

Happy Ending: Brave New World

Ein neues Ende für den Roman von Aldous Huxley

Von Madakind

To be continued from „Brave New World“ of Aldous Huxley;

There was no answer.

The door of the lighthouse stood half open. They pushed it wide open and walked slowly inside. Through a doorway on the other side of the room they could see the bottom of the stairs that led up to the higher floors. Just under the top of the doorway hung a bundle of wild herb. The first of the men began to shout if he saw the blood in front of the window. "Mr. Savage!" While going round and round the white and perfectly worked stairs, they noticed depth scratches into the wood.

Then the man in front of the other tried to open the door which leads to the sleeping room.

He couldn't. "The door is locked." he said and turned to the next man in helpless.

"We have to open this door. We don't know what the savage do at next, but we have to, he's gone mad."

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John was wake up, lying in wet grass. He moved round and thought back at the last day. "Oh my God...", he whispered and took his hands at his eyes. "Oh my...oh God..." tired he worked himself at his legs and began to walk home. Slowly, unhappy and in disgusting for himself. "I've killed her." He thought, kicking away a little, grey stone. "I'm a killer. I've killed...I've killed..." All time he moved back to the lighthouse he said these words, again and again and again. He climbed up the stairs and set down on his bed. John never had set down here before. When he came here he prepares a bed from grass and a duvet cover at the floor. It was too comfortable to get pure, too soft to get good again. Tears ran about his cheeks, dropped at his knees. "Lenina.", he said quiet. But now he didn't hit himself with his whip, in one point he hadn't one anymore and in the next he had no time to think about, cause he heard the front door was opened. Fast he jumped at his feet, shut the door and locked up. While crying he sat down behind the bed. He could heard footsteps and voices in front of the door. Then rumble and the bursting of the slam shut. Afraid he buried his head in his arms. A loud voice shouted his hated name. "Mr. Savage?!"

Trying to hide further in the shadow of the bed he pressed himself fast against its wood. Two hands grabbed at his shoulders and he looked into a young man eyes. "Stand up.", he ordered and pulled him up. Dragging he followed them to a helicopter,

standing in front of his house. His look turned to the place where had to lay Lenina's body. But it wasn't there. "Where is Lenina?", he asked the young man and looked in his brown eyes. "Is she died?" John remembers the twin, who was said this if his mother died, yet. Shut his eyes and set his feet into the flying machine he hated so much. They didn't travelled a long time. Another man escorted him to Mustapha Mond's office. He rang up a bell and left him alone. The door opened and a great looking woman told him to placed at a chair, he didn't. Frowned she went to open a second door and spoke whit a man.

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Mustapha Mond didn't seem to be very angry. While smiling he pointed at a chair. "Please, John", he put his arms at his table. "Sit down". John did.

"Can you realize what you did last day?" Mustapha asked and stop smiling.

John nodded.

"Why did you John?"

Tears filled John's eyes. "I won't to!" he cried. "It's their fault! They didn't heard, through with nuts and screamed...I only want freedom! Freedom, freedom!"

He slam his fist at the table. "Control yourself John. You want to come here, you want to live there in that house, you can't expect that we build our world around you."

"Oh, yes your world." John laughed. His opposite looked at him whit sorrow. "Did you feel all right? Perhaps you visit a psychologist. John I will speak freely, if you don't take professional help, you will become crazy." "All right then." "We know that a normal doctor wouldn't understand your feelings, so I will send you to an island where you can speak with Takito Mashahari. She's the controller of south America and east Asia." Now he smiled again.

"I think you will be happy if you meet Mr. Helmholtz and Bernard again. Wouldn't you?"

John looked at him in surprise. The man at the other side of the table lean back and played with a biro in his fingers. "I know that you will get insulting. It was only a question of time, if some people discover you and press you. I already enter a flat, a job and a helicopter to take you to your new home." "Why did you let me go if you suspect all this terrible happenings? Do you want to torture me?" John was very furious his knuckles get white and he stared at Mustapha in an unhappy, guilty way. "I had kill her.", he said and looked down at the floor. "I had kill Lenina." Mustapha looked at him a while. Then he pressed a button and said "Is the helicopter ready?" "Yes", a friendly voice answered. "Thank you Marry." He turned back to John. "Good luck guy. You couldn't live in our world, but you can't live without. You have to understand John. Social Stability is words which always write in big letters, John. Go on and become an usual member of our civilisation. You have to get normal, if you don't you never got freedom. I understand you, better than you imagine. But I have to thought about all these other men. Now go." He bended down over his papers and letters. John stood up. If he left the office a Delta Plus showed him the way to the landing platform.

Chapter 18 Seagulls

When John arrived at the island there was a strong, warm wind. Jellies of seagulls tore up the air. John laid his head in his neck and watched the clouds went by.

He had to notice that his rooms were very comfortable, but his job wasn't as bad as he expected. He had to work in a whole garden full of plants. He grew up oranges and he reaped them. To the other he looked composed but when he fell in bed in night, he always cried, cause he felt so alone and empty. John was ashamed that he was so impure and bad. He never could imagine to kill, never. And then there came such disgusting men and made him a killer, no not the men this world was guilty – and now he was guilty, too.

After two weeks when he went along the little street someone said his name loudly. "Hey John, look at me." John turned around and saw Bernard. He pointed at another way and showed him to follow. Long times they were only walking. No one spoke a word. Fast they crossed the beach and turned left. Walked between from water shabby rocks and crawled through a tunnel which was half full of water. Then he met the "Seagulls".

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"Hurry up!" John shouted and looked towards his friends Helmholtz, Bernard, Jack and Fynn. "We are late!" "Oh Fynn take out your cigarette." Jack said and tried to throw it away. Fynn kicked at his leg, Jack grabbed at her foot and grinned if she hopped at one leg in a funny way. John thought about his friends, this people had helped him to get pure, healthy and good again. They were thirteen, the seagulls. Since five month he belonged to that organisation. They planned the falling of the Brave New World. Nobody would think that these six women and seven men ever did something like that. The most of them were very young.

Fynn was only sixteen, Jack nineteen. Bernard and Helmholtz were the oldest. The little group crossed the way and entered a dance and drink bar. Here you could drink something without soma. While Fynn and Jack danced together a nice woman stared at him. If he looked back she smiled. Later they sat together, speaking about John and his life before he came to the civilized world.

After two hours she nodded and said: "It's sure not easy to forget. Did you ever saw a person out of the reservation again?" He shook his head and smiled at her. "I think I won't." She nodded a next time and drank.

Then she came nearer and whispered: "I had observed you, John..."

John looked up from his own glass. Her black eyes seemed to look into his soul.

"I love you."

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When John opened his eyes he only saw black hair. His hands lied at light skin. He jumped up, tried to remember at the last night. The woman awoke and looked at him in surprise. "What's happen?" she asked. "A really good question." he answered and noticed that he was naked. "OH!!" he cried and waved himself around. "What I had done!" hurried he dressed and ran out of his flat, down the stairs and got out at the street. When he reached the secret place where the seagulls met each other he stopped. Jack looked up and meant: "Hey Johnny, why you're so excited?" John told him and his friend began to grin. "That wasn't Orgy-Porgy.", he grinned broader. "Did you thought about the possibility that she's fall in love whit you Johnny?" John sat down next to him. "No. I didn't."

John walked back home, so how Jack told him to do. If he opened the door the young

woman had breakfast in the kitchen. He took a slice of bread and placed in front of her. She smiled. "I know you will come back." He looked at her. "Can't you understand that I love you? I heard that you want to have real love, here you get and than you won't?" Uncomfortable he kneaded his hands. "I know about happening in your last year. Mustapha told me. So lovey*, I want to hear about your unlucky love." John opened his mind, wanting to speak against. "No, no don't lie. I'm not only a controller, John I'm an educated psychologist, too." Unbelieving he stared at her. Then she stretched out her hand, took his one and said: "My name is Takito Mashahari."

At the next meeting of the seagulls he took Takito with him. She had showed believe in individual freedom and they had spoken all night about their plans. If the other saw her and heard her name they get white faces. But when they went home they were lucky and hopeful to have a controller in their organisation. Now it would be a child's play to get the control about this island and built up an own, right and brave civilisation.

lovey* = modern, cheeky word for "lover"

THE END