



A synonym of kindness

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Here and there, little breezes crept over the polished waters beneath the haze of heat. The boys stared at the ocean, observing her vastness. A tiny dot appeared along the horizon. It grew in size as the figure drifted towards the island.

“Is that a boy?” exclaimed Piggy.

It became evident that a blonde-haired boy was floating on a raft, which was bobbing towards the boys gradually.

Ralph dashed towards the beach, with Piggy lagging behind. They lifted the unconscious blonde to the shade.

“He’s a heartbeat”. Piggy whispered.

The blonde’s eyes opened suddenly.

“Aunt... aunt Miriam?”, the blonde groaned.

“Ha, he’s just like you, Piggy, crying out for his auntie”.

“Shut up! Hey, blonde, we’re on an island, we’re probably going to be here forever, so sucks to your auntie”. Piggy sounded dominant.

“What’s yer name?” asked Ralph.

“Gee-ork”, replied a thick German accent.

“Christ! Ralph, he’s a Nazi, he’s going to kill us!”

“Shut up Piggy. So, funny name, where you from?”

“*Deutschland*, nein, I mean *Jermanie*. Ist das- sorry, is this England?”.

Piggy gulped at the possibility of an imminent German invasion of the island.

“No, this ain’t England. In fact, I don’t know where the hell we are. We’re probably stuck here”
Ralph explained solemnly.

A moment of awkward silence enabled the two boys to comprehend their surroundings. They observed the rise and fall of the tide whilst the *splish splash* of the water collided with the rustling of the leaves. Mother nature’s orchestra sounded mellifluous yet dreary. Suddenly, a gleaming object floated onto the shore. It glistened like the evening star, sparking Ralph’s curiosity. He picked up the shell with his gentle hands, and beamed at the discovery of such a beautiful object. Ralph blew into the shell with all his might, creating a booming ‘honk’. This powerful blast echoed through every pocket and corner of the island.

“Ralph, zer are ozer boys coming”, Regiments of young schoolboys, many hardly adolescents, crept out of the bushes and trod on the scorching sand, forming a meeting. A group which stood-out were a party of half a dozen or so well-dressed boys. Each boy wore a square black cap with a silver badge on it, and make-believe daggers swung from their belts. They reminded Georg of the bossy Hitler Youth boys, marching along the streets in their goody-two-shoe manner. The boy who controlled them was dressed in the same way, though his cap badge was golden. He had a younger boy by his side, fanning his master with a large leaf.

“Where’s the man with the trumpet?”

Georg, sensing his sun-blindness, answered him.

“Zere is no man, with ze trumpet, only Ralph”.

The leader of the well-dressed boys jolted back.

“Good lord, it's a Hun!”

Every boy except Ralph screamed. They stepped away from the shade, away from Georg as if he was some parasite.

“Hey- HEY! What do you think you all are doing? You should be all ashamed of yourself, acting like a bunch of girls!”

“Excuse me? Do you even know who you are talking to?”, said the leader of the well-dressed boys.

“I couldn't give a fig about your name, you bully”, retorted Ralph.

“I'm Jack Merridew, and I am the leader of my choir. No, I am the Major General of my armed forces, and I can sing C sharp. What's yer name, Nazi-lover?”

Piggy interjected- “His name's Ralph and I'm-”

“Shut up Fatty”, interrupted Jack.

“His name's Piggy”.

Piggy was mortified. He had explicitly told Ralph to not mention ‘Piggy’.

The assembly burst into laughter.

“Heez name obviously ez not Piggy”.

“Shut up, Nazi boy,”- the response was automatic, “who wants to sing a song?”

“I do! I do!”, exclaimed a chorus of boys.

“*For he's a jolly bad Nazi, and he's a jolly plump fatty...*” the ludicrous lyrics continued, nearly reducing Piggy to tears.

“Silence!”, bellowed Jack, as if he was the presumed leader. “You know, Ralph and Piggy here are Nazi spies. Don't you all agree?”. The assembly murmured in agreement.

“They planned this! Mr Hitler ordered 'em to put us on this island”.

“Imprison them!” cried a small voice. Handfuls of sand and dirt were pelted at the three.

Georg sat still, next to a fat boy and a fair boy whom he hardly knew. The vines were gripping into his flesh. ‘Drip, drop, drip, drop’- Blood trickled onto the leaves. Six ‘bodyguards’ surrounded the captives, each holding long blunt sticks. Georg was still trying to grasp the

situation he was in. Within 2 hours of being detached from normality, he was already being discriminated against. However, shouldn't the English be ashamed of who they were? Herr Doktor Schöner said that the English were inferior and stupid. Also, why were these British people so disrespectful to Herr Hitler and his great party? As for the fat boy, this 'Piggy' got what he deserved, but Georg felt sorry for him. Piggy was immediately bullied due to his weight, which was evil. However, they were now in the same boat.

"We've got to get out of here", said Ralph.

"I want to go home, I want my Auntie, I want--"

"Shut up, Piggy, we're not going home"

"Don't call me Piggy, you bully!"

"Hey!" Georg cut in- "We cannot escape diz place if you two are like diz. Being mean iz not the solution"

"I'm sorry Georg, and I'm sorry, Pig-- what's yer real name?"

"Peterkin, and I apologize as well"

"*Gut*, now Ralph please help me untie diz".

The three boys untangled themselves from their restraints, and engaged in a short brawl with the bodyguards.

"Let's run!"- yelled a voice.

Thus the cat-and-mouse chase began. The trio dodged sturdy trunks of trees and climbed hazardous slopes. When they lost their pursuers, Piggy collapsed. His wheezing and panting was unbearable.

"I... can't... breathe..." he uttered. After one last breath, Piggy's magnified eyes shut.

"Peterkin! Wake up!" cried Ralph.

"Move azide"

Georg gently placed his hands on Peterkin's chest, and pressed on it. He repeated this motion several times, applying pressure yet maintaining delicacy. At the sound of Peterkin's spluttering, it was clear that he had regained consciousness.

“He’s alive! Georg! Wizard job!”. But the time for celebration ended as soon as it began. A herd of boys were congregating at the base of the cliff. A miniature Jack with a painted face was hardly recognizable.

It was going to be a standoff. The trio were under siege.

“Sir, this ain’t a good idea. It’s mean and evil”, a voice could be heard saying.

“Shut up Simon. Roger! Beat him!”

The relentless yelps and shrieks of Simon followed.

“Listen up, Ralph! You’re done for! Give us the Nazi and the Fatty and you’ll be safe!” roared Jack.

Ralph shouted back- “Never! You’re a bully, Jack Merridew, you’re evil and nasty!”

Tears were streaming down Piggy’s cheeks.

“I’m gunna die”

“Nein, my friend, you won’t. Stay here”, whispered Georg. “Ralph, *danke*. Never stop being kind”

“Georg-”

The blonde boy dashed down the slope. He will join his Papa now in heaven. Hopefully, he will have cream cakes with him.

“For he’s a jolly bad Nazi, and he’s a jolly plump fatty...”

Hatred is contagious, but Georg finds that kindness can be, too.
