



Wilson's Journey

Lord of the Flies & Cast Away Mashup

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“I would rather take my chance out there on the ocean than to stay here and die on this island spending the rest of my life talking to a goddamn volleyball!”

Wilson flew out of the cave he shared with Chuck, landing with a plop onto the shore. Close to nothing was visible that night except for the moon and its reflection on the surface of the sea. Wilson lay on the sand thinking over what he did wrong. After a few minutes of contemplating, he concluded that Chuck was just incredibly sensitive and would come running out of the cave to find him in no time.



After all, Wilson was the only companion Chuck had on the island, even if he was just a volleyball with a handprint for a face. “Any minute now...” Wilson thought. He listened out for Chuck’s booming shouts, seasoned by many years of working as a Fed-Ex executive.

From the distance came a delicate hum in the tune of ‘God Save the Queen’ from what sounded like a prepubescent teenage boy. “That can’t possibly be Chuck,” reasoned Wilson, finding the very idea of Chuck humming the British national anthem laughable. “Hold on-” Wilson got a hold of himself, “there are other people on this island?” It simply wasn’t possible, Chuck had searched every last inch of the island... 4 years ago. If Wilson was capable of sighing, he would have. He knew that they should have searched the island again, how stupid of them! Wilson lay on the beach, helpless, waiting for either one of Chuck or the British boy to pick him up.



“Wilson! Never again! Never again!” Chuck ran towards Wilson, blabbering expressions of regret. At the same time, the boy ceased humming, overhearing Chuck’s cries. “Hello?” he said, in a perfect British accent, “Is anyone there?” “Wilson...” Chuck whispered excitedly. “We’ve got company!” Wilson bobbed up and down in Chuck’s arms as he jogged eagerly towards the voice.

“Hello, young man! What brings you to this horrible island?” Chuck asked. “Hello, sir!” The boy, who went by Simon, explained how he and a group of boys from Britain crashed onto the island a month ago. He went on to recount how the group split apart and progressed further from democracy each day, and how they were driven by the fear of a supposed ‘beast’ on the island. Wilson found humour in their immaturity. They had only been on the island for a few weeks and everything seemed to be falling apart! Besides, the only beast on the island was the idea of getting up and facing another day in isolation. Chuck laughed as if he could hear Wilson’s thoughts. “Look kid, there’s definitely no beast here. Wilson and I have searched this entire island,” he explained, “why don’t you take me to your camp?” Simon agreed reluctantly. “They’re being quite reckless at the moment, let’s be careful.”

Wilson and Chuck followed Simon into what seemed to be a cult. A class of boys were chasing each other around a huge fire yelling “Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!” “My god...” Chuck muttered in shock. “I did warn you.” Simon winced as he looked onto his acquaintances’ disgraceful behaviour. Chuck cleared his throat



and stepped closer to the circle of boys, Wilson in hand. “Boys! What is going on!” The shouting ceased and the crowd turned to face Chuck, Wilson and Simon.

“Who are you?” questioned an entitled-looking boy who seemed to be leading the beast-chasing activity. “I, young man, am Chuck and this is Wilson. We’ve been stuck here for 4 years.” Chuck answered. “You and I both want to get out so I suggest we work together.” “Hah!” The audacious boy chuckled. “4 years and you’re still here? That’s pathetic! Americans...” Wilson was taken aback by the amount of insolence the boy demonstrated. “Come on boys! Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!” The group continued the beast game as if nothing had interrupted them. “You’re kidding me!” Chuck complained to Wilson. “Don’t they teach respect anymore? How does he even know I’m American anyway?” “You do have quite the accent, sir,” Simon remarked. Wilson had to agree with him on that.

“Excuse me, Mr Chuck?” A well-articulated voice sounded from behind Chuck and Wilson. They turned around to face four boys. “I am Ralph, this is Piggy,” he gestured to a plump boy with glasses, “and these two are Sam and Eric.” He gestured to a frank-looking pair of identical twins. “We would like to work with you to get off this island.” Wilson decided that he liked Ralph. He seemed responsible, well-spoken and mature. Chuck seemed to agree. “Oh great! At least a few of you boys have sense. Let’s get started.” The boys, Wilson and Chuck stood in silence for a few seconds awkwardly. “Shall we go back to your camp?” suggested Piggy, who Wilson thought had a funny name for a British boy. “Yes! Great work, Piggy!” Chuck led the 5 boys back to their cave.

When they arrived, the boys and Chuck exchanged their stories and plans to return home. They settled on a plan to construct a raft and row until they found the nearest civilisation.

- 3 months later -

After living for a while with the boys, Wilson considered himself and Chuck to be quite close with them. Things were looking good; the raft was finished and they were just about ready to set off on their journey back home. Naturally, their plans had been set back a few times by the ever-scheming Jack, the obnoxious ‘beast’-obsessed leader of the larger group of boys. On multiple occasions, Jack and his followers had stolen food and supplies from Chuck’s cave. All



Wilson could do was hope that Jack wouldn’t mess up their raft on the way home.

“All right boys, final check,” Chuck announced in his Fed-Ex executive voice. “Ralph, sail secured?” “Sail secured.” Ralph echoed obediently. “Piggy, ramp ready?” “It sure is!” Piggy sang excitedly. “Twins, paddles ready?” “Yes, sir!” They chimed in unison. “Simon, emergency gear packed?” “You got it.” Simon smiled. “Wilson, are we all strapped in?” The group waited for a beat. “All right then, I think we’re ready to set off!” Chuck looked back at the island with sentiment in his eyes. “Let’s go!” The raft slid down the ramp onto the surface of the sea, the sail went up and the boys got on the raft. Chuck turned to where Wilson was strapped to the raft. “We finally made it.” He said poignantly before stepping on.

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They sailed peacefully for a few minutes before hearing a loud ruckus of noise coming from the island. Jack and the rest of his group were throwing anything and everything in the direction of the raft. “Stop it!” yelled Chuck and the boys. Jack replied with a tongue stuck out of his mouth arrogantly. Wilson moved up, down and around as the raft struggled to balance. The boys paddled faster to get further from Jack’s horrible ruse. What they hadn’t noticed was that Wilson had fallen off the raft and was drifting further from both the island and the raft.



“Alright, is everyone safe? I think we got far enough for them not to hit us anymore. Ralph, Piggy, Simon, Sam and Eric, Wilson.” Chuck checked the raft for everyone. “Wilson?” he repeated after he realised Wilson was not on the raft. The boys fell into a panic as everyone began searching for Wilson. By the time Simon had found Wilson floating hundreds of metres away from the raft, it was too late to rescue him.

“Wilson! I’m sorry! I’m sorry, Wilson!” Wilson heard Chuck shouting in the distance, accompanied by the boys’ weeping. “I guess this is goodbye,” Wilson concluded.