

'This Is Our Island. A Good Island..

'Til the grown ups get here we'll have fun.'

Silence and pause; but in the silence a curious air-noise,
close by Ralph's head. He gave it half
his attention – and there it was again; a faint 'Zup!'
Someone was throwing stones: Roger was
dropping them, his hand still on the lever.
Below him, Ralph was a shock of hair and Piggy a bag
of fat.

'I got to say. You're
acting like a crowd of kids.'

The booing rose and died again as Piggy lifted the
white,
magic shell.

'Which is better- to be a pack of painted niggers like
you
are, or be as sensible as Ralph is?'

A great clamour rose among the savages. Piggy shout-
ed again.

'Which is better – to have rules and agree or to hunt
and
kill?'

Again the clamour and again – 'Zup!'

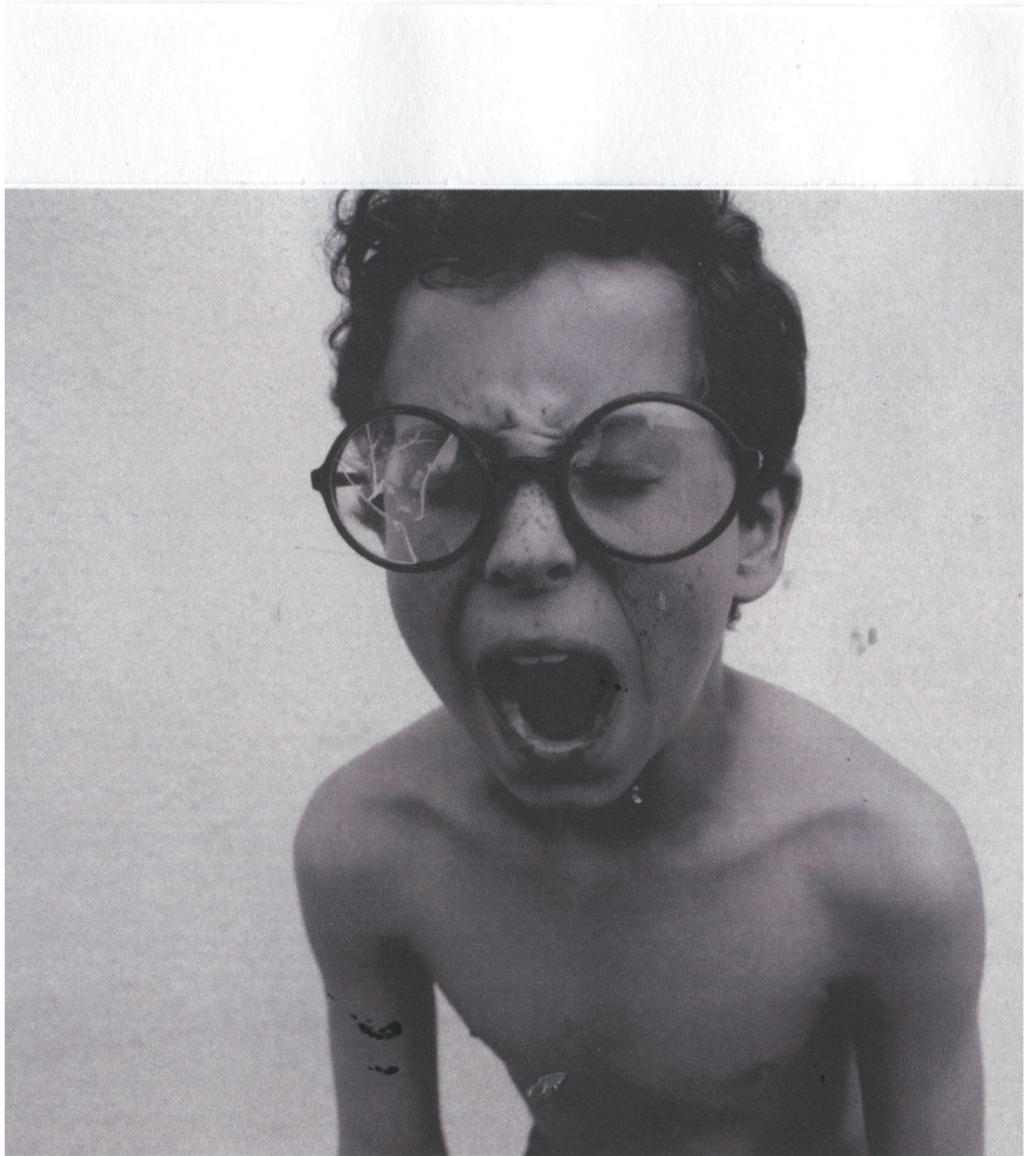
Ralph shouted against the noise.

'Which is better law and rescue or hunting and break-
ing
things up?'

Now Jack was yelling too and Ralph could no longer
make
himself heard.

Jack had backed right against his tribe and they were a
solid mass of menace that bristled with spears.
The intention of a charge was forming among them;
they were working up
to it and the neck would be swept
clear. Ralph stood facing them, a
little to one side, his spear ready. By him stood Piggy
still holding out the
Talisman, the fragile, shining beauty of the shell. The
storm of sound beat at
them, an incantation of hatred. High overhead, Roger,
with a sense of delirious
abandonment, leaned all his weight on the lever.

Ralph heard the great rock long before he saw it. He
was aware of the jolt in the earth that
came to him through the soles of his feet, and the
breaking sound of stones at
the bottom 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 at
a glancing blow from chin to knee; the conch explod-
ed into a thousand white

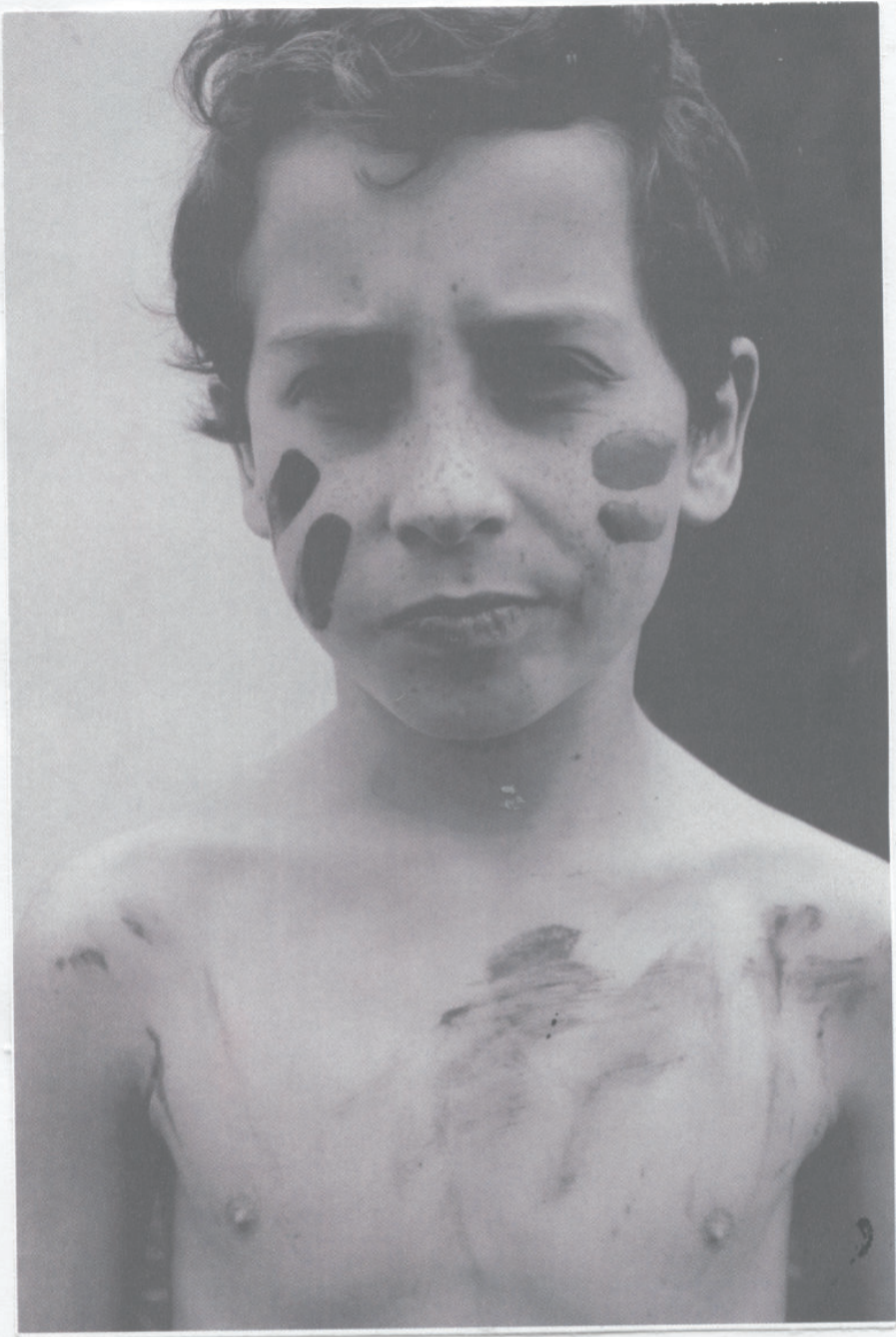


fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy,
saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, trav-
elled through the air
sideways from the rock, turning over as he went. The
rock bounded twice and was
lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty
feet and landed on his back across that square, red
rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out
and turned
red. Piggys arms and legs twitched a

bit, like a Pigs after it has been killed.
Then the sea breathed again in a long slow sigh, the
water boiled white
and pink over the rock; and when it went, sucking
back again, the body of Piggy
was gone.



When we was coming down i looked
through one of them windows. i saw the
other part of the plane. There were
flames coming out of it



TABOO





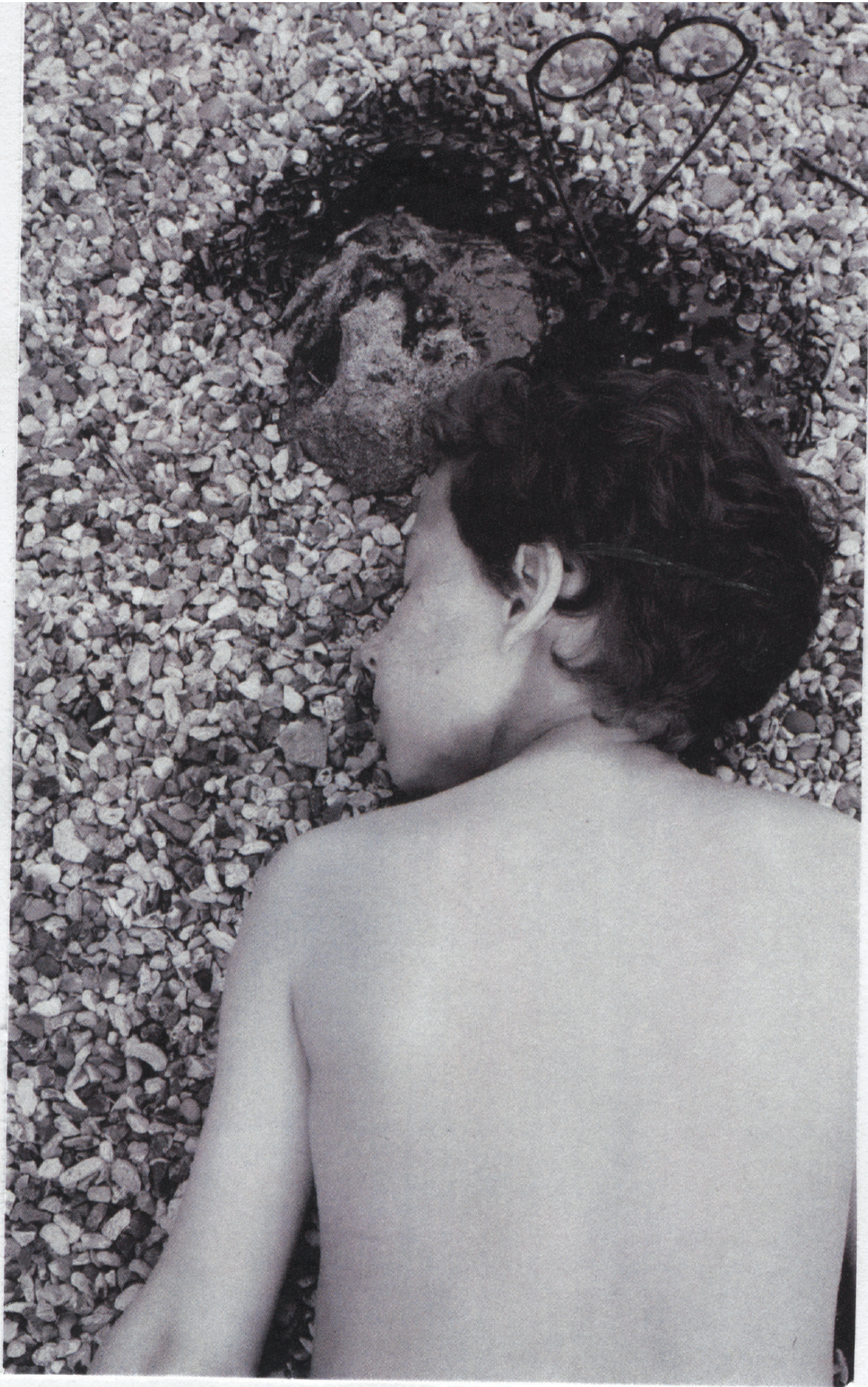


FEAR.



RALPH -





they used to call me PIGGY





S A V A G E .

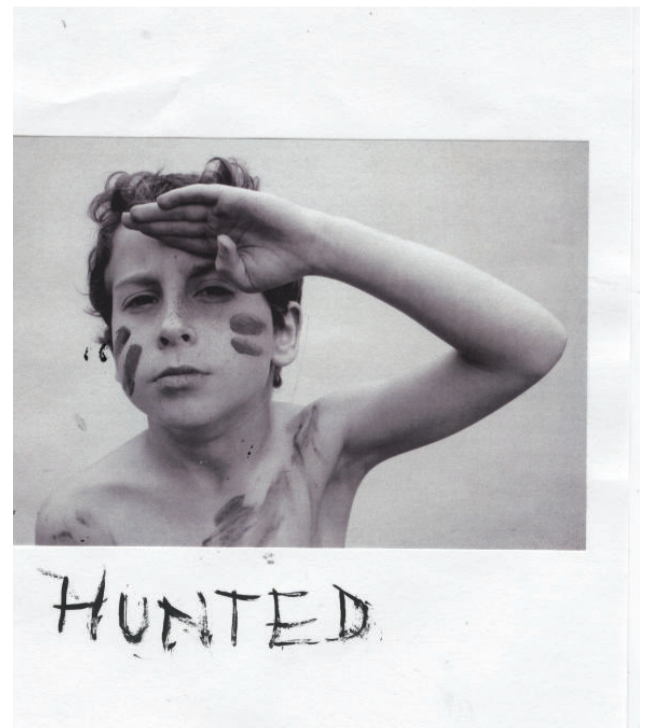


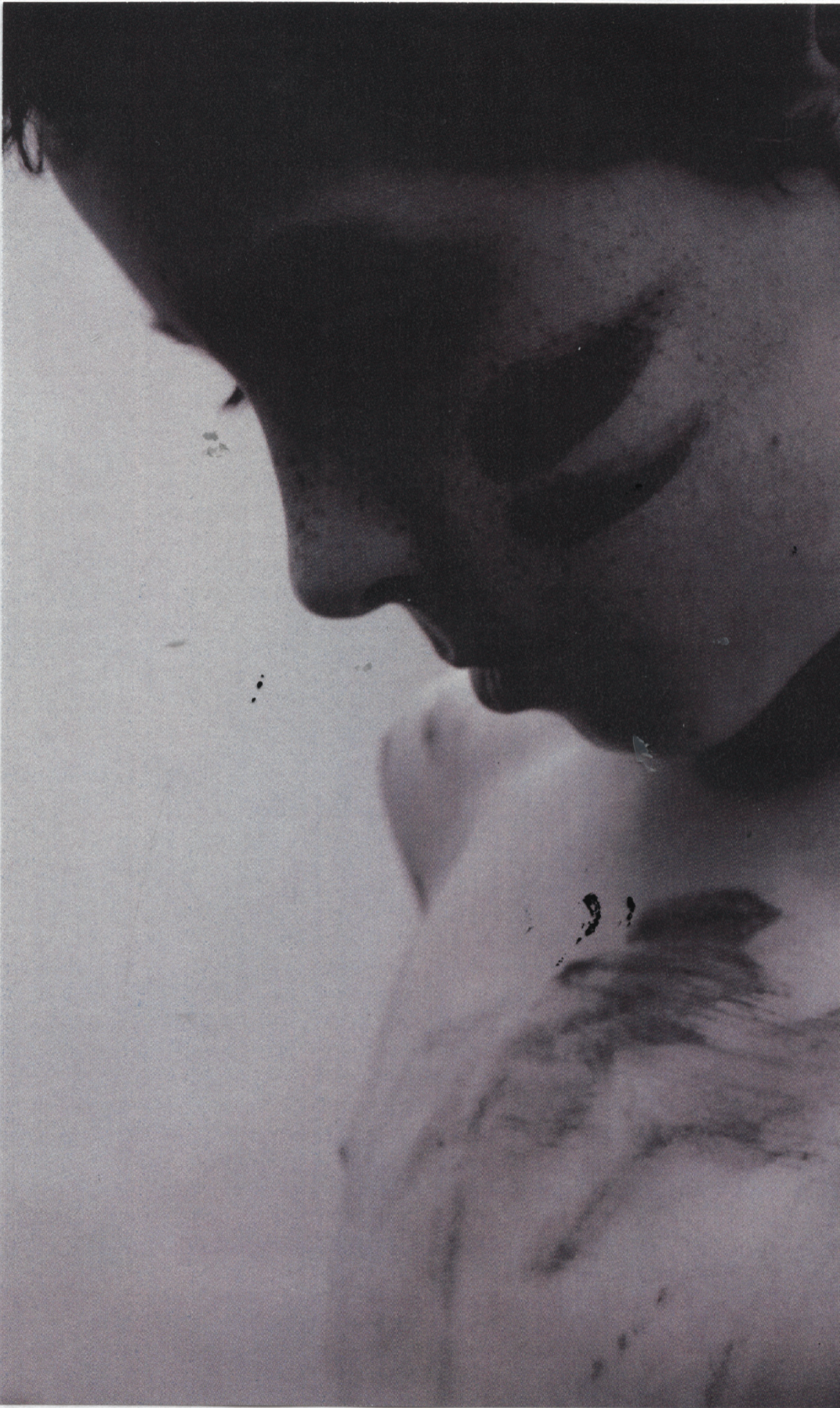
the heart of civilization





FAT BOY





SAMNERIC





ACCIDENT

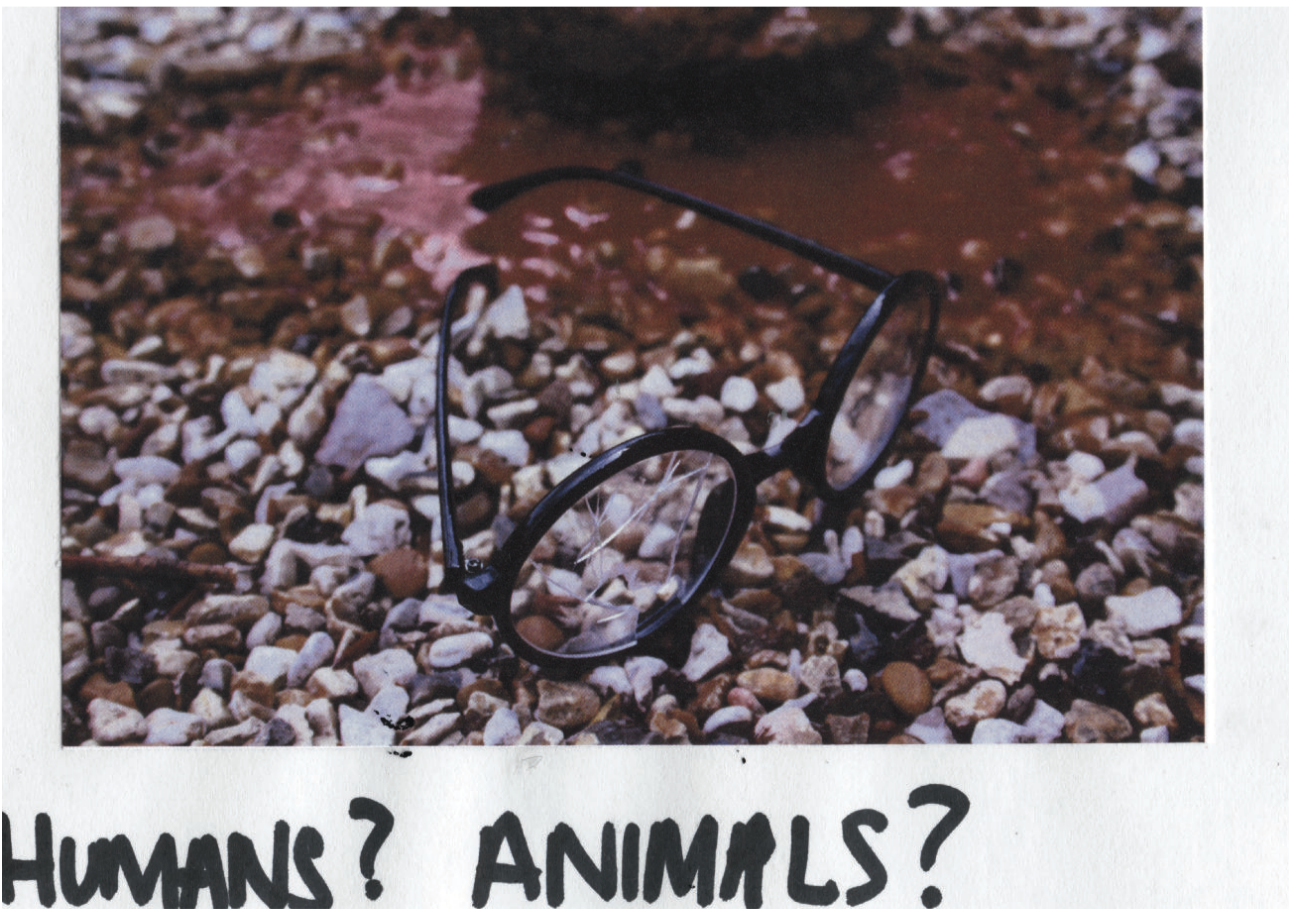


GIFT.



CHIEF





HUMANS? ANIMALS?





'Who's boss here?'

'I am,' shouted Ralph loudly.

A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.

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

'No, Sir.'

'I should of thought,' said the officer as he visualized the search before him, 'I should have thought that a pack of British Boys -you're all British aren't you? - would 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 hopefully.

'I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.'

Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead wood - Simon was dead - and Jack had... The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island;

great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of them, with filthy body, matted hair and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of mans heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.

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.