

PETER (*stirring*). Who is that? (TINK *has to tell her tale, in one long ungrammatical sentence.*) The natives were defeated? Wendy and the boys captured by the pirates! I'll rescue her, I'll rescue her! (*He leap first at his dagger, and then at his grindstone, to sharpen it. TINK alights near the shell, and rings out a warning cry.*) Oh, that is just my medicine. Poisoned? Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it, and I will as soon as I have sharpened my dagger. (TINK *nobly swallows the draught as PETER'S hand is reaching for it.*) Why, Tink, you have drunk my medicine! (*She flutters strangely about the room, answering him now in a very thin tinkle.*) It was poisoned and you drank it to save my life! Tink, dear Tink, are you dying?

Her light is growing faint, and if it goes out, that means she is dead! Her voice is so low I can scarcely tell what she is saying. She says—she says she thinks she could get well again if children believed in fairies! (*He rises and throws out his arms he knows not to whom, perhaps to the boys and girls of whom he is not one.*) Do you believe in fairies? Say quick that you believe! If you believe, clap your hands! Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! And now to rescue Wendy!