Università di Firenze Dipartimento di Formazione, Lingue, Intercultura, Letterature e Psicologia

Corso di Traduzione in Lingua inglese John Gilbert

from *The Lord of the Flies* (1954) by William Golding (1911-1993)

(...)

 The officer grinned cheerfully at Ralph. “We saw your smoke. What have you been

doing? Having a war or something?”

 Ralph nodded.

 The officer inspected the little scarecrow in front of him. The kid needed a bath, a

haircut, a nose-wipe and a good deal of ointment. “Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead

bodies?'”

 “Only two. And they've gone.” (…)

 The officer turned back to Ralph.

 “We’ll take you off. How many of you are there?”

 Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys. (…)

 “We saw your smoke. And you don’t know how many of you there are?”

 “No, sir.”

 “I should have thought,” said the officer as he visualized the search before him, “I

should have thought that a pack of British boys—you’re all British, aren’t you?—would have

been able to put up a better show than that—I mean—”

 “It was like that at first,” said Ralph, “before things—” (…)

 Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange

glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead

wood—Simon was dead—and Jack had…. The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He

gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of

grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before

the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys

began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of them, with filthy body, matted hair, and

unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man’s heart, and the

fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.

 The officer, surrounded by these noises, was moved and a little embarrassed. He

turned away to give them time to pull themselves together; and waited, allowing his eyes to

rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

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