

Reported speech Exercise: Future Tense

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
21. She said, "I will perform better in next competition"	
22. He said to his teacher, "I will bring good results in exams"	
23. She said to mother, "I will bring good name to you"	
24. Alex said to Mark, "I will be waiting for you at the main gate"	
25. I said to him, "I will have to convince my parents for this"	
26. They said, "we will have to stay more active"	
27. She said, "I will be looking for your response"	
28. He said to me, "I will have to think twice before taking such action"	
29. I said to him, "You will have wait for me for two hours"	
30. She said, "We will be signing an agreement on next Sunday"	

William Golding

Unit 19

Lord of the Flies

[Abridged]

(with some adaptations to make it palatable to the taste of students and to make it agreeable to their social and cultural sensibilities).

By the end of the unit, the students will be able to:

- Read a text to make connections between characters, events, motives and causes of conflicts in texts across cultures.
- Analyze story elements: characters, events, setting, plot, theme, tone, point of view.
- Recognize the author's purpose and point of view and their effects on the text.
- Analyze the conflict in a story or literary selection. Explore options to resolve the conflict. Propose another resolution.
- Identify universal themes present in literature across all cultures.
- Demonstrate heightened awareness of conventions and dynamic of group discussion and interaction to:
 - present and explain ones point of view clearly
 - support or modify one's opinion with reasons
 - acknowledge other's contribution
 - share information and ideas
 - clarify, rephrase, explain expand and restate information and ideas.
- Illustrate appropriate vocabulary and spelling in their own writing.
- Use direct and indirect speech appropriately in speech and writing according to the required communicative function.

CHAPTER—1

Upon a tropical island, a twelve-year-old boy with fair hair was climbing out of plane wreckage (referred to as "the scar") on a beach and towards a lagoon. He faced another child around his age, a fat boy with glasses. The two, who have not previously met, began a conversation. The fair-haired boy introduced himself as Ralph.

Through their conversation, it was revealed that the boys had survived a plane crash in the Pacific Ocean, and no adults were present among the survivors. They confirmed that both the pilot and "the man with the megaphone"—perhaps some sort of rescue worker—both had died in the crash. The boys appeared to have been escaping from an atomic war in their country, a place referred to only as the Home Counties (signaling England). When Ralph insisted that his father, a Commander in the Navy, would rescue the stranded boys, Piggy reminded him that "they"—perhaps the military, perhaps the adult population—were all killed "by the atom bomb."

Ralph was excited by the idea of being free from any adult supervision. He enjoyed the shore with Palm trees and all other new sights. He started playing on the sand at the beach. He stood on a relatively high platform and looked into the river water that was clear to the bottom. He found a natural pool there, formed, perhaps, by a typhoon that had banked sand inside the lagoon. Ralph plunged in and started taking a bath.

The fat boy lowered himself over the terrace and sat down carefully, using the edge as a seat. He wiped his glasses and adjusted them on his button nose.

"I expect we'll want to know all the names," said the fat boy, "and make a list. We ought to have a meeting."

About himself, the fat boy said, "they used to call me Piggy."

Ralph shrieked with laughter. He jumped up and to tease him, started calling him "Piggy, Piggy."

Piggy took off his shoes and socks, arranged them carefully on the ledge, and tested the water with one toe.

"it's hot!"

Ralph asked,

"aren't you going to swim? Piggy shook his head. " I can't swim. I wasn't allowed. My asthma---" Ralph said proudly,

"I could swim when I was 5. Daddy taught me. He's a commander in the Navy. When he gets leave he'll come and rescue us. What's your father?"

Piggy flushed suddenly. "My dad is dead. I used to live with my auntie" Piggy spoke, "we gotta find the others. We got to do something." And he insisted, "How many of us are there?"



Ralph came forward and stood by Piggy, "I don't know."

Ralph had stopped smiling and was pointing into the lagoon. Something creamy lay on the ferny weeds.

"A stone."

"No. It's a shell. Piggy was excited, it's a shell." I seen one like that before. On someone's back Wall. A conch he called it. He used to blow it and then his mom would come. It's ever so valuable."

Somehow, they managed to retrieve the shell. Piggy suggested that they could use the shell to call the others, to have a meeting. Ralph tried at blowing the shell with full force of his breath.

"I bet you can hear that for miles."

A child appeared among the palms, about 100 yards along the beach. He was a boy of perhaps 6 years. His clothes were torn, his face covered with a sticky mess of fruit. He jumped off the palm terrace into the sand. Meanwhile, Ralph continued to blow till voices shouted in the forest. The small boy squatted in front of Ralph. Piggy leaned down to him.

what's your name?"

"Johnny"

Many more boys turned up there. The children gave Ralph the same simple obedience that they had given to the man with megaphone. Some carrying their clothes

others half naked, or more or less dressed, in school uniforms, grey, blue, fawn, jacketed or jerseyed. Then appeared two children who were twins. Their names were Sam and Eric. Collectively, they were called Samneric. At last, Ralph ceased to blow the conch and sat there.

He saw some creatures stepping from mirage on the clear sand. It was a group of boys whose bodies, from throat to ankle, were hidden by black cloaks which bore a silver Cross on the left breast. The boy who controlled them was dressed in the same way though his cap badge was golden. When his party was about 10 yards from the platform, he shouted an order and they halted, gasping, sweating, swaying in the fierce light. The boy himself came forward with his cloak flying about him.

Where is the man with the trumpet?"

Ralph answered him, "there is no man with the trumpet. Only me." "isn't there a man here?"

Ralph spoke to his back,

"No, we are having a meeting. Come and join in"

The group began to scatter from close lines.

The tall boy shouted, "Choir, stand still!"

Wearily obedient, the choir huddled into line and stood there swaying in the Sun. Jack

Merridew turned to Ralph,

"Are not there any grown ups?"

"No."

"Then we'll have to look after ourselves"

Jack continued, "We've got to decide about being rescued."

Ralph lifted the conch, "seems to me we ought to have a chief to decide things."

"I ought to be chief", said Jack with simple arrogance.

The Dark boy, Roger, stirred at last and spoke up, "let's have a vote" There was a noise.

Ralph raised hand for Silence.

"All right. Who wants Jack for chief?"

With dreary obedience the choir raised their hands. "Who wants me?" Every hand outside the choir except Piggy's was raised immediately. Then Piggy too, raised his hand grudgingly into the air.

Ralph counted,

"I am chief then."

The circle of boys broke into applause. Even the choir applauded. After becoming the chief, Ralph nominated Jack as the leader of the choir and declared the

choir to be serving as the army or hunters. Jack and Ralph smiled at each other with shy liking. Jack stood up,

"Alright choir, take off your togs."

As if released from class, the choir boys stood up, chattered, piled their black cloaks on the grass. Jack laid his on the trunk by Ralph. Ralph insisted that three of the boys, himself, Simon and Jack should go on an expedition to determine whether or not it was an island while, the rest of the group should stay near the lagoon. When Piggy requested to accompany the group, Jack dismissed his request and humiliated him. The three boys walked briskly on the sand. They turned to each other laughing excitedly, talking not listening.

"We'll go to the end of the island", said Ralph, "and look around the corner, if it is an island."

Now, towards the end of the afternoon, the mirages were settling a little. They found this end of the island quite distinct and the beach was nearer the mountain than any other they had seen. They felt an unknown pleasure over there.

They started climbing the mountain there, and after great hardships, they reached the top of the mountain. From the top of the mountain, they could see that it was really an island surrounded by a circular horizon of water.

Ralph turned to the others and said assertively, "this belongs to us."

It was roughly boat-shaped; on either side, rocks, cliffs, tree tops and a steep slope. The boys surveyed all this, then looked out to sea.

"There is no village smoke and no boats, said Ralph wisely." We will make sure later but I think it's uninhabited."

"We will get food," cried Jack. "Hunt" "catch things". until they fetch us".

They scrambled down a rock slope, dropped among flowers and made their way under the trees. They were in the beginning of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track.

(1) They saw a wild lamb caught in a curtain of creepers. Jack raised his knife to stab it but it freed itself before he could do it. Jack gave meaningless justifications to cover his inability to stab the wild lamb but the fact was clear to all that he was unaccustomed to such situation. They started for their platform to call a meeting.

CHAPTER—2

Back from the exploration, Ralph blew the conch to call another meeting. All the boys gave him full attention. Ralph cleared his throat.

(1) In original text it is piglet.

FOR SALE

"Well then. We are on an island. We've been on the mountain top and seen water all around. We saw no houses, no smoke, no footprints, no boats, no people. We are on an uninhabited island with no other people on it."

Jack broke in.
"All the same, you need an army—for hunting."
"So, you see," said Ralph, "we need hunters to get us meat"



"And another thing," he lifted the shell on his knees and looked around the sun-slashed faces, "There aren't any grown ups. We shall have to look after ourselves."

The meeting hummed and was silent. "And another thing. We cannot have everybody talking at once. We'll have to have hand up like at school" he held the conch before his face and glanced around the mouth. "Then I'll give him the conch".

Conch?

"That's what this shell is called. I'll give the conch to the next person to speak. He can hold it when he is speaking."

"And he won't be interrupted. Except by me."

Jack was on his feet.

"We'll have rules!", he cried excitedly, "Lots of rules! Then when anyone breaks them—"

Piggy took the conch from Ralph and said, "Nobody knows where we are, perhaps they knew where we was going to and perhaps not. But they don't know where we are 'cos we never got there."

Ralph took the conch from his hands.

"That's what I was going to say", he went on. The plane was shot down in flames.

Nobody knows where we are. We may be here for a long time."

Nobody said anything. He grinned suddenly.

"But this is a good Island. There is food and drink and — rocks - blue flowers. While We're waiting, we can have a good time on this Island." He waved the conch.

"This is our Island. It's a good Island. Until the grown-ups come and fetch us, we will have fun."

Jack held out his hand for the conch. He said, "There's food; and bathing water in that little stream along there- and everything. Didn't anyone find anything else?"

A group of little boys pushed towards Ralph, a child about six years old who wanted to say something but was hesitant.

Piggy knelt by him, one hand on the great shell, listening and interpreting to the assembly.

"He wants to know what you are going to do about the snake-thing."

Ralph laughed and the other boys laughed with him. The small boy twisted further into himself. "Tell us about the Snap thing."

Now he says it was a beastie."

"Beastie?" A snake thing. Ever so big. He saw it. where?

In the Woods.

He still says he saw the beastie. It came and went away again and came back and wanted to eat him—"

Ralph tried to make them believe that a beastie, a snake thing existed only in big countries like Africa or India and not on an island like this.

"He must have had a nightmare. Stumbling about among all those creepers."

"He says in the morning it turned into them things like ropes in the trees and hung in the branches. He says will it come back tonight?

"But there isn't a beastie!"

Jack seized the conch.

"Ralph's right of course. There isn't a snake thing. But if there was a snake we'd hunt it and kill it. We are going to hunt pigs and get meat for everybody. And we'll look for the snake too."

Ralph was annoyed and for the moment, defeated. Ralph lifted the conch again and said,

"Now, we come to the most important thing. We want to be rescued and of course, we shall be rescued. My father's in the Navy. He said there aren't any unknown island left

He says the Queen has a big room full of maps and all the islands in the world are drawn there. So the Queen has got a picture of this island too. So, you see sooner or later, we shall be rescued."

The assembly was lifted towards safety by his words. Spontaneously they began to clap and presently the platform was loud with applause. Ralph waved the conch. "Shut up! wait! listen!"

He went on in the silence borne on his triumph. "There is another thing. We can have them to find us. If a ship comes near the islands they may not notice us. So, we must make smoke on the top of the mountain. You must make a fire."

At once, half the boys were on their feet. Jack clamoured among them, the conch forgotten. "Come on! follow me!"

All at once, the crowd swayed towards the island and were gone – following Jack. Even the tiny children went and did their best among the leaves and broken branches. Ralph was left holding the conch with no one but Piggy. They all started enthusiastically carrying dry wood and making a pile of it on the mountain top. When the pile was complete, the issue that arose was how to enkindle the Fire. They did not have any matches. All of a sudden, it came to their mind to use piggy's eye glasses for the purpose. They snatched his spectacles and finally were able to start the fire. The boys broke into a cheer.

Ralph took the conch and looked round the circle of boys.

"We've got to have special people for looking after the fire. Any day there may be a ship out there and if you have a signal going they will come and take us off. And another thing, we are to have more rules; where the conch is, that's a meeting. The same up here as down there."

The boys assented. Piggy opened his mouth to speak, took the conch and stood up. "I agree with the Ralph. You got to have rules and obey them. After all, we are not savages. We are English and the English are best at everything. So, we have got to do right things."

He turned to Ralph and took the responsibility of keeping the fire going on behalf of the choir. Piggy showed his concern about not having the name list of the boys. It was detected that one of the boys with mark on his face was missing.



CHAPTER—3

Jack went to examine the oppressively silent forest looking for wild ram to hunt.⁽²⁾ He was startled by a bird that roused from a primitive nest. He came on a wild ram run and heard the pattering of hooves. He hurled his spear at a group of wild rams driving them away. He returned to a clearing in the forest where the boys were busy in constructing shelters out of tree trunks and palm leaves. Ralph complained to Jack about the disinterest on the part of boys, especially "The Littluns" in building the Shelters. He criticized that Jack's choir has yet to bring any meat back from the forest and that the Hunters would rather swim than hunt. Ralph emphasized the importance of making shelter while Jack talked about hunting wild ram. When Ralph saw Jack's indifference towards shelter making and the rescue, he became angry.

"I was talking about smoke! Don't you want to be rescued? All you can talk about is ram, ram, ram!"

"But we want meat!"

"And I work all day with nothing but Simon and you come back and don't even notice the huts!"

"I was working too--"

"But you like it!" shouted Ralph. "You want to hunt! while I--"

Ralph started back to the shelters with Jack by his side. But when they reached the shelters, Simon was missing. Ralph turned to Jack:

"He is queer. He is funny."

Simon had, actually escaped to walk alone around the jungle. He felt solace in the serene open space with aromatic bushes and flowers. He squatted peacefully enclosed in a "cabin of leaves" and stayed there until the day faded into night.

CHAPTER----4

The boys became accustomed to their daily patterns on the island. They accepted the pleasures of morning, the bright sun, the whelming sea and sweet air. They, however, found it hard to adjust to the new rhythms of tropical life which included the strange point at midday when the sea rose and appeared to contain flickering images, which Piggy discounted as mere mirages. The bright and oppressively hot afternoon sun incited fatigue among many of the boys. The smaller boys were known by the title of "Littluns" including Henry, Percival and Johnny. They spent most of the day picking and eating fruit not caring about its ripeness and quality. They amused themselves by building castles in the sand. Constantly, The Littluns were haunted by the nightmares and visions of beastie. Relieved from their duty at fire, Roger and Mourice, the eld

(2) In original text uses the word 'pig' which is replaced with lamb/ram to make it palatable to the taste of the students of this region.

boys came down for a swim. Showing their superiority over the Littluns, they kicked down the sand castles.

Jack standing under a tree about 10 yards away, was planning how to get success as a hunter.

"They don't smell me, they see me I think."

So he decided to camouflage himself. Ralph climbed out of the bathing pool and trotted up the beach and sat in the shade beneath the palms. His fair hair was plastered over his eyebrows and he pushed it back. Seeing Ralph under the palms, Piggy came and set by him. He wore the remainders of a pair of shorts. He was the only boy on the island whose hair never seemed to grow.

"I have been thinking", he said, "about a clock. We could make a sundial. We could put a stick in the sand, and then--"

"And an airplane, and a TV set", said Ralph sourly "and a steam engine." Piggy shook his head.

"You have to have a lot of metal things for that," he said, "and we haven't got no metal. But we got a stick."

Ralph turned and smiled involuntarily. Piggy saw the smile and misinterpreted it as friendliness. He continued,

"We got a lot of sticks. We could have a sundial each. Then we should know what the time was."

To change the subject, Ralph shouted as Maurice came to the surface. He slid easily into the water and crawled out of the other side of the pool to lie there. The next moment he was on his feet and shouting:

"Smoke! smoke!"

"Ralph--where is the sheep?"

Simon stood by, looking from Ralph to the horizon. Ralph's face was pale as he spoke to himself. "They'll see our smoke."

Ralph moved impatiently, still watching the ship.

"The smoke on the mountain."

He looked back at the dispersing smoke on the horizon, then up at the mountain. He started running. Just where the steep ascent of the mountain began, he stopped.

"Oh God oh God"



The fire was right out, smokeless and dead; the watchers were gone. A pile of unused fuel lay ready. Ralph ran stumbling along the rocks, saved himself on the edge of the pink Cliff and screamed at the ship.

"Come back! come back!"

He ran backwards and forwards along the Cliff. His face always to the sea, and his voice rose insanely.

"Come back! Come back!"

Simon and Maurice arrived. He reached inside himself for the worst word he knew.

"They let the bloody fire out."

He looked down the unfriendly side of the mountain. He clenched his fist and went very red. The intentness of his gaze, the bitterness of his voice pointed for him.

"There they are."

A perception had appeared far down among the pink screes that lay near the water's edge. Ralph picked out Jack easily even at that distance; tall, red haired, and inevitably leading the procession. Ralph said nothing more but waited while the procession came nearer. Behind Jack walked the twins, carrying a great stake on their shoulders. The gutted carcass of a ram swung from the stake, swinging heavily as the twins toiled over the uneven ground. At last the words of the chants floated up to them,

"kill the ram. cut his throat. Spill his blood."

Jack reached the top of the mountain first and hailed Ralph excitedly with lifted spear.

"Look! We've killed a ram - we stole up on them - we got in a circle -"

He had too many things to tell Ralph at once. Instead, he danced a step or two, then remembered his dignity and stood still, grinning. Ralph spoke,

"you let the fire out."

Jack flushed, conscious of a fault.

"The fire is only been out an hour or two. We can light up again--"

Ralph's voice was loud and savage,

"There was a ship. out there. You said you would keep the fire going and you let it out!" He took a step towards Jack who turned and faced him. Piggy forgot his timidity in the agony of his loss. He began to cry out shrilly; This from Piggy and the wails of agreement from some of the hunters drove Jack to violence. He took a step and, able at last to hit someone, struck his fist into Piggy's stomach. Piggy sat down with a grunt. Jack stood over him.



Ralph made a step forward and Jack smacked Piggy's head. His glasses flew off and tinkled on the rocks. Piggy cried out in terror:

"My specs! One side is broken. Now I get only one eye. just you wait..."

Jack mimicked the whine and scramble,

"Jus' you wait--- Yah!"

Piggy and the parody was so funny that the hunters began to laugh. Later on, he apologized. Ralph muttered ungraciously and said,

"All right. Light the fire."

After making a pile of wood, Piggy's glasses were used again to make the fire alight. The boys roasted the wild ram and enjoyed eating the meat. Jack dominating the whole activity considered not letting Piggy have any meat but then, he ordered everyone to eat. Jack explained very eagerly how he had hunted the wild ram. Ralph holding the conch spoke

"I am calling an assembly".

He was going to the beach because he wanted a place to think. He was suddenly overcome with astonishment. He realised the weariness of life where everything was an improvisation. He turned then and walked back towards the platform with a mind to call an effective and meaningful meeting.

CHAPTER—5

The beach near the bathing pool was dotted with groups of boys waiting for the assembly. They made way for Ralph silently, conscious of his grim mood and the fault at the fire. Ralph turned to the chief's seat. The trouble was that being a chief you had to think, you had to be wise. He faced the place of assembly and put the conch to his lips. He was searching his mind for simple words so that even The Littluns would understand what the assembly was about.

"We need an assembly not for fun, not for laughing and falling of the log."

He lifted the conch in an effort to find the compelling words—

"Not for these things. But to put things straight."

He paused a moment.

"We have lots of assemblies. Everybody enjoys speaking and being together. We decide things but they don't get done. We were going to have water brought from the stream and left in those coconut shells under fresh leaves. So it was, for a few days. Now there is no water. The shells dry. People drink from the river."

He paused and cleared his throat.

"There is another thing. We chose those rocks right along beyond the bathing pool as a lavatory. That was sensible too. The tide cleans the place up. You littluns know about that. Now people seem to use anywhere. Even near the shelters and the platform. You littluns, when you are getting fruit; if you are taken short---you keep away from the fruit. That is dirty! "if your taken short you go right along the beach to the rocks. see? We've all got to use the rocks again. This place is getting dirty."

He paused and then:

"The fire is the most important thing on the island. How can we ever be rescued except by luck, if you don't keep a fire going? Is a fire too much for us to make? Look at us! how many are we? And yet we can't keep a fire going to make smoke. Don't you understand? Can't you see we ought to die before we left the fire out?"

There was a self-conscious giggling among the hunters. Ralph turned on them passionately. "You hunters! you can laugh! But I tell you the smoke is more important than the wild ram, however often you kill one. Do all of you see?"

He spread his arms wide and turned to the whole triangle.

"We've got to make smoke up there or die. And another thing. We nearly set the whole island on fire. And we waste time rolling rocks, and make little cooking fires. Now I say this and make it a rule because I am chief. We won't have a fire anywhere but on the mountain. Ever."

Boys stood up and shouted and Ralph shouted back.

"Because if you want a fire to cook fish or crab, you can jolly well go up the mountain. That way we'll be certain. All this I meant to say. Now, I have said it. You voted me for chief. Now you do what I say."

Ceremonially, Ralph laid the conch on the trunk beside him as a sign that the speech was over. Jack stood up took the conch and yelled at the Littluns for screaming like babies and not hunting or building or helping. He told them that there was no beast on the island. Piggy also discarded the idea of the presence of any beast or ghost, and so there was nothing to take fear of but people.

"Life," said Piggy expansively, "is scientific. That's what it is. In a year or two when the war is over, they will be travelling to Mars and back."

A Littlun named Phil, told that he had a nightmare and when he awoke he saw something big and horrid moving among the trees. Ralph held out his hand for the conch and the Littluns sat down.

"You were asleep. There wasn't anyone there. How could anyone be wondering about in the forest at night? Was anyone? Did anyone go out?"

Then Simon stood up and Ralph looked at him in astonishment.

"You! what were you mucking about in the dark for?"

Simon grabbed the conch convulsively.

"I wanted to go to a place—a place I know—a place in the jungle."

Ralph looked sternly at Simon.

"Well, don't do it again. Understand? Not at night. There is enough silly talk about beasts." Percival spoke and he gave his name and address and telephone number as well. This reminder of home caused him break into tears. All the Littluns joined him in crying. Conversation turned to mention of beast again. Percival told Jack that the beast comes out of the sea.

Maurice spoke so loudly that they jumped.

"Daddy said they haven't found all the animals in the sea yet. My daddy says there is things that are hundreds of yards long and eat whales whole. He paused again and laughed gaily.

"I don't believe in the beast, of course."

Someone shouted.

"Squid couldn't come out of the water!" "Could!" "Couldn't!"

In a moment the platform was full of arguing, gesticulating shadows.

Simon felt a perilous necessity to speak but to speak in assembly was a terrible thing to him. "May be," he said hesitantly, "May be there is a beast."

The assembly cried out savagely and Ralph stood up in amazement.

"You Simon? You believe in this?"

I don't know," said Simon. His heartbeat were choking him

"But what I mean is..."

Simon became inarticulate in his effort to express mankind's essential illness. Someone spoke out of turn.

"May be he means it is some sort of ghost."

Piggy took the conch out of his hands. His voice was indignant.

"I don't believe in no ghost-ever!"

Jack was up, angry.

"Who cares what you believe---Fatty!"

He started a fight with Piggy. Ralph interceded to stop them. A hushed and anonymous voice broke in.

"Perhaps that's what the beast is—A ghost."

The Assembly was shaken as by a wind. Ralph said,

"There is too much talking out of turn. We will have a vote on them; on ghosts, I mean; and then go to the shelters because we are all tired."

He thought for a moment formulating the question.

"Who thinks there may be ghosts?"

Piggy said, "I didn't vote for no ghosts. Remember that all of you! what are we? Humans? or animals? or savages? What's grown ups going to think? Going off—hunting wild rams—letting fires out—and now!"

"You shut up, you fat slug!"

Ralph leapt to his feet.

"Jack! Jack! You haven't got the conch! Let him speak."

Jack's face swam near him.

"And you shut up! Who are you anyway? Sitting there—telling people what to do. You can't hunt, you can't sing—"

"I'm Chief. I was chosen."

"Why should choosing make any difference? Just giving orders that don't make any sense."

Piggy's got the conch."

"That's right—favour Piggy as you always do—" Jack's voice sounded in bitter mimicry.

"The rules!" Shouted Ralph, "You are breaking the rules!"

"Who cares?"

Ralph summoned his wits.

"Because rules are the only thing we have got!"

But Jack was shouting against him.

"Bollocks to the rules! We are strong—we hunt! If there is a beast, we will hunt it down! We'll close in and beat and beat and beat—!"

He gave a wild whoop and leapt down to the pale sand. At once the platform was full of noise and excitement, scrabbings, screams and laughter. The Assembly shredded away. The sound of mock hunting, hysterical laughter and real terror came from the beach. Piggy asked Ralph to blow the conch.

"You got to be tough now. Make them do what you want."

Ralph answered in the cautious voice who rehearses a theorem.

"If I blow the conch and they don't come back; then we have had it. We shan't keep the fire going. We'll be like animals. We will never be rescued."

"if you don't blow, we'll soon be animals anyway. I can't see what they are doing but I can hear."

The dancing, chanting boys had worked themselves away till their sound was nothing but a wordless rhythm.

"I ought to give up being chief. Hear'em."

"Oh Lord! Oh No! "Piggy gripped Ralph's arm." If Jack was chief he would have all hunting and no fire. We would be here till we die."

His voice ran up to a squeak.

"I am scared of him, and that's why I know him. if you are scared of someone you hate him but you can't stop thinking about him. You kid yourself he is all right really, and then when you see him again it's like asthma and you can't breathe. I tell you what. He hates you too, Ralph—"

"Me? why me?"

"I don't know. You got him over the fire; and you'r chief and he isn't."

The dance was over and the hunters were going back to the shelters.



CHAPTER—6

There was no light left save that of the stars. The three big boys went together to the next shelter. They lay restlessly and noisily among the dry leaves. Sometimes a littlun cried out from the other shelters. Then they too fell asleep. Overhead, beyond the horizon, there was an aerial battle when no child was awake to see it. There was a sudden bright explosion and a corkscrew trail across the sky.

There was a speck above the island, a figure dropping swiftly beneath a parachute, a figure that hung with dangling limbs. The changing winds of various altitudes took the figure where they would. The figure fell and crumpled among the blue flowers of the mountain side but now there was a gentle breeze at this height too and the parachute flopped and banged and pulled. So the figure with feet that dragged behind it, slid up the mountain, till it lay huddled among the shattered rocks of the mountain top.

Early in the next morning, there arose a noise from a rock falling down the mountain side. They were the twins on duty at the fire. They were adding kindling to the fire. Just then, they had seen something strange. They became motionless, gripped in each other's arms four unwinking eyes and two mouths open. Neither of the boys screamed but the grip of their arms tightened and their mouths peaked. For perhaps ten seconds they crouched like that. Then as though they had but one terrified mind between them they scrambled away over the rocks and fled. They came to Ralph to get him up

and tell him that they had seen a beast. They lay still and waited till the morning light filtered into the shelter. They began to stir though still the world outside the shelter was dangerous. A single sea bird flapped upwards with a hoarse cry that was echoed presently, and something squawked in the forest. Ralph knelt in the entrance to the shelter and peered cautiously round him, then said,

"Sam'n Eric. Call them to an assembly. Quietly. Go on."

The twins holding tremously to each other, dared the few yards to the next shelter and spread the dreadful news. Ralph stood up and walked for the sake of dignity, though with his back pricking, to the platform. Piggy and Simon followed him and other boys came sneaking after. Ralph handed the conch to Eric, the nearest of the twins.

"We have seen the beast with our own eyes. No — we weren't asleep—there was something moving behind its head—wings. The beast moved too. We ran as fast as we could — bashed into things — the beast followed us—nearly touched me—" Eric felt his face. "I am all rough. Am I bleeding?"

All the boys got horrified. Jack called them:

"This will be a real hunt! Who will come?"

Ralph moved impatiently. "These spears are made of wood. Don't be silly."

Jack sneered at him. "frightened?"

"Course I am frightened: who wouldn't be?"

Piggy took the conch. "Couldn't we — kind of — stay here? Maybe the beast won't come near us."

"Let's be moving "said Jack restlessly, we are wasting time."

"No we aren't. What about the Littluns? Someone is got to look after them."

"Piggy'll look after them."

Jack satirized,

"That's right. Keep Piggy out of danger."

"Have some sense. What can Piggy do with only one eye?", explained Ralph, "And another thing. You can't have an ordinary hunt because the beast doesn't leave tracks. If it did, you would have seen them. For all we know, the beast may swing through the trees like what's its name."

They nodded. Piggy took off his damaged glasses and cleaned the remaining lens.

"How about us, Ralph? I mean— suppose the beast comes when you're all away. I can't see properly, and if I get scared—"

Jack broke in contemptuously. "You're always scared."

Piggy said, "I got the conch—"

"Conch! Conch" shouted Jack, "We don't need the conch anymore. We know who's to say things. What good did Simon do speaking or bill or Walter? It is time some people knew they have got to keep quiet and leave deciding things to the rest of us—"

Ralph could no longer ignore his speech. The blood was hot in his cheeks.

"You haven't got the conch, sit down."

Jack licked his lips and remained standing.

"This is hunters' job."

The rest of the boys watched intently. The silence grew oppressive.

This is more than Hunters' job," said Ralph at last, "Because you can't track the beast. And don't you want to be rescued?"

He turned to the Assembly. "Don't you all want to be rescued?"

Yes, they wanted to be rescued, there was no doubt about that.

"Now think, Jack. Is there anywhere on the island you haven't been?"

Unwillingly, Jack answered,

"There is only the tail-end part where the rocks are piled up. And the thing might live there."

All the Assembly talked at once.

"Quite! All right. That's where we will look. if the beast isn't there we will go up the mountain and look; and light the fire."

After they had eaten, Ralph and the biguns set out along the beach. They left Piggy popped up on the platform. Under Ralph's direction they picked a careful way along the palm terrace, rather than dare the hot sand down by the water. He let Jack lead the way; and Jack trod with theatrical caution though they could have seen an enemy twenty yards away. Ralph walked in the rear thankful to have escaped responsibility for a time. Jack came trotting back.

"We are in sight now."

"All right. We will get as close as we can", said Ralph.

He followed Jack towards the castle where the ground rose slightly. On their left was an impenetrable tangle of creepers and trees. Behind Ralph, the tall grass had filled with silent hunters. He turned to the others,

"You. Hide here. Wait for me."

He forced his feet until they had carried him out on to the neck of the land. There was nowhere to hide, even if one did not have to go. Ralph turned away to the red Cliff. The others were waiting behind him in the long grass, waiting to see what he would do. He realised with surprise that he did not really expect to meet any beast and didn't know

what he would do about it if he did. A sound behind him made him turn. Jack was edging along the ledge.

"Couldn't let you do it on your own."

Ralph said nothing. He led the way over the rocks. Side-by-side they scaled the last height to where the diminishing pile was crowned by the last broken rock. A hundred feet below them was the narrow causeway, then the stony ground, then the grass dotted with heads and behind that the forest. Jack made a swooping movement with his hand. Ralph looked towards the mountain.

"What's the matter?" asked Ralph.

"We'll have to go back and climb the mountain. That's where they saw the beast."

"The beast won't be there."

"What else can we do?"

The others, waiting in the grass, saw Jack and Ralph unharmed. They forgot the beast in the excitement of exploration. They swarmed across the ledge and soon were climbing and shouting. A knot of boys making a great noise was heaving and pushing at a rock. As they turned, the base cracked and the whole mass toppled into the sea so that a thunderous plume of spray leapt half way up the cliff.

"Stop it! stop it!" Ralph's voice struck a silence among them. He shook his head.

"We will go to the mountain, Jack. The beast might be on the other side. You can lead again. You have been. We could go by the shore. there is fruit".

But Jack did not agree. He wanted to stay at the same place and build a fort.

CHAPTER----7

Here, on the other side of the island, the view was utterly different. Down the rocks, almost on a level with the sea, you could follow with your eyes the ceaseless bulging passage of the deep sea waves. They were miles wide. Wave after wave, Ralph followed the rise and fall until something of the remoteness of the sea numbed his brain. Then gradually the almost infinite size of this water forced itself on his attention. He looked over the sea as an impermeable barrier making the boys escape impossible. Simon tried to give him heart by assuring him that they will get back all right.

They set off again. The Hunters bunched a little by fear of the mention of beast, while Jack quested ahead. They went more slowly than Ralph had bargained for. Ralph was engrossed in thoughts recalling the sweet memories of his previous life at home. He missed reading various books.

Going a little way, the bushes crashed ahead of them. A ram^[3] appeared and the boys set out in its pursuit. Ralph also accompanied them though he had never hunted before.

(3) The original text uses the word "boar".

He flung his wooden stick at it and injured it at the muzzle. Ralph felt proud of his marksmanship. Jack came with his left forearm injured. Upon Simon's advice, he sucked the wound to prevent any infection. They played a game wherein Robert acted as a ram to be hunted by the other boys. Ralph sat up.

"Well. We shan't find what we are looking for at this rate".

He looked at Jack,

"Now for the mountain. We've got to start the fire again."

Mourice spoke,

"Supposing the beast's up there?"

Jack brandished his spear. "We will kill it."

"What are we waiting for? I suppose," said Ralph, "if we keep on by the sea this way we will come out below the burnt belt and then we can climb the mountain."

Once more Jack led them along by the suck and heave of the blinding sea. They tried the forest but it was thick and woven like a bird's nest. In the end they had to jump one by one, waiting till the water sank. After that the rocks seemed to be growing impassable so they sat for a time. Then they tried to hurry along the rocks. They followed a ram track going at a trot. Ralph made a decision.

"We'll go straight across to the platform and climb tomorrow."

They murmured agreement. They were going straight back to the platform now not, of course, that they were afraid-but tired.

Jack spoke viciously,

"I am going up the mountain to look for the beast - now."

Then asked bitterly,

"coming?"

He took a step. "Well then—"

Seeing him, the other boys also started following Jack. At this, Ralph had to change his mind and had to go with Jack. Roger and Ralph waited while Jack went up the mountain. After a while, they found him coming back hurriedly and speaking in a shivering voice,

"I saw a thing on top."

He lay silent for a moment, then muttered.

"Keep a good look out. It may be following."

A shower of ash pattered round them. Jack sat up.

"I saw a thing bulge on the mountain."

"You only imagined it," said Ralph shakily, "because nothing would bulge, not any sort of creature."

Roger spoke to startle them for they had forgotten him. "A frog"

Jack giggled and shuddered.

"Some frog. There was a noise too. A kind of 'plop' noise. Then the thing bulged."

Ralph surprised himself by saying,

"We will go and look."

For the first time since he had first known Jack, Ralph could feel him hesitate.

"Now?" His voice spoke for him.

"Of course", said Ralph.

He got off the trunk and led the way across the clinking cinders up into the dark, and others followed. As they came to the last slope, Jack and Rodger drew near. By common consent they stopped and crouched together. Behind them, on the horizon, was a patch of light sky where in a moment the moon would rise. The wind roared once in the forest and pushed their rags against them. Ralph stirred.

"Come on."

They crept forward, Roger lagging a little. Jack and Ralph turned the shoulder of the mountain together. Jack whispered.

"Let's creep forward on hands and knees. Maybe it's asleep."

Roger and Ralph moved on, this time leaving Jack in the rear, for all his brave words. They came to the flat top where the rock was hard to hands and knees. A creature that bulged, in front of them, only three or four yards away, was a rock like hump where no rock should be. Ralph could hear a tiny chattering noise coming from somewhere - perhaps from his own mouth. He took two giant steps forward. Before them, something like a great ape was sitting asleep with its head between its knees. Then the wind roared in the forest, there was a confusion in the darkness and the creature lifted its head, holding towards them the ruin of a face. Ralph found himself taking giant strides among the ashes, heard other creatures crying out and leaping and dared the impossible on the dark slope; Presently, the mountain was deserted, save for the three abandoned sticks and the thing that bowed.

CHAPTER—8

Ralph and the other boys came back to the place where Piggy and The Littluns had been left. Piggy looked up miserably from the dawn pale beach to the dark mountain.

"Are you sure? Really sure, I mean?"

"I told you a dozen times now", said Ralph, "we saw it."

"Do you think we are safe down here?" asked Piggy.

"How the hell should I know?" Ralph jerked away from him and walked a few paces along the beach.

Jack was kneeling and drawing a circular pattern in the sand with his forefinger. Piggy's voice came to them.

"Are you sure? Really?"

"Go up and see, said Jack contemptuously, "and good riddance."

"The beast had teeth", said Ralph, "and big black eyes."

He shuddered violently. Piggy took off his one round of glass and polished the surface.

"What are we going to do?"

Ralph turned towards the platform. Remembering the panic flight down the mountain side, he said,

"I don't think we would ever fight a thing that size, honestly. We'd talk but we wouldn't fight a tiger. We'd hide. Even Jack'd hide."

Jack still looked at the sand. "What about my hunters?"

"Boys armed with sticks" commented Ralph.

Jack became furious.

"I've called an assembly", said Jack, "because of a lot of things. First— you know we've seen the beast. We crawled up. we were only a few feet away. The beast sat up and looked at us. I don't know what it does. We don't even know what it is—"

The beast comes out of the sea — " Out of the dark—"

Trees —

quite!" Jack shouted. You listen. The beast is sitting up there, whatever it is perhaps it is waiting —the next thing is that we couldn't kill it. And the next thing is that Ralph said my hunters are no good.."

"I never said that!", Ralph said.

"I've got the conch. Ralph thinks you are cowards, running away from the ram and the beast. And that's not all. He is like piggy. He says things like piggy. He isn't a proper chief. He is a coward himself."

"All this talk!" Shouted Ralph. "Talk talk! Who wanted it? Who called the meeting?"

Jack turned red in the face, he stabbed the air with his index finger.

"Who thinks Ralph oughtn't to be chief?"

He looked expectantly at the boys ranged round, who had frozen. Under the palms there was deadly silence.

"Hands up", Said Jack strongly, "whoever wants Ralph not to be chief?"

The silence continued. He licked his lips and turned his head at an angle so that his gaze avoid the embarrassment of linking with another eye. He cleared his throat and spoke loudly

"All right then."

He laid the conch with great care in the grass at his feet. The humiliating tears were running from the corner of each eye.

"I am not going to play any longer. Not with you. I am not going to be part of Ralph's lot—I am going off by myself. He can catch his own rams. Anyone who wants to hunt when I do, can come too."

He blundered out of the triangle towards the drop to the white sand.

"Jack!"

Jack turned and looked back at Ralph. He cried out, high-pitched, enraged.

"No!"

He leapt down from the platform and ran along the beach, paid no heed to the steady fall of his tears; and until he dived into the forest, Ralph watched him. Ralph spoke to himself:

"He will come back. when the sun goes down, he will come."

He looked at the conch in Piggy's hand. Piggy said,

"We can do without Jack Merriew. So now we can really decide on what is what."

For a while, they sat in depressed silence. Piggy continued:

"The most important thing on the island is the smoke and you can't have no smoke without fire."

Ralph made a restless movement.

"No go. We have got no fire. That thing sits up there—we'll have to stay here."

Piggy lifted the conch. "We got no fire on the mountain. But what's wrong with the fire down here? A fire could be built on them rocks. On the sand, even. We'd make smoke just the same."

That's right!" "Smoke!"

By the bathing pool! The boys began to Babble. Only piggy could have intellectual daring to suggest moving the fire from the mountain.

"So we'll have the fire down here" said Ralph. He looked about him.

"We can build it just here between the bathing pool and the platform, of course the smoke won't show so much, not be seen so far away. But we needn't go near; near the—

The others nodded in perfect comprehension. The greatest ideas are the simplest. They began piling up woods. Everyone was excited and worked enthusiastically. After making a pile of kindling, Piggy sat to light the fire using his glasses. Ralph would not look at Piggy but spoke casually. "Where is Bill and Roger?"

Piggy leaned forward and put a fragment of wood on the fire.

"I expect they've gone. I expect they won't play either."

He went on speaking.

"I seen them stealing off when we was gathering wood. They went that way. The same way as he went himself."

Ralph was left with Piggy, Sam and Eric only. They sat down. They had a great mass of fruit with them and all of it properly ripe.

Far off along the beach, Jack was standing before a small group of boys. He was looking brilliantly happy.

He said, "We'll hunt. I am going to be chief."

They nodded. The crisis passed easily.

"And then--- about the beast".

They moved and looked at the forest.

"I say this. We aren't going to bother about the beast. Now listen. We might go later to the Castle Rock. We will kill a ram and give a feast. And about the beast. When we kill, we'll leave some of the kill for it. Then it won't bother us, maybe."

He stood up abruptly.

"We'll go into the forest now and hunt."

He trotted away and after a moment they followed him obediently. Soon they found a group of rams. They attacked the rams with their wooden spears. A large ram was injured. After a tedious chase, the hunters were able to overcome her. Jack killed it by forcing his spear up into her body.

The boys celebrated their victory. Jack started work on the ram and paunched it. He talked as he worked.

"We'll take the meat along the beach. I'll go back to the platform and invite them to a feast. They should give us time."

He paused and stood up. His voice was lower when he spoke again.

"But we'll leave part of the kill for —"

He knelt down again and was busy with his knife. The boys crowded round him. He spoke over his shoulders to Roger.

(4) The original text uses the word 'sow'.

"Sharpen a stick at both ends."

Presently, he stood up holding the dripping sow's head in his hands.

"Where is the stick?"

"Here."

"Ram one end in the earth."

"Oh it's rock."

"Jam it in that crack. There."

Jack held up the head and jammed the soft throat lump on the pointed end of the stick which pierced through into the mouth. He stood back and the head hung there, a little blood dribbling down the stick. Jack spoke loudly,

"This head is for the beast. Its a gift."

All at once, they were running away as fast as they could through the forest towards the open beach.

Simon, from his private space, saw the head with flies buzzing around it. He thought it to be the lord of the flies.

Ralph and Piggy lay in the sand, gazing at the fire and idly flicking pebbles into its smokeless hearth. The forest near them burst into uproar. Demoniac figures with faces of white and red and green rushed out howling so that the Littluns fled screaming. Out of the corner of his eye, Ralph saw Piggy running. Two figures rushed at the fire and he prepared to defend himself but they grabbed half burnt branches and raced away along the beach. The three others stood still watching Ralph; and he saw that the tallest of them, stark naked save for paint and a belt, was Jack. Ralph had his breath back and spoke,

"Well? "

Jack ignored him, lifted his spear and began to shout.

"Listen all of you. Me and my hunters, we are living along the Beach by a flat Rock. We hunt and feast and have fun, if you want to join my tribe come and see us. Perhaps I will let you join perhaps not."

He paused and looked round.

"Tonight we are having a feast. We have killed a pig and we have got meat. You can come and eat with us if you like."

The two savages murmured. Jack spoke sharply.

"Go on! "

Then the three of them turned and trotted away.

"That was Jack and Maurice and Robert," said Ralph. "They raided us for fire. They are having fun. But the—"

Ralph was puzzled. There was something he wanted to say. He started to laugh then stopped and became fluent instead.

"The fire is the most important thing. Without the fire we can't be rescued. The fire is the most important thing on the island because, because—"

Some of the boys wanted to accept Jack's invitation to attend the feast and have a fun but Ralph opposed their demand.

Simon thought that the ram's head fixed on a stick, which he had dubbed as the Lord of the flies, spoke to him. By the end of this conversation with the Lord of the flies, Simon envisaged himself inside its mouth. So, he fell down and lost consciousness.

CHAPTER—9

Upon the humid and dark mountain top, Simon fell unconscious. He lay in the mat of creepers. The light of the advancing evening was unearthly. The Lord of the flies hung on his stick like a black ball.

Simon turned away from the open space and crawled through the creepers till he was in the dusk of the forest. He pushed on, staggering sometimes with his weariness but never stopping. A buffet of wind made him stagger and he saw that he was out in the open on a rock under a brassy sky. He saw a humped thing suddenly sit up on the top and looked down at him. He hid his face and toiled on. The flies had found the figure too. The life like movement would scare them off for a moment so that they made a dark cloud around the head. Then as the blue material of the parachute collapsed, the corpulent figure would bow forward sighing and the flies settle once more. Simon crawled forward and soon he understood. He saw how pitilessly, the layers of rubber and canvas held together the poor body that should be rotting away. Then the wind blew again and the figure lifted, bowed, and breathed foully at him. Simon knelt on all fours and was sick till his stomach was empty. He turned to the poor broken thing that sat stinking by his side. The beast was harmless and horrible; and the news must reach the others as soon as possible. He started on the mountain and his legs gave beneath him.

Here, Ralph and Piggy were bathing and playing in the lagoon. They found that all the other boys had moved towards Jack's camp to join the feast. So, they also decided to go after them and join the feast. Fire burned on a rock and fat dripped from the roasting pig meat into the visible flames. All the boys of the island except Piggy, Ralph, Simon

(5) The original text uses the word 'pig's head'.

and the two tending the ram, were grouped on the turf. They were laughing, singing, lying, squatting, or standing on the grass, holding food in their hands.

Piggy and Ralph came to the edge of the grassy platform; and the boys, as they noticed them, fell silent one by one. Immediately Ralph and the crowd of boys were united and relieved by a storm of laughter. Piggy, once more, was the centre of social derision so that everyone felt cheerful and normal. Jack stood up and waved his spear. "Take them some meat."

The boys gave Ralph and Piggy each a succulent chunk. They took the gift and ate beneath the sky of thunderous brass that rang with the storm coming. Jack waved his spear again.

"Has everybody eaten as much as they want?"

His tone conveyed a warning, given out of the pride of ownership. He rose from the log that was his throne. He looked down from behind his paint at Ralph and Piggy. Jack spoke.

"Give me a drink."

Henry brought him a shell and he drank. Power lay in the brown swell of his forearms; authority set on his shoulder and chattered in his ear like an ape.

"All sit down", Jack gave the command.

The boys ranged themselves in rows in the grass before him but Ralph and Piggy stayed a foot lower, standing on the soft sand.

"Who is going to join my tribe? I gave you food", said Jack, "and my hunters will protect you from the beast. Who will join my tribe?"

"I am chief", said Ralph, "because you chose me. And we were going to keep the fire going. Now you run after food—"

"You run yourself", shouted Jack, "look at that bone in your hands!"

Ralph went crimson.

"I said you are hunters. That was your job."

Jack ignored him again.

"Who will join my tribe and have fun?"

"I am chief" said Ralph tremendously. "And what about the fire? And I have got the conch—"

"You haven't got it with you", said Jack, sneering. "You left it behind. See, clever? And the conch doesn't count at this end of the island"

"The conch counts here too" said Ralph, "and all over the island. I will blow the conch and call an assembly."

"We shan't hear it", Jack repudiated.

There was a blink of bright light beyond the forest and the thunder exploded again. Big drops of rain fell among them making individual sounds when they struck. "Going to be a storm" said Ralph, "and you will have rain like when you dropped here. Who is clever now? Where are your shelters? What are you going to do about that?" A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The Littluns began to run about screaming. Jack leapt onto the sand. "Do our dance! Come On! Dance!"

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire. The boys followed him, clamorously. All the other boys joined in. The chant rose a tone in agony.

"kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" "Him! Him!" The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly and uncertainly. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe. The boys attacked it like a beast chanting,

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

It was crying out something about a dead man on the hill. The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the centre, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise, something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once, the crowd surged after it poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand.

Now a great wind blew the rain sideways, cascading the water from the forest trees. On the mountaintop, the parachute filled and moved; the figure slid, rose to its feet, spun, swayed down through a vastness of wet air and trod with ungainly feet the tops of high trees; falling, still falling, it sank towards the beach and the boys rushed screaming into the darkness. The parachute took the figure forward, furrowing the lagoon, and bumped it over the reef and out to sea. Towards midnight, the rain ceased and the clouds drifted away. The beast lay huddled on the pale beach and the stains spread inch by inch. The water rose further and Simon's dead body moved out towards the open Sea, where it was surrounded by a swarm of fish.

CHAPTER—10

Back on the other side, Ralph and Piggy met on the beach. Tired, injured and disturbed by the previous night's incidents, they discussed Simon. Piggy tried to stop

Ralph from thinking too much about Simon's murder and urged him to take it as a mere accident. Ralph said that he did not know what had come over him that made him participate in the murder. Piggy, Ralph and Samneric were trying to avoid mentioning the murder of Simon. They showed deliberate ignorance of the incident, each claiming to have left the feast earlier.

At Castle Rock, Robert showed Roger a new feature of Jack's camp. It was the use of a rigged log as a lever so that to tumble down the rock easily and crush down anything below. Then Robert told Roger about a boy named Wilfred, who had been tied up for hours upon the orders of the chief—Jack, for reasons unknown to anybody. Roger thought about the implications of irresponsible authority. He climbed down the rock towards the cave. He saw that Jack was nearly naked, sitting on a log. Jack was declaring tomorrow's hunt and security plan for the cave. He warned them against the intruders and the beast. Jack also decided that that night he will take the fire from the others with the help of Maurice and Roger.

In Ralph camp on the beach, Eric breathed on the wood to start the fire. Ralph, Sam and Eric went into the forest and fetched an armful of wood. Once more, the smoke rose yellow and thick. The boys became tired of wood collection and they decided to quit the job but Ralph insisted that they must keep it on. Piggy asserted that without signaling fire they would never be rescued. Upon his suggestion, it was decided that the smoke would be made only at day time. They gave up the fire that night and returned to their shelters to go to sleep. Ralph lay down carefully to the accompaniment of a long sigh from the leaves. Eric moaned something and then lay still.

"There is something moving outside."

Ralph's head prickled. Quite clearly and emphatically, and only a yard or so away from the back of the shelter, a stick cracked. The blood roared again in Ralph's ears, confused images chased each other through his mind. He could feel Piggy's head against his shoulder and the convulsive grip of hand.

"Ralph! Ralph!"

A voice whispered horribly outside. "Piggy --Piggy --"

"It's come!", gasped Piggy. "It's real!"

He clung to Ralph and reached to get his breath.

"Piggy --- come outside. I want you ---piggy."

Ralph's mouth was against Piggy's ears.

"Don't say anything."

"Piggy -- where are you Piggy?"

Something brushed against the back of the shelter. Piggy kept still for a moment. Then he had his asthma. He arched his back and crashed among the leaves with his legs. Ralph rolled away from him. Then there was a vicious snarling in the mouth of the shelter and the plunge and thump of living things. Someone tripped over Ralph and Piggy's corner became a complication of snarls and crashes and flying limbs. Ralph hit out; then he and what seemed like a dozen others were rolling over and over, hitting, biting, scratching. He was torn and jolted, found fingers in his mouth and bit them. A fist withdrew and came back like a piston, so that the whole shelter exploded into light. He began to pound the mouth below him using his clenched fist as a hammer; he hit with more and more passionate hysteria as the face became slippery. A knee jerked up between his legs and he fell sideways busing himself with his pain, and the fight rolled over him. Then the shelter collapsed with smothering finality; and the anonymous shapes fought their way out and through. Dark figures drew themselves out of the wreckage and flitted away, till the screams of the Littluns and piggy's gasps were once more audible. Ralph called out in a quavering voice.

"All you Littluns go to sleep. We've had a fight with the others. Now go to sleep." "That was Jack and his hunters" said Ralph bitterly, "Why can't they leave us alone?" The conch still glimmered by the chief's seat. Ralph gazed for a moment or two, then went back to Piggy.

"They didn't take the conch."

"I know. They didn't come for the conch. They came for something else. Ralph-- what am I going to do?"

Jack and his two boys had taken away piggy's broken glasses.

CHAPTER—11

On the beach, Ralph, Piggy and Samneric gathered around the remains of the signal fire. They tried to rekindle the fire but it was impossible without the piggy's glasses. Ralph called an assembly of the boys left in his company. He condemned the action of stealing fire by Jack and his boys. He said, "we would have given them fire if they had asked. But they stole it and the signal is out and we can't ever be rescued".

It was decided that they should go to the Castle Rock and demand for the return of piggy's glasses as it was required to light the fire for their rescue. They also decided to dress up like civilized English boys and not as savages. All except Piggy, thought that they should take the spears with them.

They set off along the beach in formation. Ralph went first, limping a little, his spear carried over one shoulder. Behind him came the twins. They said a little but trailed the butts of their wooden spears; Piggy walked between the trailing butts, therefore the conch held between his two hands. There was a tiny smudge of smoke wavering into the air on the other side of the rock. Ralph turned,

"You two follow behind. I'll go first, then Piggy, a pace behind me. Keep your spears ready." Ralph moved forward on to the neck. He kicked a stone and it bounded into the water.

"Am I safe?", quavered Piggy, "I feel awful."

High above them from the pinnacles came a sudden shout,

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Ralph bent back his head,

"You can see who I am!" he shouted, "stop being silly!"

He put the conch to his lips and began to blow. Roger was shouting.

"You mind out—see?"

At length, Ralph took his lips away and paused to get his breath back. His first words were a gasp but audible,

"Calling an assembly."

The Savages gave no response. Ralph spoke again loudly,

"I am calling an assembly."

He ran his eye over them.

"Where is Jack?"

The group of boys stirred and consulted. A painted face spoke with the voice of Robert.

"He is hunting. And he said we weren't to let you in."

A voice spoke from behind Ralph,

"What do you want?"

He turned quickly. Jack identifiable by personality and red hair was advancing from the forest. A hunter crouched on either side. All three were masked in black and green. Behind them on the grass the headless and paunched body of a ram lay where they had dropped it. Piggy wailed,

"Ralph! Don't leave me!"

The sniggering of the savages became a loud divisive need. Jack shouted above the noise, "You go away Ralph. You keep your end. This is my end and my tribe. You leave me alone." The jeering died away. you pinched Piggy's specs", said Ralph breathlessly, "You've got to give them back."

"Got to? Who says?", said Jack.

Ralph's temper blazed out.

"I say! You voted for me for chief. Didn't you hear the conch? You played a dirty trick. We would have given you fire if you had asked for it"

The blood was flowing in his cheeks.

"Ralph! Mind me!"

Jack made a rush and stabbed at Ralph's chest with his spear. Ralph sensed the position of the weapon from the glimpse he caught of Jack's arm and thrust aside with his own butt.

Then he brought the end round and caught Jack a stinger across the ear. They were chest to chest, breathing fiercely, pushing and glaring.

"Who is a thief?"

"You are!"

Jack wrenched free and swung at Ralph with his spear. The blow struck and the spear slid down to fall agonisingly on his fingers. Then they were apart once more, their positions reversed, Jack towards the Castle Rock and Ralph on the outside towards the island. Both boys were breathing very heavily.

"Come on then---"

come on-----"

Piggy reminded Ralph that they had come only to get back the fire and his spectacles. Ralph glanced towards the group of savages,

"Listen, First you have got to give back Piggy's specs. If he hasn't got them, he can't see."

The tribe of painted savages giggled. Piggy whispered,

"And the fire."

"Oh yes. Your only hope is keeping a signal fire going. As long as there is light to see, then maybe a ship will notice the smoke and come and rescue us and take us home. But without that smoke we have got to wait till some ship comes by accident. We might wait years; till we were old"

He pointed past them to where the trickle of smoke dispersed in the pearly air.

"Look at that! call that a signal fire? That's a cooking fire. Now you'll eat and there will be no smoke. Don't you understand? There may be a ship out there."

Jack looked back at Ralph and then at the twins.

"Grab them!"

No one moved. Jack shouted angrily.

"I said grab them."

The painted group moved round Samneric unhandily. Samneric protested out of the heart of civilization. Their spears were taken from them.

"Tie them up!"

The painted group felled the twins clumsily and excitedly. Jack was inspired. He knew that Ralph would attempt a rescue. Then the twins lay astonished and the tribe stood around them. Jack turned to Ralph and spoke between his teeth.

"See? They do what I want."

There was silence again. The tribe watched Ralph to see what he would do. His temper broke.

He screamed at Jack,

"You are a beast and swine and the bloody bloody thief!"

He charged. Jack charged too. Jack swung with his fist at Ralph and caught him on the ear. Ralph hit Jack in the stomach and made him grunt. Then they were facing each other again. Panting and furious, they became aware of the steady shrill cheering of the tribe behind them. Piggy's voice penetrated to Ralph.

"Let me speak."

He was standing in the dust of the fight. He shouted,

"I tell you I got the conch!"

Surprisingly, there was silence now; The tribe were curious to hear what amusing thing he might have a say.

"I got this to say. You are acting like a crowd of kids. Which is better? to be a pack of painted niggers like you are, or to be sensible like Ralph is?"

A great clamour rose among the savages. Piggy shouted again,

"Which is better—to have rules and agree or to hunt and kill?"

Ralph Shouted,

"Which is better? law and rescue or hunting and breaking things up?"

Now Jack was yelling too and Ralph could no longer make himself heard. High overhead, Roger, leaned all his weight on the lever. Ralph heard the great rock long before he saw it. He was aware of a jolt in the earth that came to him through the soles of his feet and the breaking sound of stones at the top of the cliff. Then the monstrous red thing bounded across the neck and he flung himself flat while the tribe shrieked. The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow from chin to knee; the conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy, saying nothing, with no time for

even a grunt travelled through the air sideways from the rock, turning over as he went. The rock bounded twice and was lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty feet and landed on his back across the square, red rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out and turned red. Piggy's arms and legs twitched a bit like a ram's after it has been killed. His body was gone with the wave of the sea.

Suddenly, Jack bounded out from the tribe and began screaming wildly.

"See? See? That's what you'll get! I meant that! There isn't a tribe for you anymore! The conch is gone--."

He ran forward shouting,

"I'm Chief!"

Viciously with full intention, he hurled his spear at Ralph. The point tore the skin and flesh on Ralph's ribs then sheared off and fell in the water. Ralph stumbled, feeling not pain but panic, and the tribe screaming now like the Chief, began to advance. Another spear, a bent one that would not fly straight, went past his face and one fell from on high where Roger was. The twins lay hidden behind the tribe and the anonymous devil's faces swarmed across the neck. Ralph turned and ran. A great noise of seagulls rose behind him. He obeyed an instinct that he did not know he possessed and swerved over the open space so that the spears went wide. He saw the headless body of the ram and jumped in time. Then he was crashing through foliage and small boughs and was hidden by the forest. The chief stopped by the ram, turned and held up his hands,

"Back! Back to the fort! "

Presently the tribe returned noisily to the neck where Roger joined them. The chief looked down at Samneric.

"You got to join the tribe."

" You lemme go---"

"--- and me. "

The Chief snatched one of the few spears that were left and poked Sam in the ribs.

"What do you mean by it, eh?" said the Chief fiercely. What d'you mean by coming with spears? What d'you mean by not joining my tribe? "

Samneric lay looking up in quiet terror. Roger advanced upon them as one wielding a nameless authority.

CHAPTER—12

Ralph lay in a covert, wondering about his wounds. All over, he was scratched and bruised from his flight through the forest. He was not really far from the Castle Rock. He had even glimpsed one of them stripped brown, black, and red, and had

judged that it was Bill. But really, thought Ralph, this was not Bill. This was a Savage whose image refused to blind with the ancient picture of a boy in shorts and shirt. The afternoon died away. He peered with elaborate caution between branches at the edge and could see Robert sitting on guard at the top of the Cliff. Ralph for the first time since the morning felt hungry. The tribe must be sitting round the gutted ram. He could see Robert, the watchman, being given his portion of meat. He limped away through the fruit trees. He came to the smashed acres of fruit and ate greedily. When he had eaten he went towards the beach. No fire; no smoke; no rescue. He turned and limped away through the forest towards Jack's end of the island. At length, he came to a clearing in the forest where rock prevented vegetation from growing. There, he saw a skull with all the meat and skin eaten away. It was fixed upon a stick. Fiercely, he hit out the filthy thing in front of him. He wrenched the quivering stick from the crack and held it as a spear. Then he backed away, keeping his face to the skull that lay grinning at the sky. Ralph came again to the thicket in front of Castle Rock. Peeping through, he could see that the height was still occupied, and whoever it was up there had a spear at the ready. He knelt among the shadows and felt his isolation bitterly. Tired though he was, he could not relax and fall into a well of sleep. The tribe lay there in the darkness, he knew he was an outcast,

" 'Cos I had some sense. "

There were sounds coming from behind the Castle Rock.

"kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!"

A noise near at hand made him quiver. Savages were climbing up the Castle Rock, right up to the top, and he could hear voices. Ralph put his head down on his forearms and accepted this new fact like a wound. Samneric were part of the tribe now. They were guarding the Castle Rock against him. There was no chance of rescuing them and building up an outlaw tribe at the other end of the island. Samneric were savages like the rest; Piggy was dead and the conch smashed to powder. Ralph edged forward, feeling his way over the uneven surface as though he were blind. He crawled until he found the ledge of the entry in his grasp. The lookouts were immediately above him and he could see the end of a spear projecting over the rock. He called very gently.

"Samneric -- "

There was no reply. To carry he must speak louder; and this would rouse those striped and inimical creatures from their feasting by the fire. He set his teeth and started to climb until nearly level with the twins before he spoke again.

"Samneric--- it's me. Ralph."

At length, they bent forward and peered in his face.

"We thought it was—we didn't know what it was—"

Memory of their new and shameful loyalty came to them. Eric was silent but Sam tried to do his duty.

"You got to go, Ralph. You go away now—"

He wagged his spear and essayed fierceness.

"You shove off. See?"

"I came to see you two."

Sam shifted uneasily.

"Honest, Ralph you would better go."

They bent to him and lowered their voices. when Ralph spoke again his voice was low, and seemed breathless.

"What have I done? I like him — and I wanted us to be rescued—"

Eric shook his head earnestly.

"Listen, Ralph. Never mind what's sense. That's gone—"

"They hate you Ralph, They are going to hunt you tomorrow."

"But why?"

"I don't know. we are going to spread out in a line across the island— we are going forward from this and — until we find you."

"But I have done nothing," whispered Ralph, urgently. "I only wanted to keep up a fire!"

He paused for a moment, thinking miserably of the morrow.

"When they find me, what are they going to do?"

The twins were silent.

"What are they — Oh God! I am hungry "

The twins answered his question indirectly.

"You got to go now, Ralph. Keep away as far as you can."

"Don't you come with me? Three of us—we would stand a chance."

After a moment's silence Sam spoke in a strangled voice.

"You don't know Roger. He's a terror."

Both the boys froze. Someone was climbing towards them from the tribe.

"He's coming to see if we're keeping watch. Quick, Ralph!"

"I'll lie up close; in that ticket down there." he whispered, "so keep them away from it. They'll never think to look so close—"

The footsteps were still some distance away.

"Here!" said Sam suddenly, "take this—"

Ralph felt a chunk of meat pushed against him and grabbed it.

"But what are you going to do when you catch me?"

"Roger sharpened a stick at both ends", Ralph got the answer.

Now there were voices raised on the top of the Castle Rock. Samneric were arguing with someone. Ralph chose the nearby ferns and the grass as a hiding place. He squatted in the long grass and began to tear the meat given by Sam. Meanwhile, he heard the cries of pain from Samneric, cries of panic, angry voices. It was Jack torturing one of the twins. He pulled himself between the ferns, tunneling in. He laid the stick beside him. He did not know how quickly sleep came and hurled him down a dark interior slope. When he awoke in the morning, he could hear the voices of the savages trying to search him out. Ralph picked up his stick and prepared for battle. There was a long breathless silence. Several of the boys were busy rolling rocks down the mountain so that it broke into the ticket where Ralph was hiding. And then Jack put the forest on fire to smoke Ralph out. Terrified, Ralph bolted from his hiding place fighting his way past several of Jack's hunters. They chased him through the forest wielding their Spears menacingly. Weaving through the dense underbrush, Ralph finally escaped to the beach. He collapsed there in terror and exhaustion. Jack's hunters were closely behind him.

When Ralph looked up, he was astonished to see a strange figure looming over him. It was a Naval officer standing on the sand, looking down at Ralph in wary astonishment. The officer looked at him doubtfully for a moment then took his hand away from the butt of the revolver.

"Hullo."

Squirming a little, more conscious of his filthy appearance, Ralph answered shyly.

"Hullo"

The officer nodded, as if a question had been answered.

"Are there any adults—any grown ups with you?"

Dumbly, Ralph shook his head. He turned a half pace on the sand. A semicircle of little boys, their bodies striped with coloured clay, sharp sticks in their hands, was standing on the beach making no noise at all.

"Fun and games " said the officer.

The fire reached the coconut palms by the beach and swallowed them noisily. The officer grinned cheerfully at Ralph.

"We saw your smoke. What have you been doing? Having a war or something?"

Ralph nodded. The officer inspected the little scarecrow in front of him. The kid needed a bath, haircut, a nose wipe and a good deal of ointment.

"Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead bodies?"

"Only two, and they've gone."

The officer leaned down and looked closely at Ralph.

"Two? Killed?"

Ralph nodded again. Behind him, the whole island was shuddering with flames. The officer knew, as a rule, when people were telling the truth. He whistled softly. Other boys were appearing now. One of them came close to officer and looked up.

"I'm, I'm -"

The officer turned back to Ralph.

"We'll take you off. How many of you are there?"

Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.

"Who is boss here?"

"I am", said Ralph loudly.

"We saw your smoke. And you don't know how many of you there are?"

"No, sir."

"I should have thought", said the officer as he visualised the search before him, "that a pack of British boys - you're all British, aren't you? - Would you have been able to put up a better show than that - I mean -"

"it was like that at first" said Ralph, "before things -" He stopped.

"We were together then -"

The officer nodded helpfully.

"I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral island."

Ralph began shedding tears for their early days on the island. He remembered Simon and Piggy. He wept for the loss of Innocence and for the darkness of men's heart.

The other boys also began sobbing. The officer surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed. He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together, and waited, allowing his eyes to rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

-----END-----

Glossary

Word	Meaning
ascent (n)	an upward slope or moment
abominable(adj.)	detestable
astonishment(n)	surprise
agony(n)	acute physical or mental pain.
brandished(v)	waved aggressively
bulge(n)	swell outwards
babble(v)	talk foolishly
bough(n)	branches
bunched(adj.)	gathered together in a cluster
covert(n)	covering
cascade (n)	shower
corpulent(adj.)	excessively fat
cinders(n)	a small piece of partly burnt coal or wood that has stopped giving off flames but still has combustible matter in it.
clamoured(v)	loud cries made by many people.
contemptuously(adv.)	Scornfully
corkscrew(v)	move in a zigzag way
camouflage(n)	modifying the appearance of something to hide its identity.
ceremonially(adj.)	in a formal manner
convulsive(adj.)	of violent and uncontrollable attack
carcass(n)	the dead body of a slaughtered animal.
chants(n)	uttered with intonation
creepers(n)	any plant that grows by creeping
deserted(adj.)	uninhabited
demoniac(adj.)	as if possessed by a demon

NOT FOR SALE

divisive(adj.)	dissenting
enkindle(v)	light, cause to start burning.
envisage(v)	imagine
essayed(v)	attempt ; make an effort
embarrassed(adj.)	feeling uneasy, uncomfortable because of shame or pride.
emphatically(adv.)	unquestionably
flickering(adj.)	shining unsteadily.
fatigue (n)	tiredness.
flitted(adj.)	moved quickly and secretly
formation(n)	an arrangement of people acting as a unit
gutted(adj.)	completely empty.
grunt(v)	A low animal like sound. Squeal.
give somebody heart	encourage somebody.
gasp(v)	breathe noisily with mouth open
go crimson	become excessively angry
hesitant(adj.)	reluctant, unable to decide quickly or firmly.
his legs gave beneath him	his legs were extremely weak; he was exhausted.
huddled(v)	crowded together
hysteria(n)	excessive fear
inarticulate (adj.)	without the use of words or speech
indignant(adj.)	Angered
interceded (v)	Interrupted
insanely(adv.)	in a foolish manner.
involuntarily(adv.)	against ones will, unwillingly
improvisation(n)	extempore performance
inimical(adj.)	Unfriendly
jam(v)	ram, push down forcibly

NOT FOR SALE

jolt(n)	jerk
jeering(adj.)	mocking
kindling(n)	material for starting a fire
limping(v)	walk impeded by some physical limitations or injury.
lagoon(n)	a body of water cut off from a larger body
mimic(v)	imitate a manner to ridicule a person.
mat(v)	twist together
marksmanship(n)	skill in shooting
nightmare(n)	a terrifying dream
nigger(n)	a black person
outlaw(n)	disobedient to law
plonking(v)	the noise of something dropping
parody(n)	humorous mimicry
pile(n)	heap ; a collection of something.
perception(n)	knowledge gained through senses.
pinch(v)	apprehending a criminal.
pinnacles(n)	a lofty peak
pull oneself together	regain one's self-control.
quest(v)	Search
repudiate(v)	refuse to acknowledge or obey an authority
ram(v)	strike with a heavy impact
smack(n)	a blow from an open hand or a flat object.
strides(n)	steps
scramble(v)	to move hurriedly
scree(n)	loose rocks at the base of a cliff.
startled(v)	move suddenly as if in surprise or alarm.

savage(n)	an uncivilized person.
sneak(v)	move stealthily
summon one's wits	make efforts to become calm and think more clearly
sick(n)	vomiting
scrabbling(n)	an aimless drawing
squeak(n)	a short high pitched noise
shudder(v)	shake
speck(n)	a very small spot
smothering((v)	suffocating; causing difficulty in breathing
succulent(adj.)	full of juice
stinking(adj.)	very bad.
swerve(v)	change direction abruptly.
sniggering(adj.)	a disrespectful laugh.
squirming(v)	to move in a twisting motion.
strangled(adj.)	suppressed
tusks(n)	a long pointed tooth specialized for fighting in a hog or elephant
unaccustomed(adj.)	unfamiliar with
tropical(adj.)	of hot and humid weather or climate.
timidity(n)	coward. Lack of self-confidence.
ungainly(adj.)	awkward
vicious(adj.)	marked by deep ill will.
wary(adj)	suspicious
wrench(n)	wring; twist.
weariness(n)	tiredness
whine(n)	complain in a sorrowful manner.
whoop(n)	a loud hooting cry

Reading Comprehension

Answer the Questions

- How did the boys come to the jungle island?
- What did Ralph do to attract the other boys on the island?
- Describe the scene of the arrival of Jack and his band at the place where the boys were assembled?
- What was the first issue to that arose before the boys and how was it tackled?
- How did Ralph think they would be rescued?
- What rule regarding the conch was made and why?
- Briefly describe the role of hallucinations scene from 'Lord of the Flies'.
- What is the significance of the title 'Lord of the Flies'?
- What happens to the conch and Piggy and what does it suggest?
- How are the boys rescued at the end?
- How were Ralph's priorities different from Jack's?
- What does Simon represent in the novel?
- Compare and contrast the characters of Ralph and Piggy.
- What is the purpose of the introduction of the mock-hunts in the novel?
- "Listen all of you....., we are living along the Beach by a flat Rock. We hunt and feast and have fun, if you want to join my tribe come and see us. Perhaps I will let you join perhaps not." Whose words are these and what's the occasion?
- "Authority set on his shoulder and chattered in his ear like an ape." Explain this statement of William Golding with reference to the context.
- "The fire is the most important thing. Without the fire we can't be rescued." Whose words are these? What do you say about this statement?
- What is the dominant theme of the novel "Lord of the Flies"?
- What general idea about the psychology of small children do you derive from this novel 'Lord of the Flies'?
- Explain the following symbols used in the novel:
- The conch shell, Piggy's glasses, the signal fire, the beast.

Writing Suggestions

- Write the character sketch of the following characters:
A) Ralph B) Jack C) Piggy D) Simon
- Compare and contrast the characters of Ralph and Jack.

Oral Communication

Make two large groups of the class students; one of them to act as the Ralph's group and the other as Jack's band. Give them an issue or some issues to be resolved by them. Each group should forward its suggestions and proposals regarding the issue(s).

Vocabulary and Grammar

A. Look for in a Thesaurus and tell whether each pair of words are synonyms or antonyms.

1. agree, disagree _____
2. cold, freezing _____
3. easy, difficult _____
4. argue, squabble _____
5. guess, estimate _____
6. bottom, top _____
7. tired, energetic _____
8. huge, gigantic _____
9. sink, float _____
10. windy, calm _____
11. noisy, quiet _____
12. unhappy, sad _____

B. Identify the following sentences as Simple, Compound and Complex.

1. We were playing in the garden when the guests arrived.
2. She put on her coat and went out.
3. I can't figure out what he wants.
4. You don't look happy to see me.
5. The cat saw the puppies playing in the garden.
6. She leaned out of the window.
7. You shouldn't have done this to me.
8. They tried very hard but they couldn't win the match.
9. Who let the cat in?
10. Although it was raining. we went for a walk.

C. Write the strongest word of the pair given in the parenthesis in the given blank of each sentence.

1. The flowers were _____ in the garden. (beautiful, pretty)

2. We had a _____ dinner at the restaurant. (good, delicious)
3. The glass plated _____ to the ground. (fell, crashed)
4. She _____ hello to the teacher. (said, whispered)
5. The _____ cat sat on the fence. (starving, hungry)
6. He slept on the _____ bed. (hard, firm)
7. The children will _____ out the door when the bell rings. (dash, march)
8. Salim was _____ with his brother. (cross, furious)

D. Write the indirect narration in the 'Indirect Speech column' for the sentences given in 'Direct Speech column'.

Pronoun change-Reported speech Exercise	
Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
1. He said, "I am working hard for the upcoming tests"	
2. She said, "My only wish is to become a good man"	
3. He said, "I am learning the rules of new language"	
4. I said to her, "You seem to be a nice"	
5. He said to me, "You should be responsible in your duty"	
6. Asad said, "It is a rule to obey the master"	
7. They said, "We are waiting for our brothers"	
8. I said, "I am the winner in this game"	
9. They said, "We are learning English by ourselves"	

Imperative sentences-Reported Speech Exercise

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
10. He said to his servant, "Clean the tables again"	
11. Mother said to her daughter, "Shut up! go into your room"	
12. He said to the waiter, "Bring me the detailed bill"	
13. He said, "Close the door, Raja"	
14. Father said to his son, "Get ready, we will leave quickly"	
15. I said to policemen, "please, help the poor lady"	
16. The old man said, "Please, release my son this time"	
17. She said to him, "Don't ever try to talk me"	
18. Teacher said to students, "Stand up all"	
19. He said to his son, "Avoid sitting with bad guys"	

Imperative Sentences – Reported Speech Exercise

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
20. The doctor said to him, "Stay away from junk food"	

21. I said, "Let him sleep before we leave"	
22. She said to him, "Let's meet her parents somewhere"	
23. I said to her, "Let me think before I give you any proposal."	
24. She said to her father, "Let me buy some books for Alex"	
25. I said, "Let's start reading this novel together"	
26. The teacher said, "Let's start over a new chapter."	
27. She said, "let me to be more prepared for the task."	
28. I said, "Let me find a best solution to solve this issue permanently."	
29. They said, "Let's play a game where the winner will win a gold."	
30. She said to me, "Please, let me stay here until my brother comes."	

Authors' Profile

Ali Akbar Khan

(Asst. Professor of English, Higher Education Department, KPK.)

Ali Akbar Khan has been teaching English language and literature at Intermediate, Graduate and Postgraduate levels. He has served in many positions in Higher Education Department, Government of Khyber Pakhtunkhwa and is currently serving as head of the Department of English in Degree College Lakaro District Mohmand. He has also co-authored the textbook of English for Grade X for Khyber Pakhtunkhwa Textbook Board, Peshawar.

Jaffar Ali Khan Nurar

(Senior Subject Specialist in English, E&SE. Department, KPK.)

Jaffar Ali Khan is Senior Subject Specialist, serving in Elementary and Secondary Education Department. He is MA English, MA TEFL and Master in Education with speciality in Teacher Education. He has got an ample experience of more than 20 years of teaching English at intermediate and advance levels. He has attended and conducted many workshops as Master Trainer.

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S#	Statement	Remarks
1.	Overall the book is interesting and user friendly.	
2.	The language and content of the book is age / grade appropriate and the content is free of grammatical and punctuation errors.	
3.	Content is supported with examples from real life / culture.	
4.	Contents / texts are authentic and updated.	
5.	Pictures / diagrams / graphs / illustrations are informative, relevant and clear if not, then identify them.	
6.	Activities, projects and additional work is suggested for reinforcement of concepts.	
7.	Assessment achievements are thought provoking and comprise cognitive, psychomotor and effective skills.	
8.	The textbook is easy to be covered within academic year.	

Page No.	Observation/comments	Suggested amendment along with rationale

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