The thing is: we need an assembly. We need an assembly. Not for fun. Not for laughing and falling off the log -- not for making jokes, or for -- for cleverness. Not for these things. But to put things straight. I've been alone. By myself I went, thinking what's what. I know what we need. An assembly to put things straight. And first of all, I'm speaking.

We have lots of assemblies. Everybody enjoys speaking and being together. We decide things. But they don't get done. We were going to have water brought from the stream and left in those coconut shells under fresh leaves. So it was, for a few days. Now there's no water. The shells are dry. People drink from the river. Not that there's anything wrong with drinking from the river. I mean I'd sooner have water from that place -- you know, the pool where the waterfall is -- than out of an old coconut shell. Only we said we'd have the water brought. And now not. There were only two full shells there this afternoon.

Then there's huts. Shelters. You mostly sleep in shelters. Tonight, except for Samneric up by the fire, you'll all sleep there. Who built the shelters? Wait a minute! I mean, who built all three? We all built the first one, four of us the second one, and me 'n Simon built the last one over there. That's why it's so tottery. No. Don't laugh. That shelter might fall down if the rain comes back. We'll need those shelters then.

There's another thing. We chose those rocks right along beyond the bathing pool as a lavatory. That was sensible too. The tide cleans the place up. You littluns know about that. Now people seem to use anywhere. Even near the shelters and the platform. You littluns, when you're getting fruit; if you're taken short-- I said if you're taken short you keep away from the fruit. That's dirty! I said that's dirty That's really dirty. If you're taken short you go right along the beach to the rocks. See? We've all got to use the rocks again. This place is getting dirty.

And then: about the fire. The fire is the most important thing on the island. How can we ever be rescued except by luck, if we don't keep a fire going? Is a fire too much for us to make? Look at us! How many are we? And yet we can't keep a fire going to make smoke. Don't you understand? Can't you see we ought to -- ought to die before we let the fire out? You hunters! You can laugh! But I tell you the smoke is more important than the pig, however often you kill one. Do all of you see? We've got to make smoke up there--or die.

And another thing -- And another thing. We nearly set the whole island on fire. And we waste time, rolling rocks, and making little cooking fires. Now I say this and make it a rule, because I'm chief. We won't have a fire anywhere but on the mountain. Ever. Because if you want a fire to cook fish or crab, you can jolly well go up the mountain. That way we'll be certain.

All this I meant to say. Now I've said it. You voted me for chief. Now you do what I say. So remember. The rocks for a lavatory. Keep the fire going and smoke showing as a signal. Don't take fire from the mountain. Take your food up there.

Then the last thing. This is what people can talk about. Things are breaking up. I don't understand why. We began well; we were happy. And then-- then people started getting frightened. But that's littluns' talk. We'll get that straight. So the last part, the bit we can all talk about, is kind of deciding on the fear. We've got to talk about this fear and decide there's nothing in it. I'm frightened myself, sometimes; only that's nonsense! Like bogies. Then, when we've decided, we can start again and be careful about things like the fire.

And be happy.