

# A Tale for Children who Believe in Peter Pan

CHILDREN, if you have not read the enchanting tale of Peter Pan, do not attempt to read my story of the adventures of Joy Fitzmaurice in Hyde Park on a certain afternoon in Spring, when the sun laughed down to the budding flowers, and the flowers smiled bravely back to the sun, for they knew that Winter had perished beneath the laughter of Springtime.

Hyde Park was populated with groups of nurses and happy children. Apart from these groups of happy children sat little Joy Fitzmaurice, a child of six, with fair



"Bunting," son of Mrs. Grant-Taylor, Richmond Downs, Waikato

Schmidt Studios, Auckland.

curly hair. She wished fervently that Nanny was not so interested in her book.

"Nanny," she said for the tenth time, "I wish you would take me to Kensington Gardens."

"Really, Miss Joy," exclaimed her nurse, "I cannot take you away out to Kensington Gardens. What is wrong with Hyde Park? You are a discontented little girl. No use crying for what you have not get in this world; that's my philosophy." And with that phrase, lately taken from her book, she resumed her reading.

"I want," said Joy, "to go to Kensington Gardens to look for Peter Pan, Tinkerbell and the Fairies. Peter says you must always believe in fairies to find them."

"Rubbish, child," intervened the nurse. "I always said it was a mistake taking a highly imaginative child like you to see that silly play. Now, my lamb, just you lie down and have a rest. You have been running about in the sun without your hat."

THE child obeyed her nurse and lay down. An inspiration came to her: she would pretend to be asleep. Nanny would look at her with relief and continue to read her book undisturbed, then she would get up and creep silently away to look for fairies. Undoubtedly now was the time to begin the great adventure.

She got up and tip-toed for a long time till Nanny was almost out of sight. She was crossing the path they had come by when she was attracted by a large bed of bluebells. Such a strange tinkling sound amongst them: tinkle, tinkle it rang. A voice from amongst them said "Peter, fly back to Kensington Gardens and bring me some more bells. You will find them in the chest on the oak tree." Another voice, without any sign or shape, said "I am sorry, Tinker. I can't. I see my wish coming." The voice began again. This time it addressed itself to Joy. "Shut your eyes, Joy," it said, "and say twice meaningly, 'I believe in Peter Pan and Fairies.'" Joy did as she was told and when she opened them there stood Peter, there sat Tinker on the top of a bluebell, looking so cross.

"I caught your wish," said Peter. "How do you do first," said Beryl. "Oh, very polite!" laughed Peter. "Am I?" laughed Beryl. "Caught my wish; that sounds very funny, you know."

"It may sound funny," said Peter, "but it is perfectly simple. You catch words on a wireless, so why not catch wishes in the air? Wishes are always everywhere. I stay in Hyde Park in Springtime, from sunrise to sundown, and carry on the business of catching wishes. Tinker comes to help me, acts as private secretary, and jots them down.

"DON'T," said Tinker "I have plenty of work of my own, tying on these bells. Peter, I tell you it is an impossibility to work without the implements. You were a silly ass not to bring enough."

"Tinker is not always cross, but she dislikes Hyde Park."

"You are certainly right," said Tinker.

"Peter," said Joy, "tell me when you caught my wish?"

"Last Wednesday," said Peter, "but it was not granted immediately to make you go on wishing. Some people give up wishing if their wish is not granted immediately. Those are mostly grown-ups."

"I am so glad I kept on wishing," said Joy. "Will you take me to Kensington Gardens? I am rather lonely. Perhaps I could look after your house for you like Wendy?"

Continued on page 54



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