

## SECTION A (Post 1914 Prose/Drama)

Answer on one text only.

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**Lord of the Flies**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

**You should use the extract below and your knowledge of the whole novel to answer this question.**

Write about the relationship between Ralph and Piggy and how it is presented at different points in the novel.

In your response you should:

- refer to the extract and the novel as a whole
- show your understanding of characters and events in the novel

[40]

5 of this question's marks are allocated for accuracy in spelling, punctuation and the use of vocabulary and sentence structures.

Jack snatched from behind him a sizable sheath-knife and clouted it into the trunk. The buzz rose and died away.

Piggy stirred.

'I'll come.'

Ralph turned to him.

'You're no good on a job like this.'

'All the same—'

'We don't want you,' said Jack, flatly. 'Three's enough.'

Piggy's glasses flashed.

'I was with him when he found the conch. I was with him before anyone else was.'

Jack and the others paid no attention. There was a general dispersal. Ralph, Jack and Simon jumped off the platform and walked along the sand past the bathing-pool. Piggy hung bumbling behind them.

'If Simon walks in the middle of us,' said Ralph, 'then we could talk over his head.'

The three of them fell into step. This meant that every now and then Simon had to do a double shuffle to catch up with the others. Presently Ralph stopped and turned back to Piggy.

'Look.'

Jack and Simon pretended to notice nothing. They walked on.

'You can't come.'

Piggy's glasses were misted again — this time with humiliation.

'You told 'em. After what I said.'

His face flushed, his mouth trembled.

'After I said I didn't want—'

'What on earth are you talking about?'

'About being called Piggy. I said I didn't care as long as they didn't call me Piggy; an' I said not to tell and then you went an' said straight out—'

Stillness descended on them. Ralph, looking with more understanding at Piggy, saw that he was hurt and crushed. He hovered between the two courses of apology or further insult.

'Better Piggy than Fatty,' he said at last, with the directness of genuine leadership, 'and anyway, I'm sorry if you feel like that. Now go back, Piggy, and take names. That's your job. So long.'

He turned and raced after the other two. Piggy stood and the rose of indignation faded slowly from his cheeks. He went back to the platform.