

The Prodiget Goottenberg EBooc ov Peter Pan, bi Jaimz M. Barry

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Peter Pan and Wendy

Author: Jaimz M. Barry

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PETER PAN

[PETER AND WENDY]

Bi J. M. Barry [Jaimz Mathu Barry]

A Milenyum Foolcrum Edishon (c)1991 bi Duncan Recerch

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Chapter 1 PETER BRAIX THROO

Aul children, exopt wun, gro up. Dha soone no dhat dha wil gro up, and the wa Wendy nu wauz this. Wun da when she wauz too yeez oald

she wauz playing in a garden, and she pluct anuther flouwer and ran widh it too her muther. I supose she must hav looct raather deliatfool, for Mrs. Darling poot her hand too her hart and cride, "O, whi caant u remane like this for evver!" This wauz aul dhat paast betwene them on the subget, but hensfoerth Wendy nu dhat she must gro up. U aulwase no aafter u ar too. Too iz the beghinning ov the end.

Ov coers dha livd at 14 [dhare hous number on dhare strete], and until Wendy came her muther wauz the chefe wun. She wauz a luvly lady, widh a romantic miand and such a swete mocking mouth. Her romantic miand wauz like the tiny boxez, wun within the uther, dhat cum from the puzling Eest, houwevver menny u discuvver dhare iz aulwase wun moer; and

her swete mocking mouth had wun kis on it dhat Wendy cood nevver ghet, dho dhare it wauz, perfectly conspicuwous in the rite-hand corner.

The wa Mr. Darling wun her wauz this: the menny gentelmen whoo had bene boiz when she wauz a gherl discuvverd cimultainyously dhat dha luvd her, and dha aul ran too her hous too propose too her exept Mr. Darling, whoo tooc a cab and nipt in ferst, and so he got her. He got aul ov her, exept the innermoast box and the kis. He nevver nu about the box, and in time he gave up tryying for the kis. Wendy thaut Napoleyon cood hav got it, but I can picchue him tryying, and then gowing of in a pashon, slamming the doer.

Mr. Darling uest too boast too Wendy dhat her muther not oanly luvd him but respected him. He wauz wun ov dhose depe wunz whoo no about stox and shaerz. Ov coers no wun reyaly nose, but he qwite ceemd too no, and he often ced stox wer up and shaerz wer down in a wa dhat wood hav made enny woomman respect him.

Mrs. Darling wauz marrede in white, and at ferst she kept the boox perfectly, aulmoast glefooly, az if it wer a game, not so much az a Bruscelz sprout wauz miscing; but bi and bi whole cauliflouwerz dropt out, and insted ov them dhare wer picchuerz ov babese widhout facez. She droo them when she shood hav bene totting up. Dha wer Mrs. Darlingz ghescez.

Wendy came ferst, then Jon, then Mikel.

For a weke or too aafter Wendy came it wauz doutfool whether dha wood be abel too kepe her, az she wauz anuther mouth too fede. Mr. Darling wauz friatfooly proud ov her, but he wauz verry onnorabel, and he sat on the ej ov Mrs. Darlingz bed, hoalding her hand and calculating expencez, while she looct at him imploeringly. She waunted too risc it, cum whaut

mite, but dhat wauz not hiz wa; hiz wa wauz widh a pencil and a pece ov paper, and if she confuezd him widh sugeschonz he had too beghin at the beghinning agane.

“Nou doant interupt,” he wood beg ov her.

“I hav wun pound cevventene here, and too and cix at the office; I can cut of mi coffy at the office, sa ten shillingz, making too nine and cix, widh yor atene and thre maix thre nine cevven, widh five naut naut in mi chec-booc maix ate nine cevven--whoo iz dhat mooving?--ate nine cevven, dot and carry cevven--doant speke, mi one--and the pound u lent too dhat man whoo came too the doer--qwiyet, chiald--dot and carry chiald--dhare, uve dun it!--did I sa nine nine cevven? yes, I ced nine nine cevven; the qweschon iz, can we tri it for a yere on nine nine cevven?”

“Ov coers we can, Jorj,” she cride. But she wauz predjudiast in Wendese favor, and he wauz reyaly the grander carracter ov the too.

“Remember mumps,” he wornd her aulmoast thretteningly, and of he went agane. “Mumps wun pound, dhat iz whaut I hav poot doun, but I daersa it wil be moer like thherty shillingz--doant speke--meselz wun five, German meselz haaf a ghinny, maix too fiftene cix--doant wagghel yor fin'gher--whooping-cof, sa fiftene shillingz”--and so on it went, and it added up differently eche time; but at laast Wendy just got throo, widh mumps rejuest too twelv cix, and the too kiandz ov meselz treted az wun.

Dhare wauz the same exiatment over Jon, and Mikel had even a narrower sqweke; but boath wer kept, and soone, u mite hav cene the thre ov them gowing in a ro too Mis Fulsomz Kindergarten scoole, acumpanede bi dhare ners.

Mrs. Darling luvd too hav evverithhing just so, and Mr. Darling had a pashon for beying exactly like hiz naborz; so, ov coers, dha had a ners. Az dha wer poor, owing too the amount ov milc the children dranc, this ners wauz a prim Nufoundland dog, cauld Naanaa, whoo had belongd too no wun in particcular until the Darlingz en'gajid her. She had aulwase thaut children important, houwevver, and the Darlingz had becum aqwainted widh her in Kensington Gardenz, whare she spent moast ov her spare time peping intoo perambulatorz, and wauz much hated bi caerles nersmaidz, whoome she follode too dhare hoamz and complaind ov too dhare mistrecez. She pruivd too be qwite a trezhure ov a ners. Hou thurro she wauz at baath-time, and up at enny moment ov the nite if wun ov her chargez made the slitest cri. Ov coers her kennel wauz in the nercery. She had a geenyus for nowing when a cof iz a thhing too hav no paishens widh and when it needz stocking around yor throte. She beleevd too her laast da in oald-fashond remmedese like roobarb lefe, and made soundz ov contempt over aul this nu-fan'gheld tauc about germz, and so on. It wauz a lesson in propriyety too ce her escorting the children too scoole, wauking cedaitly bi dhare cide when dha wer wel behaivd, and butting them bac intoo line if dha strade. On Jonz footer [in In'gland socker wauz cauld footbaul, "footer" for short] dase she nevver wuns forgot hiz swetter, and she uezhuwaly carrede an umbrellaa in her mouth in cace ov rane. Dhare iz a roome in the baisment ov Mis Fulsomz scoole whare the nercez wate. Dha sat on formz, while Naanaa la on the floer, but dhat wauz the oonly differens. Dha afected too ignoer her az ov an infereyor soashal status too themcelvz, and she despiazd dhare lite tauc. She resented vizsits too the nercery from Mrs. Darlingz frendz, but if dha did cum she ferst whipt of Mikelz pinafor and poot him intoo the wun widh blu brading, and smuidhd out Wendy and made a dash at Jonz hare.

No nercery cood poscibly hav bene conducted moer corectly, and Mr. Darling nu it, yet he sumtiamz wunderd unnesily whether the

naborz tauct.

He had hiz posishon in the citty too concidder.

Naanaa aulso trubbed him in anuther wa. He had sumtiamz a feling dhat she did not admire him. "I no she admiaz u tremendously, Jorj,"

Mrs. Darling wood ashure him, and then she wood cine too the children too be speshaly nice too faather. Luvly daancez follode, in which the oonly uthervant, Lizaa, wauz sumtiamz aloud too join. Such a midget she looct in her long skert and maidz cap, dho she had swoern, when en'gaijd, dhat she wood nevver ce ten agane. The gayety ov dhose romps! And gayest ov aul wauz Mrs. Darling, whoo wood piroowet so wialdly dhat

aul u cood ce ov her wauz the kis, and then if u had dasht at her u mite hav got it. Dhare nevver wauz a cimpler happyer fammily until the cumming ov Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling ferst herd ov Peter when she wauz tideying up her childrenz miandz. It iz the niatly custom ov evvery good muther aafter her children ar aslepe too rummage in dhare miandz and poot thhingz strate for next morning, repacking intoo dhare propper placez the menny artikelz dhat hav

waunderd juring the da. If u cood kepe awake (but ov coers u caant) u wood ce yor one muther doowing this, and u wood fiand it verry interesting too wauch her. It iz qwite like tideying up drauwerz. U wood ce her on her nese, I expect, lin'ghering humorously over sum ov yor contents, wundering whare on erth u had pict this thhing up, making discuvverese swete and not so swete, prescing this too her cheke az if it wer az nice az a kitten, and hurreedly stowing dhat out ov cite.

When u wake in the morning, the nautines and evil pashonz widh which u went too bed hav bene foalded up smaul and plaist at the bottom ov yor miand and on the top, butifooly aerd, ar spred out yor pritteyer thauts, reddy for u too poot on.

I doant no whether u hav evver cene a map ov a personz miand. Doctorz sumtiamz drau maps ov uther parts ov u, and yor one map can becum intensly interesting, but cach them trying too drau a map ov a chialdz miand, which iz not oonly confuezd, but keeps gowing round aul the time. Dhare ar sigzag lianz on it, just like yor temperachure on a card, and these ar probbably roadz in the iland, for the Nevverland iz aulwase moer or les an iland, widh astonnishing splashez ov cullor here and dhare, and coral reefs and rakish-loocking craaft in the offing, and savvagez and loanly laerz, and noamz whoo ar moastly talorz, and caivz throo which a rivver runz, and princez widh cix elder brutherz, and a hut faast gowing too deca, and wun verry smaul oald lady widh a hooct nose.

It wood be an esy map if dhat wer aul, but dhare iz aulso ferst da at scoole, relidjon, faatherz, the round pond, nedel-werc, merderz, hangingz, verbz dhat take the dative, choccolate poodding da, ghetting intoo bracez, sa nianty-nine, thre-pens for pooling out yor tuith yorcelf, and so on, and iather these ar part ov the iland or dha ar anuther map showing throo, and it iz aul raather confusing, espeshaly az nuthing wil stand stil.

Ov coers the Nevverlandz vary a good dele. Jonz, for instans, had a lagoone widh flamin'gose fliying over it at which Jon wauz shooting, while Mikel, whoo wauz verry smaul, had a flamin'go widh laguinz fliying over it. Jon livd in a bote ternd upcide down on the sandz, Mikel in a wigwam, Wendy in a hous ov leevz deftly sone tooghether. Jon had no frendz, Mikel had frendz at nite, Wendy had a pet woolf forsaken bi its parents, but on the whole the Nevverlandz hav a fammily resemblans, and if dha stood stil in a ro u cood sa ov them dhat dha hav eche utherz nose, and so foerth. On these madgic shoerz children at pla ar for evver beching dhare corakelz [cimpel bote]. We too hav bene dhare; we can stil here the sound ov the cerf, dho we shal land no moer.

Ov aul delectabel ilandz the Nevverland iz the snugghest and moast

compact, not larj and spraulj, u no, widh tejour distancez betwene wun advenchure and anuther, but niasly cramd. When u pla at it bi da widh the chaerz and tabel-cloth, it iz not in the leest alarming, but in the too minnuets befoer u go too slepe it becumz verry reyal. Dhat iz whi dhare ar nite-liats.

Ocaizhonaly in her travvelz throo her childrenz miandz Mrs. Darling found thhingz she cood not understand, and ov these qwite the moast perplexing wauz the werd Peter. She nu ov no Peter, and yet he wauz here and dhare in Jon and Mikelz miandz, while Wendese began too be scrauld aul over widh him. The name stood out in boalder letterz dhan enny ov the uther werdz, and az Mrs. Darling gaizd she felt dhat it had an odly cocky aperans.

“Yes, he iz raather cocky,” Wendy admitted widh regret. Her muther had bene qweschoning her.

“But whoo iz he, mi pet?”

“He iz Peter Pan, u no, muther.”

At ferst Mrs. Darling did not no, but aafter thhinking bac intoo her chiald’hood she just rememberd a Peter Pan whoo wauz ced too liv widh the farese. Dhare wer od stoerese about him, az dhat when children dide he went part ov the wa widh them, so dhat dha shood not be fritend. She had beleevd in him at the time, but nou dhat she wauz marrede and fool ov cens she qwite douted whether dhare wauz enny such person.

“Beciadz,” she ced too Wendy, “he wood be grone up bi this time.”

“O no, he iznt grone up,” Wendy ashuerd her confidently, “and he iz just mi cise.” She ment dhat he wauz her cise in boath miand and boddy; she

didnt no hou she nu, she just nu it.

Mrs. Darling consulted Mr. Darling, but he smiald poo-poo. "Marc mi werdz," he ced, "it iz sum noncens Naanaa haz bene pooting intoo dhare hedz; just the sort ov ideyaa a dog wood hav. Leve it alone, and it wil blo over."

But it wood not blo over and soone the trubbelsum boi gave Mrs. Darling qwite a shoc.

Children hav the strain'gest advenchuerz widhout beying trubbel bi them.

For instans, dha ma remember too menshon, a weke aafter the event happend, dhat when dha wer in the wood dha had met dhare ded faather and had a game widh him. It wauz in this cazhuwal wa dhat Wendy wun

morning made a disqwiyeting revelaishon. Sum leevz ov a tre had bene found on the nercery floer, which certainly wer not dhare when the children went too bed, and Mrs. Darling wauz puzling over them when Wendy ced widh a tollerant smile:

"I doo beleve it iz dhat Peter agane!"

"Whautevver doo u mene, Wendy?"

"It iz so nauty ov him not too wipe hiz fete," Wendy ced, ciying. She wauz a tidy chiald.

She explaind in qwite a matter-ov-fact wa dhat she thaut Peter sumtiamz came too the nercery in the nite and sat on the foot ov her bed and plade on hiz piaps too her. Unforchunaitly she nevver woke, so she didnt no hou she nu, she just nu.

“Whaut noncens u tauc, preshous. No wun can ghet intoo the hous widhout nocking.”

“I thhinc he cumz in bi the windo,” she ced.

“Mi luv, it iz thre floerz up.”

“Wer not the leevz at the foot ov the windo, muther?”

It wauz qwite troo; the leevz had bene found verry nere the windo.

Mrs. Darling did not no whaut too thhinc, for it aul ceemd so natchural too Wendy dhat u cood not dismis it bi saying she had bene dreming.

“Mi chiald,” the muther cride, “whi did u not tel me ov this befoer?”

“I forgot,” ced Wendy liatly. She wauz in a hurry too ghet her breccfast.

O, shuerly she must hav bene dreming.

But, on the uther hand, dhare wer the leevz. Mrs. Darling exammiand them verry caerfooly; dha wer skelleton leevz, but she wauz shure dha did not cum from enny tre dhat groo in In’gland. She crauld about the floer, pering at it widh a candel for marx ov a strainj foot. She ratteld the poker up the chimney and tapt the waulz. She let doun a tape from the windo too the paivment, and it wauz a shere drop ov thherty fete, widhout so much az a spout too clime up bi.

Certainly Wendy had bene dreming.

But Wendy had not bene dreming, az the verry next nite shode, the nite on which the extrordnary advenchuerz ov these children ma be

ced too hav begun.

On the nite we speke ov aul the children wer wuns moer in bed. It happend too be Naanaaz evening of, and Mrs. Darling had baidhd them and sung too them til wun bi wun dha had let go her hand and slid awa intoo the land ov slepe.

Aul wer loocking so safe and cosy dhat she smiald at her feerz nou and sat doun tranqwily bi the fire too so.

It wauz sumthhing for Mikel, whoo on hiz berthda wauz ghetting intoo sherts. The fire wauz worm, houwevver, and the nercery dimly lit bi thre nite-liats, and prezsently the sowing la on Mrs. Darlingz lap. Then her hed nodded, o, so graisfooly. She wauz aslepe. Looc at the foer ov them, Wendy and Mikel over dhare, Jon here, and Mrs. Darling bi the fire. Dhare shood hav bene a foerth nite-lite.

While she slept she had a dreme. She dremt dhat the Nevverland had cum too nere and dhat a strainj boi had broken throo from it. He did not alarm her, for she thaut she had cene him befoer in the facez ov menny wimmen whoo hav no children. Perhaps he iz too be found in the facez ov sum mutherz aulso. But in her dreme he had rent the film dhat obscuertz the Nevverland, and she sau Wendy and Jon and Mikel peping throo the gap.

The dreme bi itcelf wood hav bene a trifel, but while she wauz dreming the windo ov the nercery blu open, and a boi did drop on the floer. He wauz acumpanede bi a strainj lite, no biggher dhan yor fist, which darted about the roome like a livving thhing and I thhinc it must hav bene this lite dhat wakend Mrs. Darling.

She started up widh a cri, and sau the boi, and sumhou she nu at wuns dhat he wauz Peter Pan. If u or I or Wendy had bene dhare we shood

hav cene dhat he wauz verry like Mrs. Darlingz kis. He wauz a luvly boi, clad in skelleton leevz and the jucez dhat oose out ov trese but the moast entraancing thhing about him wauz dhat he had aul hiz ferst teeth.

When he sau she wauz a grone-up, he nasht the littel perlz at her.

## Chapter 2 THE SHADDO

Mrs. Darling screemd, and, az if in aancer too a bel, the doer opend, and Naanaa enterd, reternd from her evening out. She grould and sprang at the boi, whoo lept liatly throo the windo. Agane Mrs. Darling screemd, this time in distres for him, for she thaut he wauz kild, and she ran down intoo the strete too looc for hiz littel boddy, but it wauz not dhare; and she looct up, and in the blac nite she cood ce nuthhing but whaut she thaut wauz a shooting star.

She reternd too the nercery, and found Naanaa widh sumthhing in her mouth, which pruivd too be the boiz shaddo. Az he lept at the windo Naanaa had cloazd it qwicly, too late too cach him, but hiz shaddo had not had time too ghet out; slam went the windo and snapt it of.

U ma be shure Mrs. Darling exammiand the shaddo caerfooly, but it wauz qwite the ordinary kiand.

Naanaa had no dout ov whaut wauz the best thhing too doo widh this shaddo. She hung it out at the windo, mening "He iz shure too cum bac for it; let us poot it whare he can ghet it esily widhout disterbing the children."

But unforchunaitly Mrs. Darling cood not leve it hanging out at the

windo, it looct so like the waushing and lowerd the whole tone ov the hous. She thaut ov showing it too Mr. Darling, but he wauz totting up winter grate-coats for Jon and Mikel, widh a wet touwel around hiz hed too kepe hiz brane clere, and it ceemd a shame too trubbel him; beciadz, she nu exactly whaut he wood sa: "It aul cumz ov havving a dog for a ners."

She decided too role the shaddo up and poot it awa caerfooly in a drauwer, until a fitting oporchunity came for telling her huzband. Aa me!

The oporchunity came a weke later, on dhat nevver-too-be-forgotten Frida. Ov coers it wauz a Frida.

"I aut too hav bene speshaly caerfool on a Frida," she uest too sa aafterwordz too her huzband, while perhaps Naanaa wauz on the uther cide ov her, hoalding her hand.

"No, no," Mr. Darling aulwase ced, "I am responcibel for it aul. I, Jorj Darling, did it. *MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA.*" He had had a clascical ejucaishon.

Dha sat dhus nite aafter nite recauling dhat fatal Frida, til evvery detale ov it wauz stampd on dhare brainz and came throo on the uther cide like the facez on a bad coinage.

"If oanly I had not axepted dhat invitaishon too dine at 27," Mrs. Darling ced.

"If oanly I had not poerd mi meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole," ced Mr. Darling.

“If oonly I had pretended too like the meddicine,” wauz whaut Naanaaz wet ise ced.

“Mi liking for partese, Jorj.”

“Mi fatal ghift ov humor, derest.”

“Mi tutchines about trifelz, dere maaster and mistres.”

Then wun or moer ov them wood brake doun aultooghether; Naanaa at the thaut, “Its troo, its troo, dha aut not too hav had a dog for a ners.” Menny a time it wauz Mr. Darling whoo poot the hankerchefe too Naanaaz ise.

“Dhat feend!” Mr. Darling wood cri, and Naanaaz barc wauz the ecco ov it, but Mrs. Darling nevver upbraded Peter; dhare wauz sumthhing in the rite-hand corner ov her mouth dhat waunted her not too caul Peter naimz.

Dha wood cit dhare in the empty nercery, recauling fondly evvery smaulest detale ov dhat dredfool evening. It had begun so unneventfooly, so preciasly like a hundred uther eveningz, widh Naanaa pooting on the wauter for Mikelz baath and carreying him too it on her bac.

“I woant go too bed,” he had shouted, like wun whoo stil beleevd dhat he had the laast werd on the subgett, “I woant, I woant. Naanaa, it iznt cix oacloc yet. O dere, o dere, I shaant luv u enny moer, Naanaa. I tel u I woant be baidhd, I woant, I woant!”

Then Mrs. Darling had cum in, waring her white evening-goun. She had drest erly becauz Wendy so luvd too ce her in her evening-goun, widh the neclace Jorj had ghivven her. She wauz waring Wendese braislet on her arm; she had aasct for the lone ov it. Wendy luvd too lend her braislet too her muther.

She had found her two older children playing at being herself and father on the occasion of Wendese birth, and Jon was saying:

"I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Darling, that you are now a mother," in just such a tone as Mr. Darling himself might have used on the occasion.

Wendy had danced with joy, just as the royal Mrs. Darling must have done.

Then Jon was born, with the extra pomp that he conceived just to the birth of a male, and Mikel came from his bath too anxious to be born also, but Jon could brook that which he did not want any more.

Mikel had nearly cried. "Nobody wants me," he said, and overcoats the lady in the evening-dress could not stand that.

"I do," she said, "I so want a third child."

"Boy or girl?" asked Mikel, not too hopelessly.

"Boy."

Then he had leapt into her arms. Such a little thing for Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana too recall now, but not so little if that was to be Mikel's last night in the nursery.

They go on with their recollections.

"It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wasn't it?" Mr. Darling would say, scolding himself; and indeed he had been like a tornado.

Perhaps they were some excuse for him. He, too, had been dressing for the party, and had gone well with him until he came to his turn. It

iz an astounding thhing too hav too tel, but this man, dho he nu about stox and shaerz, had no reyal maastery ov hiz ti. Sumtiamz the thhing yeelded too him widhout a contest, but dhare wer ocaizhonz when it wood hav bene better for the hous if he had swaulode hiz pride and uezd a made-up ti.

This wauz such an ocaizhon. He came rushing intoo the nercery widh the crumpeld littel broote ov a ti in hiz hand.

“Whi, whaut iz the matter, faather dere?”

“Matter!” he yeld; he reyal yeld. “This ti, it wil not ti.” He became dain’gerously sarcastic. “Not round mi nec! Round the bed-poast! O yes, twenty tiamz hav I made it up round the bed-poast, but round mi nec, no! O dere no! begz too be excuezd!”

He thaut Mrs. Darling wauz not sufishmently imprest, and he went on sternly, “I worn u ov this, muther, dhat unles this ti iz round mi nec we doant go out too dinner too-nite, and if I doant go out too dinner too-nite, I nevver go too the office agane, and if I doant go too the office agane, u and I starv, and our children wil be flung intoo the streets.”

Even then Mrs. Darling wauz plascid. “Let me tri, dere,” she ced, and indede dhat wauz whaut he had cum too aasc her too doo, and widh her nice coole handz she tide hiz ti for him, while the children stood around too ce dhare fate decided. Sum men wood hav resented her beying abel too doo it so esily, but Mr. Darling had far too fine a nachure for dhat; he thanct her caerlesly, at wuns forgot hiz rage, and in anuther moment wauz daancing round the roome widh Mikel on hiz bac.

“Hou wialdly we rompt!” cez Mrs. Darling nou, recauling it.

"Our laast romp!" Mr. Darling groand.

"O Jorj, doo u remember Mikel suddenly ced too me, Hou did u ghet too no me, muther?"

"I remember!"

"Dha wer raather swete, doant u thhinc, Jorj?"

"And dha wer ourz, ourz! and nou dha ar gon."

The romp had ended with the aperans ov Naanaa, and moast unluckily Mr.

Darling colided against her, cuvvering hiz trouserz widh haerz. Dha wer not oonly nu trouserz, but dha wer the ferst he had evver had widh brade on them, and he had had too bite hiz lip too prevent the teerz cumming. Ov coers Mrs. Darling brusht him, but he began too tauc agane about its beying a mistake too hav a dog for a ners.

"Jorj, Naanaa iz a trezhure."

"No dout, but I hav an unnesy feling at tiamz dhat she loox uppon the children az puppese."

"O no, dere wun, I fele shure she nose dha hav soalz."

"I wunder," Mr. Darling ced thautfooly, "I wunder." It wauz an oporchunity, hiz wife felt, for telling him about the boi. At ferst he poo-poode the stoery, but he became thautfool when she shode him the shaddo.

"It iz nobody I no," he ced, exammining it caerfooly, "but it duz looc a scoundrel."

“We wer stil discusing it, u remember,” cez Mr. Darling, “when Naanaa came in widh Mikelz meddicine. U wil nevver carry the bottel in yor mouth agane, Naanaa, and it iz aul mi fault.”

Strong man dho he wauz, dhare iz no dout dhat he had behaivd raather foolishly over the meddicine. If he had a weecnes, it wauz for thhinking dhat aul hiz life he had taken meddicine boaldly, and so nou, when Mikel dojd the spoone in Naanaaz mouth, he had ced reproovingly, “Be a man, Mikel.”

“Woant; woant!” Mikel cride nautily. Mrs. Darling left the roome too ghet a choccolate for him, and Mr. Darling thaut this shode waunt ov fermnes.

“Muther, doant pamper him,” he cauld aafter her. “Mikel, when I wauz yor age I tooc meddicine widhout a mermer. I ced, Thanc u, kiand parents, for ghivving me bottelz too make me wel.”

He reyaly thaut this wauz troo, and Wendy, whoo wauz nou in her nite-goun, beleevd it aulso, and she ced, too encurrage Mikel, “Dhat meddicine u sumtiamz take, faather, iz much naasteyer, iznt it?”

“Evver so much naasteyer,” Mr. Darling ced braivly, “and I wood take it nou az an exaampel too u, Mikel, if I hadnt lost the bottel.”

He had not exactly lost it; he had cliamd in the ded ov nite too the top ov the wordrobe and hidden it dhare. Whaut he did not no wauz dhat the faithfool Lizaa had found it, and poot it bac on hiz waush-stand.

“I no whare it iz, faather,” Wendy cride, aulwase glad too be ov cervice. “Ile bring it,” and she wauz of befoer he cood stop her. Imejaitly hiz spirrits sanc in the strain’gest wa.

"Jon," he ced, shuddering, "its moast beestly stuf. Its dhat naasty, sticky, swete kiand."

"It wil soone be over, faather," Jon ced cherily, and then in rusht Wendy widh the meddicine in a glaas.

"I hav bene az qwic az I cood," she panted.

"U hav bene wunderfooly qwic," her faather retorted, widh a vindictive poliatnes dhat wauz qwite throne awa uppon her. "Mikel ferst," he ced dogghedly.

"Faather ferst," ced Mikel, whoo wauz ov a suspishous nachure.

"I shal be cic, u no," Mr. Darling ced thretteningly.

"Cum on, faather," ced Jon.

"Hoald yor tung, Jon," hiz faather rapt out.

Wendy wauz qwite puzseld. "I thaut u tooc it qwite esily, faather."

"Dhat iz not the point," he retorted. "The point iz, dhat dhare iz moer in mi glaas dhan in Mikelz spoone." Hiz proud hart wauz neerly bersting. "And it iznt fare: I wood sa it dho it wer widh mi laast breth; it iznt fare."

"Faather, I am wating," ced Mikel coaldly.

"Its aul verry wel too sa u ar wating; so am I wating."

"Faatherz a couwardly custard."

"So ar u a couwardly custard."

"Ime not fritend."

"Niather am I fritend."

"Wel, then, take it."

"Wel, then, u take it."

Wendy had a splendid ideyaa. "Whi not boath take it at the same time?"

"Certainly," ced Mr. Darling. "Ar u reddy, Mikel?"

Wendy gave the werdz, wun, too, thre, and Mikel tooc hiz meddicine, but Mr. Darling slipt hiz behiand hiz bac.

Dhare wauz a yel ov rage from Mikel, and "O faather!" Wendy exclaimd.

"Whaut doo u mene bi 'O father?" Mr. Darling demaanded. "Stop dhat rou, Mikel. I ment too take mine, but I--I mist it."

It wauz dredfool the wa aul the thre wer loocking at him, just az if dha did not admire him. "Looc here, aul ov u," he ced entretingly, az soone az Naanaa had gon intoo the baathroome. "I hav just thaut ov a splendid joke. I shal poer mi meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole, and she wil drinc it, thhinking it iz milc!"

It wauz the cullor ov milc; but the children did not hav dhare faatherz cens ov humor, and dha looct at him reproachfooly az he poerd the meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole. "Whaut fun!" he ced doutfooly, and dha did not dare expose him when Mrs. Darling and Naanaa reternd.

"Naanaa, good dog," he ced, patting her, "I hav poot a littel milc intoo

yor bole, Naanaa."

Naanaa wagd her tale, ran too the meddicine, and began lapping it. Then she gave Mr. Darling such a looc, not an an'gry looc: she shode him the grate red tere dhat maix us so sorry for nobel dogz, and crept intoo her kennel.

Mr. Darling wauz friatfooly ashaimd ov himcelf, but he wood not ghiv in. In a horrid cilens Mrs. Darling smelt the bole. "O Jorj," she ced, "its yor meddicine!"

"It wauz oonly a joke," he roerd, while she cumforted her boiz, and Wendy hugd Naanaa. "Much good," he ced bitterly, "mi waring micelf too the bone triying too be funny in this hous."

And stil Wendy hugd Naanaa. "Dhats rite," he shouted. "Coddel her! Nobody coddelz me. O dere no! I am oonly the bredwinner, whi shood I be coddeld--whi, whi, whi!"

"Jorj," Mrs. Darling entreted him, "not so loud; the cervants wil here u." Sumhou dha had got intoo the wa ov cauling Lizaa the cervants.

"Let them!" he aancerd reclesly. "Bring in the whole werld. But I refuse too alou dhat dog too lord it in mi nercery for an our lon'gher."

The children wept, and Naanaa ran too him becechingly, but he waivd her bac. He felt he wauz a strong man agane. "In vane, in vane," he cride; "the propper place for u iz the yard, and dhare u go too be tide up this instant."

"Jorj, Jorj," Mrs. Darling whisperd, "remember whaut I toald u about dhat boi."

Alaas, he wood not liscen. He wauz determiand too sho whoo wauz maaster in dhat hous, and when comaandz wood not drau Naanaa from the kennel, he luerd her out ov it widh hunnede werdz, and cesing her rufly, dragd her from the nercery. He wauz ashaimd ov himcelf, and yet he did it. It wauz aul owing too hiz too afecshonate nachure, which craivd for admiraishon. When he had tide her up in the bac-yard, the retched faather went and sat in the passage, widh hiz nuckelz too hiz ise.

In the meentime Mrs. Darling had poot the children too bed in unwoanted cilens and lit dhare nite-liats. Dha cood here Naanaa barking, and Jon whimperd, "It iz becauz he iz chaning her up in the yard," but Wendy wauz wiser.

"Dhat iz not Naanaaz unhappy barc," she ced, littel ghescing whaut wauz about too happen; "dhat iz her barc when she smelz dain'ger."

Dain'ger!

"Ar u shure, Wendy?"

"O, yes."

Mrs. Darling qwivverd and went too the windo. It wauz cecuerly faacend. She looct out, and the nite wauz pepperd widh starz. Dha wer crouding round the hous, az if cureyous too ce whaut wauz too take place dhare, but she did not notice this, nor dhat wun or too ov the smauler wunz winct at her. Yet a naimles fere clucht at her hart and made her cri, "O, hou I wish dhat I wauznt gowing too a party too-nite!"

Even Mikel, aulreddy haaf aslepe, nu dhat she wauz perterbd, and he aasct, "Can ennithhing harm us, muther, aafter the nite-liats ar lit?"

“Nuthhing, preshous,” she ced; “dha ar the ise a muther leevz behiand her too gard her children.”

She went from bed too bed cinging enchaantments over them, and littel Mikel flung hiz armz round her. “Muther,” he cride, “Ime glad ov u.” Dha wer the laast werdz she wauz too here from him for a long time.

No. 27 wauz oonly a fu yardz distant, but dhare had bene a slite faul ov sno, and Faather and Muther Darling pict dhare wa over it deftly not too soil dhare shoose. Dha wer aulreddy the oonly personz in the strete, and aul the starz wer wauching them. Starz ar butifool, but dha ma not take an active part in ennithhing, dha must just looc on for evver. It iz a punnishment poot on them for sumthhing dha did so long ago dhat no star nou nose whaut it wauz. So the oalder wunz hav becum glaacy-ide and celdom speke (winking iz the star lan'gwage), but the littel wunz stil wunder. Dha ar not reyaly frendly too Peter, whoo had a mischevous wa ov steling up behiand them and triying too blo them out; but dha ar so fond ov fun dhat dha wer on hiz cide too-nite, and ancshous too ghet the grone-ups out ov the wa. So az soone az the doer ov 27 cloazd on Mr. and Mrs. Darling dhare wauz a comoashon in the fermament, and the smaulest ov aul the starz in the Milky Wa screemd out:

“Nou, Peter!”

### Chapter 3 CUM AWA, CUM AWA!

For a moment aafter Mr. and Mrs. Darling left the hous the nite-liats bi the bedz ov the thre children continnude too bern cleerly. Dha wer aufooly nice littel nite-liats, and wun canot help wishing dhat dha cood hav kept awake too ce Peter; but Wendese lite blinct and gave

such a yaun dhat the uther too yaund aulso, and befoer dha cood close dhare mouths aul the thre went out.

Dhare wauz anuther lite in the roome nou, a thouzand tiamz briter dhan the nite-liats, and in the time we hav taken too sa this, it had bene in aul the drauwerz in the nercery, loocking for Peterz shaddo, rummaid the wordrobe and ternd evvery pocket incide out. It wauz not reyal a lite; it made this lite bi flashing about so qwicly, but when it came too rest for a cecond u sau it wauz a fary, no lon'gher dhan yor hand, but stil growing. It wauz a gherl cauld Tinker Bel exqwizsiatly gound in a skelleton lefe, cut lo and sqware, throo which her figgure cood be cene too the best advaantage. She wauz sliatly incliand too EMBONPOINT.

[plump ourglaas figgure]

A moment aafter the farese entrans the windo wauz blone open bi the breething ov the littel starz, and Peter dropt in. He had carrede Tinker Bel part ov the wa, and hiz hand wauz stil mescy widh the fary dust.

"Tinker Bel," he cauld softly, aafter making shure dhat the children wer aslepe, "Tinc, whare ar u?" She wauz in a jug for the moment, and liking it extreemly; she had nevver bene in a jug befoer.

"O, doo cum out ov dhat jug, and tel me, doo u no whare dha poot mi shaddo?"

The luvleyest tinkel az ov goalden belz aancerd him. It iz the fary lan'gwage. U ordinary children can nevver here it, but if u wer too here it u wood no dhat u had herd it wuns befoer.

Tinc ced dhat the shaddo wauz in the big box. She ment the chest ov drauwerz, and Peter jumpt at the drauwerz, scattering dhare contents too the floer widh boath handz, az kingz tos hapens too the croud. In a

moment he had recuverd hiz shaddo, and in hiz delite he forgot dhat he had shut Tinker Bel up in the drauwer.

If he thaut at aul, but I doant beleve he evver thaut, it wauz dhat he and hiz shaddo, when braut nere eche uther, wood join like drops ov wauter, and when dha did not he wauz apauld. He tride too stic it on widh sope from the baathroome, but dhat aulso faild. A shudder paast throo Peter, and he sat on the floer and cride.

Hiz sobz woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She wauz not alarmd too ce a strain'ger crying on the nercery floer; she wauz oanly plezzantly interested.

“Boi,” she ced kerchously, “whi ar u crying?”

Peter cood be exeding polite aulso, havving lernd the grand manner at fary cerremone, and he rose and boud too her butifooly. She wauz much pleezd, and boud butifooly too him from the bed.

“Whauts yor name?” he aasct.

“Wendy Moiraa An'gelaa Darling,” she replide widh sum satisfacshon.

“Whaut  
iz yor name?”

“Peter Pan.”

She wauz aulreddy shure dhat he must be Peter, but it did ceme a comparratiavly short name.

“Iz dhat aul?”

“Yes,” he ced raather sharply. He felt for the ferst time dhat it wauz a shortish name.

"Ime so sorry," ced Wendy Moiraa An'gelaa.

"It duznt matter," Peter gulpt.

She aasct whare he livd.

"Cecond too the rite," ced Peter, "and then strate on til morning."

"Whaut a funny adres!"

Peter had a cinking. For the ferst time he felt dhat perhaps it wauz a funny adres.

"No, it iznt," he ced.

"I mene," Wendy ced niasly, remembering dhat she wauz hoastes, "iz dhat whaut dha poot on the letterz?"

He wisht she had not menshond letterz.

"Doant ghet enny letterz," he ced contempchuwously.

"But yor muther ghets letterz?"

"Doant hav a muther," he ced. Not oonly had he no muther, but he had not the slitest desire too hav wun. He thaut them verry over-rated personz. Wendy, houwevver, felt at wuns dhat she wauz in the prezsens ov a tradgedy.

"O Peter, no wunder u wer crying," she ced, and got out ov bed and ran too him.

"I wauznt crying about mutherz," he ced raather indignantly. "I wauz crying becauz I caant ghet mi shaddo too stic on. Beciadz, I wauznt crying."

"It haz cum of?"

"Yes."

Then Wendy sau the shaddo on the floer, loocking so draggheld, and she wauz friatfooly sorry for Peter. "Hou aufool!" she ced, but she cood not help smiling when she sau dhat he had bene triying too stic it on widh sope. Hou exactly like a boi!

Forchunaitly she nu at wuns whaut too doo. "It must be sone on," she ced, just a littel patronisingly.

"Whauts sone?" he aasct.

"Yor dredfooly ignorant."

"No, Ime not."

But she wauz exulting in hiz ignorans. "I shal so it on for u, mi littel man," she ced, dho he wauz taul az hercelf, and she got out her houswife [sowing bag], and sode the shaddo on too Peterz foot.

"I daersa it wil hert a littel," she wornd him.

"O, I shaant cri," ced Peter, whoo wauz aulreddy ov the opinyon dhat he had nevver cride in hiz life. And he clencht hiz teeth and did not cri, and soone hiz shaddo wauz behaving propperly, dho stil a littel creest.

"Perhaps I should have earned it," Wendy said thoughtfully, but Peter, boisterous, was indifferent to appearance, and he was now jumping about in the wildest glee. Alas, he had already forgotten that he owed his bliss to Wendy. He thought he had attached the shadow himself. "How clever I am!" he cried rapturously, "oh, the cleverness of me!"

It is humiliating to have to confess that this conceit of Peter was won over his most fascinating qualities. Too poor it with brutal frankness, share never was a cocky boy.

But for the moment Wendy was shocked. "U conceit [braggart]," she exclaimed, with faint sarcasm; "of course I did nothing!"

"U did a little," Peter said carelessly, and continued to dance.

"A little!" she replied with pride; "if I am no use I can at least withdraw," and she sprang in the most dignified way into bed and covered her face with the blankets.

To injure her too soon he pretended to be going away, and when this failed he sat on the end of the bed and tapped her gently with his foot.

"Wendy," he said, "don't withdraw. I can't help crowing, Wendy, when I'm pleased with myself." Still she would not look up, though she was listening eagerly. "Wendy," he continued, in a voice that no woman has ever yet been able to resist, "Wendy, you shall be more use than twenty boys."

Now Wendy was every inch a woman, though she was not very merry in her heart, and she peeped out over the bed-clothes.

"Do you really think so, Peter?"

"Yes, I doo."

"I thhinc its perfectly swete ov u," she declaerd, "and Ile ghet up agane," and she sat widh him on the cide ov the bed. She aulso ced she wood ghiv him a kis if he liact, but Peter did not no whaut she ment, and he held out hiz hand expectantly.

"Shuerly u no whaut a kis iz?" she aasct, agaast.

"I shal no when u ghiv it too me," he replide stifly, and not too hert hiz feling she gave him a thhimbel.

"Nou," ced he, "shal I ghiv u a kis?" and she replide widh a slite primnes, "If u plese." She made hercelf raather chepe bi inclining her face tooword him, but he meerly dropt an acorn button intoo her hand, so she sloly reternd her face too whare it had bene befoer, and ced niasly dhat she wood ware hiz kis on the chane around her nec. It wauz lucky dhat she did poot it on dhat chane, for it wauz aafterwordz too save her life.

When pepel in our cet ar introjuest, it iz customary for them too aasc eche utherz age, and so Wendy, whoo aulwase liact too doo the corect thhing, aasct Peter hou oald he wauz. It wauz not reyaly a happy qweschon too aasc him; it wauz like an examinaishon paper dhat aasx grammar, when whaut u waunt too be aasct iz Kingz ov In'gland.

"I doant no," he replide unnesily, "but I am qwite yung." He reyaly nu nuthhing about it, he had meerly suspishonz, but he ced at a venchure, "Wendy, I ran awa the da I wauz born."

Wendy wauz qwite cerpriazd, but interested; and she indicated in the charming drauwing-roome manner, bi a tuch on her nite-goun, dhat he cood cit nerer her.

“It wauz becauz I herd faather and muther,” he explaind in a lo vois, “tauking about whaut I wauz too be when I became a man.” He wauz extrordinarily adgitated nou. “I doant waunt evver too be a man,” he ced widh pashon. “I waunt aulwase too be a littel boi and too hav fun. So I ran awa too Kensington Gardenz and livd a long long time among the farese.”

She gave him a looc ov the moast intens admiraishon, and he thaut it wauz becauz he had run awa, but it wauz reyaly becauz he nu farese. Wendy had livd such a home life dhat too no farese struc her az qwite deliatfool. She poerd out qweschonz about them, too hiz cerprise, for dha wer raather a nusans too him, ghetting in hiz wa and so on, and indede he sumtiamz had too ghiv them a hiding [spanking]. Stil, he liact them on the whole, and he toald her about the beghinning ov farese.

“U ce, Wendy, when the ferst baby laaft for the ferst time, its laaf broke intoo a thouzand pecez, and dha aul went skipping about, and dhat wauz the beghinning ov farese.”

Tejous tauc this, but beying a sta-at-home she liact it.

“And so,” he went on good-nachuerdly, “dhare aut too be wun fary for evvery boi and gherl.”

“Aut too be? Iznt dhare?”

“No. U ce children no such a lot nou, dha soone doant beleve in farese, and evvery time a chiald cez, 'I doant beleve in farese,' dhare iz a fary sumwhare dhat faulz doun ded.”

Reyaly, he thaut dha had nou tauct enuf about farese, and it struc him dhat Tinker Bel wauz keping verry qwiyet. "I caant thhinc whare she haz gon too," he ced, rising, and he cauld Tinc bi name. Wendese hart went flutter widh a sudden thril.

"Peter," she cride, clutching him, "u doant mene too tel me dhat dhare iz a fary in this roome!"

"She wauz here just nou," he ced a littel impaishently. "U doant here her, doo u?" and dha boath liscend.

"The oanly sound I here," ced Wendy, "iz like a tinkel ov belz."

"Wel, dhats Tinc, dhats the fary lan'gwage. I thhinc I here her too."

The sound came from the chest ov drauwerz, and Peter made a merry face. No wun cood evver looc qwite so merry az Peter, and the luvleyest ov gherghelz wauz hiz laaf. He had hiz ferst laaf stil.

"Wendy," he whisperd glefooly, "I doo beleve I shut her up in the drauwer!"

He let poor Tinc out ov the drauwer, and she flu about the nercery screming widh fury. "U shoodnt sa such thhingz," Peter retorted. "Ov coers Ime verry sorry, but hou cood I no u wer in the drauwer?"

Wendy wauz not liscening too him. "O Peter," she cride, "if she wood oanly stand stil and let me ce her!"

"Dha hardly evver stand stil," he ced, but for wun moment Wendy sau the romantic figure cum too rest on the cooccoo cloc. "O the luvly!" she cride, dho Tinx face wauz stil distorted widh pashon.

"Tinc," ced Peter ameyably, "this lady cez she wishez u wer her fary."

Tinker Bel aancerd insolently.

"Whaut duz she sa, Peter?"

He had too traanzlate. "She iz not verry polite. She cez u ar a grate [huge] ugly gherl, and dhat she iz mi fary."

He tride too argu widh Tinc. "U no u caant be mi fary, Tinc, becauz I am an gentelman and u ar a lady."

Too this Tinc replide in these werdz, "U cilly as," and disapeerd intoo the baathroome. "She iz qwite a common fary," Peter explaind apologetticaly, "she iz cauld Tinker Bel becauz she mendz the pots and kettelz [tinker = tin werker]." [Cimmilar too "cinder" plus "el" too ghet Cinderellaa]

Dha wer tooghether in the armchare bi this time, and Wendy plide him widh moer qweschonz.

"If u doant liv in Kensington Gardenz nou--"

"Sumtiamz I doo stil."

"But whare doo u liv moastly nou?"

"Widh the lost boiz."

"Whoo ar dha?"

"Dha ar the children whoo faul out ov dhare perambulatorz when the

ners iz loocking the uther wa. If dha ar not claimd in cevven dase dha ar cent far awa too the Nevverland too defra expencez. Ime captane."

"Whaut fun it must be!"

"Yes," ced cunning Peter, "but we ar raather loanly. U ce we hav no female companyonship."

"Ar nun ov the utherz gherlz?"

"O, no; gherlz, u no, ar much too clevver too faul out ov dhare pramz."

This flatterd Wendy imensly. "I thhinc," she ced, "it iz perfectly luvly the wa u tauc about gherlz; Jon dhare just despisez us."

For repli Peter rose and kict Jon out ov bed, blankets and aul; wun kic. This ceemd too Wendy raather forword for a ferst meting, and she toald him widh spirrit dhat he wauz not captane in her hous. Houwevver, Jon continnude too slepe so plascidly on the floer dhat she aloud him too remane dhare. "And I no u ment too be kiand," she ced, relenting, "so u ma ghiv me a kis."

For the moment she had forgotten hiz ignorans about kiscez. "I thaut u wood waunt it bac," he ced a littel bitterly, and offerd too retern her the thhimbel.

"O dere," ced the nice Wendy, "I doant mene a kis, I mene a thhimbel."

"Whauts dhat?"

"Its like this." She kist him.

“Funny!” ced Peter graivly. “Nou shal I ghiv u a thhimbel?”

“If u wish too,” ced Wendy, keping her hed erect this time.

Peter thhimbeld her, and aulmoast imejaitly she screecht. “Whaut iz it, Wendy?”

“It wauz exactly az if sumwun wer pooling mi hare.”

“Dhat must hav bene Tinc. I nevver nu her so nauty befoer.”

And indede Tinc wauz darting about agane, using ofencive lan’gwage.

“She cez she wil doo dhat too u, Wendy, evvery time I ghiv u a thhimbel.”

“But whi?”

“Whi, Tinc?”

Agane Tinc replide, “U cilly as.” Peter cood not understand whi, but Wendy understood, and she wauz just sliatly disapointed when he admitted dhat he came too the nercery windo not too ce her but too liscen too stoerese.

“U ce, I doant no enny stoerese. Nun ov the lost boiz nose enny stoerese.”

“Hou perfectly afool,” Wendy ced.

“Doo u no,” Peter aasct “whi swaulose bild in the eevz ov housez? It iz too liscen too the stoerese. O Wendy, yor muther wauz telling u such a luvly stoery.”

"Which stoery wauz it?"

"About the prins whoo coodnt fiand the lady whoo woer the glaas slipper."

"Peter," ced Wendy exitedly, "dhat wauz Cinderellaa, and he found her, and dha livd happily evver aafter."

Peter wauz so glad dhat he rose from the floer, whare dha had bene citting, and hurrede too the windo.

"Whare ar u gowing?" she cride widh misghivving.

"Too tel the uther boiz."

"Doant go Peter," she entreted, "I no such lots ov stoerese."

Dhose wer her precice werdz, so dhare can be no denying dhat it wauz she whoo ferst tempted him.

He came bac, and dhare wauz a gredy looc in hiz ise nou which aut too hav alarmd her, but did not.

"O, the stoerese I cood tel too the boiz!" she cride, and then Peter gript her and began too drau her tooword the windo.

"Let me go!" she orderd him.

"Wendy, doo cum widh me and tel the uther boiz."

Ov coers she wauz verry pleezd too be aasct, but she ced, "O dere, I caant. Thhinc ov mummy! Beciadz, I caant fli."

"Ile teche u."

"O, hou luvly too fli."

"Ile teche u hou too jump on the windz bac, and then awa we go."

"Oo!" she exclaimd rapchurously.

"Wendy, Wendy, when u ar sleping in yor cilly bed u mite be fliying about widh me saying funny thhingz too the starz."

"Oo!"

"And, Wendy, dhare ar mermaidz."

"Mermaidz! Widh tailz?"

"Such long tailz."

"O," cride Wendy, "too ce a mermade!"

He had becum friatfooly cunning. "Wendy," he ced, "hou we shood aul respect u."

She wauz rigling her boddy in distres. It wauz qwite az if she wer triying too remane on the nercery floer.

But he had no pittty for her.

"Wendy," he ced, the sli wun, "u cood tuc us in at nite."

"Oo!"

"Nun ov us haz evver bene tuct in at nite."

“Oo,” and her armz went out too him.

“And u cood darn our cloadhz, and make pockets for us. Nun ov us haz enny pockets.”

Hou cood she resist. “Ov coers its aufooly fascinating!” she cride.  
“Peter, wood u teche Jon and Mikel too fli too?”

“If u like,” he ced indifferently, and she ran too Jon and Mikel and shooc them. “Wake up,” she cride, “Peter Pan haz cum and he iz too teche us too fli.”

Jon rubd hiz ise. “Then I shal ghet up,” he ced. Ov coers he wauz on the floer aulreddy. “Hallo,” he ced, “I am up!”

Mikel wauz up bi this time aulso, loocking az sharp az a nife widh cix blaidz and a sau, but Peter suddenly ciand cilens. Dhare facez ashuemd the aufool craaftines ov children liscening for soundz from the grone-up werld. Aul wauz az stil az sault. Then evverithhing wauz rite. No, stop! Evverithhing wauz rong. Naanaa, whoo had bene barking distresfooly aul the evening, wauz qwiyet nou. It wauz her cilens dha had herd.

“Out widh the lite! Hide! Qwic!” cride Jon, taking comaand for the oanly time throowout the whole advenchure. And dhus when Lizaa enterd, hoalding Naanaa, the nercery ceemd qwite its oald celf, verry darc, and u wood hav swoern u herd its thre wicked inmaits breathing an’gelicaly az dha slept. Dha wer reyaly doowing it artfooly from behiand the windo kertainz.

Lizaa wauz in a bad temper, for she wauz mixing the Cristmas pooddinz in the kitchen, and had bene draun from them, widh a rasin stil on her cheke, bi Naanaaz abcerd suspishonz. She thaut the best wa ov ghetting

a littel qwiyet wauz too take Naanaa too the nercery for a moment, but in custody ov coers.

“Dhare, u suspishous broote,” she ced, not sorry dhat Naanaa wauz in disgrace. “Dha ar perfectly safe, arnt dha? Evvery wun ov the littel ain’gelz sound aslepe in bed. Liscen too dhare gentel breething.”

Here Mikel, encurraijd bi hiz suxes, breedhd so loudly dhat dha wer neerly detected. Naanaa nu dhat kiand ov breething, and she tride too drag hercelf out ov Lizaaz clutchez.

But Liza wauz dens. “No moer ov it, Naanaa,” she ced sternly, pooling her out ov the roome. “I worn u if u barc agane I shal go strate for maaster and missus and bring them home from the party, and then, o, woant maaster whip u, just.”

She tide the unhappy dog up agane, but doo u thhinc Naanaa ceest too barc?

Bring maaster and missus home from the party! Whi, dhat wauz just whaut she

waunted. Doo u thhinc she caerd whether she wauz whipt so long az her chargez wer safe? Unforchunaitly Liza wauz reternd too her pooddinz, and Naanaa, ceying dhat no help wood cum from her, straind and straind at the chane until at laast she broke it. In anuther moment she had berst intoo the dining-roome ov 27 and flung up her pauz too hevven, her moast exprescive wa ov making a comunicaishon. Mr. and Mrs. Darling nu at wuns dhat sumthhing terribel wauz happening in dhare nercery, and widhout a good-bi too dhare hoastes dha rusht intoo the strete.

But it wauz nou ten minnuets cins thre scoundrelz had bene breething behiand the kertainz, and Peter Pan can doo a grate dele in ten minnuets.

We nou retern too the nercery.

"Its aul rite," Jon anounst, emerging from hiz hiding-place. "I sa, Peter, can u reyaly fli?"

Insted ov trubling too aancer him Peter flu around the roome, taking the mantelpece on the wa.

"Hou topping!" ced Jon and Mikel.

"Hou swete!" cride Wendy.

"Yes, Ime swete, o, I am swete!" ced Peter, forghetting hiz mannerz agane.

It looct deliatfooly esy, and dha tride it ferst from the floer and then from the bedz, but dha aulwase went doun insted ov up.

"I sa, hou doo u doo it?" aasct Jon, rubbing hiz ne. He wauz qwite a practical boi.

"U just thhinc luvly wunderfool thauts," Peter explaind, "and dha lift u up in the are."

He shode them agane.

"Yor so nippy at it," Jon ced, "coodnt u doo it verry sloly wuns?"

Peter did it boath sloly and qwicly. "Ive got it nou, Wendy!" cride Jon, but soone he found he had not. Not wun ov them cood fli an inch, dho even Mikel wauz in werdz ov too cillabelz, and Peter did not no A from Z.

Ov coers Peter had bene triafling widh them, for no wun can fli unles

the fary dust haz bene blone on him. Forchunaitly, az we hav menshond, wun ov hiz handz wauz mescy widh it, and he blu sum on eche ov them, widh the moast superb rezults.

“Nou just wigghel yor shoalderz this wa,” he ced, “and let go.”

Dha wer aul on dhare bedz, and gallant Mikel let go ferst. He did not qwite mene too let go, but he did it, and imejaitly he wauz boern across the roome.

“I flude!” he screemd while stil in mid-are.

Jon let go and met Wendy nere the baathroome.

“O, luvly!”

“O, ripping!”

“Looc at me!”

“Looc at me!”

“Looc at me!”

Dha wer not neerly so ellegant az Peter, dha cood not help kicking a littel, but dhare hedz wer bobbing against the celing, and dhare iz aulmoast nuthhing so delishous az dhat. Peter gave Wendy a hand at ferst, but had too decist, Tinc wauz so indignant.

Up and doun dha went, and round and round. Hevvenly wauz Wendese werd.

“I sa,” cride Jon, “whi shoodnt we aul go out?”

Ov coers it wauz too this dhat Peter had bene luring them.

Mikel wauz reddy: he waunted too ce hou long it tooc him too doo a billeyon mialz. But Wendy hezsitated.

“Mermaidz!” ced Peter agane.

“Oo!”

“And dhare ar piraits.”

“Piraitz,” cride Jon, cesing hiz Sunda hat, “let us go at wuns.”

It wauz just at this moment dhat Mr. and Mrs. Darling hurrede widh Naanaa out ov 27. Dha ran intoo the middel ov the strete too looc up at the nercery windo; and, yes, it wauz stil shut, but the roome wauz ablase widh lite, and moast hart-gripping cite ov aul, dha cood ce in shaddo on the kertane thre littel figguerz in nite atire cercling round and round, not on the floer but in the are.

Not thre figguerz, foer!

In a trembel dha opend the strete doer. Mr. Darling wood hav rusht upstaerz, but Mrs. Darling ciand him too go softly. She even tride too make her hart go softly.

Wil dha reche the nercery in time? If so, hou deliatfool for them, and we shal aul breedh a ci ov relefe, but dhare wil be no stoery. On the uther hand, if dha ar not in time, I sollemly prommice dhat it wil aul cum rite in the end.

Dha wood hav reecht the nercery in time had it not bene dhat the

littel starz wer wauching them. Wuns agane the starz blu the windo open, and dhat smaulest star ov aul cauld out:

“Cave, Peter!”

Then Peter nu dhat dhare wauz not a moment too loose. “Cum,” he cride impereyously, and soerd out at wuns intoo the nite, follode bi Jon and Mikel and Wendy.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Naanaa rusht intoo the nercery too late. The berdz wer flone.

#### Chapter 4 THE FLITE

“Cecond too the rite, and strate on til morning.”

Dhat, Peter had toald Wendy, wauz the wa too the Nevverland; but even berdz, carreying maps and consulting them at windy cornerz, cood not hav cited it widh these instrucshonz. Peter, u ce, just ced ennithhing dhat came intoo hiz hed.

At ferst hiz companyonz trusted him impliscitly, and so grate wer the deliats ov fliying dhat dha waisted time cercling round cherch spiarz or enny uther taul obgets on the wa dhat tooc dhare fancy.

Jon and Mikel raist, Mikel ghetting a start.

Dha recauld widh contempt dhat not so long ago dha had thaut themcelvz fine fellose for beying abel too fli round a roome.

Not long ago. But hou long ago? Dha wer fliying over the ce befoer

this thaut began too disterb Wendy cereyously. Jon thaut it wauz dhare cecond ce and dhare thherd nite.

Sumtiamz it wauz darc and sumtiamz lite, and nou dha wer verry coald and agane too worm. Did dha reyaly fele hun'gry at tiamz, or wer dha meerly pretending, becauz Peter had such a jolly nu wa ov feding them? Hiz wa wauz too pershu berdz whoo had foode in dhare mouths sutabel

for humanz and snach it from them; then the berdz wood follo and snach it bac; and dha wood aul go chacing eche uther galy for mialz, parting at laast widh muchuwal expreshonz ov good-wil. But Wendy

notiast widh gentel concern dhat Peter did not ceme too no dhat this wauz raather an od wa ov ghetting yor bred and butter, nor even dhat dhare ar uther wase.

Certainly dha did not pretend too be slepy, dha wer slepy; and dhat wauz a dain'ger, for the moment dha popt of, doun dha fel. The aufool thhing wauz dhat Peter thaut this funny.

"Dhare he gose agane!" he wood cri glefooly, az Mikel suddenly dropt like a stone.

"Save him, save him!" cride Wendy, loocking widh horror at the croowel ce far belo. Evenchuwaly Peter wood dive throo the are, and cach Mikel just befoer he cood strike the ce, and it wauz luvly the wa he did it; but he aulwase wated til the laast moment, and u felt it wauz hiz clevvernes dhat interested him and not the saving ov human life. Aulso he wauz fond ov varyety, and the spoert dhat en'groast him wun moment wood suddenly cece too en'gage him, so dhare wauz aulwase the pocibillity dhat the next time u fel he wood let u go.

He cood slepe in the are widhout fauling, bi meerly liying on hiz bac and floting, but this wauz, partly at leest, becauz he wauz so lite dhat if u got behiand him and blu he went faaster.

“Doo be moer polite too him,” Wendy whisperd too Jon, when dha wer playing “Follo mi Leder.”

“Then tel him too stop showing of,” ced Jon.

When playing Follo mi Leder, Peter wood fli cloce too the wauter and tuch eche sharx tale in paacing, just az in the strete u ma run yor fin’gher along an iarn raling. Dha cood not follo him in this widh much suxes, so perhaps it wauz raather like showing of, espeshaly az he kept loocking behiand too ce hou menny tailz dha mist.

“U must be nice too him,” Wendy imprest on her brutherz. “Whaut cood we doo if he wer too leve us!”

“We cood go bac,” Mikel ced.

“Hou cood we evver fiand our wa bac widhout him?”

“Wel, then, we cood go on,” ced Jon.

“Dhat iz the afool thhing, Jon. We shood hav too go on, for we doant no hou too stop.”

This wauz troo, Peter had forgotten too sho them hou too stop.

Jon ced dhat if the werst came too the werst, aul dha had too doo wauz too go strate on, for the werld wauz round, and so in time dha must cum bac too dhare one windo.

“And whoo iz too ghet foode for us, Jon?”

"I nipt a bit out ov dhat eghelz mouth pritty neetly, Wendy."

"Aafter the twenteyeth tri," Wendy remianded him. "And even dho we became good at picking up foode, ce hou we bump against cloudz and thhingz if he iz not nere too ghiv us a hand."

Indede dha wer constantly bumping. Dha cood nou fli strongly, dho dha stil kict far too much; but if dha sau a cloud in frunt ov them, the moer dha tride too avoid it, the moer certainly did dha bump intoo it. If Naanaa had bene widh them, she wood hav had a bandage round Mikelz foerhed bi this time.

Peter wauz not widh them for the moment, and dha felt raather loanly up dhare bi themcelvz. He cood go so much faaster dhan dha dhat he wood suddenly shoote out ov cite, too hav sum advenchure in which dha had no share. He wood cum down laafing over sumthhing feerfooly funny he had bene saying too a star, but he had aulreddy forgotten whaut it wauz, or he wood cum up widh mermade scailz stil sticking too him, and yet not be abel too sa for certane whaut had bene happening. It wauz reyaly raather irritating too children whoo had never cene a mermade.

"And if he forghets them so qwicly," Wendy argude, "hou can we expect dhat he wil go on remembering us?"

Indede, sumtiamz when he reternd he did not remember them, at leest not wel. Wendy wauz shure ov it. She sau recognishon cum intoo hiz ise az he wauz about too paas them the time ov da and go on; wuns even she had too caul him bi name.

"Ime Wendy," she ced adgitatedly.

He wauz verry sorry. "I sa, Wendy," he whisپرد too her, "aulwase if u ce me forghetting u, just kepe on saying Ime Wendy,' and then Ile remember."

Ov coers this wauz raather unsatisfactory. Houwevver, too make amendz he

shode them hou too li out flat on a strong wind dhat wauz gowing dhare wa, and this wauz such a plezzant chainj dhat dha tride it ceveral tiamz and found dhat dha cood slepe dhus widh ceurity. Indede dha wood hav slept lon'gher, but Peter tiard qwicly ov sleping, and soone he wood cri in hiz captane vois, "We ghet of here." So widh ocaizhonal tifs, but on the whole rolliking, dha droo nere the Neverland; for aafter menny muinz dha did reche it, and, whaut iz moer, dha had bene gowing pritty strate aul the time, not perhaps so much owing too the ghidans ov Peter or Tinc az becauz the iland wauz loocking for them. It iz oanly dhus dhat enny wun ma cite dhose madgic shoerz.

"Dhare it iz," ced Peter caamly.

"Whare, whare?"

"Whare aul the arrose ar pointing."

Indede a milleyon goalden arrose wer pointing it out too the children, aul directed bi dhare frend the sun, whoo waunted them too be shure ov dhare wa befoer leving them for the nite.

Wendy and Jon and Mikel stood on tip-to in the are too ghet dhare ferst cite ov the iland. Strainj too sa, dha aul reccogniazd it at wuns, and until fere fel uppon them dha haid it, not az sumthing long dremt ov and cene at laast, but az a familleyar frend too whoome dha wer reterning home for the hollidase.

"Jon, dhaerz the lagoone."

“Wendy, looc at the tertelz berreying dhare egz in the sand.”

“I sa, Jon, I ce yor flamin’go widh the broken leg!”

“Looc, Mikel, dhaerz yor cave!”

“Jon, whauts dhat in the brushwood?”

“Its a woolf widh her whelps. Wendy, I doo beleve dhats yor littel whelp!”

“Dhaerz mi bote, Jon, widh her ciadz stove in!”

“No, it iznt. Whi, we bernd yor bote.”

“Dhats her, at enny rate. I sa, Jon, I ce the smoke ov the redskin camp!”

“Whare? Sho me, and Ile tel u bi the wa smoke kerlz whether dha ar on the wor-paath.”

“Dhare, just acros the Mistereyous Rivver.”

“I ce nou. Yes, dha ar on the wor-paath rite enuf.”

Peter wauz a littel anoid widh them for nowing so much, but if he waunted too lord it over them hiz triyumf wauz at hand, for hav I not toald u dhat anon fere fel uppon them?

It came az the arrose went, leving the iland in gloome.

In the oald dase at home the Nevverland had aulwase begun too looc a littel

darc and threttening bi bedtime. Then unnexplord patchez arose in it and spred, blac shaddose muivd about in them, the roer ov the beests ov pra wauz qwite different nou, and abuv aul, u lost the certainty dhat u wood win. U wer qwite glad dhat the nite-liats wer on. U even liact Naanaa too sa dhat this wauz just the mantelpece over here, and dhat the Nevverland wauz aul make-beleve.

Ov coers the Nevverland had bene make-beleve in dhose dase, but it wauz reyal nou, and dhare wer no nite-liats, and it wauz ghetting darker evvery moment, and whare wauz Naanaa?

Dha had bene fliying apart, but dha huddeld cloce too Peter nou. Hiz caerles manner had gon at laast, hiz ise wer sparcling, and a tin'ghel went throo them evvery time dha tucht hiz boddy. Dha wer nou over the feersum iland, fliying so lo dhat sumtiamz a tre graizd dhare fete. Nuthhing horrid wauz vizsibel in the are, yet dhare proagres had becum slo and labord, exactly az if dha wer pooshing dhare wa throo hostile foercez. Sumtiamz dha hung in the are until Peter had beten on it widh hiz fists.

“Dha doant waunt us too land,” he explaind.

“Whoo ar dha?” Wendy whisperd, shuddering.

But he cood not or wood not sa. Tinker Bel had bene aslepe on hiz shoalder, but nou he wakend her and cent her on in frunt.

Sumtiamz he poizd himcelf in the are, liscening intently, widh hiz hand too hiz ere, and agane he wood stare doun widh ise so brite dhat dha ceemd too boer too hoalz too erth. Havving dun these thhingz, he went on agane.

Hiz currage wauz aulmoast apauling. “Wood u like an advenchure nou,” he

ced cazhuwaly too Jon, "or wood u like too hav yor te ferst?"

Wendy ced "te ferst" qwicly, and Mikel prest her hand in grattichude, but the braver Jon hezsitated.

"Whaut kiand ov advenchure?" he aasct caushously.

"Dhaerz a pirate aslepe in the pampas just beneeth us," Peter toald him.  
"If u like, weeyl go doun and kil him."

"I doant ce him," Jon ced aafter a long pausz.

"I doo."

"Supose," Jon ced, a littel huskily, "he wer too wake up."

Peter spoke indignantly. "U doant thhinc I wood kil him while he wauz sleping! I wood wake him ferst, and then kil him. Dhats the wa I aulwase doo."

"I sa! Doo u kil menny?"

"Tunz."

Jon ced "Hou ripping," but decided too hav te ferst. He aasct if dhare wer menny piraits on the iland just nou, and Peter ced he had nevver none so menny.

"Whoo iz captane nou?"

"Hooc," aancerd Peter, and hiz face became verry stern az he ced dhat hated werd.

"Jaaz. Hooc?"

"I."

Then indede Mikel began too cri, and even Jon cood speke in gulps oonly, for dha nu Hoox reputaishon.

"He wauz Blacbeerdz boasn," Jon whisperd huskily. "He iz the werst ov them aul. He iz the oonly man ov whoome Barbecu wauz afrade."

"Dhats him," ced Peter.

"Whaut iz he like? Iz he big?"

"He iz not so big az he wauz."

"Hou doo u mene?"

"I cut of a bit ov him."

"U!"

"Yes, me," ced Peter sharply.

"I wauznt mening too be disrespectfool."

"O, aul rite."

"But, I sa, whaut bit?"

"Hiz rite hand."

"Then he caant fite nou?"

"O, caant he just!"

"Left-hander?"

"He haz an iarn hooc insted ov a rite hand, and he clauz widh it."

"Clauz!"

"I sa, Jon," ced Peter.

"Yes."

"Sa, I, i, cer."

"I, i, cer."

"Dhare iz wun thhing," Peter continnude, "dhat evvery boi whoo cervz under me haz too prommice, and so must u."

Jon paild.

"It iz this, if we mete Hooc in open fite, u must leve him too me."

"I prommice," Jon ced loiyaly.

For the moment dha wer feling les ery, becauz Tinc wauz fliying widh them, and in her lite dha cood distin'gwish eche uther. Unforchunaitly she cood not fli so sloly az dha, and so she had too go round and round them in a cercel in which dha muivd az in a halo. Wendy qwite liact it, until Peter pointed out the draubax.

"She telz me," he ced, "dhat the piraits cited us befoer the darcnes came, and got Long Tom out."

“The big gun?”

“Yes. And ov coers dha must ce her lite, and if dha ghes we ar nere it dha ar shure too let fli.”

“Wendy!”

“Jon!”

“Mikel!”

“Tel her too go awa at wuns, Peter,” the thre cride cimultainyously, but he refuezd.

“She thhinx we hav lost the wa,” he replide stifly, “and she iz raather fritend. U doant thhinc I wood cend her awa aul bi hercelf when she iz fritend!”

For a moment the cercel ov lite wauz broken, and sumthhing gave Peter a luvving littel pinch.

“Then tel her,” Wendy begd, “too poot out her lite.”

“She caant poot it out. Dhat iz about the oonly thhing farese caant doo. It just gose out ov itcelf when she faulz aslepe, same az the starz.”

“Then tel her too slepe at wuns,” Jon aulmoast orderd.

“She caant slepe exept when shese slepy. It iz the oonly uther thhing farese caant doo.”

“Ceemz too me,” grould Jon, “these ar the oonly too thhingz werth doowing.”

Here he got a pinch, but not a luvving wun.

“If oonly wun ov us had a pocket,” Peter ced, “we cood carry her in it.” Houwevver, dha had cet of in such a hurry dhat dhare wauz not a pocket betwene the foer ov them.

He had a happy ideyaa. Jonz hat!

Tinc agrede too travvel bi hat if it wauz carrede in the hand. Jon carrede it, dho she had hoapt too be carrede bi Peter. Prezently Wendy tooc the hat, becauz Jon ced it struc against hiz ne az he flu; and this, az we shal ce, led too mischefe, for Tinker Bel hated too be under an obligaishon too Wendy.

In the blac topper the lite wauz compleetly hidden, and dha flu on in cilens. It wauz the stillest cilens dha had evver none, broken wuns bi a distant lapping, which Peter explaind wauz the wiald beests drinking at the foerd, and agane bi a raasping sound dhat mite hav bene the braanchez ov trese rubbing tooghether, but he ced it wauz the redskinz sharpening dhare niavz.

Even these noisez ceest. Too Mikel the loanlines wauz dredfool. “If oonly sumthhing wood make a sound!” he cride.

Az if in aancer too hiz reqwest, the are wauz rent bi the moast tremendous crash he had evver herd. The piraits had fiard Long Tom at them.

The roer ov it eccode throo the mountainz, and the eccose ceemd too cri savvajly, “Whare ar dha, whare ar dha, whare ar dha?”

Dhus sharply did the terrifide thre lern the differens betwene an iland ov make-beleve and the same iland cum troo.

When at laast the hevvenz wer steddy agane, Jon and Mikel

found themcelvz alone in the darcnes. Jon wauz tredding the are mecannicaly, and Mikel widhout nowing hou too flote wauz floting.

“Ar u shot?” Jon whisperd tremmulously.

“I havnt tride [micelf out] yet,” Mikel whisperd bac.

We no nou dhat no wun had bene hit. Peter, houwevver, had bene carrede bi the wind ov the shot far out too ce, while Wendy wauz blone upwordz widh no companyon but Tinker Bel.

It wood hav bene wel for Wendy if at dhat moment she had dropt the hat.

I doant no whether the ideyaa came suddenly too Tinc, or whether she had pland it on the wa, but she at wuns poppt out ov the hat and began too lure Wendy too her destrucshon.

Tinc wauz not aul bad; or, raather, she wauz aul bad just nou, but, on the uther hand, sumtiamz she wauz aul good. Farese hav too be wun thhing or the uther, becauz beying so smaull dha unforchunaitly hav roome for wun feling oonly at a time. Dha ar, houwevver, aloud too chainj, oonly it must be a complete chainj. At prezsent she wauz fool ov gelloucy ov Wendy.

Whaut she ced in her luvly tinkel Wendy cood not ov coers understand, and I beleve sum ov it wauz bad werdz, but it sounded kiand, and she flu bac and forword, plainly mening “Follo me, and aul wil be wel.”

Whaut els cood poor Wendy doo? She cauld too Peter and Jon and Mikel, and got oonly mocking eccose in repli. She did not yet no dhat Tinc hated her widh the feers haitred ov a verry woomman. And so, bewilderd, and nou stagghering in her flite, she follode Tinc too her doome.

## Chapter 5 THE ILAND CUM TROO

Feling dhat Peter wauz on hiz wa bac, the Nevverland had agane woke intoo life. We aut too use the pluperfect and sa wakend, but woke iz better and wauz aulwase uezd bi Peter.

In hiz abcens thhingz ar uezhuwaly qwiyet on the iland. The farese take an our lon'gher in the morning, the beests atend too dhare yung, the redskinz fede hevvily for cix dase and niats, and when piraits and lost boiz mete dha meerly bite dhare thumz at eche uther. But widh the cumming ov Peter, whoo haits lethargy, dha ar under wa agane: if u poot yor ere too the ground nou, u wood here the whole iland ceething widh life.

On this evening the chefe foercez ov the iland wer dispoazd az follose. The lost boiz wer out loocking for Peter, the piraits wer out loocking for the lost boiz, the redskinz wer out loocking for the piraits, and the beests wer out loocking for the redskinz. Dha wer gowing round and round the iland, but dha did not mete becauz aul wer gowing at the same rate.

Aul waunted blud exept the boiz, whoo liact it az a roole, but too-nite wer out too grete dhare captane. The boiz on the iland vary, ov coers, in numberz, acording az dha ghet kild and so on; and when dha ceme too be growing up, which iz against the ruilz, Peter thhinz them out; but at this time dhare wer cix ov them, counting the twinz az too. Let us pretend too li here amung the shooggar-cane and wauch them az dha stele bi  
in cin'ghel file, eche widh hiz hand on hiz daggher.

Dha ar forbidden bi Peter too looc in the leest like him, and dha ware

the skinz ov the baerz slane bi themcelvz, in which dha ar so round and fuury dhat when dha faul dha role. Dha hav dhaerfoer becum verry shure-footted.

The ferst too paas iz Tootelz, not the leest brave but the moast unforchunate ov aul dhat gallant band. He had bene in fuwer advenchuerz dhan enny ov them, becauz the big thhingz constantly happend just when he had stept round the corner; aul wood be qwiyet, he wood take the oporchunity ov gowing of too gather a fu stix for fiarwood, and then when he reternd the utherz wood be sweping up the blud. This il-luc had ghivven a gentel mellancoly too hiz countenans, but insted ov souring hiz nachure had swetend it, so dhat he wauz qwite the humblest ov the boiz. Poor kiand Tootelz, dhare iz dain'ger in the are for u too-nite. Take care lest an advenchue iz nou offerd u, which, if axepted, wil plunj u in depest wo. Tootelz, the fary Tinc, whoo iz bent on mischefe this nite iz loocking for a toole [for doowing her mischefe], and she thhinx u ar the moast esily trict ov the boiz. Ware Tinker Bel.

Wood dhat he cood here us, but we ar not reyalz on the iland, and he paacez bi, biting hiz nuckelz.

Next cumz Nibz, the ga and debonare, follode bi Sliatly, whoo cuts whiscelz out ov the trese and daancez extatticaly too hiz one chuenz. Sliatly iz the moast conceted ov the boiz. He thhinx he rememberz the dase befoer he wauz lost, widh dhare mannerz and customz, and this haz ghivven hiz nose an ofencive tilt. Kerly iz foerth; he iz a pickel, [a person whoo ghets in pickelz-prediccaments] and so often haz he had too delivver up hiz person when Peter ced sternly, "Stand foerth the wun whoo did this thhing," dhat nou at the comaand he standz foerth automatticaly whether he haz dun it or not. Laast cum the Twinz, whoo canot be descriabd becauz we shoold be shure too be describing the rong wun. Peter nevver qwite nu whaut twinz wer, and hiz band wer not aloud too no ennithing he did not no, so these too wer aulwase vaghe about

themselvz, and did dhare best too ghiv satisfacshon bi keping cloce tooghether in an apologetic sort ov wa.

The boiz vannish in the gloome, and aafter a pauz, but not a long pauz, for thhingz go briscly on the iland, cum the piraits on dhare trac. We here them befoer dha ar cene, and it iz aulwase the same dredfool song:

“Avaast bela, yo ho, heve too,  
A-pirating we go,  
And if were parted bi a shot  
Were shure too mete belo!”

A moer villanous-loocking lot nevver hung in a ro on Execueshon doc. Here, a littel in advaans, evver and agane widh hiz hed too the ground liscening, hiz grate armz bare, pecez ov ate in hiz eerz az ornaments, iz the handsum Italleyan Cecco, whoo cut hiz name in letterz ov blud on the bac ov the guvvernor ov the prizzon at Gou. Dhat gigantic blac behiand him haz had menny naimz cins he dropt the wun widh which dusky mutherz stil terrifi dhare children on the banx ov the Guwadjo-mo. Here iz Bil Juex, evvery inch ov him tatoode, the same Bil Juex whoo got cix duzsen on the WAULRUS from Flint befoer he wood drop the bag ov moidorz [Porchughese goald pecez]; and Cooxon, ced too be Blac Merfese bruther (but this wauz nevver pruid), and Gentelman Starky, wuns an usher in a public scoole and stil dainty in hiz wase ov killing; and Skiliats (Morganz Skiliats); and the Irish boasn Sme, an odly geenyal man whoo stabd, so too speke, widhout ofens, and wauz the oonly Non-conformist in Hoox croo; and Nuidler, whose handz wer fixt on baqwordz; and Rot. Mullinz and Aaf Mason and menny anuther ruffeyan long none and feerd on the Spannish Mane.

In the midst ov them, the blackest and largest in dhat darc cetting, recliand Jaimz Hooc, or az he rote himcelf, Jaaz. Hooc, ov whoome it iz ced he wauz the oonly man dhat the Ce-Cooc feerd. He la at hiz ese in

a ruf charreyot draun and propeld bi hiz men, and insted ov a rite hand he had the iarn hooc widh which evver and anon he encurraijd them too increce dhare pace. Az dogz this terribel man treted and adrest them, and az dogz dha obade him. In person he wauz cadavverous [ded loocking] and blaccaviazd [darc faist], and hiz hare wauz drest in long kerlz, which at a littel distans looct like blac candelz, and gave a cin'gularly thretthening expreshon too hiz handsum countenans. Hiz ise wer ov the blu ov the forghet-me-not, and ov a profound mellancoly, save when he wauz plun'ging hiz hooc intoo u, at which time too red spots apeerd in them and lit them up horibly. In manner, sumthhing ov the grand sainyer stil clung too him, so dhat he even ript u up widh an are, and I hav bene toald dhat he wauz a RACONTER [stoeriteller] ov repute. He wauz nevver moer cinnister dhan when he wauz moast polite, which iz probbably the troowest test ov breeding; and the ellegans ov hiz dicshon, even when he wauz swaring, no les dhan the distincshon ov hiz demenor, shode him wun ov a different caast from hiz croo. A man ov indommitabel currage, it wauz ced dhat the oonly thhing he shide at wauz the cite ov hiz one blud, which wauz thhic and ov an unnuezhuwal cullor. In dres he sumwhaut aipt the atire asoasheyated widh the name ov Charlz 2, havving herd it ced in sum erleyer pereyod ov hiz carere dhat he boer a strainj resemblans too the il-fated Schuwarts; and in hiz mouth he had a hoalder ov hiz one contrivans which enabeld him too smoke too cigarz at wuns. But undoutedly the grimmest part ov him wauz hiz iarn clau.

Let us nou kil a pirate, too sho Hoox method. Skiliats wil doo. Az dha paas, Skiliats lerchez clumsily against him, rufing hiz lace collar; the hooc shuits foerth, dhare iz a taring sound and wun screche, then the boddy iz kict acide, and the piraits paas on. He haz not even taken the cigarz from hiz mouth.

Such iz the terribel man against whoome Peter Pan iz pitted. Which wil win?

On the trale ov the piraits, steling noizlesly down the wor-paath, which iz not vizsibel too inxperenst ise, cum the redskinz, evvery wun ov them widh hiz ise peeld. Dha carry tomahaux and niavz, and dhare naked boddese gleme widh paint and oil. Strung around them ar scalps, ov boiz az wel az ov piraits, for these ar the Piccaniny tribe, and not too be confuezd widh the softer-harted Dellawaerz or the Huronz. In the van, on aul foerz, iz Grate Big Littel Panthher, a brave ov so menny scalps dhat in hiz prezsent posishon dha sumwhaut impede hiz proagres. Bringing up the rere, the place ov gratest dain'ger, cumz Tigher Lilly, proudly erect, a princes in her one rite. She iz the moast butifool ov dusky Diyannaaz [Diyannaa = goddes ov the woodz] and the bel ov the Piccaninese, cokettish [flerting], coald and ammorous [luvving] bi ternz; dhare iz not a brave whoo wood not hav the waword thhing too wife, but she staivz of the aultar widh a hatchet. Observ hou dha paas over faulen twigz widhout making the slitest noiz. The oonly sound too be herd iz dhare sumwhaut hevvy breething. The fact iz dhat dha ar aul a littel fat just nou aafter the hevvy gorging, but in time dha wil werc this of. For the moment, houwevver, it constichuets dhare chefe dain'ger.

The redskinz disapere az dha hav cum like shaddose, and soone dhare place iz taken bi the beests, a grate and motly proceshon: liyonz, tigherz, baerz, and the inumerabel smauler savvage thhingz dhat fle from them, for evvery kiand ov beest, and, moer particcularly, aul the man-eterz, liv cheke bi joul on the favord iland. Dhare tungz ar hanging out, dha ar hun'gry too-nite.

When dha hav paast, cumz the laast figgure ov aul, a gigantic croccodile. We shal ce for whoome she iz loocking prezsently.

The croccodile paacez, but soone the boiz apere agane, for the proceshon must continnu indeffiniatly until wun ov the partese stops or chain'gez its pace. Then qwicly dha wil be on top ov eche uther.

Aul ar keping a sharp looc-out in frunt, but nun suspects dhat the dain'ger ma be creping up from behiand. This shose hou reyal the iland wauz.

The ferst too faul out ov the mooving cerkel wauz the boiz. Dha flung themcelvz down on the sword [terf], cloce too dhare underground home.

"I doo wish Peter wood cum bac," evvery wun ov them ced nervously, dho in hite and stil moer in bredth dha wer aul larger dhan dhare captane.

"I am the oonly wun whoo iz not afrade ov the piraits," Sliatly ced, in the tone dhat prevented hiz beying a genneral favorite; but perhaps sum distant sound disterbd him, for he added haistily, "but I wish he wood cum bac, and tel us whether he haz herd ennithhing moer about Cinderellaa."

Dha tauct ov Cinderellaa, and Tootelz wauz confident dhat hiz muther must hav bene verry like her.

It wauz oonly in Peterz abcens dhat dha cood speke ov mutherz, the subject beying forbidden bi him az cilly.

"Aul I remember about mi muther," Nibz toald them, "iz dhat she often ced too mi faather, O, hou I wish I had a chec-booc ov mi one! I doant no whaut a chec-booc iz, but I shood just luv too ghiv mi muther wun."

While dha tauct dha herd a distant sound. U or I, not beying wiald thhingz ov the woodz, wood hav herd nuthhing, but dha herd it, and it wauz the grim song:

"Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life,

The flag o' scul and boanz,  
A merry our, a hempen rope,  
And ha for Davy Joanz."

At wuns the lost boiz--but whare ar dha? Dha ar no lon'gher dhare.  
Rabbits cood not hav disapeerd moer qwicly.

I wil tel u whare dha ar. Widh the exepshon ov Nibz, whoo haz darterd awa too reconoiter [looc around], dha ar aulreddy in dhare home under the ground, a verry deliatfool rezsidens ov which we shal ce a good dele prezsently. But hou hav dha reecht it? for dhare iz no entrans too be cene, not so much az a larj stone, which if roald awa, wood disclose the mouth ov a cave. Looc cloasly, houwevver, and u ma note dhat dhare ar here cevven larj trese, eche widh a hole in its hollo trunc az larj az a boi. These ar the cevven entrancez too the home under the ground, for which Hooc haz bene cerching in vane these menny muinz. Wil he fiand it toonite?

Az the piraits advaanst, the qwic i ov Starky cited Nibz disapering throo the wood, and at wuns hiz pistol flasht out. But an iarn clau gript hiz shoalder.

"Captane, let go!" he cride, riathing.

Nou for the ferst time we here the vois ov Hooc. It wauz a blac vois.  
"Poot bac dhat pistol ferst," it ced thretteningly.

"It wauz wun ov dhose boiz u hate. I cood hav shot him ded."

"I, and the sound wood hav braut Tigher Lillese redskinz uppon us. Doo u waunt too loose yor scalp?"

"Shal I aafter him, Captane," aasct pathhettic Sme, "and tickel him widh Jonny Corxcroo?" Sme had plezzant naimz for evverithhing, and hiz

cutlas wauz Jonny Corxcroo, becauz he wiggheld it in the wuind. Wun cood menshon menny luvvabel traits in Sme. For instans, aafter killing, it wauz hiz spectakelz he wiapt insted ov hiz weppon.

“Jonnese a cilent fello,” he remianded Hooc.

“Not nou, Sme,” Hooc ced darcly. “He iz oanly wun, and I waunt too mischefe aul the cevven. Scatter and looc for them.”

The piraits disapeerd amung the trese, and in a moment dhare Captane and Sme wer alone. Hooc heevd a hevvy ci, and I no not whi it wauz, perhaps it wauz becauz ov the soft buty ov the evening, but dhare came over him a desire too confide too hiz faithfool boasn the stoery ov hiz life. He spoke long and earnestly, but whaut it wauz aul about Sme, whoo wauz raather schupid, did not no in the leest.

Anon [later] he caut the werd Peter.

“Moast ov aul,” Hooc wauz saying pashonaitly, “I waunt dhare captane, Peter Pan. Twauz he cut of mi arm.” He brandisht the hooc thretteningly. “Ive wated long too shake hiz hand widh this. O, Ile tare him!”

“And yet,” ced Sme, “I hav often herd u sa dhat hooc wauz werth a scoer ov handz, for coming the hare and uther hoamly ucez.”

“I,” the captane aancerd, “if I wauz a muther I wood pra too hav mi children born widh this insted ov dhat,” and he caast a looc ov pride uppon hiz iarn hand and wun ov scorn uppon the uther. Then agane he fround.

“Peter flung mi arm,” he ced, wincing, “too a croccodile dhat happend too be paacing bi.”

"I hav often," ced Sme, "notiast yor strainj dred ov croccodialz."

"Not ov croccodialz," Hooc corected him, "but ov dhat wun croccodile."

He

lowerd hiz vois. "It liact mi arm so much, Sme, dhat it haz follode me evver cins, from ce too ce and from land too land, licking its lips for the rest ov me."

"In a wa," ced Sme, "its sort ov a compliment."

"I waunt no such compliments," Hooc barct petchulantly. "I waunt Peter

Pan,

whoo ferst gave the broote its taist for me."

He sat down on a larj mushroome, and nou dhare wauz a qwivver in hiz vois. "Sme," he ced huskily, "dhat croccodile wood hav had me befoer this, but bi a lucky chaans it swaulode a cloc which gose tic tic incide it, and so befoer it can reche me I here the tic and bolt." He laaft, but in a hollo wa.

"Sum da," ced Sme, "the cloc wil run down, and then heeyl ghet u."

Hooc wetted hiz dri lips. "I," he ced, "dhats the fere dhat haunts me."

Cins citting doun he had felt cureyously worm. "Sme," he ced, "this cete iz hot." He jumpt up. "Odz bobz, hammer and tongz Ime barning."

Dha exammiand the mushroome, which wauz ov a cise and soliddity un'none

on the mainland; dha tride too pool it up, and it came awa at wuns in dhare handz, for it had no roote. Strain'ger stil, smoke began at wuns too acend. The piraits looct at eche uther. "A chimney!" dha boath

exclaimd.

Dha had indede discuvverd the chimney ov the home under the ground. It wauz the custom ov the boiz too stop it widh a mushroom when ennemese wer in the naborhood.

Not oonly smoke came out ov it. Dhare came aulso childrenz voicez, for so safe did the boiz fele in dhare hiding-place dhat dha wer galy chattering. The piraits liscend grimly, and then replaist the mushroome. Dha looct around them and noted the hoalz in the cevven tresse.

“Did u here them sa Peter Panz from home?” Sme whisperd, fidgeting widh Jonny Corxcroo.

Hooc nodded. He stood for a long time lost in thaut, and at laast a kerdling smile lit up hiz sworthy face. Sme had bene wating for it. “Unrip yor plan, captane,” he cride egherly.

“Too retern too the ship,” Hooc replide sloly throo hiz teeth, “and cooc a larj rich cake ov a jolly thhicnes widh grene shooggar on it. Dhare can be but wun roome belo, for dhare iz but wun chimney. The cilly moalz had not the cens too ce dhat dha did not nede a doer apece. Dhat shose dha hav no muther. We wil leve the cake on the shoer ov the Mermaidz Lagoone. These boiz ar aulwase swimming about dhare, playing widh the mermaidz. Dha wil fiand the cake and dha wil gobbel it up, becauz, havving no muther, dha doant no hou dain’gerous tiz too ete rich damp cake.” He berst intoo laafter, not hollo laafter nou, but onnest laafter. “Ahaa, dha wil di.”

Sme had liscend widh growing admiraishon.

“Its the wickedest, prittetest pollicy evver I herd ov!” he cride, and in dhare exultaishon dha daanst and sang:

“Avaast, bela, when I apere,  
Bi fere dhare overtooc;  
Nauts left uppon yor boanz when u  
Hav shaken clauz widh Hooc.”

Dha began the vers, but dha nevver finnisht it, for anuther sound broke in and stild them. Dhare wauz at ferst such a tiny sound dhat a lefe mite hav faulen on it and smutherd it, but az it came nerer it wauz moer distinct.

Tic tic tic tic!

Hooc stood shuddering, wun foot in the are.

“The croccodile!” he gaaspt, and bounded awa, follode bi hiz boasn.

It wauz indede the croccodile. It had paast the redskinz, whoo wer nou on the trale ov the uther piraits. It uizd on aafter Hooc.

Wuns moer the boiz emerjd intoo the open; but the dain‘gerz ov the nite wer not yet over, for prezsently Nibz rusht brethles intoo dhare midst, pershude bi a pac ov woolvz. The tungz ov the pershuwerz wer hanging out; the baying ov them wauz horribel.

“Save me, save me!” cride Nibz, fauling on the ground.

“But whaut can we doo, whaut can we doo?”

It wauz a hi compliment too Peter dhat at dhat dire moment dhare thauts ternd too him.

“Whaut wood Peter doo?” dha cride cimultainyously.

Aulmoast in the same breth dha cride, "Peter wood looc at them throo hiz legz."

And then, "Let us doo whaut Peter wood doo."

It iz qwite the moast suxesfool wa ov defying woolvz, and az wun boi dha bent and looct throo dhare legz. The next moment iz the long wun, but victory came qwicly, for az the boiz advaanst uppon them in the terribel attichude, the woolvz dropt dhare tailz and fled.

Nou Nibz rose from the ground, and the utherz thaut dhat hiz staring ise stil sau the woolvz. But it wauz not woolvz he sau.

"I hav cene a wunderfooler thhing," he cride, az dha gatherd round him egherly. "A grate white berd. It iz fliying this wa."

"Whaut kiand ov a berd, doo u thhinc?"

"I doant no," Nibz ced, auwestruc, "but it loox so wery, and az it flise it moanz, Poor Wendy."

"Poor Wendy?"

"I remember," ced Sliatly instantly, "dhare ar berdz cauld Wendese."

"Ce, it cumz!" cride Kerly, pointing too Wendy in the hevvenz.

Wendy wauz nou aulmoast overhed, and dha cood here her plaintive cri. But moer distinct came the shril vois ov Tinker Bel. The gellous fary had nou caast of aul disghise ov frendship, and wauz darting at her victim from evvery direcshon, pinching savvajly eche time she tucht.

"Hullo, Tinc," cride the wundering boiz.

Tinx repli rang out: "Peter waunts u too shoote the Wendy."

It wauz not in dhare nachure too qweschon when Peter orderd. "Let us doo whaut Peter wishez!" cride the cimpel boiz. "Qwic, bouse and arro!"

Aul but Tootelz popt doun dhare trese. He had a bo and arro widh him, and Tinc noted it, and rubd her littel handz.

"Qwic, Tootelz, qwic," she screemd. "Peter wil be so pleezd."

Tootelz exitedly fitted the arro too hiz bo. "Out ov the wa, Tinc," he shouted, and then he fiard, and Wendy flutterd too the ground widh an arro in her brest.

## Chapter 6 THE LITTEL HOUS

Foolish Tootelz wauz standing like a conkeror over Wendese boddy when the uther boiz sprang, armd, from dhare trese.

"U ar too late," he cride proudly, "I hav shot the Wendy. Peter wil be so pleezd widh me."

Overhed Tinker Bel shouted "Cilly as!" and darted intoo hiding. The utherz did not here her. Dha had crouded round Wendy, and az dha looct a terribel cilens fel uppon the wood. If Wendese hart had bene beting dha wood aul hav herd it.

Sliatly wauz the ferst too speke. "This iz no berd," he ced in a scaerd vois. "I thhinc this must be a lady."

"A lady?" ced Tootelz, and fel a-trembling.

"And we hav kild her," Nibz ced hoersly.

Dha aul whipt of dhare caps.

"Nou I ce," Kerly ced: "Peter wauz bringing her too us." He throo himcelf sorrofooly on the ground.

"A lady too take care ov us at laast," ced wun ov the twinz, "and u hav kild her!"

Dha wer sorry for him, but sorreyer for themcelvz, and when he tooc a step nerer them dha ternd from him.

Tootelz face wauz verry white, but dhare wauz a dignity about him nou dhat had nevver bene dhare befoer.

"I did it," he ced, reflecting. "When ladese uest too cum too me in dreemz, I ced, Pritty muther, pritty muther.' But when at laast she reyaly came, I shot her."

He muivd sloly awa.

"Doant go," dha cauld in pitty.

"I must," he aancerd, shaking; "I am so afrade ov Peter."

It wauz at this tradgic moment dhat dha herd a sound which made the hart ov evvery wun ov them rise too hiz mouth. Dha herd Peter cro.

"Peter!" dha cride, for it wauz aulwase dhus dhat he cignald hiz

retern.

"Hide her," dha whisperd, and gatherd haistily around Wendy. But Tootelz stood aloofe.

Agane came dhat ringing cro, and Peter dropt in frunt ov them. "Gretingz, boiz," he cride, and mecannicaly dha saluted, and then agane wauz cilens.

He fround.

"I am bac," he ced hotly, "whi doo u not chere?"

Dha opend dhare mouths, but the cheerz wood not cum. He overlooct it in hiz haist too tel the gloereyous tidingz.

"Grate nuse, boiz," he cride, "I hav braut at laast a muther for u aul."

Stil no sound, exept a littel thud from Tootelz az he dropt on hiz nese.

"Hav u not cene her?" aasct Peter, becumming trubveld. "She flu this wa."

"Aa me!" wun vois ced, and anuther ced, "O, moernfool da."

Tootelz rose. "Peter," he ced qwiyetly, "I wil sho her too u," and when the utherz wood stil hav hidden her he ced, "Bac, twinz, let Peter ce."

So dha aul stood bac, and let him ce, and aafter he had looct for a littel time he did not no whaut too doo next.

"She iz ded," he ced uncumfortably. "Perhaps she iz fritend at beying ded."

He thaut ov hopping of in a commic sort ov wa til he wauz out ov cite ov her, and then nevver gowing nere the spot enny moer. Dha wood aul hav bene glad too follo if he had dun this.

But dhare wauz the arro. He tooc it from her hart and faist hiz band.

"Whoose arro?" he demaanded sternly.

"Mine, Peter," ced Tootelz on hiz nese.

"O, daastard hand," Peter ced, and he raizd the arro too use it az a daggher.

Tootelz did not flinch. He baerd hiz brest. "Strike, Peter," he ced fermly, "strike troo."

Twice did Peter rase the arro, and twice did hiz hand faul. "I canot strike," he ced widh au, "dhare iz sumthhing stase mi hand."

Aul looct at him in wunder, save Nibz, whoo forchunaitly looct at Wendy.

"It iz she," he cride, "the Wendy lady, ce, her arm!"

Wunderfool too relate [tel], Wendy had raizd her arm. Nibz bent over her and liscend reverently. "I thhinc she ced, Poor Tootelz," he whisperd.

"She livz," Peter ced breefly.

Sliatly cride instantly, "The Wendy lady livz."

Then Peter nelt beside her and found hiz button. U remember she had poot it on a chane dhat she woer round her nec.

“Ce,” he ced, “the arro struc against this. It iz the kis I gave her. It haz saivd her life.”

“I remember kiscez,” Sliatly interpoazd qwicly, “let me ce it. I, dhats a kis.”

Peter did not here him. He wauz begghing Wendy too ghet better qwicly, so dhat he cood sho her the mermaidz. Ov coers she cood not aancer yet, beying stil in a friatfool faint; but from overhed came a waling note.

“Liscen too Tinc,” ced Kerly, “she iz crying becauz the Wendy livz.”

Then dha had too tel Peter ov Tinx crime, and aulmoast nevver had dha cene him looc so stern.

“Liscen, Tinker Bel,” he cride, “I am yor frend no moer. Begon from me for evver.”

She flu on too hiz shoalder and pleded, but he brusht her of. Not until Wendy agane raizd her arm did he relent sufishmently too sa, “Wel, not for evver, but for a whole weke.”

Doo u thhinc Tinker Bel wauz graitfool too Wendy for rasing her arm? O dere no, nevver waunted too pinch her so much. Farese indede ar strainj, and Peter, whoo understood them best, often cuft [slapt] them.

But whaut too doo widh Wendy in her prezsent delliccate state ov helth?

“Let us carry her doun intoo the hous,” Kerly sugested.

"I," ced Sliatly, "dhat iz whaut wun duz widh ladese."

"No, no," Peter ced, "u must not tuch her. It wood not be sufishly respectfool."

"Dhat," ced Sliatly, "iz whaut I wauz thhinking."

"But if she lise dhare," Tootelz ced, "she wil di."

"I, she wil di," Sliatly admitted, "but dhare iz no wa out."

"Yes, dhare iz," cride Peter. "Let us bild a littel hous round her."

Dha wer aul delited. "Qwic," he orderd them, "bring me eche ov u the best ov whaut we hav. Gut our hous. Be sharp."

In a moment dha wer az bizsy az talorz the nite befoer a wedding. Dha scurrede this wa and dhat, doun for bedding, up for fiarwood, and while dha wer at it, whoo shood apere but Jon and Mikel. Az dha dragd along the ground dha fel aslepe standing, stopt, woke up, muivd anuther step and slept agane.

"Jon, Jon," Mikel wood cri, "wake up! Whare iz Naanaa, Jon, and muther?"

And then Jon wood rub hiz ise and mutter, "It iz troo, we did fli."

U ma be shure dha wer verry releevd too fiand Peter.

"Hullo, Peter," dha ced.

"Hullo," replide Peter ammicably, dho he had qwite forgotten them. He wauz verry bizsy at the moment mezhuring Wendy widh hiz fete too ce hou larj a hous she wood nede. Ov coers he ment too leve roome for

chaerz and a tabel. Jon and Mikel waucht him.

“Iz Wendy aslepe?” dha aasct.

“Yes.”

“Jon,” Mikel propoazd, “let us wake her and ghet her too make supper for us,” but az he ced it sum ov the uther boiz rusht on carreying braanchez for the bilding ov the hous. “Looc at them!” he cride.

“Kerly,” ced Peter in hiz moast captany vois, “ce dhat these boiz help in the bilding ov the hous.”

“I, i, cer.”

“Bild a hous?” exclaimd Jon.

“For the Wendy,” ced Kerly.

“For Wendy?” Jon ced, agaast. “Whi, she iz oonly a gherl!”

“Dhat,” explaind Kerly, “iz whi we ar her cervants.”

“U? Wendese cervants!”

“Yes,” ced Peter, “and u aulso. Awa widh them.”

The astounded brutherz wer dragd awa too hac and hu and carry.  
“Chaerz and a fender [fiarplace] ferst,” Peter orderd. “Then we shal bild a hous round them.”

“I,” ced Sliatly, “dhat iz hou a hous iz bilt; it aul cumz bac too me.”

Peter thaut ov evverithhing. "Sliatly," he cride, "fech a doctor."

"I, i," ced Sliatly at wuns, and disapeerd, scratching hiz hed. But he nu Peter must be obade, and he reternd in a moment, waring Jonz hat and loocking sollem.

"Plese, cer," ced Peter, gowing too him, "ar u a doctor?"

The differens betwene him and the uther boiz at such a time wauz dhat dha nu it wauz make-beleve, while too him make-beleve and troo wer exactly the same thhing. This sumtiamz trubbelde them, az when dha had too make-beleve dhat dha had had dhare dinnerz.

If dha broke doun in dhare make-beleve he rapt them on the nuckelz.

"Yes, mi littel man," Sliatly ancshously replide, whoo had chapt nuckelz.

"Plese, cer," Peter explaind, "a lady lise verry il."

She wauz liying at dhare fete, but Sliatly had the cens not too ce her.

"Tut, tut, tut," he ced, "whare duz she li?"

"In yonder glade."

"I wil poot a glaas thhing in her mouth," ced Sliatly, and he made-beleve too doo it, while Peter wated. It wauz an ancshous moment when the glaas thhing wauz widhraun.

"Hou iz she?" inqwiard Peter.

"Tut, tut, tut," ced Sliatly, "this haz cuerde her."

"I am glad!" Peter cride.

"I wil caul agane in the evening," Sliatly ced; "ghiv her befe te out ov a cup widh a spout too it;" but aafter he had reternd the hat too Jon he blu big breths, which wauz hiz habbit on escaping from a difficulty.

In the meentime the wood had bene alive widh the sound ov axez; aulmoast evverithhing neded for a cosy dwelling aulreddy la at Wendese fete.

"If oanly we nu," ced wun, "the kiand ov hous she liax best."

"Peter," shouted anuther, "she iz mooving in her slepe."

"Her mouth openz," cride a thherd, loocking respectfooly intoo it. "O, luvly!"

"Perhaps she iz gowing too cing in her slepe," ced Peter. "Wendy, cing the kiand ov hous u wood like too hav."

Imejaitly, widhout opening her ise, Wendy began too cing:

"I wish I had a pritty hous,  
The litlest evver cene,  
Widh funny littel red waulz  
And roofe ov moscy grene."

Dha ghergheld widh joi at this, for bi the gratest good luc the braanchez dha had braut wer sticky widh red sap, and aul the ground wauz carpeted widh mos. Az dha ratteld up the littel hous dha broke intoo song themcelvz:

“Weve bilt the littel waulz and roofe  
And made a luvly doer,  
So tel us, muther Wendy,  
Whaut ar u waunting moer?”

Too this she aancerd gredily:

“O, reyaly next I thhinc Ile hav  
Ga windose aul about,  
Widh rosez peping in, u no,  
And babese peping out.”

Widh a blo ov dhare fists dha made windose, and larj yello leevz  
wer the bliandz. But rosez--?

“Rosez,” cride Peter sternly.

Qwicly dha made-beleve too gro the luvleyest rosez up the waulz.

Babese?

Too prevent Peter ordering babese dha hurrede intoo song agane:

“Weve made the rosez peping out,  
The baibz ar at the doer,  
We canot make ourcelvz, u no,  
cos weve bene made befoer.”

Peter, ceying this too be a good ideyaa, at wuns pretended dhat it wauz hiz  
one. The hous wauz qwite butifool, and no dout Wendy wauz verry cosy  
within, dho, ov coers, dha cood no lon'gher ce her. Peter strode  
up and doun, ordering finnishing tutchez. Nuthhing escaipt hiz eghel ise.  
Just when it ceemd absoluetly finnisht:

“Dhaerz no nocker on the doer,” he ced.

Dha wer verry ashaimd, but Tootelz gave the sole ov hiz shoo, and it made an exelent nocker.

Absoluetly finnisht nou, dha thaut.

Not ov bit ov it. “Dhaerz no chimney,” Peter ced; “we must hav a chimney.”

“It certainly duz nede a chimney,” ced Jon importantly. This gave Peter an ideyaa. He snacht the hat of Jonz hed, noct out the bottom [top], and poot the hat on the roofe. The littel hous wauz so pleezd too hav such a cappital chimney dhat, az if too sa thanc u, smoke imejaitly began too cum out ov the hat.

Nou reyaly and trooly it wauz finnisht. Nuthing remaind too doo but too noc.

“Aul looc yor best,” Peter wornd them; “ferst impreshonz ar aufooly important.”

He wauz glad no wun aasct him whaut ferst impreshonz ar; dha wer aul too bizsy loocking dhare best.

He noct poliatly, and nou the wood wauz az stil az the children, not a sound too be herd exept from Tinker Bel, whoo wauz wauching from a braanch and openly snering.

Whaut the boiz wer wondering wauz, wood enny wun aancer the noc? If a lady, whaut wood she be like?

The doer opend and a lady came out. It wauz Wendy. Dha aul whipt of dhare hats.

She looct properly cerpriazd, and this wauz just hou dha had hoapt she wood looc.

“Whare am I?” she ced.

Ov coers Sliatly wauz the ferst too ghet hiz werd in. “Wendy lady,” he ced rappidly, “for u we bilt this hous.”

“O, sa yor pleezd,” cride Nibz.

“Luvly, darling hous,” Wendy ced, and dha wer the verry werdz dha had hoapt she wood sa.

“And we ar yor children,” cride the twinz.

Then aul went on dhare nese, and hoalding out dhare armz cride, “O Wendy lady, be our muther.”

“Aut I?” Wendy ced, aul shining. “Ov coers its friatfooly fascinating, but u ce I am oonly a littel gherl. I hav no reyal expereyens.”

“Dhat duznt matter,” ced Peter, az if he wer the oonly person prezsent whoo nu aul about it, dho he wauz reyal the wun whoo nu leest. “Whaut we nede iz just a nice mutherly person.”

“O dere!” Wendy ced, “u ce, I fele dhat iz exactly whaut I am.”

“It iz, it iz,” dha aul cride; “we sau it at wuns.”

“Verry wel,” she ced, “I wil doo mi best. Cum incide at wuns, u nauty children; I am shure yor fete ar damp. And befoer I poot u too

bed I hav just time too finnish the stoery ov Cinderellaa.”

In dha went; I doant no hou dhare wauz roome for them, but u can sqwese verry tite in the Nevverland. And dhat wauz the ferst ov the menny joiyous eveningz dha had widh Wendy. Bi and bi she tuct them up in the grate bed in the home under the trese, but she hercelf slept dhat nite in the littel hous, and Peter kept wauch outcide widh draun soerd, for the piraits cood be herd carousing far awa and the woolvz wer on the proul. The littel hous looct so cosy and safe in the darcnes, widh a brite lite showing throo its bliandz, and the chimney smoking butifooly, and Peter standing on gard. Aafter a time he fel aslepe, and sum unsteddy farese had too clime over him on dhare wa home from an orgy. Enny ov the uther boiz obstructing the fary paath at nite dha wood hav mischeeft, but dha just tweect Peterz nose and paast on.

## Chapter 7 THE HOME UNDER THE GROUND

Wun ov the ferst thhingz Peter did next da wauz too mezhure Wendy and Jon and Mikel for hollo trese. Hooc, u remember, had sneerd at the boiz for thhinking dha neded a tre apece, but this wauz ignorans, for unles yor tre fitted u it wauz difficult too go up and doun, and no too ov the boiz wer qwite the same cise. Wuns u fitted, u droo in [let out] yor breth at the top, and doun u went at exactly the rite spede, while too acend u droo in and let out aulternaitly, and so riggheld up. Ov coers, when u hav maasterd the acshon u ar abel too doo these thhingz widhout thhinking ov them, and nuthing can be moer graisfool.

But u cimply must fit, and Peter mezhuerz u for yor tre az

caerfooly az for a sute ov cloadhz: the oonly differens beying dhat the cloadhz ar made too fit u, while u hav too be made too fit the tre.

Uezhuwaly it iz dun qwite esily, az bi yor waring too menny garments or too fu, but if u ar bumpy in auqword placez or the oonly avalabel tre iz an od shape, Peter duz sum thhingz too u, and aafter dhat u fit. Wuns u fit, grate care must be taken too go on fitting, and this, az Wendy wauz too discuvver too her delite, keeps a whole fammily in perfect condishon.

Wendy and Mikel fitted dhare trese at the ferst tri, but Jon had too be aulterd a littel.

Aafter a fu dase practice dha cood go up and down az galy az buckets in a wel. And hou ardently dha groo too luv dhare home under the ground; espeshaly Wendy. It concisted ov wun larj roome, az aul housez shood doo, widh a floer in which u cood dig [for wermz] if u waunted too go fishing, and in this floer groo stout mushruimz ov a charming cullor, which wer uezd az stuilz. A Nevver tre tride hard too gro in the center ov the roome, but evvery morning dha saud the trunc throo, levvel widh the floer. Bi te-time it wauz aulwase about too fete hi, and then dha poot a doer on top ov it, the whole dhus becumming a tabel; az soone az dha cleerd awa, dha saud of the trunc agane, and dhus dhare wauz moer roome too pla. Dhare wauz an enormous fiarplace which wauz

in aulmoast enny part ov the roome whare u caerd too lite it, and acros this Wendy strecht stringz, made ov fiber, from which she suspended her waushing. The bed wauz tilted against the waul bi da, and let down at 6:30, when it fild neerly haaf the roome; and aul the boiz slept in it, exept Mikel, liying like sardeenzen in a tin. Dhare wauz a strict roole against terning round until wun gave the cignal, when aul ternd at wuns. Mikel shood hav uezd it aulso, but Wendy wood hav [desiard] a baby, and he wauz the litlest, and u no whaut wimmen ar, and the short and long ov it iz dhat he wauz hung up in a baasket.

It wauz ruf and cimpel, and not unlike whaut baby baerz wood hav made ov an underground hous in the same cercumstaancez. But dhare wauz wun reces in the waul, no larger dhan a berd-cage, which wauz the private apartment ov Tinker Bel. It cood be shut of from the rest ov the hous bi a tiny kertane, which Tinc, whoo wauz moast fastidjous [particcular], aulwase kept draun when drescing or undrescing. No woomman,

houwevver larj, cood hav had a moer exqwizsite buidwar [drescing room] and bed-chaimber combiand. The couch, az she aulwase cauld it, wauz a genuwine Qwene Mab, widh club legz; and she varede the bedspredz acording too whaut froote-blossom wauz in cezon. Her mirror wauz a Poos-in-Buits, ov which dhare ar nou oonly thre, unchipt, none too fary delerz; the washstand wauz Pi-crust and revercibel, the chest ov drauwerz an authhentic Charming the Cixth, and the carpet and rugz the

best (the erly) pereyod ov Margery and Robbin. Dhare wauz a chandleyer from Tidliwinx for the looc ov the thhing, but ov coers she lit the rezsidens hercelf. Tinc wauz verry contempchuwous ov the rest ov the hous,

az indede wauz perhaps inevvitabel, and her chaimber, dho butifool, looct raather conceted, havving the aperans ov a nose permanently ternd up.

I supose it wauz aul espeshaly entraancing too Wendy, becauz dhose rampajous boiz ov herz gave her so much too doo. Reyaly dhare wer whole weex when, exept perhaps widh a stocking in the evening, she wauz nevver

abuv ground. The coocking, I can tel u, kept her nose too the pot, and even if dhare wauz nuthhing in it, even if dhare wauz no pot, she had too kepe wauching dhat it came aboil just the same. U nevver exactly nu whether dhare wood be a reyal mele or just a make-beleve, it aul depended uppon Peterz whim: he cood ete, reyaly ete, if it wauz part ov a game, but he cood not stoj [cram doun the foode] just too fele

stodgy [stuf with foode], which iz whaut moast children like better dhan ennithhing els; the next best thhing beying too tauc about it. Make-beleve wauz so reyal too him dhat juring a mele ov it u cood ce him ghetting rounder. Ov coers it wauz tryying, but u cimply had too follo hiz lede, and if u cood provee too him dhat u wer ghetting looce for yor tre he let u stoj.

Wendese favorite time for sowing and darning wauz aafter dha had aul gon too bed. Then, az she exprest it, she had a breathing time for hercelf; and she occupide it in making nu thhingz for them, and pooting dubbel pecez on the nese, for dha wer aul moast friatfooly hard on dhare nese.

When she sat doun too a baasketfool ov dhare stockingz, evvery hele widh a hole in it, she wood fling up her armz and exclame, "O dere, I am shure I sumtiamz thhinc spinsterz ar too be envede!"

Her face beemd when she exclaimd this.

U remember about her pet woolf. Wel, it verry soone discuvverd dhat she had cum too the iland and it found her out, and dha just ran intoo eche utherz armz. Aafter dhat it follode her about evveriwahre.

Az time woer on did she thhinc much about the beluvved parents she had left behiand her? This iz a difficult qweschon, becauz it iz qwite imoscibel too sa hou time duz ware on in the Nevverland, whare it iz calculated bi muinz and sunz, and dhare ar evver so menny moer ov them dhan on the mainland. But I am afrade dhat Wendy did not reyally wurry about her faather and muther; she wauz absoluetly confident dhat dha wood aulwase kepe the windo open for her too fli bac bi, and this gave her complete ese ov miand. Whaut did disterb her at tiamz wauz dhat Jon rememberd hiz parents vaigly oanly, az pepel he had wuns none, while Mikel wauz qwite willing too beleve dhat she wauz reyally hiz muther.

These thhingz scaerd her a littel, and noably ancshous too doo her juty, she tride too fix the oald life in dhare miandz bi cetting them examinaishon paperz on it, az like az poscibel too the wunz she uest too doo at scoole. The uther boiz thaut this aufooly interesting, and incisted on joining, and dha made slaits for themcelvz, and sat round the tabel, riting and thhinking hard about the qweschonz she had ritten on anuther slate and paast round. Dha wer the moast ordinary qweschonz--"Whaut wauz the cullor ov Mutherz ise? Which wauz tauler, Faather or Muther? Wauz

Muther blond or broonet? Aancer aul thre qweschonz if poscibel."

"(A) Rite an essa ov not les dhan 40 werdz on Hou I spent mi laast Hollidase, or The Carracterz ov Faather and Muther compaerd. Oonly wun ov

these too be atempted." Or "(1) Describe Mutherz laaf; (2) Describe Faatherz laaf; (3) Describe Mutherz Party Dres; (4) Describe the Kennel and its Inmate."

Dha wer just evverida qweschonz like these, and when u cood not aancer them u wer toald too make a cros; and it wauz reyaly dredfool whaut a number ov croscez even Jon made. Ov coers the oonly boi whoo replide too evvery qweschon wauz Sliatly, and no wun cood hav bene moer hoapfool ov cumming out ferst, but hiz aancerz wer perfectly ridicculous, and he reyaly came out laast: a mellancoly thhing.

Peter did not compete. For wun thhing he despiazd aul mutherz exept Wendy, and for anuther he wauz the oonly boi on the iland whoo cood niather rite nor spel; not the smaulest werd. He wauz abuv aul dhat sort ov thhing.

Bi the wa, the qweschonz wer aul ritten in the paast tens. Whaut wauz the cullor ov Mutherz ise, and so on. Wendy, u ce, had bene forghetting, too.

Advenchuerz, ov coers, az we shal ce, wer ov daly occurrens; but

about this time Peter invented, with Wendese help, a nu game dhat fascinated him enormously, until he suddenly had no moer interest in it, which, az u hav bene toald, wauz whaut aulwase happend widh hiz gaimz. It concisted in pretending not too hav advenchuerz, in doowing the sort ov thhing Jon and Mikel had bene doowing aul dhare liavz, citting on stuilz flinging baulz in the are, pooshing eche uther, gowing out for waux and cumming bac widhout havving kild so much az a grizly. Too ce Peter doowing nuthhing on a stoole wauz a grate cite; he cood not help loocking sollem at such tiamz, too cit stil ceemd too him such a commic thhing too doo. He boasted dhat he had gon wauking for the good ov hiz helth. For cevveral sunz these wer the moast novvel ov aul advenchuerz too him; and Jon and Mikel had too pretend too be delited aulso; utherwise he wood hav treted them ceveerly.

He often went out alone, and when he came bac u wer nevver absolutly certane whether he had had an advenchure or not. He mite hav forgotten it so compleetly dhat he ced nuthhing about it; and then when u went out u found the boddy; and, on the uther hand, he mite sa a grate dele about it, and yet u cood not fiand the boddy. Sumtiamz he came home widh hiz hed bandaijd, and then Wendy coode over him and baidhd it in lueqworm wauter, while he toald a dazling tale. But she wauz nevver qwite shure, u no. Dhare wer, houwevver, menny advenchuerz which she nu too be troo becauz she wauz in them hercelf, and dhare wer stil moer dhat wer at leest partly troo, for the uther boiz wer in them and ced dha wer wholly troo. Too describe them aul wood reqwire a booc az larj az an In'glish-Latin, Latin-In'glish Dicshonary, and the moast we can doo iz too ghiv wun az a spescimen ov an avverage our on the iland. The difficulty iz which wun too chuse. Shood we take the brush widh the redskinz at Sliatly Gulch? It wauz a san'gwinary afare, and espeshaly interesting az showing wun ov Peterz peculeyarritese, which wauz dhat in the middel ov a fite he wood suddenly chainj ciadz. At the Gulch, when victory wauz stil in the ballans, sumtiamz lening this wa and sumtiamz dhat, he cauld out, "Ime redskin too-da; whaut ar u, Tootelz?" And Tootelz aancerd, "Redskin; whaut ar u, Nibz?" and

Nibz ced, "Redskin; whaut ar u Twin?" and so on; and dha wer aul redskinz; and ov coers this wood hav ended the fite had not the reyal redskinz fascinated bi Peterz methodz, agrede too be lost boiz for dhat wuns, and so at it dha aul went agane, moer feersly dhan evver.

The extrordinary upshot ov this advenchure wauz--but we hav not decided yet dhat this iz the advenchure we ar too narate. Perhaps a better wun wood be the nite atac bi the redskinz on the hous under the ground, when cevveral ov them stuc in the hollo trese and had too be poold out like corx. Or we mite tel hou Peter saivd Tigher Lillese life in the Mermaidz Lagoone, and so made her hiz alli.

Or we cood tel ov dhat cake the piraits cooct so dhat the boiz mite ete it and perrish; and hou dha plaist it in wun cunning spot aafter anuther; but aulwase Wendy snacht it from the handz ov her children, so dhat in time it lost its succulens, and became az hard az a stone, and wauz uezd az a miscile, and Hooc fel over it in the darc.

Or supose we tel ov the berdz dhat wer Peterz frendz, particularly ov the Nevver berd dhat bilt in a tre overhanging the lagoone, and hou the nest fel intoo the wauter, and stil the berd sat on her egz, and Peter gave orderz dhat she wauz not too be disterbd. Dhat iz a pritty stoery, and the end shose hou graitfool a berd can be; but if we tel it we must aulso tel the whole advenchure ov the lagoone, which wood ov coers be telling too advenchuerz raather dhan just wun. A shorter advenchure, and qwite az exiting, wauz Tinker Belz atempt, widh the help ov sum strete farese, too hav the sleping Wendy convade on a grate floting lefe too the mainland. Forchunaitly the lefe gave wa and Wendy woke, thhinking it wauz baath-time, and swam bac. Or agane, we mite chuse Peterz defiyans ov the liyonz, when he droo a cerkel round him on the ground widh an arro and daerd them too cros it; and dho he wated for ourz, widh the uther boiz and Wendy loocking on brethlesly from trese, not wun ov them daerd too axept hiz challenj.

Which ov these advenchuerz shal we chuse? The best wa wil be too tos for it.

I hav tost, and the lagoone haz won. This aulmoast maix wun wish dhat the gulch or the cake or Tinx lefe had won. Ov coers I cood doo it agane, and make it best out ov thre; houwevver, perhaps farest too stic too the lagoone.

## Chapter 8 THE MERMAIDZ LAGOONE

If u shut yor ise and ar a lucky wun, u ma ce at tiamz a shaiples poole ov luvly pale cullorz suspended in the darcnes; then if u sqwese yor ise titer, the poole beghinz too take shape, and the cullorz becum so vivvid dhat widh anuther sqwese dha must go on fire. But just befoer dha go on fire u ce the lagoone. This iz the nerest u evver ghet too it on the mainland, just wun hevvenly moment; if dhare cood be too moments u mite ce the cerf and here the mermaidz cinging.

The children often spent long summer dase on this lagoone, swimming or floting moast ov the time, playing the mermade gaimz in the wauter, and so foerth. U must not thhinc from this dhat the mermaidz wer on frendly termz widh them: on the contrary, it wauz amung Wendese laasting regrets dhat aul the time she wauz on the iland she nevver had a civvil werd from wun ov them. When she stole softly too the ej ov the lagoone she mite ce them bi the scoer, espeshaly on Maroonerz Roc, whare dha luvd too baasc, coming out dhare hare in a lasy wa dhat qwite irritated her; or she mite even swim, on tipto az it wer, too within a yard ov them, but then dha sau her and diavd, probbably splashing her widh dhare tailz, not bi axident, but intenshonaly.

Dha treted aul the boiz in the same wa, exept ov coers Peter, whoo chatted widh them on Maroonerz Roc bi the our, and sat on dhare tailz when dha got cheky. He gave Wendy wun ov dhare coamz.

The moast haunting time at which too ce them iz at the tern ov the moone, when dha utter strainj waling crise; but the lagoone iz dain'gerous for mortalz then, and until the evening ov which we hav nou too tel, Wendy had nevver cene the lagoone bi muinlite, les from fere, for ov coers Peter wood hav acumpanede her, dhan becauz she had strict ruilz about evvery wun beying in bed bi cevven. She wauz often at the lagoone, houwevver, on sunny dase aafter rane, when the mermaidz cum up in extrordinary numberz too pla widh dhare bubbelz. The bubbelz ov menny cullorz made in rainbo wauter dha trete az baulz, hitting them galy from wun too anuther widh dhare tailz, and trying too kepe them in the rainbo til dha berst. The goalz ar at eche end ov the rainbo, and the keperz oanly ar aloud too use dhare handz. Sumtiamz a duzsen ov these gaimz wil be gowing on in the lagoone at a time, and it iz qwite a pritty cite.

But the moment the children tride too join in dha had too pla bi themcelvz, for the mermaidz imejaitly disapeerd. Nevvertheles we hav prooffe dhat dha ceecretly waucht the interloperz, and wer not abuv taking an ideyaa from them; for Jon introjuest a nu wa ov hitting the bubbel, widh the hed insted ov the hand, and the mermaidz adopted it. This iz the wun marc dhat Jon haz left on the Neverland.

It must aulso hav bene raather pritty too ce the children resting on a roc for haaf an our aafter dhare mid-da mele. Wendy incisted on dhare doowing this, and it had too be a reyal rest even dho the mele wauz make-beleve. So dha la dhare in the sun, and dhare boddese gliscend in it, while she sat becide them and looct important.

It wauz wun such da, and dha wer aul on Maroonerz Roc. The roc wauz

not much larger dhan dhare grate bed, but ov coers dha aul nu hou not too take up much roome, and dha wer dosing, or at leest liying widh dhare ise shut, and pinching ocaizhonaly when dha thaut Wendy wauz not loocking. She wauz verry bizsy, stitching.

While she sticht a chainj came too the lagoone. Littel shivverz ran over it, and the sun went awa and shaddose stole acros the wauter, terning it coald. Wendy cood no lon'gher ce too thred her nedel, and when she looct up, the lagoone dhat had aulwase hithertoo bene such a laafing place ceemd formiddabel and unfrendly.

It wauz not, she nu, dhat nite had cum, but sumthhing az darc az nite had cum. No, wers dhan dhat. It had not cum, but it had cent dhat shivver throo the ce too sa dhat it wauz cumming. Whaut wauz it?

Dhare crouded uppon her aul the stoerese she had bene toald ov Maroonerz

Roc, so cauld becauz evil captainz poot salorz on it and leve them dhare too droun. Dha droun when the tide risez, for then it iz submerjd.

Ov coers she shood hav rouzd the children at wuns; not meerly becauz ov the un'none dhat wauz stauking tooword them, but becauz it wauz no lon'gher good for them too slepe on a roc grone chilly. But she wauz a yung muther and she did not no this; she thaut u cimply must stic too yor roole about haaf an our aafter the mid-da mele. So, dho fere wauz uppon her, and she longd too here male voicez, she wood not waken them. Even when she herd the sound ov muffeld oerz, dho her hart wauz in her mouth, she did not waken them. She stood over them too let them hav dhare slepe out. Wauz it not brave ov Wendy?

It wauz wel for dhose boiz then dhat dhare wauz wun among them whoo cood

snif dain'ger even in hiz slepe. Peter sprang erect, az wide awake at wuns az a dog, and widh wun worning cri he rouzd the utherz.

He stood moashonles, wun hand too hiz ere.

"Piraitz!" he cride. The utherz came clocer too him. A strainj smile wauz playing about hiz face, and Wendy sau it and shudderd. While dhat smile wauz on hiz face no wun daerd adres him; aul dha cood doo wauz too stand reddy too oba. The order came sharp and incicive.

"Dive!"

Dhare wauz a gleme ov legz, and instantly the lagoone ceemd deserted. Maroonerz Roc stood alone in the forbidding wauterz az if it wer itcelf maruind.

The bote droo nerer. It wauz the pirate dingy, widh thre figguerz in her, Sme and Starky, and the thherd a captive, no uther dhan Tigher Lilly. Her handz and ankelz wer tide, and she nu whaut wauz too be her fate. She wauz too be left on the roc too perrish, an end too wun ov her race moer terribel dhan deth bi fire or torchure, for iz it not ritten in the booc ov the tribe dhat dhare iz no paath throo wauter too the happy hunting-ground? Yet her face wauz impascive; she wauz the dauter ov a chefe, she must di az a cheefs dauter, it iz enuf.

Dha had caut her boerding the pirate ship widh a nife in her mouth. No wauch wauz kept on the ship, it beying Hoox boast dhat the wind ov hiz name garded the ship for a mile around. Nou her fate wood help too gard it aulso. Wun moer wale wood go the round in dhat wind bi nite.

In the gloome dhat dha braut widh them the too piraitz did not ce the roc til dha crasht intoo it.

“Luf, u lubber,” cride an Irish vois dhat wauz Smese; “heerz the roc. Nou, then, whaut we hav too doo iz too hoist the redskin on too it and leve her here too droun.”

It wauz the werc ov wun brootal moment too land the butifool gherl on the roc; she wauz too proud too offer a vane resistans.

Qwite nere the roc, but out ov cite, too hedz wer bobbing up and doun, Peterz and Wendese. Wendy wauz crying, for it wauz the ferst tradgedy she had cene. Peter had cene menny tradgedese, but he had forgotten them aul. He wauz les sorry dhan Wendy for Tigher Lilly: it wauz too against wun dhat an’gherd him, and he ment too save her. An esy wa wood hav bene too wate until the piraits had gon, but he wauz nevver wun too chuse the esy wa.

Dhare wauz aulmoast nuthhing he cood not doo, and he nou immitated the vois ov Hooc.

“Ahoi dhare, u lubberz!” he cauld. It wauz a marvelous imitaishon.

“The captane!” ced the piraits, staring at eche uther in cerprise.

“He must be swimming out too us,” Starky ced, when dha had looct for him in vane.

“We ar pootting the redskin on the roc,” Sme cauld out.

“Cet her fre,” came the astonnishing aancer.

“Fre!”

“Yes, cut her bondz and let her go.”

“But, captane--”

“At wuns, dye here,” cride Peter, “or Ile plunj mi hooc in u.”

“This iz qwere!” Sme gaaspt.

“Better doo whaut the captane orderz,” ced Starky nervously.

“I, i,” Sme ced, and he cut Tigher Lillese cordz. At wuns like an ele she slid betwene Starkese legz intoo the wauter.

Ov coers Wendy wauz verry elated over Peterz clevvernes; but she nu dhat he wood be elated aulso and verry liacly cro and dhus betra himcelf, so at wuns her hand went out too cuvver hiz mouth. But it wauz stade even in the act, for “Bote ahoi!” rang over the lagoone in Hoox vois, and this time it wauz not Peter whoo had spoken.

Peter ma hav bene about too cro, but hiz face puckerd in a whiscel ov cerprise insted.

“Bote ahoi!” agane came the vois.

Nou Wendy understood. The reyal Hooc wauz aulso in the wauter.

He wauz swimming too the bote, and az hiz men shode a lite too ghide him

he had soone reecht them. In the lite ov the lantern Wendy sau hiz hooc grip the boats cide; she sau hiz evil sworthy face az he rose dripping from the wauter, and, qwaking, she wood hav liact too swim awa, but Peter wood not buj. He wauz tin'gling widh life and aulso top-hevvy widh concete. “Am I not a wunder, o, I am a wunder!” he whisperd too her, and dho she thaut so aulso, she wauz reyal glad for the sake ov hiz reputaishon dhat no wun herd him exept hercelf.

He ciand too her too liscen.

The too piraits wer verry cureyous too no whaut had braut dhare captane too them, but he sat widh hiz hed on hiz hooc in a posishon ov profound mellancoly.

“Captane, iz aul wel?” dha aasct timmidly, but he aancerd widh a hollo mone.

“He cise,” ced Sme.

“He cise agane,” ced Starky.

“And yet a thherd time he cise,” ced Sme.

Then at laast he spoke pashonaitly.

“The gaimz up,” he cride, “dhose boiz hav found a muther.”

Afrited dho she wauz, Wendy sweld widh pride.

“O evil da!” cride Starky.

“Whauts a muther?” aasct the ignorant Sme.

Wendy wauz so shoct dhat she exclaimd. “He duznt no!” and aulwase aafter this she felt dhat if u cood hav a pet pirate Sme wood be her wun.

Peter poold her beneeth the wauter, for Hooc had started up, crying, “Whaut wauz dhat?”

“I herd nuthhing,” ced Starky, rasing the lantern over the wauterz, and az the piraits looct dha sau a strainj cite. It wauz the nest I

hav toald u ov, floting on the lagoone, and the Nevver berd wauz citting on it.

“Ce,” ced Hooc in aancer too Smese qweschon, “dhat iz a muther. Whaut a lesson! The nest must hav faulen intoo the wauter, but wood the muther desert her egz? No.”

Dhare wauz a brake in hiz vois, az if for a moment he recauld innocent dase when--but he brusht awa this weecnes widh hiz hooc.

Sme, much imprest, gaizd at the berd az the nest wauz boern paast, but the moer suspishous Starky ced, “If she iz a muther, perhaps she iz hanging about here too help Peter.”

Hooc winst. “I,” he ced, “dhat iz the fere dhat haunts me.”

He wauz rouzd from this degecshon bi Smese egher vois.

“Captane,” ced Sme, “cood we not kidnap these boiz muther and make her our muther?”

“It iz a prinsly skeme,” cride Hooc, and at wuns it tooc practical shape in hiz grate brane. “We wil cese the children and carry them too the bote: the boiz we wil make wauc the planc, and Wendy shal be our muther.”

Agane Wendy forgot hercelf.

“Nevver!” she cride, and bobd.

“Whaut wauz dhat?”

But dha cood ce nuthhing. Dha thaut it must hav bene a lefe in the wind. “Doo u agry, mi boollese?” aasct Hooc.

"Dhare iz mi hand on it," dha boath ced.

"And dhare iz mi hooc. Sware."

Dha aul swoer. Bi this time dha wer on the roc, and suddenly Hooc rememberd Tigher Lilly.

"Whare iz the redskin?" he demaanded abruptly.

He had a plafool humor at moments, and dha thaut this wauz wun ov the moments.

"Dhat iz aul rite, captane," Sme aancerd complacently; "we let her go."

"Let her go!" cride Hooc.

"Twauz yor one orderz," the boasn faulterd.

"U cauld over the wauter too us too let her go," ced Starky.

"Brimstone and gaul," thunderd Hooc, "whaut cuzsening [cheting] iz gowing on here!" Hiz face had gon blac widh rage, but he sau dhat dha beleevd dhare werdz, and he wauz starteld. "Ladz," he ced, shaking a littel, "I gave no such order."

"It iz paacing qwere," Sme ced, and dha aul fidgeted uncumfortably. Hooc raizd hiz vois, but dhare wauz a qwivver in it.

"Spirrit dhat haunts this darc lagoone too-nite," he cride, "dust here me?"

Ov coers Peter shood hav kept qwiyet, but ov coers he did not. He

imejaitly aancerd in Hoox vois:

“Odz, bobz, hammer and tongz, I here u.”

In dhat supreme moment Hooc did not blaansh, even at the ghilz, but Sme and Starky clung too eche uther in terror.

“Whoo ar u, strain’ger? Speke!” Hooc demaanded.

“I am Jaimz Hooc,” replide the vois, “captane ov the JOLLY ROGER.”

“U ar not; u ar not,” Hooc cride hoersly.

“Brimstone and gaul,” the vois retorted, “sa dhat agane, and Ile caast ancor in u.”

Hooc tride a moer in’graisheyating manner. “If u ar Hooc,” he ced aulmoast humbly, “cum tel me, whoo am I?”

“A codfish,” replide the vois, “oanly a codfish.”

“A codfish!” Hooc eccode blantly, and it wauz then, but not til then, dhat hiz proud spirrit broke. He sau hiz men drau bac from him.

“Hav we bene captaind aul this time bi a codfish!” dha mutterd. “It iz lowering too our pride.”

Dha wer hiz dogz snapping at him, but, tradgic figgure dho he had becum, he scaersly heded them. Against such feerfool evvidens it wauz not dhare belefe in him dhat he neded, it wauz hiz one. He felt hiz ego slipping from him. “Doant desert me, boolly,” he whisperd hoersly too it.

In hiz darc nachure dhare wauz a tuch ov the femminine, az in aul the grate piraits, and it sumtiamz gave him inchuwishonz. Suddenly he tride the ghescing game.

“Hooc,” he cauld, “hav u anuther vois?”

Nou Peter cood nevver resist a game, and he aancerd bliadhly in hiz one vois, “I hav.”

“And anuther name?”

“I, i.”

“Vedgetabel?” aasct Hooc.

“No.”

“Minneral?”

“No.”

“Annimal?”

“Yes.”

“Man?”

“No!” This aancer rang out scornfooly.

“Boi?”

“Yes.”

“Ordinary boi?”

“No!”

“Wunderfool boi?”

Too Wendese pane the aancer dhat rang out this time wauz “Yes.”

“Ar u in In’gland?”

“No.”

“Ar u here?”

“Yes.”

Hooc wauz compleetly puzseld. “U aasc him sum qweschonz,” he ced too the utherz, wiping hiz damp brou.

Sme reflected. “I caant thhinc ov a thhing,” he ced regretfooly.

“Caant ghes, caant ghes!” crode Peter. “Doo u ghiv it up?”

Ov coers in hiz pride he wauz carreying the game too far, and the miscreyants [villainz] sau dhare chaans.

“Yes, yes,” dha aancerd egherly.

“Wel, then,” he cride, “I am Peter Pan.”

Pan!

In a moment Hooc wauz himcelf agane, and Sme and Starky wer hiz faithfool henchmen.

“Nou we hav him,” Hooc shouted. “Intoo the wauter, Sme. Starky, miand the bote. Take him ded or alive!”

He leept az he spoke, and cimultainyously came the ga vois ov Peter.

“Ar u reddy, boiz?”

“I, i,” from vareyous parts ov the lagoone.

“Then lam intoo the piraits.”

The fite wauz short and sharp. Ferst too drau blud wauz Jon, whoo gallantly cliamd intoo the bote and held Starky. Dhare wauz feers strugghel, in which the cutlas wauz toern from the piraits graasp. He riggheld overboerd and Jon lept aafter him. The dingy drifted awa.

Here and dhare a hed bobd up in the wauter, and dhare wauz a flash ov stele follode bi a cri or a whoope. In the confuezhon sum struc at dhare one cide. The corxcroo ov Sme got Tootelz in the foerth rib, but he wauz himcelf pinct [nict] in tern bi Kerly. Farther from the roc Starky wauz prescing Sliatly and the twinz hard.

Whare aul this time wauz Peter? He wauz ceking biggher game.

The utherz wer aul brave boiz, and dha must not be blaimd for backing from the pirate captane. Hiz iarn clau made a cercel ov ded wauter round him, from which dha fled like afrited fishez.

But dhare wauz wun whoo did not fere him: dhare wauz wun prepaerd too enter  
dhat cercel.

Strainjly, it wauz not in the wauter dhat dha met. Hooc rose too the roc too breedh, and at the same moment Peter scaild it on the opposite

cide. The roc wauz slippery az a baul, and dha had too crawl raather dhan clime. Niather nu dhat the uther wauz cumming. Eche feling for a grip met the utherz arm: in cerprise dha raizd dhare hedz; dhare facez wer aulmoast tutching; so dha met.

Sum ov the gratest herose hav confest dhat just befoer dha fel too [began combat] dha had a cinking [feling in the stummac]. Had it bene so widh Peter at dhat moment I wood admit it. Aafter aul, he wauz the oonly man dhat the Ce-Cooc had feerd. But Peter had no cinking, he had wun feling oonly, gladnes; and he nasht hiz pritty teeth widh joi. Qwic az thaut he snacht a nife from Hoox belt and wauz about too drive it home, when he sau dhat he wauz hiyer up the roc dhan hiz fo. It wood not hav bene fiting fare. He gave the pirate a hand too help him up.

It wauz then dhat Hooc bit him.

Not the pane ov this but its unfaernes wauz whaut daizd Peter. It made him qwite helples. He cood oonly stare, horrifide. Evvery chiald iz afected dhus the ferst time he iz treted unfaerly. Aul he thhinx he haz a rite too when he cumz too u too be yorz iz faernes. Aafter u hav bene unfare too him he wil luv u agane, but wil nevver aafterwordz be qwite the same boi. No wun evver ghets over the ferst unfaernes; no wun exept Peter. He often met it, but he aulwase forgot it. I supose dhat wauz the reyal differens betwene him and aul the rest.

So when he met it nou it wauz like the ferst time; and he cood just stare, helples. Twice the iarn hand claud him.

A fu moments aafterwordz the uther boiz sau Hooc in the wauter striking wialdly for the ship; no elashion on the pestilent face nou, oonly white fere, for the croccodile wauz in dogghed persute ov him. On ordinary ocaizhonz the boiz wood hav swum alongcide chering; but nou dha wer unnesy, for dha had lost boath Peter and Wendy, and wer scouring the

lagoone for them, cauling them bi name. Dha found the dingy and went home in it, shouting "Peter, Wendy" az dha went, but no aancer came save mocking laafter from the mermaidz. "Dha must be swimming bac or fliying," the boiz concluded. Dha wer not verry ancshous, becauz dha had such faith in Peter. Dha chuckeld, boilike, becauz dha wood be late for bed; and it wauz aul muther Wendese fault!

When dhare voicez dide awa dhare came coald cilens over the lagoone, and then a febel cri.

"Help, help!"

Too smaual figguerz wer beting against the roc; the gherl had fainted and la on the boiz arm. Widh a laast effort Peter poold her up the roc and then la doun becide her. Even az he aulso fainted he sau dhat the wauter wauz rising. He nu dhat dha wood soone be dround, but he cood doo no moer.

Az dha la cide bi cide a mermade caut Wendy bi the fete, and began pooling her softly intoo the wauter. Peter, feling her slip from him, woke widh a start, and wauz just in time too drau her bac. But he had too tel her the truth.

"We ar on the roc, Wendy," he ced, "but it iz growing smauler. Soone the wauter wil be over it."

She did not understand even nou.

"We must go," she ced, aulmoast briatly.

"Yes," he aancerd faintly.

"Shal we swim or fli, Peter?"

He had too tel her.

“Doo u thhinc u cood swim or fli az far az the iland, Wendy, widhout mi help?”

She had too admit dhat she wauz too tiard.

He moand.

“Whaut iz it?” she aasct, ancshous about him at wuns.

“I caant help u, Wendy. Hooc wuinded me. I can niather fli nor swim.”

“Doo u mene we shal boath be dround?”

“Looc hou the wauter iz rising.”

Dha poot dhare handz over dhare ise too shut out the cite. Dha thaut dha wood soone be no moer. Az dha sat dhus sumthhing brusht against Peter az lite az a kis, and stade dhare, az if saying timmidly, “Can I be ov enny uce?”

It wauz the tale ov a kite, which Mikel had made sum dase befoer. It had toern itcelf out ov hiz hand and floted awa.

“Mikelz kite,” Peter ced widhout interest, but next moment he had ceezd the tale, and wauz pooling the kite tooword him.

“It lifted Mikel of the ground,” he cride; “whi shood it not carry u?”

“Boath ov us!”

“It caant lift too; Mikel and Kerly tride.”

“Let us drau lots,” Wendy ced braivly.

“And u a lady; nevver.” Aulreddy he had tide the tale round her. She clung too him; she refuezd too go widhout him; but widh a “Good-bi, Wendy,” he poosht her from the roc; and in a fu minnuets she wauz boern out ov hiz cite. Peter wauz alone on the lagoone.

The roc wauz verry smaul nou; soone it wood be submerjd. Pale rase ov lite tiptode acros the wauterz; and bi and bi dhare wauz too be herd a sound at wuns the moast musical and the moast mellancoly in the werld: the mermaidz caulng too the moone.

Peter wauz not qwite like uther boiz; but he wauz afrade at laast. A tremmor ran throo him, like a shudder paacing over the ce; but on the ce wun shudder follose anuther til dhare ar hundredz ov them, and Peter felt just the wun. Next moment he wauz standing erect on the roc agane, widh dhat smile on hiz face and a drum beting within him. It wauz saying, “Too di wil be an aufooly big advenchure.”

## Chapter 9 THE NEVVER BERD

The laast sound Peter herd befoer he wauz qwite alone wer the mermaidz retiring wun bi wun too dhare bedchaimberz under the ce. He wauz too far awa too here dhare doerz shut; but evvery doer in the coral caivz whare dha liv ringz a tiny bel when it openz or closez (az in aul the nicest housez on the mainland), and he herd the belz.

Steddily the wauterz rose til dha wer nibling at hiz fete; and too paas the time until dha made dhare final gulp, he waucht the oonly

thhing on the lagoone. He thaut it wauz a pece ov floting paper, perhaps part ov the kite, and wunderd iadly hou long it wood take too drift ashoer.

Prezsently he notiast az an od thhing dhat it wauz undoutedly out uppon the lagoone widh sum deffinite perpoce, for it wauz fiting the tide, and sumtiamz winning; and when it wun, Peter, aulwase cimpathhettic too the weker cide, cood not help clapping; it wauz such a gallant pece ov paper.

It wauz not reyaly a pece ov paper; it wauz the Nevver berd, making desperate efforts too reche Peter on the nest. Bi werking her wingz, in a wa she had lernd cins the nest fel intoo the wauter, she wauz abel too sum extent too ghide her strainj craaft, but bi the time Peter reccogniazd her she wauz verry exhausted. She had cum too save him, too ghiv him her nest, dho dhare wer egz in it. I raather wunder at the berd, for dho he had bene nice too her, he had aulso sumtiamz tormented her. I can supose oonly dhat, like Mrs. Darling and the rest ov them, she wauz melted becauz he had aul hiz ferst teeth.

She cauld out too him whaut she had cum for, and he cauld out too her whaut she wauz doowing dhare; but ov coers niather ov them understood the utherz lan'gwage. In fancifool stoerese pepel can tauc too the berdz frely, and I wish for the moment I cood pretend dhat this wer such a stoery, and sa dhat Peter replide intelligently too the Nevver berd; but truth iz best, and I waunt too tel u oonly whaut reyaly happend. Wel, not oonly cood dha not understand eche uther, but dha forgot dhare mannerz.

"I--waunt--u--too--ghet--intoo--the--nest," the berd cauld, speking az sloly and distinctly az poscibel, "and--then--u--can--drift--ashoer, but--I--am--too--tiard--too--bring--it--enny--nerer--so--u--must--tri too--swim--too--it."

“Whaut ar u qwacking about?” Peter aancerd. “Whi doant u let the nest drift az uezhuwal?”

“I--waunt--u--” the berd ced, and repeted it aul over.

Then Peter tride slo and distinct.

“Whaut--ar--u--qwacking--about?” and so on.

The Nevver berd became irritated; dha hav verry short temperz.

“U dunderhedded littel ja!” she screemd, “Whi doant u doo az I tel u?”

Peter felt dhat she wauz caulng him naimz, and at a venchure he retorted hotly:

“So ar u!”

Then raather cureyously dha boath snapt out the same remarc:

“Shut up!”

“Shut up!”

Nevvertheles the berd wauz determiand too save him if she cood, and bi wun laast mity effort she propeld the nest against the roc. Then up she flu; deserting her egz, so az too make her mening clere.

Then at laast he understood, and clucht the nest and waivd hiz thanx too the berd az she flutterd overhed. It wauz not too receve hiz thanx, houwevver, dhat she hung dhare in the ski; it wauz not even too wauch him  
ghet intoo the nest; it wauz too ce whaut he did widh her egz.

Dhare wer too larj white egz, and Peter lifted them up and reflected. The berd cuvverd her face widh her wingz, so az not too ce the laast ov them; but she cood not help peping betwene the fetherz.

I forghet whether I hav toald u dhat dhare wauz a stave on the roc, drivven intoo it bi sum buccaneerz ov long ago too marc the cite ov berrede trezhure. The children had discuvverd the glittering hoerd, and when in a mischevous moode uest too fling shouwerz ov moidorz, dimondz, perlz and pecez ov ate too the gulz, whoo pounst uppon them for foode, and then flu awa, raging at the skervy tric dhat had bene plade uppon them. The stave wauz stil dhare, and on it Starky had hung hiz hat, a depe tarpaulin, wautertite, widh a braud brim. Peter poot the egz intoo this hat and cet it on the lagoone. It floted butifooly.

The Nevver berd sau at wuns whaut he wauz up too, and screemd her admiraishon ov him; and, alaas, Peter crode hiz agreement widh her. Then he got intoo the nest, reerd the stave in it az a maast, and hung up hiz shert for a sale. At the same moment the berd flutterd down uppon the hat and wuns moer sat snugly on her egz. She drifted in wun direcshon, and he wauz boern of in anuther, boath chering.

Ov coers when Peter landed he beecht hiz barc [smaul ship, acchuwaly the Nevver Berdz nest in this particcular cace in point] in a place whare the berd wood esily fiand it; but the hat wauz such a grate suxes dhat she abandond the nest. It drifted about til it went too pecez, and often Starky came too the shoer ov the lagoone, and widh menny bitter felingz waucht the berd citting on hiz hat. Az we shal not ce her agane, it ma be werth menshoning here dhat aul Nevver berdz nou bild in dhat shape ov nest, widh a braud brim on which the yungsterz take an aring.

Grate wer the rejoicingz when Peter reecht the home under the ground aulmoast az soone az Wendy, whoo had bene carrede hither and thither bi

the kite. Evvery boi had advenchuerz too tel; but perhaps the bigghest advenchure ov aul wauz dhat dha wer cevveral ourz late for bed. This so inflated them dhat dha did vareyouz dodgy thhingz too ghet staying up stil lon'gher, such az demaanding bandagez; but Wendy, dho gloereyng in havving them aul home agane safe and sound, wauz scandaliazd bi the laitnes ov the our, and cride, "Too bed, too bed," in a vois dhat had too be obade. Next da, houwevver, she wauz aufooly tender, and gave out bandagez too evvery wun, and dha plade til bed-time at limping about and carreyng dhare armz in slingz.

## Chapter 10 THE HAPPY HOME

Wun important rezult ov the brush [widh the piraits] on the lagoone wauz dhat it made the redskinz dhare frendz. Peter had saivd Tigher Lilly from a dredfool fate, and nou dhare wauz nuthhing she and her braivz wood not doo for him. Aul nite dha sat abuv, keping wauch over the home under the ground and awating the big atac bi the piraits which obveyously cood not be much lon'gher delade. Even bi da dha hung about, smoking the pipe ov pece, and loocking aulmoast az if dha waunted tit-bits too etc.

Dha cauld Peter the Grate White Faather, prostrating themcelvz [liying doun] befoer him; and he liact this tremendously, so dhat it wauz not reyaly good for him.

"The grate white faather," he wood sa too them in a verry lordly manner, az dha grovveld at hiz fete, "iz glad too ce the Piccaniny woreyorz protecting hiz wigwam from the piraits."

"Me Tigher Lilly," dhat luvly crechure wood repli. "Peter Pan save me, me hiz vely nice frend. Me no let piraits hert him."

She wauz far too pritty too crinj in this wa, but Peter thaut it hiz ju, and he wood aancer condecendingly, "It iz good. Peter Pan haz spoken."

Aulwase when he ced, "Peter Pan haz spoken," it ment dhat dha must nou shut up, and dha axepted it humbly in dhat spirrit; but dha wer bi no meenz so respectfool too the uther boiz, whoome dha looct uppon az just ordinary braivz. Dha ced "Hou-doo?" too them, and thhingz like dhat; and whaut anoid the boiz wauz dhat Peter ceemd too thhinc this aul rite.

Ceecretly Wendy cimpathhiazd widh them a littel, but she wauz far too loiyal a houswife too liscen too enny complaints against faather. "Faather nose best," she aulwase ced, whautevver her private opinyon must be. Her private opinyon wauz dhat the redskinz shood not caul her a sqwau.

We hav nou reecht the evening dhat wauz too be none amung them az the Nite ov Niats, becauz ov its advenchuerz and dhare upshot. The da, az if qwiyetly gathering its foercez, had bene aulmoast unneventfool, and nou the redskinz in dhare blankets wer at dhare poasts abuv, while, belo, the children wer havving dhare evening mele; aul exept Peter, whoo had gon out too ghet the time. The wa u got the time on the iland wauz too fiand the croccodile, and then sta nere him til the cloc struc.

The mele happend too be a make-beleve te, and dha sat around the boerd, guzling in dhare grede; and reyaly, whaut widh dhare chatter and recriminaishonz, the noiz, az Wendy ced, wauz pozsitiavly deffening. Too be shure, she did not miand noiz, but she cimply wood not hav them grabbing thhingz, and then excusing themcelvz bi saying dhat Tootelz had poosht dhare elbo. Dhare wauz a fixt roole dhat dha must nevrer hit bac at meelz, but shood refer the matter ov dispute too Wendy bi rasing

the rite arm poliatly and saying, "I complane ov so-and-so;" but whaut uezhuwaly happend wauz dhat dha forgot too doo this or did it too much.

"Cilens," cride Wendy when for the twenteyeth time she had toald them dhat dha wer not aul too speke at wuns. "Iz yor mug empty, Sliatly darling?"

"Not qwite empty, mummy," Sliatly ced, aafter loocking intoo an imadginary mug.

"He haznt even begun too drinc hiz milc," Nibz interpoazd.

This wauz telling, and Sliatly ceezd hiz chaans.

"I complane ov Nibz," he cride promptly.

Jon, houwevver, had held up hiz hand ferst.

"Wel, Jon?"

"Ma I cit in Peterz chare, az he iz not here?"

"Cit in faatherz chare, Jon!" Wendy wauz scandaliazd. "Certainly not."

"He iz not reyaly our faather," Jon aancerd. "He didnt even no hou a faather duz til I shode him."

This wauz grumbling. "We complane ov Jon," cride the twinz.

Tootelz held up hiz hand. He wauz so much the humblest ov them, indede he wauz the oonly humbel wun, dhat Wendy wauz speshaly gentel widh him.

"I doant suppose," Tootelz ced diffidently [bashfooly or timmidly],  
"dhat I cood be faather."

"No, Tootelz."

Wuns Tootelz began, which wauz not verry often, he had a cilly wa ov  
gowing on.

"Az I caant be faather," he ced hevvely, "I doant suppose, Mikel, u  
wood let me be baby?"

"No, I woant," Mikel rapt out. He wauz aulreddy in hiz baasket.

"Az I caant be baby," Tootelz ced, ghetting hevveyer and hevveyer and  
hevveyer, "doo u thhinc I cood be a twin?"

"No, indede," replide the twinz; "its aufooly difficult too be a twin."

"Az I caant be ennithing important," ced Tootelz, "wood enny ov u like  
too ce me doo a tric?"

"No," dha aul replide.

Then at laast he stopt. "I hadnt reyal y enny hope," he ced.

The haitfool telling broke out agane.

"Sliatly iz coffing on the tabel."

"The twinz began widh chese-caix."

"Kerly iz taking boath butter and hunny."

"Nibz iz speking widh hiz mouth fool."

"I complane ov the twinz."

"I complane ov Kerly."

"I complane ov Nibz."

"O dere, o dere," cride Wendy, "Ime shure I sumtiamz thhinc dhat spinsterz ar too be envede."

She toald them too clere awa, and sat down too her werc-baasket, a hevvy lode ov stockingz and evvery ne widh a hole in it az uezhual.

"Wendy," remmonstrated [scoalded] Mikel, "Ime too big for a cradel."

"I must hav sumbody in a cradel," she ced aulmoast tartly, "and u ar the litlest. A cradel iz such a nice hoamly thhing too hav about a hous."

While she sode dha plade around her; such a groope ov happy facez and daancing limz lit up bi dhat romantic fire. It had becum a verry familleyar cene, this, in the home under the ground, but we ar loocking on it for the laast time.

Dhare wauz a step abuv, and Wendy, u ma be shure, wauz the ferst too reccognise it.

"Children, I here yor faatherz step. He liax u too mete him at the doer."

Abuv, the redskinz croucht befoer Peter.

"Wauch wel, braivz. I hav spoken."

And then, az so often befoer, the ga children dragd him from hiz tre. Az so often befoer, but nevver agane.

He had braut nuts for the boiz az wel az the corect time for Wendy.

“Peter, u just spoil them, u no,” Wendy cimperd [exadgerated a smile].

“Aa, oald lady,” ced Peter, hanging up hiz gun.

“It wauz me toald him mutherz ar cauld oald lady,” Mikel whisperd too Kerly.

“I complane ov Mikel,” ced Kerly instantly.

The ferst twin came too Peter. “Faather, we waunt too daans.”

“Daans awa, mi littel man,” ced Peter, whoo wauz in hi good humor.

“But we waunt u too daans.”

Peter wauz reyaly the best daancer amung them, but he pretended too be scandaliazd.

“Me! Mi oald boanz wood rattel!”

“And mummy too.”

“Whaut,” cride Wendy, “the muther ov such an armfool, daans!”

“But on a Satterda nite,” Sliatly incinnuwated.

It wauz not reyaly Satterda nite, at leest it ma hav bene, for dha had long lost count ov the dase; but aulwase if dha waunted too doo

ennithhing speshal dha ced this wauz Satterda nite, and then dha did it.

“Ov coers it iz Satterda nite, Peter,” Wendy ced, relenting.

“Pepel ov our figgure, Wendy!”

“But it iz oanly amung our one progeny [children].”

“Troo, troo.”

So dha wer toald dha cood daans, but dha must poot on dhare nitese ferst.

“Aa, oald lady,” Peter ced acide too Wendy, worming himcelf bi the fire and loocking down at her az she sat terning a hele, “dhare iz nuthhing moer plezzant ov an evening for u and me when the dase toil iz over dhan too rest bi the fire widh the littel wunz nere bi.”

“It iz swete, Peter, iznt it?” Wendy ced, friatfooly grattifide.

“Peter, I thhinc Kerly haz yor nose.”

“Mikel taix aafter u.”

She went too him and poot her hand on hiz shoalder.

“Dere Peter,” she ced, “widh such a larj fammily, ov coers, I hav nou paast mi best, but u doant waunt too [ex]chainj me, doo u?”

“No, Wendy.”

Certainly he did not waunt a chainj, but he looct at her uncumfortably, blinking, u no, like wun not shure whether he wauz awake or aslepe.

"Peter, whaut iz it?"

"I wauz just thhinking," he ced, a littel scaerd. "It iz oanly make-beleve, iznt it, dhat I am dhare faather?"

"O yes," Wendy ced primly [formaly and properly].

"U ce," he continnude apologetically, "it wood make me ceme so oald too be dhare reyal faather."

"But dha ar ourz, Peter, yorz and mine."

"But not reyal, Wendy?" he aasct ancshously.

"Not if u doant wish it," she replide; and she distinctly herd hiz ci ov relefe. "Peter," she aasct, triying too speke fermly, "whaut ar yor exact felingz too [about] me?"

"Dhose ov a devoted sun, Wendy."

"I thaut so," she ced, and went and sat bi hercelf at the extreme end ov the roome.

"U ar so qwere," he ced, francly puzseld, "and Tigher Lilly iz just the same. Dhare iz sumthhing she waunts too be too me, but she cez it iz not mi muther."

"No, indede, it iz not," Wendy replide widh friatfool emfacis. Nou we no whi she wauz predjudiast against the redskinz.

"Then whaut iz it?"

"It iznt for a lady too tel."

“O, verry wel,” Peter ced, a littel netteld. “Perhaps Tinker Bel wil tel me.”

“O yes, Tinker Bel wil tel u,” Wendy retorted scornfooly. “She iz an abandond littel crechure.”

Here Tinc, whoo wauz in her bedroome, eevzdropping, sqweect out sumthhing impudent.

“She cez she gloerese in beying abandond,” Peter interpreted.

He had a sudden ideyaa. “Perhaps Tinc waunts too be mi muther?”

“U cilly as!” cride Tinker Bel in a pashon.

She had ced it so often dhat Wendy neded no traanzlaison.

“I aulmoast agry widh her,” Wendy snapt. Fancy Wendy snapping! But she had bene much tride, and she littel nu whaut wauz too happen befoer the nite wauz out. If she had none she wood not hav snapt.

Nun ov them nu. Perhaps it wauz best not too no. Dhare ignorans gave them wun moer glad our; and az it wauz too be dhare laast our on the iland, let us rejois dhat dhare wer cixty glad minnuets in it. Dha sang and daanst in dhare nite-gounz. Such a delishously crepy song it wauz, in which dha pretended too be fritend at dhare one shaddose, littel witting dhat so soone shaddose wood close in uppon them, from whoome dha wood shrinc in reyal fere. So uproereyously ga wauz the daans, and hou dha buffeted eche uther on the bed and out ov it! It wauz a pillose fite raather dhan a daans, and when it wauz finnisht, the pillose incisted on wun bout moer, like partnerz whoo no dhat dha ma nevver mete agane. The stoerese dha toald, befoer it wauz time for Wendese

good-nite stoery! Even Sliatly tride too tel a stoery dhat nite, but the beghinning wauz so feerfooly dul dhat it apauld not oonly the utherz but himcelf, and he ced gloomily:

“Yes, it iz a dul beghinning. I sa, let us pretend dhat it iz the end.”

And then at laast dha aul got intoo bed for Wendese stoery, the stoery dha luvd best, the stoery Peter hated. Uezhuwaly when she began too tel this stoery he left the roome or poot hiz handz over hiz eerz; and poscibly if he had dun iather ov dhose thhingz this time dha mite aul stil be on the iland. But too-nite he remaind on hiz stoole; and we shal ce whaut happend.

## Chapter 11 WENDESE STOERY

“Liscen, then,” ced Wendy, cetling doun too her stoery, widh Mikel at her fete and cevven boiz in the bed. “Dhare wauz wuns a gentelman--”

“I had raather he had bene a lady,” Kerly ced.

“I wish he had bene a white rat,” ced Nibz.

“Qwiyet,” dhare muther admonnisht [caushond] them. “Dhare wauz a lady aulso, and--”

“O, mummy,” cride the ferst twin, “u mene dhat dhare iz a lady aulso, doant u? She iz not ded, iz she?”

“O, no.”

"I am aufooly glad she iznt ded," ced Tootelz. "Ar u glad, Jon?"

"Ov coers I am."

"Ar u glad, Nibz?"

"Raather."

"Ar u glad, Twinz?"

"We ar glad."

"O dere," cide Wendy.

"Littel les noiz dhare," Peter cauld out, determiand dhat she shood hav fare pla, houwevver beestly a stoery it mite be in hiz opinyon.

"The gentelmanz name," Wendy continnude, "wauz Mr. Darling, and her name wauz Mrs. Darling."

"I nu them," Jon ced, too anoi the utherz.

"I thhinc I nu them," ced Mikel raather doutfooly.

"Dha wer marrede, u no," explaind Wendy, "and whaut doo u thhinc dha had?"

"White rats," cride Nibz, inspiard.

"No."

"Its aufooly puzling," ced Tootelz, whoo nu the stoery bi hart.

"Qwiyet, Tootelz. Dha had thre descendants."

"Whaut iz descendants?"

"Wel, u ar wun, Twin."

"Did u here dhat, Jon? I am a descendant."

"Descendants ar oonly children," ced Jon.

"O dere, o dere," cide Wendy. "Nou these thre children had a faithfool ners cauld Naanaa; but Mr. Darling wauz an'gry widh her and chaind her up in the yard, and so aul the children flu awa."

"Its an aufooly good stoery," ced Nibz.

"Dha flu awa," Wendy continnude, "too the Nevverland, whare the lost children ar."

"I just thaut dha did," Kerly broke in exitedly. "I doant no hou it iz, but I just thaut dha did!"

"O Wendy," cride Tootelz, "wauz wun ov the lost children cauld Tootelz?"

"Yes, he wauz."

"I am in a stoery. Huraa, I am in a stoery, Nibz."

"Hush. Nou I waunt u too concidder the felingz ov the unhappy parents widh aul dhare children flone awa."

"Oo!" dha aul moand, dho dha wer not reyalz conciddering the felingz ov the unhappy parents wun jot.

"Thhinc ov the empty bedz!"

"Oo!"

"Its aufooly sad," the ferst twin ced cheerfooly.

"I doant ce hou it can hav a happy ending," ced the cecond twin. "Doo u, Nibz?"

"Ime friatfooly ancshous."

"If u nu hou grate iz a mutherz luv," Wendy toald them triyumfantly, "u wood hav no fere." She had nou cum too the part dhat Peter hated.

"I doo like a mutherz luv," ced Tootelz, hitting Nibz widh a pillo.

"Doo u like a mutherz luv, Nibz?"

"I doo just," ced Nibz, hitting bac.

"U ce," Wendy ced complacently, "our herrowine nu dhat the muther wood aulwase leve the windo open for her children too fli bac bi; so dha stade awa for yeez and had a luvly time."

"Did dha evver go bac?"

"Let us nou," ced Wendy, bracing hercelf up for her finest effort, "take a pepe intoo the fuchure;" and dha aul gave themcelvz the twist dhat maix peeps intoo the fuchure eseyer. "Yeez hav roald bi, and whoo iz this ellegant lady ov uncertane age aliting at Lundon Staishon?"

"O Wendy, whoo iz she?" cride Nibz, evvery bit az exited az if he didnt no.

"Can it be--yes--no--it iz--the fare Wendy!"

"O!"

"And whoo ar the too nobel poertly figguerz acumpaneying her, nou grone too manz estate? Can dha be Jon and Mikel? Dha ar!"

"O!"

"Ce, dere brutherz,' cez Wendy pointing upwordz, dhare iz the windo stil standing open. Aa, nou we ar reworded for our sublime faith in a mutherz luv.' So up dha flu too dhare mummy and daddy, and pen canot describe the happy cene, over which we drau a vale."

Dhat wauz the stoery, and dha wer az pleezd widh it az the fare narator hercelf. Evverithing just az it shood be, u ce. Of we skip like the moast hartles thhingz in the werld, which iz whaut children ar, but so attractive; and we hav an entiarly celfish time, and then when we hav nede ov speshal atenshon we noably retern for it, confident dhat we shal be reworded insted ov smact.

So grate indede wauz dhare faith in a mutherz luv dhat dha felt dha cood afoerd too be callous for a bit lon'gher.

But dhare wauz wun dhare whoo nu better, and when Wendy finnisht he utterd a hollo grone.

"Whaut iz it, Peter?" she cride, running too him, thhinking he wauz il. She felt him soliscitously, lower doun dhan hiz chest. "Whare iz it, Peter?"

"It iznt dhat kiand ov pane," Peter replide darcly.

"Then whaut kiand iz it?"

“Wendy, u ar rong about mutherz.”

Dha aul gatherd round him in afrite, so alarming wauz hiz agitaishon; and widh a fine candor he toald them whaut he had hithertoo conceeld.

“Long ago,” he ced, “I thaut like u dhat mi muther wood aulwase kepe the windo open for me, so I stade awa for muinz and muinz and muinz, and then flu bac; but the windo wauz bard, for muther had forgotten aul about me, and dhare wauz anuther littel boi sleping in mi bed.”

I am not shure dhat this wauz troo, but Peter thaut it wauz troo; and it scaerd them.

“Ar u shure mutherz ar like dhat?”

“Yes.”

So this wauz the truith about mutherz. The toadz!

Stil it iz best too be caerfool; and no wun nose so qwicly az a chiald when he shood ghiv in. “Wendy, let us [lets] go home,” cride Jon and Mikel tooghether.

“Yes,” she ced, clutching them.

“Not too-nite?” aasct the lost boiz bewilderd. Dha nu in whaut dha cauld dhare harts dhat wun can ghet on qwite wel widhout a muther, and dhat it iz oonly the mutherz whoo thinc u caant.

“At wuns,” Wendy replide rezzoluetly, for the horribel thaut had cum too her: “Perhaps muther iz in haaf moerning bi this time.”

This dread made her forgetful of what must be Peter's feelings, and she said to him rather sharply, "Peter, will you make the necessary arrangements?"

"If you wish it," he replied, as coolly as if she had asked him to pass the nuts.

Not so much as a sorry-too-loose-you between them! If she did not mind the parting, he was going to show her, was Peter, that neither did he.

But of course he cared very much; and he was so full of wrath against grone-ups, who, as usual, were spoiling everything, that as soon as he

got inside his tent he breathed intentionally quick short breaths at the rate of about five to a second. He did this because there is a saying in the Newerland that, every time you breathe, a grone-up dies; and Peter was killing them off vindictively as fast as possible.

Then having given the necessary instructions to the redskins he returned

to the home, where an unworthy scene had been enacted in his absence. Panic-stricken at the thought of losing Wendy the lost boy had advanced upon her threateningly.

"It will be worse than before she came," she cried.

"We shall let her go."

"Let's keep her prisoner."

"I'll chase her up."

In her extremity an instinct told her too which of them to turn.

“Tootelz,” she cride, “I apele too u.”

Wauz it not strainj? She apeeld too Tootelz, qwite the cilleyest wun.

Grandly, houwevver, did Tootelz respond. For dhat wun moment he dropt hiz cillines and spoke widh dignity.

“I am just Tootelz,” he ced, “and nobody miandz me. But the ferst whoo duz not behave too Wendy like an In’glisch gentelman I wil blud him ceveerly.”

He droo bac hiz hanger; and for dhat instant hiz sun wauz at noone. The utherz held bac unnesily. Then Peter reternd, and dha sau at wuns dhat dha wood ghet no supoert from him. He wood kepe no gherl in the Nevverland against her wil.

“Wendy,” he ced, striding up and down, “I hav aasct the redskinz too ghide u throo the wood, az fliying tiarz u so.”

“Thanc u, Peter.”

“Then,” he continnude, in the short sharp vois ov wun acustomd too be obade, “Tinker Bel wil take u acros the ce. Wake her, Nibz.”

Nibz had too noc twice befoer he got an aancer, dho Tinc had reyaly bene citting up in bed liscening for sum time.

“Whoo ar u? Hou dare u? Go awa,” she cride.

“U ar too ghet up, Tinc,” Nibz cauld, “and take Wendy on a gerny.”

Ov coers Tinc had bene delited too here dhat Wendy wauz gowing; but she wauz jolly wel determiand not too be her cooreyer, and she ced so in stil moer ofencive lan’gwage. Then she pretended too be aslepe agane.

“She cez she woant!” Nibz exclaimd, agaast at such insubordinaishon, wharuppon Peter went sternly tooword the yung ladese chaimber.

“Tinc,” he rapt out, “if u doant ghet up and dres at wuns I wil open the kertainz, and then we shal aul ce u in yor negligy [niatgoun].”

This made her lepe too the floer. “Whoo ced I wauznt ghetting up?” she cride.

In the meentime the boiz wer gasing verry forlornly at Wendy, nou eqwipt widh Jon and Mikel for the gerny. Bi this time dha wer degeted, not meerly becauz dha wer about too loose her, but aulso becauz dha felt dhat she wauz gowing of too sumthhing nice too which dha had not bene invited. Novvelty wauz becconing too them az uezhuwal.

Credditing them widh a noabler feling Wendy melted.

“Dere wunz,” she ced, “if u wil aul cum widh me I fele aulmoast shure I can ghet mi faather and muther too adopt u.”

The invitaishon wauz ment speshaly for Peter, but eche ov the boiz wauz thhinking excluciavly ov himcelf, and at wuns dha jumpt widh joi.

“But woant dha thhinc us raather a handfool?” Nibz aasct in the middel ov hiz jump.

“O no,” ced Wendy, rappidly thhinking it out, “it wil oanly mene havving a fu bedz in the drauwing-roome; dha can be hidden behiand the screenz on ferst Thherzdase.”

“Peter, can we go?” dha aul cride imploeringly. Dha tooc it for graanted dhat if dha went he wood go aulso, but reyaly dha scaersly caerd. Dhus children ar evver reddy, when novvelty nox, too desert dhare derest wunz.

“Aul rite,” Peter replide with a bitter smile, and imejaitly dha rusht too ghet dhare thhingz.

“And nou, Peter,” Wendy ced, thhinking she had poot evverithhing rite, “I am gowing too ghiv u yor meddicine befoer u go.” She luvd too ghiv them meddicine, and undoutedly gave them too much. Ov coers it wauz oonly wauter, but it wauz out ov a bottel, and she aulwase shooc the bottel and counted the drops, which gave it a certane medicinal qwaulity. On this ocaizhon, houwevver, she did not ghiv Peter hiz draaft [porshon], for just az she had prepaerd it, she sau a looc on hiz face dhat made her hart cinc.

“Ghet yor thhingz, Peter,” she cride, shaking.

“No,” he aancerd, pretending indifferens, “I am not gowing widh u, Wendy.”

“Yes, Peter.”

“No.”

Too sho dhat her deparchure wood leve him unmuivd, he skipt up and doun the roome, playing galy on hiz hartles piaps. She had too run about aafter him, dho it wauz raather undignifide.

“Too fiand yor muther,” she coaxt.

Nou, if Peter had evver qwite had a muther, he no lon'gher mist her. He

cood doo verry wel widhout wun. He had thaut them out, and rememberd oonly dhare bad points.

“No, no,” he toald Wendy deciciavly; “perhaps she wood sa I wauz oald, and I just waunt aulwase too be a littel boi and too hav fun.”

“But, Peter--”

“No.”

And so the utherz had too be toald.

“Peter iznt cumming.”

Peter not cumming! Dha gaizd blancly at him, dhare stix over dhare bax, and on eche stic a bundel. Dhare ferst thaut wauz dhat if Peter wauz not gowing he had probbably chainjd hiz miand about letting them go.

But he wauz far too proud for dhat. “If u fiand yor mutherz,” he ced darcly, “I hope u wil like them.”

The aufool cinnicizm ov this made an uncumfortabel impreshon, and moast ov them began too looc raather doutfool. Aafter aul, dhare facez ced, wer dha not noodelz too waunt too go?

“Nou then,” cride Peter, “no fus, no blubbering; good-bi, Wendy;” and he held out hiz hand cherily, qwite az if dha must reyaly go nou, for he had sumthhing important too doo.

She had too take hiz hand, and dhare wauz no indicaishon dhat he wood prefer a thhimbel.

"U wil remember about chain'ging yor flannelz, Peter?" she ced, lin'ghering over him. She wauz aulwase so particcular about dhare flannelz.

"Yes."

"And u wil take yor meddicine?"

"Yes."

Dhat ceemd too be evverithhing, and an auqword pauz follode. Peter, houwevver, wauz not the kiand dhat braix doun befoer uther pepel. "Ar u reddy, Tinker Bel?" he cauld out.

"I, i."

"Then lede the wa."

Tinc darted up the nerest tre; but no wun follode her, for it wauz at this moment dhat the piraits made dhare dredfool atac uppon the redskinz. Abuv, whare aul had bene so stil, the are wauz rent widh shreex and the clash ov stele. Belo, dhare wauz ded cilens. Mouths opend and remaind open. Wendy fel on her nese, but her armz wer extended tooword Peter. Aul armz wer extended too him, az if suddenly blone in hiz direcshon; dha wer beceching him muetly not too desert them. Az for Peter, he ceezd hiz soerd, the same he thaut he had slane Barbecu widh, and the lust ov battel wauz in hiz i.

## Chapter 12 THE CHILDREN AR CARREDE OF

The pirate atac had bene a complete cerprise: a shure prooffe dhat the

unscroopulous Hooc had conducted it improperly, for too cerprise redskinz faerly iz beyond the wit ov the white man.

Bi aul the unwritten lauz ov savvage worfare it iz aulwase the redskin whoo atax, and widh the wilines ov hiz race he duz it just befoer the daun, at which time he nose the currage ov the whiats too be at its lowest eb. The white men hav in the meentime made a roode stocade on the summit ov yonder unjulating ground, at the foot ov which a streme runz, for it iz destrucshon too be too far from wauter. Dhare dha awate the onslaut, the inexperyenst wunz clutching dhare revolverz and tredding on twigz, but the oald handz sleping tranqwily until just befoer the daun. Throo the long blac nite the savvage scouts rigghel, snake-like, amung the graas widhout stuuring a blade. The brushwood closez behiand them, az cilently az sand intoo which a mole haz diavd. Not a sound iz too be herd, save when dha ghiv vent too a wunderfool imitaishon ov the loanly caul ov the coiyoty. The cri iz aancerd bi uther braivz; and sum ov them doo it even better dhan the coiyotese, whoo ar not verry good at it. So the chil ourz ware on, and the long suspens iz horibly trying too the paleface whoo haz too liv throo it for the ferst time; but too the traind hand dhose gaastly caulz and stil gaastleyer cilencez ar but an intimaishon ov hou the nite iz marching.

Dhat this wauz the uezhuwal procejure wauz so wel none too Hooc dhat in disregarding it he canot be excuezd on the ple ov ignorans.

The Piccaninese, on dhare part, trusted impliscitly too hiz onnor, and dhare whole acshon ov the nite standz out in marct contraast too hiz. Dha left nuthhing undun dhat wauz concistent widh the reputaishon ov dhare tribe. Widh dhat alertnes ov the cencez which iz at wuns the marvel and despere ov civviliazd pepelz, dha nu dhat the piraits wer on the iland from the moment wun ov them trod on a dri stic; and in an increddiably short space ov time the coiyoty crise began. Evvery foot ov ground betwene the spot whare Hooc had landed hiz foercez and the home under the trese wauz stelthhily exammiand bi braivz waring dhare

mocascinz widh the heelz in frunt. Dha found oanly wun hilloc widh a streme at its bace, so dhat Hooc had no chois; here he must establish himcelf and wate for just befoer the daun. Evverithhing beying dhus mapt out widh aulmoast diyabollical cunning, the mane boddy ov the redskinz foalded

dhare blankets around them, and in the flegmattic manner dhat iz too them, the perl ov manhood sqwauted abuv the childrenz home, awating the coald moment when dha shood dele pale deth.

Here dreming, dho wide-awake, ov the exqwizsite torchuerz too which dha wer too poot him at brake ov da, dhose confiding savvagez wer found bi the tretcherous Hooc. From the acounts aafterwordz suplide bi such ov the scouts az escaipt the carnage, he duz not ceme even too hav pauzd at the rising ground, dho it iz certane dhat in dhat gra lite he must hav cene it: no thaut ov wating too be atact apeerz from ferst too laast too hav vizsited hiz suttel miand; he wood not even hoald of til the nite wauz neerly spent; on he pounded widh no pollicy but too faul too [ghet intoo combat]. Whaut cood the bewilderd scouts doo, maasterz az dha wer ov evvery wor-like artifice save this wun, but trot helplesly aafter him, exposing themcelvz fataly too vu, while dha gave pathhettic utterans too the coiyoty cri.

Around the brave Tigher Lilly wer a duzsen ov her stoutest woreyorz, and dha suddenly sau the perfidjous piraits baring down uppon them. Fel from dhare ise then the film throo which dha had looct at victory. No moer wood dha torchure at the stake. For them the happy hunting-groundz wauz nou. Dha nu it; but az dhare faatherz sunz dha aqwitted themcelvz. Even then dha had time too gather in a falanx [dens formaishon] dhat wood hav bene hard too brake had dha rizen qwicly, but this dha wer forbidden too doo bi the tradishonz ov dhare race. It iz ritten dhat the nobel savvage must nevver expres cerprise in the prezsens ov the white. Dhus terribel az the sudden aperans ov the piraits must hav bene too them, dha remaind staishonary for a moment, not a muscel mooving; az if the fo had cum bi invitaishon. Then, indede,

the tradishon gallantly upheld, dha ceezd dhare wepponz, and the are wauz toern widh the wor-cri; but it wauz nou too late.

It iz no part ov ourz too describe whaut wauz a massaker raather dhan a fite. Dhus perrisht menny ov the flouwer ov the Piccaniny tribe. Not aul unnavenjd did dha di, for widh Lene Woolf fel Aaf Mason, too disterb the Spannish Mane no moer, and amung utherz whoo bit the dust wer Jo. Scory, Chaz. Terly, and the Alsaishan Foggherty. Terly fel too the tomahauc ov the terribel Panthher, whoo ultimaitly cut a wa throo the piraits widh Tigher Lilly and a smaul remnant ov the tribe.

Too whaut extent Hooc iz too blame for hiz tactix on this ocaizhon iz for the histoereyan too decide. Had he wated on the rising ground til the propper our he and hiz men wood probbably hav bene bootcherd; and in judging him it iz oonly fare too take this intoo acount. Whaut he shood perhaps hav dun wauz too aqwaint hiz oponents dhat he propoazd too follo a nu method. On the uther hand, this, az destroyng the ellement ov cerprise, wood hav made hiz strategy ov no avale, so dhat the whole qweschon iz becet widh difficultese. Wun canot at least widhhoald a reluctant admiraishon for the wit dhat had conceevd so boald a skeme, and the fel [dedly] geenyus widh which it wauz carrede out.

Whaut wer hiz one felingz about himcelf at dhat triyumfant moment? Fane [gladly] wood hiz dogz hav none, az breething hevvely and wiping dhare cutlacez, dha gatherd at a discrete distans from hiz hooc, and sqwinted throo dhare ferret ise at this extrordinary man. Elaishon must hav bene in hiz hart, but hiz face did not reflect it: evver a darc and sollitary enigmaa, he stood aloofe from hiz followerz in spirrit az in substans.

The niats werc wauz not yet over, for it wauz not the redskinz he had cum out too destroi; dha wer but the bese too be smoact, so dhat he shood ghet at the hunny. It wauz Pan he waunted, Pan and Wendy and dhare

band, but chiefly Pan.

Peter wauz such a smaul boi dhat wun tendz too wunder at the manz haitred ov him. Troo he had flung Hoox arm too the croccodile, but even this and the increest incecurity ov life too which it led, owing too the croccodialz pertinascity [percistans], hardly acount for a vindictiavnes so relentles and malignant. The truith iz dhat dhare wauz a sumthhing about Peter which goded the pirate captane too frensy. It wauz not hiz currage, it wauz not hiz en'gaging aperans, it wauz not--. Dhare iz no beting about the boosh, for we no qwite wel whaut it wauz, and hav got too tel. It wauz Peterz cockines.

This had got on Hoox nervz; it made hiz iarn clau twich, and at nite it disterbd him like an incelet. While Peter livd, the torchuerd man felt dhat he wauz a liyon in a cage intoo which a sparro had cum.

The qweschon nou wauz hou too ghet doun the trese, or hou too ghet hiz dogz doun? He ran hiz gredy ise over them, cerching for the thhinest wunz. Dha riggheld uncumfortably, for dha nu he wood not scoopel [hezsitate] too ram them doun widh poalz.

In the meentime, whaut ov the boiz? We hav cene them at the ferst clang ov the wepponz, ternd az it wer intoo stone figguerz, open-moutht, aul apeling widh outstrecht armz too Peter; and we retern too them az dhare mouths close, and dhare armz faul too dhare ciadz. The pandemoanyum abuv haz ceest aulmoast az suddenly az it arose, paast like a feers gust ov wind; but dha no dhat in the paacing it haz determiand dhare fate.

Which cide had wun?

The piraits, liscening avvidly at the mouths ov the trese, herd the qweschon poot bi evvery boi, and alaas, dha aulso herd Peterz aancer.

“If the redskinz hav wun,” he ced, “dha wil bete the tom-tom; it iz aulwase dhare cine ov victory.”

Nou Sme had found the tom-tom, and wauz at dhat moment citting on it. “U wil nevver here the tom-tom agane,” he mutterd, but inaudibly ov coers, for strict cilens had bene enjoind [erjd]. Too hiz amaizment Hoooc ciand him too bete the tom-tom, and sloly dhare came too Sme an understanding ov the dredfool wickednes ov the order. Nevver, probbably, had this cimpel man admiard Hoooc so much.

Twice Sme bete uppon the instrooment, and then stopt too liscen glefooly.

“The tom-tom,” the miscreyants herd Peter cri; “an Injan victory!”

The duimd children aancerd widh a chere dhat wauz music too the blac harts abuv, and aulmoast imejaitly dha repeted dhare good-bise too Peter. This puzseld the piraits, but aul dhare uther felingz wer swaulode bi a bace delite dhat the ennemy wer about too cum up the trese. Dha smerct at eche uther and rubd dhare handz. Rappidly and cilently Hoooc gave hiz orderz: wun man too eche tre, and the utherz too arainj themcelvz in a line too yardz apart.

### Chapter 13 DOO U BELEVE IN FARESE?

The moer qwicly this horror iz dispoazd ov the better. The ferst too emerj from hiz tre wauz Kerly. He rose out ov it intoo the armz ov

Cecco, whoo flung him too Sme, whoo flung him too Starky, whoo flung him too

Bil Juex, whoo flung him too Nuidler, and so he wauz tost from wun too anuther til he fel at the fete ov the blac pirate. Aul the boiz wer pluct from dhare trese in this ruithles manner; and cevveral ov them wer in the are at a time, like bailz ov goodz flung from hand too hand.

A different treetment wauz acorded too Wendy, whoo came laast. With ironnical poliatnes Hooc raizd hiz hat too her, and, offering her hiz arm, escorted her too the spot whare the utherz wer beying gagd. He did it widh such an are, he wauz so friatfooly DISTAN'GA [imposingly distin'gwisht], dhat she wauz too fascinated too cri out. She wauz oonly a littel gherl.

Perhaps it iz tel-tale too divulj dhat for a moment Hooc entranst her, and we tel on her oonly becauz her slip led too strainj rezults. Had she hautily unhanded him (and we shood hav luvd too rite it ov her), she wood hav bene herld throo the are like the utherz, and then Hooc wood probbably not hav bene prezsent at the tying ov the children; and had he not bene at the tying he wood not hav discuverd Sliatlese ceecret, and widhout the ceecret he cood not prezsently hav made hiz foul atempt on Peterz life.

Dha wer tide too prevent dhare fliying awa, dubbeld up widh dhare nese cloce too dhare eerz; and for the trusing ov them the blac pirate had cut a rope intoo nine eeqwal pecez. Aul went wel until Sliatlese tern came, when he wauz found too be like dhose irritating parcelz dhat use up aul the string in gowing round and leve no tagz [endz] widh which too ti a not. The piraits kict him in dhare rage, just az u kic the parcel (dho in faernes u shood kic the string); and strainj too sa it wauz Hooc whoo toald them too bela dhare viyolens. Hiz lip wauz kerld widh malishous triyumf. While hiz dogz wer meerly swetting becauz evvery time dha tride too pac the unhappy lad tite in wun part he buljd out in anuther, Hoox maaster miand had gon far beneeth

Sliatlese cerface, probing not for efects but for causez; and hiz exultaishon shode dhat he had found them. Sliatly, white too the ghilz, nu dhat Hooc had cerpriazd [discuvverd] hiz ceecret, which wauz this, dhat no boi so blone out cood use a tre wharin an avverage man nede stic. Poor Sliatly, moast retched ov aul the children nou, for he wauz in a pannic about Peter, bitterly regretted whaut he had dun. Madly adicted too the drinking ov wauter when he wauz hot, he had sweld in conceqwens too hiz prezsent gherth, and insted ov rejucing himcelf too fit hiz tre he had, un'none too the utherz, whitteld hiz tre too make it fit him.

Sufishent ov this Hooc ghest too perswade him dhat Peter at laast la at hiz mercy, but no werd ov the darc desine dhat nou formd in the subterainyan cavvernz ov hiz miand crost hiz lips; he meerly ciand dhat the captiavz wer too be convade too the ship, and dhat he wood be alone.

Hou too conva them? Huncht up in dhare roaps dha mite indede be roald doun hil like barrelz, but moast ov the wa la throo a moras. Agane Hoox geenyus cermounted difficultese. He indicated dhat the littel hous must be uezd az a convayans. The children wer flung intoo it, foer stout piraits raizd it on dhare shoalderz, the utherz fel in behiand, and cinging the haitfool pirate coerus the strainj proceshon cet of throo the wood. I doant no whether enny ov the children wer crieving; if so, the cinging dround the sound; but az the littel hous disapeerd in the forrest, a brave dho tiny get ov smoke ishude from its chimney az if defiyng Hooc.

Hooc sau it, and it did Peter a bad cervice. It dride up enny trickel ov pittty for him dhat ma hav remaind in the piraits infureyated brest.

The ferst thhing he did on fianding himcelf alone in the faast fauling nite wauz too tipto too Sliatlese tre, and make shure dhat it provided him widh a passage. Then for long he remaind brooding; hiz hat ov il

omen on the sword, so dhat enny gentel brese which had arizens mite pla refreshingly throo hiz hare. Darc az wer hiz thauts hiz blu ise wer az soft az the periwinkel. Intently he liscend for enny sound from the nether werld, but aul wauz az cilent belo az abuv; the hous under the ground ceemd too be but wun moer empty tennement in the void.

Wauz

dhat boi aslepe, or did he stand wating at the foot ov Sliatlese tre, widh hiz daggher in hiz hand?

Dhare wauz no wa ov nowing, save bi gowing doun. Hooc let hiz cloke slip softly too the ground, and then biting hiz lips til a lude blud stood on them, he stept intoo the tre. He wauz a brave man, but for a moment he had too stop dhare and wipe hiz brou, which wauz dripping like a candel. Then, cilently, he let himcelf go intoo the un'none.

He ariavd unmolested at the foot ov the shaaft, and stood stil agane, biting at hiz breth, which had aulmoast left him. Az hiz ise became acustomd too the dim lite vareyous obgets in the home under the tresse tooc shape; but the oonly wun on which hiz gredy gase rested, long saut for and found at laast, wauz the grate bed. On the bed la Peter faast aslepe.

Unnaware ov the tradgedy beying enacted abuv, Peter had continnude, for a littel time aafter the children left, too pla galy on hiz piaps: no dout raather a forlorn atempt too prove too himcelf dhat he did not care. Then he decided not too take hiz meddicine, so az too greve Wendy. Then he

la doun on the bed outside the cuvverlet, too vex her stil moer; for she had aulwase tuct them incide it, becauz u nevver no dhat u ma not gro chilly at the tern ov the nite. Then he neerly cride; but it struc him hou indignant she wood be if he laaft insted; so he laaft a hauty laaf and fel aslepe in the middel ov it.

Sumtiamz, dho not often, he had dreemz, and dha wer moer painfool

dhan the dreemz ov uther boiz. For ourz he cood not be ceeparated from these dreemz, dho he waild pitchously in them. Dha had too doo, I thhinc, widh the riddel ov hiz existens. At such tiamz it had bene Wendese custom too take him out ov bed and cit widh him on her lap, suithing him in dere wase ov her one invenshon, and when he groo caamer too poot him bac too bed befoer he qwite woke up, so dhat he shood not no ov the indignity too which she had subgected him. But on this ocaizhon he had faulen at wuns intoo a dreemles slepe. Wun arm dropt over the ej ov the bed, wun leg wauz archt, and the unfinnisht part ov hiz laaf wauz stranded on hiz mouth, which wauz open, showing the littel perlz.

Dhus defensles Hooc found him. He stood cilent at the foot ov the tre loocking acros the chaimber at hiz ennemy. Did no feling ov compashon disterb hiz somber brest? The man wauz not wholly evil; he luvd flouwerz (I hav bene toald) and swete music (he wauz himcelf no mene performer on the harpicord); and, let it be francly admitted, the idillic nachure ov the cene sterd him profoundly. Maasterd bi hiz better celf he wood hav reternd reluctantly up the tre, but for wun thhing.

Whaut stade him wauz Peterz impertinent aperans az he slept. The open mouth, the drooping arm, the archt ne: dha wer such a personificaishon ov cockines az, taken tooghether, wil nevvver agane, wun ma hope, be presented too ise so cencitive too dhare ofenciavnes. Dha steeld Hoox hart. If hiz rage had broken him intoo a hundred pecez evvery wun ov them wood hav disregarded the incident, and lept at the sleper.

Dho a lite from the wun lamp shon dimly on the bed, Hooc stood in darcnes himcelf, and at the ferst stelthhy step forword he discuverd an obstakel, the doer ov Sliatlese tre. It did not entiarly fil the aperchure, and he had bene loocking over it. Feling for the cach, he found too hiz fury dhat it wauz lo doun, beyond hiz reche. Too hiz

disorderd brane it ceemd then dhat the irritating qwaulity in Peterz face and figgure vizsibly increest, and he ratteld the doer and flung himcelf against it. Wauz hiz ennemy too escape him aafter aul?

But whaut wauz dhat? The red in hiz i had caut cite ov Peterz meddicine standing on a lej within esy reche. He fadhomd whaut it wauz stratawa, and imejaitly nu dhat the sleper wauz in hiz pouwer.

Lest he shood be taken alive, Hooe aulwase carrede about hiz person a dredfool drug, blended bi himcelf ov aul the deth-deling ringz dhat had cum intoo hiz poseshon. These he had boild doun intoo a yello liqwid qwite un'none too ciyens, which wauz probbably the moast viroolent poizon in existens.

Five drops ov this he nou added too Peterz cup. Hiz hand shooc, but it wauz in exultaishon raather dhan in shame. Az he did it he avoided glaancing at the sleper, but not lest pittty shood unnerv him; meerly too avoid spilling. Then wun long gloting looc he caast uppon hiz victim, and terning, wermd hiz wa widh difficulty up the tre. Az he emerjd at the top he looct the verry spirrit ov evil braking from its hole. Donning hiz hat at its moast rakish an'ghel, he wound hiz cloke around him, hoalding wun end in frunt az if too concele hiz person from the nite, ov which it wauz the blackest part, and muttering strainjly too himcelf, stole awa throo the trese.

Peter slept on. The lite gutterd [bernd too edgez] and went out, leving the tennement in darcnes; but stil he slept. It must hav bene not les dhan ten oacloc bi the crocodile, when he suddenly sat up in hiz bed, wakend bi he nu not whaut. It wauz a soft caushous tapping on the doer ov hiz tre.

Soft and caushous, but in dhat stilnes it wauz cinnister. Peter felt for hiz daggher til hiz hand gript it. Then he spoke.

“Whoo iz dhat?”

For long dhare wauz no aancer: then agane the noc.

“Whoo ar u?”

No aancer.

He wauz thrild, and he luvd beying thrild. In too striadz he reecht the doer. Unlike Sliatlese doer, it fild the aperchure [opening], so dhat he cood not ce beyond it, nor cood the wun nocking ce him.

“I woant open unles u speke,” Peter cride.

Then at laast the vizsitor spoke, in a luvly bel-like vois.

“Let me in, Peter.”

It wauz Tinc, and qwicly he unbard too her. She flu in excitedly, her face flusht and her dres staind widh mud.

“Whaut iz it?”

“O, u cood nevver ghes!” she cride, and offerd him thre ghescez.

“Out widh it!” he shouted, and in wun un‘grammatical centens, az long az the ribbonz dhat cunjurerz [magishanz] pool from dhare mouths, she toald ov the capchure ov Wendy and the boiz.

Peterz hart bobd up and doun az he liscend. Wendy bound, and on the pirate ship; she whoo luvd evverithhing too be just so!

"Ile rescu her!" he cride, leping at hiz wepponz. Az he lept he thaut ov sumthhing he cood doo too plese her. He cood take hiz medicine.

Hiz hand cloazd on the fatal draaft.

"No!" shreect Tinker Bel, whoo had herd Hooc mutter about hiz dede az he sped throo the forrest.

"Whi not?"

"It iz poizond."

"Poizond? Whoo cood hav poizond it?"

"Hooc."

"Doant be cilly. Hou cood Hooc hav got doun here?"

Alaas, Tinker Bel cood not explane this, for even she did not no the darc ceecret ov Sliatlese tre. Nevvertheles Hoox werdz had left no roome for dout. The cup wauz poizond.

"Beciadz," ced Peter, qwite beleving himcelf, "I nevver fel aslepe."

He raizd the cup. No time for werdz nou; time for deedz; and widh wun ov her liatning muivments Tinc got betwene hiz lips and the draaft, and draind it too the dregz.

"Whi, Tinc, hou dare u drinc mi medicine?"

But she did not aancer. Aulreddy she wauz reling in the are.

"Whaut iz the matter widh u?" cride Peter, suddenly afrade.

“It wauz poizond, Peter,” she toald him softly; “and nou I am gowing too be ded.”

“O Tinc, did u drinc it too save me?”

“Yes.”

“But whi, Tinc?”

Her wingz wood scaersly carry her nou, but in repli she alited on hiz shoalder and gave hiz nose a luvving bite. She whisperd in hiz ere “U cilly as,” and then, tottering too her chaimber, la doun on the bed.

Hiz hed aulmoast fild the foerth waul ov her littel roome az he nelt nere her in distres. Evvery moment her lite wauz growing fainter; and he nu dhat if it went out she wood be no moer. She liact hiz teerz so much dhat she poot out her butifool fin'gher and let them run over it.

Her vois wauz so lo dhat at ferst he cood not make out whaut she ced. Then he made it out. She wauz saying dhat she thaut she cood ghet wel agane if children beleevd in farese.

Peter flung out hiz armz. Dhare wer no children dhare, and it wauz nite time; but he adrest aul whoo mite be dreming ov the Nevverland, and whoo wer dhaerfoer nerer too him dhan u thhinc: boiz and gherlz in dhare nitese, and naked papoocez in dhare baaskets hung from trese.

“Doo u beleve?” he cride.

Tinc sat up in bed aulmoast briscly too liscen too her fate.

She fancede she herd aancerz in the afermative, and then agane she

wauznt shure.

“Whaut doo u thhinc?” she aasct Peter.

“If u beleve,” he shouted too them, “clap yor handz; doant let Tinc di.”

Menny clapt.

Sum didnt.

A fu beests hist.

The clapping stopt suddenly; az if countles mutherz had rusht too dhare nercerese too ce whaut on erth wauz happening; but aulreddy Tinc wauz saivd. Ferst her vois groo strong, then she popt out ov bed, then she wauz flashing throo the roome moer merry and impudent dhan evver. She nevver thaut ov thanking dhose whoo beleevd, but she wood hav liact too ghet at the wunz whoo had hist.

“And nou too rescu Wendy!”

The moone wauz riding in a cloudy hevven when Peter rose from hiz tre, beghert [belted] widh wepponz and waring littel els, too cet out uppon hiz perrilous qwest. It wauz not such a nite az he wood hav chosen. He had hoapt too fli, keping not far from the ground so dhat nuthhing unwoanted shood escape hiz ise; but in dhat fitfool lite too hav flone lo wood hav ment traling hiz shaddo throo the trese, dhus disterbing berdz and aqwainting a wauchfool fo dhat he wauz aster.

He regretted nou dhat he had ghivven the berdz ov the iland such strainj naimz dhat dha ar verry wiald and difficult ov aproche.

Dhare wauz no uther coers but too pres forword in redskin fashon, at which happily he wauz an adept [expert]. But in whaut direcshon, for he cood not be shure dhat the children had bene taken too the ship? A lite faul ov sno had oblitterated aul footmarx; and a dethly cilens pervaded the iland, az if for a space Nachure stood stil in horror ov the recent carnage. He had taut the children sumthhing ov the forrest loer dhat he had himcelf lernd from Tigher Lilly and Tinker Bel, and nu dhat in dhare dire our dha wer not liacly too forghet it. Sliatly, if he had an oporchunity, wood blase [cut a marc in] the trese, for instans, Kerly wood drop ceedz, and Wendy wood leve her hankerchefe at sum important place. The morning wauz neded too cerch for such ghidans, and he cood not wate. The upper werld had cauld him, but wood ghiv no help.

The croccodile paast him, but not anuther livving thhing, not a sound, not a muivment; and yet he nu wel dhat sudden deth mite be at the next tre, or stauking him from behiand.

He swoer this terribel oath: "Hooc or me this time."

Nou he crauld forword like a snake, and agane erect, he darted acros a space on which the muinlite plade, wun fin'gher on hiz lip and hiz daggher at the reddy. He wauz friatfooly happy.

## Chapter 14 THE PIRATE SHIP

Wun grene lite sqwinting over Kidz Creke, which iz nere the mouth ov the pirate rivver, marct whare the brig, the JOLLY ROGER, la, lo in the wauter; a rakish-loocking [spedy-loocking] craaft foul too the hul,

evvery beme in her detestabel, like ground stroone widh man'gheld fetherz.

She wauz the cannibal ov the cese, and scaers neded dhat wauchfool i, for she floted imune in the horror ov her name.

She wauz rapt in the blanket ov nite, throo which no sound from her cood hav reecht the shoer. Dhare wauz littel sound, and nun agreyabel save the wher ov the ships sowing mashene at which Sme sat, evver industreyous and obliging, the escens ov the commonplace, pathhettic Sme.

I no not whi he wauz so infiniatly pathhettic, unles it wer becauz he wauz so pathhetticaly unnaware ov it; but even strong men had too tern haistily from loocking at him, and moer dhan wuns on summer eveningz he had tucht the fount ov Hoox teerz and made it flo. Ov this, az ov aulmoast evverithhing els, Sme wauz qwite unconshous.

A fu ov the piraits lent over the boolworx, drinking in the miyazmaa [puetrid mist] ov the nite; uthertz sprauld bi barrelz over gaimz ov dice and cardz; and the exhausted foer whoo had carrede the littel hous la prone on the dec, whare even in dhare slepe dha roald skilfooly too this cide or dhat out ov Hoox reche, lest he shood clau them mecannicaly in paacing.

Hoox trod the dec in thaut. O man unfadhomabel. It wauz hiz our ov triyumf. Peter had bene remuivd for evver from hiz paath, and aul the uther boiz wer in the brig, about too wauc the planc. It wauz hiz grimmest dede cins the dase when he had braut Barbecu too hele; and nowing az we doo hou vane a tabernakel iz man, cood we be cerpriazd had he nou paist the dec unsteddily, bellede out bi the windz ov hiz suxes?

But dhare wauz no elaishon in hiz gate, which kept pace widh the acshon ov

hiz somber miand. Hooc wauz profoundly dejected.

He wauz often dhus when comuning widh himself on boerd ship in the qwiyechude ov the nite. It wauz becauz he wauz so terribly alone. This inscrootabel man nevver felt moer alone dhan when surounded bi hiz dogz.

Dha wer soashaly infereyor too him.

Hooc wauz not hiz troo name. Too revele whoo he reyaly wauz wood even at

this date cet the cuntry in a blase; but az dhose whoo rede betwene the lianz must aulreddy hav ghest, he had bene at a famous public scoole; and its tradishonz stil clung too him like garments, widh which indede dha ar larjly concernd. Dhus it wauz ofencive too him even nou too boerd a ship in the same dres in which he grappeld [atact] her, and he stil ad'heerd in hiz wauc too the scuilz distin'gwisht slouch. But abuv aul he retaind the pashon for good form.

Good form! Houwevver much he ma hav degenerated, he stil nu dhat this iz aul dhat reyaly matterz.

From far within him he herd a creking az ov rusty portalz, and throo them came a stern tap-tap-tap, like hammering in the nite when wun canot slepe. "Hav u bene good form too-da?" wauz dhare eternal qweschon.

"Fame, fame, dhat glittering baubel, it iz mine," he cride.

"Iz it qwite good form too be distin'gwisht at ennithhing?" the tap-tap from hiz scoole replide.

"I am the oonly man whoome Barbecu feerd," he erjd, "and Flint feerd Barbecu."

“Barbecu, Flint--whaut hous?” came the cutting retort.

Moast disqwiyyeting reflecschon ov aul, wauz it not bad form too thhinc about good form?

Hiz vitalz wer torchuerd bi this problem. It wauz a clau within him sharper dhan the iarn wun; and az it toer him, the perspiraishon dript doun hiz tallo [waxy] countenans and street hiz dublet. Oftiamz he droo hiz sleve acros hiz face, but dhare wauz no damming dhat trickel.

Aa, envy not Hooc.

Dhare came too him a presentiment ov hiz erly disolueshon [deth]. It wauz az if Peterz terribel oath had boerded the ship. Hooc felt a gloomy desire too make hiz dying speche, lest prezsently dhare shood be no time for it.

“Better for Hooc,” he cride, “if he had had les ambishon!” It wauz in hiz darkest ourz oonly dhat he referd too himcelf in the thherd person.

“No littel children too luv me!”

Strainj dhat he shood thhinc ov this, which had nevver trubbeld him befoer; perhaps the sowing mashene braut it too hiz miand. For long he muttered too himcelf, staring at Sme, whoo wauz hemming plascidly, under the convicshon dhat aul children feerd him.

Feerd him! Feerd Sme! Dhare wauz not a chiald on boerd the brig dhat nite whoo did not aulreddy luv him. He had ced horrid thhingz too them and hit them widh the paam ov hiz hand, becauz he cood not hit widh hiz fist, but dha had oonly clung too him the moer. Mikel had tride on hiz spektakelz.

Too tel poor Sme dhat dha thaut him luvvabel! Hooc icht too doo it, but it ceemd too brootal. Insted, he revolvd this mistery in hiz miand: whi doo dha fiand Sme luvvabel? He pershude the problem like the slueth-hound dhat he wauz. If Sme wauz luvvabel, whaut wauz it dhat made him so? A terribel aancer suddenly presented itself--"Good form?"

Had the boasn good form widhout nowing it, which iz the best form ov aul?

He rememberd dhat u hav too prove u doant no u hav it befoer u ar elligibel for Pop [an alete soashal club at Eton].

Widh a cri ov rage he raizd hiz iarn hand over Smese hed; but he did not tare. Whaut arested him wauz this reflecshon:

"Too clau a man becauz he iz good form, whaut wood dhat be?"

"Bad form!"

The unhappy Hooc wauz az impotent [pouwerles] az he wauz damp, and he fel forword like a cut flouwer.

Hiz dogz thinking him out ov the wa for a time, discipline instantly relaxt; and dha broke intoo a bacanaleyan [drunken] daans, which braut him too hiz fete at wuns, aul tracez ov human weecnes gon, az if a bucket ov wauter had paast over him.

"Qwiyet, u scugz," he cride, "or Ile caast ancor in u;" and at wuns the din wauz husht. "Ar aul the children chaind, so dhat dha canot fli awa?"

"I, i."

“Then hoist them up.”

The retched prizzonerz wer dragd from the hoald, aul exsept Wendy, and rainjd in line in frunt ov him. For a time he ceemd unconshous ov dhare prezsens. He lold at hiz ese, humming, not unmelojously, snatchez ov a roode song, and fin'ghering a pac ov cardz. Evver and anon the lite from hiz cigar gave a tuch ov cullor too hiz face.

“Nou then, boollese,” he ced briscly, “cix ov u wauc the planc too-nite, but I hav roome for too cabbin boiz. Which ov u iz it too be?”

“Doant irritate him un'necesarily,” had bene Wendese instrucshonz in the hoald; so Tootelz stept forword poliatly. Tootelz hated the ideyaa ov cining under such a man, but an instinct toald him dhat it wood be proodent too la the responcebilly on an abcent person; and dho a sumwhaut cilly boi, he nu dhat mutherz alone ar aulwase willing too be the buffer. Aul children no this about mutherz, and despise them for it, but make constant uce ov it.

So Tootelz explaind proodently, “U ce, cer, I doant thhinc mi muther wood like me too be a pirate. Wood yor muther like u too be a pirate, Sliatly?”

He winct at Sliatly, whoo ced moernfooly, “I doant thhinc so,” az if he wisht thhingz had bene urtherwise. “Wood yor muther like u too be a pirate, Twin?”

“I doant thhinc so,” ced the ferst twin, az clevver az the utherz. “Nibz, wood--”

“Sto this gab,” roerd Hooc, and the spoaxmen wer dragd bac. “U, boi,” he ced, adrescing Jon, “u looc az if u had a littel pluc in u. Didst nevver waunt too be a pirate, mi harty?”

Nou Jon had sumtiamz expereyenst this hankering at maths. prep.; and he wauz struc bi Hoox picking him out.

“I wuns thaut ov caulng micelf Red-handed Jac,” he ced diffidently.

“And a good name too. Weeyl caul u dhat here, boolly, if u join.”

“Whaut doo u thhinc, Mikel?” aasct Jon.

“Whaut wood u caul me if I join?” Mikel demaanded.

“Blacbeerd Jo.”

Mikel wauz natchuraly imprest. “Whaut doo u thhinc, Jon?” He waunted Jon too decide, and Jon waunted him too decide.

“Shal we stil be respectfool subgects ov the King?” Jon inqwiard.

Throo Hoox teeth came the aancer: “U wood hav too sware, Doun widh the King.”

Perhaps Jon had not behaivd verry wel so far, but he shon out nou.

“Then I refuse,” he cride, banging the barrel in frunt ov Hooc.

“And I refuse,” cride Mikel.

“Roole Britanyaa!” sqweect Kerly.

The infureyated piraits buffeted them in the mouth; and Hooc roerd out, “Dhat ceelz yor doome. Bring up dhare muther. Ghet the planc reddy.”

Dha wer oanly boiz, and dha went white az dha sau Juex and Cecco

preparing the fatal plan. But dha tride too looc brave when Wendy wauz braut up.

No werdz ov mine can tel u hou Wendy despiazd dhose piraits. Too the boiz dhare wauz at leest sum glammor in the pirate caulng; but aul dhat she sau wauz dhat the ship had not bene tidede for yeerz. Dhare wauz not a poert'hole on the grimy glaas ov which u mite not hav ritten widh yor fin'gher "Derty pig"; and she had aulreddy ritten it on cevveral. But az the boiz gatherd round her she had no thaut, ov coers, save for them.

"So, mi buty," ced Hooc, az if he spoke in cirrup, "u ar too ce yor children wauc the plan."

Fine gentelmen dho he wauz, the intencity ov hiz comuningz had soild hiz ruf, and suddenly he nu dhat she wauz gasing at it. Widh a haisty geschure he tride too hide it, but he wauz too late.

"Ar dha too di?" aasct Wendy, widh a looc ov such friatfool contempt dhat he neerly fainted.

"Dha ar," he snarld. "Cilens aul," he cauld glotingly, "for a mutherz laast werdz too her children."

At this moment Wendy wauz grand. "These ar mi laast werdz, dere boiz," she ced fermly. "I fele dhat I hav a message too u from yor reyal mutherz, and it iz this: We hope our sunz wil di like In'glis gentelmen."

Even the piraits wer aud, and Tootelz cride out histericaly, "I am gowing too doo whaut mi muther hoaps. Whaut ar u too doo, Nibz?"

"Whaut mi muther hoaps. Whaut ar u too doo, Twin?"

“Whaut mi muther hoaps. Jon, whaut ar--”

But Hooc had found hiz vois agane.

“Ti her up!” he shouted.

It wauz Sme whoo tide her too the maast. “Ce here, hunny,” he whisperd,  
“Ile save u if u prommice too be mi muther.”

But not even for Sme wood she make such a prommice. “I wood aulmoast  
raather hav no children at aul,” she ced disdainfooly [scornfooly].

It iz sad too no dhat not a boi wauz loocking at her az Sme tide her too  
the maast; the ise ov aul wer on the planc: dhat laast littel wauc dha  
wer about too take. Dha wer no lon’gher abel too hope dhat dha wood  
wauc it manfooly, for the capascity too thhinc had gon from them; dha  
cood stare and shivver oonly.

Hooc smiald on them widh hiz teeth cloazd, and tooc a step tooword  
Wendy.

Hiz intenshon wauz too tern her face so dhat she shood ce the boiz  
wauking the planc wun bi wun. But he nevver reecht her, he nevver herd  
the cri ov an’gwish he hoapt too ring from her. He herd sumthhing els  
insted.

It wauz the terribel tic-tic ov the croccodile.

Dha aul herd it--piraits, boiz, Wendy; and imejaitly evvery hed wauz  
blone in wun direcshon; not too the wauter whens the sound proceded, but  
tooword Hooc. Aul nu dhat whaut wauz about too happen concernd him  
alone,  
and dhat from beying actorz dha wer suddenly becum spectatorz.

Verry friatfool wauz it too ce the chainj dhat came over him. It wauz az if

he had bene clipt at evvery joint. He fel in a littel hepe.

The sound came steddily nerer; and in advaans ov it came this gaastly thaut, "The croccodile iz about too boerd the ship!"

Even the iarn clau hung inactive; az if nowing dhat it wauz no intrinsic part ov whaut the atacking foers waunted. Left so feerfooly alone, enny uther man wood hav lane widh hiz ise shut whare he fel: but the gigantic brane ov Hooc wauz stil werking, and under its ghidans he crauld on the nese along the dec az far from the sound az he cood go. The piraits respectfooly cleerd a passage for him, and it wauz oanly when he braut up against the boolworx dhat he spoke.

"Hide me!" he cride hoersly.

Dha gatherd round him, aul ise averted from the thhing dhat wauz cumming aboard. Dha had no thaut ov fiting it. It wauz Fate.

Oanly when Hooc wauz hidden from them did cureyosity loocen the limz ov the boiz so dhat dha cood rush too the ships cide too ce the croccodile climing it. Then dha got the strain'gest cerprise ov the Nite ov Niats; for it wauz no croccodile dhat wauz cumming too dhare ade. It wauz Peter.

He ciand too them not too ghiv vent too enny cri ov admiraishon dhat mite rouz suspishon. Then he went on ticking.

Chapter 15 "HOOC OR ME THIS TIME"

Od thhingz happen too aul ov us on our wa throo life widhout our noticing for a time dhat dha hav happend. Dhus, too take an instans, we suddenly discuvver dhat we hav bene def in wun ere for we doant no hou long, but, sa, haaf an our. Nou such an expereyens had cum dhat nite too Peter. When laast we sau him he wauz steling across the iland widh wun fin'gher too hiz lips and hiz daggher at the reddy. He had cene the

croccodile paas bi widhout noticing ennithhing peculeyar about it, but bi and bi he rememberd dhat it had not bene ticking. At ferst he thaut this ery, but soone concluded riatly dhat the cloc had run down.

Widhout ghivving a thaut too whaut mite be the felingz ov a fello-crechure dhus abruptly depriavd ov its clocest companyon, Peter began too concidder hou he cood tern the catastrofy too hiz one uce; and he decided too tic, so dhat wiald beests shood beleve he wauz the croccodile and let him paas unmolested. He tict superbly, but widh wun unfoercene rezult. The croccodile wauz amung dhose whoo herd the sound,

and it follode him, dho whether widh the perpoce ov reganing whaut it had lost, or meerly az a frend under the belefe dhat it wauz agane ticking itcelf, wil nevvver be certainly none, for, like slaivz too a fixt ideyaa, it wauz a schupid beest.

Peter reecht the shoer widhout mis'hap, and went strate on, hiz legz encountering the wauter az if qwite unnaware dhat dha had enterd a nu ellement. Dhus menny annimalz paas from land too wauter, but no uther human

ov whoome I no. Az he swam he had but wun thaut: "Hooc or me this time." He had tict so long dhat he nou went on ticking widhout nowing dhat he wauz doowing it. Had he none he wood hav stopt, for too boerd the brig bi help ov the tic, dho an in'geenyous ideyaa, had not okerd too him.

On the contrary, he thaut he had scaild her cide az noizles az a

mous; and he wauz amaizd too ce the piraits couwering from him, widh Hooc in dhare midst az abgect az if he had herd the croccodile.

The croccodile! No sooner did Peter remember it dhan he herd the ticking. At ferst he thaut the sound did cum from the croccodile, and he looct behiand him swiftly. Then he reyaliadz dhat he wauz doowing it himcelf, and in a flash he understood the cichuwaishon. "Hou clevver ov me!" he thaut at wuns, and ciand too the boiz not too berst intoo aplauz.

It wauz at this moment dhat Ed Chint the qwortermaaster emerjd from the foaxl and came along the dec. Nou, reder, time whaut happend bi yor wauch. Peter struc troo and depe. Jon clapt hiz handz on the il-fated piraits mouth too stifel the diying grone. He fel forword. Foer boiz caut him too prevent the thud. Peter gave the cignal, and the carreyon wauz caast overboerd. Dhare wauz a splash, and then cilens. Hou long haz it taken?

"Wun!" (Sliatly had begun too count.)

Nun too soone, Peter, evvery inch ov him on tipto, vannisht intoo the cabbinn; for moer dhan wun pirate wauz scroowing up hiz currage too looc round. Dha cood here eche utherz distrest breething nou, which shode them dhat the moer terribel sound had paast.

"Its gon, captane," Sme ced, wiping of hiz spektakelz. "Aulz stil agane."

Sloly Hooc let hiz hed emerj from hiz ruf, and liscend so intently dhat he cood hav caut the ecco ov the tic. Dhare wauz not a sound, and he droo himcelf up fermly too hiz fool hite.

“Then heerz too Jonny Planc!” he cride brasenly, hating the boiz moer dhan evver becauz dha had cene him unbend. He broke intoo the villanous ditty:

“Yo ho, yo ho, the frisky planc,  
U waux along it so,  
Til it gose down and u gose down  
Too Davy Joanz belo!”

Too terrorise the prizzonerz the moer, dho widh a certane los ov dignity, he daanst along an imadginary planc, grimmacng at them az he sang; and when he finnisht he cride, “Doo u waunt a tuch ov the cat [o' nine tailz] befoer u wauc the planc?”

At dhat dha fel on dhare nese. “No, no!” dha cride so pitchously dhat evvery pirate smiald.

“Fech the cat, Juex,” ced Hooc; “its in the cabbn.”

The cabbn! Peter wauz in the cabbn! The children gaizd at eche uther.

“I, i,” ced Juex bliadhly, and he strode intoo the cabbn. Dha follode him widh dhare ise; dha scaers nu dhat Hooc had rezhuemd hiz song, hiz dogz joining in widh him:

“Yo ho, yo ho, the scratching cat,  
Its tailz ar nine, u no,  
And when dhare rit uppon yor bac--”

Whaut wauz the laast line wil nevver be none, for ov a sudden the song wauz stade bi a dredfool screche from the cabbn. It waild throo the ship, and dide awa. Then wauz herd a crowing sound which wauz wel understood

bi the boiz, but too the piraits wauz aulmoast moer ery dhan the screche.

“Whaut wauz dhat?” cride Hooc.

“Too,” ced Sliatly sollemly.

The Italleyan Cecco hezsitated for a moment and then swung intoo the cabbín.

He totterd out, haggard.

“Whauts the matter widh Bil Juex, u dog?” hist Hooc, touwering over him.

“The matter wi him iz hese ded, stabd,” replide Cecco in a hollo vois.

“Bil Juex ded!” cride the starteld piraits.

“The cabbínz az blac az a pit,” Cecco ced, aulmoast gibbering, “but dhare iz sumthhing terribel in dhare: the thhing u herd crowing.”

The exultaishon ov the boiz, the lowering loox ov the piraits, both wer cene bi Hooc.

“Cecco,” he ced in hiz moast stely vois, “go bac and fech me out dhat doodel-doo.”

Cecco, bravest ov the brave, couwerd befoer hiz captane, crying “No, no”; but Hooc wauz puuring too hiz clau.

“Did u sa u wood go, Cecco?” he ced musingly.

Cecco went, ferst flinging hiz armz desparingly. Dhare wauz no moer cinging, aul liscend nou; and agane came a deth-screche and agane a

cro.

No wun spoke exept Sliatly. "Thre," he ced.

Hooc rallede hiz dogz widh a geschure. "Sdeth and odz fish," he thunderd, "whoo iz too bring me dhat doodel-doo?"

"Wate til Cecco cumz out," grould Starky, and the utherz tooc up the cri.

"I thhinc I herd u volluntere, Starky," ced Hooc, puuring agane.

"No, bi thunder!" Starky cride.

"Mi hooc thhinx u did," ced Hooc, crosing too him. "I wunder if it wood not be advizabel, Starky, too humor the hooc?"

"Ile swing befoer I go in dhare," replide Starky dogghedly, and agane he had the supoert ov the croo.

"Iz this mutiny?" aasct Hooc moer plezzantly dhan evver. "Starkese ringleder!"

"Captane, mercy!" Starky whimperd, aul ov a trembel nou.

"Shake handz, Starky," ced Hooc, proffering hiz clau.

Starky looct round for help, but aul deserted him. Az he bact up Hooc advaanst, and nou the red sparc wauz in hiz i. Widh a desparing screme the pirate lept uppon Long Tom and precippitated himcelf intoo the ce.

"Foer," ced Sliatly.

"And nou," Hooc ced kerchously, "did enny uther gentelmen sa mutiny?" Cesing a lantern and rasing hiz clau widh a mennacing geschure, "Ile bring out dhat doodel-doo micelf," he ced, and sped intoo the cabbin.

"Five." Hou Sliatly longd too sa it. He wetted hiz lips too be reddy, but Hooc came stagghering out, widhout hiz lantern.

"Sumthhing blu out the lite," he ced a littel unsteddily.

"Sumthhing!" eccode Mullinz.

"Whaut ov Cecco?" demaanded Nuidler.

"Hese az ded az Juex," ced Hooc shortly.

Hiz reluctans too retern too the cabbin imprest them aul unfavorably, and the mutinous soundz agane broke foerth. Aul piraits ar superstishous, and Cooxon cride, "Dha doo sa the shurest cine a ships ackerst iz when dhaerz wun on boerd moer dhan can be acounted for."

"Ive herd," mutterd Mullinz, "he aulwase boerdz the pirate craaft laast. Had he a tale, captane?"

"Dha sa," ced anuther, loocking vishously at Hooc, "dhat when he cumz its in the liacnes ov the wickedest man aboard."

"Had he a hooc, captane?" aasct Cooxon insolently; and wun aafter anuther tooc up the cri, "The ships duimd!" At this the children cood not resist rasing a chere. Hooc had wel-ni forgotten hiz prizzonerz, but az he swung round on them nou hiz face lit up agane.

"Ladz," he cride too hiz croo, "nou heerz a noashon. Open the cabbin doer and drive them in. Let them fite the doodel-doo for dhare liavz. If dha kil him, were so much the better; if he kilz them, were nun

the wers."

For the laast time hiz dogz admiard Hooc, and devotedly dha did hiz bidding. The boiz, pretending too strugghel, wer poosht intoo the cabbinn and the doer wauz cloazd on them.

"Nou, liscen!" cride Hooc, and aul liscend. But not wun daerd too face the doer. Yes, wun, Wendy, whoo aul this time had bene bound too the maast.

It wauz for niather a screme nor a cro dhat she wauz wauching, it wauz for the reyaperans ov Peter.

She had not long too wate. In the cabbinn he had found the thhing for which he had gon in cerch: the ke dhat wood fre the children ov dhare mannakelz, and nou dha aul stole foerth, armd widh such wepponz az dha cood fiand. Ferst cining them too hide, Peter cut Wendese bondz, and then nuthhing cood hav bene eseyer dhan for them aul too fli of tooghether; but wun thhing bard the wa, an oath, "Hooc or me this time." So when he had frede Wendy, he whisperd for her too concele hercelf widh the utherz, and himcelf tooc her place bi the maast, her cloke around him so dhat he shood paas for her. Then he tooc a grate breth and crode.

Too the piraits it wauz a vois crying dhat aul the boiz la slane in the cabbinn; and dha wer pannic-stricken. Hooc tride too harden them; but like the dogz he had made them dha shode him dhare fangz, and he nu dhat if he tooc hiz ise of them nou dha wood lepe at him.

"Ladz," he ced, reddy too cajole or strike az nede be, but nevver qwaling for an instant, "Ive thaut it out. Dhaerz a Jonaa aboard."

"I," dha snarld, "a man wi a hooc."

"No, ladz, no, its the gherl. Nevver wauz luc on a pirate ship wi a woomman on boerd. Weeyl rite the ship when shese gon."

Sum ov them rememberd dhat this had bene a saying ov Flints. "Its werth tryying," dha ced doutfooly.

"Fling the gherl overboerd," cride Hooc; and dha made a rush at the figgure in the cloke.

"Dhaerz nun can save u nou, miscy," Mullinz hist geringly.

"Dhaerz wun," replide the figgure.

"Whoose dhat?"

"Peter Pan the aven'ger!" came the terribel aancer; and az he spoke Peter flung of hiz cloke. Then dha aul nu whoo twauz dhat had bene undoowing them in the cabbin, and twice Hooc essade too speke and twice he faild. In dhat friatfool moment I thhinc hiz feers hart broke.

At laast he cride, "Cleve him too the brisket!" but widhout convicshon.

"Doun, boiz, and at them!" Peterz vois rang out; and in anuther moment the clash ov armz wauz rezounding throo the ship. Had the piraits kept tooghether it iz certane dhat dha wood hav wun; but the oncet came when dha wer stil unstrung, and dha ran hither and thither, striking wialdly, eche thhinking himcelf the laast cervivor ov the croo. Man too man dha wer the stron'gher; but dha faut on the defencive oonly, which enabeld the boiz too hunt in paerz and chuse dhare qwory. Sum ov the miscreyants lept intoo the ce; uthertz hid in darc rececez, whare dha wer found bi Sliatly, whoo did not fite, but ran about widh a lantern which he flasht in dhare facez, so dhat dha wer haaf blianded and fel az an esy pra too the reking soerdz ov the uther boiz. Dhare wauz littel sound too be herd but the clang ov wepponz, an ocaizhonal screche or splash, and Sliatly monotonously counting--five--cix--cevven ate--nine--ten--elevven.

I thhinc aul wer gon when a groope ov savvage boiz surrounded Hooc, whoo ceemd too hav a charmd life, az he kept them at ba in dhat cerkel ov fire. Dha had dun for hiz dogz, but this man alone ceemd too be a mach for them aul. Agane and agane dha cloazd uppon him, and agane and agane he hude a clere space. He had lifted up wun boi widh hiz hooc, and wauz using him az a bucler [sheeld], when anuther, whoo had just paast hiz soerd throo Mullinz, sprang intoo the fra.

“Poot up yor soerdz, boiz,” cride the nucummer, “this man iz mine.”

Dhus suddenly Hooc found himcelf face too face widh Peter. The uthertz droo bac and formd a ring around them.

For long the too ennemese looct at wun anuther, Hooc shuddering sliatly, and Peter widh the strainj smile uppon hiz face.

“So, Pan,” ced Hooc at laast, “this iz aul yor doowing.”

“I, Jaimz Hooc,” came the stern aancer, “it iz aul mi doowing.”

“Proud and insolent ueth,” ced Hooc, “prepare too mete thi doome.”

“Darc and cinnister man,” Peter aancerd, “hav at the.”

Widhout moer werdz dha fel too, and for a space dhare wauz no advaantage too iather blade. Peter wauz a superb soerdzman, and parrede widh dazling rapiddity; evver and anon he follode up a faint widh a lunj dhat got paast hiz fose defens, but hiz shorter reche stood him in il sted, and he cood not drive the stele home. Hooc, scaersly hiz infereyor in

brilleyancy, but not qwite so nimbel in rist pla, foerst him bac bi the wate ov hiz oncet, hoping suddenly too end aul widh a favorite thrust, taut him long ago bi Barbecu at Reyo; but too hiz astonishment he found this thrust ternd acide agane and agane. Then he saut too close and ghiv the qwetus widh hiz iarn hoo, which aul this time had bene pauwing the are; but Peter dubbeld under it and, lun'ging feersly, peerst him in the ribz. At the cite ov hiz one blud, whose peculeyar cullor, u remember, wauz ofencive too him, the soerd fel from Hoox hand, and he wauz at Peterz mercy.

"Nou!" cride aul the boiz, but widh a magnificent geschure Peter invited hiz oponent too pic up hiz soerd. Hoo did so instantly, but widh a tradgic feling dhat Peter wauz showing good form.

Hithertoo he had thaut it wauz sum feend fiting him, but darker suspishonz asaild him nou.

"Pan, whoo and whaut art dhou?" he cride huskily.

"Ime ueth, Ime joi," Peter aancerd at a venchure, "Ime a littel berd dhat haz broken out ov the eg."

This, ov coers, wauz noncens; but it wauz proofe too the unhappy Hoo dhat Peter did not no in the leest whoo or whaut he wauz, which iz the verry pinnakel ov good form.

"Toote agane," he cride desparingly.

He faut nou like a human flale, and evvery swepe ov dhat terribel soerd wood hav cevverd in twane enny man or boi whoo obstructed it; but Peter flutterd round him az if the verry wind it made blu him out ov the dain'ger zone. And agane and agane he darted in and prict.

Hooc wauz fiting nou widhout hope. Dhat pashonate brest no lon'gher aasct for life; but for wun boone it craivd: too ce Peter sho bad form befoer it wauz coald forevver.

Abandoning the fite he rusht intoo the pouder maggasene and fiard it.

"In too minnuets," he cride, "the ship wil be blone too pecez."

Nou, nou, he thaut, troo form wil sho.

But Peter ishude from the pouder maggasene widh the shel in hiz handz, and caamly flung it overboerd.

Whaut sort ov form wauz Hooc himcelf showing? Misghided man dho he wauz, we ma be glad, widhout cimpathhisng widh him, dhat in the end he wauz troo too the tradishonz ov hiz race. The uther boiz wer fliying around him nou, flouting, scornfool; and he staggherd about the dec striking up at them impotently, hiz miand wauz no lon'gher widh them; it wauz slouching in the playing feeldz ov long ago, or beyng cent up [too the heedmaster] for good, or wauching the waul-game from a famous waul. And hiz shoose wer rite, and hiz waistcote wauz rite, and hiz ti wauz rite, and hiz sox wer rite.

Jaimz Hooc, dhou not wholly unherowic figgure, faerwel.

For we hav cum too hiz laast moment.

Ceyng Peter sloly advaancing uppon him throo the are widh daggher poizd, he sprang uppon the boolworx too caast himcelf intoo the ce. He did not no dhat the croccodile wauz wating for him; for we perpoasly stopt the cloc dhat this nollej mite be spaerd him: a littel marc ov respect from us at the end.

He had wun laast triyumf, which I thhinc we nede not gruj him. Az he stood on the boolworc loocking over hiz shoalder at Peter gliding throo the are, he invited him widh a geschure too use hiz foot. It made Peter kic insted ov stab.

At laast Hooc had got the boone for which he craivd.

“Bad form,” he cride geringly, and went content too the croccodile.

Dhus perrisht Jaimz Hooc.

“Cevventene,” Sliatly sang out; but he wauz not qwite corect in hiz figguerz. Fiftene pade the pennalty for dhare criamz dhat nite; but too reecht the shoer: Starky too be capchuerd bi the redskinz, whoo made him ners for aul dhare papoocez, a mellancoly cum-doun for a pirate; and Sme, whoo hensfoerth waunderd about the werld in hiz spektakelz, making a precareyous livving bi saying he wauz the oanly man dhat Jaaz. Hooc had feerd.

Wendy, ov coers, had stood bi taking no part in the fite, dho wauching Peter widh gliscening ise; but nou dhat aul wauz over she became promminent agane. She praizd them eeqwaly, and shudderd deliatfooly when Mikel shode her the place whare he had kild wun; and then she tooc them intoo Hoox cabbin and pointed too hiz wauch which wauz hanging on a nale. It ced “haaf-paast wun!”

The laitnes ov the our wauz aulmoast the bigghest thhing ov aul. She got them too bed in the piraits bunx pritty qwicly, u ma be shure; aul but Peter, whoo strutted up and doun on the dec, until at laast he fel aslepe bi the cide ov Long Tom. He had wun ov hiz dreemz dhat nite, and

crude in his sleep for a long time, and Wendy held him tightly.

## Chapter 16 THE RETURN HOME

By three o'clock that morning they were all steering their stumps [legs]; for they were a big crew running; and Tootles, the bosun, was among them, with a rope end in his hand and chewing tobacco. They all found pirate cloths cut off at the neck, shaved smartly, and tumbled up, with the true nautical role and hitching their trousers.

It need not be said who was the captain. Nibs and Jon were first and second mate. They were a woman aboard. The rest were tars [sailors] before the mast, and lived in the fore-cabin. Peter had already lashed himself to the wheel; but he picked up hands and delivered a short address to them; said he hoped they would do their duty like gallant hearts, but that he knew they were the scum of Revere and the Gold Coast, and if they snubbed him he would tar them. The bluff strident words struck the note sailors understood, and they cheered him lustily. Then a few sharp orders were given, and they turned the ship round, and headed her for the mainland.

Captain Pan calculated, after consulting the ship's chart, that if this weather lasted they should strike the Azores about the 21st of June, after which it would save time to fly.

Some of them wanted it to be an honest ship and others were in favor of keeping it a pirate; but the captain treated them as dogs, and they dared not express their wishes to him even in a round robin [written person after person, as they had to Capt. Hook]. Instant obedience was the only safe thing. Slightly got a dozen for looking perplexed when told to take

soundingz. The genneral feling wauz dhat Peter wauz onnest just nou too lul Wendese suspishonz, but dhat dhare mite be a chainj when the nusute wauz reddy, which, against her wil, she wauz making for him out ov sum ov Hoox wickedest garments. It wauz aafterwordz whisperd among them dhat on the ferst nite he woer this sute he sat long in the cabbinn widh Hoox cigar-hoalder in hiz mouth and wun hand clencht, aul but for the foerfin' gher, which he bent and held thretteningly aloft like a hooc.

Insted ov wauching the ship, houwevver, we must nou retern too dhat dezzolate home from which thre ov our carracterz had taken hartles flite so long ago. It ceemz a shame too hav neglected No. 14 aul this time; and yet we ma be shure dhat Mrs. Darling duz not blame us. If we had reternd sooner too looc widh sorrofool cimpathhy at her, she wood probbably hav cride, "Doant be cilly; whaut doo I matter? Doo go bac and kepe an i on the children." So long az mutherz ar like this dhare children wil take advaantage ov them; and dha ma la too [bet on] dhat.

Even nou we venchure intoo dhat familleyar nercery oonly becauz its laufigool occupants ar on dhare wa home; we ar meerly hurreying on in advaans ov them too ce dhat dhare bedz ar properly aerd and dhat Mr. and Mrs. Darling doo not go out for the evening. We ar no moer dhan cervants. Whi on erth shood dhare bedz be properly aerd, ceying dhat dha left them in such a thancies hurry? Wood it not cerv them jolly wel rite if dha came bac and found dhat dhare parents wer spending the weke-end in the cuntry? It wood be the moral lesson dha hav bene in nede ov evver cins we met them; but if we contriavd ththingz in this wa Mrs. Darling wood nevver forghiv us.

Wun thhing I shood like too doo imensly, and dhat iz too tel her, in the wa authorz hav, dhat the children ar cumming bac, dhat indede dha wil be here on Thherzda weke. This wood spoil so compleetly the cerprise too which Wendy and Jon and Mikel ar loocking forward. Dha hav bene planning it out on the ship: mutherz rapchure, faatherz shout

ov joi, Naanaaz lepe throo the are too embrace them ferst, when whaut dha aut too be prepaerd for iz a good hiding. Hou delishous too spoil it aul bi braking the nuse in advaans; so dhat when dha enter grandly Mrs. Darling ma not even offer Wendy her mouth, and Mr. Darling ma exclame pettishly, "Dash it aul, here ar dhose boiz agane." Houwevver, we shood ghet no thanx even for this. We ar beghinning too no Mrs. Darling bi this time, and ma be shure dhat she wood upbrade us for depriving the children ov dhare littel plezhure.

"But, mi dere maddam, it iz ten dase til Thherzda weke; so dhat bi telling u whauts whaut, we can save u ten dase ov unhappines."

"Yes, but at whaut a cost! Bi depriving the children ov ten minnuets ov delite."

"O, if u looc at it in dhat wa!"

"Whaut uther wa iz dhare in which too looc at it?"

U ce, the woomman had no propper spirrit. I had ment too sa extrordinarily nice thhingz about her; but I despise her, and not wun ov them wil I sa nou. She duz not reyaly nede too be toald too hav thhingz reddy, for dha ar reddy. Aul the bedz ar aerd, and she nevver leevz the hous, and observ, the windo iz open. For aul the uce we ar too her, we mite wel go bac too the ship. Houwevver, az we ar here we ma az wel sta and looc on. Dhat iz aul we ar, loockerz-on. Nobody reyaly waunts us. So let us wauch and sa jagghy thhingz, in the hope dhat sum ov them wil hert.

The oanly chainj too be cene in the nite-nercery iz dhat betwene nine and cix the kennel iz no lon'gher dhare. When the children flu awa, Mr. Darling felt in hiz boanz dhat aul the blame wauz hiz for havving chaid Naanaa up, and dhat from ferst too laast she had bene wiser dhan he. Ov coers, az we hav cene, he wauz qwite a cimpel man; indede he mite hav

paast for a boi agane if he had bene abel too take hiz bauldnes of;  
but he had aulso a nobel cens ov justice and a liyonz currage too doo  
whaut  
ceemd rite too him; and havving thaut the matter out widh ancshous care  
aafter the flite ov the children, he went down on aul foerz and crauld  
intoo the kennel. Too aul Mrs. Darlingz dere invitaishonz too him too cum  
out he replide sadly but fermly:

“No, mi one wun, this iz the place for me.”

In the bitternes ov hiz remors he swoer dhat he wood nevver leve  
the kennel until hiz children came bac. Ov coers this wauz a pittty; but  
whautevver Mr. Darling did he had too doo in exes, utherwise he soone  
gave  
up doowing it. And dhare nevver wauz a moer humbel man dhan the  
wuns proud  
Jorj Darling, az he sat in the kennel ov an evening tauking widh hiz  
wife ov dhare children and aul dhare pritty wase.

Verry tutching wauz hiz defferens too Naanaa. He wood not let her cum  
intoo  
the kennel, but on aul uther matterz he follode her wishez impliscitly.

Evvery morning the kennel wauz carrede widh Mr. Darling in it too a cab,  
which convade him too hiz office, and he reternd home in the same wa  
at six. Sumthhing ov the strength ov carracter ov the man wil be cene  
if we remember hou cencitive he wauz too the opinyon ov naborz: this  
man whoose evvery muivment nou attracted cerpriazd atenshon. Inwordly  
he  
must hav sufferd torchure; but he preservd a caam extereyor even when  
the yung critticiazd hiz littel home, and he aulwase lifted hiz hat  
kerchously too enny lady whoo looct incide.

It ma hav bene Qwixotic, but it wauz magnifficent. Soone the inword

mening ov it leect out, and the grate hart ov the public wauz tucht. Croudz follode the cab, chering it lustily; charming gherlz scaild it too ghet hiz autograf; intervuse apeerd in the better claas ov paperz, and sociyety invited him too dinner and added, "Doo cum in the kennel."

On dhat eventfool Thherzda weke, Mrs. Darling wauz in the nite-nercery awating Jorgez retern home; a verry sad-ide woomman. Nou dhat we looc at her cloasly and remember the gayety ov her in the oald dase, aul gon nou just becauz she haz lost her baibz, I fiand I woant be abel too sa naasty thhingz about her aafter aul. If she wauz too fond ov her rubbishy children, she coodnt help it. Looc at her in her chare, whare she haz faulen aslepe. The corner ov her mouth, whare wun loox ferst, iz aulmoast witherd up. Her hand muivz restlesly on her brest az if she had a pane dhare. Sum like Peter best, and sum like Wendy best, but I like her best. Suppose, too make her happy, we whisper too her in her slepe dhat the brats ar cumming bac. Dha ar reyaly within too mialz ov the windo nou, and fliying strong, but aul we nede whisper iz dhat dha ar on the wa. Lets.

It iz a pittty we did it, for she haz started up, caulng dhare naimz; and dhare iz no wun in the roome but Naanaa.

"O Naanaa, I dremt mi dere wunz had cum bac."

Naanaa had filmy ise, but aul she cood doo wauz poot her pau gently on her mistrecez lap; and dha wer citting tooghether dhus when the kennel wauz braut bac. Az Mr. Darling poots hiz hed out too kis hiz wife, we ce dhat hiz face iz moer woern dhan ov yoer, but haz a softer expreshon.

He gave hiz hat too Lizaa, whoo tooc it scornfooly; for she had no imaginaishon, and wauz qwite incapabel ov understanding the motiavz ov such a man. Outside, the croud whoo had acumpanede the cab home wer stil chering, and he wauz natchuraly not unmuivd.

"Liscen too them," he ced; "it iz verry grattifiying."

"Lots ov littel boiz," sneerd Lizaa.

"Dhare wer cevveral adults too-da," he ashuerd her widh a faint flush; but when she tost her hed he had not a werd ov reproofe for her. Soashal suxes had not spoilt him; it had made him sweter. For sum time he sat widh hiz hed out ov the kennel, tauking widh Mrs. Darling ov this suxes, and prescing her hand reyashuringly when she ced she hoapt hiz hed wood not be ternd bi it.

"But if I had bene a weke man," he ced. "Good hevvenz, if I had bene a weke man!"

"And, Jorj," she ced timmidly, "u ar az fool ov remors az evver, arnt u?"

"Fool ov remors az evver, derest! Ce mi punnishment: livving in a kennel."

"But it iz punnishment, iznt it, Jorj? U ar shure u ar not enjoiiying it?"

"Mi luv!"

U ma be shure she begd hiz pardon; and then, feling drousy, he kerld round in the kennel.

"Woant u pla me too slepe," he aasct, "on the nercery peyaano?" and az she wauz croscing too the da-nercery he added thautlesly, "And shut dhat windo. I fele a draaft."

"O Jorj, nevver aasc me too doo dhat. The windo must aulwase be left open

for them, aulwase, aulwase.”

Nou it wauz hiz tern too beg her pardon; and she went intoo the da-  
necery  
and plade, and soone he wauz aslepe; and while he slept, Wendy and Jon  
and Mikel flu intoo the roome.

O no. We hav ritten it so, becauz dhat wauz the charming arainjment  
pland bi them befoer we left the ship; but sumthhing must hav  
happend cins then, for it iz not dha whoo hav flone in, it iz Peter  
and Tinker Bel.

Peterz ferst werdz tel aul.

“Qwic Tinc,” he whisperd, “close the windo; bar it! Dhats rite. Nou  
u and I must ghet awa bi the doer; and when Wendy cumz she wil thhinc  
her muther haz bard her out; and she wil hav too go bac widh me.”

Nou I understand whaut had hithertoo puzseld me, whi when Peter had  
exterminated the piraits he did not retern too the iland and leve Tinc  
too escort the children too the mainland. This tric had bene in hiz hed  
aul the time.

Insted ov feling dhat he wauz behaving badly he daanst widh gle; then  
he peept intoo the da-necery too ce whoo wauz playing. He whisperd too  
Tinc, “Its Wendese muther! She iz a pritty lady, but not so pritty az  
mi muther. Her mouth iz fool ov thhimbelz, but not so fool az mi mutherz  
wauz.”

Ov coers he nu nuthhing whautevver about hiz muther; but he sumtiamz  
bragd about her.

He did not no the chune, which wauz “Home, Swete Home,” but he nu it  
wauz saying, “Cum bac, Wendy, Wendy, Wendy”; and he cride exultantly,

“U wil nevver ce Wendy agane, lady, for the windo iz bard!”

He peept in agane too ce whi the music had stopt, and nou he sau dhat Mrs. Darling had lade her hed on the box, and dhat too teerz wer citting on her ise.

“She waunts me too unbar the windo,” thaut Peter, “but I woant, not I!”

He peept agane, and the teerz wer stil dhare, or anuther too had taken dhare place.

“Shese aufooly fond ov Wendy,” he ced too himcelf. He wauz an’gry widh her nou for not ceying whi she cood not hav Wendy.

The rezon wauz so cimpel: “Ime fond ov her too. We caant boath hav her, lady.”

But the lady wood not make the best ov it, and he wauz unhappy. He ceest too looc at her, but even then she wood not let go ov him. He skipt about and made funny facez, but when he stopt it wauz just az if she wer incide him, nocking.

“O, aul rite,” he ced at laast, and gulpt. Then he unbard the windo. “Cum on, Tinc,” he cride, widh a friatfool snere at the lauz ov nachure; “we doant waunt enny cilly mutherz;” and he flu awa.

Dhus Wendy and Jon and Mikel found the windo open for them aafter aul, which ov coers wauz moer dhan dha deservd. Dha alited on the floer, qwite unnashaimd ov themcelvz, and the yun’ghest wun had aulreddy forgotten hiz home.

“Jon,” he ced, loocking around him doutfooly, “I thhinc I hav bene

here befoer."

"Ov coers u hav, u cilly. Dhare iz yor oald bed."

"So it iz," Mikel ced, but not widh much convicshon.

"I sa," cride Jon, "the kennel!" and he dasht acros too looc intoo it.

"Perhaps Naanaa iz incide it," Wendy ced.

But Jon whisceld. "Hullo," he ced, "dhaerz a man incide it."

"Its faather!" exclaimd Wendy.

"Let me ce faather," Mikel begd egherly, and he tooc a good looc.

"He iz not so big az the pirate I kild," he ced widh such franc disapointment dhat I am glad Mr. Darling wauz aslepe; it wood hav bene sad if dhose had bene the ferst werdz he herd hiz littel Mikel sa.

Wendy and Jon had bene taken abac sumwhaut at fianding dhare faather in the kennel.

"Shuerly," ced Jon, like wun whoo had lost faith in hiz memmory, "he uest not too slepe in the kennel?"

"Jon," Wendy ced falteringly, "perhaps we doant remember the oald life az wel az we thaut we did."

A chil fel uppon them; and cerv them rite.

"It iz verry caerles ov muther," ced dhat yung scoundrel Jon, "not too be here when we cum bac."

It wauz then dhat Mrs. Darling began playing agane.

"Its muther!" cride Wendy, peping.

"So it iz!" ced Jon.

"Then ar u not reyaly our muther, Wendy?" aasct Mikel, whoo wauz shuerly slepy.

"O dere!" exclaimd Wendy, widh her ferst reyal twinj ov remors [for havving gon], "it wauz qwite time we came bac."

"Let us crepe in," Jon sugested, "and poot our handz over her ise."

But Wendy, whoo sau dhat dha must brake the joiyous nuse moer gently, had a better plan.

"Let us aul slip intoo our bedz, and be dhare when she cumz in, just az if we had nevver bene awa."

And so when Mrs. Darling went bac too the nite-nercery too ce if her huzband wauz aslepe, aul the bedz wer occupide. The children wated for her cri ov joi, but it did not cum. She sau them, but she did not beleve dha wer dhare. U ce, she sau them in dhare bedz so often in her dreemz dhat she thaut this wauz just the dreme hanging around her stil.

She sat down in the chare bi the fire, whare in the oald dase she had nerst them.

Dha cood not understand this, and a coald fere fel uppon aul the thre ov them.

"Muther!" Wendy cride.

“Dhats Wendy,” she ced, but stil she wauz shure it wauz the dreme.

“Muther!”

“Dhats Jon,” she ced.

“Muther!” cride Mikel. He nu her nou.

“Dhats Mikel,” she ced, and she strecht out her armz for the thre littel celfish children dha wood nevver envellop agane. Yes, dha did, dha went round Wendy and Jon and Mikel, whoo had slipt out ov bed and run too her.

“Jorj, Jorj!” she cride when she cood speke; and Mr. Darling woke too share her blis, and Naanaa came rushing in. Dhare cood not hav bene a luvleyer cite; but dhare wauz nun too ce it exept a littel boi whoo wauz staring in at the windo. He had had extacese inumerabel dhat uther children can nevver no; but he wauz loocking throo the windo at the wun joi from which he must be for evver bard.

## Chapter 17 WHEN WENDY GROO UP

I hope u waunt too no whaut became ov the uther boiz. Dha wer wating belo too ghiv Wendy time too explane about them; and when dha had counted five hundred dha went up. Dha went up bi the stare, becauz dha thaut this wood make a better impreshon. Dha stood in a ro in frunt ov Mrs. Darling, widh dhare hats of, and wishing dha wer not waring dhare pirate cloadhz. Dha ced nuthhing, but dhare ise aasct her too hav them. Dha aut too hav looct at Mr. Darling aulso, but dha forgot about him.

Ov coers Mrs. Darling ced at wuns dhat she wood hav them; but Mr. Darling wauz cureyously deprest, and dha sau dhat he concidderd cix a raather larj number.

“I must sa,” he ced too Wendy, “dhat u doant doo thhingz bi haavz,” a grudging remarc which the twinz thaut wauz pointed at them.

The ferst twin wauz the proud wun, and he aasct, flushing, “Doo u thhinc we shood be too much ov a handfool, cer? Becauz, if so, we can go awa.”

“Faather!” Wendy cride, shoct; but stil the cloud wauz on him. He nu he wauz behaving unwerthily, but he cood not help it.

“We cood li dubbeld up,” ced Nibz.

“I aulwase cut dhare hare micelf,” ced Wendy.

“Jorj!” Mrs. Darling exclaimd, paind too ce her dere wun showing himcelf in such an unfavorabel lite.

Then he berst intoo teerz, and the truith came out. He wauz az glad too hav them az she wauz, he ced, but he thaut dha shood hav aasct hiz concent az wel az herz, insted ov treteng him az a cifer [sero] in hiz one hous.

“I doant thhinc he iz a cifer,” Tootelz cride instantly. “Doo u thhinc he iz a cifer, Kerly?”

“No, I doant. Doo u thhinc he iz a cifer, Sliatly?”

“Raather not. Twin, whaut doo u thhinc?”

It ternd out dhat not wun ov them thaut him a cifer; and he wauz abcerdly grattifide, and ced he wood fiand space for them aul in the drauwng-roome if dha fitted in.

“Weeyl fit in, cer,” dha ashuerd him.

“Then follo the leder,” he cride galy. “Miand u, I am not shure dhat we hav a drauwng-roome, but we pretend we hav, and its aul the same. Hoope laa!”

He went of daancing throo the hous, and dha aul cride “Hoope laa!” and daanst aafter him, cerching for the drauwng-roome; and I forghet whether dha found it, but at enny rate dha found cornerz, and dha aul fitted in.

Az for Peter, he sau Wendy wuns agane befoer he flu awa. He did not exactly cum too the windo, but he brusht against it in paacing so dhat she cood open it if she liact and caul too him. Dhat iz whaut she did.

“Hullo, Wendy, good-bi,” he ced.

“O dere, ar u gowing awa?”

“Yes.”

“U doant fele, Peter,” she ced falteringly, “dhat u wood like too sa ennithing too mi parents about a verry swete subget?”

“No.”

“About me, Peter?”

“No.”

Mrs. Darling came too the windo, for at prezsent she wauz keping a sharp i on Wendy. She toald Peter dhat she had adopted aul the uther boiz, and wood like too adopt him aulso.

“Wood u cend me too scoole?” he inqwiard craaftily.

“Yes.”

“And then too an office?”

“I supose so.”

“Soone I wood be a man?”

“Verry soone.”

“I doant waunt too go too scoole and lern sollem thhingz,” he toald her pashonaitly. “I doant waunt too be a man. O Wendese muther, if I wauz too wake up and fele dhare wauz a beard!”

“Peter,” ced Wendy the cumforter, “I shood luv u in a beard;” and Mrs. Darling strecht out her armz too him, but he repulst her.

“Kepe bac, lady, no wun iz gowing too cach me and make me a man.”

“But whare ar u gowing too liv?”

“Widh Tinc in the hous we bilt for Wendy. The farese ar too poot it hi up amung the tre tops whare dha slepe at niats.”

“Hou luvly,” cride Wendy so longingly dhat Mrs. Darling titend her grip.

“I thaut aul the farese wer ded,” Mrs. Darling ced.

“Dhare ar aulwase a lot ov yung wunz,” explaind Wendy, whoo wauz nou qwrite an authorrity, “becauz u ce when a nu baby laafs for the ferst time a nu fary iz born, and az dhare ar aulwase nu babese dhare ar aulwase nu farese. Dha liv in nests on the tops ov trese; and the move wunz ar boiz and the white wunz ar gherlz, and the blu wunz ar just littel cillese whoo ar not shure whaut dha ar.”

“I shal hav such fun,” ced Peter, widh i on Wendy.

“It wil be raather loanly in the evening,” she ced, “citting bi the fire.”

“I shal hav Tinc.”

“Tinc caant go a twenteyeth part ov the wa round,” she remianded him a littel tartly.

“Sneky tel-tale!” Tinc cauld out from sumwhare round the corner.

“It duznt matter,” Peter ced.

“O Peter, u no it matterz.”

“Wel, then, cum widh me too the littel hous.”

“Ma I, mummy?”

“Certainly not. I hav got u home agane, and I mene too kepe u.”

“But he duz so nede a muther.”

“So doo u, mi luv.”

“O, aul rite,” Peter ced, az if he had aasct her from poliatnes meerly; but Mrs. Darling sau hiz mouth twich, and she made this handsum offer: too let Wendy go too him for a weke evvery yere too doo hiz spring clening. Wendy wood hav preferd a moer permanent arainjment; and it ceemd too her dhat spring wood be long in cumming; but this prommice cent Peter awa qwite ga agane. He had no cens ov time, and wauz so fool ov advenchuerz dhat aul I hav toald u about him iz oonly a hapeny-werth ov them. I supose it wauz becauz Wendy nu this dhat her laast werdz too him wer these raather plaintive wunz:

“U woant forghet me, Peter, wil u, befoer spring clening time cumz?”

Ov coers Peter prommiast; and then he flu awa. He tooc Mrs. Darlingz kis widh him. The kis dhat had bene for no wun els, Peter tooc qwite esily. Funny. But she ceemd sattisfide.

Ov coers aul the boiz went too scoole; and moast ov them got intoo Claas 3, but Sliatly wauz poot ferst intoo Claas 4 and then intoo Claas 5.

Claas I iz the top claas. Befoer dha had atended scoole a weke dha sau whaut goats dha had bene not too remane on the iland; but it wauz too late nou, and soone dha cetteld down too beying az ordinary az u or me or Genkinz minor [the yun’gher Genkinz]. It iz sad too hav too sa dhat the pouwer too fli gradjuwaly left them. At ferst Naanaa tide dhare fete too the bed-poasts so dhat dha shood not fli awa in the nite; and wun ov dhare diverzhonz bi da wauz too pretend too faul of buscez [the In’glish dubbel-deckerz]; but bi and bi dha ceest too tug at dhare bondz in bed, and found dhat dha hert themcelvz when dha let go ov the bus. In time dha cood not even fli aafter dhare hats. Waunt ov practice, dha cauld it; but whaut it reyaly ment wauz dhat dha no lon’gher beleevd.

Mikel beleevd lon’gher dhan the uther boiz, dho dha geerd at him; so he wauz widh Wendy when Peter came for her at the end ov the ferst

yere. She flu awa widh Peter in the froc she had woven from leevz and berrese in the Nevverland, and her wun fere wauz dhat he mite notice hou short it had becum; but he nevver notiast, he had so much too sa about himcelf.

She had looct forword too thrilling taux widh him about oald tiamz, but nu advenchuerz had crouded the oald wunz from hiz miand.

“Whoo iz Captane Hooc?” he aasct widh interest when she spoke ov the arch ennemy.

“Doant u remember,” she aasct, amaizd, “hou u kild him and saivd aul our liavz?”

“I forghet them aafter I kil them,” he replide caerlesly.

When she exprest a doutfool hope dhat Tinker Bel wood be glad too ce her he ced, “Whoo iz Tinker Bel?”

“O Peter,” she ced, shoct; but even when she explaind he cood not remember.

“Dhare ar such a lot ov them,” he ced. “I expect she iz no moer.”

I expect he wauz rite, for farese doant liv long, but dha ar so littel dhat a short time ceemz a good while too them.

Wendy wauz paind too too fiand dhat the paast yere wauz but az yesterda too Peter; it had ceemd such a long yere ov wating too her. But he wauz exactly az fascinating az evver, and dha had a luvly spring clening in the littel hous on the tre tops.

Next yere he did not cum for her. She wated in a nu froc becauz the

oald wun cimply wood not mete; but he nevver came.

“Perhaps he iz il,” Mikel ced.

“U no he iz nevver il.”

Mikel came cloce too her and whisperd, with a shivver, “Perhaps dhare iz no such person, Wendy!” and then Wendy wood hav cride if Mikel had not bene crying.

Peter came next spring clening; and the strainj thhing wauz dhat he nevver nu he had mist a yere.

Dhat wauz the laast time the gherl Wendy evver sau him. For a littel lon'gher she tride for hiz sake not too hav growing painz; and she felt she wauz untroo too him when she got a prise for genneral nollej. But the yeeرز came and went widhout bringing the caerles boi; and when dha met agane Wendy wauz a marrede woomman, and Peter wauz no moer too her dhan a littel dust in the box in which she had kept her toiz. Wendy wauz grone up. U nede not be sorry for her. She wauz wun ov the kiand dhat liax too groo up. In the end she groo up ov her one fre wil a da qwicker dhan uther gherlz.

Aul the boiz wer grone up and dun for bi this time; so it iz scaersly werth while saying ennithhing moer about them. U ma ce the twinz and Nibz and Kerly enny da gowing too an office, eche carreying a littel bag and an umbrellaa. Mikel iz an en'gine-driver [trane en'ginere]. Sliatly marrede a lady ov titel, and so he became a lord. U ce dhat juj in a wig cumming out at the iarn doer? Dhat uest too be Tootelz. The bearded man whoo duznt no enny stoery too tel hiz children wauz wuns Jon.

Wendy wauz marrede in white widh a pinc sash. It iz strainj too thhinc

dhat Peter did not alite in the cherch and forbid the banz [formal anounsment ov a marrage].

Yeerz roald on agane, and Wendy had a dauter. This aut not too be ritten in inc but in a goalden splash.

She wauz cauld Jane, and aulwase had an od inqwiring looc, az if from the moment she ariavd on the mainland she waunted too aasc qweschonz.

When

she wauz oald enuf too aasc them dha wer moastly about Peter Pan. She luvd too here ov Peter, and Wendy toald her aul she cood remember in the verry nercery from which the famous flite had taken place. It wauz Jainz nercery nou, for her faather had baut it at the thre per cents [morgage rate] from Wendese faather, whoo wauz no lon'gher fond ov staerz.

Mrs. Darling wauz nou ded and forgotten.

Dhare wer oanly too bedz in the nercery nou, Jainz and her nercez; and dhare wauz no kennel, for Naanaa aulso had paast awa. She dide ov oald age,

and at the end she had bene raather difficult too ghet on widh; beying verry

fermly convinst dhat no wun nu hou too looc aafter children exept hercelf.

Wuns a weke Jainz ners had her evening of; and then it wauz Wendese part too poot Jane too bed. Dhat wauz the time for stoerese. It wauz Jainz invenshon too rase the shete over her mutherz hed and her one, dhus making a tent, and in the aufool darcnes too whisper:

“Whaut doo we ce nou?”

“I doant thhinc I ce ennithhing too-nite,” cez Wendy, widh a feling dhat if Naanaa wer here she wood obget too ferther conversaishon.

"Yes, u doo," cez Jane, "u ce when u wer a littel gherl."

"Dhat iz a long time ago, sweet'hart," cez Wendy. "Aa me, hou time flise!"

"Duz it fli," aasx the artfool chiald, "the wa u flu when u wer a littel gherl?"

"The wa I flu? Doo u no, Jane, I sumtiamz wunder whether I ever did reyaly fli."

"Yes, u did."

"The dere oald dase when I cood fli!"

"Whi caant u fli nou, muther?"

"Becauz I am grone up, derest. When pepel gro up dha forghet the wa."

"Whi doo dha forghet the wa?"

"Becauz dha ar no lon'gher ga and innocent and hartles. It iz oonly the ga and innocent and hartles whoo can fli."

"Whaut iz ga and innocent and hartles? I doo wish I wer ga and innocent and hartles."

Or perhaps Wendy admits she duz ce sumthhing.

"I doo beleve," she cez, "dhat it iz this nercery."

"I doo beleve it iz," cez Jane. "Go on."

Dha ar nou embarct on the grate advenchure ov the nite when Peter flu in loocking for hiz shaddo.

“The foolish fello,” cez Wendy, “tride too stic it on widh sope, and when he cood not he cride, and dhat woke me, and I sode it on for him.”

“U hav mist a bit,” interupts Jane, whoo nou nose the stoery better dhan her muther. “When u sau him citting on the floer criying, whaut did u sa?”

“I sat up in bed and I ced, Boi, whi ar u criying?”

“Yes, dhat wauz it,” cez Jane, widh a big breth.

“And then he flu us aul awa too the Nevverland and the farese and the piraits and the redskinz and the mermaidz lagoon, and the home under the ground, and the littel hous.”

“Yes! which did u like best ov aul?”

“I thhinc I liact the home under the ground best ov aul.”

“Yes, so doo I. Whaut wauz the laast thhing Peter ever ced too u?”

“The laast thhing he ever ced too me wauz, Just aulwase be wating for me,  
and then sum nite u wil here me crowing.”

“Yes.”

“But, alaas, he forgot aul about me,” Wendy ced it widh a smile. She wauz az grone up az dhat.

"Whaut did hiz cro sound like?" Jane aasct wun evening.

"It wauz like this," Wendy ced, tryying too immitate Peterz cro.

"No, it wauznt," Jane ced graivly, "it wauz like this;" and she did it evver so much better dhan her muther.

Wendy wauz a littel starteld. "Mi darling, hou can u no?"

"I often here it when I am sleping," Jane ced.

"Aa yes, menny gherlz here it when dha ar sleping, but I wauz the onaly wun whoo herd it awake."

"Lucky u," ced Jane.

And then wun nite came the tradgedy. It wauz the spring ov the yere, and the stoery had bene toald for the nite, and Jane wauz nou aslepe in her bed. Wendy wauz citting on the floer, verry cloce too the fire, so az too ce too darn, for dhare wauz no uther lite in the nercery; and while she sat darning she herd a cro. Then the windo blu open az ov oald, and Peter dropt in on the floer.

He wauz exactly the same az evver, and Wendy sau at wuns dhat he stil had  
aul hiz ferst teeth.

He wauz a littel boi, and she wauz grone up. She huddeld bi the fire not daring too moove, helples and ghilty, a big woomman.

"Hullo, Wendy," he ced, not noticing enny differens, for he wauz thhinking cheefly ov himself; and in the dim lite her white dres mite hav bene the niatgoun in which he had cene her ferst.

"Hullo, Peter," she replide faintly, sqwesing hercelf az smaual az poscibel. Sumthhing incide her wauz crying "Woomman, Woomman, let go ov me."

"Hullo, whare iz Jon?" he aasct, suddenly miscing the thherd bed.

"Jon iz not here nou," she gaaspt.

"Iz Mikel aslepe?" he aasct, widh a caerles glaans at Jane.

"Yes," she aancerd; and nou she felt dhat she wauz untroo too Jane az wel az too Peter.

"Dhat iz not Mikel," she ced qwicly, lest a jujment shood faul on her.

Peter looct. "Hullo, iz it a nu wun?"

"Yes."

"Boi or gherl?"

"Gherl."

Nou shuerly he wood understand; but not a bit ov it.

"Peter," she ced, faltering, "ar u expecting me too fli awa widh u?"

"Ov coers; dhat iz whi I hav cum." He added a littel sternly, "Hav u forgotten dhat this iz spring clening time?"

She nu it wauz uesles too sa dhat he had let menny spring clening

tiamz paas.

"I caant cum," she ced apologetically, "I hav forgotten hou too fli."

"Ile soone teche u agane."

"O Peter, doant waist the fary dust on me."

She had rizsen; and nou at laast a fere asaild him. "Whaut iz it?" he cride, shrinking.

"I wil tern up the lite," she ced, "and then u can ce for yorcelf."

For aulmoast the oonly time in hiz life dhat I no ov, Peter wauz afrade. "Doant tern up the lite," he cride.

She let her handz pla in the hare ov the tradgic boi. She wauz not a littel gherl hart-broken about him; she wauz a grone woomman smiling at it  
aul, but dha wer wet-ide smialz.

Then she ternd up the lite, and Peter sau. He gave a cri ov pane; and when the taul butifool crechure stuipt too lift him in her armz he droo bac sharply.

"Whaut iz it?" he cride agane.

She had too tel him.

"I am oald, Peter. I am evver so much moer dhan twenty. I groo up long ago."

"U prommiast not too!"

"I coodnt help it. I am a marrede woomman, Peter."

"No, yor not."

"Yes, and the littel gherl in the bed iz mi baby."

"No, shese not."

But he supoazd she wauz; and he tooc a step toowordz the sleping chiald widh hiz daggher upraizd. Ov coers he did not strike. He sat down on the floer insted and sobd; and Wendy did not no hou too cumfort him, dho she cood hav dun it so esily wuns. She wauz oanly a woomman nou, and she ran out ov the roome too tri too thhinc.

Peter continnude too cri, and soone hiz sobz woke Jane. She sat up in bed, and wauz interested at wuns.

"Boi," she ced, "whi ar u crying?"

Peter rose and boud too her, and she boud too him from the bed.

"Hullo," he ced.

"Hullo," ced Jane.

"Mi name iz Peter Pan," he toald her.

"Yes, I no."

"I came bac for mi muther," he explaind, "too take her too the Nevverland."

"Yes, I no," Jane ced, "I hav bene wating for u."

When Wendy returned diffidently she found Peter sitting on the bed-post crowing gloreously, while Jane in her nity wauz flying round the room in sollem extacy.

"She iz mi muther," Peter explained; and Jane descended and stood by his side, with the looc in her face dhat he liact too ce on ladese when dha gaizd at him.

"He duz so nede a muther," Jane ced.

"Yes, I no," Wendy admitted raather forlornly; "no wun nose it so wel az I."

"Good-bi," ced Peter too Wendy; and he rose in the are, and the shaimles Jane rose with him; it wauz aulreddy her eseyest wa ov mooving about.

Wendy rusht too the windo.

"No, no," she cride.

"It iz just for spring clening time," Jane ced, "he waunts me aulwase too doo hiz spring clening."

"If oonly I cood go with u," Wendy cide.

"U ce u caant fli," ced Jane.

Ov coers in the end Wendy let them fli awa tooghether. Our laast glimps ov her shose her at the windo, wauching them receding intoo the ski until dha wer az smaul az starz.

Az u looc at Wendy, u ma ce her hare becumming white, and her

figgure littel agane, for aul this happend long ago. Jane iz nou a common grone-up, widh a dauter cauld Margaret; and evvery spring clening time, exopt when he forghets, Peter cumz for Margaret and taix her too the Nevverland, whare she telz him stoerese about himcelf, too which he liscenz egherly. When Margaret grose up she wil hav a dauter, whoo iz too be Peterz muther in tern; and dhus it wil go on, so long az children ar ga and innocent and hartles.

THE END

End ov the Prodgect Goottenberg EBooc ov Peter Pan, bi Jaimz M. Barry

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