

Lord of the flies – alternative ending for the book to replace chapter 12 essay s...

[Literature](#), [Novel](#)



Ralph, half staggering, half crawling like a wounded dog, looked up into the sky for a resolution, a sign of hope. But it did not give any. The sounds of the enemy were growing closer, and Ralph's situation was becoming more urgent by the second. He had two choices: to carry on making his way towards the reef, and hope that his luck would turn and a ship would pass his way, or to go up the mountain, into the beast's realm, yet where the savages wouldn't dare look. He chose the latter. A sudden tribal cry brought him back to earth, and triggered an adrenaline rush. With forgotten energy, he leaped through the foliage into the depths of the jungle.

When he awoke, sometime later, it was twilight, and the air was snappy and fresh. The sun above him was slowly bleeding away into the horizon. It was this image that brought him back to his aching body, and the chill realisation of his dire circumstances. However something was different this time. The whole world seemed surreal. Images and colours flashed before his eyes, and he felt like he was on wings, flying through the complexities of time.

All of a sudden, a voice broke his state of delirium.

"Its fizzled out," the voice said.

Ralph swung round to its origin. He recognized that voice.

"Piggy!" he cried. "I...I thought you were dead!"

"It doesn't hurt that much...dying. Feels quite strange actually," Piggy exclaimed.

"I'm so sorry Piggy!"

“ Don’t worry Ralph. My auntie says we will all die one day. I mean, it was bound to happen to someone. We needed stuff that the others found boring like rules and laws. But that was never going to happen. Nobody could have restored order, ‘ least not with that lot, ‘ anyways.”

As the darkness gradually consumed the spectre of Piggy, Ralph began to experience feelings of anger and loathing of the people who had put him in these conditions. He began focusing his remaining energy on hating Jack and his hunters, on despising their inhumane behavior, and on asking himself the same question over and over again.

“ Why me Lord!” he suddenly shouted. He staggered to his feet, his face a mask of abhorrence. With that he threw himself against a nearby mahogany tree, and saw no more.

An hour or so later, Ralph opened his eyes. His head felt as if it had been lit on fire. The handsome rich brown colour of the mahogany tree was now smeared with dark red blood. Suddenly, with a blink of Ralph’s eye, a short blond boy appeared.

“ Simon!” Ralph sobbed, the emotion over taking him.

“ Hullo Ralph,” Simon said.

“ I’m sssory Simon...We didn’t mean to...” He trailed off, weeping in terrible memory.

“ It’s alright. I suppose it was meant to happen. Anyway, I feel a lot better now. I am free of my pain and my sorrow. But don’t let them kill you Ralph. Don’t let me have died in vain...” Simon said.

“ I wont Simon, I wont.” Ralph said, almost in a whisper.

He was in an emotional wreck now. His limbs were weak and lifeless. His hair was blackened with grime and blood. His eyes were glazed over, and looked like that of a corpse. His tears could no longer fall down their well-traced path, as he simply had no more.

The unmistakable sounds of morning were coming to Ralph’s ears. The twittering of the birds, the sound of the wind blowing through the trees, and the crash of the full tide against the rocks. However, this did nothing to improve Ralph’s mental condition. On the contrary, it reminded him yet again of his hopeless state. He passed the morning gazing enviously at the singing cockatoos and skylarks, flying around on their daily business. He wished he were a bird. Then he could fly away from this hell-hole. Fly away into the clear azure sky leaving all his troubles behind. Then, all of a sudden, he heard voices and cries that stood out over the usual forest sounds.

“ We haven’t looked over here yet!” one of them shouted.

“ Yer, he is bound to be around here,” another one exclaimed.

“ All right hunters, lets get him! Johnson! Got the stick? Sharpened at both ends? Good. Now remember hunters... No catch, no dinner! Let the hunting begin!” cried Jack. He sounded different: More demonic. Less sane.

All this hit Ralph like a bullet to his chest. He jumped up, and with fear rather than food fuelling him, started running.

The next thing he felt was his already mangled body collide with something solid. It was in actual fact a tree, but his rapidly decaying mind created another visage. In front of him was a tall, young man, no older than 25. He had a cherubic face, and donned an English Army uniform.

“ Watch your step lad,” he said.

“ Who are you?” Ralph stammered weakly. The man laughed. It was a chilling, ominous sound.

“ You should know.” He said. “ Wasn’t I the one who drove them all into madness? Wasn’t I the one who did this to you?”

He looked at Ralph’s puzzled expression, and laughed the cold laugh once more.

“ Maybe you would recognize me in another shape,” the man said.

And before Ralph’s terrified eyes, the body of the soldier started rotting. The flesh was falling away from the bone. His skin was bubbling and turning brown. Flies were appearing out of nowhere, making a deafening noise with their buzzing. And the body was giving off a horrendous stink, that made even Ralph’s parched eyes water.

“ The beast,” Ralph murmured.

“ Yes. The beast. See what I have become? But don’t look so disgusted young man. Your fate will be the same as mine. The boat has left without you my son. You are now doomed to a life of death...” the beast whispered.

Ralph ran as he had never done in his life. Through the brambles, vines and bushes, past the rocks and on to the beach. He squinted into the horizon. He could make out a blob, like a white blemish on a painting, far out to sea.

“ Come back!” he cried hysterically. And with the last breath of his lungs he shouted “ Don’t leave me!”

With that, he fell face down in the sand. His heart gave its last beat, and the pain ebbed away. Simon was right. Death didn’t hurt. Well not as much as living anyway.