

**OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 12****NAME (FIRST AND LAST):**\_\_\_\_\_ **GRADE:**\_\_\_\_\_**Summary of Chapters 7 and 8 of *Lord of the Flies*****Chapter Seven: Shadows and Tall Trees****Summary**

Ralph is starting to give up on the idea of ever being able to escape from the island. Simon reassures Ralph that he will get home. That afternoon, the hunters find pig droppings and Jack suggests they hunt the pig. The boys track a large boar and chase it. The boar escapes, but the boys are thrilled with the chase and re-enact the scene with Robert as the pig. Jack challenges Ralph to continue the hunt for the beast and he eventually agrees. Ralph, Roger and Jack start to climb the mountain. Jack claims to have seen the beast, which Ralph and Roger then confirm. The three boys flee from the mountain-top in terror.

**Chapter Eight: Gift for the Darkness****Summary**

Jack calls an assembly using the conch. He tells the others about 'the beast' and claims that Ralph is a coward and should no longer be the leader. The other boys refuse to vote Ralph out of power and Jack leaves the group in tears. Piggy suggests to Ralph that they build a new fire on the beach whilst many of the older boys leave to join Jack's group. Jack declares himself the chief of the new tribe and they kill a sow, leaving the head as an offering to the beast. Jack's group steal fire from Ralph's group and invite them to their feast. Meanwhile, Simon has slipped away from the group and finds the pig's head, which speaks to Simon as the 'Lord of the Flies', terrifying Simon into a faint.

## Short Answer Questions

### About Chapter 7

1. Who has rock painfully gripped in both hands? \_\_\_\_\_
  2. Who reassures Ralph that he will return to where he comes from? \_\_\_\_\_
  3. Why does Robert squeal at first in mock terror, and then in real pain?
- 

### About Chapter 8

1. Who says, "Boys armed with sticks"? \_\_\_\_\_
  2. Who blows the conch "unexpertly"? \_\_\_\_\_
  3. Who is accused of saying that the hunters are "no good"? \_\_\_\_\_
  4. Who has the "the intellectual daring to suggest moving the fire from the mountain?" \_\_\_\_\_
  5. Why is Piggy "so full of delight...so full of pride in his contribution to the good of society, that he helped to fetch wood"?
- 

6. What solution does Jack give for making a fire to cook the pig?
- 

7. "Instinctively the boys drew back too; and the forest was very still." What just happened?
- 

8. According to Jack, what purpose does the sow's head serve?
- 

9. "The half-shut eyes were dim with the infinite \_\_\_\_\_ of adult life."

10. "Run away, said the \_\_\_\_\_ silently, go back to the others."

11. "After a while these \_\_\_\_\_ found

\_\_\_\_\_. Gorged, they alighted by his runnels of sweat and drank. They tickled under his nostrils and played leap-frog on his thighs. They were black and iridescent green and without number; and in front of

\_\_\_\_\_, the \_\_\_\_\_ hung on his stick and grinned."

12. Which word is a taboo evolving around too? \_\_\_\_\_

13. Who says, "Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!"

14. Who or what speaks in the voice of a schoolmaster? \_\_\_\_\_

15. "\_\_\_\_\_ was inside the mouth. He fell down and lost consciousness." Whose mouth is this? \_\_\_\_\_

**Read the following selections and answer the questions from page 8 to 9.**

### **Reading Selection 1, from Chapter 7**

Once, following his father from Chatham to Devonport, they had lived in a cottage on the edge of the moors. In the succession of houses that Ralph had known, this one stood out with particular clarity because after that house he had been sent away to school. Mummy had still been with them and Daddy had come home every day. Wild ponies came to the stone wall at the

bottom of the garden, and it had snowed. Just behind the cottage there was a sort of shed and you could lie up there, watching the flakes swirl past. You could see the damp spot where each flake died; then you could mark the first flake that lay down without melting and watch the whole ground turn white. You could go indoors when you were cold and look out of the window, past that bright copper kettle and the plate with the little blue men—

When you went to bed there was a bowl of cornflakes with sugar and cream. And the books—they stood on the shelf by the bed, leaning together with always two or three laid flat on top because he had not bothered to put them back properly. They were dog-eared and scratched. There was the bright, shining one about Topsy and Mopsy that he never read because it was about two girls; there was the one about the Magician which you read with a kind of tied-down terror, skipping page twenty-seven with the awful picture of the spider; there was a book about people who had dug things up, Egyptian things; there was the *Boy's Book of Trains*, *The Boy's Book of Ships*. Vividly they came before him; he could have reached up and touched them, could feel the weight and slow slide with which the *Mammoth Book for Boys* would come out and slither down.... Everything was all right; everything was good-humoured and friendly.

## Selection 2 (re-enactment of the hunt at the end of Chapter 4)

Slowly the silence on the mountain-top deepened till the click of the fire and the soft hiss of roasting meat could be heard clearly. Jack looked round for understanding but found only respect. Ralph stood among the ashes of the signal fire, his hands full of meat, saying nothing.

Then at last Maurice broke the silence. He changed the subject to the only one that could bring the majority of them together.

“Where did you find the pig?”

Roger pointed down the unfriendly side.

“They were there—by the sea.”

Jack, recovering, could not bear to have his story told. He broke in quickly.

“We spread round. I crept, on hands and knees. The spears fell out because they hadn’t barbs on. The pig ran away and made an awful noise——”

“It turned back and ran into the circle, bleeding——”

All the boys were talking at once, relieved and excited.

“We closed in——”

The first blow had paralysed its hind quarters, so then the circle could close in and beat and beat—

“I cut the pig’s throat——”

The twins, still sharing their identical grin, jumped up and ran round each other. Then the rest joined in, making pig-dying noises and shouting.

“One for his nob!”

“Give him a fourpenny one!”

Then Maurice pretended to be the pig and ran squealing into the centre, and the hunters, circling still, pretended to beat him. As they danced, they sang.

*“Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Bash her in.”*

Ralph watched them, envious and resentful. Not till they flagged and the chant died away, did he speak.

“I’m calling an assembly.”

One by one, they halted, and stood watching him.

“With the conch. I’m calling a meeting even if we have to go on into the dark. Down on the platform. When I blow it. Now.”

He turned away and walked off, down the mountain.

## Selection 3, from Chapter 7

“I hit him,” said Ralph indignantly. “I hit him with my spear, I wounded him.”

He tried for their attention.

“He was coming along the path. I threw, like this——”

Robert snarled at him. Ralph entered into the play and everybody laughed. Presently they were all jabbing at Robert who made mock rushes.

Jack shouted.

“Make a ring!”

The circle moved in and round. Robert squealed in mock terror, then in real pain.

“Ow! Stop it! You’re hurting!”

The butt end of a spear fell on his back as he blundered among them.

“Hold him!”

They got his arms and legs. Ralph, carried away by a sudden thick excitement, grabbed Eric’s spear and jabbed at Robert with it.

"Kill him! Kill him!"

All at once, Robert was screaming and struggling with the strength of frenzy. Jack had him by the hair and was brandishing his knife. Behind him was Roger, fighting to get close. The chant rose ritually, as at the last moment of a dance or a hunt.

*"Kill the pig! Cut his throat! Kill the pig! Bash him in!"*

Ralph too was fighting to get near, to get a handful of that brown, vulnerable flesh. The desire to squeeze and hurt was over-mastering.

Jack's arm came down; the heaving circle cheered and made pig-dying noises. Then they lay quiet, panting, listening to Robert's frightened snivels. He wiped his face with a dirty arm, and made an effort to retrieve his status.

"Oh, my bum!"

He rubbed his rump ruefully. Jack rolled over.

"That was a good game."

"Just a game," said Ralph uneasily. "I got jolly badly hurt at rugger once."

"We ought to have a drum," said Maurice, "then we could do it properly."

Ralph looked at him.

"How properly?"

"I dunno. You want a fire, I think, and a drum, and you keep time to the drum."

"You want a pig," said Roger, "like in a real hunt."

"Or someone to pretend," said Jack. "You could get someone to dress up as a pig and then he could act—you know, pretend to knock me over and all that—"

"You want a real pig," said Robert, still caressing his rump, "because you've got to kill him."

"Use a littlun," said Jack, and everybody laughed.

#### Selection 4, two "Simon" sections from Chapter 8

i.

Simon had passed through the area of fruit trees but to-day the littluns had been too busy with the fire on the beach and they had not pursued him there. He went on among the creepers until he reached the great mat that was woven by the open space and crawled inside. Beyond the screen of leaves the sunlight pelted down and the butterflies danced in the middle their unending dance. He knelt down and the arrow of the sun fell on him. That other time the air had seemed to vibrate with heat; but now it threatened. Soon the sweat was running from his long coarse hair. He shifted restlessly but there was no avoiding the sun. Presently he was thirsty, and then very thirsty.

He continued to sit.

ii.

Simon stayed where he was, a small brown image, concealed by the leaves. Even if he shut his eyes the sow's head still remained like an after-image. The half-shut eyes were dim with the infinite cynicism of adult life. They assured Simon that everything was a bad business.

"I know that."

Simon discovered that he had spoken aloud. He opened his eyes quickly and there was the head grinning amusedly in the strange daylight, ignoring the flies, the spilled guts, even ignoring the indignity of being spiked on a stick.

He looked away, licking his dry lips.

A gift for the beast. Might not the beast come for it? The head, he thought, appeared to agree with him. Run away, said the head silently, go back to the others. It was a joke really—why should you bother? You were just wrong, that's all. A little headache, something you ate, perhaps. Go back, child, said the head silently.

Simon looked up, feeling the weight of his wet hair, and gazed at the sky. Up there, for once, were clouds, great bulging towers that sprouted away over the island, grey and cream and copper-coloured. The clouds were sitting on the land; they squeezed, produced moment by moment, this close, tormenting heat. Even the butterflies deserted the open space where the obscene thing grinned and dripped. Simon lowered his head, carefully keeping his eyes shut, then sheltered them with his hand. There were no shadows under the trees but everywhere a pearly stillness, so that what was real seemed illusive and without definition. The pile of guts was a black blob of flies that buzzed like a saw. After a while these flies found Simon. Gorged, they alighted by his runnels of sweat and drank. They tickled under his nostrils and played leap-frog on his thighs. They were black and iridescent green and without number; and in front of Simon, the Lord of the Flies hung on his stick and grinned. At last Simon gave up and looked back; saw the white teeth and dim eyes, the blood—and his gaze was held by that ancient, inescapable recognition. In Simon's right temple, a pulse began to beat on the brain.



## Selection 5, from Chapter 8

"You are a silly little boy," said the Lord of the Flies, "just an ignorant, silly little boy."

Simon moved his swollen tongue but said nothing.

"Don't you agree?" said the Lord of the Flies. "Aren't you just a silly little boy?"

Simon answered him in the same silent voice.

"Well then," said the Lord of the Flies, "you'd better run off and play with the others. They think you're batty. You don't want Ralph to think you're batty, do you? You like Ralph a lot, don't you? And Piggy, and Jack?"

Simon's head was tilted slightly up. His eyes could not break away and the Lord of the Flies hung in space before him.

"What are you doing out here all alone? Aren't you afraid of me?"

Simon shook.

"There isn't anyone to help you. Only me. And I'm the Beast."

Simon's mouth laboured, brought forth audible words.

"Pig's head on a stick."

"Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!" said the head. For a moment or two the forest and all the other dimly appreciated places echoed with the parody of laughter.

"You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, close, close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are?"

The laughter shivered again.

"Come now," said the Lord of the Flies. "Get back to the others and we'll forget the whole thing."

Simon's head wobbled. His eyes were half-closed as though he were imitating the obscene thing on the stick. He knew that one of his times was coming on. The Lord of the Flies was expanding like a balloon.

"This is ridiculous. You know perfectly well you'll only meet me down there—so don't try to escape!"

Simon's body was arched and stiff. The Lord of the Flies spoke in the voice of a schoolmaster.

"This has gone quite far enough. My poor, misguided child, do you think you know better than I do?"

There was a pause.

"I'm warning you. I'm going to get waxy. D'you see? You're not wanted. Understand? We are going to have fun on this island. Understand? We are going to have fun on this island! So don't try it on, my poor misguided boy, or else—"

Simon found he was looking into a vast mouth. There was blackness within, a blackness that spread.

"—Or else," said the Lord of the Flies, "we shall do you. See? Jack and Roger and Maurice and Robert and Bill and Piggy and Ralph. Do you. See?"

Simon was inside the mouth. He fell down and lost consciousness.

**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**

Whilst Jack “was in charge of the hunt,” Ralph daydreams about home, “Mummy had still been with them and Daddy had come home every day.” What is the significance of the flashback?

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Selection 2 and 3**

What has changed between the re-enactment of the hunt at the end of Chapter Four and the one in this chapter?

---

---

---

---

---

---



**Selection 4**

Explore the significance of Simon's solitary journey in the jungle. (Can Simon be seen as a Christ-like figure?)

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Selection 5**

What does Simon's interaction with the Lord of the Flies mean? Is it a hallucination or a dream? Is he communing with nature? Is the Lord of the Flies the voice of the island? Why does Simon faint at the end of this interaction? What do you think the function of the Lord of the Flies is?

---

---

---

---

---

---

## GRAMMAR

### ADJECTIVE AND ADVERB CLAUSES

- An **adjective clause** is a subordinate clause that modifies a noun or a pronoun. It answers the adjective questions Which one? Or What kind? It usually modifies the word directly preceding it. Most adjective clauses begin with a **relative pronoun**. A relative pronoun relates an adjective clause to the noun or pronoun that the clause modifies. Who, whom, whose, which, and that are relative pronouns.

EXAMPLE: Never take chances with ice **that isn't frozen**.  
adjective clause

- An **adverb clause** is a subordinate clause that modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. It answers the adverb question How? Under what condition? Or Why? Words that introduce adverb clauses are called **subordinating conjunctions**. The many subordinating conjunctions include such words as when, after, before, since, although, and because.

EXAMPLE: We departed **when the speeches were over**.  
adverb clause

**A. Underline the subordinate clause. Then write adjective or adverb on the line.**

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. John Franklin was an explorer who lost his life in the Arctic.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. The writer who wrote this book won the Giller Prize.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. He was late because his car broke down.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Scrub the floor when you are finished the baking.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. The dog growled at the shadow that looked real.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Nothing has happened since you left.

**B. Add a subordinate clause beginning with the word in parentheses to each independent clause below.**

1. We travelled to Thailand (after) \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. A museum is a place (where) \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. The man died (before) \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## COMPOUND SENTENCES

When writing, it's a good idea to use a variety of sentence lengths and types. When there are too many short sentences, the writing can seem very jerky. One way to correct this problem is by combining short sentences to create a longer compound sentence.

- A **compound sentence** consists of two or more independent clauses. The clauses are joined by using conjunctions such as or, and, or but.

EXAMPLE:

**Two simple sentences:** I don't know where he went. No one has seen him since this morning.

**Combined into a compound sentence:** I don't know where he went, and no one has seen him since this morning.

Combine the simple sentences below to create compound sentences.

1. James Rederfree was born in the West Indies. James Rederfree spent most of his life in Ottawa.

---



---

2. Harriet could not see any pedestrians. Harriet drove through the intersection.

---

3. So Oscar agreed. Oscar set off to visit Emma and Monique.

---

4. Before leaving she walked around the office. Then she turned off the light and closed the door.

---



---

5. The trail lay buried under a thick blanket of snow. The tracker could still follow it perfectly.

---



---

**THE END**