of your mind; while on the top, clean and fresh, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.



Mrs. Darling's children, Wendy, John, and Michael, slept in three identical beds side-by-side in their nursery. While tidying up their minds at night, Mrs. Darling always found the Neverland. The Neverland always looked like an island, with bright colours everywhere, and beaches and harbours and scary-looking ships floating on the waves, and pirates and caves with rivers running through them.

But, of course, the Neverland always varied a lot. John's, for instance, had a lake with flamingoes flying over it, which John was shooting at, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with a lake flying over it. John lived in a boat turned upside down on the sand, Michael in a wigwam, and Wendy in a house of leaves carefully sewn together. John had no friends, Michael had friends only at night, and Wendy had a pet wolf left by its parents; but it was easy to see that the different Neverlands had a family resemblance and that they were all connected.

Of all the wonderful islands in the world the Neverland is the coziest and the most

compact; not large with boring distances between one adventure and another, but nicely packed. When you pretend to be there in the day with the chairs and tablecloth, it is not frightening at all, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very, very real.

In her travels through her children's minds Mrs. Darling often found the Neverland. Occasionally, however, she found things she could not understand, and of these the most confusing was the word 'Peter.' She didn't know any Peter, and yet he was here and there in John and Michael's minds, while Wendy's began to be written all over with him. The name stood out in larger letters than any of the other words.

"But who is he, my dear?" she asked Wendy.

"He is Peter Pan, you know, mother."

At first Mrs. Darling did not know, but after thinking back into her childhood she remembered the Peter Pan who people said lived with the fairies. She had believed in him at the time, but now that she was



married and full of sense she doubted whether such a person really existed.

"Besides," she said to Wendy, "he would be grown up by this time."

"Oh no, he isn't grown up," Wendy assured her confidently, "and he is just my size."

Mrs. Darling decided to forget all about it. But soon it was clear that this would be impossible.

One morning, some tree leaves were found on the nursery floor, which certainly had not been there when the children went to bed. Mrs. Darling was looking at them, puzzled, when Wendy said with a smile:

"Peter must have been here again."

"What do you mean, Wendy?"

"It is so naughty of him not to wipe his shoes," Wendy said, sighing. She was a tidy child.

Wendy explained to her mother that she thought Peter sometimes came to the nursery at night and sat on the foot of her bed and played music on his pipes to her. Unfortunately she never woke up. She didn't know how she knew he was there; she just knew.

"What nonsense! No one can get into the house without knocking."

"I think he comes in through the window," Wendy answered.

"My dear, it is three floors up."

"Weren't the leaves under the window, mother?"

It was quite true; the leaves had been found very near the window. Mrs. Darling examined the leaves very carefully, and she was sure they did not come from any tree that grew in England.

The next night the children were once more in bed. Mrs. Darling sang to them till one by one they let go of her hand and entered the land of sleep. Mrs. Darling sat quietly by the fire. The fire was warm, and the nursery dark, and soon she was asleep.

While she slept, the window of the nursery blew open, and a boy dropped onto the floor. He was accompanied by a strange light, no bigger than your fist, which flew about the room.

Mrs. Darling suddenly woke up, and saw the boy, and somehow she knew at once



that he was Peter Pan. He was a lovely boy, dressed in tree leaves. When he saw that she was a grown-up, he gave her a nasty look.

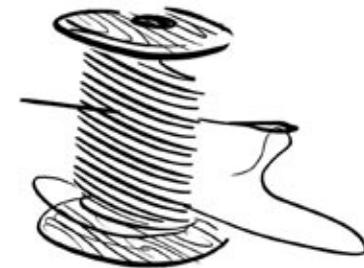
Mrs. Darling screamed, and, in answer, Nana, the family dog, came running in. She growled and jumped at the boy, who jumped lightly through the window. Mrs. Darling ran over and looked out the window into the street for him, but he was not there. She looked up and in the black night she could see nothing – just something small that looked like a shooting star.

In the nursery, Nana had something in her mouth. It was the boy's shadow! As the boy leaped at the window Nana had closed it quickly, too late to catch him, but his shadow had not had time to get out. The window had torn it off.

Mrs. Darling examined the shadow carefully, but it was just the ordinary kind. She wasn't sure what to do with it at first. But finally she decided to roll the shadow up and put it away carefully in a drawer.

Chapter II

Peter's Shadow



A week later, Mr. and Mrs. Darling were invited to a party down the street. Mrs. Darling came into the nursery, and went from bed to bed singing to the children before they fell asleep.

For a moment after Mr. and Mrs. Darling left the house, the night-lights by the beds of the three children continued to burn brightly. But then Wendy's light blinked and gave such a yawn that the other two yawned also, and before they could close their mouths all three of them went out.

There was another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights, and in the time we have taken to say this, it has been in all the drawers in the nursery, looking for Peter's shadow, searching through the wardrobe and turning every pocket inside out. It was not really a light; it made this light by flashing about so quickly, but when it came to rest for a second you saw it was a fairy, no larger than your hand. It was a girl called Tinker Bell, dressed in a beautiful tree leaf.

A moment after the fairy's entrance the window was blown open and Peter dropped

in. He had carried Tinker Bell part of the way, and his hand was still covered with fairy dust.

"Tinker Bell," he called softly, after making sure that the children were asleep. "Tink, tell me, where do you think they put my shadow?"

A lovely tinkle, like the sound of golden bells, answered him. It was fairy language.

Tinker Bell said that the shadow was in the big box. She meant the chest of drawers, and Peter jumped at the drawers, throwing their contents all over the floor with both hands. In a moment he had found his shadow, and he was so delighted that he didn't realise he had shut Tinker Bell in the drawer.

Peter thought that he and his shadow, when brought near each other, would join together like drops of water. When they did not, he was shocked. He tried to stick it on with soap from the bathroom, but that didn't work either. He became very sad, and he sat on the floor and cried.

His sobs woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She was not alarmed to see a stranger



crying on the nursery floor; she was only pleasantly interested.

"Boy," she said politely, "why are you crying?"

Peter didn't answer. Instead, he asked, "What's your name?"

"Wendy Angela Darling," she replied. "What's your name?"

"Peter Pan."

He didn't really need to tell her this; she was already sure that he was Peter. She asked where he lived.

"Second to the right," said Peter, "and then straight on till morning."

"What a funny address."

"No it isn't," he said.

"I mean," Wendy said nicely, remembering that she was the hostess, "is that what they put on letters to you?"

He wished she had not mentioned letters.

"I don't get any letters," he said sadly.

"But your mother gets letters, doesn't she?"

"I don't have a mother," he said. Not only did he not have a mother, but he certainly

didn't want one. Wendy, however, felt at once that this was very tragic.

"Oh Peter, no wonder you were crying," she said.

"I wasn't crying about mothers," he said rather angrily. "I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying."

"Has it come off?"

Then Wendy saw the shadow on the floor, and felt sorry for Peter. "How awful!" she said, but she smiled when she saw that he had been trying to stick it on with soap. Just like a boy!

Fortunately she knew at once what to do. "It must be sewn on," she said.

"What's sewn?" he asked.

"You're terribly ignorant."

"No, I'm not."

"I shall sew it on for you," she said, and she got out her needle and thread, and she sewed the shadow onto Peter's foot.

"It might hurt a little," she warned him.

"Oh, I won't cry," said Peter, who was acting like he had never cried in his life.



And as Wendy sewed on the shadow Peter did his very best not to cry even one tear; and soon his shadow was behaving properly, though it was a little wrinkled.

"Perhaps I should have ironed it," Wendy said; but Peter, like a boy, didn't care how he looked. He was now jumping about, full of joy.

"How old are you?" Wendy asked. Peter stopped dancing.

"I don't know," he replied nervously, "but I am quite young." He really knew nothing about it. "Wendy," he added, "I ran away the day I was born."

Wendy was quite surprised, but interested.

"It was because I heard my father and mother," he explained in a quiet voice, "talking about what I was to be when I became a man. I don't ever want to be a man," he said with passion. "I want to always be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived a long time among the fairies."

Wendy looked at him with admiration, and he thought it was because he had run away, but it was really because he knew fairies. She began to ask him a lot of questions about fairies, which Peter found rather boring. To Peter, fairies were annoying, always getting in his way and causing trouble.

Chapter III

The Children Fly Away



As Peter told Wendy about fairies, he suddenly realised Tinker Bell was keeping very quiet.

"I wonder where she has gone to," he said, getting up, and he called her.

Wendy became very excited.

"Peter," she cried, "do you mean that there is a fairy in this room?"

"She was here just a minute ago," he said a little impatiently. "You don't hear her, do you?" And they both listened.

"The only sound I hear," said Wendy, "is like a tinkle of bells."

"Well, that's Tink, and that's her fairy language."

The sound came from the chest of drawers. Peter laughed.

"Wendy," he whispered, "I think I shut her in the drawer!"

He let poor Tinker Bell out of the drawer, and she flew around the nursery screaming with anger.

"You shouldn't say such things," Peter said. "Of course I'm very sorry, but how could I know that you were in the drawer?"

"Oh Peter," Wendy cried, "if she would only stand still and let me see her!"

"They never stand still," he said.

Wendy began to ask him more questions.

"Do you still live in Kensington Gardens?" she asked.

"Sometimes."

"But where do you live mostly now?"

"With the Lost Boys."

"Who are they?"

"They are the children who fall out of their prams when the nurse is looking the other way. If they are not claimed in seven days they are sent far away to the Neverland. I'm captain of them."

"What fun it must be!"

"Yes," said Peter, "but we are rather lonely. You see, we have no female companionship."

"Are there no girls there?"

"Oh, no; girls, you know, are too clever to fall out of their prams."

This made Wendy feel very proud.

Peter told Wendy that he had come to the nursery window to listen to their stories.

"You see, I don't know any stories. None of the Lost Boys knows any stories."

"How awful," Wendy said.

"Oh, Wendy, your mother was telling you such a lovely story tonight."

"Which story was it?"

"About the prince who couldn't find the lady who wore the glass slipper."

"Peter," said Wendy excitedly, "that was Cinderella, and he found her, and they lived happily ever after."

Peter was so happy that he rose from the floor, where they had been sitting, and rushed to the window.

"Where are you going?" she cried.

"To tell the other boys."

"Don't go, Peter," she begged, "I know lots of stories."

He came back, and there was a greedy look in his eyes now which should have shocked her, but did not.

"Oh, the stories I could tell to the boys!" she cried, and then Peter took her by the arm and began to pull her toward the window.



"Let me go!" she shouted.

"Wendy, come with me and tell the other boys."

Of course she was very pleased to be asked, but she said, "Oh dear, I can't. Think of mummy! Besides, I can't fly."

"I'll teach you."

"Oh, how lovely it would be to fly."

"I'll teach you how to jump on the wind's back, and then away we go."

"Oo!" she exclaimed.

"Wendy, instead of sleeping in your silly bed at night you could be flying about with me and saying funny things to the stars."

"Oo!"

"And Wendy, there are mermaids."

"Mermaids! With tails?"

"Really long tails."

"Oh," cried Wendy, "to see a mermaid!"

Peter had become extremely greedy and clever. "Wendy," he said, "we would all respect you. You could tuck us in at night. None of us has ever been tucked in at night."

How could Wendy say no? "Peter, will you teach John and Michael to fly too?"

"If you like," he said.

Wendy ran to John and Michael and shook them. "Wake up," she cried, "Peter Pan has come and he is going to teach us to fly."

John rubbed his eyes and stood up. "Peter, can you really fly?" he asked.

And just to show them, Peter flew quickly around the room.

"How wonderful!" John and Michael shouted.

It looked very easy, and they tried it first from the floor and then from the beds, but they always went down instead of up.

"How do you do it?" asked John, rubbing his knee.

"You just think lovely, wonderful thoughts," Peter explained, "and they lift you up in the air."

He showed them again.

"You're so good at it," John said; "couldn't you do it very slowly once?"

Peter did it both slowly and quickly. But the children still could not do it.

Of course Peter was playing with them, for no one can fly unless fairy dust has been

blown on them. Fortunately, as we have mentioned, one of his hands was covered with it, and he blew some on each of them, with excellent results.

Michael immediately flew across the room.

"I flew!" he screamed while still in the air.

Soon John and Wendy were up near the ceiling.

"Oh, lovely!"

"Look at me!"

Up and down they went, and round and round.

"Why shouldn't we all go out?" cried John.

Of course this had been Peter's plan the whole time.

Michael was ready: he wanted to see how long it would take them to fly a billion miles. But Wendy wasn't so sure.

"Mermaids!" said Peter again.

"Oo!"

"And there are pirates."

"Pirates!" cried John. "Let's go right away."



It was just at this moment that Mr. and Mrs. Darling left their party. In the middle of the street they looked up at the nursery window. It was shut, but the room was brightly lit, and they could see shadows on the curtain, of three little figures circling round and round, not on the floor but in the air.

Not three figures, four!

Shaking, they opened the front door and hurried up the stairs.

They would have reached the nursery in time if the stars had not been watching the children. The stars blew the window open, and the smallest star of all called out:

"Hurry, Peter!"

"Come," he shouted to the children, and flew out at once into the night, followed by John, Michael and Wendy.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling rushed into the nursery too late. The children were gone, and the window was wide open.

Chapter IV

The Home Under the Ground



"Second to the right, and straight on till morning."

That, Peter had told Wendy, was the way to the Neverland. But nobody could have found it with these instructions, without Peter guiding them.

They flew over an ocean, very high up, for a long time – but exactly how long, none of the children could be sure.

Finally: "There it is," Peter said calmly.

Wendy, John and Michael all recognised it at once.

"John, there's the lake."

"Wendy, I see your flamingo."

"Look, Michael, there's your cave."

"John, what's that in the forest?"

"It's a wolf with her babies. Wendy, I think that's your wolf baby."

"Hey, John, I see the smoke of the Indian camp."

"Where? Show me, and I'll tell you by the way the smoke rises whether they're on the war-path."

"There, just across the Mysterious River."



"I see now. Yes, they are on the war-path!"

As they came closer to the island, the sun began to go down, and everything became darker.

In the old days at home the Neverland had always begun to look a little dark and scary by bed-time. Then, unexplored parts appeared in it and spread; black shadows moved about in them; the roar of wild animals became louder, and above all, you lost the certainty that you would win. You were quite glad that the night-lights were on. You even liked Mother to say that this was just the table and the fireplace over here, and that the Neverland was all make-believe.

Of course the Neverland had been make-believe in those days; but it was real now, and there were no night-lights, and it was getting darker every moment, and where was Mother?

John asked Peter if there were many pirates on the island at that moment, and Peter said that there were more than ever before.

"Who is the captain now?"

"Hook," answered Peter; and his face became very serious as he said that hated word.

Michael began to cry, and even John could barely speak, for they knew Hook's reputation.

"He is the worst of them all," John whispered.

"That's right," said Peter.

"What is he like? Is he big?"

"He is not as big as he was."

"What do you mean?"

"I cut off a bit of him."

"You!"

"Yes, me," said Peter.

"What bit?"

"His right hand."

"Then he can't fight now?"

"Oh, yes he can!"

"With only his left hand?"

"He has an iron hook instead of a right hand. And after I cut off his hand," Peter continued, "I threw it into the sea, where a crocodile caught it in his mouth and ate it. Since then the crocodile is always

chasing after Hook."

"Why?" the children asked.

"Because after tasting a bit of him, he wants to eat the rest! But Hook can always hear the crocodile coming, since the crocodile also ate a clock and he now makes a ticking noise all the time."

They flew along for a few moments in silence.

Then Peter said, "John, there is one thing that every boy who serves under me has to promise, and so must you."

John listened carefully.

"It is this – if we meet Hook in a fight, you must leave him to me."

"I promise," John said loyally.

Finally Peter gave the signal and began to head downwards. He was followed by John, Michael, Wendy, and Tinker Bell, who had been lighting the way for them the whole trip.

Down below, in the forest, the Lost Boys were hiding from the pirates. There were six of them, and they were wearing the skins of bears they had killed.



They all rushed out of their hiding place in the grass and welcomed Peter as he and the children landed.

"Great news, boys," Peter cried, "I have brought a mother for you all. Her name is Wendy."

The boys all went on their knees, and holding out their arms cried, "Oh Wendy lady, be our mother!"

"Should I?" Wendy said, her face shining. "Of course it would be wonderful – but I am only a little girl. I have no real experience."

"That doesn't matter," said Peter, as if he were the only person who knew all about it, though he was really the one who knew the least. "What we need is just a nice motherly person, who will tell us stories."

"Very well," she said, "I will do my best. Come inside immediately, you naughty children; I am sure your feet are wet. And before I put you to bed I have just enough time to finish the story of Cinderella."

The boys jumped up and excitedly went to their underground home, with John, Michael and Wendy following them.

The Lost Boys lived in one big room under the ground. They entered their home through seven large hollow trees, each with a boy-sized hole in it.

There was one large bed, which all the boys slept in together, lying like sardines in a tin.

They lived very cozily together in the underground home. At night, they all got into bed and Wendy told them wonderful stories.

They had many amazing adventures together, but to describe them all would require a book as large as an English-Latin, Latin-English dictionary, and the most we can do is to describe one as an example of an average day on the island. The difficulty is which one to choose.

Should we choose the fight with the Indians on the mountain? Or the night attack by the Indians on the house under the ground, when several of them got stuck in the hollow trees and had to be pulled out like corks? Or we might tell how Peter saved the life of the Indian princess, Tiger

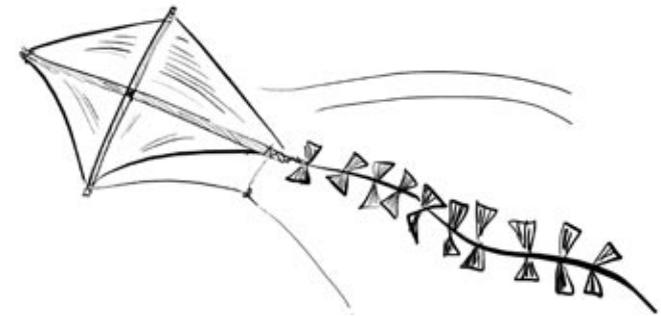
Lily, in the Mermaids' Lagoon, and made her his friend. Or we could tell of the cake the pirates baked with poison in it so that the boys might eat it and die; and how they put it in one clever spot after another; but always Wendy grabbed it out of the hands of her children, so that after a while the cake became old and as hard as a stone, and they used it as a rocket, and hit Hook on the head with it.

Which of these adventures should we choose? The best way will be to toss a coin for it.

I have tossed it, and the lake has won.

Chapter V

The Lake



At the edge of the lake there was a large rock called Marooners' Rock. It was called Marooners' Rock because evil captains put sailors on it and leave them there to drown. They drown when the tide rises, for then the rock is covered with water.

One day the Lost Boys, Peter and Wendy were resting on the rock after swimming in the lake.

Peter suddenly jumped up. He stood without moving, listening. He heard a boat coming through the water.

"Pirates!" he cried. "Dive!"

They dove into the water to hide.

The boat came nearer. There were three figures in it: two pirates named Smee and Starkey, and Tiger Lily, the Indian princess. Her hands and ankles were tied.

"Here's the rock," cried Smee. "Now we have to put the Indian onto it and leave her there to drown."

Quite near the rock two heads were going up and down in the water, Peter's and Wendy's. Wendy was crying, for it was the first tragedy she had ever seen.



Peter had seen many tragedies, but he felt less sorry than Wendy for Tiger Lily; it was the fact that there were two against one that made him angry, and he decided to save her. An easy way would have been to wait until the pirates had gone, but Peter never chose the easy way.

Peter was able to do almost everything; and now he imitated the voice of Hook.

"Ahoy, there," he called. It was an excellent imitation.

"The captain!" said the pirates, staring at each other in surprise.

"He must be swimming out to us," Starkey said.

"We are putting the Indian on the rock," Smee shouted.

"Set her free," came the surprising answer.

"Free?"

"Yes, cut her ropes and let her go."

"But, captain -"

"At once, do you hear -, " cried Peter, "or I'll stab my hook into you."

"This is strange," Smee said.

"We'd better do what the captain orders," said Starkey nervously.

"Ay, ay," Smee said, and he cut Tiger Lily's ropes. At once, like a fish, she slid between his legs into the water.

Of course Wendy was very impressed by Peter's cleverness; but a moment later her happiness was replaced by shock when "Ahoy, there" rang over the lake in Hook's voice, and this time it was not Peter who had spoken.

Peter's face showed great surprise.

Now Wendy understood. The real Hook was also in the water!

In the light of the pirates' lantern, Wendy saw his hook grip the boat's side, and she saw his evil face as he rose from the water. Shaking with fear, she wanted to swim away, but Peter refused to move. He was very excited.

When Hook reached them he sat down with his head resting on his hook in a position of deep sadness.

"Captain, is all well?" they asked timidly.

He answered with a moan.

"What's wrong, captain?"

Hook sighed. "Those boys have found a mother!" he said.

Though still frightened, Wendy felt proud when she heard this.

"Oh, evil day," cried Starkey.

"Captain," said Smee, "couldn't we kidnap these boys' mother and make her our mother?"

"It is an excellent idea," cried Hook, and at once it began to take shape in his clever mind. "We will catch the children and carry them to the boat; we will make the boys walk the plank, and Wendy will be our mother."

"Never!" Wendy cried.

"What was that?"

But they could see nothing. They thought it was a leaf in the wind.

"Do you agree, my friends?" asked Hook.

The pirates promised to help him in his plan.

By this time they were on the rock, and

suddenly Hook remembered Tiger Lily.

"Where is the Indian?" he demanded.

"It's all right, captain," Smee answered. "We let her go."

"Let her go?" cried Hook.

"It was your own orders," the pirates answered.

Hook's face turned black with anger. But he saw that the two pirates believed their words, and he was surprised.

"Boys," he said, shaking a little, "I gave no such order."

"It is very strange," Smee said, and they looked around nervously.

"Spirit that haunts this dark lake tonight," Hook cried, "do you hear me?"

Of course Peter should have kept quiet, but of course he did not. He immediately answered in Hook's voice: "I hear you!"

Smee and Starkey held each other in fear.

"Who are you, stranger? Speak!" Hook demanded.

"I am James Hook," replied the voice, "captain of the Jolly Roger."

"You are not; you are not!" Hook replied.

"Say that again," the voice shouted, "and I'll attack you with my hook!"

Hook tried a gentler manner. "If you are Hook," he said, "tell me, who am I?"

"A codfish," replied the voice, "only a codfish."

"A codfish!" Hook echoed.

"Have we been captained all this time by a codfish?" the pirates asked themselves.

Hook decided to try the guessing game.

"Hook," he called, "do you have another voice?"

Peter could never resist a game, and he answered happily in his own voice, "I do."

"And another name?"

"Ay, ay."

"Vegetable?" asked Hook.

"No."

"Mineral?"

"No."

"Animal?"

"Yes."

"Man?"

"No!" This answer rang out angrily.

"Boy?"

"Yes."

"Ordinary boy?"

"No!"

"Wonderful boy?"

"Yes."

Hook was completely confused. "You ask him some questions," he said to the others. Smee thought for a while. "I can't think of a thing," he said, embarrassed.

"Can't guess, can't guess," Peter shouted happily. "Do you give up?"

Of course because of his pride he was carrying the game too far, and the evil pirates saw their chance.

"Yes, yes," they answered.

"Well, then," he cried, "I am Peter Pan."

Pan!

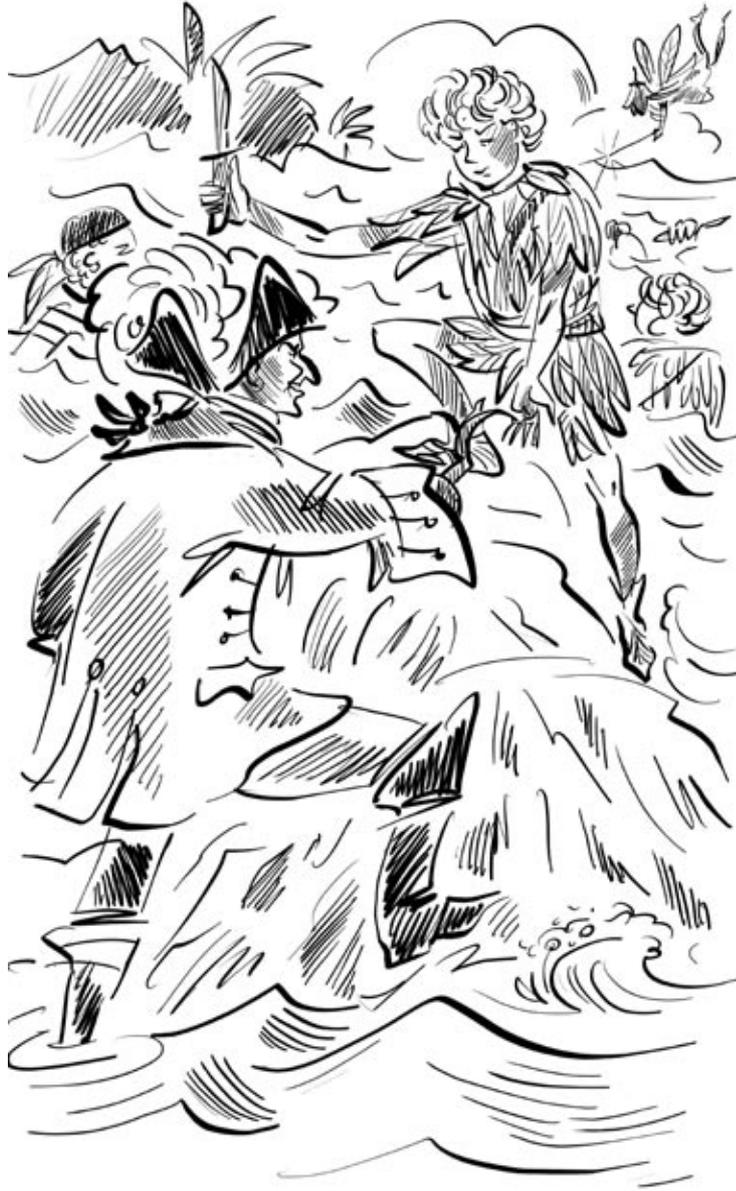
"Now we have him!" Hook shouted. "Into the water! Take him dead or alive!"

At the same time came the joyful voice of Peter. "Are you ready, boys?"

"Ay, ay," came from various parts of the lake.

"Then let's go!"

The fight was short. Here and there heads



went up and down in the water. Swords flashed, and there were shouts and cries.

Where was Peter? He was looking for his greatest enemy, Hook.

They didn't meet in the water. Hook rose to the rock to breathe, and at the same moment Peter climbed on it the other side, not knowing that Hook was also on the rock. Suddenly, they were face to face.

Peter grabbed a knife from Hook's belt and was about to attack him with it, when he saw that he was higher up on the rock than him. It would not have been a fair fight, so he gave the pirate a hand to help him up. But suddenly Hook cut Peter's hand with his iron claw.

Not the pain of this but its unfairness was what shocked Peter. He could only stare, horrified.

A few minutes later the other boys saw Hook in the water swimming towards the ship; there was no joy on his evil face now, for the crocodile was following him.

The lost boys had lost both Peter and Wendy and searched the lake for them,

calling their names. They found the pirate's boat and went home in it, shouting, "Peter, Wendy," as they went, but no answer came.

After they were gone the lake was silent. Then there was a weak cry.

"Help, help!"

Peter and Wendy were lying on the rock. Peter saw that the water was rising. He knew that they would soon drown.

"We are on the rock, Wendy," he said, "but it is growing smaller. Soon the water will be over it."

She did not understand. "We must go," she said.

"Yes," he answered faintly.

"Should we swim or fly, Peter?"

"Do you think you could swim or fly as far as the island, Wendy, without my help?"

She admitted that she was too tired and Peter moaned.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I can't help you, Wendy. Hook injured me. I can neither fly nor swim."

"Do you mean we will both drown?"



"Look how the water is rising."

They put their hands over their eyes to shut out the sight, thinking they would soon be dead.

As they sat there, Peter felt something touch his leg. It was the tail of a kite which Michael had made a few days before. It had escaped from his hand and floated away.

"Michael's kite," Peter said, pulling it toward him. "It lifted Michael off the ground," he cried, "why should it not carry you?"

"Both of us! Peter, you're very small and light. Let's try!"

So they tied the tail around them. The wind was strong and picked them up, and the kite carried them up into the sky.

Great was the happiness when they reached the home under the ground. Every boy had adventures to tell; but perhaps the biggest adventure of all was that they were several hours late for bed.

Chapter VI

Wendy's Story



One important result of the adventure on the lake was that it made the Indians their friends. Peter had saved Tiger Lily from a terrible death, and now she and her tribe would do anything for him. All night they sat keeping watch over the home under the ground and waiting for the big attack by the pirates which they expected to happen sometime soon.

One evening the Indians were watching in their spots up above, while, below, the children were going to bed, ready to hear Wendy's bedtime story. It was the story they loved best, the story Peter hated. It was about a gentleman and a lady, named Mr. and Mrs. Darling.

"I knew them," John said, to show off.

"I think I knew them," said Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling were married and had three children. One day the children flew away to the Neverland, where the lost children live. The parents were unhappy, and the three little beds were empty.

"It's very sad," said one boy.

"I don't see how it can have a happy ending," said another.

"If you knew how great a mother's love is," Wendy explained, "you would have no fear." She had now come to the part of the story that Peter hated.

"You see," Wendy explained, "the children knew that the mother would always leave the window open for them to fly back in; so they stayed away for many years and had a lovely time."

"Did they ever go back?"

"Let's take a look into the future," said Wendy. "Years have passed; and who is this elegant lady arriving at London Station? Can it be the lovely Wendy?"

"Oh!"

"And who are the two handsome figures accompanying her, now young men? Can they be John and Michael? They are!"

"Oh!"

"See, dear brothers,' says Wendy, pointing upwards, 'there is the window still open.' So up they flew to their mummy and daddy; and everyone was happy forever."



But when Wendy finished her story Peter moaned.

"Wendy, you are wrong about mothers," he said. "Long ago, I thought like you that my mother would always keep the window open for me; so I stayed away for a long time, and then flew back; but the window was closed and locked, for my mother had forgotten all about me, and there was another little boy sleeping in my bed."

This might not have been true, but it scared them.

"Are you sure mothers are like that?"

"Yes."

So this was the truth about mothers!

"Wendy, let's go home," cried John and Michael together.

"Yes," she said, hugging them.

"Tonight?" asked the Lost Boys.

"At once," Wendy replied, for she had the horrible thought that perhaps their mother had forgotten all about them.

Her fear made her not think about Peter's feelings, and she said to him, "Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?"

"If you wish it," he replied coldly.

He was full of anger against grown-ups, who, as usual, were spoiling everything.

He went out; and when he returned, he said, "Wendy, I have asked the Indians to guide you through the forest, since flying makes you so tired."

"Thank you Peter."

"Then," he continued, "Tinker Bell will take you across the sea. Wake her up, boys."

The boys were sad, not only because they were going to lose Wendy, but also because they felt that she was going off to something nice which they had not been invited to.

"Dear ones," she said, "if you all come with us, I feel almost sure my father and mother will adopt you."

The boys jumped with joy.

"Peter, can we go?" they all cried.

"All right," Peter replied with an angry smile.

The children all rushed to get their things. But Peter didn't move.

"Get your things, Peter," Wendy said.

"No," he answered, "I am not going with you, Wendy."

"To find your mother," she said.

Now, if Peter had ever really had a mother, he no longer missed her. He was happy without one. He had thought a lot about mothers, and remembered only their bad points.

"No, no," he told Wendy; "perhaps she would say I was old, and I just want to always be a little boy and to have fun."

And so Wendy had to tell the others that Peter wasn't coming.

Peter not coming! They stared at him, their sticks over their backs, and on each stick a bag of clothes.

"Now then," cried Peter, "goodbye, Wendy." And he held out his hand politely to her.

"Are you ready, Tink?" he called out.

"Ay, ay."

Tinker Bell flew up the nearest tree; but no one followed her, for right at this moment the pirates made their attack upon the Indians. Above, where all had been so still, the air was suddenly filled with screams

and the sound of swords. The children all stared at each other in fear.

The pirate attack was a complete surprise. It turned out to be a massacre rather than a fight. Only Tiger Lily and a few of her tribe managed to escape, while the rest died.

The night's work was not yet over, for it was not the Indians that Hook had come out to destroy. It was Pan he wanted; Pan and Wendy and their group. But how would he get to the underground home?

Down below, the children were all wondering who had won the battle up above. The noises had stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Which side had won?

The pirates, listening at the holes in the trees, heard the boys asking this question, and then they also heard Peter's answer.

"If the Indians have won," he said, "they will beat the drum; it is always their sign of victory."

Smee had found the drum. "You will never hear the drum again!" he whispered. But to his surprise Hook signalled to him to beat the drum.



Smee beat upon the drum twice.

"The drum!" they heard Peter cry; "an Indian victory."

The children cheered, and then repeated their good-byes to Peter.

Silently Hook gave his orders to the pirates: one man to each tree, and the others in a line behind them.

As each boy emerged from his tree, he was grabbed by a pirate and tossed like a sack of potatoes to the pirate waiting behind him, who then tossed him to Hook. The children were then tied up with ropes.

Late that night, Peter lay fast asleep. He was awoken by a soft knocking on the door of his tree.

It was Tinker Bell. She flew in, her face red and her dress muddy. She told him immediately about the capture of Wendy and the boys. Peter couldn't believe it! Wendy tied up, and on the pirate ship!

"I'll rescue her!" Peter shouted as he rose from his tree.

Chapter VII

The Return Home



On the deck of the pirate ship, the prisoners were in chains so they could not fly away. Wendy was tied to the mast with ropes.

"So, my beauty," Hook said to Wendy, "you are going to see your children walk the plank."

"Are they going to die?" asked Wendy.

"They are," he growled.

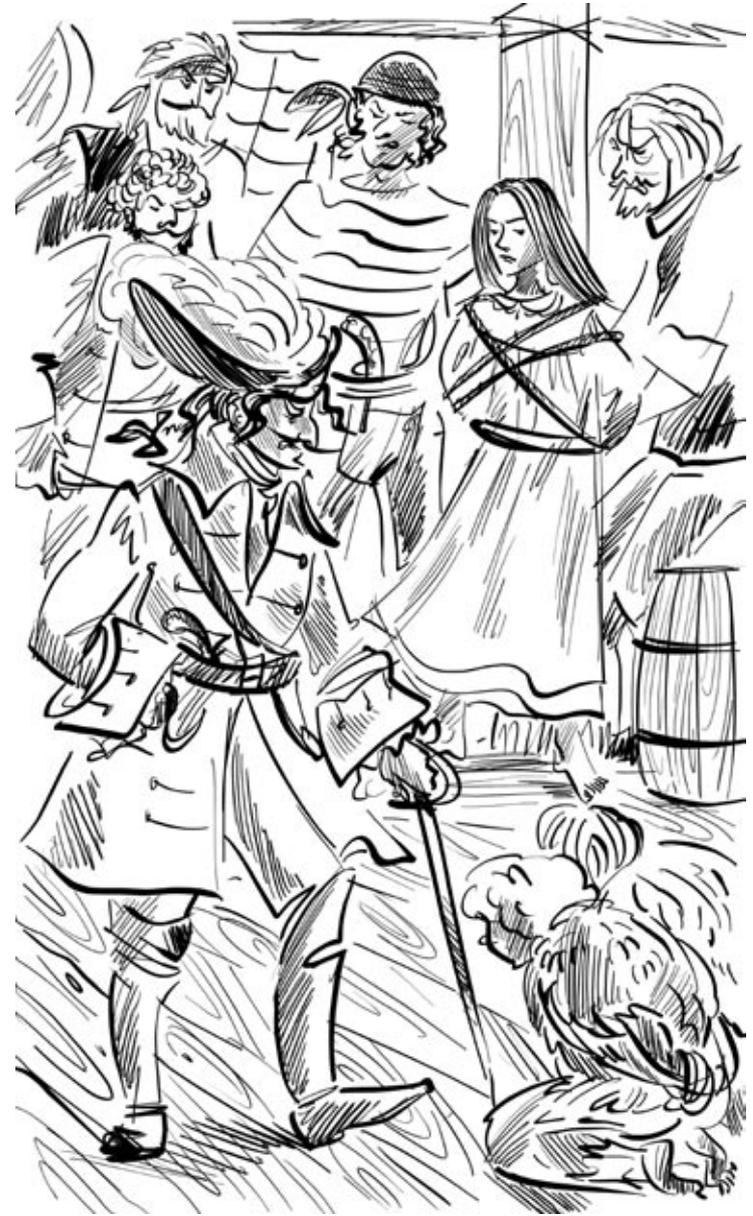
Hook took a step toward Wendy. He wanted to turn her face so that she would see the boys walking the plank one by one. But he never reached her. He never heard the cry of despair that he hoped to hear from her. Instead he heard the terrible tick-tick of the crocodile.

The sound came nearer. Everyone realised the same thing: the crocodile was about to get on the ship!

Hook began to shake. "Hide me," he cried.

The pirates stood around Hook to hide him from the crocodile.

The boys rushed to the ship's side to see the crocodile climbing it. Then they got a



surprise; for it was not the crocodile that was coming to help them. It was Peter! He was ticking like the crocodile.

On tiptoe, Peter slipped across the deck and disappeared into the ship's cabin.

The ticking stopped. A few of the pirates felt brave enough to turn around and look.

"It's gone, captain," Smee said.

Hook listened. There was not a sound.

"And now for the plank," he cried, hating the boys more than ever now because they had seen him act so cowardly. "Do you want the whip before you walk the plank?"

The boys fell to their knees. "No, no," they cried.

"Go get the whip, Jukes," said Hook; "it's in the cabin."

The cabin! Peter was in the cabin! The children stared at each other.

"Ay, ay," said Jukes, and he went into the cabin. The boys all followed him with their eyes.

All of a sudden a horrible scream came from the cabin.

"What was that?" cried Hook.

Another pirate, Cecco, hesitated for a moment and then walked bravely into the cabin. He ran out, his face pale.

"What's the matter with Bill Jukes, you coward?" Hook shouted at him.

"The matter with him is he's dead, stabbed," replied Cecco.

"Bill Jukes dead!" cried the shocked pirates.

"The cabin's as black as a pit," Cecco said, "and there is something terrible in there!"

"Cecco," Hook said in his most commanding voice, "go back and bring that creature out."

Cecco, the bravest of the brave, shook before his captain, crying, "No, no."

"Did you say you would go, Cecco?" he said, lifting up his hook. Cecco, with fear in his eyes, had no choice and slowly walked towards the cabin. Everyone listened; and again they heard a deathly scream.

Hook was furious. "Who is going to bring me that monster?"

There was silence.

Grabbing a lantern, Hook said, "I'll bring

out that creature myself." And he ran into the cabin.

A moment later he ran out, without his lantern.

"Something blew out the light," he said.

"What about Cecco?" the pirates demanded.

"He's as dead as Jukes."

Hook's fear of the cabin frightened all the pirates very much. They began to talk about how it must be the devil on board. All pirates are superstitious after all.

"The ship's doomed!" shouted all the pirates.

The children began to cheer when they heard this.

Hook had nearly forgotten about his prisoners; but now he turned towards them and he smiled.

"Here's an idea," he cried to his crew. "Open the cabin door and push the boys in. Let them fight the creature. If they kill him, it's better for us; if he kills them, it will be doing us a favour too."

The pirates admired Hook for his clever

idea. The boys, pretending to struggle, were pushed into the cabin and the door was closed.

"Now, listen," cried Hook, and all listened looking in the opposite direction so they wouldn't have to see anything too horrible. Only Wendy, who was still tied to the mast, watched what was going on.

In the cabin Peter had found the key that would free the children from their chains; and now they all secretly left the cabin, armed with all the weapons they could find. First signalling to them to hide, Peter ran over and cut Wendy's ropes. When he freed her, he whispered to her to hide herself with the others, and he took her place by the mast, her cloak around him so that he could pretend to be her.

Hearing nothing, the pirates thought all the boys lay dead in the cabin, and they were panic-stricken. Hook tried to give them courage. "Men," he said, "There's someone on board bringing us bad luck."

"Ay," they growled, "a man with a hook."

"No, lads, it's the girl. There's never luck

on a pirate ship with a woman on board. We'll have better luck when she's gone. Throw her overboard," cried Hook. And they all rushed towards the figure in the cloak.

"There's no one who can save you now," the pirates laughed.

"There's one," replied the figure.

"Who's that?"

"Peter Pan!" came the answer; and as he spoke Peter threw off his cloak. Then they all realised who it had been in the cabin.

"Now, boys!" Peter's voice rang out, and the boys jumped out and attacked.

The boys ran towards the pirates, working together. Some of the pirates jumped into the sea; others hid in dark corners, where they were found by the boys and thrown overboard. All the pirates were gone when a group of boys surrounded Hook. But they could not get close to him because he kept a clear space around him with his claw.

"Put away your swords, boys," cried a voice, "this man is mine."

Suddenly Hook found himself face to face with Peter. The others moved back

and formed a ring around them.

Peter was a superb swordsman, but his shorter height was against him, and he could not manage to stab Hook.

Hook, as brilliant a swordsman as Peter, was not quite as fast, but he used his height and weight as an advantage. He tried to use his favourite technique, taught to him long ago by his father, but to his surprise he found that even this did not work.

Then he tried to get Peter with his iron hook; but in one clever movement Peter avoided the hook and stabbed Hook in the stomach. At the sight of his own blood, the sword fell from Hook's hand.

"Now!" cried all the boys, but with a polite gesture Peter invited his enemy to pick up his sword.

Hook fought now with every bit of strength he had left, and every attack with the sword would have cut any man or boy in half who stood in its way; but Peter flew around Hook in the air, and again and again he jumped in and stabbed him.

Hook was fighting now without hope.

Seeing Peter slowly coming towards him through the air with his sword pointed straight at him, he jumped onto the side of the ship to throw himself into the sea. He did not know that the crocodile was waiting for him, silently, in the water. It had stopped ticking a short time before, when its clock had finally stopped.

Hook waited until the last moment, when Peter was rushing right at him. Then he jumped into the depths of the sea without looking, and straight into the crocodile's jaws.

When the fight was over Wendy took the boys into Hook's cabin and pointed to his watch which was hanging on the wall. She said, "half-past one. Way past your bedtimes!"

And put them to bed in the pirates' bunks very quickly.

They sailed most of the way back home on the pirates' ship. We don't need to tell you who the captain of the ship was! Half-way home, Captain Pan decided that it would save time to fly the rest of the way.



After being away from home for so long, did the children deserve to have the window still open, and their mother and father waiting for them to return? Of course not! But how else could it have been?

Mrs. Darling had had many sad days since the children's departure sitting by the fire in the nursery. One evening while she was half-asleep by the fire, Wendy, John and Michael flew into the room and landed on the floor.

"Look, there are our old beds!"

"And there is mother, asleep by the fire!"

They went over to their mother and put their arms around her; and when she awoke to find her children home, she shouted for Mr. Darling and he came running in to share her happiness.

There could not have been a lovelier sight; but there was nobody there to see it except a strange boy who was staring in through the window. He had many joys that other children can never know; but he was looking through the window at the one joy which he could never have.

Glossary

accompaniment – okoliczność towarzysząca,
admiration – podziw
adventure – przygoda
ankle – kostka (u nogi)
to annoy – dokuczać, niepokoić, drażnić
arrangement – urządzenie, układ
awful – straszny, okropny
barely – ledwo, tylko
battle – bitwa
beach – plaża
bear – niedźwiedź
bell – dzwon, dzwonek
blood – krew
boat – łódź



bottom – dno
bright – jasny, promienny, błyszczący
brilliant – lśniący, wspaniały, znakomity
bunk – koja, kuszетка
calm – cichy, spokojny
to capture – pojmać, zawładnąć, złapać
cause – przyczyna, powód
cave – jaskinia
ceiling – sufit

chain – łańcuch, łańcuszek
chair – krzesło
chance – traf, przypadek, szansa, okazja
to chase – polować, polowanie, pogoń
chest – 1. skrzynia, kufer 2. klatka piersiowa
Cinderella – Kopciuszek
claw – pazur, szpon
clever – sprytny, zdolny
cloak – płaszcz, peleryna
clock – zegar
codfish = cod – dorsz
coin – moneta
compact – zbity, gęsty, zwarty
companionship – towarzystwo
confident – ufny, przekonany, pewny
confuse – mieszać, plątać, zmieszać, zażenować
content – zawartość, istota
cork – korek, korkować
corner – róg
coward – tchórz
cozy = cosy – przytulny, wygodny
crocodile – krokodyl



curtain – kurtyna, zasłona, firanka
to dance – tańczyć
discovery – odkrycie, wynalazek
delight – radować się, zachwycać
to demand – żądać, wymagać
devil – diabeł
to dive – nurkować
doom – los, przeznaczenie
drops of water – krople wody
drawer – 1. rysownik, 2. szuflada
drum – bęben, werbel



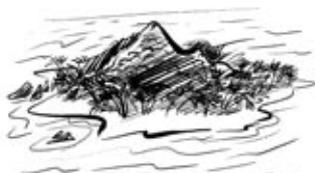
dust – kurz, proch
embarrass – wprowadzić w zakłopotanie, sprawić kłopot, przeszkadzać
enemy – wróg
evil – zły, nieszczęsny
to excite – podniecać, pobudzać
exclaim – zawołać, wykrzyknąć
experience – doświadczenie
faint – słaby, lekki, nikły, błady
fairy – czarodziejski, bajeczny
favour – łaska, przychylność, przysługa
fear – strach

female – żeński, kobiecy
fight – walczyć, zwalczać
fire – ogień



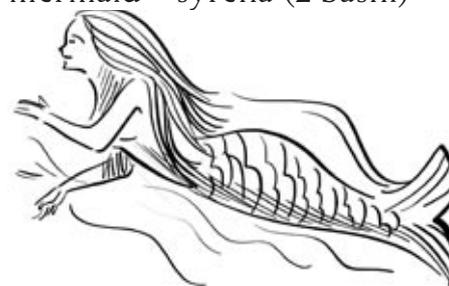
fireplace – kominek
fist – pięść
flamingo – flaming
flash – błysnąć, błyszczeć, świecić
floor – podłoga
to fly – latać
foot – stopa
forest – las
fortunate – szczęśliwy, pomyślny
gaze – uporczywie patrzeć, gapić się
gentle – delikatny, łagodny, szlachetny
glass – szkło, szklanka
to grab – porywać, chwytać, grabić
greedy – chciwy, żarłoczny
harbour – port
to hesitate – wahać się, być niezdecydowanym
hole – dziura
hollow – puste miejsce, dziura, jama
hook – hak
hostess – gospodyni, pani domu

to hug – przytulać
identical – identyczny
ignorant – nieświadomy, niewykształcony
impatient – niecierpliwy, zniecierpliwiony
impossible – niemożliwy
Indian camp – obóz indiański
instance – wypadek, przykład
iron – żelazko, żelazo
to iron – prasować
island – wyspa



joy – radość, uciecha
kite – 1. kania, 2. latawiec
kitten – kotek
knee – kolano
knife – nóż
lad – chłopak, chłopiec
language – język, mowa
lantern – latarnia
leaf (l.mn. leaves) – liść
leg – noga
letter – list
lonely – samotny
loyal – lojalny
to moan – jęczeć, lamentować

to marry – żenić się, wychodzić za mąż
mind – umysł, rozum
to mention – wspominać, nadmieniać
mermaid – syrena (z baśni)



monster – potwór
muddy – błotnisty, mętny, brudny
nasty – wstrętny, przykry, groźny
needle – igła
nervous – nerwowy, niespokojny
nonsense – niedorzeczność, nonsens
nursery – pokój dziecienny
occasional – okolicznościowy, przypadkowy, rzadki
ocean – ocean
to order – rozkazywać, zamawiać
passion – namiętność
pet – pieszczoł, ulubieniec, pieścić
pipe – fajka
pirate – pirat, korsarz
pit – dół, jama, kopalnia
plank – 1. deska, 2. główny punkt programu
pocket – kieszeń
poison – trucizna

polite – grzeczny, uprzejmy
pram (pot.) = perambulator – wózek dziecięcy



pretend – pozorować, udawać
pride – duma
prince – księżę
princess – księżna, księżniczka
prison – więzienie
proper – właściwy, odpowiedni, należyty
resemblance – podobieństwo
respect – szacunek, wzgląd, szanować
to roar – huczeć, ryczeć, grzmieć
rock – skała
rocket – rakietka, pocisk
rope – sznur, lina
to rub – trzeć, ocierać, wycierać, czyścić
sack – 1. worek, 2. grabież, łupy
sailor – żeglarz, marynarz
sardine – sardynka
sea – morze
scary – straszny
scream – krzyk
to sew (sewed, sewed) – szyć, zszywać, przesywać

shadow – cień, odbicie, mrok, widmo
shape – kształt
shoe – but
to slide (slid, slid) – poślizgnąć się, ślizgać się
slipper – pantofel
soap – mydło
sob – łkać, szlochać
soft – miękki, łagodny, delikatny, przyjemny
spirit – duch, charakter, męstwo
spot – miejsce, plama
spread (spread, spread) – rozpościerać, rozprze-
strzeniać, rozwijać
stab – pchnąć sztyłem, zasztyletować
stairs – schody
star – gwiazda
stick (stuck, stuck) – wetknąć, wepchnąć, prze-
bić, przymocować
still – cichy, spokojny, jeszcze, nadal, ciągle
stomach – żołądek, brzuch
stone – kamień
story – historia, opowiadanie
stranger – nieznajomy
to stroke – 1. głaskać 2. uderzenie, cios
struggle – walka, walczyć, zmagać się
superstitious – przesądny, zabobonny
surprise – niespodzianka
surround – otoczony
sword – miecz

Contents

tail – ogon, warkocz
tear (tore, torn) – rwać, szarpać
terrible – straszny, okropny
thought – myśl, namysł
thread – nić, nitka, wątek
timid – bojaźliwy, nieśmiały
to tinkle – dzwonić
tiptoe – na czubkach palców
to toss – rzucać w górę, podrzucić, potrząsać
trigical – tragiczny
tree- drzewo
trouble – kłopot
tuck – fałda, zakładka
varied – różnorodny
vegetable – jarzyna, roślina
wardrobe – szafa na ubranie
war – path – ścieżka wojenna
weapon – broń
to whisper – szeptać
wide – szeroki, obszerny
wigwam – wigwam, szałas (indiański)
wipe – ścierać, wycierać
wolf – wilk
wonderful – wspaniały
wrinkle – zmarszczka, fałd
yawn – ziewać

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