

Match the words to the sentences

dog, father, night, rope, tears

Mr. Darling: Mary, the child's growing up. It's high time she had a room of her own.

Wendy: Father!

Mrs. Darling: George!

John: What?

Michael: No!

Mr. Darling: I mean it! Young lady, this is your last night in the nursery! And that's my last word on the matter! No! Noooo!

ALL: Oh! Poor Nana!

Mr. Darling: Poor Nana? This is the last straw! Out! Out I say!

Michael: No, Father, no.

Mr. Darling: Yes! There'll be no more dogs for nursemaids in this house!

Michael: Goodbye, Nana.

Mr. Darling: Poor Nana. Oh, yes, poor Nana. But poor Father? Oh, no. Blast it! Where is that (1)_____? Oh, thank you. Dash it all, Nana. D-Don't look at me like that. It's nothing personal. It's just that— Well, you're not really a nurse at all You're.... Well, a (2)_____. And the children aren't puppies, they're people. And sooner or later, Nana, people have to grow up.

Wendy: But, mother, I don't want to grow up.

Mrs. Darling: Now, dear. Don't worry about it any more tonight.

John: He called Peter Pan "absolute poppycock".

Mrs. Darling: I'm sure he didn't mean it, John. Father was just upset.

Michael: Poor Nana, out there all alone.

Mrs. Darling: No more (3) _____, Michael. It's a warm (4) _____. She'll be all right.

Michael: Mother.

Mrs. Darling: What is it dear?

Michael: Buried treasure.

Mrs. Darling: Now, children, don't judge your (5) _____ too harshly. After all, he really loves you very much.

Wendy: Oh don't lock it, Mother. He might come back.

Mrs. Darling: He?

Wendy: Yes, ah, Peter Pan. You see, I found something that belongs to him.

Mrs. Darling: Oh, and what's that?

Wendy: His shadow.

Mrs. Darling: Shadow?

Wendy: Mmm. Nana had it, but I-I took it away.

Mrs. Darling: Oh? Yes, of course. Good night, dear.

Mrs. Darling: But George, do you think the children will be safe without Nana?

Mr. Darling: Safe? Of course, they'll be safe. Why not?

Mrs. Darling: Well, Wendy said something about a shadow, and I—

Mr. Darling: Shadow? Whose shadow?

Mrs. Darling: Peter Pan's.

Mr. Darling: Oh, Peter Pa— Peter Pan! You don't say. Goodness gracious, whatever shall we do?

Mrs. Darling: But George, really I—

Mr. Darling: Sound the alarm! Call Scotland Yard!

Mrs. Darling: There must have been someone—

Mr. Darling: Oh Mary, of all the impossible childish fiddle-faddle, Peter Pan, indeed. How can we expect the children to grow up and be practical—

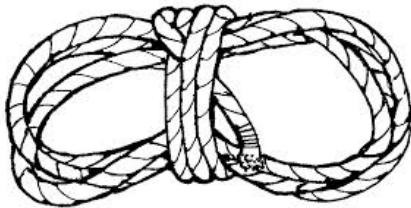
Mrs. Darling: George, dear.

Mr. Darling: —when you're as bad as they are? No wonder Wendy gets these idiotic ideas.











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Answers:

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Mr. Darling: Poor Nana. Oh, yes, poor Nana. But poor Father? Oh, no. Blast it! Where is that rope? Oh, thank you. Dash it all, Nana. D-Don't look at me like that. It's nothing personal. It's just that— Well, you're not really a nurse at all You're.... Well, a dog. And the children aren't puppies, they're people. And sooner or later, Nana, people have to grow up.

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Mrs. Darling: I’m sure he didn’t mean it, John. Father was just upset.

Michael: Poor Nana, out there all alone.

Mrs. Darling: No more tears, Michael. It’s a warm night. She’ll be all right.

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