



Peter Pan

Piotruś Pan



FELBERG SJA

Peter Piotruś Pan Pan

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Prologue



There was once a little boy who lived in London. His name was Peter Pan. He dreamed he would never have to grow up to leave the world of children's imagination and become a boring adult. Peter's dream was so strong that he grew a pair of little wings and flew from home straight to Kensington Gardens, where he lived among talking birds, elves, fairies and magic creatures.

One day Peter left Kensington and flew to Neverland—an island of fabulous adventures and fantastic dreams. Occasionally the winged boy returned to London to visit his little friends—the Darling children.

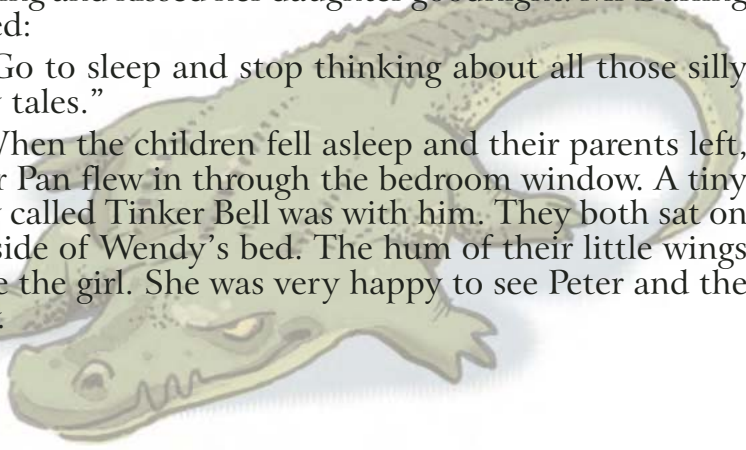
One such night Mr and Mrs Darling were putting their children to bed. They had one daughter, Wendy, and two younger sons, John and Michael.



“Mommy, when will Peter Pan visit us?” asked Wendy.

“There is no Peter Pan, my dear,” answered Mrs Darling and kissed her daughter goodnight. Mr Darling added:

“Go to sleep and stop thinking about all those silly fairy tales.”

When the children fell asleep and their parents left, Peter Pan flew in through the bedroom window. A tiny fairy called Tinker Bell was with him. They both sat on the side of Wendy's bed. The hum of their little wings woke the girl. She was very happy to see Peter and the fairy.





“Wendy, this is Tinker Bell,” Peter introduced his companion. “Would you like us to take you to Neverland?” he asked.

“Oh, yes!” said Wendy and quickly woke her two younger brothers. “Hurry up,” she told them, “we are flying to Neverland.”

Tinker Bell blew some fairy dust on the children so that they could fly. The five of them were soon up in the air, looking at London from above. They were flying into the night, with Tinker Bell showing the way in the dark. They flew for hours and then, just before dawn, they saw an island below. It was Neverland. Suddenly they heard a crashing sound and a red ball whizzed past, missing them by inches.

“It’s a cannon ball. Hide!” shouted Peter Pan. “Captain Hook’s pirates are attacking us!”

But his warning came too late. The next cannon ball hit Tinker Bell.

Meanwhile, aboard the pirates’ ship below, Captain Hook was furious.

“You lazy, blind idiots,” he yelled at his crew. “Aim at Peter Pan! I have sworn revenge ever since the wicked boy cut off my hand and threw it to the crocodiles.”

The pirates listened to Hook, terrified. No one dared speak. Their captain decided:

“We must now find the Lost Boys. If we capture them, Peter will surely try to rescue them. And then we will get him.”

