

# Lord of the Flies & Related Text (Jojo Rabbit) Mashup

By Eloise Godlewski



The night was cold and dark, engulfing any movement inside of it. The car was strange, almost like a direct reminder of the normal life the boys unfamiliarised themselves with over the time on the island. They discovered that they had been separated individually and each placed in the backseat of a car, bundled in blankets. They had forgotten the luxuries they had taken for granted before their island adventure. They felt as if they could melt into the seats, the warmth of the car providing comfort and relief. Before any of them could question their driver where they were or where they were going, they once again fell asleep.

Jack was the only one who woke up before reaching their destination. He separated his weary eyes only to make out a large white building protected by some kind of large gate. As the car pulled up to the black gate, a man stepped out from the shadows. He greeted the driver, had a short conversation and eventually returned to the darkness of the night. After a few seconds, the gates began to open. As they drove through the gates, it was clear that there was a long, winding road guiding them directly to the strange building. Jack could barely keep his



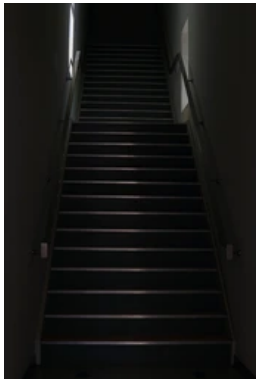
eyes open and his arm was feeling a little bit sore, but he desperately wanted to keep watching. The car followed the road's guide, slowly approaching the white complex. Jack wanted to stay awake, he needed to stay awake. But he could not. He rubbed his hand along the band-aid stuck on his shoulder as a group of men were reaching for the car door, and almost as suddenly as he woke up, Jack drifted off back to sleep.

“Good morning!” boomed a voice from a speaker at the top corner of the room. “Wake up! Today, once you wake up, you are to head to room number 173, located to the left of the sleeping quarters. If you have missed this message or cannot find the location of this room, someone will find and assist you. Once again, please head to room 173.”

Jack opened his eyes to a completely white room. It was a small room, it contained one bed against the wall, two chairs, one table, a mirror, a sink and a toilet. It was almost as if he had been sent to jail. But Jack expected jail to be a lot more rundown and cold. He looked around and noticed a door on one of the walls, he opened it and took a step outside of it, preparing for whatever might be on the other side.

Jack made his way down the hallway, turned left, and entered room 173. He found the rest of the rescued boys all sitting in a canteen-like facility. He found a seat next to two boys he didn't recognise, mostly because he was so used to faces covered in paint and dirt. A man walked into the room, dressed in a blue suit. He shouted until he got every single boy's attention. “Hello. You probably have many questions, and I will try to answer them. You might be wondering where we are.” The man continued to speak about how this was a place to help the boys settle back into England. He explained that they would see their families, but not until they had spent some time there. Many boys protested, but the man insisted that this was the best thing for them. The man continued to explain what the rules, their boundaries, meal times and

everything else scheduled in their day were. Once the man concluded his speech, all of the boys split off to explore.



Jack walked down a flight of stairs to find a white gate. He heard footsteps, but had nowhere to hide. The shadow was creeping down the stairs until it revealed a dark haired boy about the same size as Jack.

“Roger! You look so..”

“Yeah. I had a bath right once I got here.” replied Roger.

“Why are you down here? That man said that this place was out of bounds.” continued Roger.

“I don’t care.” protested Jack

“I wanted to see what’s out here...”

“Well, be careful..” said Roger, walking back up the stairs.

Jack stayed and watched past the white fence, hoping for something interesting to happen. He saw a figure walking from the distance. He wasn’t sure whether to be excited or terrified. The figure got closer and closer, revealing a small man. He approached the white fence with caution, and then noticed Jack.

“Wh... Who are you?” mumbled Jack.

“Do you know the great leader?”

“Who?”

“Adolf, Adolf Hitler”

“Yes, I know him. He is a horrible person...”

The man’s face grew with worry.

“Oh no no! Hilter was fantastic! Those were all just rumours, you shouldn’t believe anything that you haven’t heard before me.”

“Why should I listen to you?” questioned Jack.

“Here, take this before they take it away from me.” The man handed Jack a small poster. It was covered in German writing. There was an image of Hitler in the very centre. Suddenly there were cries from the distance.

“Hey, how did you get out? Get back here!” shouted a man from the distance.

“Heil Hitler..” exclaimed the man at the fence as he began running away.

“Hail...Hitler..?”

Jack sat on his bed, analysing the poster.

“What does hail Hitler mean?” Jack asked himself.

“Well I’ll be happy to translate...” said Hitler, sitting right next to Jack.

“Aaaah! Who are you!?” screamed Jack.

“I’m the guy in that poster!” said Hitler, pointing at his face on the paper.

“How did yo-”

“First, let’s get some things straight..” said Hitler.

“Are you German?”



“No..”

“Ah, I might have to work around that one.”

“Why are you here?” asked Jack.

“I’m kind of.... Your mentor! I’ll lead you in the right direction, help you out.” suggested Hitler.

For the rest of the evening, Hitler was telling Jack stories about himself. They sat and talked and Jack concluded that the two shared some similarities in the value of power, which provided him comfort.

Jack woke up to the poster of Hitler on his wall. He was getting ready to go eat breakfast when Hitler began recommending to convince others to join his Nazi group. They agreed that this would be an efficient way to continue the Nazi cause after the defeat of the Germans in WWII.



“So, who wants to join me?” There was silence within the crowd, no movement at all.

“Don’t you all want to have some fun again?”

“Not anymore, Jack. We would get in trouble.” murmured Roger.

“Trouble? You weren’t so afraid of getting in trouble on the island, were you?”

“Well..”

“We can go back to how it used to be. If only you all would listen to me again. Why is it so hard to do what I say!” Jack’s face was completely red and full of anger.

“You’ll get in big trouble..”

“Oh yeah?” said Jack, intimidatingly. Roger watched Jack creep closer and closer towards him. He began to study a version of Jack’s face that was almost forgotten. From the merciless soul apparent in his eyes to the unnerving expression painted on his face, Jack descended further and further into inhumanity. There was a ruthlessness about his mouth and eyes that proclaimed evil. Roger’s time spent analysing Jack’s face was soon cut short with a fast tackle to the ground. Jack was attacking Roger ferociously, and it wasn’t long before one of the guards stepped in to break the fight. Jack was sent to ‘time out’, a.k.a, the rest of the day in his room.

“I want my mother...” whined Jack.

“You need to be strong! You don’t need some silly woman to look after you.” teased Hitler.

“We’re Nazis, afterall. We are the most superior kind of people! And you want your mummy? Hahaha!” Jack felt a slight hatred towards Hitler. His mother was a very hard working, loving and caring woman, and he desperately needed a hug.

Jack spent a few more days at the complex with the constant companionship of Hitler. He found it strange that nobody ever seemed to notice that he was there. Over these days, Hitler became more demanding, asking specific crimes, favours and violence to be committed by Jack. Jack was surprised, since he would never even think to do some of the things that Hitler suggested, but reflected on the fact that he did much worse in his state of power when he was living on the island.

“Mummy!”

All of the boys’ parents had come to take their children home. This was the first time they had reunited in months. The boys had gone through so many emotional, physical and mental changes, and they all just wanted the comfort of their families. Jack was the last one to leave his room, sitting inside of it staring at the Hitler poster.

“You can’t go back into that world, Jack” said Hitler.

“They will turn you back! They’ll try to convince you to turn on the Nazi party! You don’t want that, do you Jack? You wouldn’t do that to m-”

*Riiiiiiiiip*

Jack ripped the poster in two.

He picked up the two halves and slowly ripped them until they were in tiny pieces. He was gone.

The Hitler Jack knew. The boy Jack used to be.

