

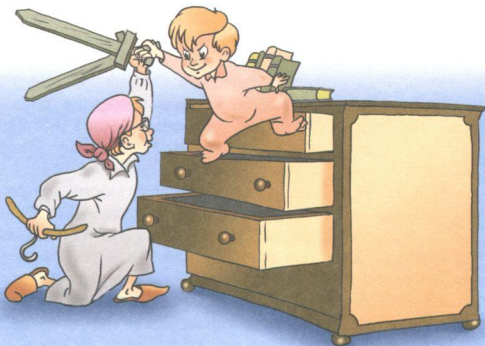
ВНУТРИ
CD
аудио



Peter Pan's
Adventures



Peter Pan and Wendy



Mr and Mrs Darling lived in a big house in London with their daughter Wendy and her two younger brothers, John and Michael.

But if you think the Darlings were an *ordinary* family you'd be very much mistaken. The first unusual thing about them was that instead of having a real nursemaid, the children had a big shaggy dog called Nana to take care of them! And the second unusual thing was that all of them – well, all except Mr Darling – believed that Peter Pan really existed.

One evening in the nursery, John was pretending to be Peter Pan and Michael was pretending to be his arch enemy, Captain Hook. They were having a *very* noisy sword fight!

Mr Darling burst in, looking very hot and bothered.

"Stop that racket!" he shouted. "I've lost my gold cuff-links, and your mother and I can't go out to the theatre until they're found!"

He searched the nursery frantically, until John remembered that they'd borrowed the cuff-links to use as treasure in one of their games...

"But we *had* to have some treasure," explained John. "It was part of the story Wendy told us about Peter Pan and – "

"Peter Pan indeed!" scoffed Mr Darling. "Wendy, how many times have I told you to stop telling the boys all those silly stories?"

"But they're *not* silly stories!" Wendy said defiantly. "They're *real*, and Peter Pan is real, too!"

"No! No! No!" shouted Mr Darling. "If I hear any more of this Peter Pan nonsense I shall – I shall – "

He stopped to get his breath back and then he said more calmly, "Now look here, Wendy! You're not a little girl any more and it's high time you had a room of your own. I mean it! This is the last night in the nursery. Tomorrow you'll move into your own room – you've got to grow up like any other young lady!"

The rest of the family stared at Mr Darling in horror.

"And another thing!" said Mr Darling. "From now on Nana will stay outside in the yard like a proper dog. Whoever heard of children having a dog for a nanny? It's – it's just madness! Everyone in this house has got to grow up and start being sensible – and that includes you, Mary," he added to his wife.

With that, Mr Darling stormed out of the nursery dragging poor Nana behind him. They all stared at each other in dismay.

"There, there, children," Mrs Darling tried to comfort them. "Your father is only doing this for the best, you know."



"But he doesn't understand!" said Wendy tearfully. "I *know* Peter Pan is real because I've got his shadow. Nana stole it from him, and I've been looking after it ever since. And besides – oh, Mother, I don't *want* to grow up!"

"No, of course you don't, dear," said Mrs Darling, who was anxious not to be late for the theatre. "Now, just go to sleep like a good girl, and don't think about it any more tonight."

But Wendy couldn't *help* thinking about it. Why should she grow up when she had so much fun as a child? If she grew up she'd have to do all the difficult and boring things grown-ups do. But worst of all, she wouldn't be able to believe in Peter Pan any more ...

Wendy tossed and turned miserably in her bed, until eventually she fell asleep. But no sooner had her eyes closed than a tiny fairy and a mischievous-looking boy dressed in green flew in through the nursery window.

"It must be in here *somewhere!*" – whispered the boy.

The fairy nodded her head, making a tinkling sound like a little bell and the two of them flew round the room searching.

The fairy opened a drawer and, at once, a shadow leapt out. The boy slammed the drawer shut, and was so busy chasing his shadow which flew around the room, that he didn't even notice he had trapped the poor fairy inside.

"Oh no you don't," he muttered, grabbing wildly at the shadow just as it threatened to slip out through the window. But as he caught it he collided with the wardrobe and crashed to the floor with a loud thump!

Wendy woke up with a start. She sat bolt upright, blinked a couple of times to make sure she wasn't dreaming, and then jumped out of bed.





“Peter Pan!” She cried with delight at the sight of her hero. “And you look exactly as I thought you would. I’ve been wanting to meet you for so long, and now you’re here – really *here*, and I’m actually talking to you! I *knew* you’d come back for your shadow, you see. My father didn’t believe me, but I *knew* you would!”

“Will you please stop talking and find a needle and thread to sew my shadow back on,” said Peter Pan urgently.

“Oh, I – I’m sorry,” Wendy stammered. “Oh dear, I’m in such a spin!”

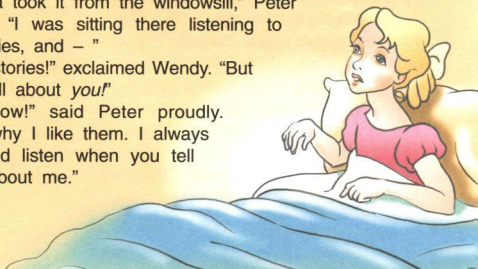
Peter sat very still while Wendy sewed the shadow back on to the soles of his feet as neatly as she could.

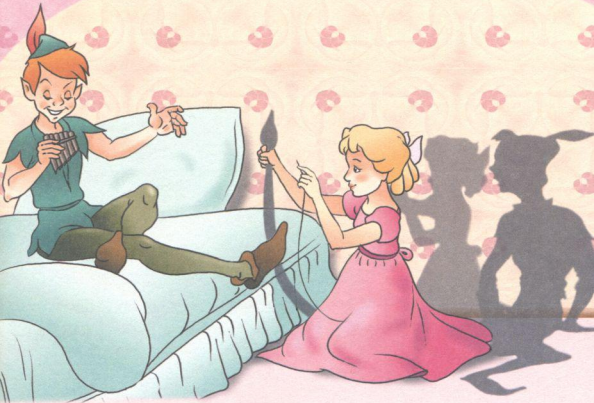
“But how did you manage to lose your shadow in the first place?” she asked.

“Nana took it from the windowsill,” Peter told her. “I was sitting there listening to your stories, and – ”

“My stories!” exclaimed Wendy. “But they’re all about *you!*”

“I know!” said Peter proudly. “That’s why I like them. I always come and listen when you tell stories about me.”





"But I'm afraid there won't be any more stories now," sighed Wendy, suddenly remembering what her father had said to her.

"You see, tomorrow I've got to – got to grow up."

"Grow up?" cried Peter horrified. "Oh, I can't allow that! Come with me to Never Never Land. No-one *ever* grows up there!"

"Never Never Land!" echoed Wendy. "Oh, it sounds wonderful! I'm so happy I think I'll give you a kiss!"

But as she bent to kiss him on the cheek, someone pulled her hair very hard.

"Ouch!" Wendy cried. "Who on earth did that?"

A little tinkling sound gave Peter the answer. The little fairy had escaped from her prison by squeezing through the keyhole of the drawer, but now she was very angry.

"Oh, it's only Tinkerbell. I'd forgotten all about her," said Peter. "I suppose she's jealous. But don't take any notice of *her*. Come on let's go!"

“Just a minute!” said Wendy. “I can’t go without my brothers! John! Michael! Wake up ... wake up! Peter Pan is here, and he’s taking us to Never Never Land!”

John and Michael were wide awake in an instant.

“Oh good!” cried John excitedly. “Will we see Indians there?”



“And pirates?” asked Michael.

“Of course!” laughed Peter. “You can see everything you want, and you can do anything you like in Never Never Land.”

“But how will we get there?” Wendy asked Peter.

“We’ll fly, of course!”

“Fly?” chorused the children in astonishment.

“Anyone can fly,” said Peter confidently. “Just think of something nice, and off you go. All you need is a little bit of trust and – oh, I forgot, and a little bit of pixie dust, too.”

He grabbed the jealous little fairy and gave her a shake so that a shower of pixie dust fell on to them all.

"Now you can fly."

"You really think we can?" asked Wendy uncertainly, raising her arms. "Oh my ... you're right! We can fly!"

"We can fly! We can fly!" cried John and Michael as they rose from the floor.

"Oh what fun!" said Wendy as they flew out of the window, gliding over roofs and swooping round chimney pots.

Then she saw Nana tethered in the yard and they all flew down to wave goodbye before setting off on their journey.

Up and up they went, with all of London spread out below them. They soared towards the glittering stars ... Nana gave a faint howl as they disappeared from view, leaving the ordinary grown-up world far, far behind them.

"Well, there it is," said Peter Pan at last, as they stopped to rest on a cloud.

Stretched out below them was Never Never Land. They could see the Mermaid's Lagoon, the Hanging Oak and the bright colours of the Indian camp. It was all exactly as Wendy had dreamed it would be – a magical land where children never had to grow up, and every day was a wonderful adventure!

Peter Pan to the rescue

Wendy Darling was sitting on top of a cloud with her two younger brothers, John and Michael, gazing down in wonder at Never Never Land spread out below them.

"Oh, thank you for teaching us how to fly", Wendy said gratefully to Peter Pan and the little fairy, Tinkerbell. "We'd never have been able to see all this otherwise."

"Look, Wendy," interrupted John, pointing below him. "It's just the same as in the stories you told us. There's the Indian camp!"

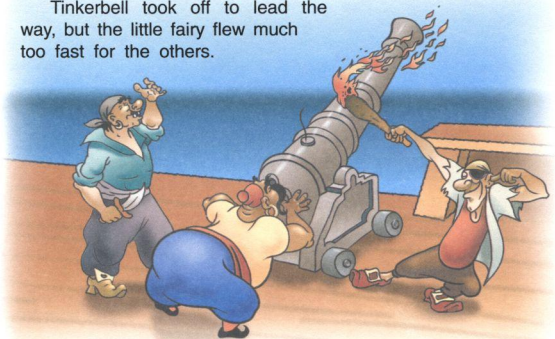
"And there's Captain Hook on the pirate ship", exclaimed Michael, jumping up and down with excitement.

"Look out!" yelled Peter, and the next moment there was a loud blast of gunfire, and a cannonball whizzed up at them from the pirate ship.

"Oh, help!" cried Wendy and the boys, as they all ducked down into the cloud for cover. But Peter Pan was quick to take control of the situation.

"I'll stay here and deal with Captain Hook. Tinkerbell, you take Wendy and the boys to the hideout at Hanging Oak. Quickly now!"

Tinkerbell took off to lead the way, but the little fairy flew much too fast for the others.





“Tinkerbell! Wait!” cried Wendy frantically. For she was only a beginner at flying and she couldn’t possibly keep up. “Tinkerbell, *please* wait for us!”

But the tiny fairy was so jealous of Wendy, that she simply flew all the faster and reached the hideout long before her.

There she found the Lost Boys fast asleep. These were the children who lived with Peter Pan and *never* wanted to grow up.

Tinkling as loudly as she could, the tiny fairy woke them all up ... and then she did a very mean thing.

“Shoot the girl, Tinkerbell?” one of the boys said sleepily. “Well, if it’s an order from Peter ...”

“Right – we’ll get her!” said another. “Take aim – fire!”

Poor Wendy, struggling through the sky trying to find Tinkerbell, flew straight into a barrage of sticks and stones and air-gun pellets.



“Aaaah!” she screamed, and tumbled helplessly down towards the jagged rocks below her!

From out of nowhere, Peter Pan swooped to the rescue and caught her in the nick of time. A moment later John and Michael landed in a heap in some foliage nearby.

“We did it!” shouted the Lost Boys, running up triumphantly to Peter Pan. “We obeyed your orders and shot her down!”

“Did you say *my* orders?” asked Peter in surprise.

“Yes, Tinkerbelle said – ”

“Tinkerbelle?” Peter frowned angrily. “Tinkerbelle! Come here at once!”

Tinkerbelle stood defiantly in front of Peter, not looking at all sorry for what she’d done, and this made Peter even more cross.

“Tinkerbelle!” said Peter shaking with anger. “You’ve done a very wicked thing and from now on, you’re banished for ever!”

With a murderous look at Wendy, Tinkerbelle flew off in a spray of anger red sparks of pixie dust.

But despite everything, Wendy felt sorry for the unhappy little fairy.

“Please don’t banish her for *ever!*” she begged.

“Oh, very well,” Peter relented. “Just for one week then.”



John and Michael soon made friends with the Lost Boys and they set off for the Indian camp to meet the Big Chief and his daughter, Tiger Lily.

Wendy wanted to explore the Mermaid’s Lagoon, and Peter was delighted to introduce her to his friends the mermaids. Proudly they showed her round their beautiful lagoon. Delicate sea-shells were scattered over the rocks, star-fish nestled in the rock pools



and, at the bottom of the crystal-clear water, lay clusters of colorful water plants.

“Oh, it’s so lovely here,” gasped Wendy in delight. “I’d like to stay for ever!”

But she might have changed her mind if she had seen what was going on in the pirates’ cove on the other side of the lagoon.

There, in a rowing boat bobbing up and down in the sea, sat Captain Hook and his faithful servant Mr Smee. They had captured Tiger Lily, the Indian Chief’s daughter, who was sitting in the boat with them, firmly bound and glaring at them angrily.

Peter climbed up on to a rock and was just about to leap into the inviting water for a swim – when he spotted the rowing boat...

“It’s Smee and Captain Hook!” he exclaimed.

“Hook! Hook! Hook!” cried the mermaids in alarm, and one by one they plunged into the water and hid among the rocks. Peter flitted from rock to rock, never taking his eyes from the rowing boat.

"They've captured Tiger Lily!" he gasped. "And it looks like they're heading for Skull Rock. Come on, Wendy, we're going for a closer look!"

Captain Hook was the nastiest person in Never Never Land. He and Peter Pan had had many battles and, in one famous sword fight, Peter had cut off the Captain's hand. In its place was a huge, menacing hook!

Peter had thrown Hook's hand to a hungry crocodile, who now followed the pirate ship wherever it went, hoping to finish his tasty meal... and ever since that day, Hook's greatest ambition was to be rid of Peter Pan once and for all!

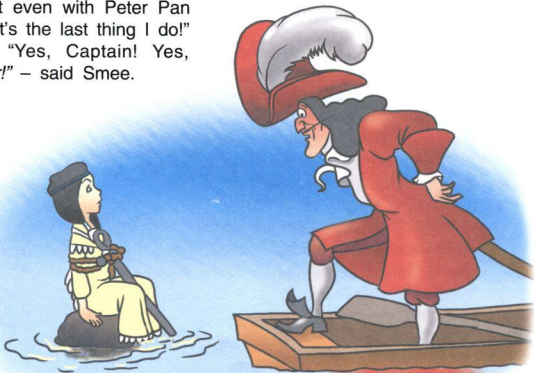
As the captain's boat approached Skull Rock, poor Tiger Lily was shaking with fear, but still she glared at him defiantly. Hook forced her from the boat and left her stranded on a tiny rock, with the water lapping all around her.

"Now, little Princess," snarled Captain Hook, "all you have to do is tell me where Peter Pan's hiding place is, and I'll set you free."

"No! Never!" Tiger Lily shook her head. "Peter Pan is my friend, and I shall *never* betray him!"

"She *must* talk!" Hook muttered to Mr Smee. "I must get even with Peter Pan if it's the last thing I do!"

"Yes, Captain! Yes, Sir!" – said Smee.





"This is your last chance, Tiger Lily," said Captain Hook with a cruel laugh. "Talk now – or you're finished!"

"Never! I won't," repeated Tiger Lily bravely, as the water gradually began to inch up to her neck.

Peter, who was hiding behind Skull Rock, knew he had to do something quickly – anything to distract their attention from Tiger Lily.

He crept forward and putting his mouth close to a hollow in the rock, he spoke in a ghostly voice which echoed all around the pirates' cove.

"Beware, Captain Hook, beware," called the spooky voice. "This is the Red Indian spirit of Manatoa, the spirit of the Great Sea Water. Beware, Captain Hook, beware ... "

"Did you hear that, Smee?" asked the Captain with a puzzled frown.

"Y-y-yes, C-captain. It's an – an evil spirit!" stammered Mr Smee, quaking with fear from head to foot.

"L-let's untie the pr-princess and g-get out of here!"

"Shut up, you old fool!" scoffed Captain Hook, peering around him, his eyes narrowing with suspicion. Then he saw a flash of green as Peter Pan moved around the rock.

"I knew it!" he shouted angrily. "It's Peter Pan up to his tricks again! Just wait till I catch that boy!"

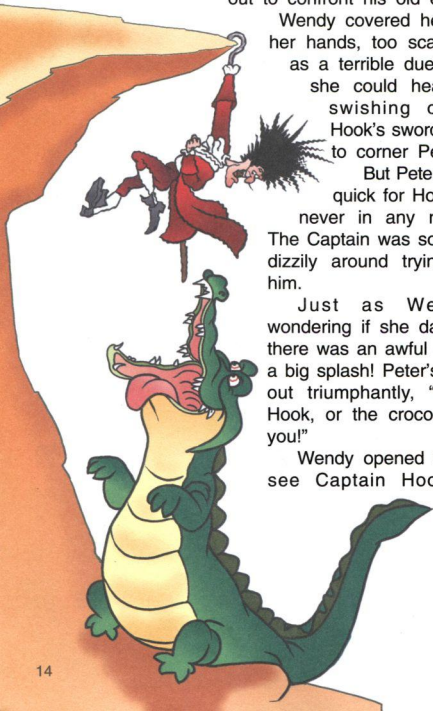
"Oh, Peter! Be careful!" cried Wendy as Peter darted out to confront his old enemy.

Wendy covered her face with her hands, too scared to look as a terrible duel began. All she could hear was the swishing of Captain Hook's sword as he tried to corner Peter Pan.

But Peter was far too quick for Hook and was never in any real danger. The Captain was soon spinning dizzily around trying to catch him.

Just as Wendy was wondering if she dared to look there was an awful scream and a big splash! Peter's voice rang out triumphantly, "Watch out, Hook, or the crocodile will get you!"

Wendy opened her eyes to see Captain Hook clinging



desperately to the edge of the rock, while the crocodile snapped its jaws impatiently below.

Meanwhile, Peter flew down to Tiger Lily, swept her up in his arms and carried her off in the direction of the Indian camp.

Wendy was quite dazed by her adventures! But gathering herself together, she flew as fast as she could after them, Captain Hook's cries for help still ringing in her ears.

One thing was for sure – real life in Never Never Land was even more exciting than any of the stories they had made up in the nursery at home!



Captain Hook's revenge



At the Indian camp on Never Never Land, the Big Chief was pacing up and down looking very worried. His daughter Tiger Lily had been missing for hours and he just didn't know where to look for her.

"You and you," he said to the two boys sitting at his feet. "You sure Tiger Lily not with Peter Pan and Wendy?"

"We're sure," said John and Michael together, a little frightened by the great chiefs booming voice. Their big sister Wendy would *never* keep Tiger Lily away so long! But, no sooner were the words out of their mouths, than Peter Pan flew down to the center

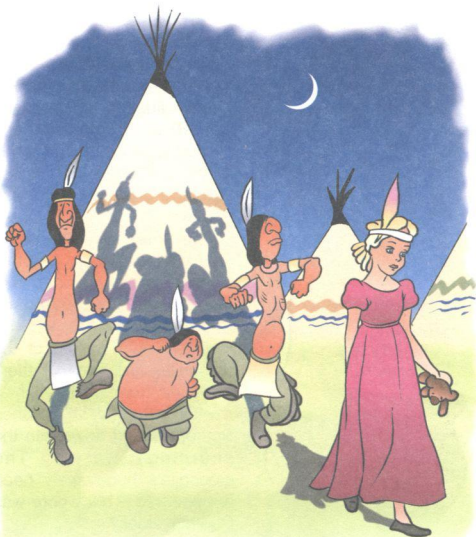


of the camp carrying Tiger Lily in his arms – and closely followed by Wendy.

Peter Pan set Tiger Lily down in front of the Big Chief and she threw her arms joyfully round her father.

“Oh, Father, what an adventure I’ve had! That wicked Captain Hook captured me and tried to force me to tell him where Peter’s hideout is – then Peter rescued me – and oh – I’m so glad to be home!”

“Mighty Peter Pan save Tiger Lily!” beamed the Chief. “Big Chief mighty glad! Big Chief name Peter Pan Little Flying Eagle!” And with that, he lowered a magnificent eagle feather head-dress on to Peter’s head. At once the



tomtom drums began to beat, and the whole Indian tribe started to sing and dance in celebration.

John and Michael gave a big cheer and so did all the Lost Boys.

But amid all the celebrations Wendy wasn't at all happy! She sat glumly by herself, watching Peter and Tiger Lily dancing together, and feeling dreadfully left out.

"Peter's forgotten all about me now he's with Tiger Lily," she said to herself angrily. And unable to stand it any longer, she got up and walked sadly away – back to their secret hideout.

Meanwhile, Peter had left the evil Captain Hook in a desperate situation. He was clinging to the edge of Skull Rock with the crocodile waiting patiently below, quite sure that he was about to have a large and tasty meal!

Mr Smee rowed frantically to try and reach Captain Hook, but it was no use – the Captain could hang on no longer ... Down he plunged, right on top of the crocodile, and both of them vanished from sight!

"Oh no! Oh dear!" moaned Smee, peering down into the churning water. The crocodile's huge scaly head re-appeared – but where was Captain Hook?



“Captain! Captain!” cried Smee in despair.

“Smee! Help!” It was a muffled voice calling his name, and, as the crocodile opened its mouth, there was the Captain, his clothes in tatters, right between the gaping jaws!

“Smee!” yelled Captain Hook, straining every muscle to stop the great jaws snapping shut around him. “Do something!”

“Yes, Cap’n! Yes, Sir!” stuttered Smee, who didn’t have a clue what he could do! He watched anxiously as Hook wrestled with the beast. Over and over they rolled in the water – and then he saw his chance. As Hook bobbed up gasping for air, Smee grabbed his tattered shirt and hauled him into the boat!

Smee rowed as fast as he could back to the pirate ship, with the crocodile snapping right behind them all the way. The Captain sat in the bows, a shivering, nervous wreck but, the minute he set foot safely on deck, his old, blustering self returned. He began to plot his revenge on Peter Pan.



"Mm ... I wonder ... bring Tinkerbell to me," he ordered Smee. "If what you say about her falling out with Peter Pan is true, she could be very useful to us."

"A jealous woman can be tricked into anything!" he chuckled, rubbing his hands together gleefully, as he saw Smee approaching with the tiny fairy.

"My dear Miss Tinkerbell!" he greeted her most insincerely. "I wanted to talk to you because I'm leaving Never Never Land tomorrow, and I'd like to make my peace with your friend Peter Pan before I go."

Tinkerbell looked up at the Captain innocently, believing every word he said.

"Well, my quarrel isn't really with Peter," he continued cunningly. "Personally I put the blame on that girl, Wendy!"

At the mention of Wendy, Tinkerbell shook with rage, and sparks of pixie dust snapped and fizzled all around her.



"I don't wonder you're upset, Miss Tinkerbell. It's terrible when a friend casts you aside like an old glove just because someone new has come along ..."

The heartbroken little fairy couldn't stand any more – she threw herself down on the table and sobbed bitterly.

"But there's hope for you yet, my dear," The Captain went on slyly. "If Mr Smee and I kidnap Wendy and take her away with us, I'm sure you and Peter Pan could become friends again ... But the only trouble is, how can we capture Wendy when we don't know where the secret hideout is?"

Tinkerbell sprang up and dried her eyes immediately. Flapping her wings excitedly, she flew to a map of the island which was spread out on the table. Carefully she dipped her feet in the ink pot and tiptoed along the route from the pirate's cove to Hanging Oak, while Captain Hook and Mr Smee watched her eagerly.

When she'd finished, Captain Hook gave a mocking laugh.

"Thank you, my dear, you've been most helpful! Grab her, Smee! Lock her up so she can't warn him. *Now* I can catch Peter Pan off guard and deal with him once and for all!"

Smee pushed Tinkerbell inside the ship's lantern and locked the glass door firmly. Tinkerbell kicked and rattled the door frantically. But it was no use! She was securely trapped, and now there was no way she could warn Peter about the danger he was in ...

Peter and the others had returned to the hideout after their celebrations at the Indian camp. Wendy was still in a bad mood and thoroughly fed up because the boys wouldn't stop pretending to be Indians.





“Isn’t Squaw Wendy talking to Big Chief Flying Eagle any more?” joked Peter.

“Oh stop being so *childish!*” – snapped Wendy. “I’ve had enough of this! I’m going home!”

“Well go home and grow up if you want to!” Peter replied petulantly. “But if you do, you won’t be able to come back to Never Never Land ever again!” And Peter went off into a corner to sulk.

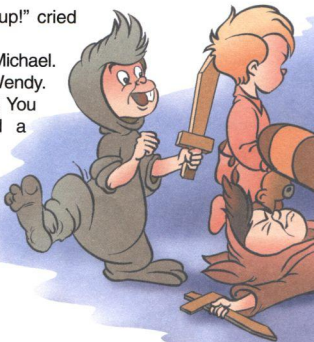
“We don’t want to grow up!” cried John.

“Or go home!” protested Michael.

“Don’t be silly!” scolded Wendy. “You can’t stay here forever! You need a proper home, and a mother, and – ”

“A mother!” interrupted one of the Lost Boys. “I think I had a mother once!”

“What’s a mother?” asked another Lost Boy.



"Well ..." began Wendy, as the boys crowded round her to listen, "a mother is the most wonderful person in the whole world! She loves you and cares for you, she tells you stories, and she kisses you goodnight... Oh dear, I feel so homesick!"

She looked up to see tears rolling down the boys' faces.

"I want to see my mother again," gulped Michael.

"I want to go home," sniffed John.

"And me," chorused the Lost Boys.

"Come on, then," said Wendy. We're *all* going home!"

There was a great rush to the entrance of the hideout and laughing and giggling, all the boys trooped up the stairs.

"Home," Wendy sighed happily – but it was not to be so simple.

For evil Captain Hook had very different plans for Peter Pan and his friends.



Peter Pan against the pirates

Wendy Darling and her brothers were on their way home from Never Never Land – taking with them the little Lost Boys who lived with Peter Pan. One by one they trooped out of the hideout at Hanging Oak, leaving Peter sulking in a corner.



But they were walking straight into a trap laid by Captain Hook's pirate gang. As they stepped outside, a pirate seized each one and bore them swiftly away to the ship, before they even had a chance to cry for help!

Meanwhile, Captain Hook and his trusty servant Mr Smee were playing postmen.

"Gently does it," murmured the Captain, lowering a gift-wrapped parcel down into the hideout.

Chuckling with glee, they returned to the ship, where Wendy and the boys were prisoners, tied firmly to the mast.

Wendy closed her eyes tightly, fighting back the tears of despair as Captain Hook gave the children a terrible choice.

"Well, my dears," he crowed. "You can either sign up and join my happy band of pirates – or you can walk the plank and drown in the sea! The choice is yours!"

"We'll sing up!" cried John and Michael and the Lost Boys hastily. "We'll join your pirates!"

"Boys!" scolded Wendy, who was so angry that she suddenly felt quite courageous. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

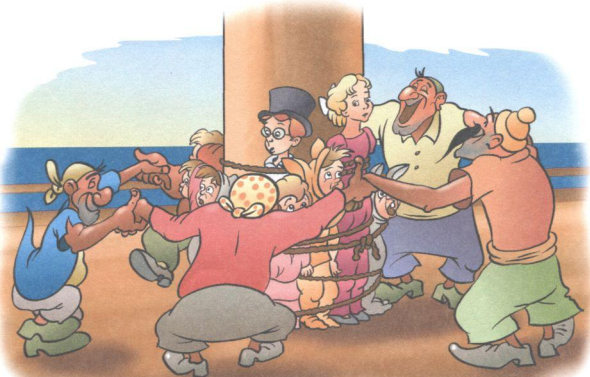
"But we don't want to walk the plank!" Michael pointed out.

"Well, we won't have to!" Wendy replied defiantly. "Peter Pan will save us!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha – I'm afraid not," sneered Captain Hook. "You see, I've sent Peter Pan a little present – a surprise parcel with a bomb inside it. It says "To Peter with love from Wendy. Do not open until six o'clock". So he won't suspect a thing! And when he opens it, he'll be blown sky high."

"No!" gasped Wendy. "Oh no, how *could* you?"

"Easily, my dear," laughed the Captain. "In a few minutes from now my worst enemy will be gone for good, never to plague me again." But Captain Hook had reckoned without the brave little fairy Tinkerbell. Hook had imprisoned her in

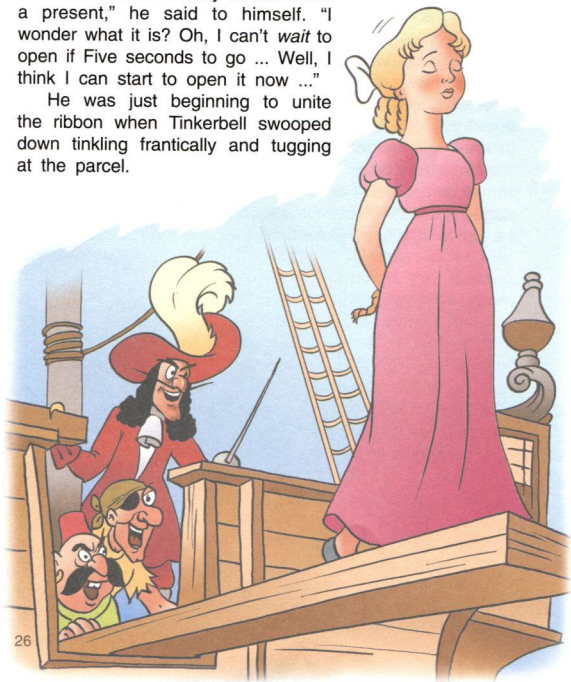


the ship's lantern, but when she heard the terrible plot against Peter Pan she was determined to escape. Fluttering violently inside the glass, she made the lantern fall and smash! Tinkerbell crawled out and flew as fast as her tiny wings would carry her, zipping through the air like a fireball until she reached the hideout.

Peter was there – holding the parcel on his lap and watching the clock ticking towards six o'clock.

“How kind of Wendy to leave me a present,” he said to himself. “I wonder what it is? Oh, I can't wait to open it if Five seconds to go ... Well, I think I can start to open it now ...”

He was just beginning to unite the ribbon when Tinkerbell swooped down tinkling frantically and tugging at the parcel.



“Tink! Tinkerbell, stop it” cried Peter. “I know you’re jealous because it’s from Wendy, but let me open it at least. Don’t be silly, Tinkerbell! What are you *doing?*”

Tinkerbell knocked the parcel out of Peter’s hands and it whizzed across the room exploding against the wall with an ear-splitting bang and a cloud of black smoke.

“A bomb! You saved my life”, gasped Peter in astonishment. Then he paused. “Thank you, Tink,” he said softly. “You’re a real friend. And I’m sorry I banished you, because you mean more to me than anything else in the world, honestly you do.”

Tinkerbell smiled happily and twirled around to show how pleased she was.

But then she remembered that Peter was needed elsewhere! She tugged at his sleeve, and led him urgently away – towards the pirate ship.

A trembling Wendy was the first to walk the plank. She edged slowly towards the brink, sure that below her lay certain death in the deep waters of the cove. But there was a sudden rush of air, and a shout from the deck – down swept Peter Pan, to pick her up in his arms and carry her to safety!

“Peter Pan”, cried Captain Hook, turning as white as a sheet. He thought he’d seen a ghost! But the next moment Hook had pulled out his sword and yelled furiously at Peter, “It’s time for the final showdown! And it’s got to be a fair fight. *You can fly and I can’t.*”

“All right, then. I won’t fly,” said Peter, his dagger at the ready. “I give you my word.”

The two of them leapt at each other, their weapons flashing like quick-silver. Backwards and forwards they went across the deck, but finally Captain Hook knocked Peter’s dagger to the ground and cornered him.

“Prepare to die”, he cried, drawing his sword back to plunge it into Peter’s chest.

“Fly, Peter, fly”, urged Wendy desperately.

“No! I gave my word.” Quick as a flash Peter tore down

the ship's flag, threw it over the Captain's head and seized the pirate's sword.

Captain Hook began to shake with fear.

"Don't kill me! Please have mercy", he sniveled.

"Only," said Peter firmly, "if you promise to leave the island and never return as long as you live."

"I promise, I promise", quaked Captain Hook – but he was wicked to the last ... As soon as he thought he was out of danger Hook swung a punch at Peter. Peter ducked smartly, and the Captain shot past him over the rail. He fell screaming into the sea, where, of course, the crocodile was waiting.

"Save me! Help! Help! Save me", he shouted in panic.

Peter, Wendy and the children stood on the deck laughing and cheering as the pirates scrambled into rowing boats to save their Captain.

"Oh Peter, you were wonderful" Wendy said admiringly. "Or perhaps I should call you *Captain Peter Pan* now?"





“Yes, Madam,” Peter joked. “Captain Peter Pan at your service! Where would you like to sail to, Madam?”

“Oh, to London” said Wendy happily. “Please take us home.”

“Ship ahoy”, cried Peter, and the ship took off into the air and sailed through the skies.

Meanwhile, Wendy’s mother and father were returning home from the theatre. Mr Darling had spent most of the evening feeling guilty, because he’d forbidden Wendy to sleep in the nursery – or to tell any more stories about Peter Pan. And he’d banished the children’s dog Nana to the back yard.

"Oh Mary, you know I don't really mean the things I say when I'm in a bad temper," said Mr Darling. "And I didn't really mean it about Nana either."

So they untied Nana who wagged her tail happily and pulled Mr Darling all the way up the stairs to the nursery.

Wendy was staring dreamily out of the window when they went in.

"Oh, Mother ... Father. We're back!" Wendy sighed. "Well, all except for the Lost Boys. They weren't quite ready, so they're staying with Peter Pan for a while longer."

"Lost Boys? Weren't ready?" said Mr Darling, unable to make head or tail of what Wendy was saying.

"Ready to grow up!" explained Wendy. "But I am! Father, I'm really ready to – to grow up now!"

Then Wendy turned again to the window and waved. "Goodbye, Peter Pan," she said, "goodbye for ever..."

Mrs Darling looked out of the window with a cry of amazement. "George!" she gasped. "George! Look!"

When Mr Darling saw the magnificent pirate ship silhouetted against the moon a dreamy expression suddenly came into his eyes.

"How very strange!" he sighed. "I have a feeling – a feeling I've seen that ship before, a long, long time ago when I was very young ..."

Wendy, John and Michael smiled at each other. At last their father understood – because he had suddenly remembered what it was like to be a child who wasn't *quite* ready to grow up.

