

The Rescue: An Excerpt from Peter Pan

By: Nathan Jones

Peter looked on,
His dagger in hand,
His gaze towards Captain Hook.
He relished the day
That he could say
He'd beaten that awful crook.

The pirate lord
Of his own accord
Did hate his flying foe,
For taken his hand,
In a foreign land,
Brave Peter had long ago,

"Let's settle this!" the captain cried,
"I haven't got all day!"
But Peter knew
As all boys do
the captain's false parlay.

He sheathed his blade,
and with his hands,
did cup his mouth like so,
and with arched neck, he puffed his chest
And thus began to crow

The captain's face turned boiling hot,
His ears began to fume,
And reaching for his scimitar,
He spelled out Peter's doom,

"I have the girl" the captain cried.
"She's mine until you fight!
And if you hope to rescue her,
You'll come this very night!

I'll wait for you aboard my ship
And if you so oblige,
My hook and I will run you through,
You'll never leave alive!"

But Peter, our dear Peter,
He had hatched a master plan,
He'd rescue her like always,
But he'd need some extra hands,

Taking flight, he soared the skies,
In search of helpful friends,
The Lost Boys, they were often called
would be his right-hand men.

Together they would storm the front
with help from Peter's wits
They'd need a dose of pixie dust
to safely reach the ship

Their hideout it was often said,
was very hard to find,
But one need simply look beyond
The boundaries of their mind

A tree it was, both large and round
concealed the Lost Boys' lair
A trap door hidden on a trunk
that often looked quite bare

Its branches spread both far and wide
Its leaves were thick and lush,
And not a pirate ever found
This hideout in the brush

The Lost boys often hid inside
Within the deepest nooks,
The crannies were their fortress
From the evil Captain Hook.

And when the dawn would pierce the sky,
They'd climb out of their den
To soar the clouds with Peter Pan
Their leader and their friend.

But Peter Pan arrived tonight,
His thoughts consumed with worry
For Wendy was in trouble
And they all would have to hurry

Gathering the Lost Boys round
He told them of his plight
"Hook's got her, boys." He said aloud,
"We have to go tonight!"

"She's trapped aboard his ship" he said,
"The pirates lie in wait.
And if we hope to sneak inside
We'll need some type of bait."

Suddenly a Lost Boy cried
 "I think I know a way!
 I built some bombs from coconuts
 And they should do O.K.!"

But Peter had another plan
 A safer one indeed,
 "Just listen up." He told them,
 "And I'll tell you what we need."

"We'll need some kind of costume, boys.
 The kind that stirs a fright.
 The pirates, they ain't smart, you see.
 They'll cower at the sight."

"A ghost I think," dear Peter said,
 "Yes, that should do just fine.
 "They cower like the dogs they are.
 "We'll get em *good* this time!"

"To arms!" the Lost Boys cried aloud,
 And reaching for their sacks,
 They bathed themselves in pixie dust;
 Their weapons on their backs.

Taking flight they raced the skies
 With Peter in the lead
 And high above the clouds they soared
 With ever-growing speed

Below and anchored at the bay
 The captain's ship lay still
 His cannons facing towards the sky
 Preparing for a kill

"Look above!" he told his men,
 "They'll surely be here soon!"
 And thus they sat in silence
 While they plotted Peter's doom

"I think they're here!" a pirate cried
 "There's something there that stirs."
 And looking to the masts above
 The captain saw a blur

At first it seemed like nothing
 But an act of wind at most
 Then suddenly a pirate shrieked
 "Why captain, it's a ghost!"

The other pirates scrambled
As they tried in vain to flee
And Hook himself grew pale with fright
And trembling, he cried "Smee!!"

"I see it, captain!" Smee replied,
"I'll save you, don't you fear!"
"No harm will come to Captain Hook
While faithful Smee is here!"

But Smee was not so faithful
As the banshee scuffled past
He nearly lost his foothold
And he scrambled down the mast

He shrieked and yelped for Captain Hook
To save him from his plight
"Please cap'n, let me come inside!
I mustn't die tonight!"

"You fool!" the captain hollered back,
"You'll let the ghost prevail!"
But suddenly he noticed
Something perched behind the sail

The "spirit" he soon realized
Was nothing but a trick
A clever rouse by Peter Pan
To safely board his ship

"Grab the girl!" he said to Smee
"That blasted Pan's aboard!"
"He'll walk the plank for sure this time,
Now go and get my sword!"

The captain drew his pistol
As he stepped onto the deck
"Where are you, Pan?!" he cried aloud
"We have some business yet!"

"Up here!" brave Peter Pan replied
His dagger at the ready
While straight below the pirates tried
To get their cannon steady

Hook and his pirates all took aim
Their guns faced Peter's brow
"You're trapped!" James Hook exclaimed with pride
"My boy, I've got you now!"

But Peter Pan was agile
 And a cocky one to boot
 “You’ll never hit me.” Peter sneered
 “Just go ahead and shoot.”

Hook grew angry and in vain
 He fired off his rounds
 The pirates did their best as well
 It made a monstrous sound!

The smoke was thick
 And when it cleared
 No Peter was in sight
 But just as Hook cried victory
 Brave Peter Pan took flight

The shots had missed entirely!
 Their shells instead had hit
 The masts and sails of Hook’s fine craft
 He’d crippled his own ship!

“Blast you, Peter Pan!” Hook cried
 “Come down! I’ll run you through!”
 “Nonsense!” Peter hollered back
 “I’ll tell you what I’ll do!”

“I’ll fly around your ship all night!
 You’ll never see me land!
 And then I’ll have some fun with you
 You *and* your pirate band!”

“But what about dear Wendy, lad?”
 Hook challenged with a sneer
 “Fight or flight, you make your choice
 The girl is still right here.”

But Hook, he had not realized
 The strength of Peter’s wits
 He had not seen the Lost Boys
 As they snuck aboard his ship

They’d found dear Wendy locked inside
 And swiftly set her free
 The only pirate in the way
 Had been the trembling Smee

Captain Hook turned red with rage
 He grabbed his sword in fury
 And scaled the mast lines high above
 In quite a frenzied hurry

“You’ll never fight me man to man!”
Hook shrieked as he surged forward
“You fly away each time, my boy
You’re nothing but a coward!”

“No one calls me coward
Peter’s voice rang loud and true
“Just come up here, you codfish
And I’ll have some fun with you.”

“You try your luck.” He added
“I look forward to your attack.
I’ll fight you here and now, you dog;
One hand behind my back!”

“Give your word that you won’t fly”
The captain made him swear
“You have it.” Peter Pan replied
“I promise I’ll fight fair.”

With that the captain lunged ahead
He swung both high and low
And knocked the boy off balance
As he sought to dodge the blows

His dagger parried back and forth
The captain’s swift attacks
And Peter Pan grew wary
As he nearly tumbled back

“Give up, Pan!” the captain cried
“You’re not a match for me.”
And inching forward the captain nudged
Our hero out to sea

His foot was nearly slipping
As the captain still advanced
But Peter noticed something
Small but present at a glance

The rope that held the captain’s flag
Had slowly come undone
And just as Captain Hook surmised
That he had finally won
Brave Peter wrapped it round his face
And with a mocking crow
He sent the captain tumbling down
To watery depths below

Hook emerged some moments later
shaken and defeated
He watched in horror
while his pirates frantically retreated

Pan was floating high above
his hands upon his hips
“You’re banished, Captain Hook” he said,
“And now I have your ship!”

The captain sobbed and splashed the waves
Then something caught his ear
The tick tock call of a nearby clock
It froze him cold with fear

The beast that ate his hand was back
Its hunger never quenched
And now it sought to feast upon
The captain scared and drenched

The captain shrieked and swam away
The croc in hot pursuit
As Peter played a victory tune
Upon his golden flute

The Lost Boys cheered their leader
And together they embraced
And Wendy planted quite a kiss
On Peter’s flustered face

He blushed and placed his arm around
The girl and all his friends
“We’ve won today” he told them
“But this isn’t yet the end.”

“It’s time to take dear Wendy home
The hour is at hand
She’s stayed with us quite long enough
In Never, Never-Land”

And so brave Peter bathed the ship
In golden, brilliant light
The Jolly Roger lifted high
And sailed into the night

And thus it was this tale of Pan
Was all but finally done
There’d be more adventures, mind you
More new battles to be won

But these were for another time
Another place, you see
So if you listen to your heart
And truly do believe
Stand at your window late one night
Extend a friendly hand
For Pan to whisk you far away
To Never-Never Land

