

OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 9 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 13**NAME (FIRST AND LAST):** _____ **GRADE:** _____**Summary of Chapters 9 and 10 of *Lord of the Flies*****Chapter Nine: A View to a Death****Summary**

Simon awakens from his 'fit', climbs the mountain and encounters the dead parachutist. He realizes that this is what the boys have mistaken for the beast. He frees the parachutist from the rocks and goes to tell the boys what he has seen. Meanwhile Ralph and Piggy go to Jack's feast in the hope that they will be able to regain control. The majority of the boys decide to join Jack's tribe; they dance and chant in frenzied excitement after joining in the feast. Simon emerges from the forest; the boys assume he is the beast and they kill him in a moment of hysteria.

Chapter Ten: The Shell and the Glasses**Summary**

The morning after the death of Simon, Piggy and Ralph are ashamed of their actions. Piggy believes Simon's death was an accident whereas Ralph insists it was murder. Everyone but Sam and Eric and a few littluns have joined Jack's tribe. At Castle Rock, Jack is a brutal leader and the boys are punished for no apparent reason. Jack states that they must continue to guard against 'the beast' for it can never be truly dead. Jack sends a group of boys to attack Ralph's camp; they beat Ralph and the others badly and steal Piggy's glasses.

Short Answer Questions**About Chapter 9**

1. "The flies had found the figure too." What have the flies found?

2. Why does Simon do to free "the figure from the wind's indignity"?

3. At the pool, what does Piggy ask Ralph to do, and what does Ralph do to Piggy?
-

4. "Jack, painted and garlanded, sat there like an _____."

5. "Piggy once more was the centre of _____ so that everyone felt cheerful and normal." What happened?
-

6. "Going to be a storm," said Ralph, "and you'll have rain like when we dropped here. Who's clever now?" What does Ralph draw attention to the storm?
-

7. "Do our dance! Come on! Dance!" Who says that? _____

8. "A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain." What or who is the "thing"?
-

About Chapter 10

1. "Coming in the dark—he hadn't no business crawling like that out of the dark. He was batty. He asked for it...It was an accident." Who says that, and why?
-

2. What is the double function of the fire?
-

3. "Then, at the moment of greatest passion and conviction, that curtain flapped in his head..." What happened to Ralph at that moment?
-

4. What happens to Piggy glasses, and why?
-

Read the following selections and answer the questions from page 9 to 10.

Reading Selection 1, from Chapter 9

Over the island the build-up of clouds continued. A steady current of heated air rose all day from the mountain and was thrust to ten thousand feet; revolving masses of gas piled up the static until the air was ready to explode. By early evening the sun had gone and a brassy glare had taken the place of clear daylight. Even the air that pushed in from the sea was hot and held no refreshment. Colours drained from water and trees and pink surfaces of rock, and the white and brown clouds brooded. Nothing prospered but the flies who blackened their lord and made the spilt guts look like a heap of glistening coal. Even when the vessel broke in Simon's nose and the blood gushed out they left him alone, preferring the pig's high flavour.

With the running of the blood Simon's fit passed into the weariness of sleep. He lay in the mat of creepers while the evening advanced and the cannon continued to play. At last he woke and saw dimly the dark earth close by his cheek. Still he did not move but lay there, his face sideways on the earth, his eyes looking dully before him. Then he turned over, drew his feet under him and laid hold of the creepers to pull himself up. When the creepers shook the flies exploded from the guts with a vicious note and clamped back on again. Simon got to his feet. The light was unearthly. The Lord of the Flies hung on his stick like a black ball.

Simon spoke aloud to the clearing.

"What else is there to do?"

Nothing replied. Simon turned away from the open space and crawled through the creepers till he was in the dusk of the forest. He walked drearily between the trunks, his face empty of expression, and the blood was dry round his mouth and chin. Only sometimes as he lifted the ropes of creeper aside and chose his direction from the trend of the land, he mouthed words that did not reach the air.

Presently the creepers festooned the trees less frequently and there was a scatter of pearly light from the sky down through the trees. This was the backbone of the island, the slightly higher land that lay beneath the mountain where the forest was no longer deep jungle. Here there were wide spaces interspersed with thickets and huge trees and the trend of the ground led him up as the forest opened. He pushed on, staggering sometimes with his weariness but never stopping. The usual brightness was gone from his eyes and he walked with a sort of glum determination like an old man.

A buffet of wind made him stagger and he saw that he was out in the open, on rock, under a brassy sky. He found his legs were weak and his tongue gave him pain all the time. When the wind reached the mountain-top he could see something happen, a flicker of blue stuff against brown clouds. He pushed himself forward and the wind came again, stronger now, cuffing the forest heads till they ducked and roared. Simon saw a humped thing suddenly sit up on the top and look 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 round 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 felt his knees smack the rock. He crawled forward and soon he understood. The tangle of

lines showed him the mechanics of this parody; he examined the white nasal bones, the teeth, the colours of corruption. 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. Then he took the lines in his hands; he freed them from the rocks and the figure from the wind's indignity.

At last he turned away and looked down at the beaches. The fire by the platform appeared to be out, or at least making no smoke. Further along the beach, beyond the little river and near a great slab of rock, a thin trickle of smoke was climbing into the sky. Simon, forgetful of the flies, shaded his eyes with both hands and peered at the smoke. Even at that distance it was possible to see that most of the boys—perhaps all the boys—were there. So they had shifted camp then, away from the beast. As Simon thought this, 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 down the mountain and his legs gave beneath him. Even with great care the best he could do was a stagger.

Reading Selection 2

At this moment the boys who were cooking at the fire suddenly hauled off a great chunk of meat and ran with it towards the grass. They bumped Piggy who was burnt, and yelled and danced. 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 with the spit gave Ralph and Piggy each a succulent chunk. They took the gift, dribbling. So they stood and ate beneath a sky of thunderous brass that rang with the storm-coming.

Jack waved his spear again.

“Has everybody eaten as much as they want?”

There was still food left, sizzling on the wooden spits, heaped on the green platters. Betrayed by his stomach, Piggy threw a picked bone down on the beach and stooped for more.

Jack spoke again, impatiently.

“Has everybody eaten as much as they want?”

His tone conveyed a warning, given out of the pride of ownership, and the boys ate faster while there was still time. Seeing there was no immediate likelihood of a pause, Jack rose from the log that was his throne and sauntered to the edge of the grass. He looked down from behind his paint at Ralph and Piggy. They moved a little further off over the sand and Ralph watched the fire as he ate. He noticed, without understanding, how the flames were visible now against the dull light. Evening was come, not with calm beauty but with the threat of violence.

Jack spoke.

“Give me a drink.”

Henry brought him a shell and he drank, watching Piggy and Ralph over the jagged rim. Power lay in the brown swell of his forearms: authority sat on his shoulder and chattered in his ear like an ape.

"All sit down."

The boys ranged themselves in rows on the grass before him but Ralph and Piggy stayed a foot lower, standing on the soft sand. Jack ignored them for the moment, turned his mask down to the seated boys and pointed at them with the spear.

"Who is going to join my tribe?"

Ralph made a sudden movement that became a stumble. Some of the boys turned towards him.

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

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

"You ran yourself!" shouted Jack. "Look at that bone in your hands!"

Ralph went crimson.

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

Jack ignored him again.

"Who'll join my tribe and have fun?"

"I'm chief," said Ralph tremulously. "And what about the fire? And I've 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——"

All at once the thunder struck. Instead of the dull boom there was a point of impact in the explosion.

"The conch counts here too," said Ralph, "and all over the island."

"What are you going to do about it then?"

Ralph examined the ranks of boys. There was no help in them and he looked away, confused and sweating. Piggy whispered.

"The fire—rescue."

"Who'll join my tribe?"

"I will."

"Me."

"I will."

"I'll blow the conch," said Ralph breathlessly, "and call an assembly."

"We shan't hear it."

Piggy touched Ralph's wrist.

"Come away. There's going to be trouble. And we've had our meat."

There was a blink of bright light beyond the forest and the thunder exploded again so that a littlun started to whine. Big drops of rain fell among them making individual sounds when they struck.

"Going to be a storm," said Ralph, "and you'll have rain like when we dropped here. Who's clever now? Where are your shelters? What are you going to do about that?"

The hunters were looking uneasily at the sky, flinching from the stroke of the drops. A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The flickering light became brighter and the blows of the thunder were only just bearable. The littluns began to run about, screaming.

Jack leapt on to the sand.

"Do our dance! Come on! Dance!"

Selection 3

When Roger came to the neck of land that joined the Castle Rock to the mainland he was not surprised to be challenged. He had reckoned, during the terrible night, on finding at least some of the tribe holding out against the horrors of the island in the safest place.

The voice rang out sharply from on high, where the diminishing crags were balanced one on another.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Roger."

"Advance, friend."

Roger advanced.

"You could see who I was."

"The Chief said we got to challenge everyone."

Roger peered up.

"You couldn't stop me coming if I wanted."

"Couldn't I? Climb up and see."

Roger clambered up the ladder-like cliff.

"Look at this."

A log had been jammed under the topmost rock and another lever under that. Robert leaned lightly on the lever and the rock groaned. A full effort would send the rock thundering down to the neck of land. Roger admired.

"He's a proper Chief, isn't he?"

Robert nodded.

"He's going to take us hunting."

He jerked his head in the direction of the distant shelters where a thread of white smoke climbed up the sky. Roger, sitting on the very edge of the cliff, looked sombrely back at the island as he worked with his fingers at a loose tooth. His gaze settled on the top of the distant mountain and Robert changed the unspoken subject.

"He's going to beat Wilfred."

"What for?"

Robert shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know. He didn't say. He got angry and made us tie Wilfred up. He's been"—he giggled excitedly—"he's been tied for hours, waiting——"

"But didn't the Chief say why?"

"I never heard him."

Sitting on the tremendous rocks in the torrid sun, Roger received this news as an illumination. He ceased to work at his tooth and sat still, assimilating the possibilities of irresponsible authority. Then, without another word, he climbed down the back of the rocks towards the cave and the rest of the tribe.

The chief was sitting there, naked to the waist, his face blocked out in white and red. The tribe lay in a semicircle before him. The newly beaten and untied Wilfred was sniffing noisily in the background. Roger squatted with the rest.

"To-morrow," went on the Chief, "we shall hunt again."

He pointed at this savage and that with his spear.

"Some of you will stay here to improve the cave and defend the gate. I shall take a few hunters with me and bring back meat. The defenders of the gate will see that the others don't sneak in——"

A savage raised his hand and the chief turned a bleak, painted face towards him.

"Why should they try to sneak in, Chief?"

The Chief was vague but earnest.

"They will. They'll try to spoil things we do. So the watchers at the gate must be careful. And then——"

The Chief paused. They saw a triangle of startling pink dart out, pass along his lips and vanish again.

"——and then; the beast might try to come in. You remember how he crawled——"

The semicircle shuddered and muttered in agreement.

"He came—disguised. He may come again even though we gave him the head of our kill to eat. So watch; and be careful."

Stanley lifted his forearm off the rock and held up an interrogative finger.

"Well?"

"But didn't we, didn't we——?"

He squirmed and looked down.

"No!"

In the silence that followed each savage flinched away from his individual memory.

"No! How could we—kill—it?"

Half-relieved, half-daunted by the implication of further terrors, the savages murmured again.

"So leave the mountain alone," said the Chief, solemnly, "and give it the head if you go hunting." Stanley flicked his finger again.

"I expect the beast disguised itself."

"Perhaps," said the Chief. A theological speculation presented itself. "We'd better keep on the right side of him, anyhow. You can't tell what he might do."

The tribe considered this; and then were shaken, as if by a flaw of wind. The Chief saw the effect of his words and stood abruptly.

"But to-morrow we'll hunt and when we've got meat we'll have a feast——"

Bill put up his hand.

"Chief."

"Yes?"

"What'll we use for lighting the fire?"

The Chief's blush was hidden by the white and red clay. Into his uncertain silence the tribe spilled their murmur once more. Then the Chief held up his hand.

"We shall take fire from the others. Listen. To-morrow we'll hunt and get meat. To-night I'll go along with two hunters—who'll come?"

Maurice and Roger put up their hands.

"Maurice——"

"Yes, Chief?"

"Where was their fire?"

"Back at the old place by the fire rock."

The Chief nodded.

"The rest of you can go to sleep as soon as the sun sets. But us three, Maurice, Roger and me, we've got work to do. We'll leave just before sunset——"

Maurice put up his hand.

"But what happens if we meet——"

The chief waved his objection aside.

"We'll keep along by the sands. Then if he comes we'll do our, our dance again."

"Only the three of us?"

Again the murmur swelled and died away.

Selection 4

He led the way to the first shelter, which still stood, though battered. The bed leaves lay within, dry and noisy to the touch. In the next shelter a littun was talking in his sleep. The four biguns crept into the shelter and burrowed under the leaves. The twins lay together and Ralph and Piggy at the other end. For a while there was the continual creak and rustle of leaves as they tried for comfort.

"Piggy."

"Yeah?"

"All right?"

"S'pose so."

At length, save for an occasional rustle, the shelter was silent. An oblong of blackness relieved with brilliant spangles hung before them and there was the hollow sound of surf on the reef. Ralph settled himself for his nightly game of supposing....

Supposing they could be transported home by jet, then before morning they would land at that big airfield in Wiltshire. They would go by car; no, for things to be perfect they would go by train; all the way down to Devon and take that cottage again. Then at the foot of the garden the wild ponies would come and look over the wall....

Ralph turned restlessly in the leaves. Dartmoor was wild and so were the ponies. But the attraction of wildness had gone.

His mind skated to a consideration of a tamed town where savagery could not set foot. What could be safer than the bus centre with its lamps and wheels?

All at once, Ralph was dancing round a lamp standard. There was a bus crawling out of the bus station, a strange bus....

"Ralph! Ralph!"

"What is it?"

"Don't make a noise like that—"

"Sorry."

From the darkness of the further end of the shelter came a dreadful moaning and they shattered the leaves in their fear. Sam and Eric, locked in an embrace, were fighting each other.

"Sam! Sam!"

"Hey—Eric!"

Presently all was quiet again.

Piggy spoke softly to Ralph.

"We got to get out of this."

"What d'you mean?"

"Get rescued."

For the first time that day, and despite the crowding blackness, Ralph sniggered.

"I mean it," whispered Piggy. "If we don't get home soon we'll be barmy."

"Round the bend."

"Bomb happy."

"Crackers."

Ralph pushed the damp tendrils of hair out of his eyes.

"You write a letter to your auntie."

Piggy considered this solemnly.

"I don't know where she is now. And I haven't got an envelope and a stamp. An' there isn't a pillar-box. Or a postman."

Selection 1

- i. How does Golding's writing portray nature as a menacing force?

- ii. How does Simon behave when he discovers the "beast from the air"? Relate your discussion of his behavior to Golding's portrayal of Simon.

Selection 2

How does Golding use dialogue to show Jack's leadership qualities? How does Jack gain dominance over Ralph?

Selection 3

How and why does Jack manipulate the boys into believing the beast is still alive?

Selection 4

What images do the boys draw on to stay hopeful about their own salvation?

GRAMMAR

COMPLEX AND COMPOUND SENTENCES

- A **complex sentence** consists of one independent clause and one or more subordinate clauses.
EXAMPLE: When the announcement was made, he went to the office.
(subordinate clause) (independent clause)
- A **compound sentence** consists of two or more independent clauses. Each independent clause in a compound sentence can stand alone as a separate sentence. Independent clauses are usually joined by such words as and, but, so, or, for, or yet.
EXAMPLE: My sister is athletic, **and** my brother is musical.

A. Write CX before each complex sentence. Write CP before each compound sentence.

- ___ 1. I may not have the best bike in the world, but it suits me.
- ___ 2. You can loiter outside the mall, but I have to go to work.
- ___ 3. The workers who patrol the park must know every centimetre of the grounds.
- ___ 4. I hadn't seen Laetitia for a long time, and I had never been to Calgary.
- ___ 5. Saul and Mike get together whenever they can.
- ___ 6. The double-play ball was thrown perfectly, but the player on first base missed it.
- ___ 7. That song, which you keep hearing on the radio, was written by a Canadian.
- ___ 8. We made hot dogs for dinner, and then we ate ice cream.
- ___ 9. When it started to snow, everyone headed for the ski hill.
- ___ 10. The town was on the map, but all you could see was an overpass.
- ___ 11. The thunder struck, and rain began to fall.
- ___ 12. The mayor, who was elected in November, said taxes won't rise.
- ___ 13. When she arrives, Miranda will take charge.
- ___ 14. The apples were cooked perfectly, but the potatoes were burned.

B. For each complex sentence you identified, underline the independent clause and circle the subordinate clause or clauses. For each compound sentence, underline the independent clauses.

COMBINING SENTENCES

- Using a variety of sentence types helps to create variety for the reader. You can combine related **simple sentences** to create **complex** or **compound sentences**.

EXAMPLE: My mother's family lives in Pakistan. My father's family lives in Scotland. (two **simple sentences**)

Complex sentence: My mother's family lives in Pakistan, while my father's family lives in Scotland.

Compound sentence: My mother's family lives in Pakistan, and my father's family lives in Scotland.

Combine the following simple sentences to make compound or complex sentences.

1. I was thirteen years old. I went on a trip with my mother. We went to a town called Coutts.

2. We were in the border office for almost two hours. We talked to almost everyone there.

3. Hurricanes are fascinating to watch on TV. I wouldn't advise experiencing one in person.

4. Forest fires destroy great amounts of timber. The fires can affect the lives of many people.

5. John A. Macdonald was Canada's first prime minister. He promoted expansion of the railroad.

THE END