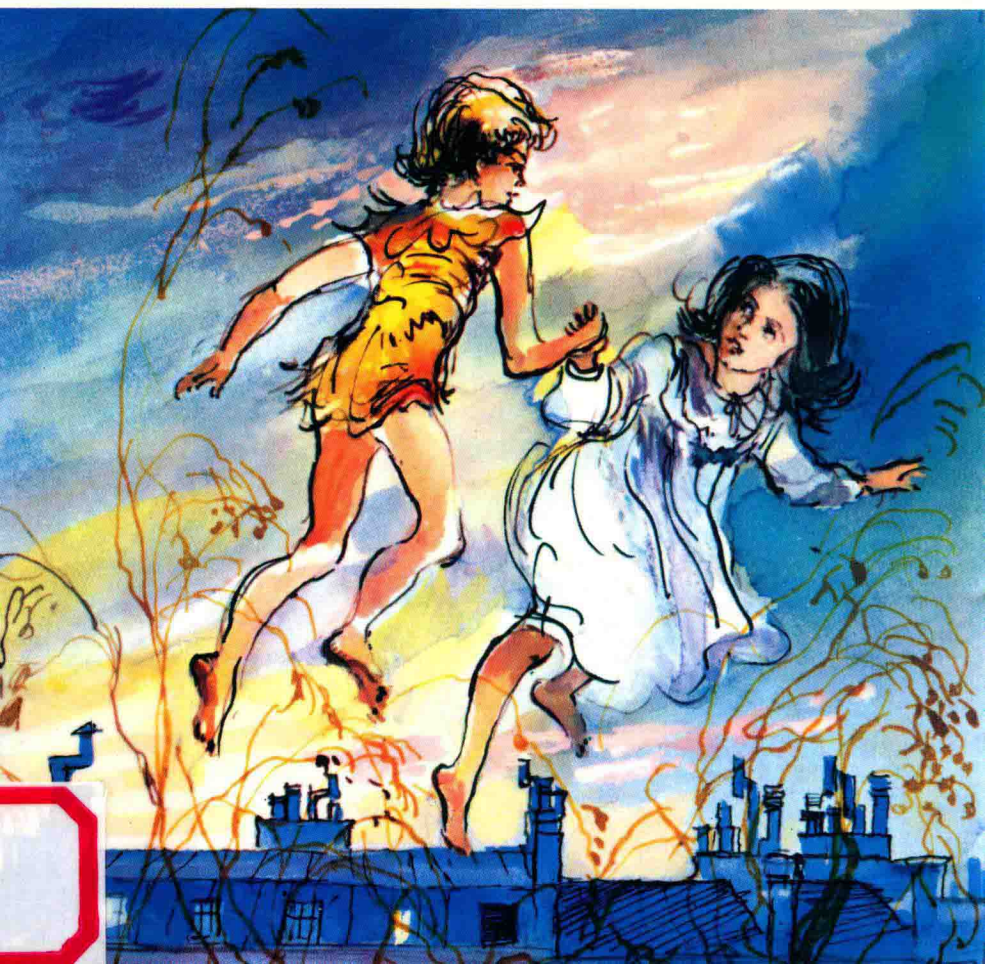
 Delta Readers 900 Word Level

J.M. Barrie

Peter Pan



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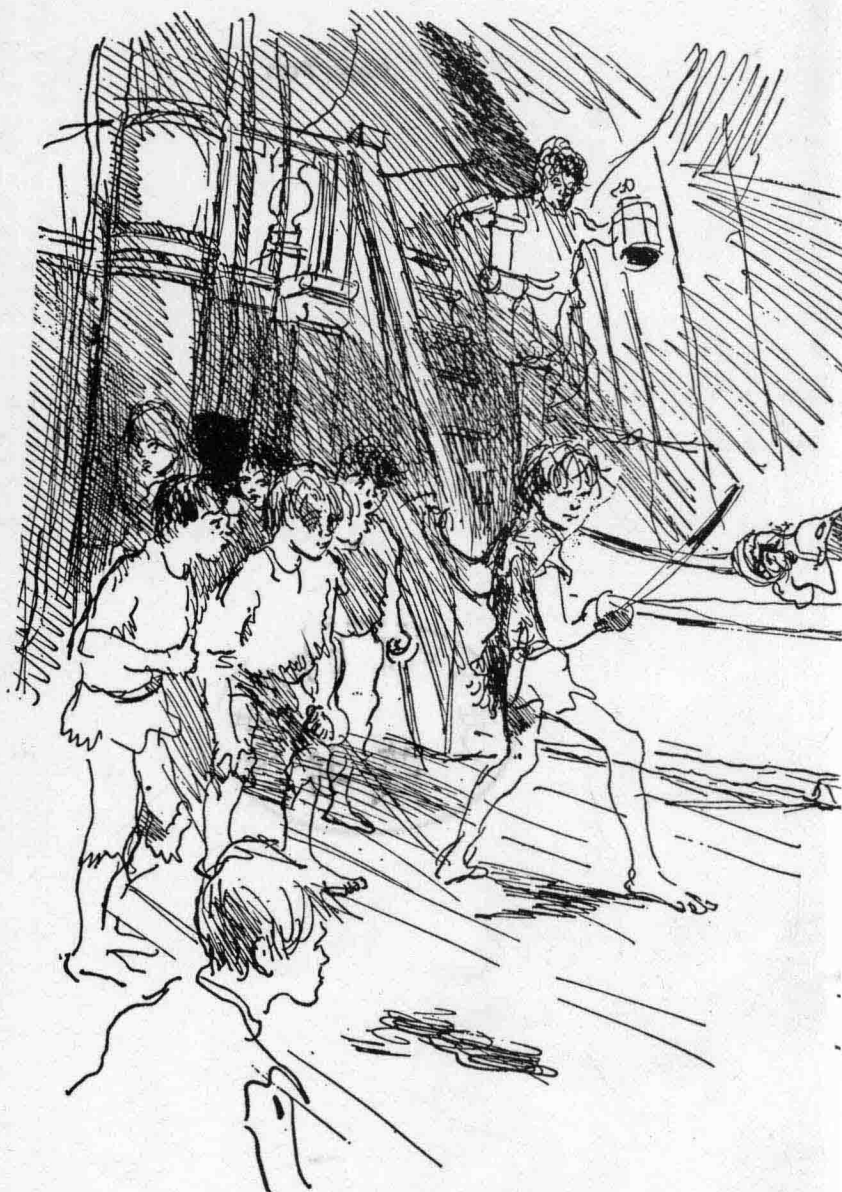
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Delta Readers Grading Scheme

Delta Readers are graded in both structures and vocabulary and are specially designed for learners of English as a foreign language in East Asia. The grading scheme has been developed after careful study of the various syllabuses used in the region. The readers provide simplified reading material, both fiction and non-fiction, which the older student at school and college and the adult learner will not find below his interest level. The series is divided into grades of 600, 900, 1200 and 1500 word levels. All the books in the series are attractively illustrated and exercises are provided. The most difficult words are glossed in footnotes or pictorially. This series of readers will provide enjoyable reading and valuable language training for both individual students and the class group.

Explanations of words which are outside the grading scheme are given either in footnotes on the pages where they appear or in the special glossary at the end.

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The Darling Family

Once there was a little girl. Her name was Wendy. When she was two years old she picked a flower in the garden for her mother. She was as sweet as the flower, and when her mother, Mrs Darling, saw her, she said, 'Oh, why can't you stay like this for ever?' 5

So Wendy began to see that she could not be two years old for ever. Two is the beginning of the end, and the end is to be grown-up*.

Mrs Darling was very sweet too. She was just what a mother ought to be. Her mouth looked like a kiss be- 10 cause she kissed her children so often. She had three children as time went on—Wendy, John and Michael. They were all good children, but Wendy was the best because she tried to be like* her mother.

They had a nurse to look after them, but she was 15 not like the nurses that other children have; she was a big dog and her name was Nana. Her kennel* was in the nursery* and she could watch over* the children all the time. She got them out of bed every morning, and she gave them baths, but she played games with 20 them too. When she took them to school, she always

*grown-up (adj.), adult, not a child

*like (prep.), similar to

*kennel (n.), a small house for a dog

*nursery (n.), a room for children

*watch over (vb.), to take care of s.o, to look out for danger to s.o.

carried an umbrella.

The Darlings were a happy family and loved each other dearly, but Mr Darling did not like Nana very much. He thought people were laughing at him because his children had a dog as a nurse, with her kennel in the nursery.

The children had plenty of toys and games, but they spent a lot of time in talk about the Never-Land. It wasn't a real island; they made it up in their heads, and changed it every day. All sorts of exciting things—fights with sea-robbers, for example—happened there.

But the most exciting thing in Never-Land was Peter Pan. Wendy sometimes told her mother about him. Peter, she said, was as big as she was—(Wendy was nine at this time)—and he often flew into the Darlings' nursery at night and talked to her. Then she said, 'You picked up some leaves off the floor today near the nursery window. These leaves came off Peter's shoes.' Mrs Darling remembered the leaves, but she did not believe Wendy's story.

But the next night, when the three children were sleeping in bed, Mrs Darling was sitting quietly by the nursery fire, and she fell asleep. Suddenly the nursery window blew open and a boy flew into the room. He was dressed in leaves of all colours. Mrs Darling woke up, and the boy showed his teeth in anger at her. Mrs Darling cried out. Nana ran in and tried to catch the boy, but he jumped through the window. Nana shut the window very quickly. She didn't catch the boy, but she cut off his shadow*. Mrs Darling put the

*shadow (n.), The dark shape thrown by s.t. which cuts off the light



shadow away in a drawer. She did not tell Mr Darling about it, because he would say something against Nana.

About a week later, Mr and Mrs Darling were going out to dinner one evening. Nana was putting the children to bed. But Michael wanted to stay up. He shouted and kicked and said he wouldn't go to bed. He didn't want a bath and he didn't want to take the medicine for his cough. Mrs Darling was there; she looked as beautiful as a smile, as a kiss, as a flower. But then Mr Darling came in, very angry because he could not tie his tie. He got angrier when he saw some of Nana's hairs on his best trousers.

He said to Michael, 'You must take your medicine. I'm ready to take some too, to show you how a man can do it, but I've lost the bottle.'

But Wendy cried, 'I know where it is.' She came back with the bottle and put some of the medicine in a glass. Then Michael took his medicine, but Mr Darling poured his glassful into Nana's bowl of milk. He told her to drink it, and she did. Then she went into her kennel and cried. The children watched this without a word.

Mr Darling knew he was wrong, and that made him angrier and angrier. 'I don't want that dog in the nursery,' he shouted. 'I'm going to tie her up in the back garden.'

Then Mrs Darling told him about the boy, and she took the shadow from the drawer and showed it to him. She said she wanted Nana to stay with the children. But Mr Darling would not listen to her. He

pushed Nana out of the house and tied her to a tree in the garden.

Mr and Mrs Darling went out, and the children soon fell asleep. But, outside, Nana barked* and barked, because she knew they were in danger. 5



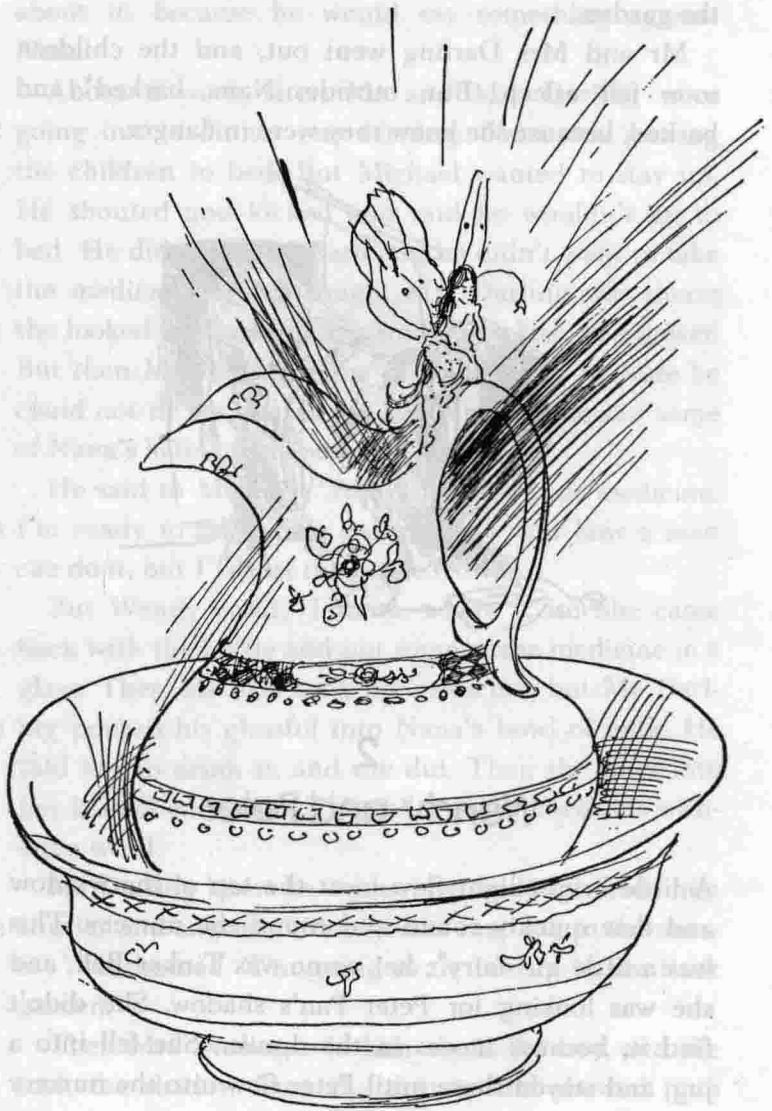
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Wendy and Peter

A little bright light flew in at the top of the window and flew quickly round and round the nursery. This was a little girl-fairy*; her name was Tinker Bell, and she was looking for Peter Pan's shadow. She didn't find it, because it was in the drawer. She fell into a jug, and stayed there until Peter flew into the nursery 10

*bark (vb.), to make a loud noise like a dog

*fairy (n.), a small imaginary being with wings



and called, 'Oh, Tink! Come out of that jug. Did you find my shadow?'

Tinker Bell told him it was in the big box. She spoke like a little silver bell, in the fairy language, but Peter understood her. He was very excited when he



found his shadow again, and by mistake he shut Tinker Bell up in the drawer. Then he tried to put his shadow on again, but he couldn't do it. He tried to stick it on with soap, but it fell off. He sat down beside
5 it, and cried.

Wendy woke up. She knew Peter at once from her dreams. She sat up in bed, and asked, 'Boy, why are you crying? I'm Wendy,' she said. 'What's your name?'

10 'Peter Pan,' he said.

'Is that all?'

Peter didn't like this, and Wendy saw that she must be careful with him.

'Where do you live?' she asked.

15 'Second turn to the right, and then straight on till morning.'

Wendy nearly said, 'Is that all?' but she stopped in time.

Peter said, 'This is my shadow, but I can't stick it
20 on.'

'Of course not, with soap,' said Wendy. She took out her little box and put her thimble* on her finger and sewed* Peter's shadow on to him again. She tried not to hurt him.

25 Peter did not say 'Thank you' to her. He danced about and cried, 'Oh, how clever I am!' Wendy was not pleased at this, and went back to bed. But Peter said he was sorry, so she got up again and sat down beside him. She said, 'If you like, I will give you a kiss.'

*thimble (n.), a small metal cap put on the finger top

*sew (vb.), to work with needle a thread



Peter held his hand out. He did not know what a kiss was. Wendy did not want to hurt him, so she took off her thimble and gave it to him. Peter said he would give her a kiss too, and he gave her a button off his coat. It was not the kind of kiss that Wendy wanted, 5 but she put it round her neck on a string and said she would always wear it.

She was going to ask, 'Doesn't your mother kiss you?' when Peter told her something. 'I haven't got a mother,' he said, 'and I don't want one. What use is a 10 mother to me?'

'How old are you?' asked Wendy.

'Don't know,' said Peter.

'A mother tells you how old you are,' said Wendy, 15 'She always knows.'

'You see,' said Peter, 'I ran away the day I was born.'

'What a silly* thing to do!' said Wendy.

'Not at all. My father and mother were talking
5 about the time when I would be a grown-up man. And I don't want to be grown-up! I won't! I want to stay a little boy for ever and ever.'

'Oooh,' cried Wendy, 'how can you do that?'

'I can do anything I like. I'm clever. If I don't want
10 to grow up, I won't. The fairies taught me lots of things. I lived with them for a long time after I ran away. I'll never grow up if I choose not to!'

Wendy didn't believe that Peter was as clever as that, but she loved him already. She asked in great sur-
15 prise, 'Do you really know some fairies? Where do they live? Can I speak to them? Where do they come from? What do they eat?'

'It's like this,' Peter said. 'When the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into a thou-
20 sand little pieces, and the pieces flew about and all became fairies. But there are not so many now, because children do not believe in fairies. Fairies can't live if nobody believes in them. And every time a child says, 'I don't believe in fairies,' a fairy falls down
25 dead.'

'Oh, how sad!' said Wendy. But Peter suddenly remembered Tinker Bell. 'Tink! Tink! Where are you?' he called and began to look for her everywhere.

'Oh Peter, is there a fairy in this room now?' cried
30 Wendy.

*silly(adj.), foolish, not clever

‘She’s here, but she’s keeping very quiet,’ said Peter. ‘Listen, Wendy, can you hear anything?’

‘I hear something like little bells,’ said Wendy. ‘It comes from the drawers over there.’

‘Oh, Wendy, that’s it! I’ve shut her up in a drawer,’ 5 and Peter laughed and laughed.

‘Poor little thing! Open the drawer at once,’ said Wendy.

Peter opened the drawer, and Tinker Bell flew out.

‘You silly donkey*!’ she screamed* at Peter and 10 danced about in anger all over the room.

‘Oh, Peter,’ cried Wendy. ‘Please make her stand still. I want to see her.’

For one moment Tinker Bell stood on the top of the 15 clock.

‘She’s very beautiful,’ cried Wendy.

‘Tink, Wendy wants to have you as her fairy,’ said Peter. Tinker Bell answered very rudely*.

‘She doesn’t want to be your fairy. She wants to be 20 mine. She thinks you’re big and ugly.’

Wendy did not like this.

Peter said, ‘But, you know, Tink, you can’t really be my fairy—I’m a boy and you’re not.’

‘You silly donkey!’ answered Tink, and she flew 25 into the bathroom.

‘She’s a rude little fairy,’ Peter said. ‘She only works in the kitchen, among the pots.’

This wasn’t true, but Peter usually said the first

*donkey (n.), a silly person

*scream (v.), shout loudly when afraid or angry

*rudely (adv.), not nicely, not politely