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“So we need shelters as a sort of--“

“Home.”

“That’s right.”

Jack drew up his legs, clasped his knees, and frowned in an effort to attain clarity.

“All the same--in the forest. I mean when you’re hunting, not when you’re getting fruit, of course, but when you’re on your own--“

He paused for a moment, not sure if Ralph would take him seriously.

“Go on.”

“If you’re hunting sometimes you catch yourself feeling as if--“ He flushed suddenly. “There’s nothing in it of course. Just a feeling. But you can feel as if you’re not hunting, but-- being hunted, as if something’s behind you all the time in the jungle.”

They were silent again: Simon intent, Ralph incredulous and faintly indignant. He sat up, rubbing one shoulder with a dirty hand.