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# GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

(8700)

Paper 1 Explorations in creative reading and writing

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## Insert

The source that follows is:

Source A: 20<sup>th</sup> Century prose-fiction

It is an extract from the novel *Lord of the Flies* by William Golding published in 1954.

It tells the story of a group of schoolboys who have been deserted on a tropical island.

**Please turn the page over  
to see the source**

**Source A**

In the midst of a raging war, a plane evacuating a group of schoolboys from Britain is shot down over a deserted tropical island. As the novel opens, we are introduced to two boys who are trying to work out where they are and what has happened to them.

- 5 The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his way toward 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. All round him the long scar smashed into the jungle was a bath of heat. He was clambering heavily among the creepers and broken trunks when a bird, a vision of red and yellow, flashed upwards with a witch-like cry; and this cry was echoed by another.
- “Hi!” it said. “Wait a minute!” The undergrowth at the side of the scar was shaken and a multitude of raindrops fell pattering.
- “Wait a minute,” the voice said. “I got caught up.”
- 10 The fair boy stopped and jerked his stockings with an automatic gesture that made the jungle seem for a moment like the Home Counties.
- The voice spoke again.
- “I can’t hardly move with all these creeper things.”
- 15 The owner of the voice came backing out of the undergrowth so that twigs scratched on a greasy wind-breaker. The naked crooks of his knees were plump, caught and scratched by thorns. He bent down, removed the thorns carefully, and turned around. He was shorter than the fair boy and very fat. He came forward, searching out safe lodgements for his feet, and then looked up through thick spectacles.
- “Where’s the man with the megaphone?”
- 20 The fair boy shook his head.
- “This is an island. At least I think it’s an island. That’s a reef out in the sea. Perhaps there aren’t any grownups anywhere.”
- The fat boy looked startled.
- “There was that pilot. But he wasn’t in the passenger cabin, he was up in front.”
- 25 The fair boy was peering at the reef through screwed-up eyes.
- “All them other kids,” the fat boy went on. “Some of them must have got out. They must have, mustn’t they?”
- The fair boy began to pick his way as casually as possible toward the water. He tried to be offhand and not too obviously uninterested, but the fat boy hurried after him.

30 "Aren't there any grownups at all?"

"I don't think so."

The fair boy said this solemnly; but then the delight of a realized ambition overcame him. In the middle of the scar he stood on his head and grinned at the reversed fat boy.

"No grownups!"

**END OF SOURCE**