

**OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 11****NAME (FIRST AND LAST):**\_\_\_\_\_ **GRADE:**\_\_\_\_\_**Summary of Chapters 5 and 6 of *Lord of the Flies*****Chapter Five: Beast from Water****Summary**

As he walks along the beach, Ralph thinks about the qualities a chief needs and how he can fulfil the role. He holds an assembly to try to get everyone to take their responsibilities seriously; he insists they keep the fire going in the hope of being rescued. The 'littluns' voice their fears about 'the beast' and it becomes apparent that they are very frightened, especially Percival. Jack decides that he and his hunters will search for the beast. He quarrels with Piggy before breaking up the assembly. Most of the boys follow him, except for Ralph, Piggy and Simon who are left alone on the beach.

**Chapter Six: Beast from Air****Summary**

During the night a dead aircrew member drops down by parachute into the trees. None of the boys see this. Sam and Eric, who are supposed to be watching the fire, fall asleep. When they wake up they believe they have seen 'the beast' and run back to the camp. The boys go on a hunt for the beast and discover a part of the island where they have not been before. They are initially scared but then want to build a fort and play in what they call 'Castle Rock'. Ralph reminds them that they have to go back and build the fire.

## Short Answer Questions

### About Chapter 5

1. Ralph learns that certain “fundamental statements” have to be said at least twice. What is one such statement?

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2. How many boys built the second shelter? \_\_\_\_\_

3. Who built the third shelter? \_\_\_\_\_

4. What have the rocks “right along beyond the bathing-pool” become for the boys?

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5. Why does the Ralph tell the littluns to avoid the fruit if they have “taken short”?

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6. At the assembly, what does Ralph say is the most important thing on the island?

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7. What two instructions does Ralph give about the fire?

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8. Where does Ralph place the conch to show ceremonially that the speech is over?

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9. Who says, “Serve you right if something did get you, you useless lot of cry-babies!” and to whom is this said?

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10. Who reminds the littluns of their personal sorrows?

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11. “The word, that \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ world, was slipping away.” (Fill in the blanks)

### About Chapter 6

1. “But a sign came down from the world of grown-ups, though at the time there was no child awake to read it.” What is this sign?
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2. Who are on the duty at the fire?
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3. What causes the twins to tighten their grip on each other’s arms?
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4. What do Jack and Ralph forget in the excitement of exploration?
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**Read the following selections from William Golding’s *Lord of the Flies* and answer the questions from page 11 to 12.**

### Reading Selection 1, from Chapter 5 (page 3 to 8)

No one said anything but the faces turned to Ralph were intent. He flourished the conch. He had learnt as a practical business that fundamental statements like this had to be said at least twice, before everyone understood them. One had to sit, attracting all eyes to the conch, and drop words like heavy round stones among the little groups that crouched or squatted. He was searching his mind for simple words so that even the littluns would understand what the assembly was about. Later perhaps, practised debaters—Jack, Maurice, Piggy—would use their whole art to twist the meeting: but now at the beginning the subject of the debate must be laid out clearly.

“We need an assembly. Not for fun. Not for laughing and falling off the log”—the group of littluns on the twister giggled and looked at each other—“not for making jokes, or for”—he lifted the conch in an effort to find the compelling word—“for cleverness. Not for these things. But to put things straight.”

He paused for a moment.

"I've been along. By myself I went, thinking what's what. I know what we need. An assembly to put things straight. And first of all, I'm speaking."

He paused for a moment and automatically pushed back his hair. Piggy tiptoed to the triangle, his ineffectual protest made, and joined the others.

Ralph went on.

"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 coco-nut shells under fresh leaves. So it was, for a few days. Now there's no water. The shells are dry. People drink from the river."

There was a murmur of assent.

"Not that there's anything wrong with drinking from the river. I mean I'd sooner have water from that place—you know—the pool where the waterfall is—than out of an old coco-nut shell. Only we said we'd have the water brought. And now not. There were only two full shells there this afternoon."

He licked his lips.

"Then there's huts. Shelters."

The murmur swelled again and died away.

"You mostly sleep in shelters. To-night, except for Samneric up by the fire, you'll all sleep there. Who built the shelters?"

Clamour rose at once. Everyone had built the shelters. Ralph had to wave the conch once more.

"Wait a minute! I mean, who built all three? We all built the first one, four of us the second one, and me 'n Simon built the last one over there. That's why it's so tottery. No. Don't laugh. That shelter might fall down if the rain comes back. We'll need those shelters then."

He paused and cleared his throat.

“There’s 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.”

There were sniggers here and there and swift glances.

“Now people seem to use anywhere. Even near the shelters and the platform. You littluns, when you’re getting fruit; if you’re taken short——”

The assembly roared.

“I said if you’re taken short you keep away from the fruit. That’s dirty.”

Laughter rose again.

“I said that’s dirty!”

He plucked at his stiff, grey shirt.

“That’s really dirty. If you’re taken short you go right along the beach to the rocks. See?”

Piggy held out his hands for the conch but Ralph shook his head. This speech was planned, point by point.

“We’ve all got to use the rocks again. This place is getting dirty.” He paused. The assembly, sensing a crisis, was tensely expectant. “And then: about the fire.”

Ralph let out his spare breath with a little gasp that was echoed by his audience. Jack started to chip a piece of wood with his knife and whispered something to Robert, who looked away.

“The fire is the most important thing on the island. How can we ever be rescued except by luck, if we don’t keep a fire going? Is a fire too much for us to make?”

He flung out an arm.

“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—ought to

die before we let 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 pig, 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."

He paused, feeling for his next point.

"And another thing."

Someone called out.

"Too many things."

There came mutters of agreement. Ralph overrode them.

"And another thing. We nearly set the whole island on fire. And we waste time, rolling rocks, and making little cooking fires. Now I say this and make it a rule, because I'm chief. We won't have a fire anywhere but on the mountain. Ever."

There was a row immediately. 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."

Hands were reaching for the conch in the light of the setting sun. He held on and leapt on the trunk.

"All this I meant to say. Now I've said it. You voted me for chief. Now you do what I say."

They quietened, slowly, and at last were seated again. Ralph dropped down and spoke in his ordinary voice.

"So remember. The rocks for a lavatory. Keep the fire going and smoke showing as a signal. Don't take fire from the mountain. Take your food up

there.”

Jack stood up, scowling in the gloom, and held out his hands.

“I haven’t finished yet.”

“But you’ve talked and talked!”

“I’ve got the conch.”

Jack sat down, grumbling.

“Then the last thing. This is what people can talk about.”

He waited till the platform was very still.

“Things are breaking up. I don’t understand why. We began well; we were happy. And then——”

He moved the conch gently, looking beyond them at nothing, remembering the beastie, the snake, the fire, the talk of fear.

“Then people started getting frightened.”

A murmur, almost a moan, rose and passed away. Jack had stopped whittling. Ralph went on, abruptly.

“But that’s littluns’ talk. We’ll get that straight. So the last part, the bit we can all talk about, is kind of deciding on the fear.”

The hair was creeping into his eyes again.

“We’ve got to talk about this fear and decide there’s nothing in it. I’m frightened myself, sometimes; only that’s nonsense! Like bogies. Then, when we’ve decided, we can start again and be careful about things like the fire.” A picture of three boys walking along the bright beach flitted through his mind. “And be happy.”

Ceremonially, Ralph laid the conch on the trunk beside him as a sign that the speech was over. What sunlight reached them was level.

Jack stood up and took the conch.

“So this is a meeting to find out what’s what. I’ll tell you what’s what. You littluns started all this, with the fear talk. Beasts! Where from? Of



course we're frightened sometimes but we put up with being frightened. Only Ralph says you scream in the night. What does that mean but nightmares? Anyway, you don't hunt or build or help—you're a lot of cry-babies and sissies. That's what. And as for the fear—you'll have to put up with that like the rest of us."

Ralph looked at Jack open-mouthed, but Jack took no notice.

"The thing is—fear can't hurt you any more than a dream. There aren't any beasts to be afraid of on this island." He looked along the row of whispering littluns. "Serve you right if something did get you, you useless lot of cry-babies! But there is no animal——"

Ralph interrupted him testily.

"What is all this? Who said anything about an animal?"

"You did, the other day. You said they dream and cry out. Now they talk—not only the littluns, but my hunters sometimes—talk of a thing, a dark thing, a beast, some sort of animal. I've heard. You thought not, didn't you? Now listen. You don't get big animals on small islands. Only pigs. You only get lions and tigers in big countries like Africa and India——"

"And the Zoo——"

"I've got the conch. I'm not talking about the fear. I'm talking about the beast. Be frightened if you like. But as for the beast——"

Jack paused, cradling the conch, and turned to his hunters with their dirty black caps.

"Am I a hunter or am I not?"

They nodded, simply. He was a hunter all right. No one doubted that.

"Well then—I've been all over this island. By myself. If there were a beast I'd have seen it. Be frightened because you're like that—but there is no beast in the forest."

Jack handed back the conch and sat down. The whole assembly applauded him with relief. Then Piggy held out his hand.



**Reading Selection 3, from Chapter 6 (page 9 only)**

The circle of boys shrank away in horror. Johnny, yawning still, burst into noisy tears and was slapped by Bill till he choked on them. The bright morning was full of threats and the circle began to change. It faced out, rather than in, and the spears of sharpened wood were like a fence. Jack called them back to the centre.

"This'll be a real hunt! Who'll come?"

Ralph moved impatiently.

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

Jack sneered at him.

"Frightened?"

"Course I'm frightened. Who wouldn't be?"

He turned to the twins, yearning but hopeless.

"I suppose you aren't pulling our legs?"

The reply was too emphatic for anyone to doubt them.

Piggy took the conch.

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

But for the sense of something watching them, Ralph would have shouted at him.

"Stay here? And be cramped into this bit of the island, always on the lookout? How should we get our food? And what about the fire?"

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

"No we're not. What about the littluns?"

"Sucks to the littluns!"

"Someone's got to look after them."

"Nobody has so far."

"There was no need! Now there is. Piggy'll look after them."

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

"Have some sense. What can Piggy do with only one eye?"

The rest of the boys were looking from Jack to Ralph, curiously.

**Reading Selection 4, from Chapter 6 (page 10 only)**

He saw that he could climb the cliff but this was not necessary. The squareness of the rock allowed a sort of plinth round it, so that to the right, over the lagoon, one could inch along a ledge and turn the corner out of sight. It was easy going, and soon he was peering round the rock.

Nothing but what you might expect: pink, tumbled boulders with guano layered on them like icing; and a steep slope up to the shattered rocks that crowned the bastion.

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, inspected a sort of half-cave that held nothing more terrible than a clutch of rotten eggs and at last sat down, looking round him and tapping the rock with the butt of his spear.

Jack was excited.

“What a place for a fort!”

A column of spray wetted them.

“No fresh water.”

“What’s that then?”

There was indeed a long green smudge half-way up the rock. They climbed up and tasted the trickle of water.

“You could keep a coco-nut shell there, filling all the time.”

“Not me. This is a rotten place.”

Side by side they scaled the last height to where the diminishing pile was crowned by the last broken rock. Jack struck the near one with his fist and it grated slightly.

“Do you remember—?”

**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. Discuss Ralph's leadership. To what extent is he a good leader?

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- ii. Discuss Jack's authoritative presence. What effect do his words have on the rest of the boys?

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- iii. What evidence is there to suggest that democracy in the camp is starting to fail?

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**Selection 2**

What are Jack's and Ralph's motivations for going on the hunt?

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**Selection 3**

How and why do Jack's and Ralph's reactions to the unexplored part of the island differ?

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## 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.

**THE END**