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***Lord of the Flies* Chapters 2-6**

**Directions:** Answer the following questions as you watch. After watching, read the excerpts reprinted for you. Follow the directions for each section.

1. How do the boys start the fire? Be specific! Which characters are involved? What do they do?
2. How is Simon different from the other boys? What does he seem to be interested in?
3. What is Jack’s group’s primary focus?
	1. What happens when they reach their goal (how do they behave)?
4. What happens to Piggy’s glasses (be specific)?
5. The little boy, Percival, says that there is a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from the sea.
6. What is Simon’s response to Percival and the other boys?
7. Samneric have let the fire go out.
	1. What do they see?
	2. What do they think they see?

**Chapter 2:** Fire on the Mountain: “Evil” Takes Shape

*What do Ralph’s and Jack’s responses to the little boy about his fear of the “beastie” reveal about Ralph and Jack respectively?* ***Highlight words and phrases that suggest evil, fear, death, and darkness.***

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| “You couldn’t have a beastie, a snake-thing, on an island this size,” Ralph explained kindly. “You only get them in big countries, like Africa, or India.” Murmur; and the grave nodding of heads. “He says the beastie came in the dark.” “Then he couldn’t see it!” Laughter and cheers. “Did you hear that? Says he saw the thing in the dark–” “He still says he saw the beastie. It came and went away again an’ came back and wanted to eat him–” “He was dreaming.” Laughing, Ralph looked for conﬁrmation round the ring of faces. The older boys agreed; but here and there among the little ones was the doubt that required more than rational assurance. “He must have had a nightmare. Stumbling about among all those creepers.” More grave nodding; they knew about nightmares. “He says he saw the beastie, the snake-thing, and will it come back tonight?” “But there isn’t a beastie!” “He says in the morning it turned into them things like ropes in the trees and hung in the branches. He says will it come back tonight?” “But there isn’t a beastie!”There was no laughter at all now and more grave watching. Ralph pushed both hands through his hair and looked at the little boy in mixed amusement and exasperation.Jack seized the conch. “Ralph’s right of course. There isn’t a snake-thing. But if there was a snake we’d hunt it and kill it. We’re going to hunt pigs to get meat for everybody. And we’ll look for the snake too–” “But there isn’t a snake!” “We’ll make sure when we go hunting.” Ralph was annoyed and, for the moment, defeated. He felt himself facing something ungraspable. The eyes that looked so intently at him were without humor. “But there isn’t a beast!” Something he had not known was there rose in him and compelled him to make the point, loudly and again. “But I tell you there isn’t a beast!” The assembly was silent. Ralph lifted the conch again and his good humor came back as he thought of what he had to say next.  |

**How does Ralph respond to the idea of a “beast”?**

**What does this say about him?**

**How does Jack respond to the idea of a “beast”?**

**What does this say about him?**

**Chapter 3:** Huts on the Beach: Theme Connection

*Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow in complete sentences:*

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| 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 toward 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!"The two boys trotted down the beach, and, turning at the water's edge, looked back at the pink mountain. The trickle of smoke sketched a chalky line up the solid blue of the sky, wavered high up and faded. Ralph frowned. |

**Highlight words or phrases that refer to the fear that the boys have and any discussion about the “beastie”**

How has fear started to affect and change the boys?

Does a physical beast exist on the island? Do the boys think a beast exists?

What is Jack’s priority? What is Ralph’s priority?

**Chapter 4:** Painted Faces and Long Hair
*Big Idea: Society Influences and shapes individuals*

*Read the following paragraph. While it may seem an unimportant part of the story, it includes foreshadowing of what may become of the boys’ society.*

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| Roger stooped, picked up a stone, and threw it at Henry—threw it to miss … 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. |

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| **Say** | **Mean****(What does it mean?)** | **Matter****(Why does it matter?)** |
| Roger made sure that the stones landed at least 6 yards from Henry. The paragraph states that this was because of the “taboo of the old life” and because the child was protected by “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.” |  |  |

Short Answer: If the only thing holding Roger back from actually hitting little Henry with the stones are his memories from the past, what happens when those memories start to disappear?

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**Chapter 4:** Painted Faces and Long Hair

*Read the passage below and answer the questions that follow in complete sentences:*

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| There was a small pool at the end of the river, 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 toward 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 pool for his reflection, but his breathing troubled the mirror. "Samneric. Get me a coconut. 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 pool 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 toward 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 jigged toward Bill. Bill started up laughing; then suddenly he fell silent and blundered away through the bushes. Jack rushed toward the twins. "The rest are making a line. Come on!" "But--" "--we--"  "Come on! I'll creep up and stab--" The mask compelled them. |

How does the mask make Jack feel?

How do the other boys react to the mask?

What does it mean when it says “the mask compelled them”?

**Chapter 5:** Beast from Water

*Read the passage and then answer the questions below in complete sentences*

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|  Argument started again. Ralph held out the glimmering conch and Maurice took it obediently. The meeting subsided. "I mean when Jack says you can be frightened because people are frightened anyway that's all right. But when he says there's only pigs on this island I expect he's right but he doesn't know, not really, not certainly I mean--" Maurice took a breath. "My daddy says there's things, what d'you call'em that make ink--squids--that are hundreds of yards long and eat whales whole." He paused again and laughed gaily. "I don't believe in the beast of course. As Piggy says, life's scientific, but we don't know, do we? Not certainly, I mean--" Someone shouted. "A squid couldn't come up out of the water!" "Could!" "Couldn't!" In a moment the platform was full of arguing, gesticulating shadows. To Ralph, seated, this seemed the breaking up of sanity. Fear, beasts, no general agreement that the fire was all-important: and when one tried to get the thing straight the argument sheered off, bringing up fresh, unpleasant matter. He could see a whiteness in the gloom near him so he grabbed it from Maurice and blew as loudly as he could. The assembly was shocked into silence. Simon was close to him, laying hands on the conch. Simon felt a perilous necessity to speak; but to speak in assembly was a terrible thing to him. "Maybe," he said hesitantly, "maybe there is a beast." The assembly cried out savagely and Ralph stood up in amazement. "You, Simon? You believe in this?" "I don't know," said Simon. His heartbeats were choking him. "But. . . ." The storm broke. "Sit down!" "Shut up!" "Take the conch!" "Sod you!" "Shut up!" Ralph shouted. "Hear him! He's got the conch!" "What I mean is . . . maybe it's only us." "Nuts!" That was from Piggy, shocked out of decorum. Simon went on. "We could be sort of. . . ." Simon became inarticulate in his effort to express mankind's essential illness. Inspiration came to him. "What's the dirtiest thing there is?" As an answer Jack dropped into the uncomprehending silence that followed it the one crude expressive syllable. Release was immense. Those littluns who had climbed back on the twister fell off again and did not mind. The hunters were screaming with delight. Simon's effort fell about him in ruins; the laughter beat him cruelly and he shrank away defenseless to his seat. |

**Highlight the line that shows what Simon thinks the beast is.**

What do you think he means by this?

What does the author mean when he says “mankind’s essential illness”? (Think of the themes and essential questions of the story to guide your thinking)