Simon

Ralph

Piggy

Roger

SamnEric

The Littluns

The Beast

Maurice

Jack

Percival

Conch Shell

Glasses

Spear

The Island

Pig’s Head

Rocks

The Assembly

Creepers

Fire

Shelter

“Kill the beast! Cut

his throat! Spill his

blood! (Ch 9)

“Maybe there is a

beast…maybe it’s

only us.” (Ch 5)

"I just take the conch to say this.

I can't see no more and I got to

get my glasses back. Awful

things has been done on this

island. I voted for you for chief.

He's the only one who ever got

anything done. So now you

speak, Ralph, and tell us what.

Or else—" Ch 11

“[…A ]beast with claws that

scratched, that sat on a

mountain-top. …However Simon

thought of the beast, there rose

before his inward sight the

picture of a human, at once

heroic and sick.” (Ch 6)

"[…F]ear can't hurt you any

more than a dream. There

aren't any beasts to be

afraid of on this island . . .

Serve you right if something

did get you, you useless lot

of cry-babies!" Ch 5

“Which is better—to

have laws and agree,

or to hunt and kill?

(

Ch 11)

“We’ve got to have

rules and obey

them, After all we’re

not savages.” (Ch 2)

“[The boys] found themselves

eager to take a place in this

demented but partly secure

society. They were glad to touch

the brown backs of the fence

that hemmed in the terror and

made it governable.” (Ch 9)

“ I know there isn’t no

beast—not with claws and

all that, I mean—but I know

there isn’t no fear,

either…unless we get

frightened of people.” (Ch 5)

“[…. I]n front of Simon, the Lord of the

Flies hung on his stick and grinned. At

last Simon gave up and looked back;

saw the white teeth and dim eyes, the

blood – and his gaze was held by that

ancient, inescapable recognition.

recognition.” (Ch 8)