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LORD OF THE FLIES

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faber



CHAPTER 1

The Sound of the Shell



The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his way towards the lagoon.



Though he had taken off his school sweater and trailed it now from one hand, his grey shirt stuck to him and his hair was plastered to his forehead.



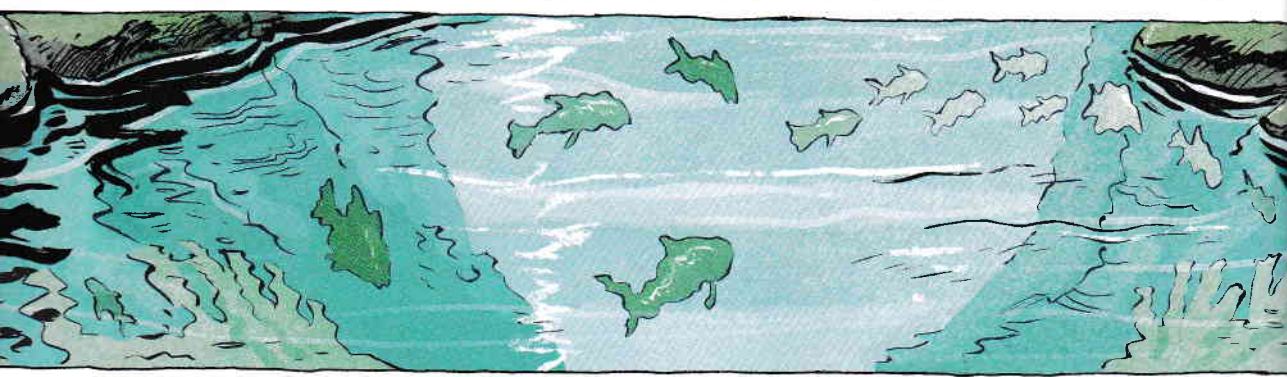
He was old enough, twelve years and a few months, to have lost the prominent tummy of childhood ...

... and not yet old enough for adolescence to have made him awkward.



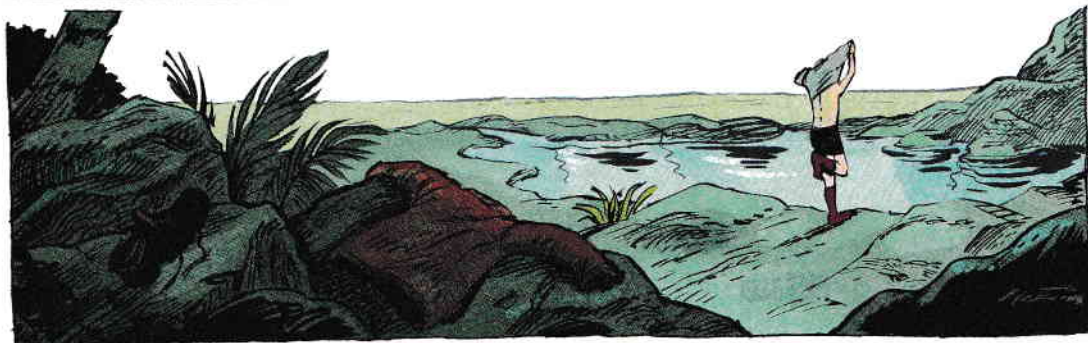
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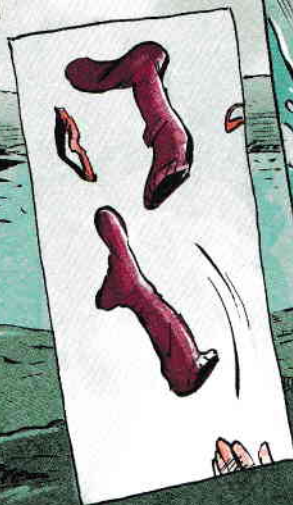


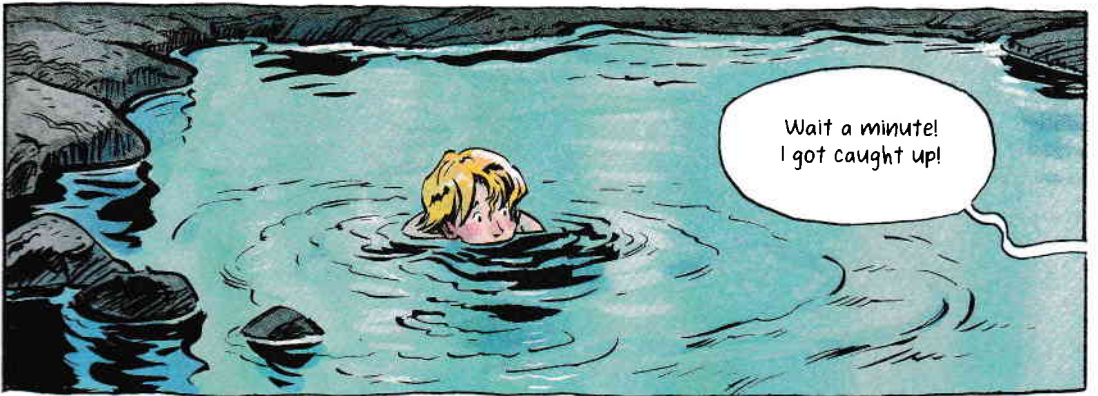
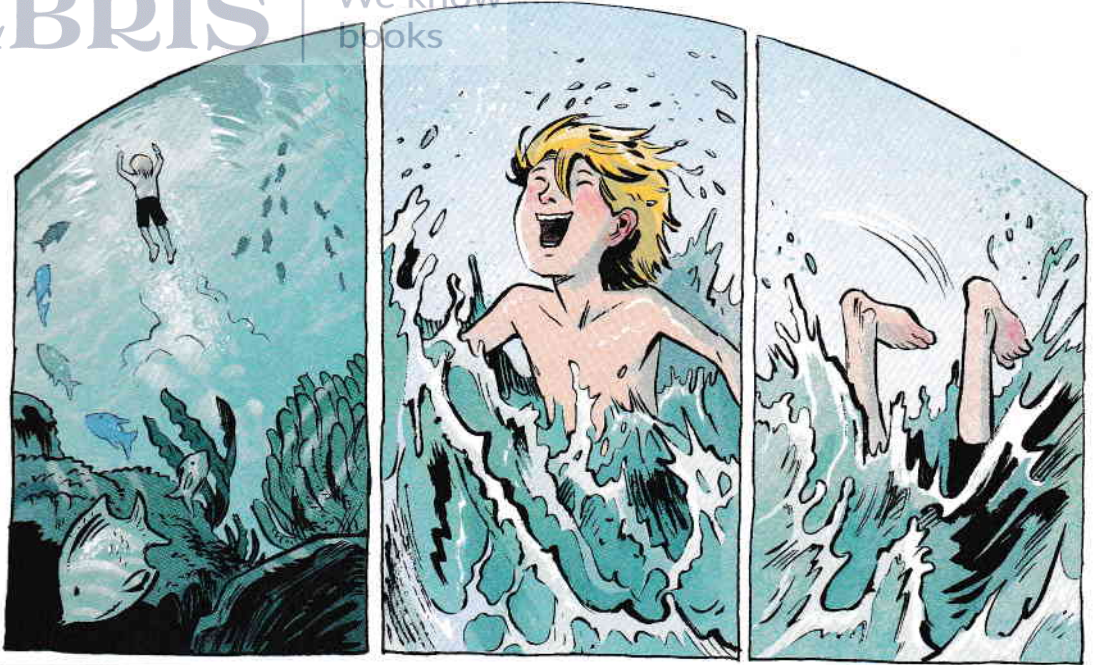


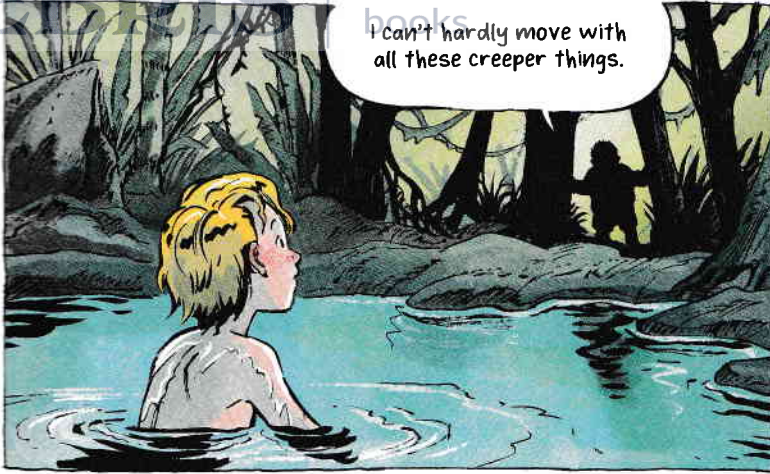
He became conscious of the weight of his clothes, kicked his shoes off fiercely ...



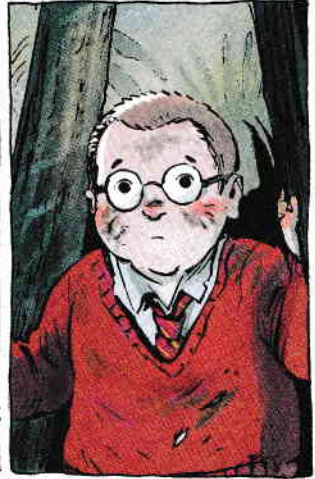
... and ripped off each stocking with its elastic garter in a single movement.







I can't hardly move with all these creeper things.



We got to find the others.



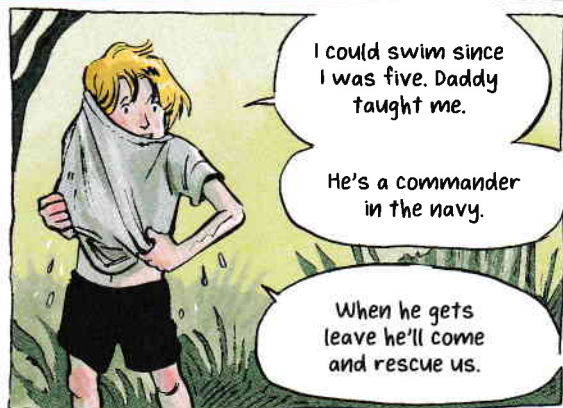
Some of them must have got out.



They must have, mustn't they?



Aren't you going to swim?





When we was coming down, I looked through one of them windows.



I saw the other part of the plane.



There were flames coming out.





That storm dragged it out to sea.
There must have been some
kids still in it.



Where's the man with the megaphone?



There was that pilot. But he
wasn't in the passenger
tube, he was up in the
cabin in front.



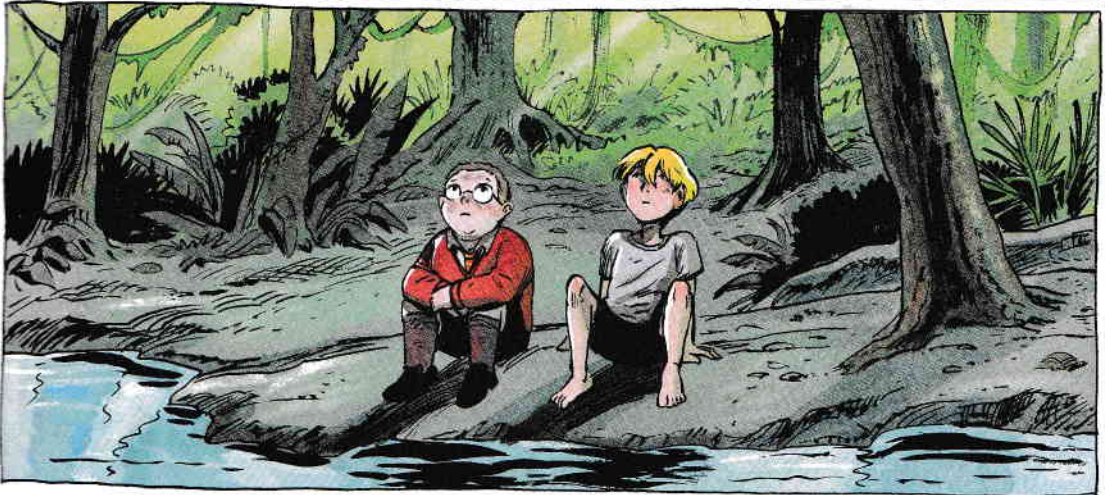
I climbed a rock ...
... and
I think this
is an island.



Perhaps ...



... there aren't any grown-ups anywhere.





No grown-ups!



