

**OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 10****NAME (FIRST AND LAST):**\_\_\_\_\_ **GRADE:**\_\_\_\_\_**Summary of Chapters 3 and 4 of *Lord of the Flies*****Chapter Three: Huts on the Beach****Summary**

Chapter Three begins with Jack practising his skills as a hunter like an animal alone in the wild. When he returns to the beach, he finds Ralph and Simon struggling to build shelters; the rest of the boys are not helping as they had promised. It becomes increasingly clear that Jack and Ralph have different priorities on the island. The two boys have a tense exchange about the fact that the shelters have not been built and that Jack and the hunters have still not killed a pig. Simon reminds the boys of their fear of the 'beastie' on the island. When Ralph and Jack leave to go and continue the hunt, Simon is left to contemplate the situation on the island on his own.

**Chapter Four: Painted Faces and Long Hair****Summary**

Roger throws stones near a 'littlun' but does not hurt the boy because he remembers the rules of the adult world. Ralph and Piggy are stunned when a ship passes the island and they realize that the hunters have let the fire and smoke signal die out. Meanwhile, Jack has camouflaged his face and succeeds in killing a pig. Ralph and Piggy argue with the returning hunters about the fire and then watch enviously as the boys re-enact the pig's capture in a celebratory, tribal dance.

## Short Answer Questions

### About Chapter 3

1. How long is the sharpened stick that Jack holds with his right hand?

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2. What is Jack wearing?

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3. What is not mentionable?

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4. Who says, "But you can feel as if you're not hunting. But – being hunted; as if something's behind you all the time in the jungle"?

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5. Who says, "The best thing we can do is to get ourselves rescued"?

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### About Chapter 4

6. How does Piggy explain the strange things that happen at midday?

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7. What is the "dubious region" and who are in it?

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8. Who suffer from stomach aches and chronic diarrhoea?

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9. Who are the smallest boys on the island?

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10. Which ocean is the island in?

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11. What has Maurice done to make him feel “the unease of wrong-doing”?

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12. What is fascinating to Henry?

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13. How wide is the space around Henry into which Roger does not dare throw stones?

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14. What are the colours of Jack’s “mask”?

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**Read the following selections from William Golding’s *Lord of the Flies* and answer the questions from page 12 to 15.**

**Reading Selection 1, from Chapter 3 (page 3 and 4)**

Jack was bent double. He was down like a sprinter, his nose only a few inches from the humid earth. The tree trunks and the creepers that festooned them lost themselves in a green dusk thirty feet above him; and all about was the undergrowth. There was only the faintest indication of a trail here; a cracked twig and what might be the impression of one side of a hoof. He lowered his chin and stared at the traces as though he would force them to speak to him. Then dog-like, uncomfortably on all fours yet unheeding his discomfort, he stole forward five yards and stopped. Here was loop of creeper with a tendril pendant from a node. The tendril was polished on the underside; pigs, passing through the loop, brushed it with their bristly hide.

Jack crouched with his face a few inches away from this clue, then stared forward into the semi-darkness of the undergrowth. His sandy hair, considerably longer than it had been when they dropped in, was lighter now; and his bare back was a mass of dark freckles and peeling sunburn. A sharpened stick about five feet long trailed from his right hand; and except for a pair of tattered shorts held up by his knife-belt he was naked. He closed his eyes, raised his head and breathed in gently with flared nostrils, assessing the current of warm air for information. The forest and he were very still.

At length he let out his breath in a long sigh and opened his eyes. They were bright blue, eyes that in this frustration seemed bolting and nearly mad. He passed his tongue across dry lips and scanned the uncommunicative forest. Then again he stole forward and cast this way and that over the ground.

The silence of the forest was more oppressive than the heat, and at this hour of the day there was not even the whine of insects. Only when Jack himself roused a gaudy bird from a primitive nest of sticks was the silence shattered and echoes set ringing by a harsh cry that seemed to come out of the abyss of ages. Jack himself shrank at this cry with a hiss of indrawn breath; and for a minute became less a hunter than a furtive thing, ape-like among the tangle of trees. Then the trail, the frustration, claimed him again and he searched the ground avidly. By the bole of a vast tree that grew pale flowers on a grey trunk he checked, closed his eyes, and once more drew in the warm air; and this time his breath came short, there was even a passing pallor in his face, and then the surge of blood again. He passed like a shadow under the darkness of the tree and crouched, looking down at the trodden ground at his feet.

**Reading Selection 2, from Chapter 3 (page 5 to 8)**

Ralph turned to the shelter and lifted a branch with a whole tiling of leaves.

The leaves came apart and fluttered down. Simon's contrite face appeared in the hole.

"Sorry."

Ralph surveyed the wreck with distaste.

"Never get it done."

He flung himself down at Jack's feet. Simon remained, looking out of the hole in the shelter. Once down, Ralph explained.

"Been working for days now. And look!"

Two shelters were in position, but shaky. This one was a ruin.

"And they keep running off. You remember the meeting? How everyone was going to work hard until the shelters were finished?"

"Except me and my hunters——"

"Except the hunters. Well, the littluns are——"

He gesticulated, sought for a word.

"They're hopeless. The older ones aren't much better. D'you see? All day I've been working with Simon. No one else. They're off bathing, or eating, or playing."

Simon poked his head out carefully.

"You're chief. You tell 'em off."

Ralph lay flat and looked up at the palm trees and the sky.

"Meetings. Don't we love meetings? Every day. Twice a day. We talk." He got on one elbow. "I bet if I blew the conch this minute, they'd come running. Then we'd be, you know, very solemn, and someone would say we ought to build a jet, or a submarine, or a TV set. When the meeting was over they'd work for five minutes then wander off or go hunting."

Jack flushed.

"We want meat."

"Well, we haven't got any yet. And we want shelters. Besides, the rest of your hunters came back hours ago. They've been swimming."

"I went on," said Jack. "I let them go. I had to go on. I—"

He tried to convey the compulsion to track down and kill that was swallowing him up.

"I went on. I thought, by myself—"

The madness came into his eyes again.

"I thought I might kill."

"But you didn't."

"I thought I might."

Some hidden passion vibrated in Ralph's voice.

"But you haven't yet."

His invitation might have passed as casual, were it not for the undertone.

"You wouldn't care to help with the shelters, I suppose?"

"We want meat—"

"And we don't get it"

Now the antagonism was audible.

"But I shall! Next time! I've got to get a barb on this spear! We wounded a pig and the spear fell out. If we could only make barbs—"

"We need shelters."

Suddenly Jack shouted in rage.

"Are you accusing—"

"All I'm saying is we've worked dashed hard. That's all." They were both red in the face and found looking at each other difficult. Ralph rolled on his stomach and began to play with the grass.

"If it rains like when we dropped in we'll need shelters all right. And

then another thing. We need shelters because of the——”

He paused for a moment and they both pushed their anger away. Then he went on with the safe, changed subject.

“You’ve noticed, haven’t you?”

Jack put down his spear and squatted.

“Noticed what?”

“Well. They’re frightened.”

He rolled over and peered into Jack’s fierce, dirty face.

“I mean the way things are. They dream. You can hear ’em. Have you been awake at night?”

Jack shook his head.

“They talk and scream. The littluns. Even some of the others. As if——”

“As if it wasn’t a good island.”

Astonished at the interruption, they looked up at Simon’s serious face.

“As if”, said Simon, “the beastie, the beastie or the snake-thing, was real. Remember?”

The two older boys flinched when they heard the shameful syllable. Snakes were not mentioned now, were not mentionable.

“As if this wasn’t a good island,” said Ralph slowly. “Yes, that’s right.”

Jack sat up and stretched out his legs.

“They’re batty.”

“Crackers. Remember when we went exploring?”

They grinned at each other, remembering the glamour of the first day. Ralph went on.

“So we need shelters as a sort of——”

“Home.”

“That’s right.”

Jack drew up his legs, clasped his knees, and frowned in an effort to



attain clarity.

“All the same—in the forest. I mean when you’re hunting—not when you’re getting fruit, of course, but when you’re on your own——”

He paused for a moment, not sure if Ralph would take him seriously.

“Go on.”

“If you’re hunting sometimes you catch yourself feeling as if——” He flushed suddenly.

“There’s nothing in it of course. Just a feeling. But you can feel as if you’re not hunting, but—being hunted; as if something’s behind you all the time in the jungle.”

They were silent again: Simon intent, Ralph incredulous and faintly indignant. He sat up, rubbing one shoulder with a dirty hand.

“Well, I don’t know.”

Jack leapt to his feet and spoke very quickly.

“That’s how you can feel in the forest. Of course there’s nothing in it. Only—only——”

He took a few rapid steps towards the beach, then came back.

“Only I know how they feel. See? That’s all.”

“The best thing we can do is get ourselves rescued.”

Jack had to think for a moment before he could remember what rescue was.

“Rescue? Yes, of course! All the same, I’d like to catch a pig first——” He snatched up his spear and dashed it into the ground. The opaque, mad look came into his eyes again. Ralph looked at him critically through his tangle of fair hair.

“So long as your hunters remember the fire——”

“You and your fire!”



**Reading Selection 3, from Chapter 4 (page 9 to 12)**

Roger waited too. At first he had hidden behind a great palm bole; but Henry's absorption with the transparencies was so obvious that at last he stood out in full view. He looked along the beach. Percival had gone off, crying, and Johnny was left in triumphant possession of the castles. He sat there, crooning to himself and throwing sand at an imaginary Percival. Beyond him, Roger could see the platform and the glints of spray where Ralph and Simon and Piggy and Maurice were diving in the pool. He listened carefully but could only just hear them.

A sudden breeze shook the fringe of palm trees, so that the fronds tossed and fluttered. Sixty feet above Roger, a cluster of nuts, fibrous lumps as big as rugby balls, were loosed from their stems. They fell about him with a series of hard thumps and he was not touched. Roger did not consider his escape, but looked from the nuts to Henry and back again.

The subsoil beneath the palm trees was a raised beach; and generations of palms had worked loose in this the stones that had lain on the sands of another shore. Roger stooped, picked up a stone, aimed, and threw it at Henry—threw it to miss. The stone, that token of preposterous time, bounced five yards to Henry's right and fell in the water. Roger gathered a handful of stones and began to throw them. Yet there was a space round Henry, perhaps six yards in diameter, into which he dare not throw. Here, invisible yet strong, was the taboo of the old life. Round the squatting child was the protection of parents and school and policemen and the law.

Roger's arm was conditioned by a civilization that knew nothing of him and was in ruins.

Henry was surprised by the plopping sounds in the water. He abandoned the noiseless transparencies and pointed at the centre of the spreading rings like a setter. This side and that the stones fell, and Henry turned obediently but always too late to see the stones in the air. At last he saw one and laughed, looking for the friend who was teasing him. But Roger had whipped behind the palm bole again, was leaning against it breathing quickly, his eyelids fluttering. Then Henry lost interest in stones and wandered off.

"Roger."

Jack was standing under a tree about ten yards away. When Roger opened his eyes and saw him, a darker shadow crept beneath the swarthinness of his skin; but Jack noticed nothing. He was eager, impatient, beckoning, so that Roger went to him.

There was a pool at the end of the river, a tiny mere dammed back by sand and full of white water-lilies and needle-like reeds. Here Sam and Eric were waiting, and Bill. Jack, concealed from the sun, knelt by the pool and opened the two large leaves that he carried. One of them contained white clay, and the other red. By them lay a stick of charcoal brought down from the fire.

Jack explained to Roger as he worked.

"They don't smell me. They see me, I think. Something pink, under the trees."

He smeared on the clay.

"If only I'd some green!"

He turned a half-concealed face up to Roger and answered the incomprehension of his gaze.

“For hunting. Like in the war. You know—dazzle paint. Like things trying to look like something else——”

He twisted in the urgency of telling.

“—like moths on a tree trunk.”

Roger understood and nodded gravely. The twins moved towards Jack and began to protest timidly about something. Jack waved them away.

“Shut up.”

He rubbed the charcoal stick between the patches of red and white on his face.

“No. You two come with me.”

He peered at his reflection and disliked it. He bent down, took up a double handful of lukewarm water and rubbed the mess from his face. Freckles and sandy eyebrows appeared.

Roger smiled, unwillingly.

“You don’t half look a mess.”

Jack planned his new face. He made one cheek and one eye-socket white, then he rubbed red over the other half of his face and slashed a black bar of charcoal across from right ear to left jaw. He looked in the mere for his reflection, but his breathing troubled the mirror.

“Samneric. Get me a coco-nut. An empty one.”

He knelt, holding the shell of water. A rounded patch of sunlight fell on his face and a brightness appeared in the depths of the water. He looked in astonishment, no longer at himself but at an awesome stranger. He spilt the water and leapt to his feet, laughing excitedly. Beside the mere, his sinewy body held up a mask that drew their eyes and appalled them. He began to dance and his laughter became a bloodthirsty snarling. He capered towards Bill, and the mask was a thing on its own, behind which Jack hid, liberated from shame and self-consciousness. The face of red and

white and black, swung through the air and jiggled towards Bill. Bill started up laughing; then suddenly he fell silent and blundered away through the bushes.

Jack rushed towards the twins.

“The rest are making a line. Come on!”

“But——”

“—we——”

“Come on! I’ll creep up and stab——”

The mask compelled them.

**Refer back to the selections in the previous pages to help you answer the questions below. Feel free to use evidence/examples from other parts of the novel. Try to fill up all the lines provided. Try to sound as coherent and analytical as you can. Structure your responses whenever possible, beginning with a point (topic sentence), followed by a discussion of evidence/examples/details that support your point, and then ending with a clincher sentence.**

### **Selection 1**

- i. What does the selection reveal about Jack? (Consider if, and how, his character has evolved since Chapter One.)

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- ii. How and why does Golding build up tension when Jack is hunting? Predict what event(s) this description could foreshadow later on in the novel.

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**Selection 2**

- i. How does Golding create a sense of conflict between Jack and Ralph through his use of language? Why do they argue?

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- ii. What are the priorities of the other children?

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- iii. In what ways are the thoughts and feelings of Jack and Ralph similar? What is the significance of their differing obsessions?

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- iv. What might Jack and Ralph's different priorities on the island represent in terms of human nature?

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### **Selection 3**

- i. Roger's behavior highlights a menacing undertone in the novel. How does the description of Roger's behavior create a sense of tension and even horror?

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- ii. What is the effect of the mask on both Jack and the other characters?

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## WRITING SKILLS

### WRITING UNIFIED PARAGRAPHS

#### **Key Information**

In a unified paragraph all the sentences relate to its stated or unstated main idea. Supporting details might be **sensory details, examples** or **incidents, facts** and **statistics**, or **reasons**.

#### ■ **A. Choosing Details According to Purpose**

For each of the following main ideas, write two detail sentences based on the idea in parentheses.

1. The United States is the best place in the world to live. (reasons)

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2. Some people see me as a \_\_\_\_\_ person, but I'm really \_\_\_\_\_. (examples/incidents)

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- B. Write a paragraph on any topic based on your reading of *The Maze Runner* or *Lord of the Flies* so far. Include a topic sentence and detail sentences that develop the topic using at least one of the four kinds of supporting details. You may use your responses in this homework as raw material to build your paragraph.



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**THE END**