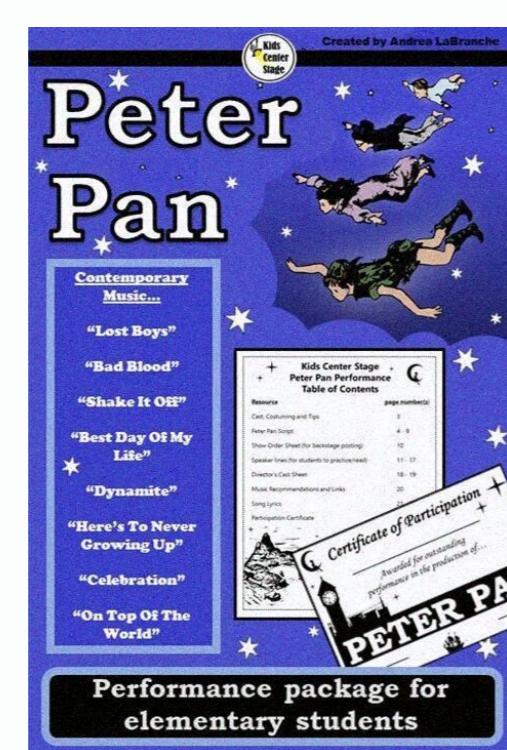


**I am not a robot!**



**Peter pan script pdf. Peter pan a musical adventure script pdf. Peter pan original play script pdf. Wendy and peter pan play script pdf. Peter pan play script for schools. Peter pan play script free pdf. Peter pan script. Peter pan script for primary school.**

PETER PAN PLAY by James Matthew Barrie, originally performed at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 27, 1904. The play had a successful run for 145 performances. Here's an overview of the content: Act I: The Nursery Act II: Neverland Act III: Mermaids' Lagoon Act IV: Home Under the Ground Act V: Scene 1 - Pirate Ship; Scene 2 - The Nursery and Tree-Tops To dedicate this play to the Five, without whom Peter Pan would never have existed. I hope that in memory of what we've shared, you'll accept this dedication with love. The play is woven with our experiences, though only we can see it. A score of Acts had to be left out, and you were all included. A score of Acts had to be left out, and you were all included. We first brought Peter down with a blunt-headed arrow in Kensington Gardens? I seem to remember that we believed we'd killed him, but he was only wounded. I suppose I always knew that I made Peter by rubbing the five of you violently together, as savages produce a flame. That's all he is - the spark I got from you. We had good sport with him before we clipped him small to make him fit the boards. Some of you weren't born when the story began, yet were significant figures before we saw that the game was up. Do you remember a garden at Burpham and the initiation there of No. 4 when he was six weeks old? Have you, No. 3, forgotten the white violets at the Cistercian abbey in which we cased our first fairies? What made us eventually give to the public what had been woven for ourselves alone? Alas, I know what it was - I was losing my grip. One by one as you swung monkey-wise from branch to branch in the wood of make-believe you reached the tree of knowledge. As the years went by, I began to realize that the play of Peter Pan had vanished from my memory. It was as if it never existed. I recalled how you all once performed it with great enthusiasm, but eventually grew tired of it and moved on to other things. Meanwhile, I must have somehow pieced together the gory remnants of the play and published it for the first time so many years later. The truth is, I have no recollection of writing Peter Pan, let alone composing the story of Peter and Wendy. It's as if my mind has deliberately erased those memories. I do remember, however, writing other plays and stories throughout the years. There was Bandelero the Bandit, a noble attempt at playwriting during my school days in Dumfries. And Ibsen's Ghost, a parody that brought laughter to our friends on stage.



I hope that in memory of what we've shared, you'll accept this dedication with love. The play is woven with our experiences, though only we can see it. A score of Acts had to be left out, and you were all included. We first brought Peter down with a blunt-headed arrow in Kensington Gardens? I seem to remember that we believed we'd killed him, but he was only wounded. I suppose I always knew that I made Peter by rubbing the five of you violently together, as savages produce a flame. That's all he is - the spark I got from you. We had good sport with him before we clipped him small to make him fit the boards. Some of you weren't born when the story began, yet were significant figures before we saw that the game was up. Do you remember a garden at Burpham and the initiation there of No. 4 when he was six weeks old? Have you, No. 3, forgotten the white violets at the Cistercian abbey in which we cased our first fairies? What made us eventually give to the public what had been woven for ourselves alone? Alas, I know what it was - I was losing my grip. One by one as you swung monkey-wise from branch to branch in the wood of make-believe you reached the tree of knowledge. As the years went by, I began to realize that the play of Peter Pan had vanished from my memory. It was as if it never existed. I recalled how you all once performed it with great enthusiasm, but eventually grew tired of it and moved on to other things. Meanwhile, I must have somehow pieced together the gory remnants of the play and published it for the first time so many years later. The truth is, I have no recollection of writing Peter Pan, let alone composing the story of Peter and Wendy. It's as if my mind has deliberately erased those memories. I do remember, however, writing other plays and stories throughout the years. There was Bandelero the Bandit, a noble attempt at playwriting during my school days in Dumfries. And Ibsen's Ghost, a parody that brought laughter to our friends on stage.

PETER PAN  
Peter Pan  
Tinker Bell  
Wendy  
Michael  
John  
MR. DARLING (doubles as Indian)  
LURE (doubles as Indian)  
KATE NANNY (doubles as Indian)  
MAMBO (doubles as Indian)  
CROCODILE (doubles as Indian)  
COPPER KID (doubles as Indian)  
SMEE  
THE BRAITS (4)  
THE LOST BOYS (4)  
Cuckoo Bird, Croc, Cookies, Moon, Murphy  
THE LOST BOYS (4)  
Lure, Moon, Murphy, Fox, Kraken Twins  
THE INDIANS (5)  
Copper Kid, Bandit, Bear Paw, Bear Oak, Bear Shrub  
Tiger Lily  
  
TICKET CLASS (seats from \$10 - \$20)  
Show times: Saturday, April 18th at 1pm (seats Mar 30)  
Sunday, April 19th at 1pm (seats Mar 31)  
Final Performance SAT, APRIL 19th at 1pm (seats Mar 31)  
  
THEATRE CLASS (seats from \$10 - \$20)  
Show times: Saturday, April 25th at 1pm (seats Mar 30)  
Sunday, April 26th at 1pm (seats Mar 31)  
Final Performance FRIDAY, APRIL 27th at 1pm (seats Mar 30)

Peter pan script. Peter pan script for primary school.

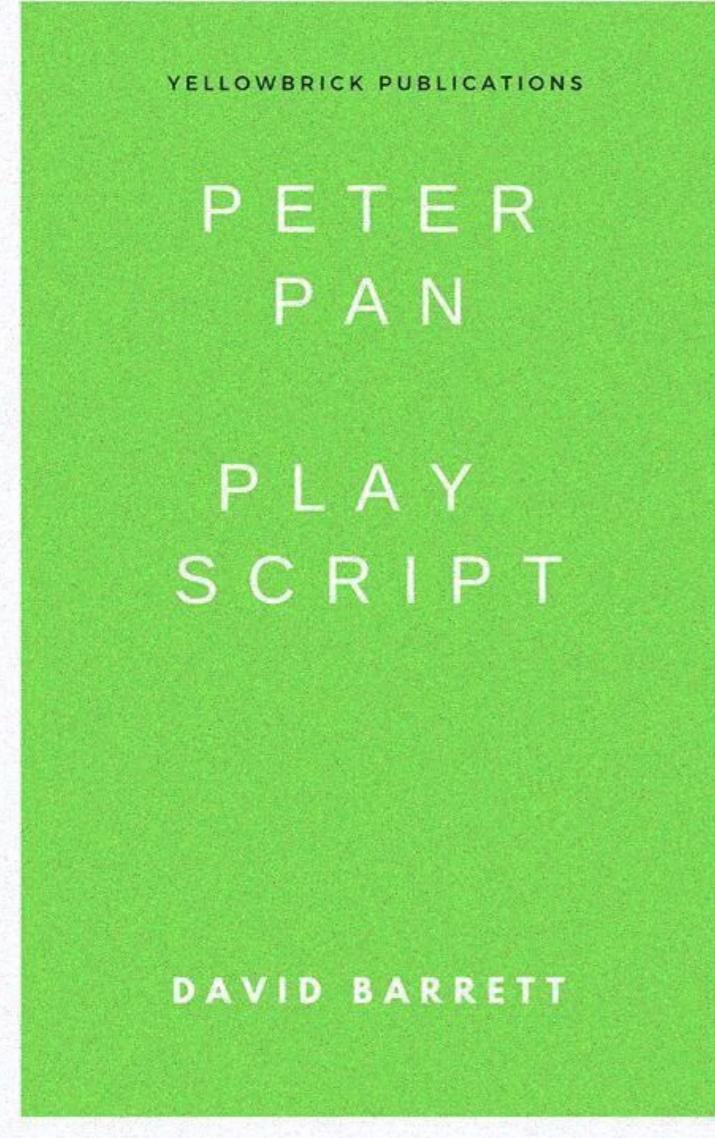
PETER PAN PLAY by James Matthew Barrie, originally performed at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 27, 1904. The play had a successful run for 145 performances. Here's an overview of the content: Act I: The Nursery Act II: Neverland Act III: Mermaids' Lagoon Act IV: Home Under the Ground Act V: Scene 1 - Pirate Ship; Scene 2 - The Nursery and Tree-Tops To dedicate this play to the Five, without whom Peter Pan would never have existed.

**Peter Pan**  
Author: J. M. Barrie (1902)  
(Revised by Ms. Janette and Grade 8)  
  
Scene 1  
  
Narrator: Once upon a time there were four siblings named Wendy, Mindy, Michael and John. They lived in London in a very big house. Every night Wendy, the oldest sister, told her siblings stories about the adventures of Peter Pan.  
Michael: Tell us more about Peter Pan! I'm really excited about it!  
John: Yes, please Wendy! Tell us another story! Please, please!  
Wendy: It's late and tomorrow we have school.  
Michael: I always say that on weekends! I want to stay up!  
Wendy: Now, close your eyes and go to sleep. Good night and sweet dreams.  
Michael and John: Good night, Wendy.  
Mindy: Mindy!  
Narrator: A few hours later they woke up frightened because they heard strange noises in the room.  
John: Did you hear that?  
Michael: Yes, did you, Wendy?  
Wendy: Yes... what's that light over there?  
John: Where? I'm scared!  
Mindy: You're always scared!  
Michael: What is it? It's so bright!  
Wendy: It's...  
  
Tinker Bell: Yes! It's me Tinker Bell!  
Wendy, Michael, John: Tinker Bell!  
Tink: Ta da! It's also me, Tink!  
Wendy: Tink?  
Tink: I'm Tinkerbell's best friend! (giggles)  
Narrator: Then something extraordinary happened. Peter Pan appeared right there in the middle of the room.

PETER PAN PLAY by James Matthew Barrie, originally performed at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 27, 1904. The play had a successful run for 145 performances. Here's an overview of the content: Act I: The Nursery Act II: Neverland Act III: Mermaids' Lagoon Act IV: Home Under the Ground Act V: Scene 1 - Peter Pan and the Lost Boys Act V: Scene 2 - The Lost Boys and the Indians. The play is woven with our experiences, though only we can see it. A score of Acts had to be left out, and you were all included. We first brought Peter down with a blunt-headed arrow in Kensington Gardens? I seem to remember that we believed we'd killed him, but he was only wounded. I suppose I always knew that I made Peter by rubbing the five of you violently together, as savages produce a flame. That's all he is - the spark I got from you. We had godsport with him before we clapped him small to make him fit the boards. Some of you weren't born when the story began, yet were significant figures before we saw that the game was up. Do you remember a garden at Burpham and the initiation there of No. 4 when he was six weeks old? Have you, No. 3, forgotten the white violets at the Cistercian abbey in which we cased our first fairies? What made us eventually give to the public what had been woven for ourselves alone? Alas, I know what it was - I was losing my grip. One by one as you swung monkey-wise from branch to branch in the wood of make-believe you reached the tree of knowledge. As the years went by, I began to realize that the play of Peter Pan had vanished from my memory. It was as if it never existed.

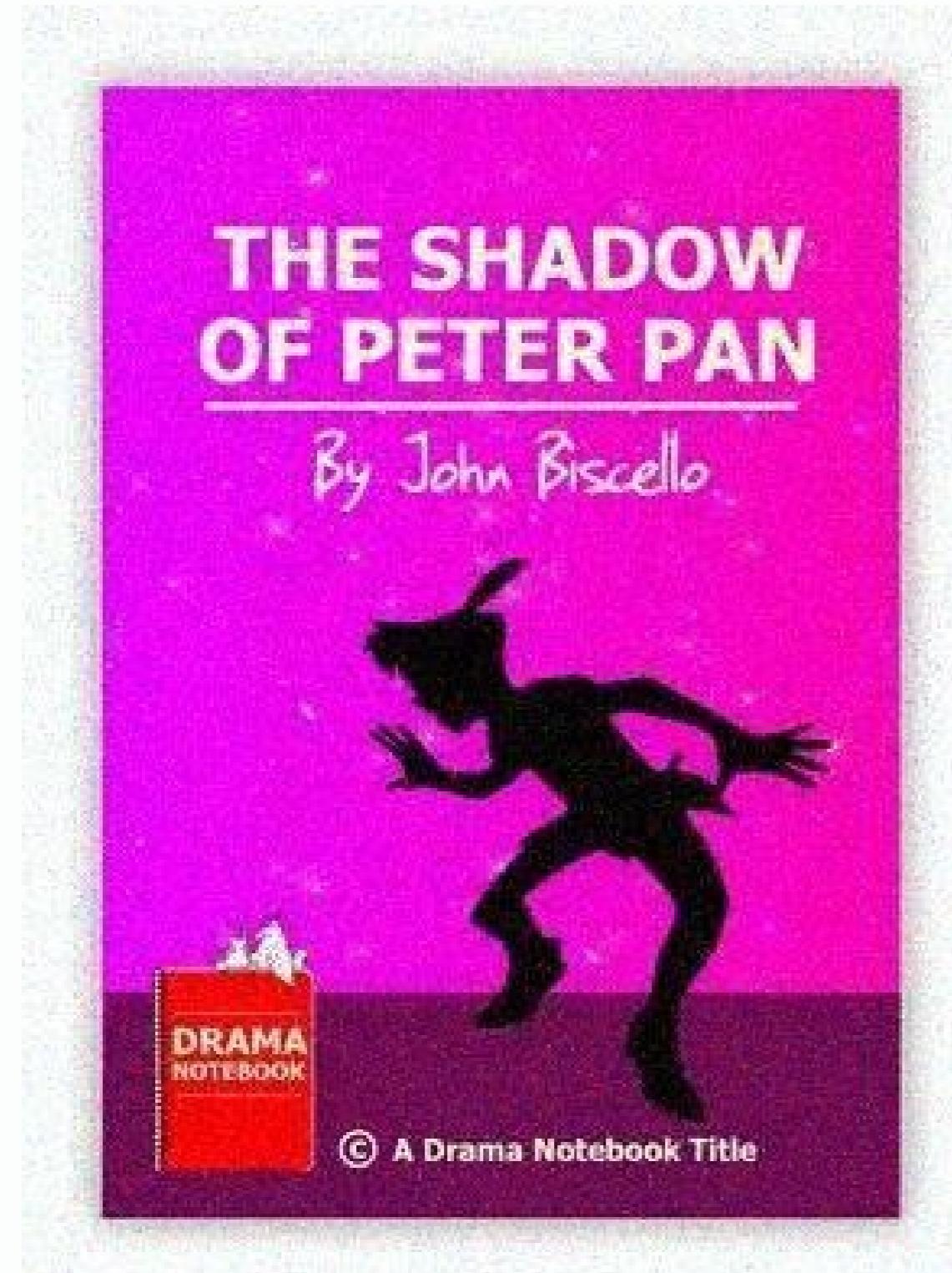
I recalled how you all once performed it with great enthusiasm, but eventually grew tired of it and moved on to other things. Meanwhile, I must have somehow pieced together the gory remnants of the play and published it for the first time so many years later. The truth is, I have no recollection of writing Peter Pan, let alone composing the story of Peter and Wendy. It's as if my mind has deliberately erased those memories. I do remember, however, writing other plays and stories throughout the years. There was Bandelero the Bandit, a noble attempt at playwriting during my school days in Dumfries. And Ibsen's Ghost, a parody that brought laughter to our friends on stage. I even recall the exact words spoken by a now famous actress in her debut performance: "To run away from my second husband just as I ran away from my first, it feels quite like old times." Despite these vivid memories, the mystery surrounding Peter Pan persists. I've lost or destroyed the original manuscript (except for a few stray pages), and even if I had the original script, it wouldn't prove that I wrote it in the first place. It's as if my mind is playing tricks on me, refusing to acknowledge the long-forgotten task of writing Peter Pan. Now, I'm left wondering how I can dedicate this play to you all, when the very fact of its authorship is in question. Should some other hand claim it as their own, I fear our rights will be cold and distant, like the laughter that once brought Peter Pan into being. As I sit here now, Peter's name still resonates with me, much like he lies submerged in the picturesque Black Lake. Of the five brothers, any one of them could claim authorship over the play, but I wouldn't dispute it, for time has passed, and what was once a prized possession is now but a memory. You see, a rumor spread about my earnings from the play being a paltry sum per night, which wasn't true, but it did grant me a certain standing among you. It's a peculiar thing, how our next ventures are watched with bated breath not for entertainment, but to avoid any perceived collaboration or intellectual theft. In fact, I recall a document from those times, where I was bound to pay my co-author halfpenny daily during the play's run. As Peter took shape on stage, a melancholic figure would often appear beside me in the shadows, lamenting that "the gallery boys won't stand it." He'd vanish as mysteriously as he appeared, leaving me to wonder if he was indeed the author. Children have also taken on the role of Peter, effortlessly improvising new lines and making the play their own. Some even tried flying after being sprinkled with fairy dust, resulting in some needing medical attention. Despite these possibilities, I firmly believe that I wrote Peter, just as I would sit at my desk with my beloved London waiting patiently for me to finish writing. It's a peculiar thing, how our perspectives on life change over time.

Some say we evolve every ten years or so, but I don't subscribe to this theory; instead, I think we remain the same person throughout, simply moving from one room to another within the same house. If we were to unlock the rooms of our lives, we'd find that beneath the surface lies a continuity that transcends time and space. As we gaze back, we see ourselves, busily becoming the people we are today. Thus, let me take a peek at my own past, starting with my early years. Here I am at around seven, alongside Robb, both of us donning Glengarry bonnets. We're putting on a show in an old washing-house that still stands, where the entrance fees is peen, bools, or periees (you may recall some Scottish phrases from me). The grand finale features our attempts to get each other into the boiler - although some claim I also addressed the entranced audience. This very same washing-house holds a special place in my heart as it's not only where my first play was performed but also has a connection with Peter. It's reminiscent of the little house built by the Lost Boys in Neverland for Wendy, with the main difference being that this one never wore John's tall hat as a chimney. If Robb had possessed a lumhat, I'm sure it would have been placed on top of the washing-house. Fast-forward four years and here I am again, now around 11, devouring tales about desert islands in Chatterbox magazine, although with a hint of disapproval towards such literature. I notice a change within me as I read; I'm blanching at the moralizing against such stories and realizing that if my obsession with islands isn't curbed, I risk being forever lost.



Peter pan play script for schools Peter pan play script free pdf Peter pan script Peter pan script for primary school

&lt;divPETER PAN PLAY by James Matthew Barrie, originally performed at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 27, 1904. The play had a successful run for 145 performances.



PETER PAN PLAY by James Matthew Barrie, originally performed at the Duke of York's Theatre on December 27, 1904. The play had a successful run for 145 performances. Here's an overview of the content: Act I: The Nursery Act II: Neverland Act III: Mermaids' Lagoon Act IV: Home Under the Ground Act V: Scene 1 - Peter's Ship Scene 2 - The Lost Boys' Home. I would like to dedicate this play to the Five, without whom Peter Pan would never have existed. I hope that in memory of what we've shared, you'll accept this dedication with love. The play is woven with our experiences, though only we can see it. A score of Acts had to be left out, and you were all included. We first brought Peter down with a blunt-headed arrow in Kensington Gardens? I seem to remember that we believed we'd killed him, but he was only wounded. I suppose I always knew that I made Peter by rubbing the five of you violently together, as savages produce a flame. That's all he is, the spark I got from you. We had good sport with him before we clipped him small to make him fit the boards. Some of you weren't born when the story began, yet were significant figures before we saw that the game was up.

the spark I got from you. We had good sport with him before we clipped him small to make him fit the boards. Some of you weren't born when the story began, yet were significant figures before we saw that the game was up. Do you remember a garden at Burpham and the initiation there of No. 4 when he was six weeks old? Have you, No. 3, forgotten the white violets at the Cistercian abbey in which we cassocked our first fairies? What made us eventually give to the public what had been woven for ourselves alone? Alas, I know what it was. I was losing my grip. One by one as you swung monkey-wise from branch to branch in the wood of make-believe you reached the tree of knowledge. As the years went by, I began to realize that the play of Peter Pan had vanished from my memory. It was as if it never existed. I recalled how you all once performed it with great enthusiasm, but eventually grew tired of it and moved on to other things. Meanwhile, I must have somehow pieced together the gory remnants of the play and published it for the first time so many years later. The truth is, I have no recollection of writing Peter Pan, let alone composing the story of Peter and Wendy. It's as if my mind has deliberately erased those memories. I do remember, however, writing other plays and stories throughout the years. There was Bandelero the Bandit, a noble attempt at playwriting during my school days in Dumfries. And Ibsen's Ghost, a parody that brought laughter to our friends on stage. I even recall the exact words spoken by a now famous actress in her debut performance: "To run away from my second husband just as I ran away from my first, it feels quite like old times." Despite these vivid memories, the mystery surrounding Peter Pan persists. I've lost or destroyed the original manuscript (except for a few stray pages), and even if I had the original script, it wouldn't prove that I wrote it in the first place. It's as if my mind is playing tricks on me, refusing to acknowledge the long-forgotten task of writing Peter Pan. Now, I'm left wondering how I can dedicate this play to you all, when the very fact of its authorship is in question. Should some other hand claim it as their own, I fear our rights will be cold and distant, like the laughter that once brought Peter Pan into being.

As I sit here now, Peter's name still resonates with me, much like he lies submerged in the picturesque Black Lake. Of the five brothers, any one of them could claim authorship over the play, but I wouldn't dispute it, for time has passed, and what was once a prized possession is now but a memory. You see, a rumor spread about my earnings from the play being a paltry sum per night, which wasn't true, but it did grant me a certain standing among you. It's a peculiar thing, how our next ventures are watched with bated breath not for entertainment, but to avoid any perceived collaboration or intellectual property theft. In fact, I recall a document from those times, where I was bound to pay my co-author halfpenny daily during the play's run. As Peter took shape on stage, a melancholic figure would often appear beside me in the shadows, lamenting that "the gallery boys won't stand it." He'd vanish as mysteriously as he appeared, leaving me to wonder if he was indeed the author. Children have also taken on the role of Peter, effortlessly improvising new lines and making the play their own. Some even tried flying after being sprinkled with fairy dust, resulting in some needing medical attention. Despite these possibilities, I firmly believe that I wrote Peter, just as I would sit at my desk with my beloved London waiting patiently for me to finish writing. It's a peculiar thing, how our work can still resonate with others, even when the author is long gone.

of we were to unlock the rooms of our lives, we'd find that beneath the surface lies a continuity that transcends time and space. As we gaze back, we see ourselves, busily becoming the people we are today. Thus, let me take a peek at my own past, starting with my early years. Here I am at around seven, alongside Robb, both of us donning Glengarry bonnets. We're putting on a show in an old washing-house that still stands, where the entrance fee is preens, bools, or peeries (you may recall some Scottish phrases from me). The grand finale features our attempts to get each other into the boiler - although some claim I also addressed the entranced audience. This very same washing-house holds a special place in my heart as it's not only where my first play was performed but also has a connection with Peter. It's reminiscent of the little house built by the Lost Boys in Neverland for Wendy, with the main difference being that this one never wore John's tall hat as a chimney. If Robb had possessed a lumhat, I'm sure it would have been placed on top of the washing-house. Fast-forward four years and here I am again, now around 11, devouring tales about desert islands in Chatterbox magazine - although with a hint of disapproval towards such literature. I notice a change within me as I read; I'm blanching at the moralizing against such stories and realizing that if my obsession with islands isn't curbed, I risk being forever lost. As dusk approaches, I sneak out of the house, my waistcoat bulging with my books and papers. I follow Robb's lead, for he's picked his direction, heading towards the village. I feel myself rising to 20, my body aching, my heart racing. I look back, the village behind me, and I feel a sense of freedom, of possibility, of a new beginning.

With each passing year, my writing takes on a darker tone - all because I now write with my left hand.

As we approach the final compartment, where Robb and I join forces, you may catch a glimpse of us wondering whether our audience would tolerate yet another island-themed play. This journey through my past might not convince anyone that I wrote Peter Pan, but it does suggest me as a plausible author. Like a tiny speck dancing before our eyes, it's hard to resist its charm. I'm reluctant to part with this particular hair, much like it holds onto my narrative. The proof of authorship lies in an old, melancholy volume - the book you may recall as "The Boy Castaways". So, bear with me as I revisit that work. Officer of the Court, please call upon "The Boy Castaways" to testify. As we step into this

It's hard to resist its charm. I'm reluctant to part with this particular haul, much like it holds onto my narrative. The proof of authorship lies in an old, melancholy volume - the book you may recall as "The Boy Castaways". So, bear with me as I revisit that work. Officer of the Court, please call upon "The Boy Castaways" to testify. As we step into this familiar realm, a worn book materializes before us. It's been holding up the shelf above, bearing the weight of stories past. Though its pages are creased and worn, they still hold tales of resilience. This rare edition, limited to two copies, was printed by Constable's and features thirty-five illustrations. Its cloth-bound cover bears a pitch of the title page reveals itself: "The Boy Castaways of Black Lake Island...". A preface by No. 3 provides our ages at that first adventure - eight and a month, seven years, the youngest editor's record is woven with memories of midday rest breaks and honorary members waving good luck. As we flip through its pages, the title page reveals itself: "The Boy Castaways of Black Lake Island...". A preface by No. 3 provides our ages at that first adventure - eight and a month, seven years,

sidest setting out to be wrecked? The youngest editor's record is woven with memories of midday rest breaks and honorary members waving good luck. As we flip through its pages, the title page reveals itself: "The Boy Castaways of Black Lake Island...". A preface by No. 3 provides our ages at that first adventure - eight and a ninth, seven years, and four years old respectively. The editor humbly remarks on his own character, saying little about himself, while highlighting the fearless nature of his two elder brothers. The preface concludes with an optimistic note: "I should say that the work was compiled initially as a record...". Memories and lessons of fortitude and manly endurance far exceed what this is about. It's being shared with someone new, hoping it might teach them by example. If it does, then all the struggles would not have been for nothing. This publication aims to spark memories and perhaps even evoke a sense of nostalgia. Do you hear the faint echoes of whistle blowing or the sound of waves crashing against the shore?

it's being shared with someone new, hoping it might teach them by example. If it does, then all the struggles would not have been for nothing. This publication aims to spark memories and perhaps even evoke a sense of nostalgia. Do you hear the faint echoes of whistling blowing of the sound of waves crashing against the shore? Let's take a trip down memory lane and revisit some chapter headings like "Chapter II, No. 1 teaches Wilkinson (his master) a Stern Lesson—We Run away to Sea" or "Chapter III, A Fearful Hurricane—Wreck of the 'Anna Pink'—We go crazy from Want of Food—Proposal to eat No. 3—Land Ahoy." Two chapters out of sixteen, and they're just a taste of what's in store. Are you still capable of scaling the dreadful Valley of Rolling Stones or cleansing your hands of pirate blood? Can you relive the moment when Mr. Seton-Thompson taught you how to make fire by rubbing sticks together? The illustrations that follow are photographs taken by myself with some capturing phenomena that had to be.

what's in store. Are you still capable of scaling the dreadful Valley of Rolling Stones or cleansing your hands of pirate blood? Can you relive the moment when Mr. Seton-Thompson taught you how to make fire by rubbing sticks together? The illustrations that follow are photographs taken by myself with some effort in capturing phenomena that are to be invented afterwards because we were always off doing the wrong things when I pressed the button. We aimed to combine instruction with amusement and perhaps our words to the pictures will help prove it. We see No. 1 in a fir tree, recently tied to it, describing the *Cocos nucifera* as 'the fruit is undoubtably sweet, bearing an unweeded fruit! He goes to recognize the *Mango* (*Magnifera indica*) by its lancet-shaped leaves and the cucumber-shaped fruit. No. 1 was certainly the right sort of voyager to be wrecked with, though No. 2 sometimes protested because none of these strutting observations were given to him. No. 3 is surprisingly absent from most of the pictures, but this might be because

But then, there's this scene where Nos. 1 and 2 are outside, looking grumpy because their brother is inside making a racket with some weird instrument. The music, according to No. 3 (who's not actually there), is super annoying to anyone with any culture, but the songs are like those from ancient Arabia - full of poetic imagery.

But then, there's this scene where Nos. 1 and 2 are outside, looking grumpy because their brother is inside making a racket with some weird instrument. The music, according to No. 3 (who's not actually there), is super annoying to anyone with any culture, but the songs are like those from ancient Arabia - ruler of poetic imagery. It's probably what he was thinking while sulking on the sofa. *The Boy Castaways* has sixteen chapter headings, but that's it - no actual text. Some people might complain about that, but honestly, there are worse ways to write a book than this. Those chapter headings actually give away some of the plot from *Peter Pan*, but there were lots of other cool stories from our Kensington Gardens days that never made it into the book. Like that time we reached the South Pole before Captain Scott did, and left our initials for him to find - kind of like what was going to happen later on. In *The Boy Castaways*, Captain Hook shows up, but he's called Captain Swarthypner, and he seems to be a back story from

stories from our Kensington Gardens days that never made it into the book. Like that time we reached the South Pole before Captain Scott did, and left our initials for him to find - kind of like what was going to happen later on. In The Boy Castaways, Captain Hook shows up, but he's called Captain Swarthy here, and he seems to be aback by from the pictures. People in the know think this character is based on someone's real life, which is pretty weird. He had lots of battles with us (although I don't think we ever got his right arm), before we got to that super intense chapter called "We Board the Pirate Ship at Dawn - A Rakish Craft - No. 1 Hi ew- them- Down and No. 2 of the Red Hatchet - A

Holocaust of Pirates - Rescue of Peter." (Hey, Peter gets rescued instead of doing the rescuing? I know what you're thinking, but we're not going to spill all our secrets.) The scene where the pirates get wiped out is at Black Lake (which later became Mermaids' Lagoon when women were allowed in). Captain Swarthy doesn't die from getting eaten by a crocodile, although there are crocodiles around. I think he had multiple deaths because everyone wanted to kill him one-on-one. On special occasions, like when No. 3 pulled out his own tooth, we gave the deed to him but took it back while he was resting. There's only two pictures in the book that show what happens to Swarthy. One is called "We string him up," where Nos. 1 and 2 are pulling him up a tree by a rope, looking super serious like Athos from The Three Musketeers. His face looks like it's a grinning mask, which it kind of is. The other picture is called "The Vultures had Picked him Clean" and tells its own story. The dog in the book seems to have been training to be Nana someday, originally belonged to Swarthy (or maybe Captain Marryat?) And that first picture of him looks really thin, skulking, and hunched, like it's patrolling the island for the monster's benefit, which doesn't give away much about his future domestic life. He was destined for great things. We persuaded him to leave his old life behind and join us, and later on, there's a poignant illustration that foreshadows the Darling nursery, titled "We trained the dog to watch over us while we slept." In this scene, he too is sleeping, in a position eerily similar to his human charges; any issues we had with him arose when he discovered he was part of a story and sought to mimic everything we did. He was eager to prove he understood the game, often going beyond what you would do, never claiming credit for killing Captain Swarthy. While not entirely without initiative, he came up with his own idea to bark at exactly 12 o'clock, signaling No. 3's keeper might be on their way (Disappearance of No. 3). He became so accustomed to living in the world of Pretend that when we arrived at the hut the next morning, he was often already there, looking slightly goofy but with a new bark he'd invented that puzzled us until we realized he was demanding the password. Always willing to take on extra tasks, like becoming the tiger mask, and when you triumphantly returned home from a fierce battle with that mask, he proudly joined the procession without ever acknowledging it had once been part of him. Years later, he watched the play from a box in the theater, and as familiar scenes unfolded before his eyes, I've never seen a dog so agitated. At one matinee, we even let him take over for the actor playing Nana, and I doubt anyone in the audience noticed the change - though he introduced some 'business' new to them but old to us and you. Heigh-ho, I suspect this reminiscence is muddling him with his successor, as there had to be one, the loyal Newfoundland who perhaps applied for the role by bringing hedgehogs to the hut offerings for our evening meals. The head and coat of him were copied for the Nana of the play. They seem to be emerging from our island, don't they, like the little people of the play, all except that sly one, the main figure, who draws farther away into the woods as we approach? No. 4 spotted a fleeting glint and waved his foot in response, thus bringing Tink into existence. It's essential to note that their bond wasn't built on sentimental moments; instead, No. 4 grew suspicious of Tink's motives, suspecting she was drawn to the hut for supper leftovers. He pursued her with malice. Rummaging through a cluttered drawer can be an effective way to revisit the past. As you search for something specific, unexpected treasures often emerge from the shadows. This is how I stumbled upon my scattered reading materials, including stray leaves from Peter's original manuscript. Upon returning these fragments to the drawer, they vanished as if infused with a touch of mischief.

The contents of this drawer also yield scraps of Mr. Crook's enchanting music and other unfinished projects related to Peter. Here lies a response from a young boy who sat in my box seat and, unfortunately, asked what he enjoyed most about the show. He replied, "I think I liked best was tearing up the programme and dropping the bits on people's heads." This is often how I'm left feeling. A copy of my favourite play programme remains within this drawer. In Peter's early days, No. 4 couldn't attend due to illness, so we brought the show to his nursery in the countryside, an impressive array of vehicles akin to a travelling circus. The lead roles were played by the youngest performers from the London company, and No. 4, at five years old, watched solemnly from his bed, never once cracking a smile. This marks my sole appearance on the real stage, and this programme copy shows I was regarded as an actor so poorly that they printed my name in smaller letters than the others.

I've mentioned little about Nos. 4 and 5, and it's high time for me to conclude. They enjoyed a long summer day, and now they're off to school. On Monday, as it appears, I escorted No. 5 to a children's party and styled his hair in the ante-room; by Thursday, he placed me against an underground station wall, saying, "Now I'm going to get the tickets; don't move till I come back for you or you'll lose yourself." No. 4 transitions from being astride my shoulders fishing, knee-deep in the stream, to becoming a stern literary critic while still a schoolboy. Anything he disapproved of, I abandoned, and perhaps the world has thus been deprived of masterpieces. There was, for instance, an unfortunate little tragedy that I liked until I foolishly shared its subject with No. 4, who then frowned, saying he had better take a look at it. He read it, patted me on the back as only he and No. 1 could, and said, "You know you can't do this sort of thing." End of a tragedian. Occasionally, however, No. 4 enjoyed my efforts, and I walked in azure that day when he returned with a letter, dear to me. I offered my book Margaret Ogilvy to someone with a comment "Not so bad." He was hesitant initially but eventually accepted the offer. When I asked him why he wanted it, he said his desk was full of useless items and I could remove some of them. However, he revealed that he had already read the book, which surprised me. He explained that people like to keep unusual things as mementos.

Later, he wriggled out of the room and returned with a friend, announcing they would take it. The person then recalled times when I got rebuffed from others who lost their faith in fairies and became disbelievers. However, I had a special triumph when I managed to bring someone back to believing in fairies for at least two minutes. This was during a fishing trip with his friends to the Outer Hebrides. The person then shared a story about how they believed in meeting Johnny Mackay, their favorite gillie from previous summers, on a wishing pier. When asked whom he wanted to see most, he replied that he would like to see Johnny. I encouraged him to wish for Johnny and as the ropes were thrown on the pier, he saw Johnny waiting for them. The person was thrilled and spent the next month with Johnny, neglecting me. This episode is not part of my play Peter Pan, but it's a cherished memory that I hold onto. Need assistance with an IT&M production? Our team is always available to lend a hand. To discuss a show or inquire about a non-committal license, simply reach out via email or call us at +44 (0)203 488 6292.