***Chapter 5: Beast from Water***

“Jack was the first to make himself heard. He had not got the conch and thus spoke against the rules; but nobody minded.”

“With a convulsion of the mind, Ralph discovered dirt and decay, understood how much he disliked perpetually flicking the tangled hair out of his eyes, and at last, when the sun was gone, rolling noisily to rest among dry leaves” (76-77).

“Again he fell into that strange mood of speculation that was so foreign to him. If faces were different when lit from above or below –what was a face? What was anything?” (78)

“… I know there isn’t no beast – not with claws and all that, I mean – but I know there isn’t no fear, either.”

 Piggy paused.

 “Unless—“

 Ralph moved restlessly.

 “Unless what?”

 “Unless we get frightened of people” (84).

“Perhaps that’s what the beast is—a ghost” (90).

“What are we? Humans? Or animals? Or Savages? What’s grownups going to think? Going off—hunting pigs—letting fires go out—and now!” (91)

“Because the rules are the only thing we’ve got!” (91)

***Chapter 6: Beast from Air***

“We don’t need the conch anymore. We know who ought to say things” (102).

***Chapter 7: Shadows and Tall Trees***

“[Ralph] would have liked to have had a pair of scissors and cut this hair – he flung the mas back –cut this filthy hair right back to half an inch. He would like to have a bath, a proper wallow with soap. He passed his tongue experimentally over his teeth and decided that a toothbrush would come in handy too. Then there were his nails…” (109)

“You’ll get back to where you came from.” (111) (*Simon says to Ralph*)