



CEC READING LIBRARY • GRADE 6 • R3 CHALLENGE

Peter Pan

24 Chapters

Day 1-24

Q2 W09-W16

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 1: The Boy Who Would Not Grow Up

VOCABULARY Neverland, adults, lost boys, adventures

One night in London, a boy flew in through the Darling children's nursery window. His name was Peter Pan, and he was looking for his lost shadow. Nana, the family dog, had grabbed it, and Wendy sewed it back onto his feet. Peter told her about Neverland, the magical island where children stayed young forever. There he could fly through the night sky, fight pirates, and lead the lost boys through the forest every day. Wendy asked him why he never wanted to go home. Peter said that adults grew tired, serious, and forgetful of what truly mattered, and he did not want to be like them. He had decided this long ago, and nobody could change his mind. Their nursery, with its three small beds and its night-light, looked very ordinary beside such a boy. Still, Wendy felt her heart beat faster, because she had always believed that adventures were real. Peter crowed with delight and promised to show her the island himself. London adventures, he said, were never as good as Neverland adventures. ★ **Peter Pan never wanted to grow up.**

THINK What was Peter looking for in the nursery?

Chapter 2: Swords at Dawn

VOCABULARY adventure, wonder, growing, sword

Peter Pan knew exactly what growing up would take away from him. He would have to give up flying over the rooftops of London at midnight. He would never again hear the clang of swords at dawn or smell the sea around Neverland. Wendy asked what he would do when he was older, and Peter looked at her with real confusion. He explained that he had answered that question a very long time ago. Grown-ups traded swords for briefcases and night flights for early bedtimes, he said. Once, he had even pressed his face to a lighted window and watched a family at dinner. He had seen what they had given up, and he had turned away without a second thought. Some things were worth more than comfort. He added that a wise boy could stay awake all night in Neverland and sleep in a tree all day, because nobody there ever said it was time for bed. Wendy smiled, but she also noticed that Peter never mentioned anyone who waited for him. Perhaps the price of his choice was a little loneliness, though Peter would never say so. ★ **Peter Pan chose wonder and adventure over growing up.**

THINK What did Peter hear at dawn in Neverland?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 3: A Serious Choice

VOCABULARY wonder, responsibility, Neverland, adult

Most children dream of the day they will be old enough to make their own decisions. Peter Pan dreamed of something else. He had watched the adult world from the windows of London and noticed how tired and busy they looked. They worried about bills, clocks, and rules, and they no longer looked up to see the stars. Peter did not call them bad people. He simply did not want what they had. In Neverland, every morning brought a new adventure, and the air still sparkled with mystery. Peter understood that this choice had a price, because he would never be taken care of the way other children were. He paid that price with his eyes open, and he never complained. In the quiet nursery, Wendy thought about his words for a long time. She loved school and her mother's hugs, yet she also loved the idea of a place where nobody ever grew tired of play. She did not yet know which she wanted more, and Peter's bright, fierce eyes made the decision harder still. ★ **Peter Pan never wanted to grow up — he chose wonder over responsibility.**

THINK What did grown-ups worry about?

Chapter 4: The Girl Who Told Stories

VOCABULARY stories, brothers, pirates, Wendy

Wendy Darling was the eldest child in the Darling family, and she was the best storyteller in all of London. Every night she sat on the end of her brothers' beds and began a new tale. Her stories had pirates with curly mustaches, fairies who ran on moonlight, and secret islands far across the sea. John and Michael sat up in their nightclothes and begged her to go on. Even Nana, the big dog who guarded the nursery, lay down quietly to listen. Wendy gave each character a voice and a face, so that the dark bedroom felt like the deck of a ship. The boys were never afraid when she told stories. She loved the way a good tale could make the whole room hold its breath. Sometimes they acted out the best parts together, using hairbrushes as swords and pillows as islands. Michael insisted on playing the crocodile, and he ticked loudly under the bed. When their mother looked in to say goodnight, she found three children asleep with smiles on their faces. ★ **Wendy loved telling stories.**

THINK Who lay down to listen?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 5: The Voice at the Window

VOCABULARY Peter, window, story, magic

Peter Pan had flown over every ocean and visited every corner of Neverland a thousand times. He had raced with mermaids, outwitted pirates, and danced with fairies in the blue moonlight. But on that winter night, he stopped outside the Darling window and went completely still. Wendy was telling her brothers a bedtime story, and her voice floated out into the dark. Peter sat on the ledge and listened without a sound. Tinker Bell tugged his sleeve, but he waved her away. Something in that voice touched a place that even Neverland had never reached. Wendy's story made adventures feel as if they truly mattered. Peter decided right then that he must take her home with him. The lost boys back on the island would have loved her story too, he thought. For a moment Peter pictured them lying in their beds with empty eyes, waiting for something he could not give. He turned to Wendy and asked her, very politely for Peter, whether she would like to come. ★ Wendy told stories because they held the greatest magic.

THINK Who tugged Peter's sleeve?

Chapter 6: Stories for the Lost Boys

VOCABULARY lost boys, stories, magic, powerful

In Neverland, the lost boys lived in a cozy home under a great tree. They were Tootles, Nibs, Curly, and the twins, and none of them had ever had a mother. When Wendy arrived, she did not just cook and mend their clothes. At the end of every day she tucked them into their little beds and began a story. She chose tales about brave children who did the right thing, even when it was hard. The boys lay very still, and their faces softened as they listened. Wendy noticed that they became calmer, kinder, and braver on the nights she told good stories. A story, she thought, stayed inside a person far longer than any lesson could. Slimmer, the youngest lost boy, once asked whether stories could keep the pirates away. Wendy answered that they could not, but they could make you brave enough to face them. After that, nobody in the tree wanted to miss the nightly story, and even grumpy Curly sat close to the fire. ★ Wendy told stories because stories were the most powerful magic she knew.

THINK Who lived under the great tree?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 7: Fairy Dust

VOCABULARY fly, happy thoughts, fairy dust, Peter

Peter Pan stood on the nursery window ledge and looked at the three Darling children. Wendy, John, and Michael wanted to fly more than they had ever wanted anything. Peter asked Tinker Bell to shake her golden dust over them. She did it crossly, jingling like a tiny bell, and the dust sparkled in their hair. But the children only jumped and landed on the carpet with a thump. "Fairy dust is not enough," Peter explained. "You must also think of something happy, a thought so warm and light that nothing can weigh it down." The children closed their eyes and searched inside themselves for their happiest memories. Slowly, one by one, their toes left the floor. Tinker Bell, who was very proud, did not like sharing Peter with new friends, and her dust was sometimes a little too thin. Michael, who had been sprinkled the least, hovered just above the bed and wailed. Peter laughed, shook the dust again, and soon all three children were bobbing near the ceiling like soap bubbles. ★ **Happy thoughts help you fly.**

THINK What happened when the children only jumped?

Chapter 8: Dust and Thoughts

VOCABULARY happy thought, flying, Peter, dust

The Darling children stood in their nightclothes and looked up at the open window with wide eyes. Peter had said that flying needed two things only: a little dust and the right kind of thinking. Tinker Bell circled the room and shook her wings, and golden sparkles drifted over all three children. Michael thought of his toy bear and his mother's goodnight kiss, and he lifted slowly off the floor. Wendy thought of her favorite stories and rose to join him by the windowsill. John remembered a cricket match he had won, and he shot straight past them both. They laughed, bumped the ceiling, and tumbled back down in a heap. Peter grinned and told them to try again. Flying, he said, was easy once you stopped being afraid of it. Nana barked from the floor, because she knew this was not a safe game for children. She dragged the blankets over to the window just in case. Mrs. Darling, in her armchair downstairs, had no idea that her three children had just learned the greatest trick in the world. ★ **You only need happy thoughts and fairy dust to fly.**

THINK Who shot past the others?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 9: Over the Rooftops

VOCABULARY fly, London, city, Wendy

That night, three children left their bedroom and rose into the cold, dark sky. Peter led the way, and Tinker Bell glowed like a small bright star just ahead of them. They flew over rooftops and chimneys, and the street lamps looked like a string of golden beads. Wendy laughed as the wind pulled at her nightgown. John swooped around Big Ben, and Michael simply spread his arms and let the air carry him wherever it wished. The city below looked orderly, quiet, and much smaller than it had ever seemed from the ground. Wendy noticed that her worries about tomorrow's lessons had disappeared. None of them could believe that something so wonderful needed so little. They flew past the clock tower and waved at the sleepy pigeons on the roofs. Far below, over London, a late carriage rolled home, and nobody inside looked up. Wendy wondered how many grown-ups in London had once known how to fly and had simply forgotten how, long ago. It made her feel a little sorry for them. ★ **To fly, you only need happy thoughts — and just a little fairy dust.**

THINK What did the street lamps look like?

Chapter 10: Missing Mother

VOCABULARY Neverland, home, mother, Wendy

Wendy had wonderful adventures every day in Neverland. She swam with the mermaids in the lagoon, sailed on pretend ships, and told stories under the stars. The lost boys called her Mother and followed her everywhere. Yet in the quiet moments, she thought more and more often about the house in London. She remembered her mother's voice, her father's newspaper, and the soft blanket on her own bed. Sometimes, while mending socks beside the fire, she would stop and stare at the flames. She was needed in Neverland, and she was admired, but she was not known the way her mother knew her. Neverland was extraordinary, yet it was not where she belonged. Some nights she even stood in the lagoon's silver shallows and looked up at the stars, feeling oddly small. The mermaids sang, but no song sounded like her mother humming. She did not tell Peter, because she did not want to spoil his fun, but the thought was always waiting at the edge of her mind. ★ **Wendy knew home was important.**

THINK What did the lost boys call Wendy?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 11: Peter Does Not Understand

VOCABULARY Neverland, home, wonderful, Wendy

Peter Pan could not understand why Wendy would want to leave Neverland. He made a list of its wonders: fairies, mermaids, pirates, flying, and a childhood that never ended. "London is cold and full of grown-ups," he said. Wendy listened to every item and did not argue with one, because every one was true. Then she told him gently that he had forgotten the most important thing. It was the feeling of being an ordinary child in a place that loved you anyway. Her mother, she said, was probably leaving a window open for her at that very moment. Peter frowned and kicked a stone, because he had no such window waiting anywhere. Tinker Bell, who was jealous, tinkled that Wendy was just ordinary. Peter did not seem to hear her. He was busy showing Wendy a new pirate trick, and in truth he had already forgotten his own question about why she wished to go. Peter forgot most questions the moment he asked them. ★ **Neverland was wonderful but**

Wendy knew home mattered most.

THINK What did Wendy think her mother left open?

Chapter 12: The Last Night in Neverland

VOCABULARY home, known, Neverland, Peter

On her last night in Neverland, Wendy sat with Peter under the stars. The lagoon glittered, and far away the lost boys were singing in their tree. She tried one last time to tell him what she was going back to find. It was not only her bedroom or the smell of her mother's cooking. It was the feeling of being completely known by people who had always been there. Her mother knew the sound of her steps on the stair, and her father knew which stories made her laugh. That kind of knowing, Wendy said, grew slowly over many years. Peter nodded politely, but his eyes were already on the next horizon. He would never quite understand, and that was the saddest thing about him. The tide hissed in the lagoon, and the moon laid a long white road across the water. Wendy promised that the lost boys could come with her and meet her mother, who would surely adopt them all. Peter pretended not to hear, but Wendy saw a small, sad shadow cross his bright, proud face. ★ **Neverland was perfect, but Wendy knew something Peter never did — home matters.**

THINK What were the lost boys doing?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 13: The Pirate Captain

VOCABULARY Hook, Peter Pan, hand, crew

Captain Hook was the most feared pirate on the Neverland seas. He wore a long dark coat, a wide hat with a feather, and an iron hook where his right hand used to be. Long ago, Peter Pan had cut off that hand in a sword fight and tossed it to a crocodile. The crocodile had liked the taste so much that it followed Hook everywhere, ticking, because it had swallowed a clock. Hook jumped at every tick. Every morning, his first thought was of Peter and what was still owed to him. His crew, led by Smee, tiptoed around the captain. They learned never to mention the boy's name if they wanted a quiet day. Hook could forgive a stormy sea or a spoiled dinner, but he could never forgive being laughed at. On rainy nights, Smee polished the captain's spare hooks and hummed softly to himself, hoping the captain would not hear. Hook, however, heard everything. He was the kind of man who noticed a dropped spoon from three decks away, and the crew had learned to be as quiet as mice. ★ Hook never forgave anyone.

THINK What did the crocodile swallow?

Chapter 14: A Memory Like Iron

VOCABULARY Hook, enemies, Peter, forgave

What made Captain Hook truly dangerous was not his iron hook or his sword. It was the way he stored every insult and every defeat inside himself like treasure. Most people, after a while, let their anger fade. Hook polished his, every night, in his cabin by the light of a swinging lamp. Peter Pan knew this about him and used it. Sometimes he hid in the rigging and made the crocodile's ticking sound, just to see Hook jump. Sometimes he flew over the ship and crowed so that the whole crew looked up. The captain's pride made his next move easy to guess, and Peter led him on a merry chase around the island. The same quality that frightened the pirates helped the boy who most wanted to outwit him. Even in his dreams, he could not rest. He dreamed of ticking clocks and a laughing boy in green, and he woke up sweating and angrier than before. The more he thought of revenge, the less he thought of anything else, and the smaller his own world became.

★ Hook was dangerous because he never forgave his enemies.

THINK Where did Hook polish his anger?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 15: The List in His Mind

VOCABULARY Hook, Peter Pan, enemies, laughed

Captain Hook fought many enemies during his long career on the Neverland seas. He beat almost all of them, but the ones who had beaten him he never stopped thinking about. Peter Pan had beaten him again and again, and he always laughed as if it were a game. The pirates feared Hook for what he did in the cold, patient years after a fight. They knew his list was not written on paper. It lived in his memory, and it never grew dusty. Every man who had crossed him, bested him, or laughed at him had a permanent place there. Peter's name sat at the very top, in letters that grew bolder each year. Once, a new pirate whistled a tune that Peter liked, and the whole crew froze until the captain's mood passed. Smee once whispered that perhaps the captain should simply forget the whole business. Hook went so pale that Smee never offered advice again. For Hook, forgetting felt like surrender, and he would sooner lose his other hand than surrender to a boy who could fly. ★ **Hook was dangerous because he never forgot and never forgave anyone who beat him.**

THINK What did the new pirate whistle?

Chapter 16: No One Left Behind

VOCABULARY lost boys, Peter, followed, brave

The lost boys had lived in Neverland for a long time before Wendy arrived. They had no parents, no home, and nobody to tuck them in. But they had Peter Pan, and for a long time that had seemed like enough. When Peter said "run," they ran, and when he said "fight," they fought without asking why. He led them through the dark forest, across the shining lagoon, and right up to Captain Hook's own ship. Tootles carried a wooden sword that was bigger than he was, and Nibs kept losing his hat. None of them knew whether they would come out safely. Still, not one of them wanted to stay behind. Even the smallest twin climbed a rope with trembling hands, because Peter had gone first. When the sun went down, they sat in a ring around the glowing fire and compared their scrapes. Slightly, the proudest, claimed his were the biggest. Peter listened to each boy and nodded as if every bruise were a medal. Nobody laughed at anybody, which none of them had known before. ★ **They followed Peter bravely.**

THINK Who carried a wooden sword?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 17: Peter Gives Courage

VOCABULARY Peter, courage, lost boys, afraid

Before Peter Pan found them, each of the lost boys had been alone and afraid. Neverland was beautiful, but pirates, wild animals, and the unpredictable sea were more than small boys could handle. Peter gave every boy a name, a job, and a place that only he could fill. He told Tootles he was the best scout on the island, and Tootles began to scout better than ever. He told Nibs he had the sharpest ears, and Nibs heard the pirates coming from far away. None of this was a trick. Peter simply saw people as brave, and they found they wanted to prove him right. Curly, who once cried at the sight of a spider, now guarded the tree at night. The courage had been inside them all along, and Peter had only helped it come out. Wendy, mending by the fire, watched the change with wonder. The boys who once drew straws to see who would peek out of the tree now argued over who would go first. She said nothing, but she thought that a little faith could do what a thousand orders never could. ★ **The lost boys followed Peter because he gave them courage.**

THINK Who became the best scout?

Chapter 18: Brave and Free

VOCABULARY Peter, brave, free, lost boys

The lost boys had every reason to be frightened in Neverland. Hook's pirates lurked nearby, and danger waited around nearly every corner. Yet when Peter led them, none of those dangers felt quite so large. He ran toward trouble with a happy crow, and the boys wanted to run beside him. He told them again and again that they were the fiercest and freest children in the whole world. One timid boy, who used to hide under a log at the first sound, now marched up to a pirate lookout and politely asked him to go away. The pirate was so surprised that he nearly fell off his rock. That night, around the fire, the boys sang until the stars came out. Peter had not just protected them. He had made them feel brave and free. Wendy thought of the tales she had told back home. She had never imagined that stories would help brave children as well as sleepy ones, yet here, in Neverland, they seemed to do both. Peter simply grinned and said that was why he had chosen her. ★ **The lost boys followed Peter because he made them feel brave and free.**

THINK Who nearly fell off a rock?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 19: Back to London

VOCABULARY Wendy, London, Neverland, magic

When Wendy and her brothers finally returned to London, their parents held them close and cried with happiness. The nursery was exactly as they had left it, with the window open and the beds neatly turned down. Life soon went back to normal, with school, meals, and sensible bedtimes. Wendy tried to describe Neverland to her classmates, but the words came out flat and ordinary. She could not explain the taste of salt wind or the way the lagoon glowed at noon. As the weeks passed, the sharp edges of her memories grew soft. She still tried to hold onto small details: Tinker Bell's exact color, Peter's crow, the lagoon at noon. Some mornings she woke up sure she could still hear the sea. The lost boys, who had been adopted by kind families, wrote her letters. Her father, she was told, had slept in the dog kennel for weeks out of sorrow. Now he came out smiling, kissed each child, and announced that he would never again shout about small things. Her mother sang the old lullaby, and the house was warm again. ★ **Growing up means leaving magic behind.**

THINK Who wrote Wendy letters?

Chapter 20: Jane Listens

VOCABULARY Wendy, daughter, stories, Neverland

Years after her return, Wendy had grown up and had a daughter named Jane. Jane begged to hear the old Neverland stories every night. Wendy sat by her bed and told them once again, expecting them to feel smaller than they used to. But something surprising happened as she spoke. The stories felt as alive as ever, and the details she thought she had forgotten came back warm and clear. Tinker Bell's jealousy, Peter's crow, the crocodile's tick: all of it was still there inside her. Jane listened with shining eyes and asked the very questions Wendy had once asked. Wendy understood that the magic had not left her. It had only changed shape. It lived now in her stories and in her daughter's bright face, a little quieter, but still there. When she was done, Jane yawned, hugged her pillow, and asked whether Peter would visit one day. Wendy kissed her forehead and said that stories like these always find the people who need them. She switched off the lamp and left the door open a crack, just in case. ★ **You leave Neverland when you grow up but keep its magic.**

THINK What had changed shape?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 21: The Window Opens Again

VOCABULARY Peter, Jane, window, Wendy

One night, Peter Pan came back to the window, just as Wendy had always secretly hoped. He had not changed at all. He still crowed, still wore leaves for buttons, and still thought grown-ups were rather odd. But it was not Wendy who heard him this time. It was her daughter Jane, who had been sitting up in bed waiting. Wendy watched from across the dark room as Jane flew away into the starlit London sky. She felt a small, surprising ache, because her own Neverland was gone for good. Yet she also felt gratitude and a warm pride. She had told those stories every night, and they had kept the window open. Jane had been ready for Peter because Wendy had made her ready. Wendy blew a kiss to the sky and smiled. Wendy's husband, who was a sensible man, often shook his head at all of this. Yet on stormy nights, even he sometimes paused at the nursery door and listened to the tale, with a faraway look in his eyes. Perhaps every grown-up carries a small, hidden Neverland. ★ **Growing up means leaving Neverland — but you carry its magic inside forever.**

THINK What did Peter wear for buttons?

Chapter 22: Forever Young at Heart

VOCABULARY Peter, imagination, young, lost boys

Peter Pan had lived in Neverland longer than anyone could clearly count. He had never aged a day, and his eyes were as bright as ever. He still crowed when he won a fight and still laughed when things went wrong. The lost boys around him grew taller each year, and one by one they left the island for good. They went home, found schools and jobs, and some even became very serious. Peter stayed exactly the same, and his secret was not the island's air or Tinker Bell's dust. It was something that lived entirely inside him. He woke every morning as curious as he had been the day before. He asked what might happen next, and he asked it with real excitement. Wonder was the one thing he never let grow old. At night, the lost boys who had grown up sometimes looked out of their office windows at the stars. They did not remember the dust or the fairy music, but they remembered the feeling of being brave and light. That feeling, Peter knew, was the true heart of the island. ★ **Imagination keeps us young.**

THINK What did some of the boys become?

Read the story. Then think about each question.



Chapter 23: Grandmother Wendy

VOCABULARY Wendy, grandchildren, imagination, young

Wendy grew older as all children do, and her hair slowly changed from brown to silver. She had grandchildren now, and they sat at her feet each evening begging for the old Neverland tales. Her face had lines and her joints ached in cold weather, but something in her voice had not changed. When she described flying over London, her eyes sparkled as they did when she was seven. When she spoke about Peter, a smile arrived that belonged to a much younger face. The grandchildren asked why she seemed so different while telling those stories. Wendy only laughed and said that some things never got old if you used them every day. She had exercised her imagination every night for sixty years, and it had never grown stiff. In the telling, she was flying. Sometimes her granddaughters asked to hear about the pirates, and Wendy did the voices so well that the youngest hid under the blankets. Sometimes the boys asked about Tinker Bell, and she told them that fairies hated being forgotten more than anything in the world. ★ **Imagination keeps us young no matter how old we are.**

THINK How long had she used her imagination every night?

Chapter 24: Why We Still Read Peter Pan

VOCABULARY Peter Pan, imagination, children, story

J. M. Barrie wrote Peter Pan more than a hundred years ago, and it has never stopped being read. Children love it for its pirates, fairies, and flying. Adults love it for something harder to name, a gentle ache of recognition. They see in Peter the wonder they have lost, and they see in Wendy a choice they have made or are still deciding. Every generation finds the boy who will not grow up and feels they do not want to lose what he has. But the story does not tell us to avoid responsibility. It reminds us that wonder is a daily choice. We can keep asking questions and noticing how beautiful ordinary things are. We can tell stories to the young, just as Wendy did. The story asks what you will keep and what you will let go. Teachers read it aloud in classrooms, and grandparents read it at bedtimes. It has been acted in theaters, drawn in picture books, and told by the fire. Each time someone tells it again, a window somewhere opens a little wider, and a new child looks up at the sky. ★ **Peter Pan shows us that imagination keeps us young no matter how old we get.**

THINK Is wonder a one-time gift?