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Books by *Roald Dahl*

THE BFG
BILLY AND THE MINPINS
BOY: TALES OF CHILDHOOD
BOY and GOING SOLO
CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
CHARLIE AND THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR
THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE
AND MR WILLY WONKA
DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD
THE ENORMOUS CROCODILE
ESIO TROT
FANTASTIC MR FOX
GEORGE'S MARVELLOUS MEDICINE
THE GIRAFFE AND THE PELY AND ME
GOING SOLO
JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH
THE MAGIC FINGER
MATILDA
THE TWITS
THE WITCHES

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ROALD DAHL



THE BFG

Illustrated by **Quentin Blake**



PUFFIN

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The characters in this book are:

HUMANS:

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

MARY, *the Queen's maid*

MR TIBBS, *the Palace butler*

THE HEAD OF THE ARMY

THE HEAD OF THE AIR FORCE

And, of course, SOPHIE, an orphan

GIANTS:

THE FLESHLUMPEATER

THE BONECRUNCHER

THE MANHUGGER

THE CHILDCHEWER

THE MEATDRIPPER

THE GIZZARDGULPER

THE MAIDMASHER

THE BLOODBOTTLER

THE BUTCHER BOY

And, of course, THE BFG

CHAPTER ONE

THE WITCHING HOUR

Sophie couldn't sleep.

A brilliant moonbeam was slanting through a gap in the curtains. It was shining right on to her pillow.

The other children in the dormitory had been asleep for hours.

Sophie closed her eyes and lay quite still. She tried very hard to doze off.

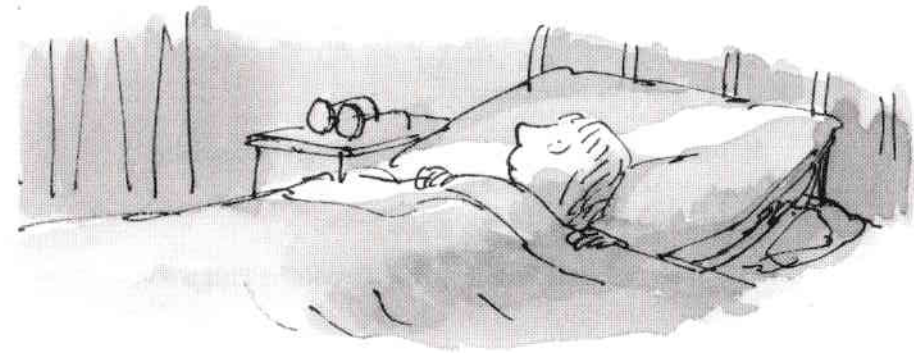
It was no good. The moonbeam was like a silver blade

SLICING through the room on to her face.

THE HOUSE WAS ABSOLUTELY SILENT.

No voices came up from downstairs. There were no footsteps on the floor above either.

The window behind the curtain was wide open, but nobody was walking on the pavement outside. No cars went by on the street. Not the tiniest sound could be heard anywhere. Sophie had never known such a

SILENCE.

Perhaps, she told herself, this was what they called the witching hour.

The witching hour, somebody had once whispered to her, was a special moment in the middle of the night when every child and every grown-up was in a deep deep sleep, and all the dark things came out from hiding and had the world to themselves.

The moonbeam was brighter than ever on Sophie's pillow. She decided to get out of bed and close the gap in the curtains.

You got punished if you were caught out of bed after lights-out. Even if you said you had to go to the lavatory, that was not accepted as an excuse and they punished you just the same. But there was no one about now, Sophie was sure of that.

She reached out for her glasses that lay on the chair beside her bed. They had steel rims and

very thick lenses, and she could hardly see a thing without them. She put them on, then she slipped out of bed and tiptoed over to the window.

When she reached the curtains, Sophie hesitated. She longed to duck underneath them and lean out of the window to see what the world looked like now that the witching hour was at hand.

She listened again. Everywhere it was

DEATHLY STILL.

The longing to look out became so strong she couldn't resist it. Quickly, she ducked under the curtains and leaned out of the window.

In the silvery moonlight, the village street she knew so well seemed completely different. The houses looked bent and crooked, like houses in a fairy tale. Everything was pale and ghostly and milky-white.

Across the road, she could see Mrs Rance's shop, where you bought buttons and wool and bits of elastic. It didn't look real. There was something dim and misty about that too.

Sophie allowed her eye to travel further and further down the street.

SUDDENLY SHE FROZE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING

COMING UP THE STREET ON

THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

LBRIS

We know
books

IT WAS SOMETHING
DARK . . .

SOMETHING **TALL**
AND **DARK . . .**

SOMETHING VERY

TALL

AND VERY

DARK

AND VERY

THIN.