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PETER PAN

[PETER AND WENDY]

Bi J. M. Barry [Jaimz Matthu Barry]

A Millenyum Fulcrum Edishon (c)1991 bi Duncan Recerch

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Chapter 1 PETER BRAIX THROO

Aul children, exept wun, gro up. Dha soone no dhat dha wil gro up, and dhe wa Wendy nu woz dhis. Wun da when she woz too yeerz oald she woz playing in a garden, and she pluct anudher flouwer and ran widh it too her mudher. I suppoze she must hav looct raadher deliatfool, for Mrs. Darling poot her hand too her hart and cride, “O, whi caant u remane like dhis for evver!” Dhis woz aul dhat paast betwene dhem on dhe subject, but hensforth Wendy nu dhat she must gro up. U aulwaze no aafter u ar too. Too iz dhe beeghinning ov dhe end.

Ov cors dha livd at 14 [dhare hous number on dhare strete], and until Wendy came her mudher woz dhe chefe wun. She woz a luvly lady, widh a romantic miand and such a swete mocking mouth. Her romantic miand woz like dhe tiny boxez, wun widhin dhe udher, dhat cum from dhe puzling Eest, houwever menny u discuver dhare iz aulwaze wun mor; and her swete mocking mouth had wun kis on it dhat Wendy cood never ghet, dho dhare it woz, perfectly conspicuwous in dhe rite-hand corner.

Dhe wa Mr. Darling wun her woz dhis: dhe menny gentelmen whoo had bene boiz when she woz a gherl discuverd cimultainyously dhat dha luvd her, and dha aul ran too her hous too propoze too her exept Mr. Darling, whoo tooc a cab and nipt in ferst, and so he got her. He got aul ov her, exept dhe innermoast box and dhe kis. He never nu about dhe box, and

in time he gave up trying for dhe kis. Wendy thaut Napoleyon cood hav got it, but I can picchoor him trying, and dhen gowing of in a pashon, slamming dhe dor.

Mr. Darling uest too boast too Wendy dhat her mudher not oanly luvd him but respected him. He woz wun ov dhoze depe wunz whoo no about stox and shaerz. Ov cors no wun reyally noze, 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 woz marrede in white, and at ferst she kept dhe boox perfectly, aulmoast glefoolly, az if it wer a game, not so much az a Bruscelz sprout woz miscing; but bi and bi whole cauleeflouwerz dropt out, and insted ov dhem dhare wer picchoorz ov babeze widhout facez. She droo dhem when she shood hav bene totting up. Dha wer Mrs. Darlingz ghescez.

Wendy came ferst, dhen Jon, dhen Mikel.

For a weke or too aafter Wendy came it woz doutfool whedher dha wood be abel too kepe her, az she woz anudher mouth too fede. Mr. Darling woz friatfoolly proud ov her, but he woz verry onnorabel, and he sat on dhe ej ov Mrs. Darlingz bed, hoalding her hand and calculating expencez, while she looct at him imploringly. She wunted too risc it, cum whot mite, but dhat woz not hiz wa; hiz wa woz widh a pencil and a pece ov paper, and if she confuezd him widh sudgeschonz he had too beeghin at dhe beeghinning agane.

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

“I hav wun pound ceventene here, and too and cix at dhe office; I can cut of mi coffy at dhe office, sa ten shillingz, making too nine and cix, widh yor atene and thre maix thre nine ceven, widh five naut naut in mi chec-booc maix ate nine ceven--whoo iz dhat mooving?--ate nine ceven, dot and carry ceven--doant speke, mi one--and dhe pound u lent too dhat man whoo came too dhe dor--qwiyet, chiald--dot

and carry chiald--dhare, uve dun it!--did I sa nine nine cevven? yes, I ced nine nine cevven; dhe qweschon iz, can we tri it for a yere on nine nine cevven?"

"Ov cors we can, Jorj," she cride. But she woz predjoodiast in Wendeze favor, and he woz reyally dhe grander carracter ov dhe too.

"Remember mumps," he wornd her aulmoast threttenningly, and of he went agane. "Mumps wun pound, dhat iz whot I hav poot down, but I daersa it wil be mor like therty shillingz--doant speke--mezeln wun five, German mezeln haaf a ghinny, maix too fiftene cix--doant waghel yor fin'gher--whooping-cof, sa fiftene shillingz"--and so on it went, and it added up differently eech time; but at laast Wendy just got throo, widh mumps rejuist too twelv cix, and dhe too kiandz ov mezeln treted az wun.

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

Mrs. Darling luvd too hav evvereething just so, and Mr. Darling had a pashon for beying exactly like hiz naborz; so, ov cors, dha had a ners. Az dha wer por, owing too dhe amount ov milc dhe children dranc, dhis ners woz a prim Nufoundland dog, cauld Naanaa, whoo had belongd too no wun in particcular until dhe Darlingz en'gajid her. She had aulwaze thaut children important, houwevver, and dhe Darlingz had becum aqwainted widh her in Kenzingtun Gardenz, whare she spent moast ov her spare time peping intoo perambulatorz, and woz much hated bi caerles nercemaidz, whoome she follode too dhare hoamz and complaind ov too dhare mistrescez. She pruivd too be qwite a trezhoor ov a ners. Hou thurro she woz at baath-time, and up at enny moment ov dhe nite if wun ov her chargez made dhe slitest cri. Ov cors her kennel woz in dhe nercery. She had a geenyus for nowing when a cof iz a thing too hav no paishens widh and when it needz stocking around yor throte. She beleevd too her laast da in oald-fashond remmedeze like roobarb lefe, and made soundz ov

contempt over aul dhis nu-fan'gld tauc about germz, and so on. It woz a lesson in propriyety too ce her escorting dhe children too scoole, wauking cedaitly bi dhare cide when dha wer wel behaivd, and butting dhem bac intoo line if dha strade. On Jonz footer [in In'gland socker woz cauld footbawl, "footer" for short] daze she never wuns forgot hiz swetter, and she uezhoowally carrede an umbrellaa in her mouth in cace ov rane. Dhare iz a roome in dhe baisment ov Mis Fulsomz scoole whare dhe nercez wate. Dha sat on formz, while Naanaa la on dhe flor, but dhat woz dhe oonly differens. Dha affected too ignor her az ov an infereyor soashal status too dhemcelvz, and she despiazd dhare lite tauc. She rezented vizzits too dhe nercery from Mrs. Darlingz frendz, but if dha did cum she ferst whipt of Mikelz pinafor and poot him intoo dhe wun widh bloo brading, and smuidhd out Wendy and made a dash at Jonz hare.

No nercery cood poscibly hav bene conducted mor correctly, and Mr. Darling nu it, yet he sumtiamz wunderd unnezely whedher dhe naborz tauct.

He had hiz pozishon in dhe citty too concidder.

Naanaa aulso trubld him in anudher wa. He had sumtiamz a feling dhat she did not admire him. "I no she admiaz u tremendously, Jorj," Mrs. Darling wood ashoor him, and dhen she wood cine too dhe children too be speshally nice too faadher. Luvly daancez follode, in which dhe oonly udher cervant, Lizaa, woz sumtiamz alloud too join. Such a midget she looct in her long skert and maidz cap, dho she had sworn, when en'gajjd, dhat she wood never ce ten agane. Dhe gayety ov dhoze romps! And gayest ov aul woz Mrs. Darling, whoo wood piroowet so wialdly dhat aul u cood ce ov her woz dhe kis, and dhen if u had dasht at her u mite hav got it. Dhare never woz a cimpler happyer fammily until dhe cumming ov Peter Pan.

Mrs. Darling ferst herd ov Peter when she woz tideying up her childrenz miandz. It iz dhe niatly custom ov evvery good mudher aafter her children ar aslepe too rummage in dhare miandz and poot thingz strate for next

morning, repacking intoo dhare propper placez dhe menny artikelz dhat hav wonderd jooring dhe da. If u cood kepe awake (but ov cors u caant) u wood ce yor one mudher doowing dhis, and u wood fiand it verry interesting too woch her. It iz qwite like tideying up drauwerz. U wood ce her on her neze, I expect, lin'gheuring humorously over sum ov yor contents, wundeuring whare on erth u had pict dhis thing up, making discuvvereze swete and not so swete, prescing dhis too her cheke az if it wer az nice az a kitten, and hurreedly stowing dhat out ov cite. When u wake in dhe morning, dhe nautenes and evil pashonz widh which u went too bed hav bene foalded up smaual and plaist at dhe bottom ov yor miand and on dhe top, butefoolly aerd, ar spred out yor pritteyer thauts, reddy for u too poot on.

I doant no whedher u hav ever cene a map ov a personz miand. Doctorz sumtiamz drau maps ov udher parts ov u, and yor one map can becum intensly interesting, but cach dhem triying too drau a map ov a chialdz miand, which iz not oanly confuezd, but keeps gowing round aul dhe time. Dhare ar zigzag lianz on it, just like yor temperaichoor on a card, and dheze ar probbaibly roadz in dhe iland, for dhe Neverland iz aulwaze mor or les an iland, widh astonnishing splashez ov cullor here and dhare, and corral reefs and rakish-loocking craaft in dhe offing, and savagez and loanly laerz, and noamz whoo ar moastly talorz, and caivz throo which a rivver runz, and princez widh cix elder brudherz, and a hut faast gowing too deca, and wun verry smaual oald lady widh a hooct noze. It wood be an ezy map if dhat wer aul, but dhare iz aulso ferst da at scoole, relidjon, faadherz, dhe round pond, nedel-werc, merderz, hangingz, verbz dhat take dhe dative, chocolate poodding da, ghetting intoo bracez, sa nianty-nine, thre-pens for pooling out yor tuith yorcelf, and so on, and iadher dheze ar part ov dhe iland or dha ar anudher map showing throo, and it iz aul raadher confuzing, espeshally az nuthing wil stand stil.

Ov cors dhe Neverlandz vary a good dele. Jonz, for instans, had a lagoon widh flamin'goze fliying over it at which Jon woz shooting, while Mikel, whoo woz verry smaual, had a flamin'go widh laguinz fliying over it. Jon livd in a bote ternd upcide down on dhe sandz, Mikel in

a wigwam, Wendy in a hous ov leevz deftly sone tuighedher. Jon had no frendz, Mikel had frendz at nite, Wendy had a pet wolf forsaken bi its parents, but on dhe whole dhe Nevverlandz hav a fammily rezemblans, and if dha stood stil in a ro u cood sa ov dhem dhat dha hav eech udherz noze, and so forth. On dheze madgic shorz children at pla ar for ever beeching dhare corrakelz [cimpel bote]. We too hav bene dhare; we can stil here dhe sound ov dhe cerf, dho we shal land no mor.

Ov aul delectabel ilandz dhe Nevverland iz dhe snughest and moast compact, not larj and sprauly, u no, widh tejous distancez betwene wun advenchoor and anudher, but niasly cramd. When u pla at it bi da widh dhe chaerz and tabel-cloth, it iz not in dhe leest alarming, but in dhe too minnuets befor u go too slepe it becunz verry reyal. Dhat iz whi dhare ar nite-liats.

Occaizhionally in her travvelz throo her childrenz miandz Mrs. Darling found thingz she cood not understand, and ov dheze qwite dhe moast perplexing woz dhe werd Peter. She nu ov no Peter, and yet he woz here and dhare in Jon and Mikelz miandz, while Wendeze began too be scrauld aul over widh him. Dhe name stood out in boalder letterz dhan enny ov dhe udher werdz, and az Mrs. Darling gaizd she felt dhat it had an odly cocky apperans.

“Yes, he iz raadher cocky,” Wendy admitted widh regret. Her mudher had bene qweschonning her.

“But whoo iz he, mi pet?”

“He iz Peter Pan, u no, mudher.”

At ferst Mrs. Darling did not no, but aafter thinking bac intoo her chiald'hood she just rememberd a Peter Pan whoo woz ced too liv widh dhe fareze. Dhare wer od storeze about him, az dhat when children dide he went part ov dhe wa widh dhem, so dhat dha shood not be fritend. She had beleevd in him at dhe time, but nou dhat she woz marrede and

fool ov cens she qwite doubted whedher dhare woz enny such person.

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

“O no, he iznt grone up,” Wendy ashoord her confidently, “and he iz just mi cize.” She ment dhat he woz her cize 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 pootting intoo dhare hedz; just dhe sort ov ideyaa a dog wood hav. Leve it alone, and it wil blo over.”

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

Children hav dhe strain‘gest advenchoorz widhout beying trubld bi dhem. For instans, dha ma remember too menshon, a weke aafter dhe event happend, dhat when dha wer in dhe wood dha had met dhare ded faadher and had a game widh him. It woz in dhis cazhoowal wa dhat Wendy wun morning made a disqwiyetting revelaishon. Sum leevz ov a tre had bene found on dhe nercery flor, which certainly wer not dhare when dhe children went too bed, and Mrs. Darling woz puzzling over dhem when Wendy ced widh a tollerant smile:

“I doo beleve it iz dhat Peter agane!”

“Whottever doo u mene, Wendy?”

“It iz so nauty ov him not too wipe hiz fete,” Wendy ced, cying. She woz a tidy chiald.

She explaind in qwite a matter-ov-fact wa dhat she thaut Peter sumtiamz came too dhe nercery in dhe nite and sat on dhe foot ov her bed and plade on hiz piaps too her. Unforchoonaitly she never woke, so she didnt no hou she nu, she just nu.

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

“I thinc he cumz in bi dhe windo,” she ced.

“Mi luv, it iz thre florz up.”

“Wer not dhe leevz at dhe foot ov dhe windo, mudher?”

It woz qwite troo; dhe leevz had bene found verry nere dhe windo.

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

“Mi chiald,” dhe mudher cride, “whi did u not tel me ov dhis befor?”

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

O, shoorly she must hav bene dreming.

But, on dhe udher hand, dhare wer dhe leevz. Mrs. Darling exammiand dhem verry caerfoolly; dha wer skelleton leevz, but she woz shoor dha did not cum from enny tre dhat groo in In'gland. She crauld about dhe flor, pering at it widh a candel for marx ov a strainj foot. She ratld dhe poker up dhe chimney and tapt dhe waulz. She let down a tape from dhe windo too dhe paivement, and it woz a shere drop ov therty fete, widhout so much az a spout too clime up bi.

Certainly Wendy had bene dreming.

But Wendy had not bene dreming, az dhe verry next nite shode, dhe nite on which dhe extrordinary advenchoorz ov dheze children ma be ced too hav begun.

On dhe nite we speke ov aul dhe children wer wuns mor in bed. It

happend too be Naanaaz evenning of, and Mrs. Darling had baidhd dhem and sung too dhem til wun bi wun dha had let go her hand and slid awa intoo dhe land ov slepe.

Aul wer loocking so safe and cozy dhat she smiald at her feerz nou and sat down tranqwilly bi dhe fire too so.

It woz sumthing for Mikel, whoo on hiz berthda woz ghetting intoo sherts. Dhe fire woz worm, houwevver, and dhe nercery dimly lit bi thre nite-liats, and prezzently dhe sowing la on Mrs. Darlingz lap. Dhen her hed nodded, o, so graisfoolly. She woz aslepe. Looc at dhe for ov dhem, Wendy and Mikel over dhare, Jon here, and Mrs. Darling bi dhe fire. Dhare shoold hav bene a forth nite-lite.

While she slept she had a dreme. She dremt dhat dhe Neverland 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 befor in dhe facez ov menny wimmen whoo hav no children. Perhaps he iz too be found in dhe facez ov sum mudherz aulso. But in her dreme he had rent dhe film dhat obscuertz dhe Neverland, and she sau Wendy and Jon and Mikel peping throo dhe gap.

Dhe dreme bi itself wood hav bene a trifel, but while she woz dreming dhe windo ov dhe nercery bloo open, and a boi did drop on dhe flor. He woz accompanede bi a strainj lite, no bigher dhan yor fist, which darted about dhe roome like a living thing and I thinc it must hav bene dhis lite dhat wakend Mrs. Darling.

She started up widh a cri, and sau dhe boi, and sumhou she nu at wuns dhat he woz Peter Pan. If u or I or Wendy had bene dhare we shoold hav cene dhat he woz verry like Mrs. Darlingz kis. He woz a luvly boi, clad in skelleton leevz and dhe joocez dhat ooze out ov treze but dhe moast entrancing thing about him woz dhat he had aul hiz ferst teeth. When he sau she woz a grone-up, he nasht dhe littel perlz at her.

Chapter 2 DHE SHADDO

Mrs. Darling screemd, and, az if in aancer too a bel, dhe dor open, and Naanaa enterd, reternd from her evenning out. She grould and sprang at dhe boi, whoo lept liatly throo dhe windo. Agane Mrs. Darling screemd, dhis time in distres for him, for she thaut he woz kild, and she ran doun intoo dhe strete too looc for hiz littel boddy, but it woz not dhare; and she looct up, and in dhe blac nite she cood ce nuthing but whot she thaut woz a shooting star.

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

U ma be shoor Mrs. Darling exammiand dhe shaddo caerfoolly, but it woz qwite dhe ordinary kiand.

Naanaa had no dout ov whot woz dhe best thing too doo widh dhis shaddo. She hung it out at dhe windo, mening “He iz shoor too cum bac for it; let us poot it whare he can ghet it ezely widhout disterbing dhe children.”

But unforchoonaitly Mrs. Darling cood not leve it hanging out at dhe windo, it looct so like dhe woshing and lowerd dhe whole tone ov dhe hous. She thaut ov showing it too Mr. Darling, but he woz 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 whot he wood sa: “It aul cumz ov havving a dog for a ners.”

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

Dhe opporchoonity came a weke later, on dhat nevvver-too-be-forgotten Frida.

Ov cors it woz a Frida.

“I aut too hav bene speshally caerfool on a Frida,” she uest too sa aafterwordz too her huzband, while perhaps Naanaa woz on dhe udher cide ov her, hoalding her hand.

“No, no,” Mr. Darling aulwaze ced, “I am responcebel for it aul. I, Jorj Darling, did it. *MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA.*” He had had a clascical ejooaishon.

Dha sat dhus nite aafter nite recauling dhat fatal Frida, til evvery detale ov it woz stampd on dhare brainz and came throo on dhe udher cide like dhe 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 pord mi meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole,” ced Mr. Darling.

“If oanly I had pretended too like dhe meddicine,” woz whot Naanaaz wet ize ced.

“Mi liking for parteze, Jorj.”

“Mi fatal ghift ov humor, derest.”

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

Dhen wun or mor ov dhem wood brake doun aultuighedher; Naanaa at dhe thaut, “Its troo, its troo, dha aut not too hav had a dog for a ners.” Menny a time it woz Mr. Darling whoo poot dhe hankerchefe too Naanaaz ize.

“Dhat feend!” Mr. Darling wood cri, and Naanaaz barc woz dhe ecco ov

it, but Mrs. Darling never upbraided Peter; there was something in the right-hand corner of her mouth that wanted her not to call Peter names.

She would sit there in the empty nursery, recalling fondly every smallest detail of that dreadful evening. It had begun so uneventfully, so peacefully like a hundred other evenings, with Naanaa putting on the water for Mikel's bath and carrying him to it on her back.

"I want to go to bed," he had shouted, like a man who still believed that he had the last word on the subject, "I want, I want. Naanaa, it isn't six o'clock yet. O dear, o dear, I shall love you any more, Naanaa. I tell you I want to be baptized, I want, I want!"

Then Mrs. Darling had come in, wearing her white evening-gown. She had dressed early because Wendy so loved to see her in her evening-gown, with the necklace John had given her. She was wearing Wendy's bracelet on her arm; she had asked for the loan of it. Wendy loved to lend her bracelet to her mother.

She had found her two older children playing at being herself and father on the occasion of Wendy's birth, and John 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 royal occasion.

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

Then John was born, with the extra pomp that he conceived just to the birth of a male, and Mikel came from his bath too late to be born also, but John said brutally that she did not want any more.

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

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

“Boi or gherl?” aasct Mikel, not too hoapfoolly.

“Boi.”

Dhen he had lept intoo her armz. Such a littel thing for Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Naanaa too recaul nou, but not so littel if dhat woz too be Mikelz laast nite in dhe nercery.

Dha go on widh dhare recollecthonz.

“It woz dhen dhat I rusht in like a tornado, woznt it?” Mr. Darling wood sa, scorning himcelf; and indede he had bene like a tornado.

Perhaps dhare woz sum excuce for him. He, too, had bene drescing for dhe party, and aul had gon wel widh him until he came too hiz ti. It iz an astounding thing too hav too tel, but dhis man, dho he nu about stox and shaerz, had no reyal maastery ov hiz ti. Sumtiamz dhe thing yeilded too him widhout a contest, but dhare wer occaizhonz when it wood hav bene better for dhe hous if he had swollode hiz pride and uezd a made-up ti.

Dhis woz such an occaizhon. He came rushing intoo dhe nercery widh dhe crumpld littel broote ov a ti in hiz hand.

“Whi, whot iz dhe matter, faadher dere?”

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

He thaut Mrs. Darling woz not suffishently imprest, and he went on sternly, “I worn u ov dhis, mudher, dhat unles dhis ti iz round mi nec we doant go out too dinner too-nite, and if I doant go out too dinner too-nite, I never go too dhe office agane, and if I doant go too dhe

office agane, u and I starv, and our children wil be flung intoo dhe streets.”

Even dhen Mrs. Darling woz placid. “Let me tri, dere,” she ced, and indede dhat woz whot he had cum too aasc her too doo, and widh her nice coole handz she tide hiz ti for him, while dhe children stood around too ce dhare fate decided. Sum men wood hav rezedent her beying abel too doo it so ezely, but Mr. Darling had far too fine a naichoor for dhat; he thanct her caerlesly, at wuns forgot hiz rage, and in anudher moment woz daancing round dhe roome widh Mikel on hiz bac.

“Hou wialdly we romp!” 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, mudher?”

“I remember!”

“Dha wer raadher swete, doant u thinc, Jorj?”

“And dha wer ourz, ourz! and nou dha ar gon.”

Dhe romp had ended widh dhe apperans ov Naanaa, and moast unluckely Mr. Darling collided against her, curvveuring hiz trouzerz widh haerz. Dha wer not oonly nu trouzerz, but dha wer dhe ferst he had ever had widh brade on dhem, and he had had too bite hiz lip too prevent dhe teerz cumming. Ov cors 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 trezhoor.”

“No dout, but I hav an unnezy feling at tiamz dhat she loox uppon dhe children az puppeze.”

“O no, dere wun, I fele shoor she noze dha hav soalz.”

“I wunder,” Mr. Darling ced thautfoolly, “I wunder.” It woz an opporchoonity, hiz wife felt, for telling him about dhe boi. At ferst he poo-poode dhe story, but he became thautfool when she shode him dhe shaddo.

“It iz noboddy I no,” he ced, exammining it caerfoolly, “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 never carry dhe bottel in yor mouth agane, Naanaa, and it iz aul mi fault.”

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

“Woant; woant!” Mikel cride nautely. Mrs. Darling left dhe roome too ghet a choccolate for him, and Mr. Darling thaut dhis shode wunt ov fermnes.

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

He reyally thaut dhis woz troo, and Wendy, whoo woz nou in her nite-goun, beleevd it aulso, and she ced, too encurrage Mikel, “Dhat meddicine u sumtiamz take, faadher, 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 dhe bottel.”

He had not exactly lost it; he had cliamd in dhe ded ov nite too dhe

top ov dhe wordrobe and hidden it dhare. Whot he did not no woz dhat dhe faithfool Lizaa had found it, and poot it bac on hiz wosh-stand.

“I no whare it iz, faadher,” Wendy cride, aulwaze glad too be ov cervice. “Ile bring it,” and she woz of befor he cood stop her. Immejaitly hiz spirrits sanc in dhe strain‘gest wa.

“Jon,” he ced, shuddeuring, “its moast beestly stuf. Its dhat naasty, sticky, swete kiand.”

“It wil soone be over, faadher,” Jon ced cherey, and dhen in rusht Wendy widh dhe meddicine in a glaas.

“I hav bene az qwic az I cood,” she panted.

“U hav bene wunderfoolly qwic,” her faadher retorted, widh a vindictive poliatnes dhat woz qwite throne awa uppon her. “Mikel ferst,” he ced doghedly.

“Faadher ferst,” ced Mikel, whoo woz ov a suspishous naichoor.

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

“Cum on, faadher,” ced Jon.

“Hoald yor tung, Jon,” hiz faadher rapt out.

Wendy woz qwite puzld. “I thaut u tooc it qwite ezely, faadher.”

“Dhat iz not dhe point,” he retorted. “Dhe point iz, dhat dhare iz mor in mi glaas dhan in Mikelz spoone.” Hiz proud hart woz neerly bersting. “And it iznt fare: I wood sa it dho it wer widh mi laast breth; it iznt fare.”

“Faadher, I am wating,” ced Mikel coaldly.

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

“Faadherz a couwardly custard.”

“So ar u a couwardly custard.”

“Ime not fritend.”

“Niadher am I fritend.”

“Wel, dhen, take it.”

“Wel, dhen, u take it.”

Wendy had a splendid ideyaa. “Whi not boath take it at dhe same time?”

“Certainly,” ced Mr. Darling. “Ar u reddy, Mikel?”

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

Dhare woz a yel ov rage from Mikel, and “O faadher!” Wendy exclaimd.

“Whot doo u mene bi 'O faidher?” Mr. Darling demaanded. “Stop dhat rou, Mikel. I ment too take mine, but I--I mist it.”

It woz dredfool dhe wa aul dhe 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 dhe baathroome. “I hav just thaut ov a splendid joke. I shal por mi meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole, and she wil drinc it, thinking it iz milc!”

It woz dhe cullor ov milc; but dhe children did not hav dhare faadherz cens ov humor, and dha looct at him reproachfoolly az he pord dhe meddicine intoo Naanaaz bole. “Whot fun!” he ced doutfoolly, and dha did not dare expoze 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 dhe meddicine, and began lapping it. Dhen she gave Mr. Darling such a looc, not an an‘gry looc: she shode him dhe grate red tere dhat maix us so sorry for nobel dogz, and crept intoo her kennel.

Mr. Darling woz friatfoolly ashaimd ov himcelf, but he wood not ghiv in. In a horrid cilens Mrs. Darling smelt dhe bole. “O Jorj,” she ced, “its yor meddicine!”

“It woz oanly a joke,” he rord, while she cumforted her boiz, and Wendy hugd Naanaa. “Much good,” he ced bitterly, “mi waring micelf too dhe bone trying too be funny in dhis hous.”

And stil Wendy hugd Naanaa. “Dhats rite,” he shouted. “Coddel her! Noboddy coddelz me. O dere no! I am oanly dhe breedwinner, whi shood I be codld--whi, whi, whi!”

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

“Let dhem!” he aancerd reclesly. “Bring in dhe whole werld. But I refuze too allou dhat dog too lord it in mi nercery for an our lon‘gher.”

Dhe children wept, and Naanaa ran too him beceechingly, but he waivd her bac. He felt he woz a strong man agane. “In vane, in vane,” he cride; “dhe propper place for u iz dhe yard, and dhare u go too be tide up dhis instant.”

“Jorj, Jorj,” Mrs. Darling whisperd, “remember whot I toald u about dhat boi.”

Alas, he wood not liscen. He woz determiand too sho whoo woz maaster in dhat hous, and when commaandz wood not drau Naanaa from dhe kennel, he luerd her out ov it widh hunnede werdz, and cezing her rufly, dragd her from dhe mercery. He woz ashaimd ov himcelf, and yet he did it. It woz aul owing too hiz too affecshonate naichoor, which craivd for admiraishon. When he had tide her up in dhe bac-yard, dhe reched faadher went and sat in dhe passage, widh hiz nuckelz too hiz ize.

In dhe meentime Mrs. Darling had poot dhe 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 dhe yard," but Wendy woz wizer.

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

Dain'ger!

"Ar u shoor, Wendy?"

"O, yes."

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

Even Mikel, aulreddy haaf aslepe, nu dhat she woz perterbd, and he aasct, "Can enneething harm us, mudher, aafter dhe nite-liats ar lit?"

"Nuthing, preshous," she ced; "dha ar dhe ize a mudher leevz behiand her too gard her children."

She went from bed too bed cinging enchaantments over dhem, and littel

Mikel flung hiz armz round her. "Mudher," he cride, "Ime glad ov u."
Dha wer dhe laast werdz she woz too here from him for a long time.

No. 27 woz oonly a fu yardz distant, but dhare had bene a slite faul ov sno, and Faadher and Mudher Darling pict dhare wa over it deftly not too soil dhare shooze. Dha wer aulreddy dhe oonly personz in dhe strete, and aul dhe starz wer woching dhem. Starz ar butefool, but dha ma not take an active part in enneething, dha must just looc on for ever. It iz a punnishment poot on dhem for sumthing dha did so long ago dhat no star nou noze whot it woz. So dhe oalder wunz hav becum glaacy-ide and celdom speke (winking iz dhe star lan'gwage), but dhe littel wunz stil wunder. Dha ar not reyally frendly too Peter, whoo had a mischevous wa ov steling up behiand dhem and triying too blo dhem out; but dha ar so fond ov fun dhat dha wer on hiz cide too-nite, and ancshous too ghet dhe grone-ups out ov dhe wa. So az soone az dhe dor ov 27 cloazd on Mr. and Mrs. Darling dhare woz a commoashon in dhe fermament, and dhe smaulest ov aul dhe starz in dhe Milky Wa screemd out:

"Nou, Peter!"

Chapter 3 CUM AWA, CUM AWA!

For a moment aafter Mr. and Mrs. Darling left dhe hous dhe nite-liats bi dhe bedz ov dhe thre children continnude too bern cleerly. Dha wer aufoolly nice littel nite-liats, and wun cannot help wishing dhat dha cood hav kept awake too ce Peter; but Wendeze lite blinct and gave such a yaun dhat dhe udher too yaund aulso, and befor dha cood cloze dhare mouths aul dhe thre went out.

Dhare woz anudher lite in dhe roome nou, a thouzand tiamz briter dhan dhe nite-liats, and in dhe time we hav taken too sa dhis, it had bene in aul dhe drauwerz in dhe nercery, loocking for Peterz shaddo, rummajjd

dhe wordrobe and ternd evvery pocket incide out. It woz not reyally a lite; it made dhis lite bi flashing about so qwicly, but when it came too rest for a cecond u sau it woz a fary, no lon'gher dhan yor hand, but stil growing. It woz a gherl cauld Tinker Bel exqwizziatly gound in a skelleton lefe, cut lo and sqware, throo which her figgure cood be cene too dhe best advaantage. She woz sliatly incliand too **EMBONPOINT**. [plump ourglaas figgure]

A moment aafter dhe fareze entrans dhe windo woz blone open bi dhe breedhing ov dhe littel starz, and Peter dropt in. He had carrede Tinker Bel part ov dhe wa, and hiz hand woz stil mescy widh dhe fary dust.

“Tinker Bel,” he cauld softly, aafter making shoor dhat dhe children wer aslepe, “Tinc, whare ar u?” She woz in a jug for dhe moment, and liking it extreemly; she had never bene in a jug befor.

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

Dhe luvleyest tinkel az ov goalden belz aancerd him. It iz dhe fary lan'gwage. U ordinary children can never here it, but if u wer too here it u wood no dhat u had herd it wuns befor.

Tinc ced dhat dhe shaddo woz in dhe big box. She ment dhe chest ov drauwerz, and Peter jumpd at dhe drauwerz, scatteuring dhare contents too dhe flor widh boath handz, az kingz tos hapens too dhe croud. In a moment he had recuverd hiz shaddo, and in hiz delite he forgot dhat he had shut Tinker Bel up in dhe drauwer.

If he thaut at aul, but I doant beleve he ever thaut, it woz dhat he and hiz shaddo, when braut nere eech udher, wood join like drops ov wauter, and when dha did not he woz appauld. He tride too stic it on widh sope from dhe baathroome, but dhat aulso faild. A shudder paast throo Peter, and he sat on dhe flor and cride.

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

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

Peter cood be exeding polite aulso, havving lernd dhe grand manner at fary cerremoneze, and he roze and boud too her butefoolly. She woz much pleezd, and boud butefoolly too him from dhe bed.

“Whots yor name?” he aasct.

“Wendy Moiraa An'gelaa Darling,” she replide widh sum satisfacshon. “Whot iz yor name?”

“Peter Pan.”

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

“Iz dhat aul?”

“Yes,” he ced raadher sharply. He felt for dhe ferst time dhat it woz a shortish name.

“Ime so sorry,” ced Wendy Moiraa An'gelaa.

“It duznt matter,” Peter gulpt.

She aasct whare he livd.

“Ceccond too dhe rite,” ced Peter, “and dhen strate on til morning.”

“Whot a funny adres!”

Peter had a cinking. For dhe ferst time he felt dhat perhaps it woz a

funny adres.

“No, it iznt,” he ced.

“I mene,” Wendy ced niasly, remembeuring dhat she woz hoastes, “iz dhat whot dha poot on dhe letterz?”

He wisht she had not menshond letterz.

“Doant ghet enny letterz,” he ced contempchoowously.

“But yor mudher ghets letterz?”

“Doant hav a mudher,” he ced. Not oanly had he no mudher, but he had not dhe slitest dezire too hav wun. He thaut dhem verry over-rated personz. Wendy, houwever, felt at wuns dhat she woz in dhe prezzens ov a tradgedy.

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

“I woznt crying about mudherz,” he ced raadher indignantly. “I woz crying becauz I caant ghet mi shaddo too stic on. Beciadz, I woznt crying.”

“It haz cum of?”

“Yes.”

Dhen Wendy sau dhe shaddo on dhe flor, loocking so dragld, and she woz friatfoolly sorry for Peter. “Hou aufool!” she ced, but she cood not help smiling when she sau dhat he had bene trying too stic it on widh sope. Hou exactly like a boi!

Forchoonaitly she nu at wuns whot too doo. “It must be sone on,” she ced, just a littel patronizingly.

“Whots sone?” he aasct.

“Yor dredfoolly ignorant.”

“No, Ime not.”

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

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

“O, I shaant cri,” ced Peter, whoo woz aulreddy ov dhe opinyon dhat he had nevrer cride in hiz life. And he clencht hiz teeth and did not cri, and soone hiz shaddo woz behaving properly, dho stil a littel creest.

“Perhaps I shood hav iarnd it,” Wendy ced thautfoolly, but Peter, boilike, woz indifferent too apperancez, and he woz nou jumping about in dhe wialdest gle. Alas, he had aulreddy forgotten dhat he ode hiz blis too Wendy. He thaut he had attacht dhe shaddo himcelf. “Hou clever I am!” he crode rapchoorously, “o, dhe clevernes ov me!”

It iz humilleyating too hav too confes dhat dhis concete ov Peter woz wun ov hiz moast fascinating qwolliteze. Too poot it widh brootal francnes, dhare nevrer woz a cockeyer boi.

But for dhe moment Wendy woz shoct. “U concete [braggart],” she exclaimd, widh friatfool sarcasm; “ov cors I did nuthing!”

“U did a littel,” Peter ced caerlesly, and continnude too daans.

“A littel!” she replide widh oter [pride]; “if I am no uce I can at leest widhdrau,” and she sprang in dhe moast dignifide wa intoo bed and cuverd her face widh dhe blankets.

Too injooce her too looc up he pretended too be gowing awa, and when dhis faild he sat on dhe end ov dhe bed and tapt her gently widh hiz foot.

“Wendy,” he ced, “doant widhdrau. I caant help crowing, Wendy, when Ime pleezd widh micelf.” Stil she wood not looc up, dho she woz liscenning eegherly. “Wendy,” he continnude, in a vois dhat no woomman haz evver yet bene abel too rezist, “Wendy, wun gherl iz mor uce dhan twenty boiz.”

Nou Wendy woz evvery inch a woomman, dho dhare wer not verry menny inchez, and she peept out ov dhe bed-cloadhz.

“Doo u reyally thinc so, Peter?”

“Yes, I doo.”

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

“Shoorly u no whot 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 thimbel.

“Nou,” ced he, “shal I ghiv u a kis?” and she replide widh a slite primnes, “If u pleze.” She made hercelf raadher 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 befor, and ced niasly dhat she wood ware hiz kis on dhe chane around her nec. It woz lucky dhat she did poot it on dhat chane, for it woz aafterwordz too save her life.

When pepel in our cet ar introjuist, it iz customary for dhem too aasc eech udherz age, and so Wendy, whoo aulwaze liact too doo dhe correct

thing, aasct Peter hou oald he woz. It woz not reyally a happy qweschon too aasc him; it woz like an examinaishon paper dhat aasx grammar, when whot u wunt too be aasct iz Kingz ov In'gland.

“I doant no,” he replide unnezely, “but I am qwite yung.” He reyally nu nuthing about it, he had meerly suspishonz, but he ced at a venchoor, “Wendy, I ran awa dhe da I woz born.”

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

“It woz becauz I herd faadher and mudher,” he explaind in a lo vois, “tauking about whot I woz too be when I became a man.” He woz extrordinarely adgitated nou. “I doant wunt ever too be a man,” he ced widh pashon. “I wunt aulwaze too be a littel boi and too hav fun. So I ran awa too Kenzingtun Gardenz and livd a long long time amung dhe fareze.”

She gave him a looc ov dhe moast intens admiraishon, and he thaut it woz becauz he had run awa, but it woz reyally becauz he nu fareze. Wendy had livd such a home life dhat too no fareze struc her az qwite deliatfool. She pord out qweschonz about dhem, too hiz cerprize, for dha wer raadher a nusans too him, ghetting in hiz wa and so on, and indede he sumtiamz had too ghiv dhem a hiding [spanking]. Stil, he liact dhem on dhe whole, and he toald her about dhe beeghinning ov fareze.

“U ce, Wendy, when dhe ferst baby laaft for dhe ferst time, its laaf broke intoo a thouzand pecez, and dha aul went skipping about, and dhat woz dhe beeghinning ov fareze.”

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

“And so,” he went on good-naichoordly, “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 fareze, and evvery time a chiald cez, 'I doant beleve in fareze,' dhare iz a fary sumwhare dhat faulz doun ded.”

Reyally, he thaut dha had nou tauct enuf about fareze, and it struc him dhat Tinker Bel woz keping verry qwiyet. “I caant thinc whare she haz gon too,” he ced, rizing, and he cauld Tinc bi name. Wendeze hart went flutter widh a sudden thril.

“Peter,” she cride, cluching him, “u doant mene too tel me dhat dhare iz a fary in dhis roome!”

“She woz here just nou,” he ced a littel impaishently. “U doant here her, doo u?” and dha both liscend.

“Dhe oanly sound I here,” ced Wendy, “iz like a tinkel ov belz.”

“Wel, dhats Tinc, dhats dhe fary lan'gwage. I thinc I here her too.”

Dhe sound came from dhe chest ov drauwerz, and Peter made a merry face. No wun cood ever looc qwite so merry az Peter, and dhe luvleyest ov gherghelz woz hiz laaf. He had hiz ferst laaf stil.

“Wendy,” he whisperd glefoolly, “I doo beleve I shut her up in dhe drauwer!”

He let por Tinc out ov dhe drauwer, and she flu about dhe nercery screming widh fury. “U shoodnt sa such thingz,” Peter retorted. “Ov cors Ime verry sorry, but hou cood I no u wer in dhe drauwer?”

Wendy woz not liscenning too him. “O Peter,” she cride, “if she wood oanly stand stil and let me ce her!”

“Dha hardly ever stand stil,” he ced, but for wun moment Wendy sau

dhe romantic figgure cum too rest on dhe coocoo cloc. “O dhe luvly!” she cride, dho Tinx face woz stil distorted widh pashon.

“Tinc,” ced Peter ameyaibly, “dhis lady cez she wishez u wer her fary.”

Tinker Bel aancerd insolently.

“Whot duz she sa, Peter?”

He had too tranzlate. “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 dhis Tinc replide in dheze werdz, “U cilly as,” and dissappeerd intoo dhe baathroome. “She iz qwite a common fary,” Peter explaind apologetically, “she iz cauld Tinker Bel becauz she mendz dhe pots and kettelz [tinker = tin werker].” [Cimmilar too “cinder” plus “el” too ghet Cinderellaa]

Dha wer tuighedher in dhe armchare bi dhis time, and Wendy plide him widh mor qweschonz.

“If u doant liv in Kenzingtun Gardenz nou--”

“Sumtiamz I doo stil.”

“But whare doo u liv moastly nou?”

“Widh dhe lost boiz.”

“Whoo ar dha?”

“Dha ar dhe children whoo faul out ov dhare perambulatorz when dhe

ners iz loocking dhe udher wa. If dha ar not claimd in ceven daze dha ar cent far awa too dhe Neverland too defra expencez. Ime captane.”

“Whot fun it must be!”

“Yes,” ced cunning Peter, “but we ar raadher loanly. U ce we hav no female companyonship.”

“Ar nun ov dhe udherz gherlz?”

“O, no; gherlz, u no, ar much too clever too faul out ov dhare pramz.”

Dhis flatterd Wendy immensely. “I thinc,” she ced, “it iz perfectly luvly dhe wa u tauc about gherlz; Jon dhare just despizez us.”

For repli Peter roze and kict Jon out ov bed, blankets and aul; wun kic. Dhis ceemd too Wendy raadher forword for a ferst meting, and she toald him widh spirit dhat he woz not captane in her hous. Houwever, Jon continnude too slepe so plascidly on dhe flor dhat she alloud him too remane dhare. “And I no u ment too be kiand,” she ced, relenting, “so u ma ghiv me a kis.”

For dhe moment she had forgotten hiz ignorans about kiscez. “I thaut u wood wunt it bac,” he ced a littel bitterly, and offerd too retern her dhe thimbel.

“O dere,” ced dhe nice Wendy, “I doant mene a kis, I mene a thimbel.”

“Whots dhat?”

“Its like dhis.” She kist him.

“Funny!” ced Peter gravly. “Nou shal I ghiv u a thimbel?”

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

Peter thimblid her, and aulmoast immejaitly she screecht. “Whot iz it, Wendy?”

“It woz exactly az if sunwun wer pooling mi hare.”

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

And indede Tinc woz darting about agane, uzing offensive lan‘gwage.

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

“But whi?”

“Whi, Tinc?”

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

“U ce, I doant no enny storeze. Nun ov dhe lost boiz noze enny storeze.”

“Hou perfectly aufool,” Wendy ced.

“Doo u no,” Peter aasct “whi swolloze bild in dhe eevz ov houzez? It iz too liscen too dhe storeze. O Wendy, yor mudher woz telling u such a luvly story.”

“Which story woz it?”

“About dhe prins whoo coodnt fiand dhe lady whoo wor dhe glaas slipper.”

“Peter,” ced Wendy excitedly, “dhat woz Cinderellaa, and he found her, and dha livd happely ever aafter.”

Peter woz so glad dhat he roze from dhe flor, whare dha had bene citting, and hurrede too dhe windo.

“Whare ar u gowing?” she cride widh misghivving.

“Too tel dhe udher boiz.”

“Doant go Peter,” she entreted, “I no such lots ov storeze.”

Dhoze wer her precice werdz, so dhare can be no deniying dhat it woz she whoo ferst tempted him.

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

“O, dhe storeze I cood tel too dhe boiz!” she cride, and dhen Peter gript her and began too drau her tooword dhe windo.

“Let me go!” she orderd him.

“Wendy, doo cum widh me and tel dhe udher boiz.”

Ov cors she woz verry pleezd too be aasct, but she ced, “O dere, I caant. Thinc ov mummy! Beciadz, I caant fli.”

“Ile teech u.”

“O, hou luvly too fli.”

“Ile teech u hou too jump on dhe windz bac, and dhen awa we go.”

“Oo!” she exclaimd rapchoorously.

“Wendy, Wendy, when u ar sleping in yor cilly bed u mite be fliying about widh me saying funny thingz too dhe starz.”

“Oo!”

“And, Wendy, dhare ar mermaidz.”

“Mermaidz! Widh tailz?”

“Such long tailz.”

“O,” cride Wendy, “too ce a mermade!”

He had becum friatfoolly cunning. “Wendy,” he ced, “hou we shood aul respect u.”

She woz rigling her boddy in distres. It woz qwite az if she wer tryying too remane on dhe nercery flor.

But he had no pittyy for her.

“Wendy,” he ced, dhe sli wun, “u cood tuc us in at nite.”

“Oo!”

“Nun ov us haz ever 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 rezist. “Ov cors its aufoolly fascinating!” she cride.

“Peter, wood u teeche Jon and Mikel too fli too?”

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

Jon rubd hiz ize. “Dhen I shal ghet up,” he ced. Ov cors he woz on dhe flor aulreddy. “Hallo,” he ced, “I am up!”

Mikel woz up bi dhis time aulso, loocking az sharp az a nife widh cix blaidz and a sau, but Peter suddenly ciand cilens. Dhare facez ashuimd dhe aufool craaftenes ov children liscenning for soundz from dhe grone-up world. Aul woz az stil az solt. Dhen evvereething woz rite. No, stop! Evvereething woz rong. Naanaa, whoo had bene barking distresfoolly aul dhe evening, woz qwiyet nou. It woz her cilens dha had herd.

“Out widh dhe lite! Hide! Qwic!” cride Jon, taking commaand for dhe oanly time throwout dhe whole advenchoor. And dhus when Lizaa enterd, hoalding Naanaa, dhe nercery ceemd qwite its oald celf, verry darc, and u wood hav sworn u herd its thre wicked inmaits breedhing an‘gelically az dha slept. Dha wer reyally doowing it artfoolly from behiand dhe windo kertainz.

Lizaa woz in a bad temper, for she woz mixing dhe Cristmas pooddinz in dhe kichen, and had bene draun from dhem, widh a razin stil on her cheke, bi Naanaaz abcerd suspishonz. She thaut dhe best wa ov ghetting a littel qwiyet woz too take Naanaa too dhe nercery for a moment, but in custody ov cors.

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

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

But Lizaa woz dens. “No mor ov it, Naanaa,” she ced sternly, pooling

her out ov dhe roome. “I worn u if u barc agane I shal go strate for maaster and missus and bring dhem home from dhe party, and dhen, o, woant maaster whip u, just.”

She tide dhe unhappy dog up agane, but doo u thinc Naanaa ceest too barc? Bring maaster and missus home from dhe party! Whi, dhat woz just whot she wunted. Doo u thinc she caerd whedher she woz whipt so long az her chargez wer safe? Unforchoonaitly Lizaa reternd too her pooddingz, and Naanaa, ceying dhat no help wood cum from her, straind and straind at dhe chane until at laast she broke it. In anudher moment she had berst intoo dhe dining-roome ov 27 and flung up her pauz too hevven, her moast exprescive wa ov making a communicaishon. Mr. and Mrs. Darling nu at wuns dhat sumthing terribel woz happenning in dhare nercery, and widhout a good-bi too dhare hoastes dha rusht intoo dhe strete.

But it woz nou ten minnuets cins thre scoundrelz had bene breeding behiand dhe kertainz, and Peter Pan can doo a grate dele in ten minnuets.

We nou retern too dhe nercery.

“Its aul rite,” Jon announst, emerging from hiz hiding-place. “I sa, Peter, can u reyally fli?”

Insted ov trubling too aancer him Peter flu around dhe roome, taking dhe mantelpece on dhe 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 deliatfoolly ezy, and dha tride it ferst from dhe flor and dhen from dhe bedz, but dha aulwaze went doun insted ov up.

“I sa, hou doo u doo it?” aasct Jon, rubbing hiz ne. He woz qwite a practical boi.

“U just thinc luvly wunderfool thauts,” Peter explaind, “and dha lift u up in dhe are.”

He shode dhem 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 dhem cood fli an inch, dho even Mikel woz in werdz ov too cillabelz, and Peter did not no A from Z.

Ov cors Peter had bene triafling with dhem, for no wun can fli unles dhe fary dust haz bene blone on him. Forchoonaitly, az we hav menshond, wun ov hiz handz woz mescy with it, and he bloo sum on eech ov dhem, with dhe moast superb rezults.

“Nou just wighel yor shoalderz dhis 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 immejaitly he woz born acros dhe roome.

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

Jon let go and met Wendy nere dhe 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 dhe celing, and dhare iz aulmoast nuthing so delishous az dhat. Peter gave Wendy a hand at ferst, but had too decist, Tinc woz so indignant.

Up and doun dha went, and round and round. Hevvenly woz Wendeze werd.

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

Ov cors it woz too dhis dhat Peter had bene luring dhem.

Mikel woz reddy: he wunted too ce hou long it tooc him too doo a billeyon mialz. But Wendy hezzitated.

“Mermaidz!” ced Peter agane.

“Oo!”

“And dhare ar piraits.”

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

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

Not thre figguerz, for!

In a trembel dha opend dhe strete dor. 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 reech dhe nercery in time? If so, hou deliatfool for dhem, and we shal aul breedh a ci ov relefe, but dhare wil be no story. On dhe udher hand, if dha ar not in time, I sollemly prommice dhat it wil aul cum rite in dhe end.

Dha wood hav reecht dhe nercery in time had it not bene dhat dhe littel starz wer woching dhem. Wuns agane dhe starz bloo dhe windo open, and dhat smaulest star ov aul cauld out:

“Cave, Peter!”

Dhen Peter nu dhat dhare woz not a moment too looze. “Cum,” he cride impereyously, and sord out at wuns intoo dhe nite, follode bi Jon and Mikel and Wendy.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Naanaa rusht intoo dhe nercery too late. Dhe berdz wer flone.

Chapter 4 DHE FLITE

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

Dhat, Peter had toald Wendy, woz dhe wa too dhe Nevverland; but even berdz, carreying maps and consulting dhem at windy cornerz, cood not hav cited it widh dheze instrucshonz. Peter, u ce, just ced enneething dhat came intoo hiz hed.

At ferst hiz companyonz trusted him impliscitly, and so grate wer dhe deliats ov flying dhat dha waisted time cercling round cherch spiarz or

enny udher taul objects on dhe 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 dhemcelvz fine felloze for beying abel too fli round a roome.

Not long ago. But hou long ago? Dha wer fliying over dhe ce befor dhis thaut began too disterb Wendy cereyously. Jon thaut it woz dhare cecond ce and dhare therd nite.

Sumtiamz it woz darc and sumtiamz lite, and nou dha wer verry coald and agane too worm. Did dha reyally fele hun'gry at tiamz, or wer dha meerly pretending, becauz Peter had such a jolly nu wa ov feding dhem? Hiz wa woz too pershoo berdz whoo had foode in dhare mouths sutabel for humanz and snach it from dhem; dhen dhe berdz wood follo and snach it bac; and dha wood aul go chacing eech udher galy for mialz, parting at laast widh muechoowal expreshonz ov good-wil. But Wendy notiast widh gentel concern dhat Peter did not ceme too no dhat dhis woz raadher an od wa ov ghetting yor bred and butter, nor even dhat dhare ar udher waze.

Certainly dha did not pretend too be slepy, dha wer slepy; and dhat woz a dain'ger, for dhe moment dha popt of, doun dha fel. Dhe aufool thing woz dhat Peter thaut dhis funny.

“Dhare he goze agane!” he wood cri glefoolly, az Mikel suddenly dropt like a stone.

“Save him, save him!” cride Wendy, loocking widh horror at dhe croowel ce far belo. Evenchoowally Peter wood dive throo dhe are, and cach Mikel just befor he cood strike dhe ce, and it woz luvly dhe wa he did it; but he aulwaze wated til dhe laast moment, and u felt it woz hiz clevernes dhat interested him and not dhe saving ov human life. Aulso he woz fond ov varyety, and dhe sport dhat en'grost him wun moment wood suddenly cece too en'gage him, so dhare woz aulwaze dhe poscibillity

dhat dhe next time u fel he wood let u go.

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

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

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

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

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

“We cood go bac,” Mikel ced.

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

“Wel, dhen, we cood go on,” ced Jon.

“Dhat iz dhe aufool thing, Jon. We shood hav too go on, for we doant no hou too stop.”

Dhis woz troo, Peter had forgotten too sho dhem hou too stop.

Jon ced dhat if dhe werst came too dhe werst, aul dha had too doo woz too go strate on, for dhe werld woz 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 eeghelz mouth pritty neetly, Wendy.”

“Aafter dhe twenteyeth tri,” Wendy remianded him. “And even dho we became good at picking up foode, ce hou we bump against cloudz and thingz 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 dhem, dhe mor dha tride too avoid it, dhe mor certainly did dha bump intoo it. If Naanaa had bene widh dhem, she wood hav had a bandage round Mikelz forhed bi dhis time.

Peter woz not widh dhem for dhe moment, and dha felt raadher loanly up dhare bi dhemcelvz. He cood go so much faaster dhan dha dhat he wood suddenly shoote out ov cite, too hav sum advenchoor in which dha had no share. He wood cum doun laafing over sumthing feerfoolly funny he had bene saying too a star, but he had aulreddy forgotten whot it woz, or he wood cum up widh mermade scailz stil sticking too him, and yet not be abel too sa for certane whot had bene happening. It woz reyally raadher irritating too children whoo had never cene a mermade.

“And if he forghets dhem so qwicly,” Wendy argude, “hou can we expect dhat he wil go on remembeuring us?”

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

“Ime Wendy,” she ced adgitatedly.

He woz verry sorry. “I sa, Wendy,” he whisperd too her, “aulwaze if u ce me forghetting u, just kepe on saying Ime Wendy,' and dhen Ile remember.”

Ov cors dhis woz raadher unsatisfactory. Houwever, too make amendz he shode dhem hou too li out flat on a strong wind dhat woz gowing dhare wa, and dhis woz 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 occaizhonal tifs, but on dhe whole rollicking, dha droo nere dhe Newverland; for aafter menny muinz dha did reech it, and, whot iz mor, dha had bene gowing pritty strate aul dhe time, not perhaps so much owing too dhe ghidans ov Peter or Tinc az becauz dhe iland woz loocking for dhem. It iz oanly dhus dhat enny wun ma cite dhoze madgic shorz.

"Dhare it iz," ced Peter caamly.

"Whare, whare?"

"Whare aul dhe arroze ar pointing."

Indede a milleyon goalden arroze wer pointing it out too dhe children, aul directed bi dhare frend dhe sun, whoo wunted dhem too be shoor ov dhare wa befor leving dhem for dhe nite.

Wendy and Jon and Mikel stood on tip-to in dhe are too ghet dhare ferst cite ov dhe iland. Strainj too sa, dha aul reccogniazd it at wuns, and until fere fel uppon dhem 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 dhe hollidaze.

"Jon, dhaerz dhe lagoone."

"Wendy, looc at dhe tertelz berreying dhare egz in dhe sand."

"I sa, Jon, I ce yor flamin'go widh dhe broken leg!"

"Looc, Mikel, dhaerz yor cave!"

“Jon, whots dhat in dhe 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 dhe smoke ov dhe redskin camp!”

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

“Dhare, just acros dhe Mistereyous Rivver.”

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

Peter woz a littel annoid widh dhem for nowing so much, but if he wunted too lord it over dhem hiz triyumf woz at hand, for hav I not toald u dhat anon fere fel uppon dhem?

It came az dhe arroze went, leving dhe iland in gloome.

In dhe oald daze at home dhe Neverland had aulwaze begun too looc a littel darc and threttenning bi bedtime. Dhen unnexplord pachez aroze in it and spred, blac shaddoze muivd about in dhem, dhe ror ov dhe beests ov pra woz qwite different nou, and abuv aul, u lost dhe certainty dhat u wood win. U wer qwite glad dhat dhe nite-liats wer on. U even liact Naanaa too sa dhat dhis woz just dhe mantelpece over here, and dhat dhe Neverland woz aul make-beleve.

Ov cors dhe Neverland had bene make-beleve in dhoze daze, but it woz reyal nou, and dhare wer no nite-liats, and it woz ghetting darker every moment, and whare woz Naanaa?

Dha had bene fliying apart, but dha hudld cloce too Peter nou. Hiz caerles manner had gon at laast, hiz ize wer sparcling, and a tin'ghel went throo dhem evvery time dha tucht hiz boddy. Dha wer nou over dhe feersum iland, fliying so lo dhat sumtiamz a tre graizd dhare fete. Nuthing horrid woz vizzibel in dhe are, yet dhare progres had becum slo and labord, exactly az if dha wer pooshing dhare wa throo hostile forcez. Sumtiamz dha hung in dhe are until Peter had beten on it widh hiz fists.

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

“Whoo ar dha?” Wendy whisperd, shuddeuring.

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 dhe are, liscenning intently, widh hiz hand too hiz ere, and agane he wood stare doun widh ize so brite dhat dha ceemd too bor too hoalz too erth. Havving dun dheze thingz, he went on agane.

Hiz currage woz aulmoast appauling. “Wood u like an advenchoor nou,” he ced cazhoowally too Jon, “or wood u like too hav yor te ferst?”

Wendy ced “te ferst” qwicly, and Mikel prest her hand in grattiachooode, but dhe braver Jon hezzitated.

“Whot kiand ov advenchoor?” he aasct caushously.

“Dhaerz a pirate aslepe in dhe pampas just beneeth us,” Peter toald him. “If u like, wele go doun and kil him.”

“I doant ce him,” Jon ced aafter a long pauz.

“I doo.”

“Suppoze,” Jon ced, a littel huskely, “he wer too wake up.”

Peter spoke indignantly. “U doant thinc I wood kil him while he woz sleping! I wood wake him ferst, and dhen kil him. Dhats dhe wa I aulwaze 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 dhe iland just nou, and Peter ced he had nevver none so menny.

“Whoo iz captane nou?”

“Hoo,” aancerd Peter, and hiz face became verry stern az he ced dhat hated werd.

“Jaa. Hoo?”

“I.”

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

“He woz Blacbeerdz boasn,” Jon whisperd huskely. “He iz dhe werst ov dhem aul. He iz dhe oonly man ov whoome Barbecu woz afrade.”

“Dhats him,” ced Peter.

“Whot iz he like? Iz he big?”

“He iz not so big az he woz.”

“Hou doo u mene?”

“I cut of a bit ov him.”

“U!”

“Yes, me,” ced Peter sharply.

“I woznt mening too be disrespectfool.”

“O, aul rite.”

“But, I sa, whot bit?”

“Hiz rite hand.”

“Dhen 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 thing,” Peter continnude, “dhat evvery boi whoo cervz under me haz too prommice, and so must u.”

Jon paild.

“It iz dhis, if we mete Hooc in open fite, u must leve him too me.”

“I prommice,” Jon ced loiyally.

For dhe moment dha wer feling les ery, becauz Tinc woz fliying with dhem, and in her lite dha cood distin'gwish eech udher. Unforchoonaitly she cood not fli so sloly az dha, and so she had too go round and round dhem in a cercel in which dha muivd az in a halo. Wendy qwite liact it, until Peter pointed out dhe draubax.

“She telz me,” he ced, “dhat dhe piraits cited us befor dhe darcnes came, and got Long Tom out.”

“Dhe big gun?”

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

“Wendy!”

“Jon!”

“Mikel!”

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

“She thinx we hav lost dhe wa,” he replide stifly, “and she iz raadher fritend. U doant thinc I wood cend her awa aul bi hercelf when she iz fritend!”

For a moment dhe cercel ov lite woz broken, and sumthing gave Peter a luvving littel pinch.

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

“She caant poot it out. Dhat iz about dhe oonly thing fareze caant doo. It just goze out ov itcelf when she faulz aslepe, same az dhe starz.”

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

“She caant slepe exept when sheze slepy. It iz dhe oonly udher thing fareze caant doo.”

“Ceemz too me,” grould Jon, “dheze ar dhe oonly too thingz 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.” Houwever, dha had cet of in such a hurry dhat dhare woz not a pocket betwene dhe for ov dhem.

He had a happy ideyaa. Jonz hat!

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

In dhe blac topper dhe lite woz compleetly hidden, and dha flu on in cilens. It woz dhe stillest cilens dha had ever none, broken wuns bi a distant lapping, which Peter explaind woz dhe wiald beests drinking at dhe ford, and agane bi a raasping sound dhat mite hav bene dhe braanchez ov treze rubbing tuighedher, but he ced it woz dhe redskinz sharpenning dhare niavz.

Even dheze noizez ceest. Too Mikel dhe loanlenes woz dredfool. “If

oanly sumthing wood make a sound!” he cride.

Az if in aancer too hiz reqwest, dhe are woz rent bi dhe moast tremendous crash he had ever herd. Dhe piraits had fiard Long Tom at dhem.

Dhe ror ov it eccode throo dhe mountainz, and dhe eccoze ceemd too cri savvajly, “Whare ar dha, whare ar dha, whare ar dha?”

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

When at laast dhe hevvenz wer stedly agane, Jon and Mikel found dhencelvz alone in dhe darcnes. Jon woz tredding dhe are mecannically, and Mikel widhout nowing hou too flote woz 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, houwever, had bene carrede bi dhe wind ov dhe shot far out too ce, while Wendy woz blone upwordz widh no companyon but Tinker Bel.

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

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

Tinc woz not aul bad; or, raadher, she woz aul bad just nou, but, on dhe udher hand, sumtiamz she woz aul good. Fareze hav too be wun thing or dhe udher, becauz beying so smaul dha unforchoonaitly hav roome for wun feling oanly at a time. Dha ar, houwever, alloud too chainj, oanly it must be a complete chainj. At prezzent she woz fool ov gelloucy ov Wendy. Whot she ced in her luvly tinkel Wendy cood not ov cors understand,

and I beleve sum ov it woz bad werdz, but it sounded kiand, and she flu bac and forword, plainly mening “Follo me, and aul wil be wel.”

Whot els cood por Wendy doo? She cauld too Peter and Jon and Mikel, and got oanly mocking eccoze in repli. She did not yet no dhat Tinc hated her widh dhe feers haitred ov a verry woomman. And so, bewilderd, and nou stagheuring in her flite, she follode Tinc too her doome.

Chapter 5 DHE ILAND CUM TROO

Feling dhat Peter woz on hiz wa bac, dhe Nevverland had agane woke intoo life. We aut too uze dhe plooperfect and sa wakend, but woke iz better and woz aulwaze uezd bi Peter.

In hiz abcens thingz ar uezhoowally qwiyet on dhe iland. Dhe fareze take an our lon'gher in dhe morning, dhe beests attend too dhare yung, dhe redskinz fede hevvely for cix daze and niats, and when piraits and lost boiz mete dha meerly bite dhare thumz at eech udher. But widh dhe cumming ov Peter, whoo haitz lethargy, dha ar under wa agane: if u poot yor ere too dhe ground nou, u wood here dhe whole iland ceedhing widh life.

On dhis evening dhe chefe forcez ov dhe iland wer dispoazd az folloze. Dhe lost boiz wer out loocking for Peter, dhe piraits wer out loocking for dhe lost boiz, dhe redskinz wer out loocking for dhe piraits, and dhe beests wer out loocking for dhe redskinz. Dha wer gowing round and round dhe iland, but dha did not mete becauz aul wer gowing at dhe same rate.

Aul wunted blud exept dhe boiz, whoo liact it az a roole, but too-nite wer out too grete dhare captane. Dhe boiz on dhe iland vary, ov cors, in numberz, according az dha ghet kild and so on; and when dha ceme

too be growing up, which iz against dhe ruilz, Peter thinz dhem out; but at dhis time dhare wer cix ov dhem, counting dhe twinz az too. Let us pretend too li here amung dhe shooggar-cane and woch dhem az dha stele bi in cin'ghel file, eech widh hiz hand on hiz dagher.

Dha ar forbidden bi Peter too looc in dhe leest like him, and dha ware dhe skinz ov dhe baerz slane bi dhemcelvz, in which dha ar so round and feury dhat when dha faul dha role. Dha hav dhaerfor becum verry shoor-footted.

Dhe ferst too paas iz Tootelz, not dhe leest brave but dhe moast unforchoonate ov aul dhat gallant band. He had bene in fuwer advenchoorz dhan enny ov dhem, becauz dhe big thingz constantly happend just when he had stept round dhe corner; aul wood be qwiyet, he wood take dhe opporchoonity ov gowing of too gadher a fu stix for fiarwood, and dhen when he reternd dhe udherz wood be sweping up dhe blud. Dhis il-luc had ghivven a gentel mellancoly too hiz countenans, but insted ov souring hiz naichoor had swetend it, so dhat he woz qwite dhe humblest ov dhe boiz. Por kiand Tootelz, dhare iz dain'ger in dhe are for u too-nite. Take care lest an advenchoor iz nou offerd u, which, if axepted, wil plunj u in depest wo. Tootelz, dhe fary Tinc, whoo iz bent on mischefe dhis nite iz loocking for a toole [for doowing her mischefe], and she thinx u ar dhe moast ezely trict ov dhe boiz. Ware Tinker Bel.

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

Next cumz Nibz, dhe ga and debonare, follode bi Sliatly, whoo cuts whiscelz out ov dhe treze and daancez extattically too hiz one chuinz. Sliatly iz dhe moast conceted ov dhe boiz. He thinx he rememberz dhe daze befor he woz lost, widh dhare mannerz and customz, and dhis haz ghivven hiz noze an offensive tilt. Kerly iz forth; he iz a pickel, [a person whoo ghets in pickelz-prediccaments] and so often haz he had too deliver up hiz person when Peter ced sternly, "Stand forth dhe wun whoo did dhis thing," dhat nou at dhe commaand he standz forth automattically

whedher he haz dun it or not. Laast cum dhe Twinz, whoo cannot be descriabd becauz we shood be shoor too be describing dhe rong wun. Peter never qwite nu whot twinz wer, and hiz band wer not alloud too no enneething he did not no, so dheze too wer aulwaze vaig about dhemcelvz, and did dhare best too ghiv satisfacshon bi keping cloce tuighedher in an apologetic sort ov wa.

Dhe boiz vannish in dhe gloome, and aafter a pauz, but not a long pauz, for thingz go briscly on dhe iland, cum dhe piraits on dhare trac. We here dhem befor dha ar cene, and it iz aulwaze dhe same dredfool song:

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

A mor villanous-looking lot never hung in a ro on Execueshon doc. Here, a littel in advaans, ever and agane widh hiz hed too dhe ground liscenning, hiz grate armz bare, pecez ov ate in hiz eerz az ornaments, iz dhe handsome Italleyan Cecco, whoo cut hiz name in letterz ov blud on dhe bac ov dhe guvvernor ov dhe prizzon at Gou. Dhat gigantic blac behiand him haz had menny naimz cins he dropt dhe wun widh which dusky mudherz stil terrifi dhare children on dhe banx ov dhe Guwadjo-mo. Here iz Bil Juix, every inch ov him tattoode, dhe same Bil Juix whoo got cix duzzen on dhe WAULRUS from Flint befor he wood drop dhe bag ov moidorz [Porchuigheze goald pecez]; and Cooxun, ced too be Blac Merfeze brudher (but dhis woz never pruivd), and Gentelman Starky, wuns an usher in a public scoole and stil dainty in hiz waze ov killing; and Skiliats (Morganz Skiliats); and dhe Irish boasn Sme, an odly geenyal man whoo stabd, so too speke, without offens, and woz dhe oonly Non-conformist in Hoox croo; and Nuidler, whooze handz wer fixt on baqwordz; and Rot. Mullinz and Alf Mason and menny anudher ruffeyan long none and feerd on dhe Spanish Mane.

In dhe midst ov dhem, dhe blackest and largest in dhat darc cetting, recliand Jaimz Hooc, or az he rote himcelf, Jaaz. Hooc, ov whoome it iz

ced he woz dhe oonly man dhat dhe Ce-Cooc feerd. He la at hiz eze in a ruf charreyot draun and propeld bi hiz men, and insted ov a rite hand he had dhe iarn hooch widh which ever and anon he encurreid dhem too increce dhare pace. Az dogz dhis terribel man treted and adrest dhem, and az dogz dha obade him. In person he woz cadaverous [ded loocking] and blaccaviazd [darc faist], and hiz hare woz drest in long kerlz, which at a littel distans looct like blac candelz, and gave a cin'gularly threttenning expreshon too hiz handsome countenans. Hiz ize wer ov dhe bloo ov dhe forghet-me-not, and ov a profound mellancoly, save when he woz plun'ging hiz hooch intoo u, at which time too red spots appeerd in dhem and lit dhem up horribly. In manner, sumthing ov dhe grand sainyer stil clung too him, so dhat he even ript u up widh an are, and I hav bene toald dhat he woz a RACONTER [storiteller] ov repute. He woz never mor cinnister dhan when he woz moast polite, which iz probbaibly dhe troowest test ov breeding; and dhe ellegans ov hiz dicshon, even when he woz swaring, no les dhan dhe distincshon ov hiz demenor, shode him wun ov a different caast from hiz croo. A man ov indomitabel currage, it woz ced dhat dhe oonly thing he shide at woz dhe cite ov hiz one blud, which woz thic and ov an unnuezhooval cullor. In dres he sumwhot aipt dhe attire assoasheyated widh dhe name ov Charlz 2, havving herd it ced in sum erleyer pereyod ov hiz carere dhat he bor a strainj rezemblans too dhe il-fated Schoowarts; and in hiz mouth he had a hoalder ov hiz one contrivans which enaibld him too smoke too cigarz at wuns. But undoutedly dhe grimmet part ov him woz hiz iarn clau.

Let us nou kil a pirate, too sho Hooch method. Skiliats wil doo. Az dha paas, Skiliats lerchez clumzely against him, rufing hiz lace collar; dhe hooch shuits forth, dhare iz a taring sound and wun screech, dhen dhe boddy iz kict acide, and dhe piraits paas on. He haz not even taken dhe cigarz from hiz mouth.

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

On dhe trale ov dhe piraits, steling noizlesly doun dhe wor-paath, which iz not vizzibel too inexplereyent ize, cum dhe redskinz, evvery wun ov dhem widh hiz ize peeld. Dha carry tomahaux and niavz, and dhare naked boddeze gleme widh paint and oil. Strung around dhem ar scalps, ov boiz az wel az ov piraits, for dheze ar dhe Piccaninny tribe, and not too be confuezd widh dhe softer-harted Dellauwaerz or dhe Huronz. In dhe van, on aul forz, iz Grate Big Littel Panther, a brave ov so menny scalps dhat in hiz prezzent pozishon dha sumwhot impede hiz progres. Bringing up dhe rere, dhe place ov gratest dain'ger, cumz Tiagher Lilly, proudly erect, a princes in her one rite. She iz dhe moast butefool ov dusky Diyannaaz [Diyannaa = goddes ov dhe woodz] and dhe bel ov dhe Piccaninneze, cokettish [flerting], coald and ammorous [luvving] bi ternz; dhare iz not a brave whoo wood not hav dhe waword thing too wife, but she staidz of dhe aultar widh a hachet. Obzerv hou dha paas over faulen twigz widhout making dhe slitest noiz. Dhe oanly sound too be herd iz dhare sumwhot hevvy breedhing. Dhe fact iz dhat dha ar aul a littel fat just nou aafter dhe hevvy gorging, but in time dha wil werc dhis of. For dhe moment, houwever, it constiachuits dhare chefe dain'ger.

Dhe redskinz dissappere az dha hav cum like shaddoze, and soone dhare place iz taken bi dhe beests, a grate and motly proceshon: liyonz, tiagherz, baerz, and dhe innumerabel smauler savvage thingz dhat fle from dhem, for evvery kiand ov beest, and, mor particcularly, aul dhe man-eterz, liv cheke bi joul on dhe favord iland. Dhare tungz ar hanging out, dha ar hun'gry too-nite.

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

Dhe croccodile paacez, but soone dhe boiz appere agane, for dhe proceshon must continu indeffiniatly until wun ov dhe parteze stops or chain'gez its pace. Dhen qwicly dha wil be on top ov eech udher.

Aul ar keping a sharp looc-out in frunt, but nun suspects dhat dhe dain'ger ma be creping up from behiand. Dhis shoze hou reyad dhe iland woz.

Dhe ferst too faul out ov dhe mooving cerkel woz dhe boiz. Dha flung dhemcelvz doun on dhe sword [terf], cloce too dhare underground home.

“I doo wish Peter wood cum bac,” evvery wun ov dhem ced nervously, dho in hite and stil mor in bredth dha wer aul larger dhan dhare captane.

“I am dhe oanly wun whoo iz not afrade ov dhe piraits,” Sliatly ced, in dhe tone dhat prevented hiz beying a genneral favorite; but perhaps sum distant sound disterbd him, for he added haistely, “but I wish he wood cum bac, and tel us whedher he haz herd enneething mor about Cinderellaa.”

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

It woz oanly in Peterz abcens dhat dha cood speke ov mudherz, dhe subgect beying forbidden bi him az cilly.

“Aul I remember about mi mudher,” Nibz toald dhem, “iz dhat she often ced too mi faadher, O, hou I wish I had a chec-booc ov mi one! I doant no whot a chec-booc iz, but I shood just luv too ghiv mi mudher wun.”

While dha tauct dha herd a distant sound. U or I, not beying wiald thingz ov dhe woodz, wood hav herd nuthing, but dha herd it, and it woz dhe grim song:

“Yo ho, yo ho, dhe pirate life,
Dhe flag o' scul and boanz,
A merry our, a hempen rope,
And ha for Davy Joanz.”

At wuns dhe lost boiz--but whare ar dha? Dha ar no lon'gher dhare. Rabbits cood not hav dissappeerd mor qwicly.

I wil tel u whare dha ar. Widh dhe exepshon ov Nibz, whoo haz darterd awa too reconnoiter [looc around], dha ar aulreddy in dhare home under dhe ground, a verry deliatfool rezzidens ov which we shal ce a good dele prezzently. 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 discloze dhe mouth ov a cave. Looc cloasly, houwever, and u ma note dhat dhare ar here cevven larj treze, eech widh a hole in its hollo trunc az larj az a boi. Dheze ar dhe cevven entrancez too dhe home under dhe ground, for which Hooc haz bene cerching in vane dheze menny muinz. Wil he fiand it toonite?

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

“Captane, let go!” he cride, riadhing.

Nou for dhe ferst time we here dhe vois ov Hooc. It woz a blac vois. “Poot bac dhat pistol ferst,” it ced threttenningly.

“It woz wun ov dhoze boiz u hate. I cood hav shot him ded.”

“I, and dhe sound wood hav braut Tiagher Lilleze redskinz uppon us. Doo u wunt too looze yor scalp?”

“Shal I aafter him, Captane,” aasct paithettic Sme, “and tickel him widh Jonny Corxcroo?” Sme had plezzant naimz for evvereething, and hiz cutlas woz Jonny Corxcroo, becauz he wigld it in dhe wuind. Wun cood menshon menny luvvabel traits in Sme. For instans, aafter killing, it woz hiz spektakelz he wiapt insted ov hiz weppon.

“Jonneze a cilent fello,” he remianded Hooc.

“Not nou, Sme,” Hooc ced darcly. “He iz oanly wun, and I wunt too mischefe aul dhe cevven. Scatter and looc for dhem.”

Dhe piraits dissappeerd among dhe treze, and in a moment dhare Captane and Sme wer alone. Hooc heevd a hevvy ci, and I no not whi it woz, perhaps it woz becauz ov dhe soft buty ov dhe evenning, but dhare came over him a dezire too confide too hiz faithfool boasn dhe story ov hiz life. He spoke long and earnestly, but whot it woz aul about Sme, whoo woz raadher schoopid, did not no in dhe leest.

Anon [later] he caut dhe werd Peter.

“Moast ov aul,” Hooc woz saying pashonaitly, “I wunt dhare captane, Peter Pan. Twoz he cut of mi arm.” He brandisht dhe hooc threttenningly. “Ive wated long too shake hiz hand widh dhis. O, Ile tare him!”

“And yet,” ced Sme, “I hav often herd u sa dhat hooc woz werth a scor ov handz, for coming dhe hare and udher hoamly ucez.”

“I,” dhe captane aancerd, “if I woz a mudher I wood pra too hav mi children born widh dhis insted ov dhat,” and he caast a looc ov pride uppon hiz iarn hand and wun ov scorn uppon dhe udher. Dhen 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 corrected him, “but ov dhat wun croccodile.” He lowerd hiz vois. “It liact mi arm so much, Sme, dhat it haz follode me ever cins, from ce too ce and from land too land, licking its lips for dhe rest ov me.”

“In a wa,” ced Sme, “its sort ov a compliment.”

“I wunt no such compliments,” Hooc barct pechoolantly. “I wunt Peter Pan,

whoo ferst gave dhe broote its taist for me.”

He sat doun on a larj mushroome, and nou dhare woz a qwivver in hiz vois. “Sme,” he ced huskely, “dhat croccodile wood hav had me befor dhis, but bi a lucky chaans it swollode a cloc which goze tic tic incide it, and so befor it can reech me I here dhe tic and bolt.” He laaft, but in a hollo wa.

“Sum da,” ced Sme, “dhe cloc wil run doun, and dhen hele ghet u.”

Hooe wetted hiz dri lips. “I,” he ced, “dhats dhe fere dhat haunts me.”

Cins citting doun he had felt cureyously worm. “Sme,” he ced, “dhis cete iz hot.” He jumt up. “Odz bobz, hammer and tongz Ime barning.”

Dha exammiand dhe mushroome, which woz ov a cize and soliddity unnone on dhe 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 ascend. Dhe piraits looct at eech udher. “A chimny!” dha boath exclaimd.

Dha had indede discuverd dhe chimny ov dhe home under dhe ground. It woz dhe custom ov dhe boiz too stop it widh a mushroome when ennemeze wer in dhe naborhood.

Not oanly smoke came out ov it. Dhare came aulso childrenz voicez, for so safe did dhe boiz fele in dhare hiding-place dhat dha wer galy chatteuring. Dhe piraits liscend grimly, and dhen replaist dhe mushroome. Dha looct around dhem and noted dhe hoalz in dhe ceven treze.

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

Hooe nodded. He stood for a long time lost in thaut, and at laast a

kerdling smile lit up hiz swordhy face. Sme had bene wating for it.
“Unrip yor plan, captane,” he cride eegherly.

“Too retern too dhe ship,” Hooc replide sloly throo hiz teeth, “and
cooc a larj rich cake ov a jolly thicnes widh grene shooggar on it.
Dhare can be but wun roome belo, for dhare iz but wun chimney. Dhe cilly
moalz had not dhe cens too ce dhat dha did not nede a dor apece.
Dhat shoze dha hav no mudher. We wil leve dhe cake on dhe shor
ov dhe Mermaidz Lagoone. Dheze boiz ar aulwaze swimming about dhare,
playing widh dhe mermaidz. Dha wil fiand dhe cake and dha wil gobbel
it up, becauz, havving no mudher, 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 dhe wickedest, prittetest pollicy ever I herd ov!” he cride, and in
dhare exultaishon dha daanst and sang:

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

Dha began dhe vers, but dha nevvver finnisht it, for anudher sound
broke in and stild dhem. Dhare woz at ferst such a tiny sound dhat a
lefe mite hav faulen on it and smudherd it, but az it came nerer it
woz mor distinct.

Tic tic tic tic!

Hooc stood shuddeuring, wun foot in dhe are.

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

It woz indede dhe croccodile. It had paast dhe redskinz, whoo wer nou on

dhe trale ov dhe udher piraits. It uizd on aafter Hooc.

Wuns mor dhe boiz emerjd intoo dhe open; but dhe dain'gerz ov dhe nite wer not yet over, for prezzently Nibz rusht brethles intoo dhare midst, pershoode bi a pac ov woolvz. Dhe tungz ov dhe pershowerz wer hanging out; dhe baying ov dhem woz horribel.

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

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

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

“Whot wood Peter doo?” dha cride cimultainyously.

Aulmoast in dhe same breth dha cride, “Peter wood looc at dhem throo hiz legz.”

And dhen, “Let us doo whot Peter wood doo.”

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

Nou Nibz roze from dhe ground, and dhe udherz thaut dhat hiz staring iz stil sau dhe woolvz. But it woz not woolvz he sau.

“I hav cene a wunderfooller thing,” he cride, az dha gadherd round him eegherly. “A grate white berd. It iz fliying dhis wa.”

“Whot kiand ov a berd, doo u thinc?”

“I doant no,” Nibz ced, auwestruc, “but it loox so wery, and az it flize it moanz, Por Wendy.”

“Por Wendy?”

“I remember,” ced Sliatly instantly, “dhare ar berdz cauld Wendeze.”

“Ce, it cumz!” cride Kerly, pointing too Wendy in dhe hevvenz.

Wendy woz nou aulmoast overhed, and dha cood here her plaintive cri. But mor distinct came dhe shril vois ov Tinker Bel. Dhe gellous fary had nou caast of aul disghize ov frendship, and woz darting at her victim from evvery direcshon, pinching savvajly eech time she tucht.

“Hullo, Tinc,” cride dhe wundeuring boiz.

Tinx repli rang out: “Peter wunts u too shoote dhe Wendy.”

It woz not in dhare naichoor too qweschon when Peter orderd. “Let us doo whot Peter wishez!” cride dhe cimpel boiz. “Qwic, boze and arroze!”

Aul but Tootelz popt down dhare treze. 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 dhe arro too hiz bo. “Out ov dhe wa, Tinc,” he shouted, and dhen he fiard, and Wendy flutterd too dhe ground widh an arro in her brest.

Chapter 6 DHE LITTEL HOUS

Foolish Tootelz woz standing like a conkeror over Wendeze boddy when dhe udher boiz sprang, armd, from dhare treze.

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

Overhed Tinker Bel shouted “Cilly as!” and darted intoo hiding. Dhe udherz did not here her. Dha had crouded round Wendy, and az dha looct a terribel cilens fel uppon dhe wood. If Wendeze hart had bene beting dha wood aul hav herd it.

Sliatly woz dhe ferst too speke. “Dhis iz no berd,” he ced in a scaerd vois. “I thinc dhis must be a lady.”

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

“And we hav kild her,” Nibz ced horsly.

Dha aul whipt of dhare caps.

“Nou I ce,” Kerly ced: “Peter woz bringing her too us.” He throo himself sorrofoolly on dhe ground.

“A lady too take care ov us at laast,” ced wun ov dhe twinz, “and u hav kild her!”

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

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

“I did it,” he ced, reflecting. “When ladeze uest too cum too me in dreemz, I ced, Pritty mudher, pritty mudher.’ But when at laast she reyally 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 woz at dhis tradgic moment dhat dha herd a sound which made dhe hart ov evvery wun ov dhem rize too hiz mouth. Dha herd Peter cro.

“Peter!” dha cride, for it woz aulwaze dhus dhat he cignald hiz retern.

“Hide her,” dha whisperd, and gadherd haistely around Wendy. But Tootelz stood aloofe.

Agane came dhat ringing cro, and Peter dropt in frunt ov dhem. “Gretingz, boiz,” he cride, and mecannically dha saluted, and dhen agane woz cilens.

He fround.

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

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

“Grate nuze, boiz,” he cride, “I hav braut at laast a mudher for u aul.”

Stil no sound, exepct a littel thud from Tootelz az he dropt on hiz neze.

“Hav u not cene her?” aasct Peter, becumming trubld. “She flu dhis wa.”

“Aa me!” wun vois ced, and anudher ced, “O, mornfool da.”

Tootelz roze. “Peter,” he ced qwiyetly, “I wil sho her too u,” and

when dhe udherz 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 whot too doo next.

“She iz ded,” he ced uncumfortaibly. “Perhaps she iz fritend at beying ded.”

He thaut ov hopping of in a commic sort ov wa til he woz out ov cite ov her, and dhen never gowing nere dhe spot enny mor. Dha wood aul hav bene glad too follo if he had dun dhis.

But dhare woz dhe arro. He tooc it from her hart and faist hiz band.

“Whooze arro?” he demaanded sternly.

“Mine, Peter,” ced Tootelz on hiz neze.

“O, daastard hand,” Peter ced, and he raizd dhe arro too uze it az a dagher.

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

Twice did Peter raze dhe arro, and twice did hiz hand faul. “I cannot strike,” he ced widh au, “dhare iz sumthing staze mi hand.”

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

“It iz she,” he cride, “dhe Wendy lady, ce, her arm!”

Wunderfool too relate [tel], Wendy had raizd her arm. Nibz bent over her and liscend reverently. “I thinc she ced, Por Tootelz,” he whisperd.

“She livz,” Peter ced breefly.

Sliatly cride instantly, “Dhe Wendy lady livz.”

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

“Ce,” he ced, “dhe arro struc against dhis. It iz dhe 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 woz beghing Wendy too ghet better qwicly, so dhat he cood sho her dhe mermaidz. Ov cors 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 dhe Wendy livz.”

Dhen 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 mor. Begon from me for ever.”

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

Doo u thinc Tinker Bel woz graitfool too Wendy for razing her arm? O dere no, nevver wunted too pinch her so much. Fareze indede ar strainj, and Peter, whoo understood dhem best, often cuft [slapt] dhem.

But whot too doo with Wendy in her prezzent dellicate state ov helth?

“Let us carry her down intoo dhe hous,” Kerly suggeded.

“I,” ced Sliatly, “dhat iz whot wun duz widh ladeze.”

“No, no,” Peter ced, “u must not tuch her. It wood not be suffishently respectfool.”

“Dhat,” ced Sliatly, “iz whot I woz thinking.”

“But if she lize 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 dhem, “bring me eech ov u dhe best ov whot we hav. Gut our hous. Be sharp.”

In a moment dha wer az bizzy az talorz dhe nite befor a wedding. Dha scurrede dhis wa and dhat, doun for bedding, up for fiarwood, and while dha wer at it, whoo shood appere but Jon and Mikel. Az dha dragd along dhe ground dha fel aslepe standing, stopt, woke up, muivd anudher step and slept agane.

“Jon, Jon,” Mikel wood cri, “wake up! Whare iz Naanaa, Jon, and mudher?”

And dhen Jon wood rub hiz ize and mutter, “It iz troo, we did fli.”

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

“Hullo, Peter,” dha ced.

“Hullo,” replide Peter amicaibly, dho he had qwite forgotten dhem. He woz verry bizzy at dhe moment mezhooring Wendy widh hiz fete too ce hou larj a hous she wood nede. Ov cors he ment too leve roome for chaerz and a tabel. Jon and Mikel wocht 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 dhe udher boiz rusht on carreying braanchez for dhe bilding ov dhe hous. “Looc at dhem!” he cride.

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

“I, i, cer.”

“Bild a hous?” exclaimd Jon.

“For dhe Wendy,” ced Kerly.

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

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

“U? Wendeze cervants!”

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

Dhe astounded brudherz wer dragd awa too hac and hu and carry.
“Chaerz and a fender [fiarplace] ferst,” Peter orderd. “Dhen we shal bild a hous round dhem.”

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

Peter thaut ov evvereething. “Sliatly,” he cride, “fech a doctor.”

“I, i,” ced Sliatly at wuns, and dissappeerd, scraching hiz hed.

But he nu Peter must be obade, and he reternd in a moment, waring Jonz hat and loocking sollem.

“Pleze, cer,” ced Peter, gowing too him, “ar u a doctor?”

Dhe differens betwene him and dhe udher boiz at such a time woz dhat dha nu it woz make-beleve, while too him make-beleve and troo wer exactly dhe same thing. Dhis sumtiamz trubld dhem, az when dha had too make-beleve dhat dha had had dhare dinnerz.

If dha broke doun in dhare make-beleve he rapt dhem on dhe nuckelz.

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

“Pleze, cer,” Peter explaind, “a lady lize verry il.”

She woz lying at dhare fete, but Sliatly had dhe cens not too ce her.

“Tut, tut, tut,” he ced, “whare duz she li?”

“In yonder glade.”

“I wil poot a glaas thing in her mouth,” ced Sliatly, and he made-beleve too doo it, while Peter wated. It woz an ancshous moment when dhe glaas thing woz widhraun.

“Hou iz she?” inqwiard Peter.

“Tut, tut, tut,” ced Sliatly, “dhis haz cuerd her.”

“I am glad!” Peter cride.

“I wil caul agane in dhe evening,” Sliatly ced; “ghiv her befe te out ov a cup widh a spout too it;” but aafter he had reternd dhe hat too Jon he bloo big breths, which woz hiz habbit on escaping from a

difficulty.

In dhe meentime dhe wood had bene alive widh dhe sound ov axe; aulmoast evvereething neded for a cozy dwelling aulreddy la at Wendeze fete.

“If oanly we nu,” ced wun, “dhe kiand ov hous she liax best.”

“Peter,” shouted anudher, “she iz mooving in her slepe.”

“Her mouth openz,” cride a therd, loocking respectfully intoo it. “O, luvly!”

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

Immejaitly, widhout opening her ize, Wendy began too cing:

“I wish I had a pritty hous,
Dhe litlest ever cene,
Widh funny littel red waulz
And roofe ov moscy grene.”

Dha ghergld widh joi at dhis, for bi dhe gratest good luc dhe braanchez dha had braut wer sticky widh red sap, and aul dhe ground woz carpetted widh mos. Az dha ratld up dhe littel hous dha broke intoo song dhemcelvz:

“Weve bilt dhe littel waulz and roofe
And made a luvly dor,
So tel us, mudher Wendy,
Whot ar u wunting mor?”

Too dhis she aancerd gredely:

“O, reyally next I thinc Ile hav
Ga windoze aul about,

Widh rozez peping in, u no,
And babeze peping out.”

Widh a blo ov dhare fists dha made windoze, and larj yello leevz
wer dhe bliandz. But rozez--?

“Rozez,” cride Peter sternly.

Qwically dha made-beleve too gro dhe luvleyest rozez up dhe waulz.

Babeze?

Too prevent Peter ordeuring babeze dha hurrede intoo song agane:

“Weve made dhe rozez peping out,
Dhe baibz ar at dhe dor,
We cannot make ourcelvz, u no,
coze weve bene made befor.”

Peter, ceying dhis too be a good ideyaa, at wuns pretended dhat it woz hiz
one. Dhe hous woz qwite butefool, and no dout Wendy woz verry cozy
widhin, dho, ov cors, dha cood no lon'gher ce her. Peter strode
up and down, ordeuring finnishing tuchez. Nuthing escaipt hiz eeghel ize.
Just when it ceemd absoluetly finnisht:

“Dhaerz no nocker on dhe dor,” he ced.

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

Absoluetly finnisht nou, dha thaut.

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

“It certainly duz nede a chimney,” ced Jon importantly. Dhis gave

Peter an ideyaa. He snacht dhe hat of Jonz hed, noct out dhe bottom [top], and poot dhe hat on dhe roofe. Dhe littel hous woz so pleezd too hav such a cappital chimney dhat, az if too sa thanc u, smoke immejaitly began too cum out ov dhe hat.

Nou reyally and trooly it woz finnisht. Nuthing remaind too doo but too noc.

“Aul looc yor best,” Peter wornd dhem; “ferst impreshonz ar aufoolly important.”

He woz glad no wun aasct him whot ferst impreshonz ar; dha wer aul too bizzy loocking dhare best.

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

Whot dhe boiz wer wundeuring woz, wood enny wun aancer dhe noc? If a lady, whot wood she be like?

Dhe dor open and a lady came out. It woz Wendy. Dha aul whipt of dhare hats.

She looct properly cerpriazd, and dhis woz just hou dha had hoapt she wood looc.

“Whare am I?” she ced.

Ov cors Sliatly woz dhe ferst too ghet hiz werd in. “Wendy lady,” he ced rappidly, “for u we bilt dhis hous.”

“O, sa yor pleezd,” cride Nibz.

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

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

Dhen aul went on dhare neze, and hoalding out dhare armz cride, “O Wendy lady, be our mudher.”

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

“Dhat duznt matter,” ced Peter, az if he wer dhe oanly person prezzent whoo nu aul about it, dho he woz reyally dhe wun whoo nu leest. “Whot we nede iz just a nice mudherly person.”

“O dere!” Wendy ced, “u ce, I fele dhat iz exactly whot 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 shoor yor fete ar damp. And befor I poot u too bed I hav just time too finnish dhe story ov Cinderellaa.”

In dha went; I doant no hou dhare woz roome for dhem, but u can sqweze verry tite in dhe Neverland. And dhat woz dhe ferst ov dhe menny joiyous evenningz dha had widh Wendy. Bi and bi she tuct dhem up in dhe grate bed in dhe home under dhe treze, but she hercelf slept dhat nite in dhe littel hous, and Peter kept woch outside widh draun sord, for dhe piraits cood be herd carouzing far awa and dhe woolvz wer on dhe proul. Dhe littel hous looct so cozy and safe in dhe darcnes, widh a brite lite showing throo its bliandz, and dhe chimney smoking butefoolly, and Peter standing on gard. Aafter a time he fel aslepe, and sum unsteddy fareze had too clime over him on dhare wa home from an orgy. Enny ov dhe udher boiz obstructing dhe fary paath at nite dha wood hav mischeeft, but dha just tweect Peterz noze and paast on.

Chapter 7 DHE HOME UNDER DHE GROUND

Wun ov dhe ferst thingz Peter did next da woz too mezhoor Wendy and Jon and Mikel for hollo treze. Hooc, u remember, had sneerd at dhe boiz for thinking dha neded a tre apece, but dhis woz ignorans, for unles yor tre fitted u it woz difficult too go up and down, and no too ov dhe boiz wer qwite dhe same cize. Wuns u fitted, u droo in [let out] yor breth at dhe top, and down u went at exactly dhe rite spede, while too ascend u droo in and let out aulternaitly, and so rigld up. Ov cors, when u hav maasterd dhe acshon u ar abel too doo dheze thingz widhout thinking ov dhem, and nuthing can be mor graisfool.

But u cimply must fit, and Peter mezhoorz u for yor tre az caerfoolly az for a sute ov cloadhz: dhe oanly differens beying dhat dhe cloadhz ar made too fit u, while u hav too be made too fit dhe tre. Uezhoowally it iz dun qwite ezely, az bi yor waring too menny garments or too fu, but if u ar bumpy in auqword placez or dhe oanly avalabel tre iz an od shape, Peter duz sum thingz too u, and aafter dhat u fit. Wuns u fit, grate care must be taken too go on fitting, and dhis, az Wendy woz too discuver too her delite, keeps a whole fammily in perfect condishon.

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

Aafter a fu daze practice dha cood go up and down az galy az buckets in a wel. And hou ardently dha groo too luv dhare home under dhe ground; espeshally Wendy. It concisted ov wun larj roome, az aul houzez shood doo, widh a flor in which u cood dig [for wermz] if u wunted too go fishing, and in dhis flor groo stout mushruimz ov a charming cullor, which wer uezd az stuilz. A Never tre tride hard too gro in dhe center ov dhe roome, but evvery morning dha saud dhe trunc throo, level widh dhe flor. Bi te-time it woz aulwaze about too fete hi, and

dhen dha poot a dor on top ov it, dhe whole dhus becumming a tabel; az soone az dha cleerd awa, dha saud of dhe trunc agane, and dhus dhare woz mor roome too pla. Dhare woz an enormous fiarplace which woz in aulmoast enny part ov dhe roome whare u caerd too lite it, and acros dhis Wendy strecht stringz, made ov fiber, from which she suspended her washing. Dhe bed woz tilted against dhe waul bi da, and let down at 6:30, when it fild neerly haaf dhe roome; and aul dhe boiz slept in it, exept Mikel, liying like sardeenzen in a tin. Dhare woz a strict roole against terning round until wun gave dhe cignal, when aul ternd at wuns. Mikel shood hav uezd it aulso, but Wendy wood hav [deziard] a baby, and he woz dhe litlest, and u no whot wimmen ar, and dhe short and long ov it iz dhat he woz hung up in a baasket.

It woz ruf and cimpel, and not unlike whot baby baerz wood hav made ov an underground hous in dhe same cercumstaancez. But dhare woz wun reces in dhe waul, no larger dhan a berd-cage, which woz dhe private apartment ov Tinker Bel. It cood be shut of from dhe rest ov dhe hous bi a tiny kertane, which Tinc, whoo woz moast fastidjous [particcular], aulwaze kept draun when drescing or undrescing. No woomman, houwever larj, cood hav had a mor exqwizzite buidwar [drescing roome] and bed-chaimber combiand. Dhe couch, az she aulwaze cauld it, woz a genuwine Qwene Mab, widh club legz; and she varede dhe bedspredz according too whot froote-blossom woz in cezon. Her mirror woz a Poos-in-Buits, ov which dhare ar nou oanly thre, unchipt, none too fary delerz; dhe washstand woz Pi-crust and revercibel, dhe chest ov drauwerz an authentic Charming dhe Cixth, and dhe carpet and rugz dhe best (dhe erly) pereyod ov Margery and Robbin. Dhare woz a chandleyer from Tidliwinx for dhe looc ov dhe thing, but ov cors she lit dhe rezzidens hercelf. Tinc woz verry contempchoowous ov dhe rest ov dhe hous, az indede woz perhaps inevvitabel, and her chaimber, dho butefool, looct raadher conceted, havving dhe apperans ov a noze permanently ternd up.

I supoze it woz aul espeshally entrancing too Wendy, becauz dhoze rampajous boiz ov herz gave her so much too doo. Reyally dhare wer whole weex when, exept perhaps widh a stocking in dhe evening, she woz never

abuv ground. Dhe coocking, I can tel u, kept her noze too dhe pot, and even if dhare woz nuthing in it, even if dhare woz no pot, she had too kepe woching dhat it came aboil just dhe same. U nevver exactly nu whedher dhare wood be a reyal mele or just a make-beleve, it aul dependedd uppon Peterz whim: he cood ete, reyally ete, if it woz part ov a game, but he cood not stoj [cram down dhe foode] just too fele stodgy [stuft widh foode], which iz whot moast children like better dhan enneething els; dhe next best thing beying too tauc about it. Make-beleve woz so reyal too him dhat jooring a mele ov it u cood ce him ghetting rounder. Ov cors it woz triying, but u cimply had too follo hiz lede, and if u cood proove too him dhat u wer ghetting looce for yor tre he let u stoj.

Wendeze favorite time for sowing and darning woz aafter dha had aul gon too bed. Dhen, az she exprest it, she had a breedhing time for hercelf; and she occupide it in making nu thingz for dhem, and pooting dubbel pecez on dhe neze, for dha wer aul moast friatfoolly hard on dhare neze.

When she sat down too a baasketfool ov dhare stockingz, evvery hele with a hole in it, she wood fling up her armz and exclame, “O dere, I am shoor I sumtiamz thinc spinsterz ar too be envede!”

Her face beemd when she exclaimd dhis.

U remember about her pet wolf. Wel, it verry soone discuverd dhat she had cum too dhe iland and it found her out, and dha just ran intoo eech udherz armz. Aafter dhat it follode her about evverewhere.

Az time wor on did she thinc much about dhe beluvved parents she had left behiand her? Dhis iz a difficult qweschon, becauz it iz qwite imposcibel too sa hou time duz ware on in dhe Neverland, whare it iz calculated bi muinz and sunz, and dhare ar ever so menny mor ov dhem dhan on dhe mainland. But I am afrade dhat Wendy did not reyally wurry about her faadher and mudher; she woz absoluetly confident dhat dha wood aulwaze kepe dhe windo open for her too fli bac bi, and dhis gave

her complete eze ov miand. Whot did disterb her at tiamz woz dhat Jon rememberd hiz parents vaigly oanly, az pepel he had wuns none, while Mikel woz qwite willing too beleve dhat she woz reyally hiz mudher. Dheze thingz scaerd her a littel, and noably ancshous too doo her jooty, she tride too fix dhe oald life in dhare miandz bi cetting dhem examinaishon paperz on it, az like az poscibel too dhe wunz she uest too doo at scoole. Dhe udher boiz thaut dhis aufoolly interesting, and incisted on joining, and dha made slaits for dhemcelvz, and sat round dhe tabel, riting and thinking hard about dhe qweschonz she had ritten on anudher slate and paast round. Dha wer dhe moast ordinary qweschonz--“Whot woz dhe cullor ov Mudherz ize? Which woz tauler, Faadher or Mudher? Woz Mudher 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 Hollidaze, or Dhe Carracterz ov Faadher and Mudher compaerd. Oanly wun ov dheze too be attempted.” Or “(1) Describe Mudherz laaf; (2) Describe Faadherz laaf; (3) Describe Mudherz Party Dres; (4) Describe dhe Kennel and its Inmate.”

Dha wer just evereda qweschonz like dheze, and when u cood not aancer dhem u wer toald too make a cros; and it woz reyally dredfool whot a number ov croscez even Jon made. Ov cors dhe oanly boi whoo replide too every qweschon woz Sliatly, and no wun cood hav bene mor hoapfool ov cumming out ferst, but hiz aancerz wer perfectly ridicculous, and he reyally came out laast: a mellancoy thing.

Peter did not compete. For wun thing he despiazd aul mudherz exept Wendy, and for anudher he woz dhe oanly boi on dhe iland whoo cood niadher rite nor spel; not dhe smaulest werd. He woz abuv aul dhat sort ov thing.

Bi dhe wa, dhe qweschonz wer aul ritten in dhe paast tens. Whot woz dhe cullor ov Mudherz ize, and so on. Wendy, u ce, had bene forghetting, too.

Advenchoorz, ov cors, az we shal ce, wer ov daly occurrens; but about dhis time Peter invented, widh Wendeze help, a nu game dhat

fascinated him enormously, until he suddenly had no more interest in it, which, as you have been told, was what always happened with his games. It consisted in pretending not to have adventures, in doing the sort of thing Jon and Mikel had been doing all day long, sitting on stumps flinging bauls in the air, pushing each other, going out for walks and coming back without having killed so much as a grizzly. Too close Peter doing nothing on a stool was a great pity; he could not help looking solemn at such times, too close still seemed to him such a comic thing to do. He boasted that he had gone walking for the good of his health. For several suns these were the most novel of all adventures to him; and Jon and Mikel had to pretend to be delighted also; otherwise he would have treated them severely.

He often went out alone, and when he came back you were never absolutely certain whether he had had an adventure or not. He might have forgotten it so completely that he said nothing about it; and then when you went out you found the body; and, on the other hand, he might see a great deal about it, and yet you could not find the body. Sometimes he came home with his head bandaged, and then Wendy came over him and baidhd it in lueqworm wauter, while he told a dazzling tale. But she was never quite sure, you know. There were, however, many adventures which she was too busy because she was in the middle herself, and there were still more that were at least partly true, for the other boys were in the middle and said they were wholly true. Too describe them all would require a book as large as an In'glish-Latin, Latin-In'glish Dictionary, and the most we can do is to give you as a specimen of an average one on the island. The difficulty is which you choose. Should we take the brush with the redskins at Sliatly Gulch? It was a sanguinary affair, and especially interesting as showing you of Peter's peculiarities, which was that in the middle of a fight he would suddenly change sides. At the Gulch, when victory was still in the balance, sometimes leaning this way and sometimes that, he called out, "I'm redskin too-da; what are you, Tootelz?" And Tootelz answered, "Redskin; what are you, Nibz?" and Nibz said, "Redskin; what are you Twin?" and so on; and they were all redskins; and of course this would have ended the fight had not the royal redskins fascinated by Peter's methods, agreed to be lost boys for that

wuns, and so at it dha aul went agane, mor feersly dhan evver.

Dhe extrordinary upshot ov dhis advenchoor woz--but we hav not decided yet dhat dhis iz dhe advenchoor we ar too narrate. Perhaps a better wun wood be dhe nite attac bi dhe redskinz on dhe hous under dhe ground, when ceveral ov dhem stuc in dhe hollo treze and had too be poold out like corx. Or we mite tel hou Peter saivd Tiagher Lilleze life in dhe Mermaidz Lagoone, and so made her hiz alli.

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

Or supoze we tel ov dhe berdz dhat wer Peterz frendz, particullarly ov dhe Never berd dhat bilt in a tre overhanging dhe lagoone, and hou dhe nest fel intoo dhe wauter, and stil dhe berd sat on her egz, and Peter gave orderz dhat she woz not too be disterbd. Dhat iz a pritty story, and dhe end shoze hou graitfool a berd can be; but if we tel it we must aulso tel dhe whole advenchoor ov dhe lagoone, which wood ov cors be telling too advenchoorz raadher dhan just wun. A shorter advenchoor, and qwite az exiting, woz Tinker Belz attempt, widh dhe help ov sum strete fareze, too hav dhe sleping Wendy convade on a grate floting lefe too dhe mainland. Forchoonaitly dhe lefe gave wa and Wendy woke, thinking it woz baath-time, and swam bac. Or agane, we mite chooze Peterz defiyans ov dhe liyonz, when he droo a cerkel round him on dhe ground widh an arro and daerd dhem too cros it; and dho he wated for ourz, widh dhe udher boiz and Wendy loocking on brethlesly from treze, not wun ov dhem daerd too axept hiz challenj.

Which ov dheze advenchoorz shal we chooze? Dhe best wa wil be too tos for it.

I hav tost, and dhe lagoone haz wun. Dhis aulmoast maix wun wish dhat dhe gulch or dhe cake or Tinx lefe had wun. Ov cors I cood doo it

agane, and make it best out ov thre; houwevver, perhaps farest too stic too dhe lagoone.

Chapter 8 DHE MERMAIDZ LAGOONE

If u shut yor ize and ar a lucky wun, u ma ce at tiamz a shaiples poole ov luvly pale cullorz suspended in dhe darcnes; dhen if u sqweze yor ize titer, dhe poole beeghinz too take shape, and dhe cullorz becum so vivid dhat widh anudher sqweze dha must go on fire. But just befor dha go on fire u ce dhe lagoone. Dhis iz dhe nerest u ever ghet too it on dhe mainland, just wun hevvenly moment; if dhare cood be too moments u mite ce dhe cerf and here dhe mermaidz cinging.

Dhe children often spent long summer daze on dhis lagoone, swimming or floting moast ov dhe time, playing dhe mermade gaimz in dhe wauter, and so forth. U must not thinc from dhis dhat dhe mermaidz wer on frendly termz widh dhem: on dhe contrary, it woz amung Wendeze laasting regrets dhat aul dhe time she woz on dhe iland she never had a civil werd from wun ov dhem. When she stole softly too dhe ej ov dhe lagoone she mite ce dhem bi dhe scor, espeshally on Maroonerz Roc, whare dha luvd too baasc, coming out dhare hare in a lazy wa dhat qwite irritated her; or she mite even swim, on tipto az it wer, too widhin a yard ov dhem, but dhen dha sau her and diavd, probbaibly splashing her widh dhare tailz, not bi axident, but intenshonally.

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

Dhe moast haunting time at which too ce dhem iz at dhe tern ov dhe moone, when dha utter strainj waling crize; but dhe lagoone iz dain'gerous for mortalz dhen, and until dhe evenning ov which we hav nou too tel, Wendy

had nevvver cene dhe lagoone bi muinlite, les from fere, for ov cors Peter wood hav accompanede her, dhan becauz she had strict ruilz about evvery wun beying in bed bi cevven. She woz often at dhe lagoone, houwevver, on sunny daze aafter rane, when dhe mermaidz cum up in extrordinary numberz too pla with dhare bubbelz. Dhe bubbelz ov menny cullorz made in rainbo wauter dha trete az baulz, hitting dhem galy from wun too anudher widh dhare tailz, and triying too kepe dhem in dhe rainbo til dha berst. Dhe goalz ar at eech end ov dhe rainbo, and dhe keperz oanly ar alloud too uze dhare handz. Sumtiamz a duzzen ov dheze gaimz wil be gowing on in dhe lagoone at a time, and it iz qwite a pritty cite.

But dhe moment dhe children tride too join in dha had too pla bi dhemcelvz, for dhe mermaidz immejaitly dissappeerd. Nevverdheles we hav proofe dhat dha ceecretly wocht dhe interloperz, and wer not abuv taking an ideyaa from dhem; for Jon introjuist a nu wa ov hitting dhe bubbel, widh dhe hed insted ov dhe hand, and dhe mermaidz adopted it. Dhis iz dhe wun marc dhat Jon haz left on dhe Neverland.

It must aulso hav bene raadher pritty too ce dhe children resting on a roc for haaf an our aafter dhare mid-da mele. Wendy incisted on dhare doowing dhis, and it had too be a rey al rest even dho dhe mele woz make-beleve. So dha la dhare in dhe sun, and dhare boddeze gliscend in it, while she sat becide dhem and looct important.

It woz wun such da, and dha wer aul on Maroonerz Roc. Dhe roc woz not much larger dhan dhare grate bed, but ov cors dha aul nu hou not too take up much roome, and dha wer dozing, or at leest liying widh dhare ize shut, and pinching occaizhonnally when dha thaut Wendy woz not loocking. She woz verry bizzy, stiching.

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

It woz not, she nu, dhat nite had cum, but sumthing az darc az nite had cum. No, wers dhan dhat. It had not cum, but it had cent dhat shivver throo dhe ce too sa dhat it woz cumming. Whot woz it?

Dhare crouded uppon her aul dhe storeze she had bene toald ov Maroonerz Roc, so cauld becauz evil captainz poot salorz on it and leve dhem dhare too droun. Dha droun when dhe tide rizez, for dhen it iz submerjd.

Ov cors she shood hav rouzd dhe children at wuns; not meerly becauz ov dhe unnone dhat woz stauking tooword dhem, but becauz it woz no lon'gher good for dhem too slepe on a roc grone chilly. But she woz a yung mudher and she did not no dhis; she thaut u cimply must stic too yor roole about haaf an our aafter dhe mid-da mele. So, dho fere woz uppon her, and she longd too here male voicez, she wood not waken dhem. Even when she herd dhe sound ov mufld orz, dho her hart woz in her mouth, she did not waken dhem. She stood over dhem too let dhem hav dhare slepe out. Woz it not brave ov Wendy?

It woz wel for dhoze boiz dhen dhat dhare woz wun among dhem 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 dhe udherz.

He stood moashonles, wun hand too hiz ere.

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

“Dive!”

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

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

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

In dhe gloome dhat dha braut widh dhem dhe too piraits did not ce dhe roc til dha crasht intoo it.

“Luf, u lubber,” cride an Irish vois dhat woz Smeze; “heerz dhe roc. Nou, dhen, whot we hav too doo iz too hoist dhe redskin on too it and leve her here too droun.”

It woz dhe werc ov wun brootal moment too land dhe butefool gherl on dhe roc; she woz too proud too offer a vane rezistans.

Qwite nere dhe roc, but out ov cite, too hedz wer bobbing up and doun, Peterz and Wendeze. Wendy woz criying, for it woz dhe ferst tradgedy she had cene. Peter had cene menny tradgedeze, but he had forgotten dhem aul. He woz les sorry dhan Wendy for Tiagher Lilly: it woz too against wun dhat an'gherd him, and he ment too save her. An ezy wa wood hav bene too wate until dhe piraits had gon, but he woz nevver wun too chooze dhe ezy wa.

Dhare woz aulmoast nuthing he cood not doo, and he nou imitated dhe vois ov Hoox.

“Ahoi dhare, u lubberz!” he cauld. It woz a marvellous imitaishon.

“Dhe captane!” ced dhe piraits, staring at eech udher in cerprize.

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

“We ar pooting dhe redskin on dhe roc,” Sme cauld out.

“Cet her fre,” came dhe astonnishing aancer.

“Fre!”

“Yes, cut her bondz and let her go.”

“But, captane--”

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

“Dhis iz qwere!” Sme gaaspt.

“Better doo whot dhe captane orderz,” ced Starky nervously.

“I, i,” Sme ced, and he cut Tiagher Lilleze cordz. At wuns like an ele she slid betwene Starkeze legz intoo dhe wauter.

Ov cors Wendy woz verry elated over Peterz clevernes; 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 woz stade even in dhe act, for “Bote ahoi!” rang over dhe lagoone in Hooch vois, and dhis time it woz not Peter whoo had spoken.

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

“Bote ahoi!” agane came dhe vois.

Nou Wendy understood. Dhe reyal Hooc woz aulso in dhe wauter.

He woz swimming too dhe bote, and az hiz men shode a lite too ghide him he had soone reecht dhem. In dhe lite ov dhe lantern Wendy sau hiz hooc grip dhe boats cide; she sau hiz evil swordhy face az he roze dripping from dhe wauter, and, qwaking, she wood hav liact too swim awa, but Peter wood not buj. He woz tin'gling widh life and aulso top-hevvy widh concete. "Am I not a wunder, o, I am a wunder!" he wisperd too her, and dho she thaut so aulso, she woz reyally glad for dhe sake ov hiz reputaishon dhat no wun herd him exept hercelf.

He ciand too her too liscen.

Dhe too piraits wer verry cureyous too no whot had braut dhare captane too dhem, but he sat widh hiz hed on hiz hooc in a pozishon ov profound mellancoly.

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

"He cize," ced Sme.

"He cize agane," ced Starky.

"And yet a therd time he cize," ced Sme.

Dhen at laast he spoke pashonaitly.

"Dhe gaimz up," he cride, "dhoze boiz hav found a mudher."

Afrited dho she woz, Wendy sweld widh pride.

"O evil da!" cride Starky.

"Whots a mudher?" aasct dhe ignorant Sme.

Wendy woz so shoct dhat she exclaimd. "He duznt no!" and aulwaze aafter dhis she felt dhat if u cood hav a pet pirate Sme wood be her wun.

Peter poold her beneeth dhe wauter, for Hooc had started up, crying, "Whot woz dhat?"

"I herd nuthing," ced Starky, razing dhe lantern over dhe wauterz, and az dhe piraits looct dha sau a strainj cite. It woz dhe nest I hav toald u ov, floting on dhe lagoone, and dhe Never berd woz citting on it.

"Ce," ced Hooc in aancer too Smeze qweschon, "dhat iz a mudher. Whot a lesson! Dhe nest must hav faulen intoo dhe wauter, but wood dhe mudher dezert her egz? No."

Dhare woz a brake in hiz vois, az if for a moment he recauld innocent daze when--but he brusht awa dhis weecnes widh hiz hooc.

Sme, much imprest, gaizd at dhe berd az dhe nest woz born paast, but dhe mor suspishous Starky ced, "If she iz a mudher, perhaps she iz hanging about here too help Peter."

Hooc winst. "I," he ced, "dhat iz dhe fere dhat haunts me."

He woz rouzd from dhis degecshon bi Smeze eegher vois.

"Captane," ced Sme, "cood we not kidnap dheze boiz mudher and make her our mudher?"

"It iz a prinsly skeme," cride Hooc, and at wuns it tooc practical shape in hiz grate brane. "We wil ceze dhe children and carry dhem too dhe bote: dhe boiz we wil make wauc dhe planc, and Wendy shal be our mudher."

Agane Wendy forgot hercelf.

“Newer!” she cride, and bobd.

“Whot woz dhat?”

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

“Dhare iz mi hand on it,” dha boath ced.

“And dhare iz mi hooc. Sware.”

Dha aul swor. Bi dhis time dha wer on dhe roc, and suddenly Hooc rememberd Tiagher Lilly.

“Whare iz dhe redskin?” he demaanded abruptly.

He had a plafool humor at moments, and dha thaut dhis woz wun ov dhe moments.

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

“Let her go!” cride Hooc.

“Twoz yor one orderz,” dhe boasn falterd.

“U cauld over dhe wauter too us too let her go,” ced Starky.

“Brimstone and gaul,” thunderd Hooc, “whot cozenning [cheting] iz gowing on here!” Hiz face had gon blac widh rage, but he sau dhat dha beleevd dhare werdz, and he woz startld. “Ladz,” he ced, shaking a littel, “I gave no such order.”

“It iz paacing qwere,” Sme ced, and dha aul fidgetted uncumfortably.

Hooc raizd hiz vois, but dhare woz a qwivver in it.

“Spirrit dhat haunts dhis darc lagoone too-nite,” he cride, “dust here me?”

Ov cors Peter shood hav kept qwiyet, but ov cors he did not. He immejaitly aancerd in Hoox vois:

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

In dhat supreme moment Hooc did not blaanch, even at dhe ghilz, but Sme and Starky clung too eech udher in terror.

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

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

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

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

Hooc tride a mor in‘graishating manner. “If u ar Hooc,” he ced aulmoast humbly, “cum tel me, whoo am I?”

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

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

“Hav we bene captaind aul dhis time bi a codfish!” dha muttered. “It iz loweuring too our pride.”

Dha wer hiz dogz snapping at him, but, tradgic figgure dho he had becum, he scaersly heded dhem. Against such feerfool evidens it woz not dhare belefe in him dhat he neded, it woz hiz one. He felt hiz ego

slipping from him. "Doant dezerd me, boolly," he whisperd horsly too it.

In hiz darc naichoor dhare woz a tuch ov dhe femminine, az in aul dhe grate piraits, and it sumtiamz gave him inchoowishonz. Suddenly he tride dhe ghescing game.

"Hooc," he cauld, "hav u anudher vois?"

Nou Peter cood never rezist a game, and he aancerd bliadhly in hiz one vois, "I hav."

"And anudher name?"

"I, i."

"Vedgetabel?" aasct Hooc.

"No."

"Minneral?"

"No."

"Annimal?"

"Yes."

"Man?"

"No!" Dhis aancer rang out scornfoolly.

"Boi?"

"Yes."

“Ordinary boi?”

“No!”

“Wunderfool boi?”

Too Wendeze pane dhe aancer dhat rang out dhis time woz “Yes.”

“Ar u in In‘gland?”

“No.”

“Ar u here?”

“Yes.”

Hooc woz compleetly puzld. “U aasc him sum qweschonz,” he ced too dhe udherz, wiping hiz damp brou.

Sme reflected. “I caant thinc ov a thing,” he ced regretfoolly.

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

Ov cors in hiz pride he woz carreying dhe game too far, and dhe miscreents [villainz] sau dhare chaans.

“Yes, yes,” dha aancerd eegherly.

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

Pan!

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

“Nou we hav him,” Hooc shouted. “Intoo dhe wauter, Sme. Starky, miand

dhe bote. Take him ded or alive!”

He leept az he spoke, and cimultainously came dhe ga vois ov Peter.

“Ar u reddy, boiz?”

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

“Dhen lam intoo dhe piraits.”

Dhe fite woz short and sharp. Ferst too drau blud woz Jon, whoo gallantly cliamd intoo dhe bote and held Starky. Dhare woz feers strughel, in which dhe cutlas woz torn from dhe piraits graasp. He rigld overbord and Jon lept aafter him. Dhe dingy drifted awa.

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

Whare aul dhis time woz Peter? He woz ceking bigher game.

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

But dhare woz wun whoo did not fere him: dhare woz wun prepaerd too enter dhat cerkel.

Strainjly, it woz not in dhe wauter dhat dha met. Hooc roze too dhe roc too breedh, and at dhe same moment Peter scaild it on dhe oppozite cide. Dhe roc woz slippery az a baul, and dha had too crawl raadher dhan clime. Niadher nu dhat dhe udher woz cumming. Eech feling for a grip met dhe udherz arm: in cerprize dha raizd dhare hedz; dhare facez wer aulmoast tuching; so dha met.

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

It woz dhen dhat Hoox bit him.

Not dhe pane ov dhis but its unfaernes woz whot daizd Peter. It made him qwite helples. He cood oanly stare, horrifide. Evvery chiald iz affected dhus dhe ferst time he iz treted unfaerly. Aul he thinx 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 never aafterwordz be qwite dhe same boi. No wun ever ghets over dhe ferst unfaernes; no wun exept Peter. He often met it, but he aulwaze forgot it. I suppoze dhat woz dhe reyal differens betwene him and aul dhe rest.

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

A fu moments aafterwordz dhe udher boiz sau Hoox in dhe wauter striking wialdly for dhe ship; no elashon on dhe pestilent face nou, oanly white fere, for dhe croccodile woz in doghed pershoote ov him. On ordinary occaizhonz dhe boiz wood hav swum alongcide chering; but nou dha wer unnezy, for dha had lost boath Peter and Wendy, and wer scouring dhe lagoone for dhem, caulng dhem bi name. Dha found dhe dingy and went home in it, shouting “Peter, Wendy” az dha went, but no aancer came save mocking laafter from dhe mermaidz. “Dha must be swimming bac or flying,” dhe boiz conclooded. Dha wer not verry ancshous, becauz dha had such faith in Peter. Dha chucl, boilike, becauz dha wood be late for bed; and it woz aul mudher Wendeze fault!

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

“Help, help!”

Too smaul figguerz wer beting against dhe roc; dhe gherl had fainted and la on dhe boiz arm. Widh a laast effort Peter poold her up dhe roc and dhen la doun becide her. Even az he aulso fainted he sau dhat dhe wauter woz rizing. He nu dhat dha wood soone be dround, but he cood doo no mor.

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

“We ar on dhe roc, Wendy,” he ced, “but it iz growing smauler. Soone dhe 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 thinc u cood swim or fli az far az dhe iland, Wendy, widhout mi help?”

She had too admit dhat she woz too tiard.

He moand.

“Whot iz it?” she aasct, anshous about him at wuns.

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

“Doo u mene we shal boath be dround?”

“Looc hou dhe wauter iz rizing.”

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

It woz dhe tale ov a kite, which Mikel had made sum daze befor. It had torn itcelf out ov hiz hand and floted awa.

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

“It lifted Mikel of dhe 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 dhe tale round her. She clung too him; she refuezd too go widhout him; but widh a “Good-bi, Wendy,” he poosht her from dhe roc; and in a fu minnuets she woz born out ov hiz cite. Peter woz alone on dhe lagoone.

Dhe roc woz verry smaul nou; soone it wood be submerjd. Pale raze ov lite tiptode acros dhe wauterz; and bi and bi dhare woz too be herd a

sound at wuns dhe moast muzical and dhe moast mellancoly in dhe werld: dhe mermaidz caulng too dhe moone.

Peter woz not qwite like udher boiz; but he woz afrade at laast. A tremmor ran throo him, like a shudder paacing over dhe ce; but on dhe ce wun shudder folloze anudher til dhare ar hundredz ov dhem, and Peter felt just dhe wun. Next moment he woz standing erect on dhe roc agane, widh dhat smile on hiz face and a drum beting widhin him. It woz saying, "Too di wil be an aufoolly big advenchoor."

Chapter 9 DHE NEVVER BERD

Dhe laast sound Peter herd befor he woz qwite alone wer dhe mermaidz retiring wun bi wun too dhare bedchaimberz under dhe ce. He woz too far awa too here dhare dorz shut; but evvery dor in dhe corral caivz whare dha liv ringz a tiny bel when it openz or clozez (az in aul dhe nicest houzez on dhe mainland), and he herd dhe belz.

Steddely dhe wauterz roze til dha wer nibling at hiz fete; and too paas dhe time until dha made dhare final gulp, he wocht dhe oanly thing on dhe lagoone. He thaut it woz a pece ov floting paper, perhaps part ov dhe kite, and wunderd iadly hou long it wood take too drift ashor.

Prezzently he notiast az an od thing dhat it woz undoutedly out uppon dhe lagoone widh sum deffinite perpoce, for it woz fiting dhe tide, and sumtiamz winning; and when it wun, Peter, aulwaze cimpaithetic too dhe weker cide, cood not help clapping; it woz such a gallant pece ov paper.

It woz not reyally a pece ov paper; it woz dhe Nevver berd, making desperate efforts too reech Peter on dhe nest. Bi werking her wingz, in a wa she had lernd cins dhe nest fel intoo dhe wauter, she woz abel too

sum extent too ghide her strainj craaft, but bi dhe time Peter reccogniazd her she woz verry exausted. She had cum too save him, too ghiv him her nest, dho dhare wer egz in it. I raadher wunder at dhe berd, for dho he had bene nice too her, he had aulso sumtiamz tormented her. I can suppoze oanly dhat, like Mrs. Darling and dhe rest ov dhem, she woz melted becauz he had aul hiz ferst teeth.

She cauld out too him whot she had cum for, and he cauld out too her whot she woz doowing dhare; but ov cors niadher ov dhem understood dhe udherz lan'gwage. In fancefool storeze pepel can tauc too dhe berdz frely, and I wish for dhe moment I cood pretend dhat dhis wer such a story, and sa dhat Peter replide intelligently too dhe Never berd; but truth iz best, and I wunt too tel u oanly whot reyally happend. Wel, not oanly cood dha not understand eech udher, but dha forgot dhare mannerz.

“I-wunt-u-too-ghet-intoo-dhe-nest,” dhe berd cauld, speking az sloly and distinctly az poscibel, “and-dhen-u-can-drift-ashor, but-I-am-too-tiard-too-bring-it-enny-nerer-so-u-must-tri too-swim-too-it.”

“Whot ar u qwacking about?” Peter aancerd. “Whi doant u let dhe nest drift az uezhoowal?”

“I-wunt-u--” dhe berd ced, and repeted it aul over.

Dhen Peter tride slo and distinct.

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

Dhe Never 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 woz caulng him naimz, and at a venchoor he retorted

hotly:

“So ar u!”

Dhen raadher cureyously dha boath snapt out dhe same remarc:

“Shut up!”

“Shut up!”

Newverdheles dhe berd woz determiand too save him if she cood, and bi wun laast mity effort she propeld dhe nest against dhe roc. Dhen up she flu; dezerting her egz, so az too make her mening clere.

Dhen at laast he understood, and clucht dhe nest and waivd hiz thanx too dhe berd az she flutterd overhed. It woz not too receive hiz thanx, houwever, dhat she hung dhare in dhe ski; it woz not even too woch him ghet intoo dhe nest; it woz too ce whot he did widh her egz.

Dhare wer too larj white egz, and Peter lifted dhem up and reflected. Dhe berd cuverd her face widh her wingz, so az not too ce dhe laast ov dhem; but she cood not help peping betwene dhe fedherz.

I forghet whedher I hav toald u dhat dhare woz a stave on dhe roc, drivven intoo it bi sum buccaneerz ov long ago too marc dhe cite ov berrede trezhoor. Dhe children had discuverd dhe glitteuring hord, and when in a mischevous moode uest too fling shouwerz ov moidorz, dimondz, perlz and pecez ov ate too dhe gulz, whoo pounst uppon dhem for foode, and dhen flu awa, raging at dhe skervy tric dhat had bene plade uppon dhem. Dhe stave woz stil dhare, and on it Starky had hung hiz hat, a depe tarpaulin, wautertite, widh a braud brim. Peter poot dhe egz intoo dhis hat and cet it on dhe lagoone. It floted butefoolly.

Dhe Nevver berd sau at wuns whot he woz up too, and screemd her admiraishon ov him; and, alas, Peter crode hiz agreement widh her. Dhen he got intoo dhe nest, reerd dhe stave in it az a maast, and hung up hiz

shert for a sale. At dhe same moment dhe berd flutterd doun uppon dhe hat and wuns mor sat snugly on her egz. She drifted in wun direcshon, and he woz born of in anudher, boath chering.

Ov cors when Peter landed he beecht hiz barc [smaul ship, acchoowally dhe Never Berdz nest in dhis particcular cace in point] in a place whare dhe berd wood ezely fiand it; but dhe hat woz such a grate suxes dhat she abandond dhe nest. It drifted about til it went too pecez, and often Starky came too dhe shor ov dhe lagoone, and widh menny bitter felingz wocht dhe berd citting on hiz hat. Az we shal not ce her agane, it ma be werth menshonning here dhat aul Never berdz nou bild in dhat shape ov nest, widh a braud brim on which dhe youngsterz take an aring.

Grate wer dhe rejoicingz when Peter reecht dhe home under dhe ground aulmoast az soone az Wendy, whoo had bene carrede hidher and dhidher bi dhe kite. Evvery boi had advenchoorz too tel; but perhaps dhe highest advenchoor ov aul woz dhat dha wer cevveral ourz late for bed. Dhis so inflated dhem dhat dha did vareyouz dodgy thingz too ghet staying up stil lon'gher, such az demaanding bandagez; but Wendy, dho gloreying in havving dhem aul home agane safe and sound, woz scandaliazd bi dhe laitnes ov dhe our, and cride, "Too bed, too bed," in a vois dhat had too be obade. Next da, houwever, she woz aufoolly tender, and gave out bandagez too evvery wun, and dha plade til bed-time at limping about and carreying dhare armz in slingz.

Chapter 10 DHE HAPPY HOME

Wun important rezult ov dhe brush [widh dhe piraits] on dhe lagoone woz dhat it made dhe redskinz dhare frendz. Peter had saivd Tiagher Lilly from a dredfool fate, and nou dhare woz nuthing she and her braivz wood not doo for him. Aul nite dha sat abuv, keping woch over dhe home under dhe ground and awating dhe big attac bi dhe piraits which obveyously

cood not be much lon'gher delade. Even bi da dha hung about, smoking dhe pipe ov pece, and loocking aulmoast az if dha wunted tit-bits too etc.

Dha cauld Peter dhe Grate White Faadher, prostrating dhemcelvz [liying doun] befor him; and he liact dhis tremendously, so dhat it woz not reyally good for him.

“Dhe grate white faadher,” he wood sa too dhem in a verry lordly manner, az dha grovveld at hiz fete, “iz glad too ce dhe Piccaninny worreyorz protecting hiz wigwam from dhe piraits.”

“Me Tiagher Lilly,” dhat luvly creechoor wood repli. “Peter Pan save me, me hiz velly nice frend. Me no let piraits hert him.”

She woz far too pritty too crinj in dhis wa, but Peter thaut it hiz joo, and he wood aancer condescendingly, “It iz good. Peter Pan haz spoken.”

Aulwaze 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 dhe udher boiz, whoome dha looct uppon az just ordinary braivz. Dha ced “Hou-doo?” too dhem, and thingz like dhat; and whot annoid dhe boiz woz dhat Peter ceemd too thinc dhis aul rite.

Ceecretly Wendy cimpaithiazd widh dhem a littel, but she woz far too loiyal a houswife too liscen too enny complaints against faadher. “Faadher noze best,” she aulwaze ced, whottever her private opinyon must be. Her private opinyon woz dhat dhe redskinz shood not caul her a sqwau.

We hav nou reecht dhe evenning dhat woz too be none amung dhem az dhe Nite ov Niats, becauz ov its advenchoorz and dhare upshot. Dhe da, az if qwiyetly gadheuring its forcez, had bene aulmoast unneventfool, and nou dhe redskinz in dhare blankets wer at dhare poasts abuv, while, belo, dhe children wer havving dhare evenning mele; aul exept Peter, whoo had gon out too ghet dhe time. Dhe wa u got dhe time on dhe iland woz too fiand dhe croccodile, and dhen sta nere him til dhe cloc struc.

Dhe mele happend too be a make-beleve te, and dha sat around dhe bord, guzling in dhare grede; and reyally, whot widh dhare chatter and recriminaishonz, dhe noiz, az Wendy ced, woz pozzitiavly deffenning. Too be shoor, she did not miand noiz, but she cimply wood not hav dhem grabbing thingz, and dhen excuzing dhemcelvz bi saying dhat Tootelz had poosht dhare elbo. Dhare woz a fixt roole dhat dha must never hit bac at meelz, but shood refer dhe matter ov dispute too Wendy bi razing dhe rite arm poliatly and saying, "I complane ov so-and-so;" but whot uezhoowally happend woz dhat dha forgot too doo dhis or did it too much.

"Cilens," cride Wendy when for dhe twenteyeth time she had toald dhem 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.

Dhis woz telling, and Sliatly ceezd hiz chaans.

"I complane ov Nibz," he cride promptly.

Jon, houwever, had held up hiz hand ferst.

"Wel, Jon?"

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

"Cit in faadherz chare, Jon!" Wendy woz scandaliazd. "Certainly not."

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

Dhis woz grumbling. "We complane ov Jon," cride dhe twinz.

Tootelz held up hiz hand. He woz so much dhe humblest ov dhem, indede he woz dhe oonly humbel wun, dhat Wendy woz speshally gentel widh him.

“I doant suppoze,” Tootelz ced diffidently [bashfoolly or timmidly],
“dhat I cood be faadher.”

“No, Tootelz.”

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

“Az I caant be faadher,” he ced hevvely, “I doant suppoze, Mikel, u wood let me be baby?”

“No, I woant,” Mikel rapt out. He woz aulreddy in hiz baasket.

“Az I caant be baby,” Tootelz ced, ghetting hevveyer and hevveyer and hevveyer, “doo u thinc I cood be a twin?”

“No, indede,” replide dhe twinz; “its aufoolly difficult too be a twin.”

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

“No,” dha aul replide.

Dhen at laast he stopt. “I hadnt reyally enny hope,” he ced.

Dhe haitfool telling broke out agane.

“Sliatly iz coffing on dhe tabel.”

“Dhe twinz began widh cheze-caix.”

“Kerly iz taking boath butter and hunny.”

“Nibz iz speking widh hiz mouth fool.”

“I complane ov dhe twinz.”

“I complane ov Kerly.”

“I complane ov Nibz.”

“O dere, o dere,” cride Wendy, “Ime shoor I sumtiamz thinc dhat spinsterz ar too be envede.”

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

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

“I must hav sumboddy in a cradel,” she ced aulmoast tartly, “and u ar dhe litlest. A cradel iz such a nice hoamly thing 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, dhis, in dhe home under dhe ground, but we ar locking on it for dhe laast time.

Dhare woz a step abuv, and Wendy, u ma be shoor, woz dhe ferst too reccognize it.

“Children, I here yor faadherz step. He liax u too mete him at dhe dor.”

Abuv, dhe redskinz croucht befor Peter.

“Woch wel, braivz. I hav spoken.”

And dhen, az so often befor, dhe ga children dragd him from hiz tre. Az so often befor, but never agane.

He had braut nuts for dhe boiz az wel az dhe correct time for Wendy.

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

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

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

“I complane ov Mikel,” ced Kerly instantly.

Dhe ferst twin came too Peter. “Faadher, we wunt too daans.”

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

“But we wunt u too daans.”

Peter woz reyally dhe best daancer among dhem, but he pretended too be scandaliazd.

“Me! Mi oald boanz wood rattel!”

“And mummy too.”

“Whot,” cride Wendy, “dhe mudher ov such an armfool, daans!”

“But on a Satterda nite,” Sliatly incinnuwated.

It woz not reyally Satterda nite, at leest it ma hav bene, for dha had long lost count ov dhe daze; but aulwaze if dha wunted too doo enneething speshal dha ced dhis woz Satterda nite, and dhen dha did it.

“Ov cors 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 niteze ferst.

“Aa, oald lady,” Peter ced acide too Wendy, worming himself bi dhe fire and loocking doun at her az she sat terning a hele, “dhare iz nuthing mor plezzant ov an evening for u and me when dhe daze toil iz over dhan too rest bi dhe fire widh dhe littel wunz nere bi.”

“It iz swete, Peter, iznt it?” Wendy ced, friatfoolly grattifide.
“Peter, I thinc Kerly haz yor noze.”

“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 cors, I hav nou paast mi best, but u doant wunt too [ex]chainj me, doo u?”

“No, Wendy.”

Certainly he did not wunt a chainj, but he looct at her uncumfortaibly, blinking, u no, like wun not shoor whedher he woz awake or aslepe.

“Peter, whot iz it?”

“I woz just thinking,” he ced, a littel scaerd. “It iz oanly make-beleve, iznt it, dhat I am dhare faadher?”

“O yes,” Wendy ced primly [formally and propperly].

“U ce,” he continnude apologetically, “it wood make me ceme so oald too be dhare reyal faadher.”

“But dha ar ourz, Peter, yorz and mine.”

“But not reyally, 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, “whot ar yor exact felingz too [about] me?”

“Dhoze ov a devoted sun, Wendy.”

“I thaut so,” she ced, and went and sat bi hercelf at dhe extreme end ov dhe roome.

“U ar so qwere,” he ced, francly puzld, “and Tiagher Lilly iz just dhe same. Dhare iz sumthing she wunts too be too me, but she cez it iz not mi mudher.”

“No, indede, it iz not,” Wendy replide widh friatfool emfacis. Nou we no whi she woz predjoodiast against dhe redskinz.

“Dhen whot iz it?”

“It iznt for a lady too tel.”

“O, verry wel,” Peter ced, a littel netld. “Perhaps Tinker Bel wil tel me.”

“O yes, Tinker Bel wil tel u,” Wendy retorted scornfoolly. “She iz an abandond littel creechoor.”

Here Tinc, whoo woz in her bedroome, eevzdropping, sqweect out sumthing impudent.

“She cez she gloreze in beying abandond,” Peter interpreted.

He had a sudden ideyaa. “Perhaps Tinc wunts too be mi mudher?”

“U cilly as!” cride Tinker Bel in a pashon.

She had ced it so often dhat Wendy neded no tranzlaishon.

“I aulmoast agry widh her,” Wendy snapt. Fancy Wendy snapping! But she had bene much tride, and she littel nu whot woz too happen befor dhe nite woz out. If she had none she wood not hav snapt.

Nun ov dhem nu. Perhaps it woz best not too no. Dhare ignorans gave dhem wun mor glad our; and az it woz too be dhare laast our on dhe 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 woz, in which dha pretended too be fritend at dhare one shaddoze, littel witting dhat so soone shaddoze wood cloze in uppon dhem, from whoome dha wood shrinc in reyal fere. So uproreously ga woz dhe daans, and hou dha buffetted eech udher on dhe bed and out ov it! It woz a pillo fite raadher dhan a daans, and when it woz finnisht, dhe pilloze incisted on wun bout mor, like partnerz whoo no dhat dha ma never mete agane. Dhe storeze dha toald, befor it woz time for Wendeze good-nite story! Even Sliatly tride too tel a story dhat nite, but dhe beeghinning woz so feerfoolly dul dhat it appauld not oonly dhe udherz but himcelf, and he ced gloomely:

“Yes, it iz a dul beeghinning. I sa, let us pretend dhat it iz dhe end.”

And dhen at laast dha aul got intoo bed for Wendeze story, dhe story dha luvd best, dhe story Peter hated. Uezhoowally when she began too tel dhis story he left dhe roome or poot hiz handz over hiz eerz; and pocsibly if he had dun iadher ov dhoze thingz dhis time dha mite aul stil be on

dhe iland. But too-nite he remaind on hiz stoole; and we shal ce whot happend.

Chapter 11 WENDEZE STORY

“Liscen, dhen,” ced Wendy, cetling down too her story, widh Mikel at her fete and ceven boiz in dhe bed. “Dhare woz wuns a gentelman--”

“I had raadher he had bene a lady,” Kerly ced.

“I wish he had bene a white rat,” ced Nibz.

“Qwiyet,” dhare mudher admonnisht [caushond] dhem. “Dhare woz a lady aulso, and--”

“O, mummy,” cride dhe ferst twin, “u mene dhat dhare iz a lady aulso, doant u? She iz not ded, iz she?”

“O, no.”

“I am aufoolly glad she iznt ded,” ced Tootelz. “Ar u glad, Jon?”

“Ov cors I am.”

“Ar u glad, Nibz?”

“Raadher.”

“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, houwever beestly a story it mite be in hiz opinyon.

“Dhe gentelmann name,” Wendy continnude, “woz Mr. Darling, and her name woz Mrs. Darling.”

“I nu dhem,” Jon ced, too annoi dhe udherz.

“I thinc I nu dhem,” ced Mikel raadher doutfoolly.

“Dha wer marrede, u no,” explaind Wendy, “and whot doo u thinc dha had?”

“White rats,” cride Nibz, inspiard.

“No.”

“Its aufoolly puzling,” ced Tootelz, whoo nu dhe story bi hart.

“Qwiyet, Tootelz. Dha had thre descendants.”

“Whot iz descendants?”

“Wel, u ar wun, Twin.”

“Did u here dhat, Jon? I am a descendant.”

“Descendants ar oanly children,” ced Jon.

“O dere, o dere,” cide Wendy. “Nou dheze thre children had a faithfool ners cauld Naanaa; but Mr. Darling woz an‘gry widh her and chaind her up in dhe yard, and so aul dhe children flu awa.”

“Its an aufoolly good story,” ced Nibz.

“Dha flu awa,” Wendy continnude, “too dhe Neverland, whare dhe lost children ar.”

“I just thaut dha did,” Kerly broke in excitedly. “I doant no hou it iz, but I just thaut dha did!”

“O Wendy,” cride Tootelz, “woz wun ov dhe lost children cauld Tootelz?”

“Yes, he woz.”

“I am in a story. Hurraa, I am in a story, Nibz.”

“Hush. Nou I wunt u too concidder dhe felingz ov dhe unhappy parents widh aul dhare children flone awa.”

“Oo!” dha aul moand, dho dha wer not reyally conciddeuring dhe felingz ov dhe unhappy parents wun jot.

“Thinc ov dhe empty bedz!”

“Oo!”

“Its aufoolly sad,” dhe ferst twin ced cheerfoolly.

“I doant ce hou it can hav a happy ending,” ced dhe cecond twin. “Doo u, Nibz?”

“Ime friatfoolly ancshous.”

“If u nu hou grate iz a mudherz luv,” Wendy toald dhem triyumfantly, “u wood hav no fere.” She had nou cum too dhe part dhat Peter hated.

“I doo like a mudherz luv,” ced Tootelz, hitting Nibz widh a pillo.
“Doo u like a mudherz luv, Nibz?”

“I doo just,” ced Nibz, hitting bac.

“U ce,” Wendy ced complacently, “our herrowine nu dhat dhe mudher wood aulwaze leve dhe windo open for her children too fli bac bi; so dha stade awa for yeerz 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 dhe fuechoor;” and dha aul gave dhemcelvz dhe twist dhat maix peeps intoo dhe fuechoor ezeyer. “Yeerz hav roald bi, and whoo iz dhis 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--dhe fare Wendy!”

“O!”

“And whoo ar dhe too nobel portly figguerz accompaneying her, nou grone too manz estate? Can dha be Jon and Mikel? Dha ar!”

“O!”

“Ce, dere brudherz,' cez Wendy pointing upwordz, dhare iz dhe windo stil standing open. Aa, nou we ar reworded for our sublime faith in a mudherz luv.' So up dha flu too dhare mummy and daddy, and pen cannot describe dhe happy cene, over which we drau a vale.”

Dhat woz dhe story, and dha wer az pleezd widh it az dhe fare narrator hercelf. Evverething just az it shood be, u ce. Of we skip like dhe moast hartles thingz in dhe werld, which iz whot children ar, but so attractive; and we hav an entiarly celfish time, and dhen when we hav nede ov speshal attenshon we noably retern for it, confident dhat we shal be reworded insted ov smact.

So grate indede woz dhare faith in a mudherz luv dhat dha felt dha cood afford too be callous for a bit lon'gher.

But dhare woz wun dhare whoo nu better, and when Wendy finnisht he utterd a hollo grone.

“Whot iz it, Peter?” she cride, running too him, thinking he woz il. She felt him solicitously, lower doun dhan hiz chest. “Whare iz it, Peter?”

“It iznt dhat kiand ov pane,” Peter replide darcly.

“Dhen whot kiand iz it?”

“Wendy, u ar rong about mudherz.”

Dha aul gadherd round him in afrite, so alarming woz hiz agitaishon; and with a fine candor he toald dhem whot he had hidhertoo conceeld.

“Long ago,” he ced, “I thaut like u dhat mi mudher wood aulwaze kepe dhe windo open for me, so I stade awa for muinz and muinz and muinz, and dhen flu bac; but dhe windo woz bard, for mudher had forgotten aul about me, and dhare woz anudher littel boi sleping in mi bed.”

I am not shoor dhat dhis woz troo, but Peter thaut it woz troo; and it scaerd dhem.

“Ar u shoor mudherz ar like dhat?”

“Yes.”

So dhis woz dhe truth about mudherz. Dhe toadz!

Stil it iz best too be caerfool; and no wun noze so qwicly az a chiald when he shood ghiv in. “Wendy, let us [lets] go home,” cride Jon and

Mikel tuighedher.

“Yes,” she ced, cluching dhem.

“Not too-nite?” aasct dhe lost boiz bewilderd. Dha nu in whot dha cauld dhare harts dhat wun can ghet on qwite wel widhout a mudher, and dhat it iz oonly dhe mudherz whoo thinc u caant.

“At wuns,” Wendy replide rezzoluetly, for dhe horribel thaut had cum too her: “Perhaps mudher iz in haaf morning bi dhis time.”

Dhis dred made her forghetfool ov whot must be Peterz felingz, and she ced too him raadher sharply, “Peter, wil u make dhe nescessary arrainjments?”

“If u wish it,” he replide, az cooly az if she had aasct him too paas dhe nuts.

Not so much az a sorry-too-looze-u betwene dhem! If she did not miand dhe parting, he woz gowing too sho her, woz Peter, dhat niadher did he.

But ov cors he caerd verry much; and he woz so fool ov roth against grone-ups, whoo, az uezhoowal, wer spoiling evvereething, dhat az soone az he got incide hiz tre he breedhd intenshonally qwic short breths at dhe rate ov about five too a cecond. He did dhis becauz dhare iz a saying in dhe Neverland dhat, evvery time u breedh, a grone-up dize; and Peter woz killing dhem of vindictiavly az faast az poscibel.

Dhen havving ghivven dhe nescessary instrucshonz too dhe redskinz he reternd too dhe home, whare an unwerdhy cene had bene enacted in hiz abcens. Pannic-stricken at dhe thaut ov loozing Wendy dhe lost boiz had advaanst uppon her thretteningly.

“It wil be wers dhan befor she came,” dha cride.

“We shaant let her go.”

“Lets kepe her prizzonner.”

“I, chane her up.”

In her extremmity an instinct toald her too which ov dhem too tern.

“Tootelz,” she cride, “I appele too u.”

Woz it not strainj? She appeeld too Tootelz, qwite dhe cilleyest wun.

Grandly, houwever, did Tootelz respond. For dhat wun moment he dropt hiz cillenes and spoke widh dignity.

“I am just Tootelz,” he ced, “and noboddy miandz me. But dhe 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 woz at noone. Dhe udherz held bac unnezely. Dhen Peter reternd, and dha sau at wuns dhat dha wood ghet no support from him. He wood kepe no gherl in dhe Newerland against her wil.

“Wendy,” he ced, striding up and down, “I hav aasct dhe redskinz too ghide u throo dhe wood, az fliying tiarz u so.”

“Thanc u, Peter.”

“Dhen,” he continnude, in dhe short sharp vois ov wun accustomd too be obade, “Tinker Bel wil take u acros dhe ce. Wake her, Nibz.”

Nibz had too noc twice befor he got an aancer, dho Tinc had reyally bene citting up in bed liscenning 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 cors Tinc had bene delited too here dhat Wendy woz gowing; but she woz jolly wel determiand not too be her cooreyer, and she ced so in stil mor offensive lan'gwage. Dhen she pretended too be aslepe agane.

“She cez she woant!” Nibz exclaimd, agaast at such insubbordinaishon, wharuppon Peter went sternly tooword dhe yung ladeze chaimber.

“Tinc,” he rapt out, “if u doant ghet up and dres at wuns I wil open dhe kertainz, and dhen we shal aul ce u in yor negligy [niatgoun].”

Dhis made her lepe too dhe flor. “Whoo ced I woznt ghetting up?” she cride.

In dhe meentime dhe boiz wer gazing verry forlornly at Wendy, nou eqwipt widh Jon and Mikel for dhe gerny. Bi dhis time dha wer degeted, not meerly becauz dha wer about too looze her, but aulso becauz dha felt dhat she woz gowing of too sumthing nice too which dha had not bene invited. Novelty woz beconning too dhem az uezhoowal.

Credditting dhem widh a noabler feling Wendy melted.

“Dere wunz,” she ced, “if u wil aul cum widh me I fele aulmoast shoor I can ghet mi faadher and mudher too adopt u.”

Dhe invitaishon woz ment speshally for Peter, but eech ov dhe boiz woz thinking excloociavly ov himcelf, and at wuns dha jumpt widh joi.

“But woant dha thinc us raadher a handfool?” Nibz aasct in dhe middel ov hiz jump.

“O no,” ced Wendy, rappidly thinking it out, “it wil oanly mene havving a fu bedz in dhe drauwing-roome; dha can be hidden behiand dhe screenz on ferst Therzdaze.”

“Peter, can we go?” dha aul cride imploringly. Dha tooc it for graanted dhat if dha went he wood go aulso, but reyally dha scaersly caerd. Dhus children ar ever reddy, when novvelty nox, too dezert dhare derest wunz.

“Aul rite,” Peter replide widh a bitter smile, and immejaitly dha rusht too ghet dhare thingz.

“And nou, Peter,” Wendy ced, thinking she had poot evvereething rite, “I am gowing too ghiv u yor meddicine befor u go.” She luvd too ghiv dhem meddicine, and undoutedly gave dhem too much. Ov cors it woz oonly wauter, but it woz out ov a bottel, and she aulwaze shooc dhe bottel and counted dhe drops, which gave it a certane medicinal qwollity. On dhis occaizhon, houwever, 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 thingz, Peter,” she cride, shaking.

“No,” he aancerd, pretending indifferens, “I am not gowing widh u, Wendy.”

“Yes, Peter.”

“No.”

Too sho dhat her deparchoor wood leve him unmuivd, he skipt up and doun dhe roome, playing galy on hiz hartles piaps. She had too run about aafter him, dho it woz raadher undignifide.

“Too fiand yor mudher,” she coaxt.

Nou, if Peter had ever qwite had a mudher, he no lon‘gher mist her. He cood doo verry wel widhout wun. He had thaut dhem out, and rememberd oonly dhare bad points.

“No, no,” he toald Wendy deciciavly; “perhaps she wood sa I woz oald, and I just wunt aulwaze too be a littel boi and too hav fun.”

“But, Peter--”

“No.”

And so dhe udherz had too be toald.

“Peter iznt cumming.”

Peter not cumming! Dha gaizd blantly at him, dhare stix over dhare bax, and on eech stic a bundel. Dhare ferst thaut woz dhat if Peter woz not gowing he had probbaibly chainjd hiz miand about letting dhem go.

But he woz far too proud for dhat. “If u fiand yor mudherz,” he ced darcly, “I hope u wil like dhem.”

Dhe aufool cinicizm ov dhis made an uncumfortabel impreshon, and moast ov dhem began too looc raadher doutfool. Aafter aul, dhare facez ced, wer dha not noodelz too wunt too go?

“Nou dhen,” cride Peter, “no fus, no blubbeuring; good-bi, Wendy;” and he held out hiz hand cherey, qwite az if dha must reyally go nou, for he had sumthing important too doo.

She had too take hiz hand, and dhare woz no indicaishon dhat he wood prefer a thimbel.

“U wil remember about chain‘ging yor flannelz, Peter?” she ced, lin‘gheuring over him. She woz aulwaze so particcular about dhare flannelz.

“Yes.”

“And u wil take yor meddicine?”

“Yes.”

Dhat ceemd too be ewereething, and an auqword pauz follode. Peter, houwever, woz not dhe kiand dhat braix doun befor udher pepel. “Ar u reddy, Tinker Bel?” he cauld out.

“I, i.”

“Dhen lede dhe wa.”

Tinc darted up dhe nerest tre; but no wun follode her, for it woz at dhis moment dhat dhe piraits made dhare dredfool attac uppon dhe redskinz. Abuv, whare aul had bene so stil, dhe are woz rent widh shreex and dhe clash ov stele. Belo, dhare woz ded cilens. Mouths opend and remaind open. Wendy fel on her neze, but her armz wer extended tooword Peter. Aul armz wer extended too him, az if suddenly blone in hiz direcshon; dha wer beceeching him muetly not too dezert dhem. Az for Peter, he ceezd hiz sord, dhe same he thaut he had slane Barbecu widh, and dhe lust ov battel woz in hiz i.

Chapter 12 DHE CHILDREN AR CARREDE OF

Dhe pirate attac had bene a complete cerprize: a shoor prooffe dhat dhe unscroopulous Hooch had conducted it improperly, for too cerprize redskinz faerly iz beyond dhe wit ov dhe white man.

Bi aul dhe unwritten lauz ov savage worfare it iz aulwaze dhe redskin whoo attax, and widh dhe wilenes ov hiz race he duz it just befor dhe daun, at which time he noze dhe currage ov dhe whiats too be at its lowest eb. Dhe white men hav in dhe meentime made a roode stoccade on dhe summit ov yonder unjoolating ground, at dhe foot ov which a streme runz, for it iz destrucshon too be too far from wauter. Dhare dha awate

dhe onslaut, dhe inxpereyenst wunz cluching dhare revolverz and treding on twigz, but dhe oald handz sleping tranqwilly until just befor dhe daun. Throo dhe long blac nite dhe savage scouts righel, snake-like, amung dhe graas widhout steuring a blade. Dhe brushwood clozez behiand dhem, 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 dhe loanly caul ov dhe coiyoty. Dhe cri iz aancerd bi udher braivz; and sum ov dhem doo it even better dhan dhe coiyoteze, whoo ar not verry good at it. So dhe chil ourz ware on, and dhe long suspens iz horribly trying too dhe paleface whoo haz too liv throo it for dhe ferst time; but too dhe traird hand dhoze gaastly caulz and stil gaastleyer cilencez ar but an intimaishon ov hou dhe nite iz marching.

Dhat dhis woz dhe uezhoowal procejoor woz so wel none too Hooe dhat in disregarding it he cannot be excuezd on dhe ple ov ignorans.

Dhe Piccaninneze, on dhare part, trusted impliscitly too hiz onnor, and dhare whole acshon ov dhe nite standz out in marct contraast too hiz. Dha left nuthing undun dhat woz concistent widh dhe reputaishon ov dhare tribe. Widh dhat alertnes ov dhe cencez which iz at wuns dhe marvel and despere ov civiliazd pepelz, dha nu dhat dhe piraits wer on dhe iland from dhe moment wun ov dhem trod on a dri stic; and in an increddiably short space ov time dhe coiyoty crize began. Evvery foot ov ground betwene dhe spot whare Hooe had landed hiz forcez and dhe home under dhe treze woz stelhely exammiand bi braivz waring dhare mocascinz widh dhe heelz in frunt. Dha found oanly wun hilloc widh a streme at its bace, so dhat Hooe had no chois; here he must establish himcelf and wate for just befor dhe daun. Evvereething beying dhus mapt out widh aulmoast diyabollical cunning, dhe mane boddy ov dhe redskinz foalded dhare blankets around dhem, and in dhe flegmatic manner dhat iz too dhem, dhe perl ov manhood sqwotted abuv dhe childrenz home, awating dhe coald moment when dha shood dele pale deth.

Here dreeming, dho wide-awake, ov dhe exqwizzite torchoorz too which dha wer too poot him at brake ov da, dhoze confiding savvagez wer found bi dhe trecherous Hooe. From dhe accounts aafterwordz suplide bi such

ov dhe scouts az escaipt dhe carnage, he duz not ceme even too hav pauzd at dhe rizing ground, dho it iz certane dhat in dhat gra lite he must hav cene it: no thaut ov wating too be attact appeerz from ferst too laast too hav vizzitted hiz suttel miand; he wood not even hoald of til dhe nite woz neerly spent; on he pounded widh no pollicy but too faul too [ghet intoo combat]. Whot cood dhe bewilderd scouts doo, maasterz az dha wer ov evvery wor-like artifice save dhis wun, but trot helplesly aafter him, expozing dhemcelvz fatally too vu, while dha gave paithetic utterans too dhe coiyoty cri.

Around dhe brave Tiagher Lilly wer a duzzen ov her stoutest worreyorz, and dha suddenly sau dhe perfidjous piraits baring down uppon dhem. Fel from dhare ize dhen dhe film throo which dha had looct at victory. No mor wood dha torchoor at dhe stake. For dhem dhe happy hunting-groundz woz nou. Dha nu it; but az dhare faadherz sunz dha aqwitted dhemcelvz. Even dhen dha had time too gadher in a falanx [dens formaishon] dhat wood hav bene hard too brake had dha rizen qwicly, but dhis dha wer forbidden too doo bi dhe tradishonz ov dhare race. It iz ritten dhat dhe nobel savage must never expres cerprize in dhe prezzens ov dhe white. Dhus terribel az dhe sudden apperans ov dhe piraits must hav bene too dhem, dha remaind staishonary for a moment, not a muscel mooving; az if dhe fo had cum bi invitaishon. Dhen, indede, dhe tradishon gallantly upheld, dha ceezd dhare wepponz, and dhe are woz torn widh dhe wor-cri; but it woz nou too late.

It iz no part ov ourz too describe whot woz a massaker raadher dhan a fite. Dhus perrisht menny ov dhe flouwer ov dhe Piccaninny tribe. Not aul unnavenjd did dha di, for widh Lene Woolf fel Alf Mason, too disterb dhe Spannish Mane no mor, and amung udherz whoo bit dhe dust wer Jo. Scory, Chaz. Terly, and dhe Alsaishan Fogherty. Terly fel too dhe tomahauc ov dhe terribel Panther, whoo ultimaitly cut a wa throo dhe piraits widh Tiagher Lilly and a smaual remnant ov dhe tribe.

Too whot extent Hooc iz too blame for hiz tactix on dhis occaizhon iz for dhe historeyan too decide. Had he wated on dhe rizing ground til dhe propper our he and hiz men wood probbaibly hav bene boocherd; and in

judging him it iz oonly fare too take dhis intoo account. Whot he shood perhaps hav dun woz too aquwaint hiz opponents dhat he propoazd too follo a nu method. On dhe udher hand, dhis, az destroyng dhe ellement ov cerprize, wood hav made hiz strategy ov no avale, so dhat dhe whole qweschon iz becet widh difficulteze. Wun cannot at leest widhhoald a reluctant admiraishon for dhe wit dhat had conceevd so boald a skeme, and dhe fel [dedly] geenyus widh which it woz carrede out.

Whot wer hiz one felngz about himcelf at dhat triyumfant moment? Fane [gladly] wood hiz dogz hav none, az breedhing hevvely and wiping dhare cutlascez, dha gadherd at a discrete distans from hiz hooch, and sqwinted throo dhare ferret ize at dhis extrordinary man. Elaishon must hav bene in hiz hart, but hiz face did not reflect it: ever a darc and sollitary enigmaa, he stood aloofe from hiz followerz in spirrit az in substaans.

Dhe niats werc woz not yet over, for it woz not dhe redskinz he had cum out too destroi; dha wer but dhe beze too be smoact, so dhat he shood ghet at dhe hunny. It woz Pan he wunted, Pan and Wendy and dhare band, but cheefly Pan.

Peter woz such a smaull boi dhat wun tendz too wunder at dhe manz haitred ov him. Troo he had flung Hooch arm too dhe croccodile, but even dhis and dhe increest incecurety ov life too which it led, owing too dhe croccodialz pertinascity [percistans], hardly account for a vindictiavnes so relentles and malignant. Dhe truth iz dhat dhare woz a sumthing about Peter which goded dhe pirate captane too frenzy. It woz not hiz currage, it woz not hiz en'gaging apperans, it woz not--. Dhare iz no beting about dhe boosh, for we no qwite wel whot it woz, and hav got too tel. It woz Peterz cockenes.

Dhis had got on Hooch nervz; it made hiz iarn clau twich, and at nite it disterbd him like an incelet. While Peter livd, dhe torchoord man felt dhat he woz a liyon in a cage intoo which a sparro had cum.

Dhe qweschon nou woz hou too ghet down dhe treze, or hou too ghet hiz dogz

doun? He ran hiz gredy ize over dhem, cerching for dhe thinnest wunz. Dha rigld uncumfortaibly, for dha nu he wood not scoopel [hezzitate] too ram dhem doun widh poalz.

In dhe meentime, whot ov dhe boiz? We hav cene dhem at dhe ferst clang ov dhe wepponz, ternd az it wer intoo stone figguerz, open-moutht, aul appeling widh outstrecht armz too Peter; and we retern too dhem az dhare mouths cloze, and dhare armz faul too dhare ciadz. Dhe pandemoanyum abuv haz ceest aulmoast az suddenly az it aroze, paast like a feers gust ov wind; but dha no dhat in dhe paacing it haz determiand dhare fate.

Which cide had wun?

Dhe piraits, liscenning avidly at dhe mouths ov dhe treze, herd dhe qweschon poot bi evvery boi, and alas, dha aulso herd Peterz aancer.

“If dhe redskinz hav wun,” he ced, “dha wil bete dhe tom-tom; it iz aulwaze dhare cine ov victory.”

Nou Sme had found dhe tom-tom, and woz at dhat moment citting on it. “U wil never here dhe tom-tom agane,” he mutterd, but inaudibly ov cors, for strict cilens had bene enjoind [erjd]. Too hiz amaizment Hoooc ciand him too bete dhe tom-tom, and sloly dhare came too Sme an understanding ov dhe dredfool wickednes ov dhe order. Nevver, probbaibly, had dhis cimpel man admiard Hoooc so much.

Twice Sme bete uppon dhe instrooment, and dhen stopt too liscen glefoolly.

“Dhe tom-tom,” dhe miscreents herd Peter cri; “an Injan victory!”

Dhe duimd children aancerd widh a chere dhat woz muzic too dhe blac harts abuv, and aulmoast immejaitly dha repeted dhare good-bize too Peter. Dhis puzld dhe piraits, but aul dhare udher felingz wer swollode bi a bace delite dhat dhe ennemy wer about too cum up dhe

treze. Dha smerct at eech udher and rubd dhare handz. Rappidly and cilently Hooc gave hiz orderz: wun man too eech tre, and dhe udherz too arrainj dhemcelvz in a line too yardz apart.

Chapter 13 DOO U BELEVE IN FAREZE?

Dhe mor qwicly dhis horror iz dispoazd ov dhe better. Dhe ferst too emerj from hiz tre woz Kerly. He roze out ov it intoo dhe armz ov Cecco, whoo flung him too Sme, whoo flung him too Starky, whoo flung him too Bil Juix, whoo flung him too Nuidler, and so he woz tost from wun too anudher til he fel at dhe fete ov dhe blac pirate. Aul dhe boiz wer pluct from dhare treze in dhis ruithles manner; and ceveral ov dhem wer in dhe are at a time, like bailz ov goodz flung from hand too hand.

A different treetment woz accorded too Wendy, whoo came laast. With ironnical poliatnes Hooc raizd hiz hat too her, and, offeuring her hiz arm, escorted her too dhe spot whare dhe udherz wer beying gagd. He did it widh such an are, he woz so friatfoolly **DISTAN'GA** [impozingly distin'gwisht], dhat she woz too fascinated too cri out. She woz 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 hautely unhanded him (and we shood hav luvd too rite it ov her), she wood hav bene herld throo dhe are like dhe udherz, and dhen Hooc wood probbaibly not hav bene prezzent at dhe tying ov dhe children; and had he not bene at dhe tying he wood not hav discuverd Sliatleze ceecret, and widhout dhe ceecret he cood not prezzently hav made hiz foul attempt on Peterz life.

Dha wer tide too prevent dhare fliying awa, dubld up widh dhare neze cloce too dhare eerz; and for dhe trusing ov dhem dhe blac pirate had cut a rope intoo nine eeqwal pecez. Aul went wel until Sliatleze tern

came, when he woz found too be like dhoze irritating parcelz dhat uze up aul dhe string in gowing round and leve no tagz [endz] widh which too ti a not. Dhe piraits kict him in dhare rage, just az u kic dhe parcel (dho in faernes u shood kic dhe string); and strainj too sa it woz Hoooc whoo toald dhem too bela dhare viyolens. Hiz lip woz kerld widh malishous triyumf. While hiz dogz wer meerly swetting becauz evvery time dha tride too pac dhe unhappy lad tite in wun part he buljd out in anudher, Hoooc maaster miand had gon far beneeth Sliatleze cerface, probing not for effects but for cauzez; and hiz exultaishon shode dhat he had found dhem. Sliatly, white too dhe ghilz, nu dhat Hoooc had cerpriazd [discuverd] hiz ceecret, which woz dhis, dhat no boi so blone out cood uze a tre wharin an avverage man nede stic. Por Sliatly, moast reched ov aul dhe children nou, for he woz in a pannic about Peter, bitterly regretted whot he had dun. Madly addicted too dhe drinking ov wauter when he woz hot, he had sweld in conceqwens too hiz prezzent gherth, and insted ov rejoocing himself too fit hiz tre he had, unnone too dhe udherz, whitld hiz tre too make it fit him.

Suffishent ov dhis Hoooc ghest too perswade him dhat Peter at laast la at hiz mercy, but no werd ov dhe darc dezine dhat nou formd in dhe subterrainyan cavernz ov hiz miand crost hiz lips; he meerly ciand dhat dhe captiavz wer too be convade too dhe ship, and dhat he wood be alone.

Hou too conva dhem? Huncht up in dhare roaps dha mite indede be roald down hil like barrelz, but moast ov dhe wa la throo a moras. Agane Hoooc geenyus cermounted difficulteze. He indicated dhat dhe littel hous must be uezd az a conveyans. Dhe children wer flung intoo it, for stout piraits raizd it on dhare shoalderz, dhe udherz fel in behiand, and cinging dhe haitfool pirate corus dhe strainj proceshon cet of throo dhe wood. I doant no whedher enny ov dhe children wer criying; if so, dhe cinging dround dhe sound; but az dhe littel hous dissappeerd in dhe forrest, a brave dho tiny get ov smoke ishoode from its chimney az if defiying Hoooc.

Hooc sau it, and it did Peter a bad cervice. It dride up enny trickel ov pitty for him dhat ma hav remaind in dhe piraits infureyated brest.

Dhe ferst thing he did on fianding himcelf alone in dhe faast fauling nite woz too tipto too Sliatleze tre, and make shoor dhat it provided him widh a passage. Dhen for long he remaind brooding; hiz hat ov il omen on dhe sword, so dhat enny gentel breze which had arizzen mite pla refreshingly throo hiz hare. Darc az wer hiz thauts hiz bloo ize wer az soft az dhe periwinkel. Intently he liscend for enny sound from dhe nedher werld, but aul woz az cilent belo az abuv; dhe hous under dhe ground ceemd too be but wun mor empty tennement in dhe void. Woz dhat boi aslepe, or did he stand wating at dhe foot ov Sliatleze tre, widh hiz dagher in hiz hand?

Dhare woz no wa ov nowing, save bi gowing doun. Hooc let hiz cloke slip softly too dhe ground, and dhen biting hiz lips til a lude blud stood on dhem, he stept intoo dhe tre. He woz a brave man, but for a moment he had too stop dhare and wipe hiz brou, which woz dripping like a candel. Dhen, cilently, he let himcelf go intoo dhe unnone.

He arriavd unmolested at dhe foot ov dhe shaaft, and stood stil agane, biting at hiz breth, which had aulmoast left him. Az hiz ize became accustomd too dhe dim lite vareyous obgects in dhe home under dhe treze tooc shape; but dhe oanly wun on which hiz gredy gaze rested, long saut for and found at laast, woz dhe grate bed. On dhe bed la Peter faast aslepe.

Unnaware ov dhe tradgedy beying enacted abuv, Peter had continnude, for a littel time aafter dhe children left, too pla galy on hiz piaps: no dout raadher a forlorn attempt too prove too himcelf dhat he did not care. Dhen he decided not too take hiz medicine, so az too greve Wendy. Dhen he la doun on dhe bed outside dhe cuverlet, too vex her stil mor; for she had aulwaze tuct dhem incide it, becauz u nevver no dhat u ma not gro chilly at dhe tern ov dhe nite. Dhen 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 dhe middel ov it.

Sumtiamz, dho not often, he had dreemz, and dha wer mor painfool dhan dhe dreemz ov udher boiz. For ourz he cood not be ceeparated from dheze dreemz, dho he waild pichously in dhem. Dha had too doo, I thinc, widh dhe riddel ov hiz existens. At such tiamz it had bene Wendeze custom too take him out ov bed and cit widh him on her lap, suidhing him in dere waze ov her one invenshon, and when he groo caamer too poot him bac too bed befor he qwite woke up, so dhat he shoold not no ov dhe indignity too which she had subgected him. But on dhis occaizhon he had faulen at wuns intoo a dreemles slepe. Wun arm dropt over dhe ej ov dhe bed, wun leg woz archt, and dhe unfinnisht part ov hiz laaf woz stranded on hiz mouth, which woz open, showing dhe littel perlz.

Dhus defensles Hooe found him. He stood cilent at dhe foot ov dhe tre loocking acros dhe chaimber at hiz ennemy. Did no feling ov compashon disterb hiz somber brest? Dhe man woz not wholly evil; he luvd flouwerz (I hav bene toald) and swete muzic (he woz himcelf no mene performer on dhe harpcicord); and, let it be francly admitted, dhe idillic naichoor ov dhe cene sterd him profoundly. Maasterd bi hiz better celf he wood hav reternd reluctantly up dhe tre, but for wun thing.

Whot stade him woz Peterz impertinent apperans az he slept. Dhe open mouth, dhe drooping arm, dhe archt ne: dha wer such a personificaishon ov cockenes az, taken tuighedher, wil never agane, wun ma hope, be prezented too ize so cencitive too dhare offenciavnes. Dha steeld Hooe hart. If hiz rage had broken him intoo a hundred pecez evvery wun ov dhem wood hav disregarded dhe incident, and lept at dhe sleper.

Dho a lite from dhe wun lamp shon dimly on dhe bed, Hooe stood in darcnes himcelf, and at dhe ferst stelthy step forword he discuverd an obstakel, dhe dor ov Sliatleze tre. It did not entiarly fil dhe aperchoor, and he had bene loocking over it. Feling for dhe cach, he found too hiz fury dhat it woz lo down, beyond hiz reech. Too hiz dissonderd brane it ceemd dhen dhat dhe irritating qwollity in Peterz

face and figgure vizibly increest, and he ratld dhe dor and flung himself against it. Woz hiz ennemy too escape him aafter aul?

But whot woz dhat? Dhe red in hiz i had caut cite ov Peterz meddicine standing on a lej widhin ezy reech. He fadhomd whot it woz stratawa, and immejaitly nu dhat dhe sleper woz in hiz pouwer.

Lest he shood be taken alive, Hooe aulwaze carrede about hiz person a dredfool drug, blended bi himself ov aul dhe deth-delinq ringz dhat had cum intoo hiz pozzeshon. Dheze he had boild down intoo a yello liqwid qwite unnone too ciyens, which woz probbaibly dhe moast viroolent poizon in existens.

Five drops ov dhis he nou added too Peterz cup. Hiz hand shooc, but it woz in exultaishon raadher dhan in shame. Az he did it he avoided glaancing at dhe sleper, but not lest pittly shood unnerv him; meerly too avoid spilling. Dhen wun long gloting looc he caast uppon hiz victim, and terning, wermd hiz wa widh difficulty up dhe tre. Az he emerjd at dhe top he looct dhe 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 dhe nite, ov which it woz dhe blackest part, and mutteuring strainjly too himself, stole awa throo dhe treze.

Peter slept on. Dhe lite gutterd [bernd too edgez] and went out, leving dhe tennement in darcnes; but stil he slept. It must hav bene not les dhan ten oacloc bi dhe crocodile, when he suddenly sat up in hiz bed, wakend bi he nu not whot. It woz a soft caushous tapping on dhe dor ov hiz tre.

Soft and caushous, but in dhat stilnes it woz cinnister. Peter felt for hiz dagher til hiz hand gript it. Dhen he spoke.

“Whoo iz dhat?”

For long dhare woz no aancer: dhen agane dhe noc.

“Whoo ar u?”

No aancer.

He woz thrild, and he luvd beying thrild. In too striadz he reecht dhe dor. Unlike Sliatleze dor, it fild dhe aperchoor [opening], so dhat he cood not ce beyond it, nor cood dhe wun nocking ce him.

“I woant open unles u speke,” Peter cride.

Dhen at laast dhe vizzitor spoke, in a luvly bel-like vois.

“Let me in, Peter.”

It woz Tinc, and qwicly he unbard too her. She flu in exitedly, her face flusht and her dres staind widh mud.

“Whot 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 dhe ribbonz dhat cunjooerz [magishanz] pool from dhare mouths, she toald ov dhe capchoor ov Wendy and dhe boiz.

Peterz hart bobd up and down az he liscend. Wendy bound, and on dhe pirate ship; she whoo luvd evvereething too be just so!

“Ile rescu her!” he cride, leping at hiz wepponz. Az he lept he thaut ov sumthing he cood doo too pleze her. He cood take hiz meddicine.

Hiz hand cloazd on dhe fatal draaft.

“No!” shreect Tinker Bel, whoo had herd Hooc mutter about hiz dede az he sped throo dhe forrest.

“Whi not?”

“It iz poizond.”

“Poizond? Whoo cood hav poizond it?”

“Hoo.”

“Doant be cilly. Hou cood Hoo hav got down here?”

Alas, Tinker Bel cood not explane dhis, for even she did not no dhe darc ceecret ov Sliatleze tre. Nevverdheles Hoox werdz had left no roome for dout. Dhe cup woz poizond.

“Beciadz,” ced Peter, qwite beleving himcelf, “I never fel aslepe.”

He raizd dhe cup. No time for werdz nou; time for deedz; and widh wun ov her liatning muivments Tinc got betwene hiz lips and dhe draaft, and draind it too dhe dregz.

“Whi, Tinc, hou dare u drinc mi meddicine?”

But she did not aancer. Aureddy she woz reling in dhe are.

“Whot iz dhe matter widh u?” cride Peter, suddenly afrade.

“It woz 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 noze a luvving bite. She whisperd in hiz ere “U cilly as,” and dhen, totteuring too her chaimber, la doun on dhe bed.

Hiz hed aulmoast fild dhe forth waul ov her littel roome az he nelt nere her in distres. Evvery moment her lite woz growing fainter; and he nu dhat if it went out she wood be no mor. She liact hiz teerz so much dhat she poot out her butefool fin'gher and let dhem run over it.

Her vois woz so lo dhat at ferst he cood not make out whot she ced. Dhen he made it out. She woz saying dhat she thaut she cood ghet wel agane if children beleevd in fareze.

Peter flung out hiz armz. Dhare wer no children dhare, and it woz nite time; but he adrest aul whoo mite be dreming ov dhe Nevverland, and whoo wer dhaerfor nerer too him dhan u thinc: boiz and gherlz in dhare niteze, and naked papoozez in dhare baaskets hung from treze.

“Doo u beleve?” he cride.

Tinc sat up in bed aulmoast briscly too liscen too her fate.

She fancede she herd aancerz in dhe affermative, and dhen agane she woznt shoor.

“Whot doo u thinc?” she aasct Peter.

“If u beleve,” he shouted too dhem, “clap yor handz; doant let Tinc di.”

Menny clapt.

Sum didnt.

A fu beests hist.

Dhe clapping stopt suddenly; az if countles mudherz had rusht too dhare nercereze too ce whot on erth woz happenning; but aulreddy Tinc woz saivd. Ferst her vois groo strong, dhen she popt out ov bed, dhen she woz flashing throo dhe roome mor merry and impudent dhan ever. She nevver thaut ov thanking dhoze whoo beleevd, but she wood hav liact too ghet at dhe wunz whoo had hist.

“And nou too rescu Wendy!”

Dhe moone woz riding in a cloudy hevven when Peter roze from hiz tre, begert [belted] widh wepponz and waring littel els, too cet out uppon hiz perrilous qwest. It woz not such a nite az he wood hav chozen. He had hoapt too fli, keping not far from dhe ground so dhat nuthing unwoanted shoold escape hiz ize; but in dhat fitfool lite too hav flone lo wood hav ment traling hiz shaddo throo dhe treze, dhus disterbing berdz and aqwainting a wochfool fo dhat he woz aster.

He regretted nou dhat he had ghivven dhe berdz ov dhe iland such strainj naimz dhat dha ar verry wiald and difficult ov aproach.

Dhare woz no udher cors but too pres forward in redskin fashon, at which happely he woz an adept [expert]. But in whot direcshon, for he cood not be shoor dhat dhe children had bene taken too dhe ship? A lite faul ov sno had oblitterated aul footmarx; and a dethly cilens pervaded dhe iland, az if for a space Naichoor stood stil in horror ov dhe recent carnage. He had taut dhe children sumthing ov dhe forrest lor dhat he had himcelf lerned from Tiagher Lilly and Tinker Bel, and nu dhat in dhare dire our dha wer not liacly too forghet it. Sliatly, if he had an opporchoonity, wood blaze [cut a marc in] dhe treze, for instans, Kerly wood drop ceedz, and Wendy wood leve her hankerchefe at sum important place. Dhe morning woz neded too cerch for such ghidans, and he cood not wate. Dhe upper werld had cauld him, but wood ghiv no help.

Dhe croccodile paast him, but not anudher living thing, not a sound, not a muivment; and yet he nu wel dhat sudden deth mite be at dhe next

tre, or stauking him from behiand.

He swor dhis terribel oath: "Hoo or me dhis time."

Nou he crauld forword like a snake, and agane erect, he darted acros a space on which dhe muinlite plade, wun fin'gher on hiz lip and hiz dagher at dhe reddy. He woz friatfoolly happy.

Chapter 14 DHE PIRATE SHIP

Wun grene lite sqwinting over Kidz Creke, which iz nere dhe mouth ov dhe pirate rivver, marct whare dhe brig, dhe JOLLY ROGER, la, lo in dhe wauter; a rakish-loocking [spedy-loocking] craaft foul too dhe hul, evvery beme in her detestabel, like ground stroone widh man'gld fedherz. She woz dhe cannibal ov dhe ceze, and scaers neded dhat wochfool i, for she floted immune in dhe horror ov her name.

She woz rapt in dhe blanket ov nite, throo which no sound from her cood hav reecht dhe shor. Dhare woz littel sound, and nun agreyabel save dhe wher ov dhe ships sowing maishene at which Sme sat, ever industreyous and obliging, dhe escens ov dhe commonplace, paithettic Sme. I no not whi he woz so infiniatly paithettic, unles it wer becauz he woz so paithettically unnaaware ov it; but even strong men had too tern haistely from loocking at him, and mor dhan wuns on summer eveningz he had tucht dhe fount ov Hoox teerz and made it flo. Ov dhis, az ov aulmoast evvereeathing els, Sme woz qwite unconshous.

A fu ov dhe piraits lent over dhe boolworx, drinking in dhe miyazmaa [puetrid mist] ov dhe nite; udherz sprauld bi barrelz over gaimz ov dice and cardz; and dhe exausted for whoo had carrede dhe littel hous la prone on dhe dec, whare even in dhare slepe dha roald skilfoolly too dhis cide or dhat out ov Hoox reech, lest he shood clau dhem mecannically in paacing.

Hooch trod dhe dec in thaut. O man unfathomable. It woz hiz our ov triumf. Peter had bene remuivd for ever from hiz paath, and aul dhe udher boiz wer in dhe brig, about too wauc dhe planck. It woz hiz grimmest dede cins dhe daze 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 dhe dec unsteddely, bellede out bi dhe windz ov hiz suxes?

But dhare woz no elashon in hiz gate, which kept pace widh dhe acshon ov hiz somber miand. Hooch woz profoundly dejected.

He woz often dhus when communing widh himself on bord ship in dhe qwiyeechoode ov dhe nite. It woz becauz he woz so terribly alone. Dhis inscrootabel man never felt mor alone dhan when surrounded bi hiz dogz. Dha wer soashally inferiyor too him.

Hooch woz not hiz troo name. Too revele whoo he reyally woz wood even at dhis date cet dhe cuntry in a blaze; but az dhoze whoo rede betwene dhe 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 woz offensive too him even nou too bord a ship in dhe same dres in which he grapld [attact] her, and he stil ad'heerd in hiz wauc too dhe scuilz distin'gwisht slouch. But abuv aul he retaind dhe pashon for good form.

Good form! Houwever much he ma hav degennerated, he stil nu dhat dhis iz aul dhat reyally matterz.

From far widhin him he herd a creking az ov rusty portalz, and throo dhem came a stern tap-tap-tap, like hammeuring in dhe nite when wun cannot slepe. "Hav u bene good form too-da?" woz dhare eternal qweschon.

"Fame, fame, dhat glitteuring baubel, it iz mine," he cride.

“Iz it qwite good form too be distin‘gwisht at enneething?” dhe tap-tap from hiz scoole replide.

“I am dhe oanly man whoome Barbecu feerd,” he erjd, “and Flint feerd Barbecu.”

“Barbecu, Flint--whot hous?” came dhe cutting retort.

Moast disqwiyetting reflecshon ov aul, woz it not bad form too thinc about good form?

Hiz vitalz wer torchoord bi dhis problem. It woz a clau widhin him sharper dhan dhe iarn wun; and az it tor him, dhe perspiraishon dript down hiz tallo [waxy] countenans and strect hiz dublet. Oftiamz he droo hiz sleve acros hiz face, but dhare woz no damming dhat trickel.

Aa, envy not Hooc.

Dhare came too him a prezentement ov hiz erly dissolueshon [deth]. It woz az if Peterz terribel oath had borded dhe ship. Hooc felt a gloomy dezire too make hiz dying speech, lest prezzently dhare shood be no time for it.

“Better for Hooc,” he cride, “if he had had les ambishon!” It woz in hiz darkest ourz oanly dhat he referd too himcelf in dhe therd person.

“No littel children too luv me!”

Strainj dhat he shood thinc ov dhis, which had never trubld him befor; perhaps dhe sowing maishene braut it too hiz miand. For long he mutterd too himcelf, staring at Sme, whoo woz hemming plascidly, under dhe convicshon dhat aul children feerd him.

Feerd him! Feerd Sme! Dhare woz not a chiald on bord dhe brig dhat nite whoo did not aulreddy luv him. He had ced horrid thingz too dhem and hit dhem widh dhe paam ov hiz hand, becauz he cood not hit widh

hiz fist, but dha had oanly clung too him dhe mor. Mikel had tride on hiz spektakelz.

Too tel por Sme dhat dha thaut him luvvabel! Hooc icht too doo it, but it ceemd too brootal. Insted, he revolvd dhis mistery in hiz miand: whi doo dha fiand Sme luvvabel? He pershoode dhe problem like dhe slueth-hound dhat he woz. If Sme woz luvvabel, whot woz it dhat made him so? A terribel aancer suddenly prezented itself--“Good form?”

Had dhe boasn good form widhout nowing it, which iz dhe best form ov aul?

He rememberd dhat u hav too proove u doant no u hav it befor u ar elligibel for Pop [an alete soashal club at Etun].

With a cri ov rage he raizd hiz iarn hand over Smeze hed; but he did not tare. Whot arrested him woz dhis reflecshon:

“Too clau a man becauz he iz good form, whot wood dhat be?”

“Bad form!”

Dhe unhappy Hooc woz az impotent [pouwerles] az he woz damp, and he fel forword like a cut flouwer.

Hiz dogz thinking him out ov dhe wa for a time, discipline instantly relaxt; and dha broke intoo a bacchanaleyan [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 dhe din woz husht. “Ar aul dhe children chaind, so dhat dha cannot fli awa?”

“I, i.”

“Dhen hoist dhem up.”

Dhe reched prizzonnerz wer dragd from dhe hoald, aul exept Wendy, and rainjd in line in frunt ov him. For a time he ceemd unconshous ov dhare prezzens. He lold at hiz eze, humming, not unmelojously, snachez ov a roode song, and fin'gheuring a pac ov cardz. Evver and anon dhe lite from hiz cigar gave a tuch ov cullor too hiz face.

“Nou dhen, boolleze,” he ced briscly, “cix ov u wauc dhe planc too-nite, but I hav roome for too cabbin boiz. Which ov u iz it too be?”

“Doant irritate him unnecessarily,” had bene Wendeze instrucshonz in dhe hoald; so Tootelz stept forword poliatly. Tootelz hated dhe ideyaa ov cining under such a man, but an instinct toald him dhat it wood be proodent too la dhe responcebilly on an abcent person; and dho a sumwhot cilly boi, he nu dhat mudherz alone ar aulwaze willing too be dhe buffer. Aul children no dhis about mudherz, and despize dhem for it, but make constant uce ov it.

So Tootelz explaind proodently, “U ce, cer, I doant thinc mi mudher wood like me too be a pirate. Wood yor mudher like u too be a pirate, Sliatly?”

He winct at Sliatly, whoo ced mornfoolly, “I doant thinc so,” az if he wisht thingz had bene udherwize. “Wood yor mudher like u too be a pirate, Twin?”

“I doant thinc so,” ced dhe ferst twin, az clever az dhe udherz. “Nibz, wood--”

“Sto dhis gab,” rord Hoox, and dhe spoaxmen wer dragd bac. “U, boi,” he ced, adrescing Jon, “u looc az if u had a littel pluc in u. Didst never wunt too be a pirate, mi harty?”

Nou Jon had sumtiamz expereyenst dhis hankeuring at maths. prep.; and he woz struc bi Hoox picking him out.

“I wuns thaut ov caulng micelf Red-handed Jac,” he ced diffidently.

“And a good name too. Wele caul u dhat here, boolly, if u join.”

“Whot doo u thinc, Mikel?” aasct Jon.

“Whot wood u caul me if I join?” Mikel demaanded.

“Blacbeerd Jo.”

Mikel woz nachoorally imprest. “Whot doo u thinc, Jon?” He wunted Jon too decide, and Jon wunted him too decide.

“Shal we stil be respectfool subjects ov dhe King?” Jon inqwiard.

Throo Hoox teeth came dhe aancer: “U wood hav too sware, Doun with dhe King.”

Perhaps Jon had not behaivd verry wel so far, but he shon out nou.

“Dhen I refuze,” he cride, banging dhe barrel in frunt ov Hooc.

“And I refuze,” cride Mikel.

“Roole Britanyaa!” sqweect Kerly.

Dhe infureyated piraits buffeted dhem in dhe mouth; and Hooc rord out, “Dhat ceelz yor doome. Bring up dhare mudher. Ghet dhe planc reddy.”

Dha wer oonly boiz, and dha went white az dha sau Juix and Cecco preparing dhe fatal planc. But dha tride too looc brave when Wendy woz braut up.

No werdz ov mine can tel u hou Wendy despiazd dhoze piraits. Too dhe boiz dhare woz at leest sum glammor in dhe pirate caulng; but aul dhat

she sau woz dhat dhe ship had not bene tidede for yeerz. Dhare woz not a pordhole on dhe grimy glaas ov which u mite not hav ritten widh yor fin'gher "Derty pig"; and she had aulreddy ritten it on ceveral. But az dhe boiz gadherd round her she had no thaut, ov cors, save for dhem.

"So, mi buty," ced Hooc, az if he spoke in cirrup, "u ar too ce yor children wauc dhe planc."

Fine gentlemen dho he woz, dhe intencity ov hiz communingz had soild hiz ruf, and suddenly he nu dhat she woz gazing at it. Widh a haisty geschoor he tride too hide it, but he woz 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 mudherz laast werdz too her children."

At dhis moment Wendy woz grand. "Dheze ar mi laast werdz, dere boiz," she ced fermly. "I fele dhat I hav a message too u from yor reyal mudherz, and it iz dhis: We hope our sunz wil di like In'glish gentlemen."

Even dhe piraits wer aud, and Tootelz cride out histerrically, "I am gowing too doo whot mi mudher hoaps. Whot ar u too doo, Nibz?"

"Whot mi mudher hoaps. Whot ar u too doo, Twin?"

"Whot mi mudher hoaps. Jon, whot ar--"

But Hooc had found hiz vois agane.

"Ti her up!" he shouted.

It woz Sme whoo tide her too dhe maast. "Ce here, hunny," he wisperd,

“Ile save u if u prommice too be mi mudher.”

But not even for Sme wood she make such a prommice. “I wood aulmoast raadher hav no children at aul,” she ced disdainfoolly [scornfoolly].

It iz sad too no dhat not a boi woz loocking at her az Sme tide her too dhe maast; dhe ize ov aul wer on dhe planc: dhat laast littel wauc dha wer about too take. Dha wer no lon‘gher abel too hope dhat dha wood wauc it manfoolly, for dhe capascity too thinc had gon from dhem; dha cood stare and shivver oonly.

Hooc smiald on dhem widh hiz teeth cloazd, and tooc a step tooword Wendy. Hiz intenshon woz too tern her face so dhat she shood ce dhe boiz wauking dhe planc wun bi wun. But he never reecht her, he never herd dhe cri ov an‘gwish he hoapt too ring from her. He herd sumthing els insted.

It woz dhe terribel tic-tic ov dhe croccodile.

Dha aul herd it--piraits, boiz, Wendy; and immejaitly evvery hed woz blone in wun direcshon; not too dhe wauter whens dhe sound proceded, but tooword Hooc. Aul nu dhat whot woz about too happen concernd him alone, and dhat from beying actorz dha wer suddenly becum spectatorz.

Verry friatfool woz it too ce dhe chainj dhat came over him. It woz az if he had bene clipt at evvery joint. He fel in a littel hepe.

Dhe sound came steddely nerer; and in advaans ov it came dhis gaastly thaut, “Dhe croccodile iz about too bord dhe ship!”

Even dhe iarn clau hung inactive; az if nowing dhat it woz no intrinzie part ov whot dhe attacking fors wunted. Left so feerfoolly alone, enny udher man wood hav lane widh hiz ize shut whare he fel: but dhe gigantic brane ov Hooc woz stil werking, and under its ghidans he crauld on dhe neze along dhe dec az far from dhe sound az he cood go. Dhe piraits respectfoolly cleerd a passage for him, and it woz oonly

when he braut up against dhe boolworx dhat he spoke.

“Hide me!” he cride horsly.

Dha gadherd round him, aul ize averted from dhe thing dhat woz cumming aboard. Dha had no thaut ov fiting it. It woz Fate.

Oanly when Hooc woz hidden from dhem did cureyosity loocen dhe limz ov dhe boiz so dhat dha cood rush too dhe ships cide too ce dhe croccodile climing it. Dhen dha got dhe strain‘gest cerprize ov dhe Nite ov Niats; for it woz no croccodile dhat woz cumming too dhare ade. It woz Peter.

He ciand too dhem not too ghiv vent too enny cri ov admiraishon dhat mite rouz suspishon. Dhen he went on ticking.

Chapter 15 “HOOC OR ME DHIS TIME”

Od thingz 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 discuver 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 woz steling acros dhe iland widh wun fin‘gher too hiz lips and hiz dagher at dhe reddy. He had cene dhe croccodile paas bi widhout noticing enneething peculeyar about it, but bi and bi he rememberd dhat it had not bene ticking. At ferst he thaut dhis ery, but soone conclooded riatly dhat dhe cloc had run down.

Widhout ghivving a thaut too whot mite be dhe felingz ov a fello-creechoor dhus abruptly depriavd ov its clocest companyon, Peter began too concidder hou he cood tern dhe catastrofy too hiz one uce; and he decided too tic, so dhat wiald beests shood beleve he woz dhe croccodile and let him paas unmolested. He tict superbly, but widh wun

unforcene rezult. Dhe croccodile woz amung dhoze whoo herd dhe sound, and it follode him, dho whedher widh dhe perpoce ov reganing whot it had lost, or meerly az a frend under dhe belefe dhat it woz agane ticking itcelf, wil never be certainly none, for, like slaivz too a fixt ideyaa, it woz a schoopid beest.

Peter reecht dhe shor widhout mis'hap, and went strate on, hiz legz encounteuring dhe wauter az if qwite unnaware dhat dha had enterd a nu ellement. Dhus meny animalz paas from land too wauter, but no udher human ov whoome I no. Az he swam he had but wun thaut: "Hooc or me dhis time." He had tict so long dhat he nou went on ticking widhout nowing dhat he woz doowing it. Had he none he wood hav stopt, for too bord dhe brig bi help ov dhe tic, dho an in'geenyous ideyaa, had not ockerd too him.

On dhe contrary, he thaut he had scaild her cide az noizles az a mous; and he woz amaizd too ce dhe piraits couweuring from him, widh Hooc in dhare midst az abgect az if he had herd dhe croccodile.

Dhe croccodile! No sooner did Peter remember it dhan he herd dhe ticking. At ferst he thaut dhe sound did cum from dhe croccodile, and he looct behiand him swiftly. Dhen he reyaliagd dhat he woz doowing it himcelf, and in a flash he understood dhe ciachoowaishon. "Hou clever ov me!" he thaut at wuns, and ciand too dhe boiz not too berst intoo aplauz.

It woz at dhis moment dhat Ed Chint dhe qwartermaster emerjd from dhe forcaacel and came along dhe dec. Nou, reder, time whot happend bi yor woch. Peter struc troo and depe. Jon clapt hiz handz on dhe il-fated piraits mouth too stifel dhe diying grone. He fel forword. For boiz caut him too prevent dhe thud. Peter gave dhe signal, and dhe carreyon woz caast overbord. Dhare woz a splash, and dhen cilens. Hou long haz it taken?

"Wun!" (Sliatly had begun too count.)

Nun too soone, Peter, evvery inch ov him on tipto, vannisht intoo dhe

cabbin; for mor dhan wun pirate woz scroowing up hiz currage too looc round. Dha cood here eech udherz distrest breedhing nou, which shode dhem dhat dhe mor terribel sound had paast.

“Its gon, captane,” Sme ced, wiping of hiz spectakelz. “Aulz stil agane.”

Sloly Hooc let hiz hed emerj from hiz ruf, and liscend so intently dhat he cood hav caut dhe ecco ov dhe tic. Dhare woz not a sound, and he droo himcelf up fermly too hiz fool hite.

“Dhen heerz too Jonny Planc!” he cride brazenly, hating dhe boiz mor dhan ever becauz dha had cene him unbend. He broke intoo dhe villanous ditty:

“Yo ho, yo ho, dhe frisky planc,
U waux along it so,
Til it goze doun and u goze doun
Too Davy Joanz belo!”

Too terrorize dhe prizzonnerz dhe mor, dho with a certane los ov dignity, he daanst along an imadginary planc, grimmacing at dhem az he sang; and when he finnisht he cride, “Doo u wunt a tuch ov dhe cat [o' nine tailz] befor u wauc dhe planc?”

At dhat dha fel on dhare neze. “No, no!” dha cride so pichously dhat evvery pirate smiald.

“Fech dhe cat, Juix,” ced Hooc; “its in dhe cabbin.”

Dhe cabbin! Peter woz in dhe cabbin! Dhe children gaizd at eech udher.

“I, i,” ced Juix bliadhly, and he strode intoo dhe cabbin. Dha follode him widh dhare ize; dha scaers nu dhat Hooc had reezhuimd hiz song, hiz dogz joining in widh him:

“Yo ho, yo ho, dhe scraching cat,
Its tailz ar nine, u no,
And when dhaeyer rit uppon yor bac--”

Whot woz dhe laast line wil nevver be none, for ov a sudden dhe song woz stade bi a dredfool screech from dhe cabbin. It waild throo dhe ship, and dide awa. Dhen woz herd a crowing sound which woz wel understood bi dhe boiz, but too dhe piraits woz aulmoast mor ery dhan dhe screech.

“Whot woz dhat?” cride Hooc.

“Too,” ced Sliatly sollemly.

Dhe Italleyan Cecco hezzitated for a moment and dhen swung intoo dhe cabbin. He totterd out, haggard.

“Whots dhe matter widh Bil Juix, u dog?” hist Hooc, touweuring over him.

“Dhe matter wi him iz heze ded, stabd,” replide Cecco in a hollo vois.

“Bil Juix ded!” cride dhe startld piraits.

“Dhe cabbinz az blac az a pit,” Cecco ced, aulmoast gibbeuring, “but dhare iz sumthing terribel in dhare: dhe thing u herd crowing.”

Dhe exultaishon ov dhe boiz, dhe loweuring loox ov dhe 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 dhe brave, couwerd befor hiz captane, crying “No, no”; but Hooc woz peuring too hiz clau.

“Did u sa u wood go, Cecco?” he ced muzingly.

Cecco went, ferst flinging hiz armz desparingly. Dhare woz no mor cinging, aul liscend nou; and agane came a deth-screech and agane a cro.

No wun spoke exept Sliatly. “Thre,” he ced.

Hooc rallede hiz dogz with a geschoor. “Sdeth and odz fish,” he thunderd, “whoos iz too bring me dhat doodel-doo?”

“Wate til Cecco cumz out,” grould Starky, and dhe udherz tooc up dhe cri.

“I thinc I herd u volluntere, Starky,” ced Hooc, peuring agane.

“No, bi thunder!” Starky cride.

“Mi hooc thinx u did,” ced Hooc, crosching too him. “I wunder if it wood not be advizabel, Starky, too humor dhe hooc?”

“Ile swing befor I go in dhare,” replide Starky doghedly, and agane he had dhe support ov dhe croo.

“Iz dhis mutiny?” aasct Hooc mor plezzantly dhan ever. “Starkeze rin‘gleder!”

“Captane, mercy!” Starky whimperd, aul ov a trembel nou.

“Shake handz, Starky,” ced Hooc, proffeuring hiz clau.

Starky looct round for help, but aul dezerted him. Az he bact up Hooc advaanst, and nou dhe red sparc woz in hiz i. With a desparing screme dhe pirate lept uppon Long Tom and precippitated himself intoo dhe ce.

“For,” ced Sliatly.

“And nou,” Hooc ced kerchously, “did enny udher gentelmen sa mutiny?”
Cezing a lantern and razing hiz clau widh a mennacing geschoor, “Ile
bring out dhat doodel-doo micelf,” he ced, and sped intoo dhe cabbin.

“Five.” Hou Sliatly longd too sa it. He wetted hiz lips too be reddy,
but Hooc came stagheuring out, widhout hiz lantern.

“Sumthing bloo out dhe lite,” he ced a littel unsteddely.

“Sumthing!” eccode Mullinz.

“Whot ov Cecco?” demaanded Nuidler.

“Heze az ded az Juix,” ced Hooc shortly.

Hiz reluctans too retern too dhe cabbin imprest dhem aul unfavorably,
and dhe mutinous soundz agane broke forth. Aul piraits ar
superstishous, and Cooxun cride, “Dha doo sa dhe shoorest cine a ships
ackerst iz when dhaerz wun on bord mor dhan can be accounted for.”

“Ive herd,” mutterd Mullinz, “he aulwaze bordz dhe pirate craaft laast.
Had he a tale, captane?”

“Dha sa,” ced anudher, loocking vishously at Hooc, “dhat when he cumz
its in dhe liacnes ov dhe wickedest man aboard.”

“Had he a hooc, captane?” aasct Cooxun insolently; and wun aafter
anudher tooc up dhe cri, “Dhe ships duimd!” At dhis dhe children cood
not rezist razing a chere. Hooc had wel-ni forgotten hiz prizzonnerz,
but az he swung round on dhem nou hiz face lit up agane.

“Ladz,” he cride too hiz croo, “nou heerz a noashon. Open dhe cabbin dor
and drive dhem in. Let dhem fite dhe doodel-doo for dhare liavz. If
dha kil him, were so much dhe better; if he kilz dhem, were nun

dhe wers.”

For dhe laast time hiz dogz admiard Hooc, and devotedly dha did hiz bidding. Dhe boiz, pretending too strughel, wer poosht intoo dhe cabbin and dhe dor woz cloazd on dhem.

“Nou, liscen!” cride Hooc, and aul liscend. But not wun daerd too face dhe dor. Yes, wun, Wendy, whoo aul dhis time had bene bound too dhe maast. It woz for niadher a screme nor a cro dhat she woz woching, it woz for dhe reyapperans ov Peter.

She had not long too wate. In dhe cabbin he had found dhe thing for which he had gon in cerch: dhe ke dhat wood fre dhe children ov dhare manakelz, and nou dha aul stole forth, armd widh such wepponz az dha cood fiand. Ferst cining dhem too hide, Peter cut Wendeze bondz, and dhen nuthing cood hav bene ezeyer dhan for dhem aul too fli of tuighedher; but wun thing bard dhe wa, an oath, “Hooc or me dhis time.”

So when he had frede Wendy, he whisperd for her too concele hercelf widh dhe udherz, and himcelf tooc her place bi dhe maast, her cloke around him so dhat he shood paas for her. Dhen he tooc a grate breth and crode.

Too dhe piraits it woz a vois crying dhat aul dhe boiz la slane in dhe cabbin; and dha wer pannic-stricken. Hooc tride too harten dhem; but like dhe dogz he had made dhem dha shode him dhare fangz, and he nu dhat if he tooc hiz ize of dhem 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 dhe gherl. Nevver woz luc on a pirate ship wi a woomman on bord. Wele rite dhe ship when sheze gon.”

Sum ov dhem rememberd dhat dhis had bene a saying ov Flints. “Its werth trying,” dha ced doutfoolly.

“Fling dhe gherl overbord,” cride Hooc; and dha made a rush at dhe figgure in dhe cloke.

“Dhaerz nun can save u nou, miscy,” Mullinz hist geringly.

“Dhaerz wun,” replide dhe figgure.

“Whooze dhat?”

“Peter Pan dhe aven‘ger!” came dhe terribel aancer; and az he spoke Peter flung of hiz cloke. Dhen dha aul nu whoo twoz dhat had bene undoowing dhem in dhe cabbin, and twice Hooc essade too speke and twice he faild. In dhat friatfool moment I thinc hiz feers hart broke.

At laast he cride, “Cleve him too dhe brisket!” but widhout convicshon.

“Doun, boiz, and at dhem!” Peterz vois rang out; and in anudher moment dhe clash ov armz woz rezounding throo dhe ship. Had dhe piraits kept tuighedher it iz certane dhat dha wood hav wun; but dhe oncet came when dha wer stil unstrung, and dha ran hidher and dhidher, striking wialdly, eech thinking himcelf dhe laast cervivor ov dhe croo. Man too man dha wer dhe stron‘gher; but dha faut on dhe defencive oonly, which enaibld dhe boiz too hunt in paerz and chooze dhare qworry. Sum ov dhe miscreents lept intoo dhe ce; udherz hid in darc recescez, 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 ezy pra too dhe reking sordz ov dhe udher boiz. Dhare woz littel sound too be herd but dhe clang ov wepponz, an occaizhonal screech or splash, and Sliatly monotonously counting--five--cix--ceven ate--nine--ten--elevven.

I thinc aul wer gon when a groope ov savvage boiz surrounded Hooc, whoo ceemd too hav a charmd life, az he kept dhem at ba in dhat cerkel ov fire. Dha had dun for hiz dogz, but dhis man alone ceemd too be a mach for dhem 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 woz uzing him az a bucler [sheeld], when anudher, whoo had just paast hiz sord throo Mullinz, sprang intoo dhe fra.

“Poot up yor sordz, boiz,” cride dhe nucummer, “dhis man iz mine.”

Dhus suddenly Hooc found himcelf face too face widh Peter. Dhe udherz droo bac and formd a ring around dhem.

For long dhe too ennemeze looct at wun anudher, Hooc shuddeuring sliatly, and Peter widh dhe strainj smile uppon hiz face.

“So, Pan,” ced Hooc at laast, “dhis iz aul yor doowing.”

“I, Jaimz Hooc,” came dhe stern aancer, “it iz aul mi doowing.”

“Proud and insolent ueth,” ced Hooc, “prepare too mete dhi doome.”

“Darc and cinnister man,” Peter aancerd, “hav at dhe.”

Without mor werdz dha fel too, and for a space dhare woz no advaantage too iadher blade. Peter woz a superb sordzman, and parrede widh dazling rapiddity; ever and anon he follode up a faint widh a lunj dhat got paast hiz foze defens, but hiz shorter reech stood him in il sted, and he cood not drive dhe stele home. Hooc, scaersly hiz infereyor in brilleyancy, but not qwite so nimbel in rist pla, forst him bac bi dhe 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 dhis thrust ternd acide agane and agane. Dhen he saut too cloze and ghiv dhe qwetus widh hiz iarn hooc, which aul dhis time had bene pauwing dhe are; but Peter dubld under it and, lun‘ging feersly, peerst him in dhe ribz. At dhe cite ov hiz one blud, whooze peculeyar cullor, u remember, woz offensive too him, dhe sord fel from Hoox hand, and he woz at Peterz mercy.

“Nou!” cride aul dhe boiz, but widh a magnifficent geschoor Peter invited

hiz opponent too pic up hiz sord. Hooc did so instantly, but widh a tradgic feling dhat Peter woz showing good form.

Hidhertoo he had thaut it woz sum feend fiting him, but darker suspishonz assaild him nou.

“Pan, whoo and whot art dhou?” he cride huskely.

“Ime ueth, Ime joi,” Peter aancerd at a venchoor, “Ime a littel berd dhat haz broken out ov dhe eg.”

Dhis, ov cors, woz noncens; but it woz prooffe too dhe unhappy Hooc dhat Peter did not no in dhe leest whoo or whot he woz, which iz dhe verry pinnakel ov good form.

“Toote agane,” he cride desparingly.

He faut nou like a human flale, and evvery swepe ov dhat terribel sord wood hav cevverd in twane enny man or boi whoo obstructed it; but Peter flutterd round him az if dhe verry wind it made bloo him out ov dhe dain‘ger zone. And agane and agane he darted in and prict.

Hooc woz 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 befor it woz coald forever.

Abandonning dhe fite he rusht intoo dhe poudere maggazene and fiard it.

“In too minnuets,” he cride, “dhe ship wil be blone too pecez.”

Nou, nou, he thaut, troo form wil sho.

But Peter ishoode from dhe poudere maggazene widh dhe shel in hiz handz, and caamly flung it overbord.

Whot sort ov form woz Hooc himself showing? Misghided man dho he woz,

we ma be glad, widhout cimpaithizing widh him, dhat in dhe end he woz troo too dhe tradishonz ov hiz race. Dhe udher boiz wer fliying around him nou, flouting, scornfool; and he stagherd about dhe dec striking up at dhem impotently, hiz miand woz no lon'gher widh dhem; it woz slouching in dhe playing feeldz ov long ago, or beying cent up [too dhe heedmaster] for good, or woching dhe waul-game from a famous waul. And hiz shooze wer rite, and hiz waistcote woz rite, and hiz ti woz rite, and hiz sox wer rite.

Jaimz Hooc, dhou not wholly unherowic figgure, faerwel.

For we hav cum too hiz laast moment.

Ceying Peter sloly advaancing uppon him throo dhe are widh dagher poizd, he sprang uppon dhe boolworx too caast himcelf intoo dhe ce. He did not no dhat dhe croccodile woz wating for him; for we perpoasly stopt dhe cloc dhat dhis nollej mite be spaerd him: a littel marc ov respect from us at dhe end.

He had wun laast triyumf, which I thinc we nede not gruj him. Az he stood on dhe boolworc loocking over hiz shoalder at Peter gliding throo dhe are, he invited him widh a geschoor too uze hiz foot. It made Peter kic insted ov stab.

At laast Hooc had got dhe boone for which he craivd.

“Bad form,” he cride geringly, and went content too dhe croccodile.

Dhus perrisht Jaimz Hooc.

“Ceventene,” Sliatly sang out; but he woz not qwite correct in hiz figguerz. Fiftene pade dhe pennalty for dhare criamz dhat nite; but too reecht dhe shor: Starky too be capchoord bi dhe redskinz, whoo made him ners for aul dhare papoozez, a mellancoly cum-down for a pirate; and Sme, whoo hensforth wonderd about dhe werld in hiz spektakelz, making a precareyous living bi saying he woz dhe oanly man dhat Jaaz. Hooc had

feerd.

Wendy, ov cors, had stood bi taking no part in dhe fite, dho woching Peter widh gliscenning ize; but nou dhat aul woz over she became prominent agane. She praizd dhem eeqwally, and shudderd deliatfoolly when Mikel shode her dhe place whare he had kild wun; and dhen she tooc dhem intoo Hoox cabbn and pointed too hiz woch which woz hanging on a nale. It ced “haaf-paast wun!”

Dhe laitnes ov dhe our woz aulmoast dhe highest thing ov aul. She got dhem too bed in dhe piraits bunx pritty qwicly, u ma be shoor; aul but Peter, whoo strutted up and down on dhe dec, until at laast he fel aslepe bi dhe cide ov Long Tom. He had wun ov hiz dreemz dhat nite, and cride in hiz slepe for a long time, and Wendy held him tiatly.

Chapter 16 DHE RETERN HOME

Bi thre belz dhat morning dha wer aul steuring dhare stumps [legz]; for dhare woz a big ce running; and Tootelz, dhe boasn, woz amung dhem, widh a roaps end in hiz hand and choowing tobacco. Dha aul dond pirate cloadhz cut of at dhe ne, shaivd smartly, and tumbld up, widh dhe troo nautical role and hiching dhare trouzerz.

It nede not be ced whoo woz dhe captane. Nibz and Jon wer ferst and cecond mate. Dhare woz a woomman aboard. Dhe rest wer tarz [salorz] befor dhe maast, and livd in dhe foaxel. Peter had aulreddy lasht himself too dhe whele; but he piapt aul handz and deliverd a short adres too dhem; ced he hoapt dha wood doo dhare jooty like gallant harteze, but dhat he nu dha wer dhe scum ov Reyo and dhe Goald Coast, and if dha snapt at him he wood tare dhem. Dhe bluf strident werdz struc dhe note salorz understood, and dha cheerd him lustely. Dhen a fu sharp orderz wer ghivven, and dha ternd dhe ship round, and noazd her for dhe mainland.

Captane Pan calculated, aafter consulting dhe ships chart, dhat if dhis wedher laasted dha shood strike dhe Azorz about dhe 21st ov Joone, aafter which it wood save time too fli.

Sum ov dhem wunted it too be an onnest ship and udherz wer in favor ov keping it a pirate; but dhe captane treted dhem az dogz, and dha daerd not expres dhare wishez too him even in a round robbin [wun person aafter anudher, az dha had too Cpt. Hoo]. Instant obegens woz dhe oanly safe thing. Sliatly got a duzen for loocking perplex when toald too take soundingz. Dhe genneral feling woz dhat Peter woz onnest just nou too lul Wendeze suspishonz, but dhat dhare mite be a chainj when dhe nu sute woz reddy, which, against her wil, she woz making for him out ov sum ov Hoox wickedest garments. It woz aafterwordz whisperd amung dhem dhat on dhe ferst nite he wor dhis sute he sat long in dhe cabbin widh Hoox cigar-hoalder in hiz mouth and wun hand clencht, aul but for dhe forfin'gher, which he bent and held threttenningly aloft like a hoo.

Insted ov woching dhe ship, houwever, 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 dhis time; and yet we ma be shoor dhat Mrs. Darling duz not blame us. If we had reternd sooner too looc widh sorrofool cimpaithy at her, she wood probbaibly hav cride, "Doant be cilly; whot doo I matter? Doo go bac and kepe an i on dhe children." So long az mudherz ar like dhis dhare children wil take advaantage ov dhem; and dha ma la too [bet on] dhat.

Even nou we venchoor intoo dhat familleyar nercery oanly becauz its laufool occupants ar on dhare wa home; we ar meerly hurreying on in advaans ov dhem too ce dhat dhare bedz ar properly aerd and dhat Mr. and Mrs. Darling doo not go out for dhe evenning. We ar no mor dhan cervants. Whi on erth shood dhare bedz be properly aerd, ceying dhat dha left dhem in such a thances hurry? Wood it not cerv dhem jolly wel rite if dha came bac and found dhat dhare parents wer spending dhe weke-end in dhe cuntry? It wood be dhe morral lesson dha hav bene in nede ov ever cins we met dhem; but if we contriavd thingz in dhis wa Mrs.

Darling wood nevver forghiv us.

Wun thing I shood like too doo immensely, and dhat iz too tel her, in dhe wa authorz hav, dhat dhe children ar cumming bac, dhat indede dha wil be here on Therzda weke. Dhis wood spoil so compleetly dhe cerprize too which Wendy and Jon and Mikel ar loocking forword. Dha hav bene planning it out on dhe ship: mudherz rapchoor, faadherz shout ov joi, Naanaaz lepe throo dhe are too embrace dhem ferst, when whot dha aut too be prepaerd for iz a good hiding. Hou delishous too spoil it aul bi braking dhe nuze 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 dhoze boiz agane." Houwever, we shood ghet no thanx even for dhis. We ar beeghinning too no Mrs. Darling bi dhis time, and ma be shoor dhat she wood upbrade us for depriving dhe children ov dhare littel plezhoor.

"But, mi dere maddam, it iz ten daze til Therzda weke; so dhat bi telling u whots whot, we can save u ten daze ov unhappenens."

"Yes, but at whot a cost! Bi depriving dhe children ov ten minnuets ov delite."

"O, if u looc at it in dhat wa!"

"Whot udher wa iz dhare in which too looc at it?"

U ce, dhe woomman had no proper spirrit. I had ment too sa extrordinarely nice thingz about her; but I despize her, and not wun ov dhem wil I sa nou. She duz not reyally nede too be toald too hav thingz reddy, for dha ar reddy. Aul dhe bedz ar aerd, and she nevver leevz dhe hous, and obzerv, dhe windo iz open. For aul dhe uce we ar too her, we mite wel go bac too dhe ship. Houwever, az we ar here we ma az wel sta and looc on. Dhat iz aul we ar, loockerz-on. Noboddy reyally wunts us. So let us woch and sa jaghy thingz, in dhe hope dhat sum ov dhem wil hert.

Dhe oanly chainj too be cene in dhe nite-mercery iz dhat betwene nine and cix dhe kennel iz no lon'gher dhare. When dhe children flu awa, Mr. Darling felt in hiz boanz dhat aul dhe blame woz hiz for havving chaind Naanaa up, and dhat from ferst too laast she had bene wizer dhan he. Ov cors, az we hav cene, he woz 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 whot ceemd rite too him; and havving thaut dhe matter out widh ancshous care aafter dhe flite ov dhe children, he went down on aul forz and crauld intoo dhe kennel. Too aul Mrs. Darlingz dere invitaishonz too him too cum out he replide sadly but fermly:

“No, mi one wun, dhis iz dhe place for me.”

In dhe bitternes ov hiz remors he swor dhat he wood never leve dhe kennel until hiz children came bac. Ov cors dhis woz a pittty; but whottevver Mr. Darling did he had too doo in exes, udherwize he soone gave up doowing it. And dhare never woz a mor humbel man dhan dhe wuns proud Jorj Darling, az he sat in dhe kennel ov an evenning tauking widh hiz wife ov dhare children and aul dhare pritty waze.

Verry tuching woz hiz defferens too Naanaa. He wood not let her cum intoo dhe kennel, but on aul udher matterz he follode her wishez impliscitly.

Evvery morning dhe kennel woz carrede widh Mr. Darling in it too a cab, which convade him too hiz office, and he reternd home in dhe same wa at cix. Sumthing ov dhe strength ov carracter ov dhe man wil be cene if we remember hou cencitive he woz too dhe opinyon ov naborz: dhis man whooze evvery muivment nou atracted cerpriazd attenshon. Inwordly he must hav sufferd torchoor; but he prezervd a caam extereyor even when dhe yung criticaezd hiz littel home, and he aulwaze lifted hiz hat kerchously too enny lady whoo looct incide.

It ma hav bene Qwixotic, but it woz magnifficent. Soone dhe inword mening ov it leect out, and dhe grate hart ov dhe public woz tucht. Croudz follode dhe cab, chering it lustely; charming gherlz scaild it

too ghet hiz autograf; intervuze appeerd in dhe better claas ov paperz, and sociyety invited him too dinner and added, “Doo cum in dhe kennel.”

On dhat eventfool Therzda weke, Mrs. Darling woz in dhe nite-nercery awating Jorgez retern home; a verry sad-ide woomman. Nou dhat we looc at her cloasly and remember dhe gayety ov her in dhe oald daze, aul gon nou just becauz she haz lost her baibz, I fiand I woant be abel too sa naasty thingz about her aafter aul. If she woz too fond ov her rubbiashy children, she coodnt help it. Looc at her in her chare, whare she haz faulen aslepe. Dhe corner ov her mouth, whare wun loox ferst, iz aulmoast widherd 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. Suppoze, too make her happy, we whisper too her in her slepe dhat dhe brats ar cumming bac. Dha ar reyally widhin too mialz ov dhe windo nou, and fliying strong, but aul we nede whisper iz dhat dha ar on dhe wa. Lets.

It iz a pittty we did it, for she haz started up, caulng dhare naimz; and dhare iz no wun in dhe roome but Naanaa.

“O Naanaa, I dremt mi dere wunz had cum bac.”

Naanaa had filmy ize, but aul she cood doo woz poot her pau gently on her mistrescez lap; and dha wer citting tuighedher dhus when dhe kennel woz braut bac. Az Mr. Darling poots hiz hed out too kis hiz wife, we ce dhat hiz face iz mor worn dhan ov yor, but haz a softer expreshon.

He gave hiz hat too Lizaa, whoo tooc it scornfoolly; for she had no imaginaishon, and woz qwite incapabel ov understanding dhe motiavz ov such a man. Outcide, dhe croud whoo had accompanede dhe cab home wer stil chering, and he woz nachoorally not unmuivd.

“Liscen too dhem,” he ced; “it iz verry grattifiying.”

“Lots ov littel boiz,” sneerd Lizaa.

“Dhare wer cevveral adults too-da,” he ashoord 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 dhe kennel, tauking widh Mrs. Darling ov dhis suxes, and prescing her hand reyashooringly 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 ever, arnt u?”

“Fool ov remors az ever, derest! Ce mi punnishment: living in a kennel.”

“But it iz punnishment, iznt it, Jorj? U ar shoor u ar not enjoiying it?”

“Mi luv!”

U ma be shoor she begd hiz pardon; and dhen, feling drouzy, he kerld round in dhe kennel.

“Woant u pla me too slepe,” he aasct, “on dhe nercery peyanno?” and az she woz crosscing too dhe da-nercery he added thautlesly, “And shut dhat windo. I fele a draaft.”

“O Jorj, nevver aasc me too doo dhat. Dhe windo must aulwaze be left open for dhem, aulwaze, aulwaze.”

Nou it woz hiz tern too beg her pardon; and she went intoo dhe da-nercery and plade, and soone he woz aslepe; and while he slept, Wendy and Jon and Mikel flu intoo dhe roome.

O no. We hav ritten it so, becauz dhat woz dhe charming arrainjment

pland bi dhem befor we left dhe ship; but sumthing must hav happend cins dhen, for it iz not dha whoo hav flone in, it iz Peter and Tinker Bel.

Peterz ferst werdz tel aul.

“Qwic Tinc,” he whisperd, “cloze dhe windo; bar it! Dhats rite. Nou u and I must ghet awa bi dhe dor; and when Wendy cumz she wil thinc her mudher haz bard her out; and she wil hav too go bac widh me.”

Nou I understand whot had hidhertoo puzld me, whi when Peter had exterminated dhe piraits he did not retern too dhe iland and leve Tinc too escort dhe children too dhe mainland. Dhis tric had bene in hiz hed aul dhe time.

Insted ov feling dhat he woz behaving badly he daanst widh gle; dhen he peept intoo dhe da-mercery too ce whoo woz playing. He whisperd too Tinc, “Its Wendeze mudher! She iz a pritty lady, but not so pritty az mi mudher. Her mouth iz fool ov thimbelz, but not so fool az mi mudherz woz.”

Ov cors he nu nuthing whottevver about hiz mudher; but he sumtiamz bragd about her.

He did not no dhe choone, which woz “Home, Swete Home,” but he nu it woz saying, “Cum bac, Wendy, Wendy, Wendy”; and he cride exultantly, “U wil never ce Wendy agane, lady, for dhe windo iz bard!”

He peept in agane too ce whi dhe muzic had stopt, and nou he sau dhat Mrs. Darling had lade her hed on dhe box, and dhat too teerz wer citting on her ize.

“She wunts me too unbar dhe windo,” thaut Peter, “but I woant, not I!”

He peept agane, and dhe teerz wer stil dhare, or anudher too had taken dhare place.

“Sheze aufoolly fond ov Wendy,” he ced too himcelf. He woz an‘gry widh her nou for not ceying whi she cood not hav Wendy.

Dhe rezon woz so cimpel: “Ime fond ov her too. We caant boath hav her, lady.”

But dhe lady wood not make dhe best ov it, and he woz unhappy. He ceest too looc at her, but even dhen she wood not let go ov him. He skipt about and made funny facez, but when he stopt it woz just az if she wer incide him, nocking.

“O, aul rite,” he ced at laast, and gulpt. Dhen he unbard dhe windo. “Cum on, Tinc,” he cride, widh a friatfool snere at dhe lauz ov naichoor; “we doant wunt enny cilly mudherz;” and he flu awa.

Dhus Wendy and Jon and Mikel found dhe windo open for dhem aafter aul, which ov cors woz mor dhan dha dezervd. Dha alited on dhe flor, qwite unnashaimd ov dhemcelvz, and dhe yun‘ghest wun had aulreddy forgotten hiz home.

“Jon,” he ced, loocking around him doutfoolly, “I thinc I hav bene here befor.”

“Ov cors u hav, u cilly. Dhare iz yor oald bed.”

“So it iz,” Mikel ced, but not widh much convicshon.

“I sa,” cride Jon, “dhe kennel!” and he dasht acros too looc intoo it.

“Perhaps Naanaa iz incide it,” Wendy ced.

But Jon whisld. “Hullo,” he ced, “dhaerz a man incide it.”

“Its faadher!” exclaimd Wendy.

“Let me ce faadher,” Mikel begd eegherly, and he tooc a good looc.
“He iz not so big az dhe pirate I kild,” he ced widh such franc
dissappointment dhat I am glad Mr. Darling woz aslepe; it wood hav bene
sad if dhoze had bene dhe ferst werdz he herd hiz littel Mikel sa.

Wendy and Jon had bene taken abac sumwhot at fianding dhare faadher in
dhe kennel.

“Shoorly,” ced Jon, like wun whoo had lost faith in hiz memmory, “he uest
not too slepe in dhe kennel?”

“Jon,” Wendy ced falteuringly, “perhaps we doant remember dhe oald life
az wel az we thaut we did.”

A chil fel uppon dhem; and cerv dhem rite.

“It iz verry caerles ov mudher,” ced dhat yung scoundrel Jon, “not too
be here when we cum bac.”

It woz dhen dhat Mrs. Darling began playing agane.

“Its mudher!” cride Wendy, peping.

“So it iz!” ced Jon.

“Dhen ar u not reyally our mudher, Wendy?” aasct Mikel, whoo woz
shoorly slepy.

“O dere!” exclaimd Wendy, widh her ferst reyal twinj ov remors [for
havving gon], “it woz qwite time we came bac.”

“Let us crepe in,” Jon sugdested, “and poot our handz over her ize.”

But Wendy, whoo sau dhat dha must brake dhe joiyous nuze mor 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 dhe nite-mercery too ce if her huzband woz aslepe, aul dhe bedz wer occupide. Dhe children wated for her cri ov joi, but it did not cum. She sau dhem, but she did not beleve dha wer dhare. U ce, she sau dhem in dhare bedz so often in her dreemz dhat she thaut dhis woz just dhe dreame hanging around her stil.

She sat down in dhe chare bi dhe fire, whare in dhe oald daze she had nerst dhem.

Dha cood not understand dhis, and a coald fere fel uppon aul dhe thre ov dhem.

“Mudher!” Wendy cride.

“Dhats Wendy,” she ced, but stil she woz shoor it woz dhe dreame.

“Mudher!”

“Dhats Jon,” she ced.

“Mudher!” cride Mikel. He nu her nou.

“Dhats Mikel,” she ced, and she strecht out her armz for dhe thre littel celfish children dha wood nevver envelop 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 woz nun too ce it exopt a littel boi whoo woz staring in at dhe windo. He had had extaceze innumerabel dhat udher children can nevver no; but he woz loocking throo dhe windo at

dhe wun joi from which he must be for ever bard.

Chapter 17 WHEN WENDY GROO UP

I hope u wunt too no whot became ov dhe udher boiz. Dha wer wating belo too ghiv Wendy time too explane about dhem; and when dha had counted five hundred dha went up. Dha went up bi dhe stare, becauz dha thaut dhis 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 nuthing, but dhare ize aasct her too hav dhem. Dha aut too hav looct at Mr. Darling aulso, but dha forgot about him.

Ov cors Mrs. Darling ced at wuns dhat she wood hav dhem; but Mr. Darling woz cureyously deprest, and dha sau dhat he concidderd cix a raadher larj number.

“I must sa,” he ced too Wendy, “dhat u doant doo thingz bi haavz,” a grudging remarc which dhe twinz thaut woz pointed at dhem.

Dhe ferst twin woz dhe proud wun, and he aasct, flushing, “Doo u thinc we shoold be too much ov a handfool, cer? Becauz, if so, we can go awa.”

“Faadher!” Wendy cride, shoct; but stil dhe cloud woz on him. He nu he woz behaving unwerdhely, but he cood not help it.

“We cood li dubld up,” ced Nibz.

“I aulwaze cut dhare hare micelf,” ced Wendy.

“Jorj!” Mrs. Darling exclaimd, paind too ce her dere wun showing himcelf in such an unfavorabel lite.

Dhen he berst intoo teerz, and dhe truith came out. He woz az glad too hav dhem az she woz, he ced, but he thaut dha shoold hav aaset hiz concent az wel az herz, insted ov treeting him az a cifer [zero] in hiz one hous.

“I doant thinc he iz a cifer,” Tootelz cride instantly. “Doo u thinc he iz a cifer, Kerly?”

“No, I doant. Doo u thinc he iz a cifer, Sliatly?”

“Raadher not. Twin, whot doo u thinc?”

It ternd out dhat not wun ov dhem thaut him a cifer; and he woz abcerdly grattifide, and ced he wood fiand space for dhem aul in dhe drauwing-roome if dha fitted in.

“Wele fit in, cer,” dha ashoord him.

“Dhen follo dhe leder,” he cride galy. “Miand u, I am not shoor dhat we hav a drauwing-roome, but we pretend we hav, and its aul dhe same. Hoope laa!”

He went of daancing throo dhe hous, and dha aul cride “Hoope laa!” and daanst aafter him, cerching for dhe drauwing-roome; and I forghet whedher dha found it, but at enny rate dha found cornerz, and dha aul fitted in.

Az for Peter, he sau Wendy wuns agane befor he flu awa. He did not exactly cum too dhe windo, but he brusht against it in paacing so dhat she cood open it if she liact and caul too him. Dhat iz whot she did.

“Hullo, Wendy, good-bi,” he ced.

“O dere, ar u gowing awa?”

“Yes.”

“U doant fele, Peter,” she ced falteuringly, “dhat u wood like too sa enneething too mi parents about a verry swete subgect?”

“No.”

“About me, Peter?”

“No.”

Mrs. Darling came too dhe windo, for at prezzent she woz keping a sharp i on Wendy. She toald Peter dhat she had adopted aul dhe udher boiz, and wood like too adopt him aulso.

“Wood u cend me too scoole?” he inqwiard craaftely.

“Yes.”

“And dhen too an office?”

“I suppoze so.”

“Soone I wood be a man?”

“Verry soone.”

“I doant wunt too go too scoole and lern sollem thingz,” he toald her pashonaitly. “I doant wunt too be a man. O Wendeze mudher, if I woz too wake up and fele dhare woz a beard!”

“Peter,” ced Wendy dhe 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?”

“With Tinc in dhe hous we bilt for Wendy. Dhe fareze ar too poot it hi up amung dhe tre tops whare dha slepe at niats.”

“Hou luvly,” cride Wendy so longingly dhat Mrs. Darling titend her grip.

“I thaut aul dhe fareze wer ded,” Mrs. Darling ced.

“Dhare ar aulwaze a lot ov yung wunz,” explaind Wendy, whoo woz nou qwite an authorrity, “becauz u ce when a nu baby laafs for dhe ferst time a nu fary iz born, and az dhare ar aulwaze nu babeze dhare ar aulwaze nu fareze. Dha liv in nests on dhe tops ov treze; and dhe move wunz ar boiz and dhe white wunz ar gherlz, and dhe bloo wunz ar just littel cilleze whoo ar not shoor whot dha ar.”

“I shal hav such fun,” ced Peter, widh i on Wendy.

“It wil be raadher loanly in dhe evenning,” she ced, “citting bi dhe fire.”

“I shal hav Tinc.”

“Tinc caant go a twenteyeth part ov dhe wa round,” she remianded him a littel tartly.

“Sneky tel-tale!” Tinc cauld out from sumwhare round dhe corner.

“It duznt matter,” Peter ced.

“O Peter, u no it matterz.”

“Wel, dhen, cum widh me too dhe 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 mudher.”

“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 dhis handsome offer: too let Wendy go too him for a weke evvery yere too doo hiz spring clening. Wendy wood hav preferd a mor permanent arrainjment; and it ceemd too her dhat spring wood be long in cumming; but dhis prommice cent Peter awa qwite ga agane. He had no cens ov time, and woz so fool ov advenchoorz dhat aul I hav toald u about him iz oonly a haafpenny-werth ov dhem. I suppoze it woz becauz Wendy nu dhis dhat her laast werdz too him wer dheze raadher plaintive wunz:

“U woant forghet me, Peter, wil u, befor spring clening time cumz?”

Ov cors Peter prommiast; and dhen he flu awa. He tooc Mrs. Darlingz kis widh him. Dhe kis dhat had bene for no wun els, Peter tooc qwite ezely. Funny. But she ceemd sattisfide.

Ov cors aul dhe boiz went too scoole; and moast ov dhem got intoo Claas **3**, but Sliatly woz poot ferst intoo Claas **4** and dhen intoo Claas **5**.

Claas I iz dhe top claas. Befor dha had attended scoole a weke dha sau whot goats dha had bene not too remane on dhe iland; but it woz too late nou, and soone dha cetld down too beying az ordinary az u or me or Genkinz minor [dhe yun‘gher Genkinz]. It iz sad too hav too sa dhat dhe pouwer too fli gradjoowally left dhem. At ferst Naanaa tide dhare fete too dhe bed-poasts so dhat dha shood not fli awa in dhe nite; and wun ov dhare diverzhonz bi da woz too pretend too faul of buscez [dhe In‘glisch dubbel-deckerz]; but bi and bi dha ceest too tug at dhare bondz in bed, and found dhat dha hert dhemcelvz when dha let go ov dhe bus. In time

dha cood not even fli aafter dhare hats. Wunt ov practice, dha cauld it; but whot it reyally ment woz dhat dha no lon'gher beleevd.

Mikel beleevd lon'gher dhan dhe udher boiz, dho dha geerd at him; so he woz with Wendy when Peter came for her at dhe end ov dhe ferst yere. She flu awa with Peter in dhe froc she had woven from leevz and berreze in dhe Neverland, and her wun fere woz 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 with him about oald tiamz, but nu advenchoorz had crouded dhe oald wunz from hiz miand.

“Whoo iz Captane Hooc?” he aasct widh interest when she spoke ov dhe arch ennemy.

“Doant u remember,” she aasct, amaizd, “hou u kild him and saivd aul our liavz?”

“I forghet dhem aafter I kil dhem,” 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 dhem,” he ced. “I expect she iz no mor.”

I expect he woz rite, for fareze doant liv long, but dha ar so littel dhat a short time ceemz a good while too dhem.

Wendy woz paind too too fiand dhat dhe paast yere woz but az yesterda too Peter; it had ceemd such a long yere ov wating too her. But he woz exactly az fascinating az evver, and dha had a luvly spring clening in dhe littel hous on dhe tre tops.

Next yere he did not cum for her. She wated in a nu froc becauz dhe oald wun cimply wood not mete; but he never came.

“Perhaps he iz il,” Mikel ced.

“U no he iz never il.”

Mikel came cloce too her and whisperd, with a shivver, “Perhaps dhare iz no such person, Wendy!” and dhen Wendy wood hav cride if Mikel had not bene crying.

Peter came next spring clening; and dhe strainj thing woz dhat he never nu he had mist a yere.

Dhat woz dhe laast time dhe gherl Wendy ever sau him. For a littel lon‘gher she tride for hiz sake not too hav growing painz; and she felt she woz untroo too him when she got a prize for genneral nollej. But dhe yeerz came and went widhout bringing dhe caerles boi; and when dha met agane Wendy woz a marrede woomman, and Peter woz no mor too her dhan a littel dust in dhe box in which she had kept her toiz. Wendy woz grone up. U nede not be sorry for her. She woz wun ov dhe kiand dhat liax too gro up. In dhe end she groo up ov her one fre wil a da qwicker dhan udher gherlz.

Aul dhe boiz wer grone up and dun for bi dhis time; so it iz scaersly werth while saying enneething mor about dhem. U ma ce dhe twinz and Nibz and Kerly enny da gowing too an office, eech 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 dhe iarn dor? Dhat uest too be Tootelz. Dhe bearded man whoo duznt no enny story too tel hiz children woz wuns Jon.

Wendy woz marrede in white widh a pinc sash. It iz strainj too thinc dhat Peter did not alite in dhe cherch and forbid dhe banz [formal announsmnt ov a marrage].

Yeerz roald on agane, and Wendy had a dauter. Dhis aut not too be ritten in inc but in a goalden splash.

She woz cauld Jane, and aulwaze had an od inqwiring looc, az if from dhe moment she arriavd on dhe mainland she wunted too aasc qweschonz. When she woz oald enuf too aasc dhem dha wer moastly about Peter Pan. She luvd too here ov Peter, and Wendy toald her aul she cood remember in dhe verry nercery from which dhe famous flite had taken place. It woz Jainz nercery nou, for her faadher had baut it at dhe thre per cents [morgage rate] from Wendeze faadher, whoo woz no lon'gher fond ov staerz. Mrs. Darling woz nou ded and forgotten.

Dhare wer oonly too bedz in dhe nercery nou, Jainz and her nercez; and dhare woz no kennel, for Naanaa aulso had paast awa. She dide ov oald age, and at dhe end she had bene raadher 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 dhen it woz Wendeze part too poot Jane too bed. Dhat woz dhe time for storeze. It woz Jainz invenshon too raze dhe shete over her mudherz hed and her one, dhus making a tent, and in dhe aurool darcnes too whisper:

“Whot doo we ce nou?”

“I doant thinc I ce enneething too-nite,” cez Wendy, widh a feling dhat if Naanaa wer here she wood obgett too ferdher 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 flize!”

“Duz it fli,” aasx dhe artfool chiald, “dhe wa u flu when u wer a littel gherl?”

“Dhe wa I flu? Doo u no, Jane, I sumtiamz wunder whedher I ever did reyally fli.”

“Yes, u did.”

“Dhe dere oald daze when I cood fli!”

“Whi caant u fli nou, mudher?”

“Becauz I am grone up, derest. When pepel gro up dha forghet dhe wa.”

“Whi doo dha forghet dhe wa?”

“Becauz dha ar no lon‘gher ga and innocent and hartles. It iz oanly dhe ga and innocent and hartles whoo can fli.”

“Whot iz ga and innocent and hartles? I doo wish I wer ga and innocent and hartles.”

Or perhaps Wendy admits she duz ce sumthing.

“I doo beleve,” she cez, “dhat it iz dhis nercery.”

“I doo beleve it iz,” cez Jane. “Go on.”

Dha ar nou embarct on dhe grate advenchoor ov dhe nite when Peter flu in loocking for hiz shaddo.

“Dhe 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,” interrupts Jane, whoo nou noze dhe story better dhan her mudher. “When u sau him citting on dhe flor crying, whot did

u sa?”

“I sat up in bed and I ced, Boi, whi ar u criying?”

“Yes, dhat woz it,” cez Jane, widh a big breth.

“And dhen he flu us aul awa too dhe Nevverland and dhe fareze and dhe piraits and dhe redskinz and dhe mermaidz lagoone, and dhe home under dhe ground, and dhe littel hous.”

“Yes! which did u like best ov aul?”

“I thinc I liact dhe home under dhe ground best ov aul.”

“Yes, so doo I. Whot woz dhe laast thing Peter ever ced too u?”

“Dhe laast thing he ever ced too me woz, Just aulwaze be wating for me, and dhen sum nite u wil here me crowing.”

“Yes.”

“But, alas, he forgot aul about me,” Wendy ced it widh a smile. She woz az grone up az dhat.

“Whot did hiz cro sound like?” Jane aasct wun evenning.

“It woz like dhis,” Wendy ced, tryying too imitate Peterz cro.

“No, it woznt,” Jane ced graivly, “it woz like dhis;” and she did it ever so much better dhan her mudher.

Wendy woz a littel startld. “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 woz dhe oanly

wun whoo herd it awake.”

“Lucky u,” ced Jane.

And dhen wun nite came dhe tradgedy. It woz dhe spring ov dhe yere, and dhe story had bene toald for dhe nite, and Jane woz nou aslepe in her bed. Wendy woz citting on dhe flor, verry cloce too dhe fire, so az too ce too darn, for dhare woz no udher lite in dhe mercery; and while she sat darning she herd a cro. Dhen dhe windo bloo open az ov oald, and Peter dropt in on dhe flor.

He woz exactly dhe same az ever, and Wendy sau at wuns dhat he stil had aul hiz ferst teeth.

He woz a littel boi, and she woz grone up. She hudld bi dhe fire not daring too moove, helpes and ghilty, a big woomman.

“Hullo, Wendy,” he ced, not noticing enny differens, for he woz thinking cheefly ov himself; and in dhe dim lite her white dres mite hav bene dhe niatgoun in which he had cene her ferst.

“Hullo, Peter,” she replide faintly, sqwezing hercelf az smaul az poscibel. Sumthing incide her woz crying “Woomman, Woomman, let go ov me.”

“Hullo, whare iz Jon?” he aasct, suddenly miscing dhe therd 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 woz 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 shoorly he wood understand; but not a bit ov it.

"Peter," she ced, falteuring, "ar u expecting me too fli awa widh u?"

"Ov cors; dhat iz whi I hav cum." He added a littel sternly, "Hav u forgotten dhat dhis iz spring clening time?"

She nu it woz 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 teech u agane."

"O Peter, doant waist dhe fary dust on me."

She had rizen; and nou at laast a fere assaild him. "Whot iz it?" he cride, shrinking.

"I wil tern up dhe lite," she ced, "and dhen u can ce for yorcelf."

For aulmoast dhe oanly time in hiz life dhat I no ov, Peter woz afrade.

"Doant tern up dhe lite," he cride.

She let her handz pla in dhe hare ov dhe tradgic boi. She woz not a littel gherl hart-broken about him; she woz a grone woomman smiling at it

aul, but dha wer wet-ide smialz.

Dhen she ternd up dhe lite, and Peter sau. He gave a cri ov pane; and when dhe taul butefool creechoor stuipt too lift him in her armz he droo bac sharply.

“Whot iz it?” he cride agane.

She had too tel him.

“I am oald, Peter. I am ever so much mor 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 dhe littel gherl in dhe bed iz mi baby.”

“No, sheze not.”

But he suppoazd she woz; and he tooc a step toowordz dhe sleping chiald with hiz dagher upraizd. Ov cors he did not strike. He sat down on dhe flor insted and sobd; and Wendy did not no hou too cumfort him, dho she cood hav dun it so ezely wuns. She woz oonly a woomman nou, and she ran out ov dhe roome too tri too thinc.

Peter continnude too cri, and soone hiz sobz woke Jane. She sat up in bed, and woz interested at wuns.

“Boi,” she ced, “whi ar u criying?”

Peter roze and boud too her, and she boud too him from dhe bed.

“Hullo,” he ced.

“Hullo,” ced Jane.

“Mi name iz Peter Pan,” he toald her.

“Yes, I no.”

“I came bac for mi mudher,” he explaind, “too take her too dhe Newverland.”

“Yes, I no,” Jane ced, “I hav bene wating for u.”

When Wendy reternd diffidently she found Peter citting on dhe bed-poast crowing gloreously, while Jane in her nity woz fliying round dhe roome in sollem extacy.

“She iz mi mudher,” Peter explaind; and Jane descended and stood bi hiz cide, with dhe looc in her face dhat he liact too ce on ladeze when dha gaizd at him.

“He duz so nede a mudher,” Jane ced.

“Yes, I no,” Wendy admitted raadher forlornly; “no wun noze it so wel az I.”

“Good-bi,” ced Peter too Wendy; and he roze in dhe are, and dhe shaimles Jane roze widh him; it woz aulreddy her ezeyest wa ov mooving about.

Wendy rusht too dhe windo.

“No, no,” she cride.

“It iz just for spring clening time,” Jane ced, “he wunts me aulwaze too doo hiz spring clening.”

“If oanly I cood go with u,” Wendy cide.

“U ce u caant fli,” ced Jane.

Ov cors in dhe end Wendy let dhem fli awa tuighedher. Our laast glimps ov her shoze her at dhe windo, woching dhem receding intoo dhe 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 dhis happend long ago. Jane iz nou a common grone-up, with a dauter cauld Margaret; and evvery spring ckening time, exopt when he forghets, Peter cumz for Margaret and taix her too dhe Neverland, whare she telz him storeze about himcelf, too which he liscenz eegherly. When Margaret groze up she wil hav a dauter, whoo iz too be Peterz mudher in tern; and dhus it wil go on, so long az children ar ga and innocent and hartles.

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