



Peter Pan from a new perspective

By **Saphirra**, Auburn, PA

"Come on, Marissa! Don't be such a prat!" I yelled at the dim-witted mermaid sitting on the rock next to me.

"Just because I won't let you borrow my coral necklace does NOT mean I'm a prat!" The green-finned fish said.

"Uh, yeah it does!" I shouted back at her.

"Shush! Your bickering is interrupting my beauty sleep!" I looked over at Cara lying in the sun, dangling her rich pink tail in the clear azure water of the Mermaid Lagoon.

"Fine." I said, because beauty sleep is SO important. "I'll just use your green shells!"

"When are you just going to use your own accessories, Aleena?"

"Whe- hey." I picked up a bright pink starfish stick to the side of the speckled grey rock I was perched on. "This color is so much better than green!" Marissa smirked as she ran a sea shell comb through her black hair and I just rolled my eyes in return.

You see, Marissa is one of those "work hard and it will pay off" kind of mer-people, so of course she finds it "unfair" when I "borrow" her things. I mean, for some reason she actually likes the green color in her eyes. Anyway, back to me. I have beautiful blonde hair that glints in the sun, and I just put in that sparkly pink starfish that went perfectly with my glimmering royal blue tail. My eyes are a clear sapphire blue. Boy I really do love talking about myself! I heard a crazy splashing sound and looked over at Kayleen, the new girl who was sitting underneath the gentle waterfall to my left.

"Aleena?" said a whiny voice.

"What?" I said in the same whiny voice.

"Can you make the water a little warmer?"

"For the last time Kayleen, I have no way to control the temperature of the water." I answered in a slightly stern voice. I did agree with Peter to help her fit in with us here in Mermaid Lagoon, but it's just so hard to be nice to anybody with a voice like that, even if she did have a pretty mauve tail. I dove into the ever-changing mirror of blue and was refreshed by it's coolness. When I surfaced, I saw two silhouettes in the sky.

"Girls, Peter's back!" I trilled.

"Where!" Kayleen whined.

"Over there!" Marissa pointed to her right.

"Peter! Peter!" We all shouted and waved to the figures flying towards us. Now, before you get the wrong idea, we love Peter! He is so charming and funny and handsome! Peter played his flute as he flew over to land on one of the rocks.

"Hello girls!" He chirped happily. Peter wears forest green tights that match his hat. A single red feather protrudes at the point of his hat. His shirt was the color of a meadow on a bright spring day, and the hem looks like crocodile teeth. Ugh, at least the color looks semi-good on Peter.

"Hello Peter!" We all shouted. Well, except Kayleen. She just whined.

"Peter! Peter, wait for me!" A voice shouted from the distance. Great. An unexpected visitor taking away our time with Peter. I have to do something about this.

"Girls, meet Wendy!" Peter introduced us to the girl with the blue eyes.

"Um, like, why are you wearing your PJ's?"

"Well, I--" She pulled out both sides of her dress like she was showing off the ugly blue nightdress.

"You're so ugly! Peter, don't worry, we'll get rid of her!"

"What, but I--" And the rest passed in a blur of splashing, pushing and pulling the blue ribbon adorned Wendy into the water. Peter was laughing and playing his flute the whole time so, I figured he was fine with it, until he flew over and pulled the klutz out of the way. Of course he only flew over when she threatened to throw a conch shell at us!

"Now girls." Peter said with a stern tone.

"Now Peter, we were just having some fun!" I said with the pouty lip.

"Yeah, we were only trying to drown her!" Marissa said. What a red-haired bimbo.

"Oh, well since it was just fun." And just when Wendy was about to go off on a temper-tantrum, the normally bright and glittering lagoon was shadowed with darkness. Peter put his hand over Wendy's big mouth and said,



Image Credit: Bekah R., Snellville, GA

The author's comments:

I wrote this about the Mermaid Lagoon scene in the Disney animated film "Peter Pan," but with my own twist.

"It's Hook!"

"Hook!"

"Hook!"

"Oh no it's Hook!" I dove under the now murky water in the lagoon and our brief meeting with Peter was over.



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