

An alternate ending to *Perelandra*

By: Noel Park

Preface:

What if Ransom's mission to protect *Perelandra* from falling to Evil was unsuccessful? What if Weston actually triumphed over Ransom, and convinced the Lady to sin? This is an alternate ending to *Perelandra*, and tying the character of the Green Lady to be the lady of the same moniker in *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Silver Chair*.

"It is not from the making a story that I shrink back, O Stranger," she answered, "but from this one story that you have put into my head...if I try to make the story about living on Fixed Land I do not know how to make it about Maleldil."

—Excerpt from Perelandra by C.S. Lewis

The Snake-man flicked his tongue out as I said that and grinned. "Everything you seek, my Lady, is on the Fixed Land."

"But we must not dwell there. Maleldil has forbidden it."

"This is a part of the whole process of branching out I was talking about before. Maleldil is beginning to teach you to walk by yourself, without holding you by the hand. He is letting go of your hand so you can stand on your own two feet and make your own decisions now." The Snake-man spoke sonorously, and slowly so I could hear and

understand every word. “There just might be a commanding which He wished you to break.”

“But if He told us we were to break it, then it would be no command.”

“How wise you are growing, beautiful one,” said Weston’s mouth. “No. If He told you to break what He commanded, it would be no true command. You are right. He makes no jests. A real disobeying, a real branching out, this is what He secretly longs for: secretly, because to tell you would spoil all.”

I found myself nodding.

“If you and the King lived on the Fixed Land, you will never be separated from him.” The Snake-man added. Piebald was still producing liquid on his skin.

“I must go and lie down.” I announced, and left.

But, I couldn’t rest – my mind was full of different colored shapes and sounds. I decided it was time for me to be on my two feet and go on this aging journey myself. It was thrilling to see myself getting older – I knew so much more, and I could think so much more.

I walked down to the Water and lulled a Fish to approach me, and hopped on its back. When I told it where I wanted to go, he seemed to resist, seeing as it was getting dark – but I was firm. I don’t know where this ‘courage’ – the feeling that the Snake-man talked about – came from. I was excited to see that I could make my own commands. The Fixed Land drew nearer. The Fish began to slow down and would not go nearer to the Land, so I jumped off and waded in the water towards it. I was exhausted by the time I reached the shore, and promptly fell asleep.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of beautiful birds. The Land looked different from when I treaded on it during the daytime many times. The colors were more vivid. The trees seemed to move ever so slightly, as if to bade for me to come closer. I was feeling hungry, so I ventured out for food. There was a tree – far greener than any of the trees that I’ve ever seen that bore apples the size of my head. They were tinted green, strangely, yet they looked magnificently delicious.

As I reached for one, I cried out and jumped back for there was the Snake-man behind the tree! He was beaming.

“What are you doing here? Did you sleep here too?” I asked.

He grinned even broader, and flicked out his tongue. “I’ve been resting here every night. I have one apple every morning – these are special apples. Some sort of magic Dust blows throughout the night and coats them with its power...taste one.” He offered me an apple.

There was something so compelling about the offer, even though his face seemed like it was about to fall apart from sheer quivering.

“Are you okay, Snake-man?” I asked tentatively. “What is making you shiver so?”

“The pure excitement that you will be seeing what I am seeing now! The knowledge! The power! Take a bite! Take a bite!”

I took a bite. I tasted the colors. I tasted pain, tears, joy, and I found myself laughing and crying.

Then to my utter surprise and panic, I saw my hands begin to whiten its color.

“What’s happening?!” I shouted. The pale-ish color, just like the Snake-man’s, slowly began to spread over my entire body.

“You are taking on the color of wisdom!” The Snake-man’s eyes were wild. It was almost starting to frighten me.

“Make it stop! I don’t like it! Make it stop!”

But it was too late. My body was the flabby, peach hue of the Snake-man’s. I was suddenly conscious of my nakedness, and hastily stepped away from him.

Then there was a gentle wind that came billowing out of nowhere – it was calm, gentle wind. “*You have gone against my word,*” said a voice in the wind. It didn’t sound angry. Just sad. “*You have disobeyed my only command.*”

“Maleldil?”

“*Why have you gone against my word, Tinadril?*” The voice asked.

“I thought you – I was told – This man said you only forbade me to sleep on the Fixed Land precisely because you wanted me to – the Snake-man said I was allowed...” Now that I could hear myself explain my reasoning, I could see how stupid it sounded. I felt dumb and helpless.

“*And who is this man whose words you regard so highly of, that you listen to him over me?*”

I couldn’t answer. I looked at the Snake-man, who was greedily gorging on another apple.

“*My child that worships another’s words over mine. You can no longer stay here.*”

“What? Where am I to go? Maleldil, I have done wrong! I see it! Please, I promise-”

The wind began to blow stronger, and stronger – I was lifted off my feet. As I began to rise, I looked down at the Snake-man and reached out in vain – he was gorging on another apple, his eyes completely flipped towards his head, and he was shaking all over. He did not see. The wind engulfed me, and could it have been seconds? Minutes? Hours? I wasn’t sure.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying down on the cold ground. I was still naked. I tried to cover up my peachness with my hair.

“Welcome, Sister.” It was a musical voice. A delicate, tall female garbed in all white was standing before me. She had a crown on her head, and was holding a wand. She was beautiful, magnificent, yet frightful.

“Who are you? Where am I?” I timidly asked.

“You are in the Wild Lands of the North, just above Narnia.” She said, as if I could know where that was. “You are the last to join us. Stand up. I am Jadis, Queen of Narnia.”

I stood up shakily, still trying to cover myself. She scoffed, and waved her wand.

I was now dressed in a green garment, as shiny and as sheer as the poisonous apple I ate that started it all.

“Green suits you. Follow me.” She turned and started walking.

I had no choice. I followed.