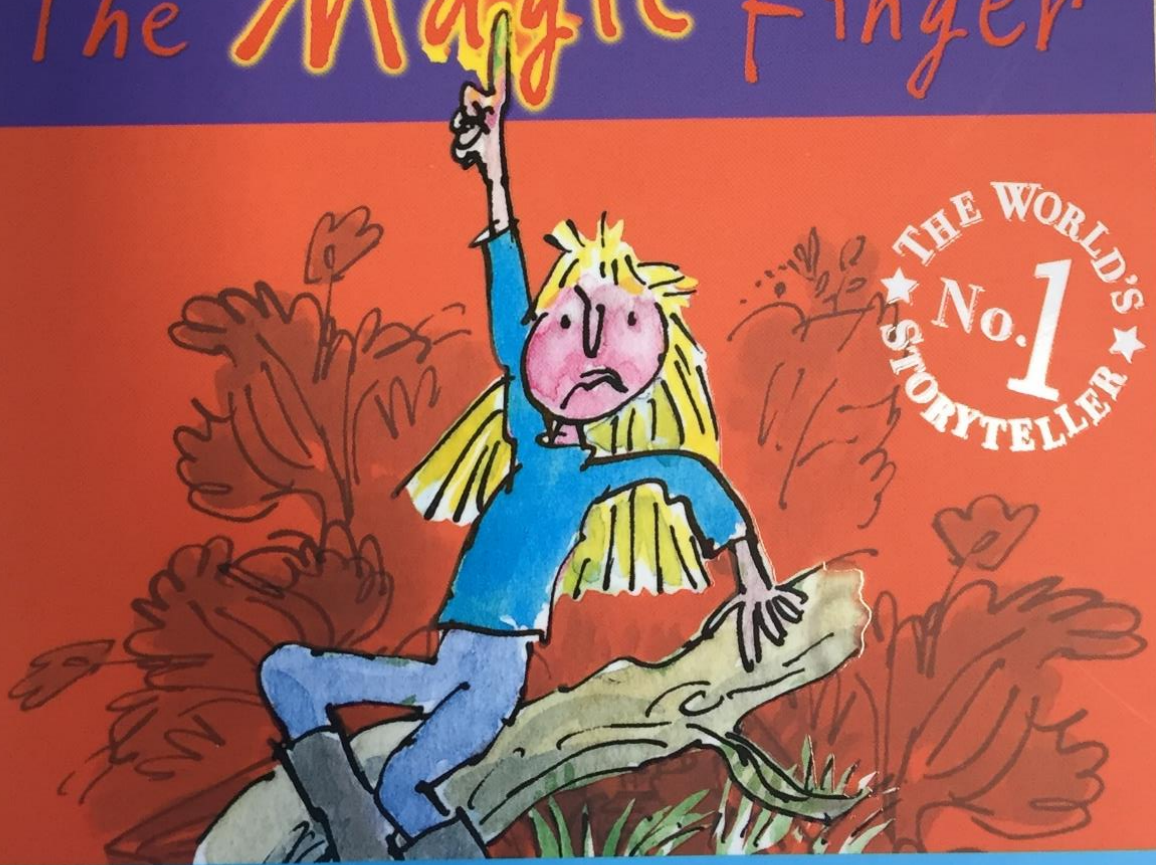


Roald Dahl



The Magic Finger



THE WORLD'S
No. 1
STORYTELLER

illustrated by Quentin Blake



After a while he said, 'That's enough sticks. Now I want leaves and feathers and things like that to make the inside nice and soft.'

The building of the nest went on and on. It took a long time. But at last it was finished.

'Try it,' said Mr Gregg, hopping back. He was very pleased with his work.

'Oh, isn't it lovely!' cried Mrs Gregg, going into it and sitting down. 'I feel I might lay an egg any moment!'

The others all got in beside her.

'How warm it is!' said William.

'And what fun to be living so high up,' said Philip. 'We may be small, but nobody can hurt us up here.'

'But what about food?' said Mrs Gregg. 'We haven't had a thing to eat all day.'

'That's right,' Mr Gregg said. 'So we will now fly back to the house and go in by an open window and get the tin of biscuits when the ducks aren't looking.'

'Oh, we will be pecked to bits by those dirty great ducks!' cried Mrs Gregg.

'We shall be very careful, my love,' said Mr Gregg. And off they went.

But when they got to the house, they found all the windows and doors closed. There was no way in.

Roald Dahl



James ^{and} the Giant Peach

THE WORLD'S
★ No. 1 ★
STORYTELLER



illustrated by Quentin Blake



*'Once upon a time
When pigs were swine
And monkeys chewed tobacco
And hens took snuff
To make themselves tough
And the ducks said quack-quack-quacko,
And porcupines
Drank fiery wines
And goats ate tapioca
And Old Mother Hubbard
Got stuck in the c —'*

'Look out, Centipede!' cried James. 'Look out!'

Roald Dahl



The Twits



illustrated by Quentin Blake



Mrs Twit Comes Ballooning Down

Mrs Twit may have been ugly and she may have been beastly, but she was not stupid.

High up there in the sky, she had a bright idea. 'If I can get rid of some of these balloons,' she said to herself, 'I will stop going up and start to come down.'



Roald Dahl



BOY *Tales of Childhood*



★ THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★

Cover illustrations by Quentin Blake



Homesickness

'Owch!' I screamed when he touched the vital spot.

The doctor went away with the Matron. The Matron returned half an hour later and said, 'The Headmaster has telephoned your mother and she's coming to fetch you this afternoon.'

I didn't answer her. I just lay there trying to look very ill, but my heart was singing out with all sorts of wonderful songs of praise and joy.

I was taken home across the Bristol Channel on the paddle-steamer and I felt so wonderful at being away from that dreaded school building that I very nearly forgot I was meant to be ill. That afternoon I had a session with Dr Dunbar at his surgery in Cathedral Road, Cardiff, and I tried the same tricks all over again. But Dr Dunbar was far wiser and more skilful than either the Matron or the school doctor. After he had prodded my stomach and I had done my yelping routine, he said to me, 'Now you can get dressed again and seat yourself on that chair.'

He himself sat down behind his desk and fixed me with a penetrating but not unkindly eye. 'You're faking, aren't you?' he said.

'How do you know?' I blurted out.

'Because your stomach is soft and perfectly normal,' he answered. 'If you had had an inflammation down there, the stomach would have been hard and rigid. It's quite easy to tell.'

I kept silent.

'I expect you're homesick,' he said.

I nodded miserably.

'Everyone is at first,' he said. 'You have to stick it out. And don't blame your mother for sending you away to boarding-school. She insisted you were too young to go, but it was I who persuaded her it was the right thing to

Roald Dahl



Matilda



★ THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★

illustrated by Quentin Blake





them in the house.'

'I see,' Miss Honey said. 'Well, all I came to tell you was that Matilda has a brilliant mind. But I expect you knew that already.'

'Of course I knew she could read,' the mother said. 'She spends her life up in her room buried in some silly book.'

'But does it not intrigue you,' Miss Honey said, 'that a little five-year-old child is reading long adult novels by Dickens and Hemingway? Doesn't that make you jump up and down with excitement?'

'Not particularly,' the mother said. 'I'm not in favour of blue-stockings girls. A girl should think about making herself look attractive so she can get a good husband later on. Looks is more important than books, Miss Hunky ...'

'The name is Honey,' Miss Honey said.

'Now look at *me*,' Mrs Wormwood said. 'Then look

Roald Dahl

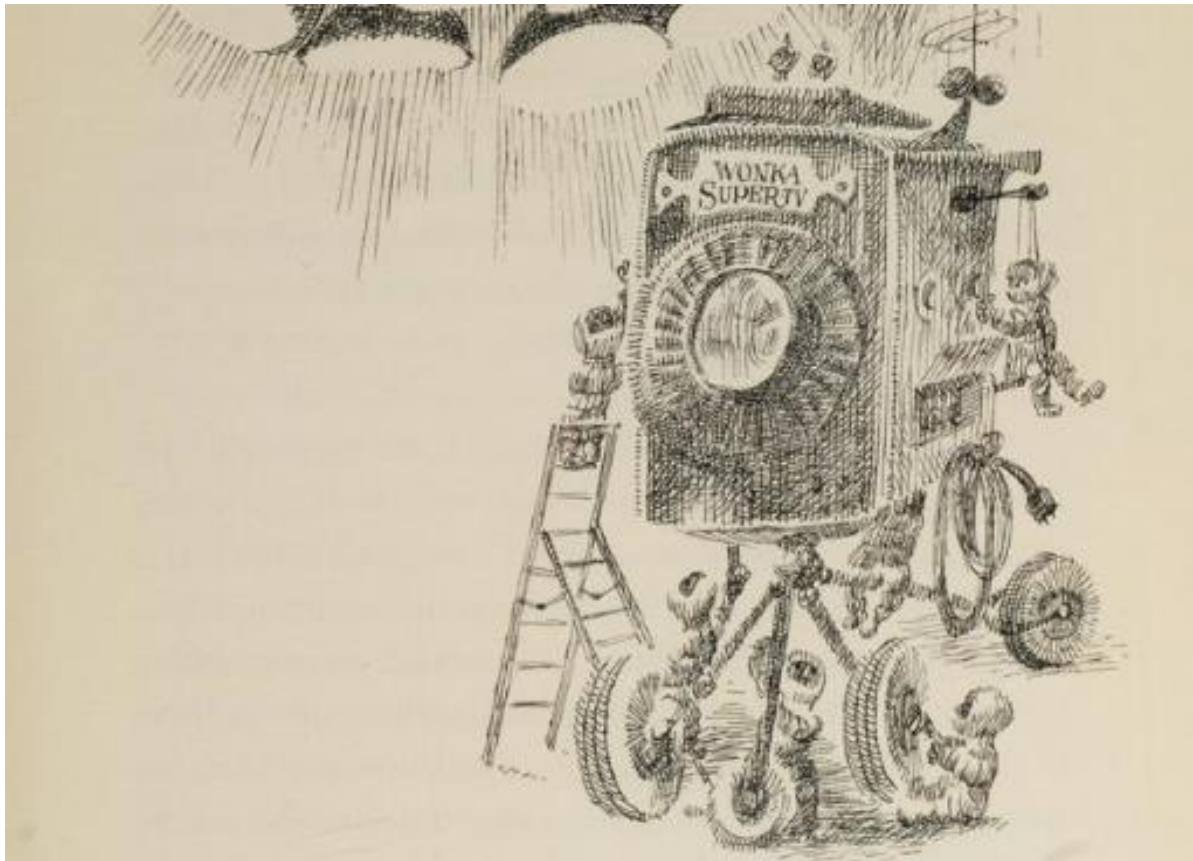


Charlie and the Chocolate Factory



illustrated by Quentin Blake





and the Oompa-Loompas knew it. There was no chattering or singing among them here, and they moved about over the huge black camera slowly and carefully in their scarlet space suits.

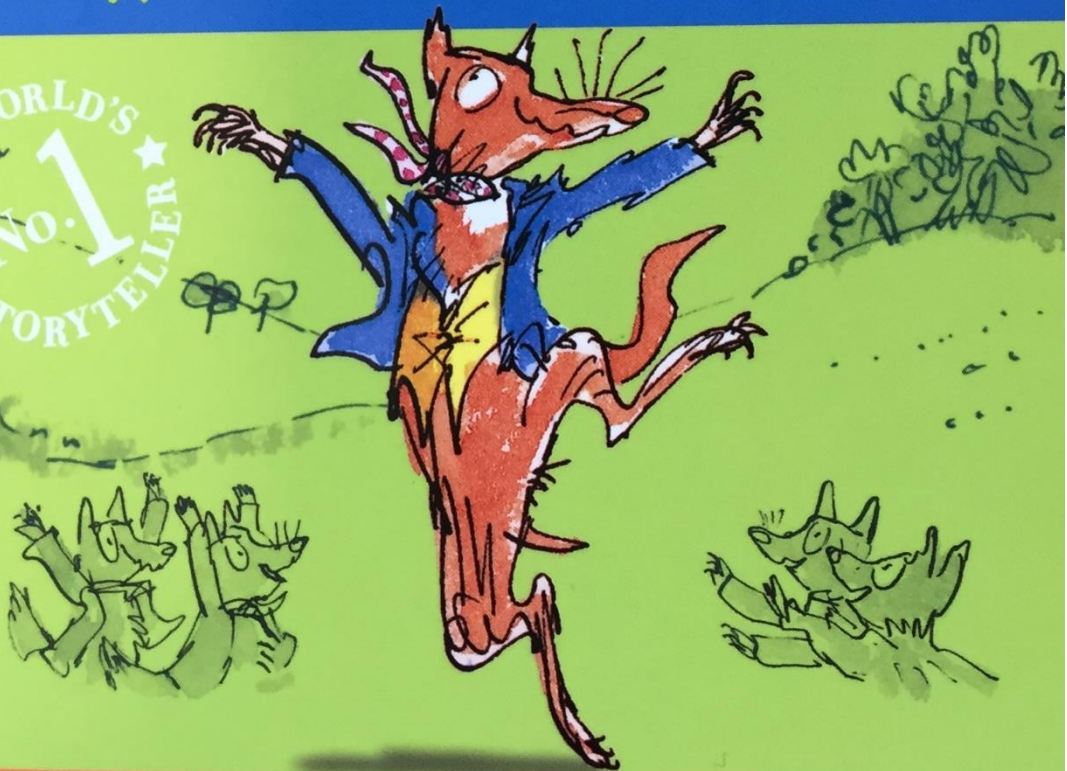
At the other end of the room, about fifty paces away from the camera, a single Oompa-Loompa (also wearing a space suit) was sitting at a black table gazing at the screen of a very large television set.

Roald Dahl



Fantastic Mr Fox

THE WORLD'S
No. 1
STORYTELLER



illustrated by Quentin Blake



Mr Fox Has a Plan

For three days and three nights this waiting-game went on.

‘How long can a fox go without food or water?’ Boggis asked on the third day.

‘Not much longer now,’ Bean told him. ‘He’ll make a run for it soon. He’ll have to.’

Bean was right. Down in the tunnel the foxes were slowly but surely starving to death.

‘If only we could have just a tiny sip of water,’ said one of the Small Foxes. ‘Oh, Dad, can’t you do *something*?’

‘Couldn’t we make a dash for it, Dad? We’d have a little bit of a chance, wouldn’t we?’

‘No chance at all,’ snapped Mrs Fox. ‘I refuse to let you go up there and face those guns. I’d sooner you stay down here and die in peace.’



Roald Dahl



*The Giraffe and
the Pelly and Me*



★ THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★



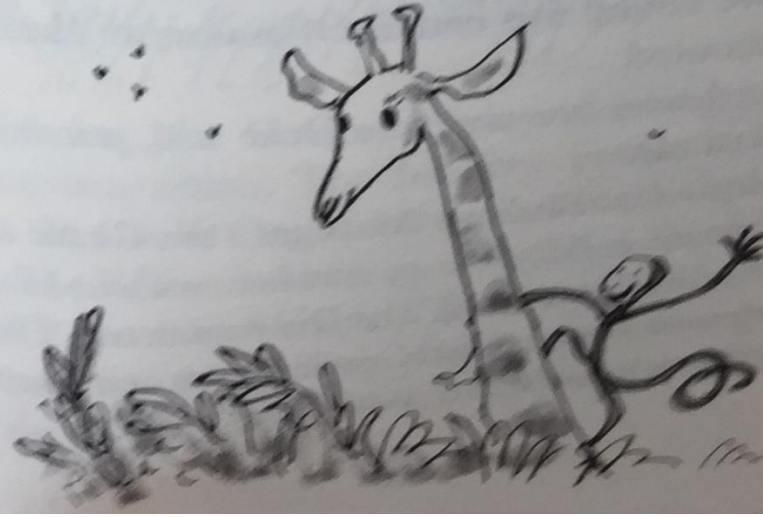
illustrated by Quentin Blake



And now the Giraffe, with the Monkey dancing about on her back, emerged suddenly from the bushes. The Duke stared at them. He looked as though he was about to have a fit. 'Who are these creatures?' he bellowed. 'Has the whole world gone completely dotty?' 'We are the window-cleaners!' sang out the Monkey.

*'We will polish your glass
Till it's shining like brass
And it sparkles like sun on the sea!
We will work for Your Grace
Till we're blue in the face,
The Giraffe and the Pelly and me!'*

'You asked us to come and see you,' the Giraffe said.

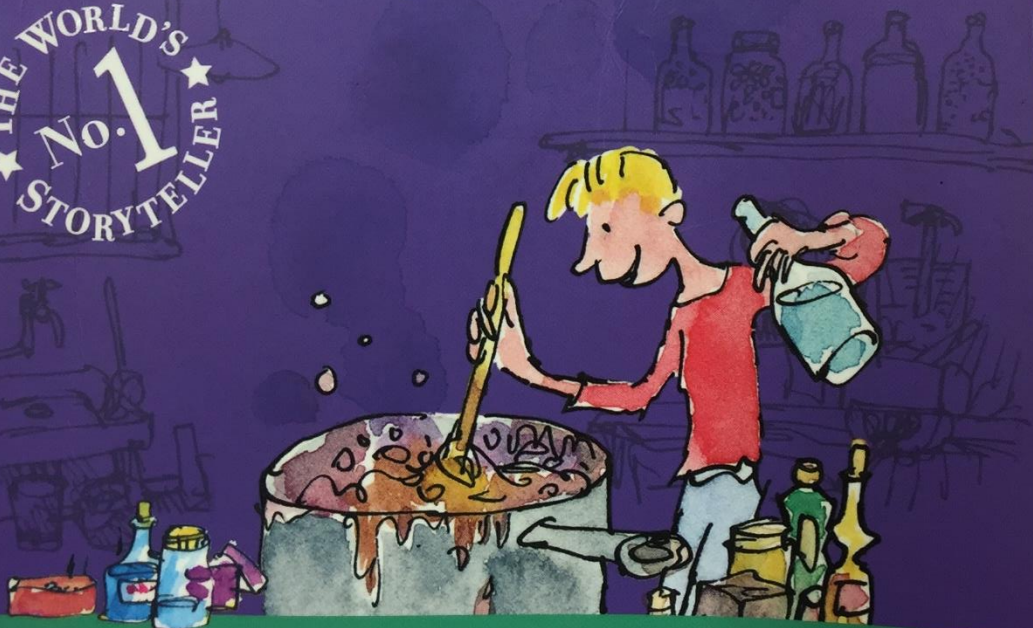


Roald Dahl



George's Marvellous Medicine

THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★



illustrated by Quentin Blake



Kranky. 'There isn't a minute to *wait!* We must get cracking at once!'

'Do calm down, my dear,' Mrs Kranky said from the other end of the table. 'And stop putting marmalade on your cornflakes.'

'The heck with my cornflakes!' cried Mr Kranky, leaping up from his chair. 'Come on, George! Let's get going! And the first thing we'll do is to make one more saucepanful as a tester.'

'But Dad,' said little George. 'The trouble is . . .'

'There won't be any trouble, my boy!' cried Mr Kranky. 'How can there possibly be any trouble? All you've got to do is put the same stuff into the saucepan as you did yesterday. And while you're doing it, I'll write down each and every item. That's how we'll get the magic recipe!'

'But Dad,' George said. 'Please listen to me.'

'Why don't you listen to him?' Mrs Kranky said. 'The boy's trying to tell you something.'

But Mr Kranky was too excited to listen to anyone except himself. 'And then,' he cried, 'when the new mixture is ready, we'll test it out on an old hen just to make absolutely sure we've got it right, and after that we'll all shout hooray and build the giant factory!'

'But Dad . . .'

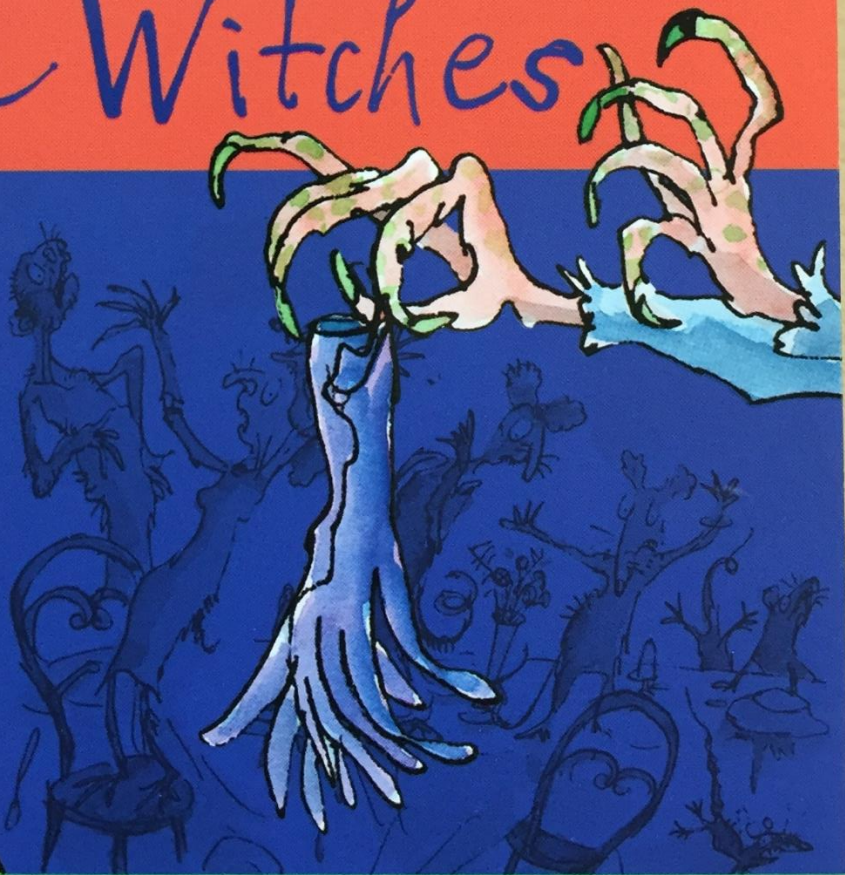
'Come on then, what is it you want to say?'

Roald Dahl



The Witches

THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★



illustrated by Quentin Blake



High Witch, glaring down from the platform.

'Mildred's just got a whiff of dogs' droppings, Your Grandness!' someone called back to her.

'Vot rrrubbish is this?' shouted The Grand High Witch. 'She has dogs' drrroppings on the brain! There are no children in this rrrroom!'

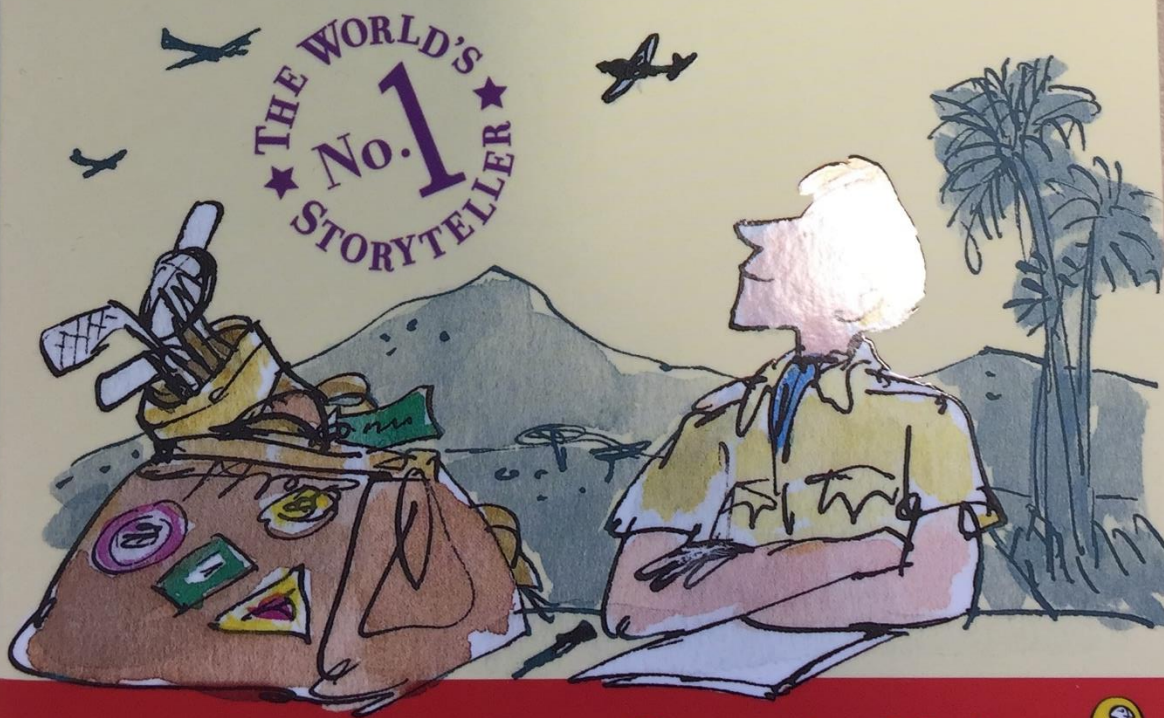
'Hang on!' cried the witch called Mildred. 'Hang on, everybody! Don't move! I'm getting it again!' Her huge curvy nose-holes were waving in and out like a pair of fish-tails. 'It's getting stronger! It's hitting me harder now! Can't the rest of you smell it?'

All the noses of all the witches in that room went up



Roald Dahl

Going Solo



Cover illustrations by Quentin Blake



Going Solo

'No, Mdisho. I think you would be a hero to most of the British people here if they knew what you had done. But that doesn't help. It is the police who would go after you.'

'The police!' he cried in horror. If there was one thing in Dar es Salaam that every local was terrified of, it was the police. The police constables were all blacks, acting under a couple of white officers at the top, and they were not famous for being gentle with prisoners.



L To r: Mdisho, Piggy, Owino, M Tolo, Shamba Boy

'Yes,' I said, 'the police.' I felt pretty sure they would charge Mdisho with murder if they caught him.

'If it is the police, then I will keep quiet, bwana,' he said, and all of a sudden he looked so downcast and disillusioned and defeated that I couldn't bear it. I got up from the chair and crossed the room and took the scabbard of the sword

Roald Dahl

Danny the Champion
of the World



illustrated by Quentin Blake



Mr Snoddy, our headmaster, took the top form, the eleven-year-olds, and everybody liked him. He was a small round man with a huge scarlet nose. I felt sorry for him having a nose like that. It was so big and inflamed it looked as though it might explode at any moment and blow him up.

A funny thing about Mr Snoddy was that he always brought a glass of water with him into class, and this he kept sipping right through the lesson. At least everyone *thought* it was a glass of water. Everyone, that is, except me and my best friend, Sidney Morgan. We knew differently, and this is how we found out. My father looked after Mr Snoddy's car and I always took his repair bills with me to school to save postage. One day during break I went to Mr Snoddy's study to give him a bill and Sidney Morgan came along with me. He didn't come for any special reason. We just



Ronald Dahl

The BFG

THE WORLD'S
No. 1
★ STORYTELLER ★



illustrated by Quentin Blake



‘The kiss of *what?*’ Sophie asked.

The BFG stopped writing and raised his head slowly. His eyes rested on Sophie’s face. ‘I is telling you once before,’ he said quietly, ‘that I is never having a chance to go to school. I is full of mistakes. They is not my fault. I do my best. You is a lovely little girl, but please remember that you is not exactly Miss Knoweverything yourself.’

‘I’m sorry,’ Sophie said. ‘I really am. It is very rude of me to keep correcting you.’

The BFG gazed at her for a while longer, then he bent his head again to his slow laborious writing.

‘Tell me honestly,’ Sophie said. ‘If you blew this dream into my bedroom when I was asleep, would I really and truly start dreaming about how I saved my teacher from drowning by diving off the bridge?’

‘More,’ the BFG said. ‘A lot more. But I cannot be squibbling the whole gropeflunking dream on a titchy bit of paper. Of course there is more.’

The BFG laid down his pencil and placed one massive ear close to the jar. For about thirty seconds he listened intently. ‘Yes,’ he said, nodding his great head solemnly up and down. ‘This dream is continuing very nice. It has a very dory-hunky ending.’

‘How does it end?’ Sophie said. ‘*Please* tell me.’

‘You would be dreaming,’ the BFG said, ‘that the morning after you is saving the teacher from the river, you is arriving at school and you is seeing all the five hundred pupils sitting in the assembly hall, and all the teachers as well, and the head teacher is then standing

Roald Dahl

Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator



THE WORLD'S
★ No. 1 ★
STORYTELLER

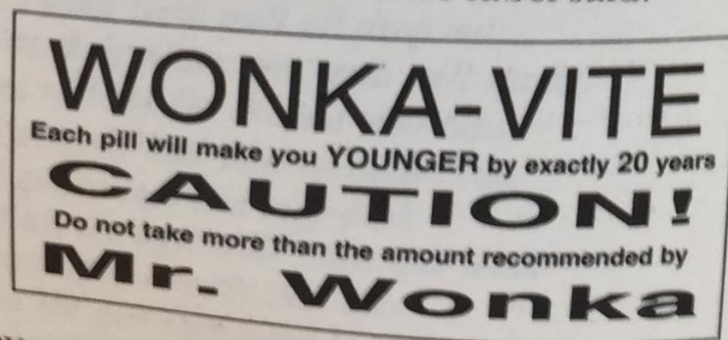
illustrated by Quentin Blake



Recipe for Wonka-Vite

'Here it is!' cried Mr Wonka, standing at the end of the bed and holding high in one hand a little bottle. 'The most valuable bottle of pills in the world! And that, by the way,' he said, giving Grandma Georgina a saucy glance, 'is why I haven't taken any myself. They are far too valuable to waste on me.'

He held the bottle out over the bed. The three old ones sat up and stretched their scrawny necks, trying to catch a glimpse of the pills inside. Charlie and Grandpa Joe also came forward to look. So did Mr and Mrs Bucket. The label said:



They could all see the pills through the glass. They were brilliant yellow, shimmering and quivering inside the bottle. Vibrating is perhaps a better

Roald Dahl

THE WORLD'S
No. 1
STORYTELLER



The Enormous Crocodile



Illustrated by Quentin Blake



"*Tough and chewy!*" cried the Enormous Crocodile.
"*Nasty and bitter!* What awful tommy-rot you talk!
They are juicy and yummy!"

"They taste so bitter," the Notsobig One said, "you have to cover them with sugar before you can eat them."

"Children are bigger than fish," said the Enormous Crocodile. "You get bigger helpings."

"You are greedy," the Notsobig One said. "You're the greediest croc in the whole river."

"I'm the bravest croc in the whole river," said the Enormous Crocodile. "I'm the only one who dares to leave the water and go through the jungle to the town to look for little children to eat."

"You've only done that once," snorted the Notsobig One. "And what happened then? They all saw you coming and ran away."



Roald Dahl Early Level Answer Sheet

Name:

1		8	
2		9	
3		10	
4		11	
5		12	
6		13	
7		14	
		15	

Roald Dahl First Level Pupil Answer Sheet Name:

1	What food did Mr Gregg hope they would be able to get?
2	Find 2 rhyming words
3	What was Mrs Twit's bright idea?
4	How did Roald Dahl cross the Bristol Channel?
5	What is more important than books according to Matilda's mother?
6	How did the Oompa Loompa's move?
7	What do the small foxes want?
8	Finish these sentences: We will polish your Till it's shining like
9	What was Mr Kranky putting on his cornflakes?
10	Who shouted "Vot rrrubbish is this?"
11	What was the one thing everyone in Dar es Salaam was terrified of?
12	Describe Mr Snoddy's nose.
13	Why does Sophie apologise?
14	How did Roald Dahl describe their necks?
15	What are children bigger than?

1	What two adjectives did Roald Dahl use to describe the inside of the nest?
2	Finish the poem.
3	What punctuation is used on this page?
4	How would Roald Dahl's stomach have felt if it had been inflamed?
5	Miss Honey said Matilda was reading novels by who?
6	List the verbs on this page.
7	How long, in hours, did the waiting game go on for?
8	What simile can you find on this page?
9	How many exclamation marks were used on this page?
10	Add in the correct punctuation to this sentence ang on cried the witch called ildred
11	Can you think of a synonym for 'terrified'.
12	Why did the author use italics on the word 'thought'?
13	What does solemnly mean?
14	Why did the label use CAPITAL LETTERS?
15	Finish the sentences – Tough and Nasty and

To play the Roald Dahl game you will need a playground area.

Using a compass find north, chalk this on to the ground with an N and arrow.

Place out cones, a book cover with page laminated on back and a weaved letter. Set up as shown on the map.