

Piper Pan & Her Merry Band



Book One: The Curse of the Neverland

by Lindy MacLaine

Thank you for joining Piper's Merry Band. As promised,
following are the opening chapters, free for your enjoyment!

**Be sure to visit my website or Facebook Page and enter the contest
to win a free copy of the book when it's published!**

<http://www.thecurseofthenverland.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/TheCurseoftheNeverland>

The Curse of the Neverland

A Glimpse Ahead

“How long will it take to get to the Neverland?” Pip craned her neck to peer up at the elderly fairy hauling her by the belt loop. Heck, for all she knew, maybe it was her fairy godmother. Great, *great* fairy godmother, she thought.

“That depends on you.” The ancient pixie’s voice, strained with effort, shimmered through the chilly night air.

Second star to the right and straight on ‘til morning. The directions rang in Pip’s mind. She’d seen the play *Peter Pan* on stage so many times she practically knew the lines by heart. Her father had designed sets for more than one production and she’d watched rehearsal after rehearsal of her mother teaching swordplay.

Piper gulped. The memory both thrilled and threatened. She’d always hoped she’d get to the Neverland. But after her parents were stolen, she’d been afraid to think much about the magical place for fear something else bad would happen. The long-remembered image of the dragon-borne pirate ship framed against the full moon over the Space Needle had haunted her for five years. Now here she was on her eleventh birthday, if it could possibly be believed, sailing through the air toward the Neverland, butt-first.

PRELUDE

Royal Intervention: Some Time Earlier

Public declarations and courtly pronouncements had their place, but the real decisions in the fairy kingdom happened at teatime in the palace sunroom.

“If we do not take action soon, my queen” said King Oberon, sipping his Earl Grey tea from a porcelain cup, “the Neverland will collapse forevermore. Its loss shall be a blow to our magical realm.”

“And what, pray tell, do you suggest, my dear?” Queen Titania peered over her rhinestone-studded reading glasses at her husband, laying her newspaper aside. “You know as well as I, we’re bound by free will.”

The king of the fairies nabbed an extra piece of candied ginger and popped it into his mouth. “Free will, dung hill,” he said.

Titania raised a regal eyebrow. “Really, darling!”

“The fools have gone too far,” Oberon said. He raised a hand in acknowledgement. “I grant you, overt action is not the way. But nothing written says we cannot *lean*.”

The queen held his gaze. Her shoulders slumped a smidgeon. Her wings drooped. “’Tis true, ‘tis now or never,” she said. A moment more and she straightened, lifting her teacup in a salute. “Perhaps, my king, we shall lean. Just a bit.”

*

“Good Morning, Belle, formerly Tinker Bell!”

Belle burrowed her head into her feather pillow, willing the regal wake-up call away. Why wouldn't they give it up? She hadn't gotten out of bed in two days.

All condo units in Fairyland's Crystal City came with the required portraits of the fairy king and queen. Belle hadn't realized when she moved in – how long ago? Was it months? Years? – That they talked. Daily.

"Good morning, good mo-orning!" the king sang. "It's great to stay up late, good morning, good morning, to you!"

"Nnngg," Belle covered her ears and pulled her duvet over her head. She just couldn't see the point in getting up. Come to think of it, she hadn't seen much point in anything, lately.

"Belle, formerly of the Neverland, it's time for morning Tai Chi on the quad." Queen Titania's voice was much harder to ignore.

Belle attempted to sit up, her old bones protesting. "Yes, Your Highnesses." Gravity won, and she fell back into the warm cocoon of her four-poster bed. "Right away, Your Highnesses." Surely they'd go bother someone else in a minute.

"If you do not wish to join the rest, at least do a sitting meditation here in your room," said King Oberon.

"Don't coddle her, dear," said the queen. "Belle, you'll begin upon on the count of three. If not, you shall know our wrath. One... Two..."

No help for it. She was going to have to move. With a monumental effort, Belle slid out of bed. She crumpled into a half-lotus on the plush carpet, her back propped against the bed frame. "All right, all right, I'm here," she mumbled. The chilly morning air raised gooseflesh on her arms. Her ivory silk nightgown was all beauty and no warmth.

"Allow me," said the king from his portrait. Merry flames filled the nearby fireplace. "An older fairy like yourself deserves to be waited on, am I not right?"

Belle bristled. It was true, she'd seen more years than she cared to count. If she'd remained ever young, as she had during her days with Peter Pan, it wouldn't matter. But since he'd left the Neverland, and since – well, that other thing, she knew she showed at least seventy years of her age. Still. No one had a right to point that out to a lady!

“Hmmm,” Belle managed. The warmth from the fire relaxed her. If she just closed her eyes and pretended to meditate, maybe she could sleep a little longer. Belle rested her hands in her lap, palms up, middle fingers touching thumbs, and took three deep breaths.

“Very good, Belle,” called the queen. “And thus it begins!”

Belle began sinking through gray layers in her mind. She'd pretend to meditate, and instead, have a little nap. Sliding toward sleep, she thought she heard the queen speak again, as though from a long way away.

“Do not lean too hard, my gentle king.”

The visions came fast and furious behind Belle's eyelids, with crystalline clarity. She stiffened, as if connected to an electric current. There was Peter, in all his youthful glory.

“Oh, Peter,” Belle sighed. “Why did you ever have to leave?”

The youth in her mind folded his arms in that know-it-all way of his, turned on his heel, and disappeared. Belle watched, as if through thick glass, as Peter took the hand of a smiling blonde girl. She was one in the long line of Spring Cleaning girls. That one was called Isabelle. Belle winced. She still couldn't believe Peter had left the Neverland to grow up with *her*. Just because the girl had been clever enough to tell Peter he was too “cowardly custard” to grow up, he'd had to go and prove her wrong. Irritation twisted in Belle's stomach.

In a flash, Peter and the girl were grown, dressed in wedding regalia, walking down the aisle. Peter looked so handsome in his tuxedo! He leaned in to give his bride one of those thimble-things with his lips. Belle squeezed her eyes tighter. She didn't want to watch Peter love someone else.

Before Belle could break this strange parade of visions, Peter aged. Strands of gray wove through his red-brown wavy hair. The bride on his arm wasn't his wife-to-be anymore; it was Peter's daughter, Angela, with brown wavy hair tumbling to her waist. He was giving her away in marriage to a dark-haired, dark-eyed, man. A tear rolled down Peter's cheek as he watched Angela say, "I do."

The scene shifted again. Peter was sitting behind the steering wheel of a car, windshield running thick with rain, wipers unable to keep up with the torrent.

"Look out, Peter!" a woman's voice cried. Belle didn't know if the voice was hers, or Isabelle's. Their screams wove together, shrilling as the headlights of a truck plowed straight into the car. Everything went dark. Belle didn't want to see any more.

It didn't seem to matter what Belle wanted. A wooded cemetery appeared. Peter's daughter, Angela, stood with her husband, their babe in his arms. Angela laid a bouquet of flowers at the base of two headstones.

"Mom, Dad," Angela said, her voice unsteady. "This is our daughter, your granddaughter. Her name is Piper. I wish you could have met her."

Belle felt tears streaming down her cheeks. Her heart hurt. Her breath came in hiccupping gasps. Again, before she could break away from the picture in her head, it changed.

Belle felt light, as a fairy ought to feel. She was sitting on the softest of clouds, looking down at her emerald green magical island. Her heart bumped, the ache now one of longing. The Neverland. Home. The sea sparkled in the sunlight. The mountain peaks glimmered white. There was Pirate's Cove, the Jolly Roger's sails fluttering in the breeze. She imagined she could see her pirate protégé, Captain Li'l Jack, standing at the helm, bellowing orders at his crew.

Belle's breathing slowed and her lips curved in a smile. It was all right. No matter what else had happened, the Neverland was there, comforting her, beckoning her.

But it wasn't all right. The scene mutated, like the edges of a burning letter. The island blackened. Trees stood, barren. Vegetation gave way to sand, and all signs of life disappeared. Fear stabbed at Belle's heart. Had the fairy Pearl been right all along? Had the enchantment become the Neverland's curse?

The image of Captain Li'l Jack filled Belle's mind. "I'll not stop 'til I have enough," he roared. His once-blonde hair and goatee had streaks of silver now, but his features were as handsome as ever. His blue eyes flashed, and he gripped the silver vial that he wore around his neck like jewelry, with both hook and claw. "I've almost enough to grow real hands." He held up his metal appendages, clearly imagining ten digits, whole and sound. Belle could feel his yearning, a force that threatened to crack her chest open.

Then it seemed to Belle he was looking straight at her, a snarl on his pretty face. "I don't care what promises I made, Belle. I'll feed the dragon the whole human race if necessary! Who needs you or yer blasted magical island?"

Belle's heart hammered as if the threat were imminent. Anger rolled through her and she longed to flail at him with her fists. But all she could do was watch.

Li'l Jack sent his First Mate, Flea, up the rigging with two lanterns, glowing red. Standing at the ship's prow, Li'l Jack shouted skyward. "'Tis time to hunt, me dragon!"

An enormous black beast appeared above the ship, eyes whirling red, powerful wings blocking the sky. Lightning cracked and thunder shook. The dragon arced into the cove, its bulk submerged in the dark, roiling waves. Breaking the surface with a roar, it coiled its massive body about the Jolly Roger. Mighty wings beating, it launched into the sky, bearing the pirate ship with it.

The image faded to black. Belle waited for more, but the movie playing in her head seemed to have finished. She used her fingers to peel her eyelids open, and looked around. She still sat, leaning against her bed, in her elegant beige condo in Fairyland's Crystal City.

Trembling with recognition of the truth, she rose, wobbling, to her feet. The fog that had surrounded her for weeks had lifted. She dressed and gathered a few things, moving more quickly and easily as she went.

Ready at last, she addressed the portraits. "Your Highnesses, I've got to go,"

"Oh?" The queen raised her eyebrow.

Belle narrowed her eyes. No one took that tone with her. "Yes. I have an heir to fetch," she snapped. "Peter Pan's granddaughter may be just a girl, but she's the only chance the Neverland's got." With that, Belle blinked twice and disappeared into thin air.

The king and queen looked at each other and smiled.

"How was that for a lean, my sweetest queen?" Oberon asked.

Titania's eyes twinkled. "'Twas subtle, and perfectly aimed," she said. "I could not have done it better had it been I."

"High praise indeed," said the king.

CHAPTER ONE

Fitch's Last Ditch Foster Home: The Morning of Piper's Eleventh Birthday

"Piper, meet your new foster mother, Mrs. Fitch."

Piper Pizzinni tried to smile. The lady wore a bathrobe and had curlers in her hair. Not a good sign, considering it was the middle of the afternoon on a gray Seattle Saturday.

"I'll leave you to get settled in, Piper." Miss Henning had been Piper's caseworker for the last five years, since her parents disappeared. She wasn't friendly, but at least she was familiar.

"Thanks, Miss Henning," Piper mumbled, watching her only stability walk away toward the official Child Protection Services vehicle parked at the curb. Piper gripped her small suitcase and stepped into the dingy house, ignoring her rising sense of panic.

"The girls here call this 'Fitch's Last Ditch Foster Home.'" Mrs. Fitch blocked her way, arms crossed and lips tight. "If you're here, it's because no one else will take you."

Piper resisted the urge to flinch under the hateful gaze. "It's nice of you to take me in," she lied. "I'm sure we'll get along just fine."

"We'll see about that." Mrs. Fitch turned on her heel and beckoned Piper to follow.

Piper climbed the stairs, keeping her distance from the swaying pink bathrobe. The woman wore enough perfume to offend a skunk. The carpet under Piper's feet was threadbare, the exposed wood below chipped and dirty.

“Hurry up!” As they reached the upper landing, Mrs. Fitch reached down and yanked Piper by the upper arm, pinching as she did so. Piper winced. She’d have a bruise, but she’d had worse.

“Down the hall to the left. You’ll meet the rest of the girls.”

Piper turned into the indicated doorway – a large bare room, each wall hosting a metal bunk bed. No bars on the window, but it felt like a prison cell. Piper shuddered. She counted seven girls, like planets in a solar system. It felt lonely in here, each girl in her own orbit, barely aware of the others. But all seven stopped what they were doing and stared at her.

“Girls, this is Piper,” Mrs. Fitch said. Piper held herself rigid as the woman stepped into the room behind her. “She’ll sleep in Sally’s bunk.” The sad excuse for a foster mother wheeled back out into the hallway, her voice lashing back. “I don’t want to hear from any of you until I call you down for supper.”

“Hi,” Piper said to the room in general, forcing a grin. Wrong choice. Six pairs of eyes narrowed at her. The seventh’s eyes widened, then burst into tears. Piper guessed that one was maybe three years old.

“Now look what you’ve done!” growled a pasty redheaded girl with freckles.

Piper shrugged. “Just trying to be friendly.”

“Give it a rest before you do any more damage,” the girl said. Her voice was as big as her body.

“How many foster girls does it take to change a light bulb?” Piper quipped. Surprise and puzzlement looked back at her. At least she’d managed to throw them off their game.

“I didn’t do, how bany?” A little runny-nosed stringy-haired blonde girl asked.

“That depends,” Piper said.

The redhead raised an eyebrow and looked menacing.

"It only takes one foster girl," Piper said hastily, "but it takes a whole caboodle of adults to tell her how to do it."

The blonde giggled and snorted. "Dat's fuddy," she said. She wiped her nose on the back of her sleeve. "I'b Stingky," she offered. "Dice to beet you."

"Huh," the redhead said. "Not bad." She looked at Piper grudgingly for a moment longer, and then relented. "Okay. We're the Lifers. You know, foster kids for life, get it?" She gave Piper a look that said if she didn't, she'd get a fist in the face.

"I get it," Piper said.

"Good." The redhead nodded. "I'm Pudge, I'm twelve. Zonker is the one who looks comatose over there. Zonk for short. She's eleven." Pudge gestured to a tall dark girl lying prone on one of the bottom bunks.

"Midge is the Samurai brainiac. She's nine." A girl all in black, wearing glasses, gave Pudge a dirty look from her top bunk. She glanced at Piper before leaning back over her book. Her long, shiny black hair swung like a curtain over her face.

"You just met Stinky," Pudge indicated the blonde, "she's seven." Next, she pointed at another top bunk. Twin girls, identical from their quirky half-smiles to their dark brown bowl-haircuts poked each other and giggled. "That's Flim and Flam." The girls in question weren't watching. Obviously what they were doing was far more interesting. "They're six," Pudge continued. "They speak Spanish most of the time, but don't let 'em fool you. They understand English just fine."

Pudge pointed to the smallest girl, whose cries had turned to hiccups, her thumb firmly planted in her mouth. "Thumb is four, even though she looks and acts like she's two." The little girl's long-lashed brown eyes crinkled in a smile, chocolate-brown cheeks dimpled, surprising Piper.

"Hello, there," Piper smiled back, this time for real.

In all the foster homes Piper had been in, there had never been other foster girls. She'd always been the family add-on who didn't measure up.

Friends. Piper barely allowed the word in her mind, flattening the whisper of hope before it could take root. Heck, the only friends she'd made in five years were the employees at the Nickelodeon, where she unofficially did chores so they'd let her sit and watch movies for hours. Who did she think she was, dreaming that it might be possible to have real friends? In a place like this, everyone was probably too busy fighting over a full serving of dinner to care about each other.

"Which one was Sally's bunk?" Piper asked.

The smile slid off the big redhead's face, and the whole room got quiet. Pudge's thumb jerked toward the bunk under the twins. At least it was the wall with the window.

Piper pushed her suitcase under the bed. She saw a rope ladder, piled in a heap on the floor, attached to the metal frame at one end. "Fire escape ladder?" she asked, standing back up.

"Uh huh," Pudge said. "Fitch was supposed to have a fire escape installed. Cheap old bag." She laughed, a booming noise that startled Piper. "It works good for sneakin' out, though, if you're willing to pay the price."

"Bad?"

"Bad enough," the braniac girl said, without looking up from her book. "Really not worth sneaking out."

We'll see about that, Piper thought. She planned on slipping out a little later tonight. The access couldn't be better. She would pretend to feel sick. When everyone else went down to dinner, out the window she'd go, easy as pie.

Piper shrugged off her army surplus backpack before sitting on the bed. She bounced up and down on the bunk experimentally, and decided to take another risk. “So what happened to Sally? Did she die, or what?”

Nobody answered, each girl suddenly consumed with what she was doing. Piper stopped bouncing and stared around the room, from one averted face to the next.

Finally, the one she thought had been asleep turned her head toward Piper. She looked like a tribal queen, Piper thought. High cheekbones, face framed by two long braids. Zonk’s voice was low and smooth, in contrast with the bitter look on her face. “She was adopted.”

Nothing more had to be said. If Piper had nothing else in common with this multi-colored group of rag-tag girls, she shared the jagged pain of being unwanted.

For the moment, they were united. But Piper knew it wouldn’t last long. Once they learned what she was determined to do, they would think she was crazy, a loser, an idiot, and so on. It had happened to her in every foster home so far—how many now? Ten? Eleven? It had been five years since her parents’ disappearance. Five years—each of them worse than the last.

The other girls might be able to respect Piper’s sworn oath to someday, somehow, go where her parents had gone, and to rescue them. But the whole truth was just too hard to believe. So she mostly kept the details to herself. The fact was, her parents had been captured by a pirate captain, and flown off in a ship carried through the sky by a dragon. Crazy as it was, Piper knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that they’d been taken to the Neverland.

“What ‘d’ ya say your name was?” Pudge’s loud voice interrupted Piper’s reverie.

Her heart sank at the scorn on Pudge’s face. Here we go, she thought. She answered as easily as she could. “Piper. Piper Pizzinni. You can call me Pip.” She’d never given anyone the option of calling her Pip before. That was what her parents had called her.

“Piper.” Pudge’s lip curled. “Yeah, I’ve heard about you. You’re the one who keeps getting caught trying to do a Peter Pan from high places.”

Piper looked back at Pudge and willed her face to stay blank.

“How dumb can you get?” Pudge went on. “If you want to off yourself, there are lots of easier ways. My mom used pills. Zonk’s mother just drank herself to death.”

“Shut...up.” Zonk didn’t move, didn’t open her eyes, but her voice cut the air like glass shards. Piper noted with satisfaction that it wiped the grin right off Pudge’s face. Unfortunately, it also layered mean onto the scorn.

“Just sayin’,” Pudge said to Zonk before turning on Piper. “Nah. I don’t think we’ll bother calling you Pip.” She leered. “We’ll just call you *Pipsqueak*.”

Piper scanned the other faces in the room. Except for Zonk’s, they mirrored Pudge’s. They liked having someone new at the bottom of the heap. She shrugged. “Fine,” she said. “Whatever.” She lay back on the bed, ignoring the jeering laughter.

Forget what she’d hoped about these girls becoming friends. She didn’t need them. She didn’t need anyone. She’d find her way to the Neverland on her own. In her mind, she flew through clouds, letting the soft moisture cool her burning cheeks.

CHAPTER TWO

The Painful Truth

Leaving the Fairy Kingdom to its dreary business, Belle blinked twice and ended her self-imposed exile. She had said she'd go find Peter's heir right away. But what was the hurry? She'd ignored the girl this long, what would a little more time hurt? The siren call of home vibrated in her bones. Choosing her destination, she willed herself high over the magical island.

She burst from darkness into light. The Neverland! At last! She took a deep breath to prepare for her descent, and promptly choked in dismay. Senses assaulted, she froze mid-dive. Smoky air clung, sticky on her wings. The reek of charred wood and sulfur burned her nose and planted a bitter taste in her mouth. Looking down, her eyes met a nightmare sight. "Oh, no!" she croaked. Apparently the vision she'd had during her meditation had been spot on.

The Neverland's familiar curves and ridges should have been fringed with green, crowned by ancient forests, its shores ringed by turquoise water. Instead it looked like something dead flung into a mud puddle.

Trembling began in the tips of Belle's wings and spread to her heart. "Shivering snails!" she whispered. "How long have I been gone?" Time in the Fairy Kingdom passed so slowly as to hardly matter. But any amount of time might have gone by in the Neverland while she'd sulked in the Crystal City.

Fury simmered in her belly and her cheeks burned. "Sheer stupidity," she muttered. "I thought he'd miss me so much he'd change his ways!" She hugged herself to quiet her shivers. Obviously, Captain Li'l Jack and his precious black dragon, Sincoraz, had been having a field day in her absence.

One thing was clear. The Neverland *had* to be saved. But not by a small female relative of Peter's. She'd do it herself. Covering her nose and mouth with her hands, Belle dropped straight for Kidd's Cove. The Jolly Roger would be anchored there. The pirate captain had some explaining to do.

She could have found Li'l Jack's porthole in her sleep. After all, she'd practically lived there in the years after Peter Pan left. She peered through the thick wavy glass, eyes watering. Sure enough, Captain Li'l Jack was in.

He stood, squinting at a silver vial hung from a chain around his neck. Belle shivered. The image echoed her meditation with disturbing accuracy. He clutched the vial with the bare metal claw that stood in for his right hand.

A lacey white sleeve draped the claw, but she'd seen him without long sleeves many years ago when he'd been a boy. His own right arm ended just below the elbow in a nasty nub. Two metal bars completed his forearm and became pincers. His left arm grew longer, almost to where the hand should be before it ended in an ugly scar. A metal hook capped the wrist instead of a hand.

Glancing up, he spotted her. His lip twitched, and his moustache jumped.

She watched as he unlatched the porthole with his hook. It was JAS Hook's very hook – Li'l Jack had been awarded the famous appendage when he'd become Captain of the Jolly Roger. It was much shinier and sharper than the hook he'd arrived with.

Li'l Jack beamed a toothy grin.

Belle knew better than to fall for that smile of his.

Belle took a deep breath. *Remember what you came for*, she told herself. Aloud, she said, "Is that what I think it is?" She pointed to the vial, still clutched in Li'l Jack's claw. If it was, she understood completely what was wrong here. The life had literally been sucked out of the Neverland by that horrible black dragon, Sincoraz.

“The very same. Sincoraz’s Elixir of Life. Liquid gold,” he chortled. “Soon I’ll have enough to use on meself – to grow *real hands*.”

Belle lost her barely-held composure. “I can’t believe you would exchange the Neverland for hands!” she shrieked.

“Me hands are me life dream,” he snarled. “The chance to be whole is worth much more than a silly island and a stupid old fairy godmother.”

Belle gasped. “Stupid? Old? Everything you enjoy is because of me. Give me my due respect, young man.”

Li’l Jack gave a sharp bark of laughter. “Young man? Take another look, granny.” The look he tossed her added insult to injury. “I’m not yer little adopted Pan-replacement anymore. I haven’t needed ye for years.” His voice calmed. “Besides, ye’ve been at sea five years yerself. What course did ye sail, anyway?”

“Five years?” Shock filled Belle’s head like a balloon inflating. She sank to the plush red arm of Jack’s chair, thudding to a seat. “I’ve been gone five years?” she repeated. “It’s been that long since we argued?”

“Oh, aye. ‘Twas five years ago I captured Peter Pan’s grown daughter and her fool of a husband.” The words clearly tasted sweet.

“And fed them to Sincoraz.” Belle shuddered. “You promised not to go on collecting humans for dragon fodder! You said you’d let things return to their natural order.”

The captain cocked his head. “Perhaps I did.” He shrugged. “And so I will, after I have me hands. Which I haven’t. Not quite.” He lifted the vial to his ear and shook it gently.

“If you let it go on any longer, the Neverland will die!” She must make him understand. “*You* let Sincoraz strip it of life. *You’re* the one responsible for this.” Her anger turned to fear and she felt suddenly weak. With a wave of dread, she knew. Her own fate was linked to the Neverland’s. If she stayed here, and the Neverland died, so would she. Her vision blurred and

she felt faint. This was horrible. It seemed she *couldn't* save her home, and this – this powerful protégé of hers, *wouldn't*.

Captain Li'l Jack watched her with a shrewd smile. "Perhaps I am responsible." He shrugged again. "When one wants something, there are sacrifices to be made."

Gathering her forces, Belle flew at Li'l Jack's face, stopping inches before his eyes. "Sacrifices?" she fumed. "But who's had to sacrifice? Not you!"

She didn't know why she didn't stop talking right there. If she'd had any sense at all, she would have kept her cards close to her chest. It seemed she couldn't help herself. "Oh," she chuckled, "but you'll get yours, Li'l Jack. The power of Pan can still heal the Neverland. And when it does, you'd better watch out!"

"Ha, ha, ha." Li'l Jack clapped his hook against his claw. The metallic pinging echoed his sarcasm. "I dealt with that threat long ago. I did away with Pan's heirs, me fairy godmother, in case yer mind's completely gone."

Belle whirred to the porthole. She hung suspended just long enough to hurl a sentence. "Ah, but Captain, what you don't realize, is that you *missed one*."

Out the porthole she flew, as fast as her old fairy wings would carry her. There was no time to spare. If the Neverland was to be saved, she had to get Peter's only remaining heir *now*.

Even if it was just a girl – just an orphaned girl named Piper Pizzinni.

**Be sure to visit my website or Facebook Page and enter the contest
to win a free copy of the book when it's published!**

<http://www.thecurseofthenverland.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/TheCurseoftheNeverland>