Peter Pan and Wendy

W: Boy! Why are you crying?
B: Never mind!... What's your name?
W: Wendy Moira Angela Darling, what's yours?
B: Peter Pan.
W: That's all?
B: yes
W: I'm so sorry.
B: It doesn't matter.
W: well, where do you live?
B: 2nd to the right and straight onto morning.
W: what a funny address.
B: no it isn't!
W: I mean, is that what they put on your letters?
B: don't get any letters.
W: But your mother must get letters?
B: don't have a mother.
W: Ohl Peter, I'm so sorry, no wonder you are crying.
B: I wasn't crying about mothers, I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on.
W: How awful, your shadow has come off? Well, let me see. You can't stick it on the soap. It must be sewn on. B: what's sewn?
W: You're dreadfully ignorant.
B: No I'm not.
W: I shall sew it on for you. Come and sit down and you'll have to be brave
W: It might hurt a little.
B: I shan't cry
W: Perhaps I should have ironed it first?
B: I'm very proud of my shadow.
W: Hold still. Now tell me, how old are you?
B: I don't know- but I am quite young, you see, I ran away the day I was born.
W: Where did you go?
B: To Kensington Gardens, where I lived with the fairies.
W: There you are - your shadow won't come off now.
B: How clever I am.
W: Well, it was me who sewed it for you - wait Peter - where are you going?