

THE PETER PAN STORY PICTURE BOOK



Joyce Kilfelfelt



The Story of Peter Pan

IN ONE of the nicest nurseries in the world lived John Napoleon, Wendy Moira Angela, and Michael, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Darling. Strange as it seems, their nurse was a big dog called Nana, whose kennel was kept in the nursery. It was wonderful to see how she took care of the children, bathing and dressing them, and tucking them into their beds. She watched over them very carefully, too, and it was Nana who first saw the strange little figure at the nursery window.

It seemed to be the figure of a little boy, and Nana shut the window quickly, so quickly, in fact, that she cut off the boy's shadow. Mrs. Darling, coming into the nursery for a look at the children before she went out to dine, found it in Nana's mouth and carefully folded it and put it away in the nursery dresser.

Just then Mr. Darling came into the room. He was very much disturbed, for he could not get his tie fastened right—and besides he had found some of Nana's grey hairs upon his beautiful black trousers. So he dragged Nana away, declaring that she must be chained up in her kennel in the yard. Mrs. Darling begged him to let Nana stay in the nursery until they came back, but no man likes to find hair upon his trousers as he is going out to a dinner-party; so he merely said firmly that, after all, the yard was the proper place for a dog.



When Mr. and Mrs. Darling had gone, the big nursery was very quiet. The three children were asleep. Suddenly, into the darkness of the room, there darted a tiny ball of fire which flitted uneasily about and finally vanished into a vase. Then the figure of a little boy leaped through the window. The little flame was a girl fairy named Tinker Bell, and the boy was Peter Pan. He was looking for his shadow, for he felt very queer indeed without it. Finally Tinker Bell found it for him. Peter snatched it and tried to make it stick to his feet with soap, but it kept slipping off, and he was beginning to cry when Wendy woke up and saw the trouble he was in.



Now Wendy was a very motherly little girl; so she got out needle and thread and offered to sew his shadow on again. When it was done Peter danced about in glee.

Then Wendy asked him who he was, and he told her that his name was Peter Pan and that he lived in the Never-Never-Land with the Lost Boys. Peter had run away the day he was born because he didn't want to grow up, and the other boys were babies who had fallen out of their buggies when their mothers were looking the other way. Of course, they hadn't any mothers, and no one to tell them stories, and it was to listen to Mrs. Darling's stories that Peter came to the window each evening.



Wendy felt very sorry for the Lost Boys, and when Peter begged her to come and be a mother to them, she was quite ready to go—that is, if John Napoleon and Michael could go, too. So they were awakened, and as soon as they heard that there were pirates in the Never-Never-Land, they clamored to go. Peter taught them to fly, and soon they followed him through the window and out into the blue night sky. All were in their night clothes, except John, who snatched his top hat as he left.

A minute afterwards, Mrs. Darling and Nana rushed into the nursery, but it was too late. The children were on their way to the Never-Never-Land!



In the Never-Never-Land, the Lost Boys were waiting for Peter. There were six of them: Slightly Soiled, Tootles, Nibs, Curley, and the Twins. They lived in the ground for fear of the Pirates and the Wolves, and each one had a special staircase hollowed in a tree-trunk so that they could run easily into their homes if the Pirates should come. The captain of the Pirates was James Hook, and he was a most dreadful-looking villain. He had a double-pronged hook fixed on one of his arms instead of a hand, for, long ago, Peter Pan had cut off his right hand and flung it to a passing crocodile, who had liked the taste of it so much that ever after he followed, licking

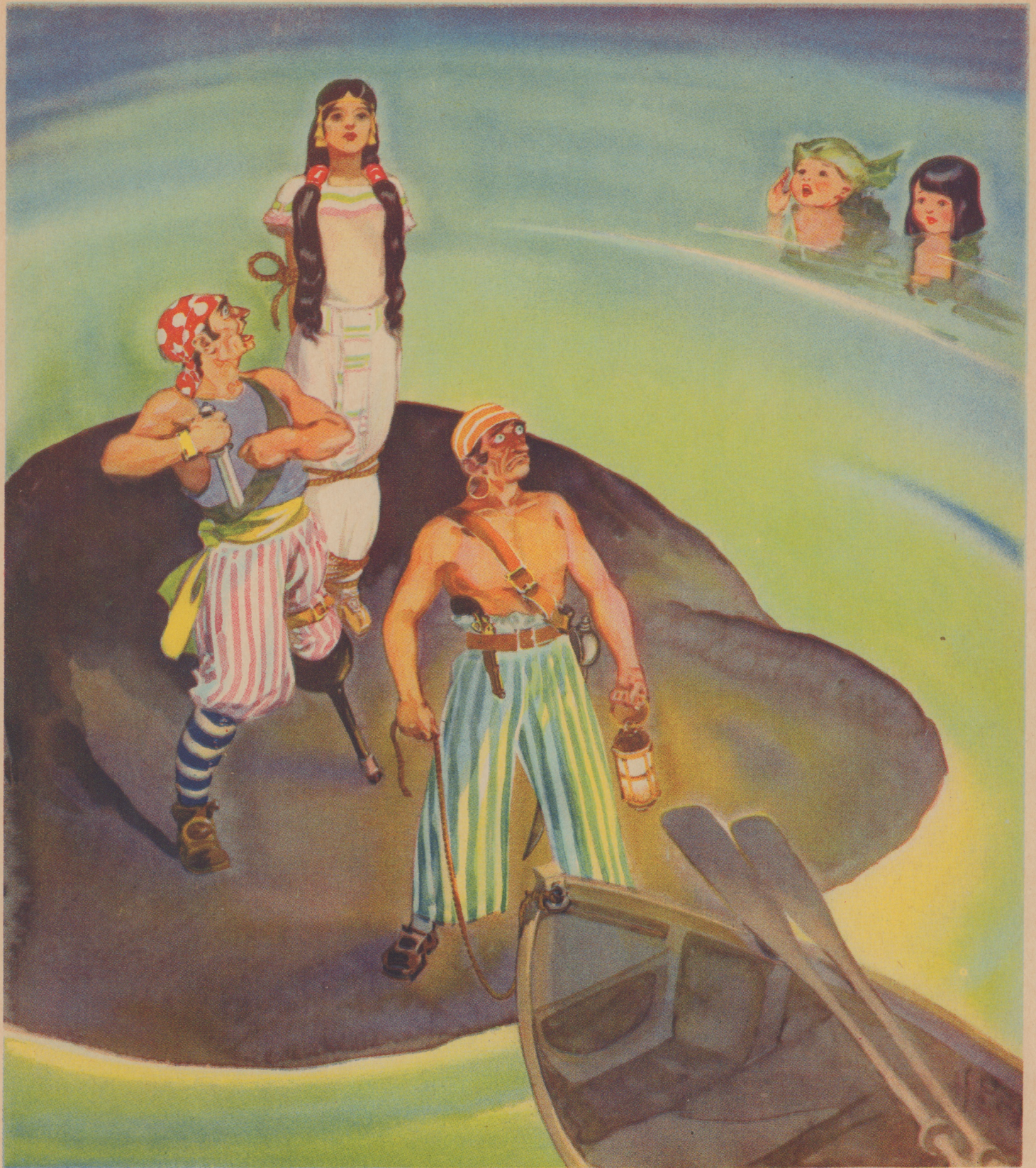


his lips for the rest of the Captain. Luckily for James Hook the crocodile had once swallowed an alarm clock, which ticked so loudly that the Captain could always hear it coming. He knew where the Boys lived, for once he had sat down upon a toadstool which was their chimney and had found it so warm that he guessed the truth at once.

The Lost Boys were beginning to be anxious about Peter when suddenly Tinker Bell returned and told them that a great white bird was flying overhead and that Peter wanted them to shoot it. Instantly Tootles seized his bow and arrow and shot at the bird, as he thought, and she fell fainting to the ground. Alas! it was Wendy.



The naughty fairy, Tinker Bell, was jealous of Wendy and tried to get rid of her; but, fortunately, she was only stunned. Soon she was quite well again and the boys built a little house for her out of wood, and tarpaulin, and make-believe. When it was finished, Peter knocked solemnly at the door, and Wendy opened it and came out, very pleased and happy. The boys begged her to be their mother, and she promised to do her best if only Peter would be Father. Then lights were lit in the little house, and when it was quite night, Peter came out with his sword and walked up and down like a sentry, to guard the new little mother he had brought for the Lost Boys.



One fine summer evening, Peter, with Wendy and their little family, went down to the Lagoon where the Mermaids lived. Wendy and her brothers were very much excited, for they had never seen a real mermaid with a tail before. Suddenly they saw that a boat was coming near, and in it were seated two pirates. Behind them, bound tightly with ropes, was Tiger Lily, the Chieftainess of the friendly Red Indians. Peter guessed that the Pirates meant to leave her, all bound as she was, upon the rock until the tide came up and drowned her. The other boys were already swimming toward the shore, but Peter thought of a clever trick, to save her.



Imitating Captain Hook's voice, he called out: "Cut her bonds and let her go!" Instantly the Pirates released Tiger Lily, who leaped into the water and swam toward the boys. The Pirates were rowing back when they saw Hook swimming towards them, and learned from him how they had been fooled. In a rage, he chased them out of the boat, leaving them to swim back to the ship as best they might.

But as soon as the Pirates were gone, Peter went back to the rock to attack the Captain, and a fierce fight followed, Hook using his iron prong on poor Peter. Finally Hook gave up the fight and swam back to the ship.



In the meantime the boys had seized Hook's boat and rowed off with Tiger Lily in it; so Peter and Wendy were alone on the rock.

Peter was too wounded to swim or fly, much less help Wendy, whom he found so exhausted that she could hardly move. With difficulty he managed to help her to a firm footing, but the tide was rising, and they were both in great danger.

All at once a very large kite came flying over the lagoon. In a second Peter had seized its tail, and binding it tightly round Wendy, he sent her sailing away in safety, bravely calling, "Good-by, Wendy!" until she was out of sight.



Then, indeed, as the tide rose steadily, Peter was in great peril. The water reached his feet, and he was beginning to think it would be a "tremendous adventure to die," when who should come sailing by but the Never-bird on her nest. The Never-bird was Peter Pan's friend, and seeing his distress from a distant cliff, had hurried to help him even though she might lose her precious eggs in doing so.

But luckily for her, Peter, touched by her devotion, turned to see how he could save the eggs, and saw Starkey's hat. The Pirate must have forgotten it. It made a wonderful nest for the eggs, and the actual nest made a fine boat for Peter.



After that the days passed merrily in the underground home, where Wendy was the sweetest little mother, and Peter the bravest father you could have found anywhere. It was one day when Peter was away that Captain Hook came ashore with a scheme he had for getting rid of Peter. But before he could carry it out, a queer sound was heard, coming nearer and nearer to him. "Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack."

"The Crocodile! the Crocodile!" the Pirate Captain yelled, and in a moment was flying for his life. The Pirates had scarcely disappeared in the depths of the forest when the Indians crept silently up in pursuit of them. They soon passed far out of



sight, and then, one by one, the Lost Boys came out to play again. But their safety did not last for long. Suddenly Nibs, who had gone off by himself, rushed, quite out of breath, into the midst of the Boys, closely pursued by a pack of wild animals.

What were the Lost Boys to do in this terrible plight? Fortunately, one of them remembered Peter's plan. Whenever he was attacked by wild beasts, Peter used to run at them backwards, jumping along the ground, squinting at them through his legs. The Boys did this all together, and, really, it was so astonishing that the wild animals fled with terrified howls to the thickets where they lived.



One Saturday night, Wendy and the Boys were all downstairs together, waiting for Peter to come back from a hunting expedition. Outside, the faithful Tiger Lily and her Red Indian band were keeping guard against the Pirates. Presently Peter came home, and after they had danced pillow dances and turned somersaults, Wendy told them that it was bedtime. But they begged for a story, and Wendy told about Mr. and Mrs. Darling and how lonely they were, waiting for their children to return.

"No, Wendy," said Peter sadly. "When I went home to my mother, the window was barred, and there was another little boy sleeping in my cradle."



At this horrible thought, Wendy and John and Michael started up and said that they must go home at once. All the other Lost Boys begged to go with them, all but Peter, who felt that he could never bear to grow up. There was nothing for him to do, then, but to stay behind. Wendy was as careful as a little mother in pouring out Peter's medicine, and made him promise faithfully to take it every night.

But suddenly there was a stamping overhead, and a sound of heavy people wrestling and struggling to and fro. The pirates had taken the Red Indians by surprise. Very soon the battle was over. The Pirates were left victorious, though a little out of breath,



close above the children's heads. Hook listened at the hole in the tree, and could hear Peter speaking. "If the Indians have won," said Peter, "they'll beat the tomtom."

Hook ordered a Pirate to sound a tomtom at once. It had been left behind by one of the Indians, and when the children heard it, they shouted in glee.

"All will be safe," said Peter. "You may go now! Tink will show you the way," and bidding a hurried good-bye to Peter, they went out into the forest. The Pirates were ready for them. As each child came above the ground, he was seized by one of the swarthy ruffians and taken aboard the pirate ship, which had anchored close by.



Everything had been done so quietly that Peter was quite unaware of his friends' sad fate. He only knew that all his companions had left him and he was all alone. Poor Peter threw himself on his bed and sobbed himself to sleep.

Hook was still lurking about, for the one thing that annoyed him was that Peter was still safe. But a wicked scheme was in his wicked heart, for he had heard Wendy's last words: "Be sure and take your medicine, Peter." Here was the Captain's last chance. Creeping down to the door of the cave, he stretched his long arm inside and poured a few drops of deadly poison into the cup. Then he stole away.



Suddenly Tinker Bell burst into the room. "The Pirates have captured them!" she tinkled excitedly. Peter snatched up his sword, but just as he was about to dash away, he remembered Wendy's last words, and lifted the cup. But Tinker Bell was before him, for, being a fairy, she knew about the poison, and she drank it to save him. Now poor Tinker Bell was dying. Peter, in a frenzy of grief, appealed to all children: "Do you believe in fairies? If you do, clap your hands, and that will save poor Tinker Bell." As his cry ran around the world, there came the sound of millions of little hands clapping. The effect was magical. Soon Tinker Bell was quite well again.



On the pirate ship, Captain Hook was seated on a chair covered with bearskin, while the Boys, whose wrists were chained together, were brought before him. They were told that they must walk the plank, and when he saw that they did not know what "walking the plank" meant, Hook showed them how the plank would tip them into the water and they would be drowned. Suddenly the ticking of an alarm clock was heard, and Hook and his men rushed away to hide in one corner of the ship.

The Boys waited, breathless with horror, until Peter Pan appeared over the ship's side. In one hand he held an alarm clock, which he had used to fool Captain Hook.



Unseen by the Pirates, Peter dashed into the cabin and shut the door. The ticking stopped, and Hook came back to his dreadful purpose. Just as he was about to vent his rage upon the Boys, a piercing cock's-crow came from the cabin. The crew was struck motionless with terror. Hook decided to send the Boys into the cabin to fight the mysterious creature. This, of course, was just what the Boys wanted. They allowed themselves to be driven into the cabin, and while the Pirates were huddled together in superstitious fear, Peter crept out, followed by the Boys. He took Wendy's place at the mast, and when Hook advanced to throw Wendy overboard a few min-



utes later, what was his astonishment to see Peter spring from Wendy's brown cloak, followed by the other Boys. They were all armed with weapons which they had found in the cabin. Some of the Pirates leaped overboard in their surprise. Others fell upon the Boys, and a hard fight began. As for Peter and Captain Hook, each was determined to kill the other, but step by step Hook was driven back. Finally Peter twisted Hook's sword from him and forced him into the sea, right into the jaws of the waiting crocodile, who caught him at last. Then the Jolly Roger set sail for Wendy's home.

One night as Mrs. Darling sat by the fireside, three little figures flew into the



window and nestled in their beds. Then softly Wendy called to her mother, who couldn't believe for a while that her children were really back again. When they were all a little calmer, Wendy told about the Lost Boys and Mrs. Darling instantly adopted them all. As for Peter, it was arranged that once a year Mrs. Darling would allow Wendy to go and stay with him for a whole week to do his spring cleaning. Now, in the evening at twilight in the Never-Never-Land, there are many sweet sounds; but the sweetest of all is the fluting of Peter Pan's pipe as he calls to the spring to make haste, because with the spring comes Wendy.

