

My name is Mr. Smee, or formerly known as Patrick Cod. This foul food-sounding name was given to me by my mother: Dill Cod. Yes, I do realize that she was much worse off than I in the name category, but that's beside the point. Dill had great hopes of bearing a girl as she went through her nine months of pregnancy, and to her displeasure I was not what she had wanted. She had planned to name me Patricia, after my Great-grandmother, yet alas I disappointed her for the first out of many times. As a young child I was often ignored, as my mother bore three daughters after I was born, each being her prized child in their own special way. Patricia, the eldest out of the three, was a talented musician who played at church on Sundays and in the community orchestra. Margret, the second eldest, skipped two grades in elementary school and was awarded Student of the Month at least twice each school year. Lastly, the youngest and most prized was Darlene, a dancer who was more graceful than a swan itself. My mother loved her, attending every recital with her love shown in a bouquet of flowers after each performance. Oh, how I hated her and the others to the ends of the Earth! They were polite, kind, courteous, and worked to save the planet through stupid things like lemonade stands. As for myself, I preferred to take part in things such as burning ants with my ultra-thick glasses lens or putting cling wrap under the toilet seat. As you could imagine, my mother not pleased. At the ripe old age of 12, I was sent overseas to a boarding school by my family of women, who insisted that it was "for the best," but I really knew the truth. They didn't want me or love me nearly as much as my precious sisters. As the years rolled by, my family forgot about me, I was no longer my mother's son, I was disowned.

During my stay at boarding school, I was disliked just as much as I was at home. The boys called me "Fatty-Patty" and found fun in stealing my favorite red cap. My room had four bare white walls, with a window on the Far East side on the room, and my bed was hard with one pillow and a sheet. As you could imagine, I hated the place. I wanted out so badly that I would have given my beloved red cap just to escape. Yet, there was no need for a payment to escape, because during the third year of boarding school, on the

May 23, I was visited by a boy. He appeared on the ledge of my window in a green suit with a pan pipe hanging from his belt loop, and a mischievous grin plastered onto his face. Jumping off the ledge and onto my floor he introduced himself, "Hello lad, I'm Peter, what's your name? I would guess such a fellow like you would be a Johnny or perhaps an Edward"

"N-no sir," I answered, "My name is Patrick."

"Can you repeat that?" he asked, cupping his ear and leaning forward, so that he could better understand me.

"My name is Patrick," I grudgingly said, getting red in the face, as I hated when teachers asked you to "speak up" or "talk louder, your too shy".

"Jolly good, jolly good...say... Patrick, do you like it here? Or would you rather leave?"

"What?" I stepped back, falling over, as he caught me off guard with his last question. He of course laughed, just as the other boys did in my grade when I tripped or passed out when the teacher was dissecting the intestines of a pig.

"Watch yourself mate, that sort of balance won't be much good for flying."

"Flying? Leave? What are you talking about?" I was surely confused, and felt as if I must have been dreaming or dying.

"Mate, I am offering you the chance of a life time; I know you just met me and it's a lot to take in, but I must be quick. I'm asking you to come with me, leave this prison cell, and become a lost boy. I will take you to a place where you will never become old, and can play all day in the sun with mermaids, Indians, or boys just like yourself, who are sick of growing up. What do you say? Will you come with me?" These images danced in my head as he spoke and I could feel myself building up with excitement. My hopes had come to be real, as I Patrick Cod, could finally leave this wretched school, without even sacrificing my beloved little red cap. How couldn't I say yes?

“Yes! Yes, I will go!” I shouted, as I couldn’t contain myself any longer, for I had been given the chance of a lifetime...Or that’s what I thought.

As the day went to night, I packed my belongings into a knapsack, as that is all I could carry according to instruction, and stood by the ledge with my lantern lit. As the clock struck midnight, he appeared for the second time at my ledge, looking at me intently, as if asking whether I was ready to really commit to what he had proposed. Quickly glancing at the door, he offered his right hand out to me, while holding his left to his mouth, signaling to be quiet. Getting the hint, I shimmied onto the ledge, having some trouble swinging my legs up, as my body physique was not necessarily made for monkeying up walls or climbing stairs really for that matter, but nevertheless, I made it up and through the window. Feeling the night breeze on my skin, I was ready to go and take part in the wonderful journey that lay ahead.

“Now Patrick,” Peter whispered in a hushed tone, “you must give me your hand and allow me to collect your essence, as the original escape plan has been changed.”

“WHAT? What plan? You never said anything about collecting body parts! I thought we were flying!” I whispered, barraging him with my questions that had suddenly come up from his words.

*“First of all, it’s not body parts, and second we need to go **now** Patrick! The essence is our only way!”* The urgency in his eyes was as I had never seen before, and he automatically shot his arm out to grab my hand, turning my knuckles white with his immense grip.

“What are you doing? Let go!” I now yelled through clenched teeth, wriggling out from his hold.

“Please Patrick, you *must* listen,” Peter urged, reaching out to grab my hand for a second time, while now holding a shiny dagger in the other.

“Never!” I yelled, not caring who or what heard me. I was not about to let a boy who had intention of collecting my “essence” and whom was holding a dagger, take me away. As his hand came to grab mine, I turned to the side, causing him to lose his

balance, stumbling from side to side on the ledge. Taking my opportunity, I shoved him off, expecting to see him fall over the edge about 20 feet. Yet, as my luck had it, he fell about 5 feet and then began to fly back up.

“Mate! Watch yourself! Hook will get you! We need to go!” He shouted fiercely as soared up to meet me again.

“I am watchi-Wait what?” I staggered a bit. “Hook? What are you even-?” Cutting me off, he quickly spoke.

“He is an evil man, with evil intents, that follows me, stealing children before I can rescue them, forcing them to be crew members of his ship!” He gasped for air before continuing quickly, “Come now Patrick, you must trust me!” As Peter said this, I looked up to see a ship looming above my head on a cloud of thick black fog. The shadow it cast was eerie, and the Jolly Roger flag flew on a mast that was worn with holes from cannonballs.

“Okay.” As I gave my hand out for Peter to take, I saw the night go pitch black, and felt my body being carried up and away into the unknown.

“Good Morning chump,” I heard a loud nasally voice say from above me. Startled, I shot up straight with my heart racing, only to find myself staring eye to eye with yet another stranger. This man had on a weathered red coat and a red hat that had an enormous white plume coming from the right side. Everything about him was disheveled from his knotted black hair to his garlic breath. “Mee name es Captain Hook. Welcome to mee ship my hardy har.”

“Where’s Peter?” I anxiously asked while looking around trying to get my bearings. “He was taking me to some place far away. Have you seen him?”

“**HAR HAR HAR!**” The Captain laughed, while spitting all over in front of him and on me as well. “Oh I’ve seen him alright, with mee two front eyes. The leetle Peter was callin’ yur name and given a good fight with mee first mate, just as one of mee crew stole ya right from under his nose. HA you shoulda seen the look on his face mee boy!”

“You stole me?!” I yelled right into his face, making sure to add some extra spit with my words as he deserved a taste of his own medicine.

“For more or less, I’d say so. You’d better get comfortable here because you’re now parta mee crew matey! I’ll have Mr. Shim come and show ya the ropes...Oh and by the way your gonna have to lose the red cap, its kinda my thing.” I was so frustrated and furious, I couldn’t speak. This evil man had taken me, my cap, and any of my chances of escaping the world in which I lived. Stupid Captain Whatever-his-face had taken my hopes and crushed them, leaving me yet once again, forgotten and disowned. I was forever trapped as a ship mate along with hundreds of other boys who all shared the same fate. We were the true lost boys, not the kind that Peter had talked about, where they lost any responsibility of growing up, but the lost boys who had been forgotten, literally lost from the planet that we call Earth and lost from any chance we had of having boys of our own. I was renamed Mr. Smee beginning the next morning, and a striped shirt was presented to me as my deck uniform. My job is as Hook’s secretary, and every now and then, as I glance out the window to the land below me, I imagine that I see a glimmer of what seems to be mermaids or perhaps a tribe of Indians chasing around laughing little boys. Yet, that life is not mine, because I formerly Patrick Cod, but currently Mr. Smee, didn’t take my chance fast enough, and ended up watching those who did.