**LORD OF THE FLIES**

*William Golding*

A group of English schoolboys, evacuated from a war situation, find themselves on a small tropical island after their plane is shot down. There are no adult survivors. They elect **Ralph** as their chief, despite the claims of **Jack** Merridew, the head choir boy, to be leader. The boys have a meeting to decide what they should do and agree to make a signal fire on top of the mountain to attract passing ships. *(1)*

After some weeks it is clear that Ralph and Jack have different priorities; Ralph tries to build shelters and keep a fire going that has been lit with the help of **Piggy**’s glasses, whilst Jack hunts for pigs. Meanwhile, some boys are scared of a ‘beast’ they believe is on the Island. While Jack and the hunters are off hunting, a ship is seen on the horizon, but the signal fire on the mountain has gone out. *(2)*

“All right, all right!” said Jack, looking at Piggy, Ralph and the other boys. “I know my hunters and I promised to keep the fire going, but we need meat. He repeated the word and was rewarded with a murmur of approval from the hunters. *(3)*

 “But it was a ship,” said Jack. “A ship! We could have been rescued. We could have been on our way **home**.” This time it was Ralph who received the murmurs of approval. *(4)*

 “Home,” repeated Piggy. “You and your stupid meat,” said Piggy. “That’s all you think about, Jack Merridew.” *(5)*

 Jack seized the opportunity. “You shut up,” he snarled at Piggy, and so malevolent was the note in his voice that Piggy lowered his eyes to the ground and stared at his feet. *(6)*

 Once again Jack turned to Ralph. “I'm sorry. About the fire, I mean. There. I….” He paused for a few moments. Then… “I apologise.” *(7)*

 The buzz from the hunters was one of admiration at this handsome behaviour. Clearly they were of the opinion that Jack had done the right thing, had put himself in the right by his generous apology and Ralph, somehow or other, was in the wrong. They waited for an appropriately decent response. *(8)*

 Yet Ralph's throat refused to pass one. He resented, as an addition to Jack's misbehaviour, this verbal trick. The fire was dead, the ship was gone. Could they not see? Anger instead of decency passed his throat. *(9)*

 “That was a dirty trick.” *(10)*

 They were silent on the mountain-top while storm clouds appeared in Jack's eyes and passed away. Ralph's final word was an ungracious mutter. “All right. Light the fire.” *(11)*