

Peter Pan

Peter Pan har kommit till familjen Darlings hus för att leta efter sin skugga som har lossnat och Wendy vaknar av att hon hör någon snyfta i rummet.

His sobs woke Wendy, and she sat up in bed. She was not alarmed to see a stranger crying on the nursery floor; she was only pleasantly interested.

"Boy," she said courteously, "why are you crying?"

Peter could be exceeding polite also, having learned the grand manner at fairy ceremonies, and he rose and bowed to her beautifully. She was much pleased, and bowed beautifully to him from the bed.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Wendy Moira Angela Darling," she replied with some satisfaction. "What is your name?"

"Peter Pan."

She was already sure that he must be Peter, but it did seem a comparatively short name.

"Is that all?"

"Yes," he said rather sharply. He felt for the first time that it was a shortish name.

"I'm so sorry," said Wendy Moira Angela.

"It doesn't matter," Peter gulped.

She asked where he lived.

"Second to the right," said Peter, "and then straight on till morning."

"What a funny address!"

Peter had a sinking. For the first time he felt that perhaps it was a funny address.

"No, it isn't," he said.

"I mean," Wendy said nicely, remembering that she was hostess, "is that what they put on the letters?"

He wished she had not mentioned letters.

"Don't get any letters," he said contemptuously.

"But your mother gets letters?"

"Don't have a mother," he said. Not only had he no mother, but he had not the slightest desire to have one. He thought them very over-rated persons. Wendy, however, felt at once that she was in the presence of a tragedy.

"O Peter, no wonder you were crying," she said, and got out of bed and ran to him.

"I wasn't crying about mothers," he said rather indignantly. "I was crying because I can't get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn't crying."

"It has come off?"

"Yes."

Then Wendy saw the shadow on the floor, looking so draggled, and she was frightfully sorry for Peter. "How awful!" she said, but she could not help smiling when she saw that he had been trying to stick it on with soap. How exactly like a boy!



Fortunately she knew at once what to do. "It must be sewn on," she said, just a little patronizingly.

"What's sewn?" he asked.

"You're dreadfully ignorant."

"No, I'm not."

But she was exulting in his ignorance. "I shall sew it on for you, my little man," she said, though he was tall as herself, and she got out her housewife [sewing bag], and sewed the shadow on to Peter's foot.

Ordlista

Nursery = barnkammare

Pleasantly = vänligt

Courteously = artigt

Exceeding = överträffande

Bowed = bugade

Comparatively = jämförelsevis

Shortish = kort

Gulped = svalde

Sinking = känna sig låg, sjunka ihop

Hostess = värdinna

Contemptuously = föraktfullt

Desire = längtan

Over-rated = överskattad

Presence = närvaro

Indignantlly = upprört

Draggled = smutsig, blöt

Sewn = sydd

Patronizingly = nedlåtande

Ignorant = okunnig

Exulting = triumferande

Har du förstått texten?

Varför gråter Peter?

På vilken adress bor Peter?

Varför tror du Peter tycker att mammor är överskattade?

Hur har Peter försökt sätta fast sin skugga?
