

When it came to his appearance, **Hook** liked to be spruced up, often wearing a **feathered** hat and heavy brocade coats. He had **long black** hair, always neatly arranged into ringlets and it was rare to see him without two cigars, which he smoked simultaneously from a holder of his own invention. But the most terrible and curious thing about him was his steel hook. When you plucked up the courage to ask him about it, you might or might not, find out how the captain fought with **Peter Pan**, who slashed off his **right** hand and gave it to a **crocodile**. Then he might continue by saying how terrified he is of the crocodile, which now follows him day and night, on land and on sea, and drools at the idea of eating the rest of him. "And so he would already have eaten me," he would add, overjoyed, "if it wasn't for an alarm clock that he swallowed. It's still there ticking in his belly, warning me when he gets close."

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