



"So, where do you live now?" asked Wendy.

"I live in the Neverland with the Lost Boys," said Peter. "They are boys who were lost when they were babies and their parents never found them, so they don't have mothers."

"Oh, the poor boys!" cried Wendy.

"Will you fly to the Neverland with me and be a mother to the Lost Boys?" asked Peter.

"I can't!" said Wendy. "I can't fly!"

"I'll teach you," said Peter.

"Will you teach John and Michael, too?" asked Wendy.

Wendy woke her brothers, and they jumped out of bed.

"All right," said Peter. "Just think lovely thoughts and they will lift you up in the air."

Peter blew fairy dust on them and they began to fly around the room. Up and down they went, and round and round.

"This is such fun!" cried the children. "Let's go outside!"

Peter took Wendy's hand, and the four children flew out of the window and into the night sky.

When Mr and Mrs Darling came home, their three beautiful children were gone.