

PETER PA



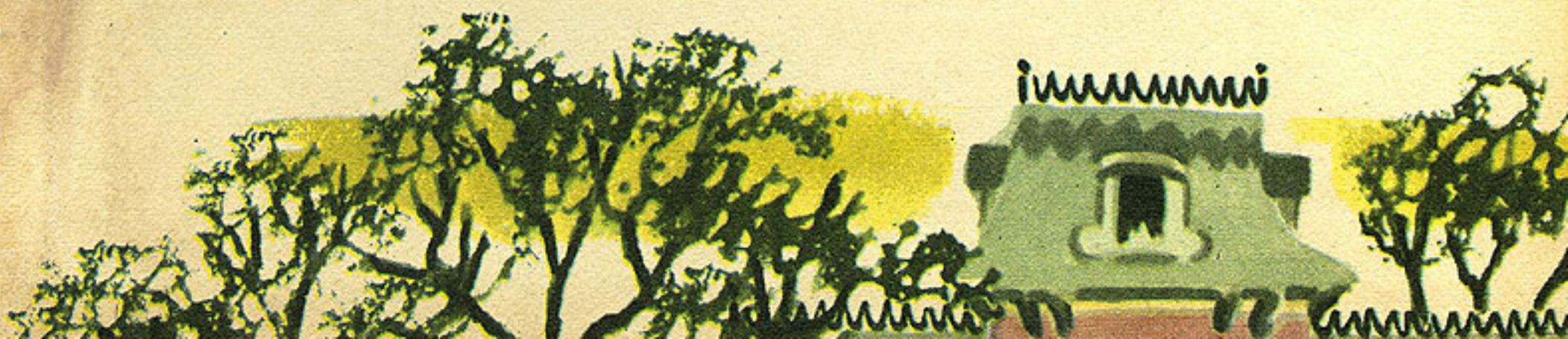
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WITH WASHABLE COVER

NEW Long-life
Binding



This is my
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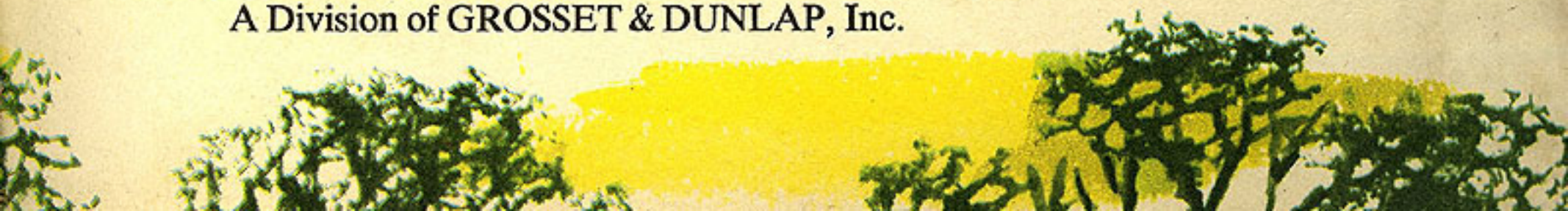


PETER PAN



Retold for little children by MARCIA MARTIN
Pictures by BEATRICE DERWINSKI

WONDER BOOKS • NEW YORK
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This book is a brief and simplified retelling of the famous story PETER AND WENDY, that captures the spirit and beauty of the original tale. It is especially designed for very little folk. When the little folk are a little older, they will want to read the whole wonderful story, many times longer than this, just as it was written by J. M. Barrie.



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JOHN, WENDY, AND MICHAEL lived in a lovely house with their mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Darling. Nana, the children's nursemaid, lived with them. Nana was a very large dog. And although some people thought it strange to have a dog for a nursemaid, she really took excellent care of the three children.



But Nana was not watching over the nursery the night the children's big adventure began. Mr. Darling had chained Nana in the yard because he was very cross with her. So Nana could not warn Mr. and Mrs. Darling when it all happened.



Just a few minutes after Mrs. Darling turned out the lights and left the nursery that night, the window blew open. A lovely boy dressed in a garland of leaves dropped lightly into the room, and a strange, tiny beam of light came in with him. It darted about the nursery like a living thing.

“Have you found my shadow, Tinker Bell?” called the boy to the beam of light. “I know this is where I lost it.”

The light, which was really a little fairy girl, danced on a bureau drawer. The boy quickly opened the drawer and joyfully pulled out a little package. He shook it out, and sure enough it was his shadow. Just then Wendy awoke.





"Boy, who are you? What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am Peter Pan, and I'm trying to put on my shadow," he answered.

"Come here," said Wendy, "and I'll sew it on for you."

And with just a few stitches, the shadow was in place. Peter Pan flew happily about the room.

"It must be wonderful to be able to fly," said Wendy.

"Oh, it's easy. I'll show you how," said Peter Pan.



Wendy woke John and Michael, for she knew they would never forgive her if they too did not learn. At first it was difficult, and they kept bumping against the ceiling. But in a very short while they were flying as though they had done it all their lives.

“I must go back to Never-Never Land,” said Peter Pan. “I’m the leader of the Lost Boys, and I have to take care of them, because they have no mothers.”

“Where is your mother, Peter Pan?” asked John.

“I ran away from home the day I was born. I want to be a little boy forever and ever. I am never going to grow up.



“Wouldn’t you like to come with me to Never-Never Land?” Peter Pan looked at Wendy hopefully.

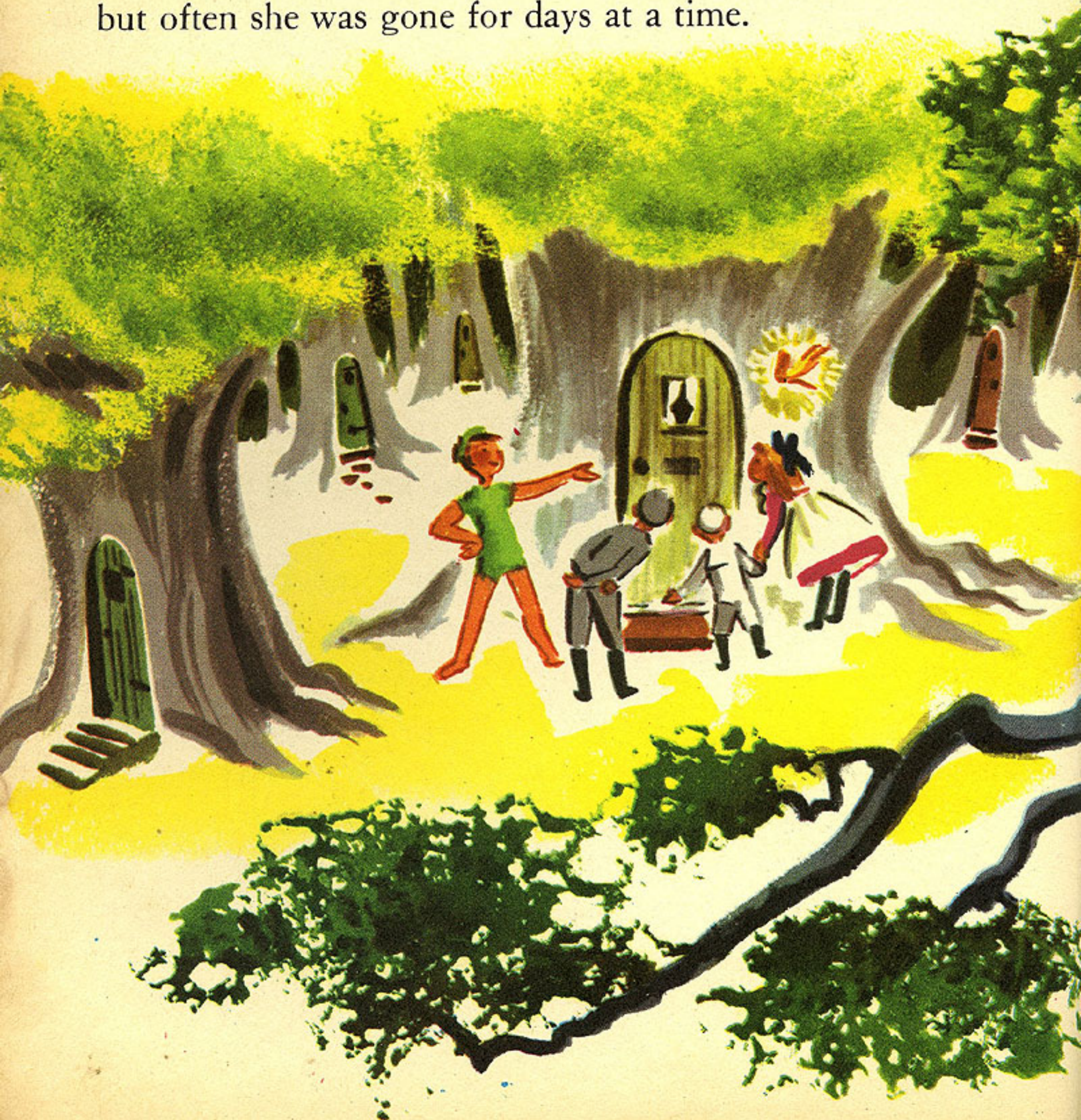
“You could be our mother, Wendy,” Peter Pan went on. “You could tell us stories, and give us our medicine, and mend our trousers. And Never-Never Land is a wonderful place. There are Indians and Pirates there.”

“Indians!” squealed Michael.

“Pirates!” shouted John, as he grabbed his Sunday hat and made for the window.

Wendy could not resist, and out the window flew the three children with Peter Pan and Tinker Bell in the lead.

Never-Never Land was really as lovely as Peter Pan had said. All the children lived in a wonderful house under the ground, and each child had his own hollow tree for an entrance. Tinker Bell lived in a little alcove in the wall, but often she was gone for days at a time.





Peter Pan told Michael and John that the Indians were really their friends and guarded the underground house from the Pirates.



“But those fierce Pirates have tried many times to capture the Lost Boys,” Peter Pan explained. “And the leader of the Pirates, Captain James Hook, wants me most of all. You see, once when we were fighting, I cut off his arm and threw it to a crocodile. Now he wears a dreadful hook where his right hand used to be.”

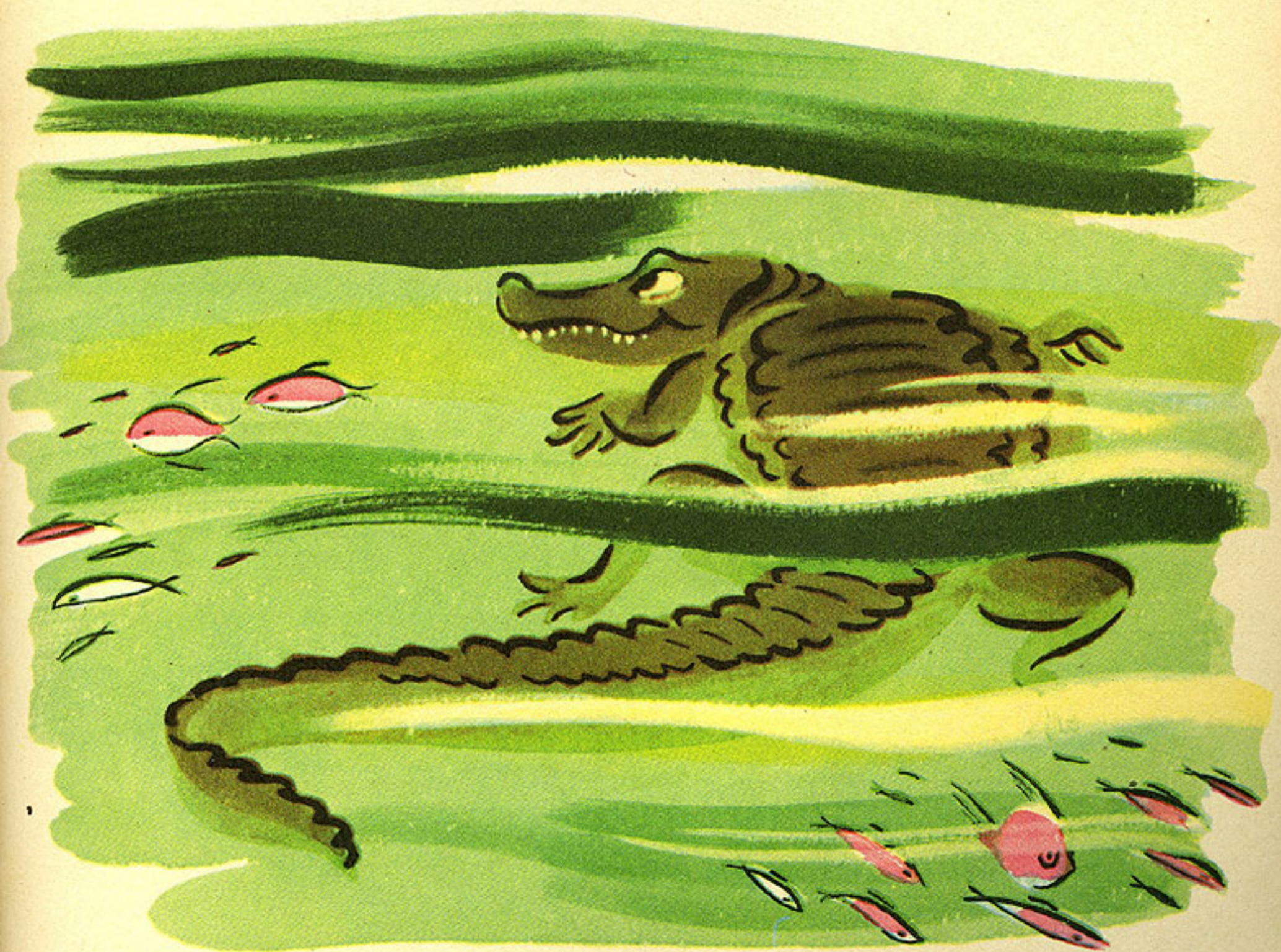
The children shuddered.

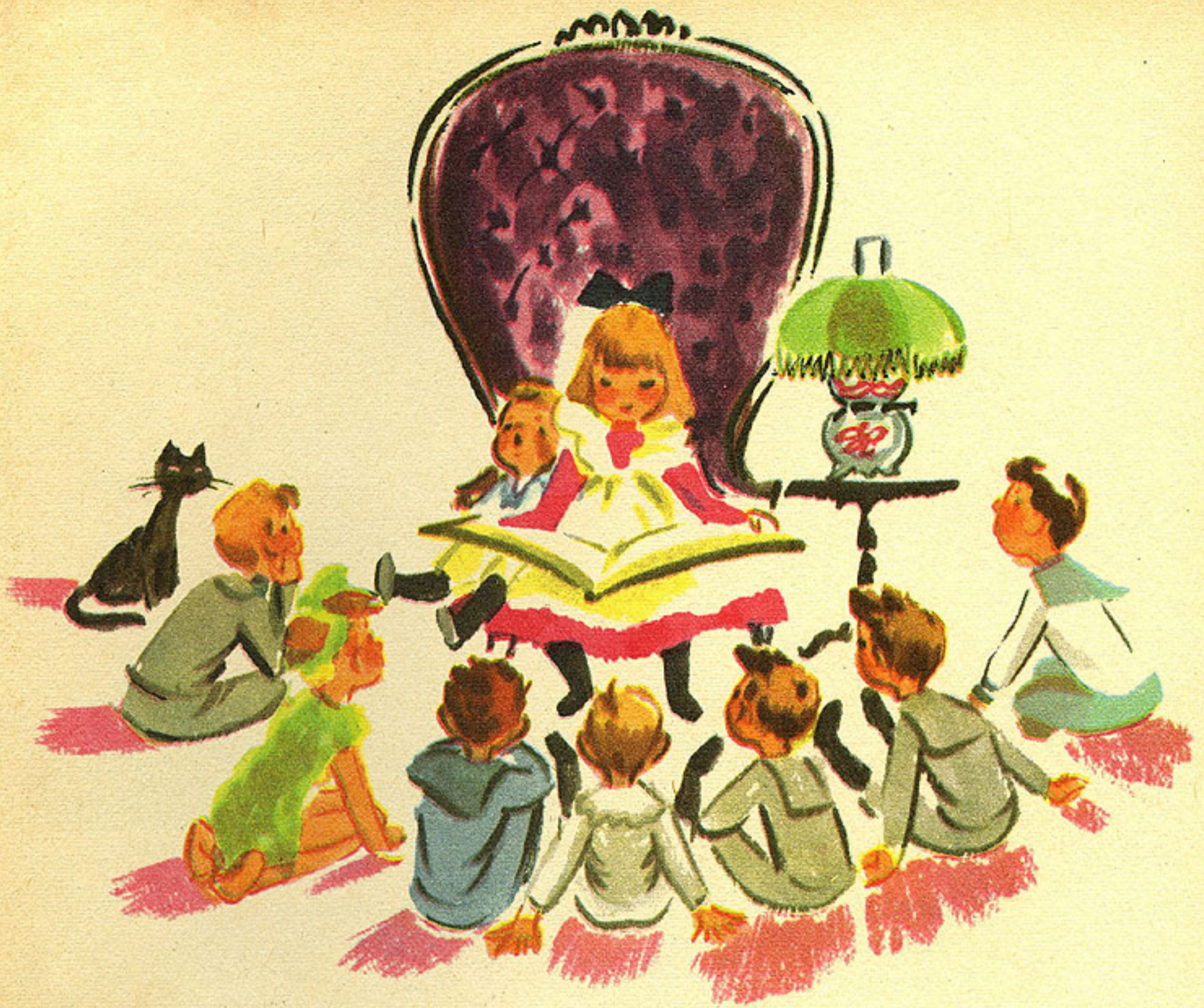
“But Hook has another enemy,” Peter Pan continued. “The crocodile. It liked his arm so much that it has followed

him ever since. Luckily for Hook, the crocodile swallowed a clock and Hook can hear the tick-tock, tick-tock, before it can reach him. But some day the clock will run down, and that is what Hook is afraid of.”

The children nodded solemnly.

With the Indians to guard them, the boys and Peter Pan and Wendy had little to fear from the Pirates. Wendy was a wonderful mother, and the boys loved her dearly.





Wendy herself, to tell the truth, was so busy tending her family that she did not have much time to think of her own dear parents. It was not until little Michael said to her one evening, "Are you really our mother?" that she realized how long they had been away and how sorrowful their mother and father must be.

"We must go home at once!" she cried.

But the Lost Boys looked so mournful at the thought of

losing her that dear tenderhearted Wendy said, "We will all go. I am sure I can get Mother and Father to adopt you."

The boys jumped with joy — all but Peter Pan.

"Shan't go," said Peter Pan crossly. "If I went, I should have to grow up. You may go without me," he finished.

"I wish you were coming," said Wendy sadly. "But if you won't, don't forget to take your medicine."

"I'll remember," promised Peter Pan. And the children went cheerfully up their hollow trees.

But alas and alack! While the children had been preparing to leave, the dreadful Pirates had surprised the Indians who were on guard, and destroyed them all. Now Hook and his men were waiting, hardly breathing, for the children to come up from their house.

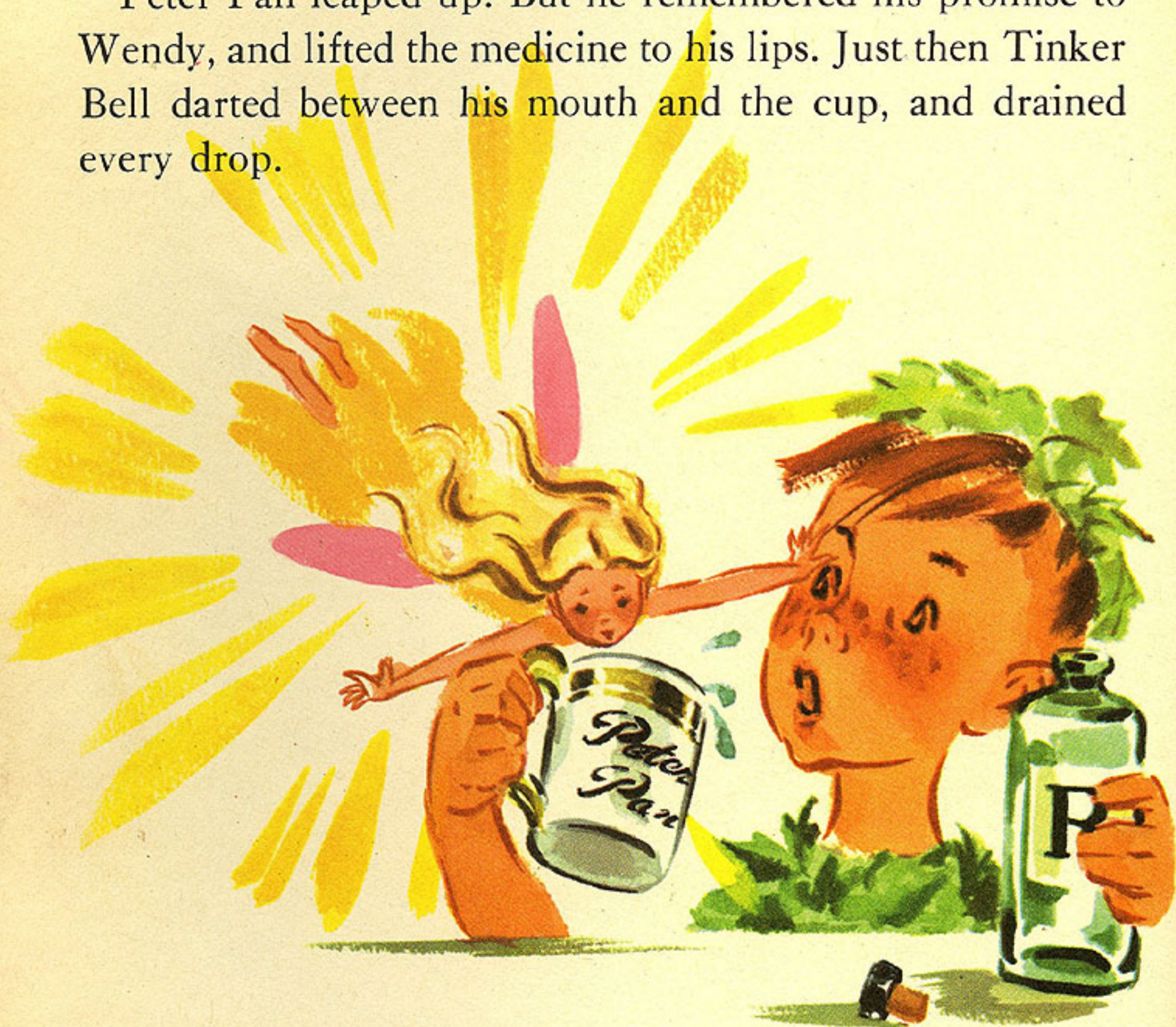
Out of the trees squirmed the gay, laughing children. Without a sound, each Pirate grabbed a child and made off with him to the Pirate ship. Captain Hook himself seized poor Wendy.

Peter Pan, who had heard nothing, went to sleep. He did not hear Captain Hook creep down to the underground house, nor did he see him empty a large bottle marked **POISON** into Peter Pan's medicine.

As Captain Hook left, Tinker Bell darted into the underground house.

“Wake up, Peter Pan,” she tinkled excitedly. “Wendy and the boys have been captured by the Pirates!”

Peter Pan leaped up. But he remembered his promise to Wendy, and lifted the medicine to his lips. Just then Tinker Bell darted between his mouth and the cup, and drained every drop.



“Captain Hook poisoned it,” she gasped. “I drank it to save your life.” Her voice was so faint that Peter Pan could hardly hear her.



“Oh Tink,” sobbed Peter Pan. “You must not die. If all children believed in fairies, would you get well?”

The light nodded faintly.

“Children!” Peter Pan called. “Children everywhere! Clap! Clap hard, if you believe. Don’t let Tink die.”



There was a low sound in the room which grew louder and louder, as though every child in the world was clapping.



“Thank you, children!” Peter Pan cried as Tinker Bell’s light grew brighter and brighter. “And now I’m off to save Wendy and the boys.”

Away to the Darling house flew the children. This time Peter Pan went too, to protect them. Luckily, the nursery window was still open.

What joy there was when Mrs. Darling went to the nursery and found everyone there! Even Nana was so happy that she forgot to scold. Of course the Lost Boys were adopted, and they slept in the parlor behind a screen.

Peter Pan would not stay, but every spring for many years he came to get Wendy. She did his spring cleaning for him, and mended his socks. And when she grew up and became a real mother, she often told her own little girl the story of her first trip to Never-Never Land.



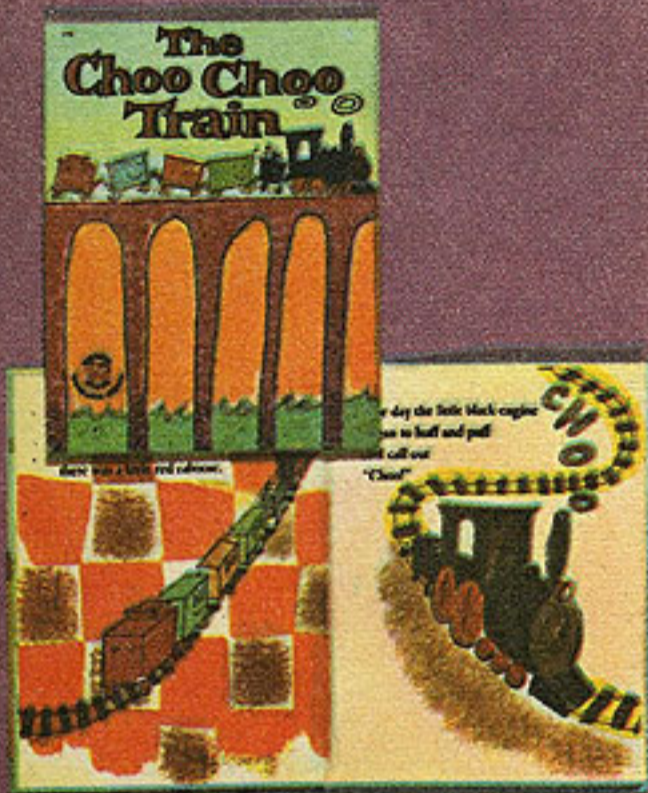
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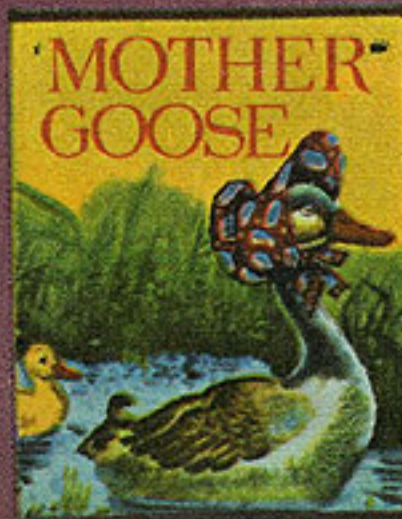
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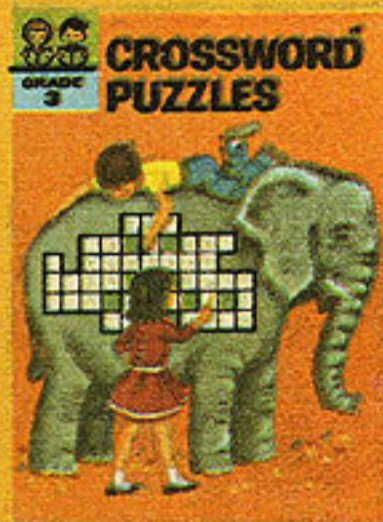


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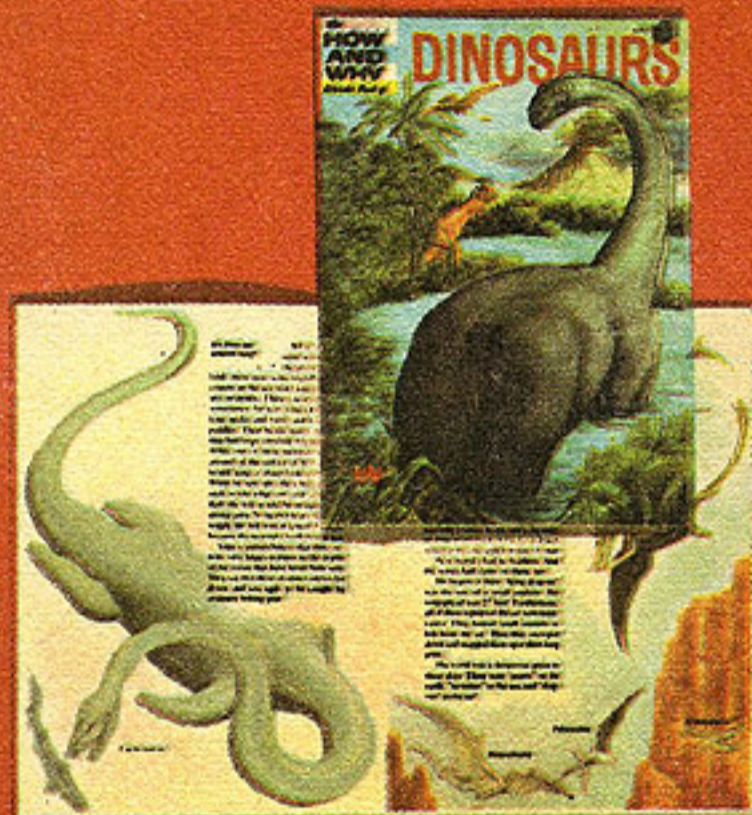
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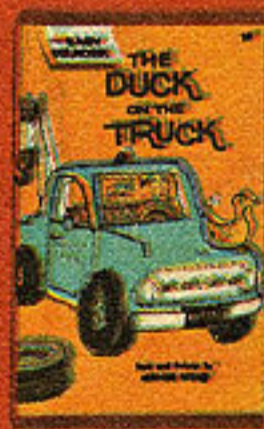
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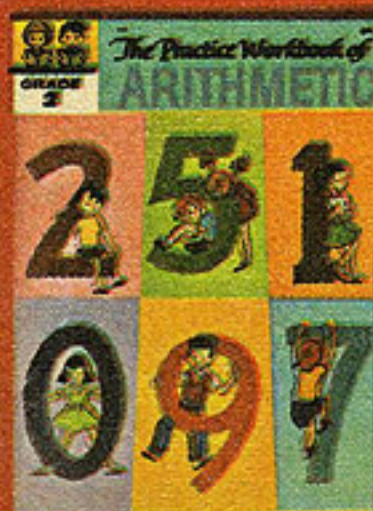
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