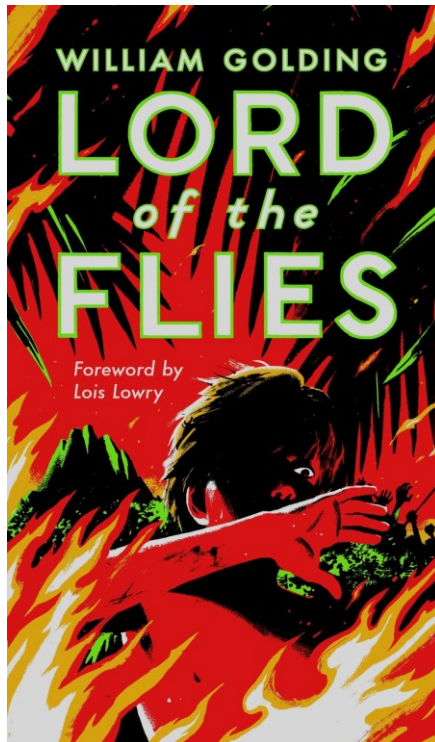


LORD OF THE FLIES



Juvenile

By William Golding

ISBN: 9781101158104

Book Summary:

A group of boys become marooned on an island and encounter many challenges as they attempt to form their own system of governance.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild bullying; violence; and mild/infrequent profanity.

1
/5

Child Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
65	"Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Spill her blood."
67	<p>He took a step, and able at last to hit someone, stuck his fist into Piggy's stomach. Piggy sat down with a grunt. Jack stood over him. His voice was vicious with humiliation. "You would, would you? Fatty!"</p> <p>Ralph made a step forward and Jack smacked Piggy's head. Piggy's glasses flew off and tinkled on the rocks.</p>
84	<p>"What's the dirtiest thing there is?"</p> <p>As an answer Jack dropped into the uncomprehending silence that followed it the one crude expressive syllable. Release was immense.</p>
126	<p>The drove of pigs started up; and at a range of only ten yards the wooden spears with fire-hardened points flew toward the chosen pig. One piglet, with a demented shriek, rushed into the sea trailing Roger's spear behind it. The sow gave a gasping squeal and staggered up, with two spears sticking in her fat flank. The boys shouted and rushed forward, the piglets scattered and the sow burst the advancing line and went crashing away through the forest.</p> <p>"After her!"</p> <p>They raced along the pig-track, but the forest was too dark and tangled so that Jack, cursing, stopped them and cast among the trees. Then he said nothing for a time but breathed fiercely so that they were awed by him and looked at each other in uneasy admiration. Presently he stabbed down at the ground with his finger.</p> <p>"There—"</p> <p>Before the others could examine the drop of blood, Jack had swerved off, judging a trace, touching a bough that gave. So he followed, mysteriously right and assured, and the hunters trod behind him.</p> <p>He stopped before a covert.</p> <p>"In there."</p> <p>They surrounded the covert but the sow got away with the sting of another spear in her flank. The trailing butts hindered her and the sharp, cross-cut points were a torment. She blundered into a tree, forcing a spear still deeper; and after that any of the hunters could follow her easily by the drops of vivid blood. The afternoon wore on, hazy and dreadful with damp heat; the sow staggered her way ahead of them, bleeding and mad, and the hunters followed, wedded to her in lust, excited by the long chase and the dropped blood. They could see her now, nearly got up with her, but she spurted with her last strength and held ahead of them again. They were just behind her when she staggered into an open space where bright flowers grew and butterflies danced round each other and the air was hot and still.</p> <p>Here, struck down by the heat, the sow fell and the hunters hurled themselves at her. This dreadful eruption from an unknown world made her frantic; she squealed and bucked and the air was full of sweat and noise and blood and terror. Roger ran round the heap, prodding with his spear whenever pigflesh appeared. Jack was on top of the sow, stabbing downward with his knife. Roger found a lodgment for his point and began to push till he was leaning with his whole weight. The spear moved forward inch by inch and the terrified squealing became a high-pitched scream. Then Jack found the throat and the hot blood spouted over his hands. The sow collapsed under them and they were heavy and fulfilled upon her. The butterflies still danced, preoccupied in the center of the clearing. At last the immediacy of the kill subsided. The boys drew back, and Jack stood up, holding out his hands.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Look.”</p> <p>He giggled and flicked them while the boys laughed at his reeking palms. Then Jack grabbed Maurice and rubbed the stuff over his cheeks. Roger began to withdraw his spear and boys noticed it for the first time. Robert stabilized the thing in a phrase which was received uproariously.</p> <p>“Right up her ass!”</p> <p>“Did you hear?”</p> <p>“Did you hear what he said?”</p> <p>“Right up her ass!”</p>
128	<p>“Where’s that stick?”</p> <p>“Here.”</p> <p>“Ram one end in the earth. Oh—it’s rock. Jam it in that crack. There.”</p> <p>Jack held up the head and jammed the soft throat down on the pointed end of the stick which pierced through into the mouth. He stood back and the head hung there, a little blood dribbling down the stick.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1