NECESSARY

a Lord of the Flies and Divergent mash-up

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The boys picked themselves up off the sand, wiping their tears as discreetly as possible. Stumbling on their feet, they followed the officers onto the waiting ship. Some turned to watch the island shrink, smaller and smaller, before disappearing altogether; others turned away instead, more than happy to forget the events of the island.

As soon as the boys took a step back onto Mainland a wave of rules and regulations came crashing back. They were given clothes and orders to 'clean up', 'stand straight', and 'wipe that ridiculous paint off of your face'. Once they were finished, the boys were ushered into a dark room and told to wait. A tense silence descended, broken only by-

'And now we're back,' Jack spat, 'back to all the adults telling us what to do, where to be and-'

'What?' Ralph asked incredulously.

'You heard me. The adults'll be-'

'Are you saying you would rather be back on that godforsaken island?!'

'I only meant that we're no longer in charge and we can't do what we want,' Jack said, but now he sounded unsure.

'"In charge"? "*In charge*"? Really?!' Ralph was livid, 'Simon and Piggy died! You killed them!' and now the dam had broken. 'Don't talk all that about being in charge because you-!' they were on the ground now, throwing punches, scratching. The others had subconsciously formed a ring around them and now stood, simply watching; again, another fight… like on the island. Ralph had managed to put Jack into a headlock when the door to the room slammed open.

'What is this?' an officer yelled.

The boys frozen in shock now scrambled away, eyes averting those with authority.

'We leave you boys for five minutes and you can't do more than fight with another?' the officer sighed, 'Alright, step into three lines. Quickly, now!' and intimidated by the sense of absolute power, the boys hastened to obey. He began to explain the events that had occurred while the boys had been marooned; of another system in society, a new one that divided their people into factions. 'So you boys will be with your families until you turn of age, sixteen, and then you will choose. There are five factions: Abnegation, the selfless; Amity, the kind; Candor, the honest; Erudite, the intelligent; and Dauntless, the brave,' the officer continued to lecture them of the consequences of their decisions but the boys were no longer listening. Instead they were discussing the factions that they would choose.

'I would be Erudite for sure!'

'No way! You would be Abnegation. I heard the others calling them "stiffs",' they all laughed at this.

'Shut up!' Jack said, 'the only one worth being in is Dauntless.'

Though the majority agreed with their once-"chief", the boys continued to bicker over it. Although he would never admit it, Ralph agreed with Jack.

As they received their assigned factions, some rejoiced and others groaned in disappointment.

'Jack, Erudite.'

'Ralph, Amity.'

Immediately, mutters broke out among the boys, comparing their former leaders.

Jack's freckles disappeared under his mortified blush before he stormed out of the room, turning around only to give a sinister smirk, 'I bet you're all too scared to actually choose Dauntless,' his eyes met Ralph's, 'We'll see who's really brave at the Choosing Ceremony.'

The officer called his name and the now sixteen year old Ralph made his way to the stage of Choosing. He sliced his hand with the proffered knife, hesitating only briefly before moving his hand over the coals in the Dauntless bowl. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Ralph watched the blood run down his hand. *Drip*. The sizzling of the coals is drowned out by a loud cheer from the Dauntless crowd. *I passed your stupid bet,* Ralph thought, *let's see what happens next.*

'My name is Four. I will be your instructor for your… you could call it an entrance exam. I-'
'Entrance exam?' a boy asked. Ralph looked at the source of noise and recognised him as one of Jack's goonies from the island. 'We Chose Dauntless. Aren't we already-'
'First rule you learn here: Never interrupt me. Second: just because you've chosen Dauntless, doesn't mean we've accepted you. You will go through a series of tests and if you rank lowest among yourselves, you will become Factionless. At the end of this, there will be a mock battle. Questions?' A tense silence followed. 'Alright let's start.' While the crowd dispersed, Ralph spotted a glimpse of bright red hair. *So Jack really did come.* Ralph sighed, *this is going to be a long couple of weeks.*

'Stick to the plan and… GO!'
Ralph and his team split off, putting their plan into motion. The others would distract the enemy team while he and another would sneak into their base and steal a glowing flag. Simple, right? Ralph hefted the dart gun over his shoulder as he made his way through the several shipment containers situated erratically on the pier.
'Not so fast,' a familiar voice drawled. Ralph's breath hitched when he looked out and saw Jack's dart gun lean against his partner's skull. 'I doubt you were working alone but no matter,' the red head shoved the gun against the boy's head, causing him to stumble, 'tell me if it hurts you little piece of-'
'You tell me.' Ralph stood up from behind his cover and *psht*. The virtually silent dart inserted itself into Jack's leg, eliciting an almost comically loud scream.
'YOU! YOU F***ING BI***!'
Ralph ignored Jack and kept running, desperate to put as much distance between them as possible, comrade forgotten. He needed to get away from Jack. His eyes had had the same unhinged savagery as when he'd hunted down the "Beast". Ralph shuddered and placed his hand above his chest, feeling the shell necklace that lay underneath. *I am in control. Everything's fine. Just stick to the plan*, he thought, *just stick to the plan.*

He had seen the flag flash on the top floor of a building earlier and now stood at the base of its stairs. He began to climb, wincing at each creak of the wooden stairs. Ralph reached the top and readied his gun, praying that it would not slip out of his hands. *I would never live it down.* He exhaled. Bang! He slammed open the hatch and pulled the trigger. His opponent was startled but recovered quickly, returning fire. Ralph's gun was knocked out of his hands and he hit the floor. He swept out his leg and caught his opponent, causing him to crash to the ground next to him. Ralph took a proper look at his face. He stilled. *Roger.* He fought with a new purpose now, falling into the familiar rhythm of his training. *Uppercut. Kick. Pivot. Sweep. Dodge. Punch.* At last, he gave a right hook that Roger failed to avoid, catching him across the temple and throwing him across the room. Ralph wiped the blood from his nose and spat, 'That was for Piggy.'

Ralph walked over his body and grabbed the glowing flag, waving it above the balcony and announcing his win. He came back into the building and looked from Roger's unconscious body to the glowing banner and back again. He stumbled as his head swam, remembering the exact same scene with Simon and his death. *Simon had held a glow stick too.* Ralph shook his head. *This was different, this was necessary…* he nodded, *this was necessary.*