

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: Oh! 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?