



The Giants

'But if you are so nice and friendly,' Sophie said, 'then why did you snatch me from my bed and run away with me?'

'Because you *SAW* me,' the Big Friendly Giant answered. 'If anyone is ever *SEEING* a giant, he or she must be taken away hipswitch.'

'Why?' asked Sophie.

'Well, first of all,' said the BFG, 'human beans is not really *believing* in giants, is they? Human beans is not *thinking* we exist.'

'I do,' Sophie said.

'Ah, but that is only because you has *SEEN* me!' cried the BFG. 'I cannot possibly allow *anyone*, even little girls, to be *SEEING* me and staying at home. The first thing you would be doing, you would be scuddling around yodelling the news that you were actually *SEEING* a giant, and then a great giant-hunt, a mighty giant look-see, would be starting up all over the world, with the human beans all rummaging for the great giant you saw and getting wildly excited. People would be coming rushing and bushing after me with goodness knows what and they would be catching me and locking me into a cage to be stared at. They would be putting me into the zoo or the bunkumhouse with all those squiggling hippodumplings and crockadowndillies.'

Sophie knew that what the Giant said was true. If any person reported actually having seen a giant haunting the streets of a town at night, there would most certainly be a terrific hullabaloo across the world.



'I will bet you,' the BFG went on, 'that *you* would have been splashing the news all over the wonky world, wouldn't you, if I hadn't wiggled you away?'

'I suppose I would,' Sophie said.

'And that would never do,' said the BFG.

'So what will happen to me now?' Sophie asked.

'If you do go back, you will be telling the world,' said the BFG, 'most likely on the telly-telly bunkum box and the radio squeaker. So you will just have to be staying here with me for the rest of your life.'

'Oh no!' cried Sophie.

'Oh yes!' said the BFG. 'But I am warning you not ever to go whiffing about out of this cave without I is with you or you will be coming to an ucky-mucky end! I is showing you now who is going to eat you up if they is ever catching even one tiny little glimp of you.'

The Big Friendly Giant picked Sophie off the table and carried her to the cave entrance. He rolled the huge stone to one side and said, 'Peep out over there, little girl, and tell me what you is seeing.'

Sophie, sitting on the BFG's hand, peeped out of the cave.

The sun was up now and shining fiery-hot over the great yellow wasteland with its blue rocks and dead trees.

'Is you seeing them?' the BFG asked.

Sophie, squinting through the glare of the sun, saw several tremendous tall figures moving among the rocks about five hundred yards away. Three or four others were sitting quite motionless on the rocks themselves.

'This is Giant Country,' the BFG said. 'Those is all giants, every one.'

It was a brain-boggling sight. The giants were all naked except for a sort of short skirt around their waists, and their skins were burnt by the sun. But it was the sheer size of each one of them that boggled Sophie's brain most of all. They were simply colossal, far taller and wider than the Big Friendly Giant upon whose hand she was now sitting. And oh how ugly they were! Many of them had large bellies. All of them had long arms and big feet. They were too far away for their faces to be seen clearly, and perhaps that was a good thing.

'What on earth are they doing?' Sophie asked.

'Nothing,' said the BFG. 'They is just moocheling and footcheling around and waiting for the night to come. Then they will all be galloping off to places where *people* is living to find their suppers.'

'You mean to Turkey,' Sophie said.

'Bonecrunching Giant will be galloping to Turkey, of course,' said the BFG. 'But the others will be whiffing off to all sorts of flungaway places like Wellington for the booty flavour and Panama for the hatty taste. Every giant is having his own favourite hunting ground.'

'Do they ever go to England?' Sophie asked.

'Often,' said the BFG. 'They say the English is tasting ever so wonderfully of crodscollop.'

'I'm not sure I quite know what that means,' Sophie said.

'Meanings is not important,' said the BFG. 'I cannot be right all the time. Quite often I is left instead of right.'

'And are all those beastly giants over there really going off again tonight to eat people?' Sophie asked.

'All of them is guzzling human beans every night,' the BFG answered. 'All of them excepting me. That is why you will be coming to an ucky-mucky end if any of them should ever be getting his goggles upon you. You would be swallowed up like a piece of frumpkin pie, all in one dollop!'

'But eating people is horrible!' Sophie cried. 'It's frightful! Why doesn't someone stop them?'

'And who please is going to be stopping them?' asked the BFG.



'Couldn't you?' said Sophie.

'Never in a pig's whistle!' cried the BFG. 'All of those man-eating giants is enormous and very fierce! They is all at least two times my wideness and double my royal highness!'

'Twice as high as you!' cried Sophie.

'Easily that,' said the BFG. 'You is seeing them in the distance but just wait till you get them close up. Those giants is all at least fifty feet tall with huge muscles and cuckles alive alive-o. I is the titchy one. I is the runt. Twenty-four feet is puddlenuts in Giant Country.'

'You mustn't feel bad about it,' Sophie said. 'I think you are just great. Why even your toes must be as big as sausages.'

'Bigger,' said the BFG, looking pleased. 'They is as big as bumblehammers.'

'How many giants are there out there?' Sophie asked.

'Nine altogether,' answered the BFG.

'That means,' said Sophie, 'that somewhere in the world, every single night, nine wretched people get carried away and eaten alive.'

'More,' said the BFG. 'It is all depending, you see, on how big the human beans is. Japanese beans is very small, so a giant will need to gobble up about six Japanese before he is feeling full up. Others like the Norway people and the Yankee-Doodles is ever so much bigger and usually two or three of those makes a good tuck-in.'

'But do these disgusting giants go to every single country in the world?' Sophie asked.

'All countries excepting Greece is getting visited some time or another,' the BFG answered. 'The country which a giant visits is depending on how he is feeling. If it is very warm weather and a giant is feeling as hot as a sizzlepan, he will probably go galloping far up to the frisky north to get himself an Esquimo or two to cool him down. A nice fat Esquimo to a giant is like a lovely ice-cream lolly to you.'

'I'll take your word for it,' Sophie said.

'And then again, if it is a frosty night and the giant is fridging with cold, he will probably point his nose towards the swultering hotlands to guzzle a few Hottentots to warm him up.'

'How perfectly horrible,' Sophie said.

'Nothing hots a cold giant up like a hot Hottentot,' the BFG said.

'And if you were to put me down on the ground and I was to walk out among them now,' Sophie said, 'would they really eat me up?'

'Like a whiffswiddle!' cried the BFG. 'And what is more, you is so small they wouldn't even have to chew you. The first one to be seeing you would pick you up in his fingers and down you'd go like a drop of drain-water!'

'Let's go back inside,' Sophie said. 'I hate even watching them.'



The Marvellous Ears

Back in the cave, the Big Friendly Giant sat Sophie down once again on the enormous table. 'Is you quite snuggly there in your nightie?' he asked. 'You isn't fridgy cold?'

'I'm fine,' Sophie said.

'I cannot help thinking,' said the BFG, 'about your poor mother and father. By now they must be jipping and skumping all over the house shouting "Hello hello where is Sophie gone?"'

'I don't have a mother and father,' Sophie said. 'They both died when I was a baby.'

'Oh, you poor little scrumplet!' cried the BFG. 'Is you not missing them very badly?'

'Not really,' Sophie said, 'because I never knew them.'

'You is making me sad,' the BFG said, rubbing his eyes.

'Don't be sad,' Sophie said. 'No one is going to be worrying too much about me. That place you took me from was the village orphanage. We are all orphans in there.'

'You is a norphan?'

'Yes.'

'How many is there in there?'

'Ten of us,' Sophie said. 'All little girls.'

'Was you happy there?' the BFG asked.

'I hated it,' Sophie said. 'The woman who ran it was called Mrs Clonkers and if she caught you breaking any of the rules, like getting out of bed at night or not folding up your clothes, you got punished.'

'How is you getting punished?'

'She locked us in the dark cellar for a day and a night without anything to eat or drink.'

'The rotten old rotrasper!' cried the BFG.

'It was horrid,' Sophie said. 'We used to dread it. There were rats down there. We

saw me.'

'And so they would,' said the BFG. 'You is a human bean and human beans is like strawbunkles and cream to those giants.'

'If they are going to eat me the moment they see me, then I wouldn't have time to tell them anything, would I?' Sophie said.

'You wouldn't,' said the BFG.

'Then why did you say I might?'

'Because I is brimful of buzzburgers,' the BFG said. 'If you listen to everything I am saying you will be getting earache.'

'Please tell me what you were doing in our village,' Sophie said. 'I promise you can trust me.'

'Would you teach me how to make an elefunt?' the BFG asked.

'What *do* you mean?' Sophie said.

'I would dearly love to have an elefunt to ride on,' the BFG said dreamily. 'I would so much love to have a jumbly big elefunt and go riding through green forests picking peachy fruits off the trees all day long. This is a sizzling-hot muckfrumping country we is living in. Nothing grows in it except snozzcumbers. I would love to go somewhere else and pick peachy fruits in the early morning from the back of an elefunt.'

Sophie was quite moved by this curious statement.

'Perhaps one day we will get you an elephant,' she said. 'And peachy fruits as well. Now tell me what you were doing in our village.'

'If you is really wanting to know what I am doing in your village,' the BFG said, 'I is blowing a dream into the bedroom of those children.'

'*Blowing a dream?*' Sophie said. 'What *do* you mean?'

'I is a dream-blowing giant,' the BFG said. 'When all the other giants is galloping off every what way and which to swollop human beans, I is scuddling away to other places to blow dreams into the bedrooms of sleeping children. Nice dreams. Lovely golden dreams. Dreams that is giving the dreamers a happy time.'

'Now hang on a minute,' Sophie said. 'Where do you get these dreams?'

'I collect them,' the BFG said, waving an arm towards all the rows and rows of bottles on the shelves. 'I has billions of them.'

'You can't *collect* a dream,' Sophie said. 'A dream isn't something you can catch hold of.'

'You is never going to understand about it,' the BFG said. 'That is why I is not

could hear them creeping about.'

'The filthy old fizzwiggler!' shouted the BFG. 'That is the horriddest thing I is hearing for years! You is making me sadder than ever!' All at once, a huge tear that would have filled a bucket rolled down one of the BFG's cheeks and fell with a splash on the floor. It made quite a puddle.

Sophie watched with astonishment. What a strange and moody creature this is, she thought. One moment he is telling me my head is full of squashed flies and the next moment his heart is melting for me because Mrs Clonkers locks us in the cellar.

'The thing that worries *me*,' Sophie said, 'is having to stay in this dreadful place for the rest of my life. The orphanage was pretty awful, but I wouldn't have been there for ever, would I?'

'All is my fault,' the BFG said. 'I is the one who kidsnatched you.' Yet another enormous tear welled from his eye and splashed on to the floor.

'Now I come to think of it, I won't actually be here all that long,' Sophie said.

'I is afraid you will,' the BFG said.

'No, I won't,' Sophie said. 'Those brutes out there are bound to catch me sooner or later and have me for tea.'

'I is *never* letting that happen,' the BFG said.

For a few moments the cave was silent. Then Sophie said, 'May I ask you a question?'

The BFG wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand and gave Sophie a long thoughtful stare. 'Shoot away,' he said.

'Would you please tell me what you were doing in our village last night? Why were you poking that long trumpet thing into the Goochey children's bedroom and then blowing through it?'

'Ah-ha!' cried the BFG, sitting up suddenly in his chair. 'Now we is getting nosier than a parker!'

'And the suitcase you were carrying,' Sophie said. 'What on earth was *that* all about?'

The BFG stared suspiciously at the small girl sitting cross-legged on the table.

'You is asking me to tell you whoppys big secrets,' he said. 'Secrets that nobody is ever hearing before.'

'I won't tell a soul,' Sophie said. 'I swear it. How could I anyway? I am stuck here for the rest of my life.'

'You could be telling the other giants.'

'No, I couldn't,' Sophie said. 'You told me they would eat me up the moment they

wishing to tell you.'

'Oh, please tell me!' Sophie said. 'I *will* understand! Go on! Tell me how you collect dreams! Tell me everything!'

The BFG settled himself comfortably in his chair and crossed his legs. 'Dreams,' he said, 'is very mysterious things. They is floating around in the air like little wispy-misty bubbles. And all the time they is searching for sleeping people.'

'Can you see them?' Sophie asked.

'Never at first.'

'Then how do you catch them if you can't see them?' Sophie asked.

'Ah-ha,' said the BFG. 'Now we is getting on to the dark and dusky secrets.'

'I won't tell a soul.'

'I is trusting you,' the BFG said. He closed his eyes and sat quite still for a moment, while Sophie waited.



'A dream,' he said, 'as it goes whiffing through the night air, is making a tiny little buzzing-humming noise. But this little buzzy-hum is so silvery soft, it is impossible for a human bean to be hearing it.'

'Can you hear it?' Sophie asked.

The BFG pointed up at his enormous truck-wheel ears which he now began to move in and out. He performed this exercise proudly, with a little proud smile on his face. 'Is you seeing these?' he asked.

'How could I miss them?' Sophie said.

'They maybe is looking a bit propposterous to you,' the BFG said, 'but you must

believe me when I say they is very extra-usual ears indeed. They is not to be coughed at.'

'I'm quite sure they're not,' Sophie said.

'They is allowing me to hear absolutely every single twiddly little thing.'

'You mean you can hear things I can't hear?' Sophie said.

'You is *deaf as a dumpling* compared with me!' cried the BFG. 'You is hearing only thumping loud noises with those little earwigs of yours. But I am hearing *all the secret whisperings of the world!*'

'Such as what?' Sophie asked.

'In your country,' he said, 'I is hearing the footsteps of a ladybird as she goes walking across a leaf.'

'*Honestly?*' Sophie said, beginning to be impressed.

'What's more, I is hearing those footsteps *very loud*,' the BFG said. 'When a ladybird is walking across a leaf, I is hearing her feet going *clumpety-clumpety-clump* like giants' footsteps.'

'Good gracious me!' Sophie said. 'What else can you hear?'

'I is hearing the little ants chittering to each other as they scuddle around in the soil.'

'You mean you can hear ants talking?'

'Every single word,' the BFG said. 'Although I is not exactly understanding their langwitch.'

'Go on,' Sophie said.

'Sometimes, on a very clear night,' the BFG said, 'and if I is swiggling my ears in the right direction' – and here he swivelled his great ears upwards so they were facing the ceiling – 'if I is swiggling them like this and the night is very clear, I is sometimes hearing faraway music coming from the stars in the sky.'

A queer little shiver passed through Sophie's body. She sat very quiet, waiting for more.

'My ears is what told me you was watching me out of your window last night,' the BFG said.

'But I didn't make a sound,' Sophie said.

'I was hearing your heart beating across the road,' the BFG said. 'Loud as a drum.'

'Go on,' Sophie said. 'Please.'

'I can hear plants and trees.'

'Do *they* talk?' Sophie asked.

'They is not exactly talking,' the BFG said. 'But they is making noises. For instance, if I come along and I is picking a lovely flower, if I is twisting the stem of the flower till it breaks, then the plant is screaming. I can hear it screaming and screaming very clear.'

'You don't mean it!' Sophie cried. 'How awful!'

'It is screaming just like you would be screaming if someone was twisting *your* arm right off.'

'Is that really true?' Sophie asked.

'You think I is swizzfiggling you?'

'It is rather hard to believe.'

'Then I is stopping right here,' said the BFG sharply. 'I is not wishing to be called a fibster.'

'Oh no! I'm not calling you anything!' Sophie cried. 'I believe you! I do really! Please go on!'

The BFG gave her a long hard stare. Sophie looked right back at him, her face open to his. 'I believe you,' she said softly.

She had offended him, she could see that.

'I wouldn't ever be fibbling to you,' he said.

'I know you wouldn't,' Sophie said. 'But you must understand that it isn't easy to believe such amazing things straight away.'

'I understand that,' the BFG said.

'So do please forgive me and go on,' she said.

He waited a while longer, and then he said, 'It is the same with trees as it is with flowers. If I is chopping an axe into the trunk of a big tree, I is hearing a terrible sound coming from inside the heart of the tree.'

'What sort of sound?' Sophie asked.

'A soft moaning sound,' the BFG said. 'It is like the sound an old man is making when he is dying slowly.'

He paused. The cave was very silent.

'Trees is living and growing just like you and me,' he said. 'They is alive. So is plants.'

He was sitting very straight in his chair now, his hands clasped tightly together in front of him. His face was bright, his eyes round and bright as two stars.

'Such wonderful and terrible sounds I is hearing!' he said. 'Some of them you would never wish to be hearing yourself! But some is like glorious music!'

He seemed almost to be transfigured by the excitement of his thoughts. His face was

beautiful in its blaze of emotions.

'Tell me some more about them,' Sophie said quietly.

'You just ought to be hearing the little micies talking!' he said. 'Little micies is always talking to each other and I is hearing them as loud as my own voice.'

'What do they say?'

'Only the micies know that,' he said. 'Spiders is also talking a great deal. You might not be thinking it but spiders is the most tremendous natterboxes. And when they is spinning their webs, they is singing all the time. They is singing sweeter than a nightingull.'

'Who else do you hear?'

'One of the biggest chatbags is the cattlepiddlers,' the BFG said.

'What do they say?'

'They is arguing all the time about who is going to be the prettiest butterfly. That is all they is ever talking about.'

'Is there a dream floating around in here now?'

The BFG moved his great ears this way and that, listening intently. He shook his head. 'There is no dream in here,' he said, 'except in the bottles. I has a special place to go for catching dreams. They is not often coming to Giant Country.'

'How do you catch them?'

'The same way you is catching butterflyflies,' the BFG answered. 'With a net.' He stood up and crossed over to a corner of the cave where a pole was leaning against the wall. The pole was about thirty feet long and there was a net on the end of it. 'Here is the dream-catcher,' he said, grasping the pole in one hand. 'Every morning I is going out and snitching new dreams to put in my bottles.'

Suddenly, he seemed to lose interest in the conversation. 'I is getting hungry,' he said. 'It is time for eats.'



Snozzcumpers

'But if you don't eat people like all the others,' Sophie said, 'then what *do* you live on?'

'That is a squelching tricky problem around here,' the BFG answered. 'In this sloshflunking Giant Country, happy eats like pineapples and pigwinkles is simply not growing. Nothing is growing except for one extremely icky-poo vegetable. It is called the snozzcumber.'

'The snozzcumber!' cried Sophie. 'There's no such thing.'

The BFG looked at Sophie and smiled, showing about twenty of his square white teeth. 'Yesterday,' he said, 'we was not believing in giants, was we? Today we is not believing in snozzcumpers. Just because we happen not to have actually *seen* something with our own two little winkles, we think it is not existing. What about for instance the great squizzly scotch-hopper?'

'I beg your pardon?' Sophie said.

'And the humplecrimp?'

'What's that?' Sophie said.

'And the wraprascal?'

'The what?' Sophie said.

'And the crumpscoddle?'

'Are they animals?' Sophie asked.

'They is *common* animals,' said the BFG contemptuously. 'I is not a very know-all giant myself, but it seems to me that you is an absolutely know-nothing human bean. Your brain is full of rotten-wool.'

'You mean cotton-wool,' Sophie said.

'What I mean and what I say is two different things,' the BFG announced rather grandly. 'I will now show you a snozzcumber.'

The BFG flung open a massive cupboard and took out the weirdest-looking thing

'Whoever heard of a *woman* giant!' shouted the BFG, waving the snozzcumber around his head like a lasso. 'There never was a woman giant! And there never will be one. Giants is always men!'

Sophie felt herself getting a little muddled. 'In that case,' she said, 'how were you born?'

'Giants isn't born,' the BFG answered. 'Giants *appears* and that's all there is to it. They simply *appears*, the same way as the sun and the stars.'

'And when did you appear?' Sophie asked.

'Now how on earth could I be knowing a thing like that?' said the BFG. 'It was so long ago I couldn't count.'

'You mean you don't even know how *old* you are?'

'No giant is knowing that,' the BFG said. 'All I is knowing about myself is that I is very old, very very old and crumply. Perhaps as old as the earth.'

'What happens when a giant dies?' Sophie asked.

'Giants is never dying,' the BFG answered. 'Sometimes and quite suddenly, a giant is disappearing and nobody is ever knowing where he goes to. But mostly us giants is simply going on and on like whiffy time-twiddlers.'

The BFG was still holding the awesome snozzcumber in his right hand, and now he put one end into his mouth and bit off a huge hunk of it. He started crunching it up and the noise he made was like the crunching of lumps of ice.

'It's filthing!' he spluttered, speaking with his mouth full and spraying large pieces of snozzcumber like bullets in Sophie's direction. Sophie hopped around on the table-top, ducking out of the way.

'It's disgusting!' the BFG gurgled. 'It's sickable! It's rotsome! It's maggotwise! Try it yourself, this frousome snozzcumber!'

'No, thank you,' Sophie said, backing away.

'It's all you're going to be guzzling around here from now on so you might as well get used to it,' said the BFG. 'Go on, you snipsy little winkle, have a go!'

Sophie took a small nibble. 'Ugggggggh!' she spluttered. 'Oh no! Oh gosh! Oh help!' She spat it out quickly. 'It tastes of frogskins!' she gasped. 'And rotten fish!'

'Worse than that!' cried the BFG, roaring with laughter.

'Of course not,' Sophie said. 'I just love the way you talk.'

'How wondercrump!' cried the BFG, still beaming. 'How whoopsey-splunkers! How absolutely squiffing! I is all of a stutter.'

'Listen,' Sophie said. 'We don't *have* to eat snozzcumpers. In the fields around our village there are all sorts of lovely vegetables like cauliflowers and carrots. Why don't you get some of those next time you go visiting?'

The BFG raised his great head proudly in the air. 'I is a very honourable giant,' he said. 'I would rather be chewing up rotsome snozzcumpers than snitching things from other people.'

'You stole *me*,' Sophie said.

'I did not steal you very much,' said the BFG, smiling gently. 'After all, you is only a tiny little girl.'

Sophie had ever seen. It was about half as long again as an ordinary man but was much thicker. It was as thick around its girth as a perambulator. It was black with white stripes along its length. And it was covered all over with coarse knobles.



'Here is the repulsant snozzcumber!' cried the BFG, waving it about. 'I squoggle it! I mispise it! I dispunge it! But because I is refusing to gobble up human beans like the other giants, I must spend my life guzzling up icky-poo snozzcumpers instead. If I don't, I will be nothing but skin and groans.'

'You mean skin and *bones*,' Sophie said.

'I *know* it is bones,' the BFG said. 'But please understand that I cannot be helping it if I sometimes is saying things a little squiggly. I is trying my very best all the time.' The Big Friendly Giant looked suddenly so forlorn that Sophie got quite upset.

'I'm sorry,' she said. 'I didn't mean to be rude.'

'There never was any schools to teach me talking in Giant Country,' the BFG said sadly.

'But couldn't your mother have taught you?' Sophie asked.

'My *mother*!' cried the BFG. 'Giants don't have mothers! Surely you is knowing *that*.'

'I did *not* know that,' Sophie said.



'To me it is tasting of clockcoaches and slime-wanglers!'

'Do we really have to eat it?' Sophie said.

'You do unless you is wanting to become so thin you will be disappearing into a thick ear.'

'Into *thin* air,' Sophie said. 'A thick ear is something quite different.'

Once again that sad winsome look came into the BFG's eyes. 'Words,' he said, 'is oh such a twitch-tickling problem to me all my life. So you must simply try to be patient and stop squibbling. As I am telling you before, I know exactly what words I am wanting to say, but somehow or other they is always getting squiff-squiddled around.'

'That happens to everyone,' Sophie said.

'Not like it happens to me,' the BFG said. 'I is speaking the most terrible wigglish.'

'I think you speak beautifully,' Sophie said.

'You do?' cried the BFG, suddenly brightening. 'You really do?'

'Simply beautifully,' Sophie repeated.

'Well, that is the nicest present anybody is ever giving me in my whole life!' cried the BFG. 'Are you sure you is not twiddling my leg?'



The Bloodbotler

Suddenly, a tremendous thumping noise came from outside the cave entrance and a voice like thunder shouted, 'Runt! Is you there, Runt? I is hearing you jabbeling! Who is you jabbeling to, Runt?'

'Look out!' cried the BFG. 'It's the Bloodbotler!' But before he had finished speaking, the stone was rolled aside and a fifty-foot giant, more than twice as tall and wide as the BFG, came striding into the cave. He was naked except for a dirty little piece of cloth around his bottom.

Sophie was on the table-top. The enormous partly eaten snozzcumber was lying near her. She ducked behind it.

The creature came clumping into the cave and stood towering over the BFG. 'Who is you jabbeling to in here just now?' he boomed.

'I is jabbeling to myself,' the BFG answered.

'Piffleffizz!' shouted the Bloodbotler. 'Bugswallop!' he boomed. 'You is talking to a human bean, that's what I is thinking!'

'No no!' cried the BFG.

'Yus yus!' boomed the Bloodbotler. 'I is guessing you has snitched away a human bean and brought it back to your bung-hole as a pet! So now I is winking it out and guzzling it as extra snacks before my supper!'

The poor BFG was very nervous. 'There's n-no one in here,' he stammered. 'W-why don't you l-leave me alone?'



The Bloodbotler pointed a finger as large as a tree-trunk at the BFG. 'Runtly little scumscrew!' he shouted. 'Piffing little swishfiggler! Squimpy little bottle-wart! Pruntly little pogswizzler! I is now going to search the primroses!' He grabbed the BFG by the arm. 'And you is going to help me do it. Us together is going to wrinkle out this tasteful little human bean!' he shouted.

The BFG had intended to whisk Sophie off the table as soon as he got the chance and hide her behind his back, but now there was no hope of doing this. Sophie peered

around the chewed-off end of the enormous snozzcumber, watching the two giants as they moved away down the cave. The Bloodbotler was a gruesome sight. His skin was reddish-pink. There was black hair sprouting on his chest and arms and on his stomach. The hair on his head was long and dark and tangled. His foul face was round and squashy-looking. The eyes were tiny black holes. The nose was small. But the mouth was huge. It spread right across the face almost ear to ear, and it had lips that were like two gigantic purple frankfurters lying one on top of the other. Craggy yellow teeth stuck out between the two purple frankfurter lips, and rivers of spit ran down over the chin.

It was not in the least difficult to believe that this ghastly brute ate men, women and children every night.

The Bloodbotler, still holding the BFG by the arm, was examining the rows and rows of bottles. 'You and your pibbling bottles!' he shouted. 'What is you putting in them?'

'Nothing that would interest you,' the BFG answered. 'You is only interested in guzzling human beans.'

'And you is dotty as a dogswoiggler!' cried the Bloodbotler.

Soon the Bloodbotler would be coming back, Sophie told herself, and he was bound to search the table-top. But she couldn't possibly jump off the table. It was twelve feet high. She'd break a leg. The snozzcumber, although it was as thick as a perambulator, was not going to hide her if the Bloodbotler picked it up. She examined the chewed-off end. It had large seeds in the middle, each one as big as a melon. They were embedded in soft slimy stuff. Taking care to stay out of sight, Sophie reached forward and scooped away half a dozen of these seeds. This left a hole in the middle of the snozzcumber large enough for her to crouch in so long as she rolled herself up into a ball. She crawled into it. It was a wet and slimy hiding-place, but what did that matter if it was going to save her from being eaten.

The Bloodbotler and the BFG were coming back towards the table now. The BFG was nearly fainting with fear. Any moment, he was telling himself, Sophie would be discovered and eaten.

Suddenly, the Bloodbotler grabbed the half-eaten snozzcumber. The BFG stared at the bare table. Sophie, where is you? he thought desperately. You cannot possibly be jumpelling off that high table, so where is you hiding, Sophie?

'So this is the filthing rotsome glubbage you is eating!' boomed the Bloodbotler,

holding up the partly eaten snozzcumber. 'You must be cockles to be guzzling such rubbsquash!'

For a moment, the Bloodbotler seemed to have forgotten about his search for Sophie. The BFG decided to lead him further off the track. 'That is the scumdiddlyumptious snozzcumber,' he said. 'I is guzzling it gleefully every night and day. Is you never trying a snozzcumber, Bloodbotler?'

'Human beans is juicier,' the Bloodbotler said.

'You is talking rommytot,' the BFG said, growing braver by the second. He was thinking that if only he could get the Bloodbotler to take one bite of the repulsive vegetable, the sheer foulness of its flavour would send him bellowing out of the cave. 'I is happy to let you sample it,' the BFG went on. 'But please, when you see how truly glumptious it is, do not be guzzling the whole thing. Leave me a little snitchet for my supper.'

The Bloodbotler stared suspiciously with small piggy eyes at the snozzcumber.

Sophie, crouching inside the chewed-off end, began to tremble all over.

'You is not switchfiddling me, is you?' said the Bloodbotler.

'Never!' cried the BFG passionately. 'Take a bite and I am positive you will be shouting out oh how scumdiddlyumptious this wonderverg is!'

The BFG could see the greedy Bloodbotler's mouth beginning to water more than ever at the prospect of extra food. 'Vegitubbles is very good for you,' he went on. 'It is not healthsome always to be eating meaty things.'

'Just this once,' the Bloodbotler said, 'I is going to taste these rotsome eats of yours. But I is warning you that if it is filthy, I is smashing it over your sludgy little head!'

He picked up the snozzcumber.

He began raising it on its long journey to his mouth, some fifty feet up in the air.

Sophie wanted to scream *Don't!* But that would have been an even more certain death. Crouching among the slimy seeds, she felt herself being lifted up and up and up.

Suddenly, there was a *crunch* as the Bloodbotler bit a huge hunk off the end. Sophie saw his yellow teeth clamping together, a few inches from her head. Then there was utter darkness. She was in his mouth. She caught a whiff of his evil-smelling breath. It stank of bad meat. She waited for the teeth to go *crunch* once more. She prayed that she would be killed quickly.

'*Eeeeeeeoutch!*' roared the Bloodbotler. 'Ughbwelch! Ieeeech!' And then he spat.

All of the great lumps of snozzcumber that were in his mouth, as well as Sophie

herself, went shooting out across the cave.

If Sophie had struck the stony wall of the cave, she would most certainly have been killed. Instead, she hit the soft folds of the BFG's black cloak hanging against the wall. She dropped to the ground, half-stunned. She crawled under the hem of the cloak and there she crouched.



'You little swinebuggler!' roared the Bloodbottler. 'You little pigswiller!' He rushed at the BFG and smashed what was left of the snozzumber over his head. Fragments of the filthy vegetable splashed all over the cave.

'You is not loving it?' the BFG asked innocently, rubbing his head.

'Loving it!' yelled the Bloodbottler. 'That is the most disgusterous taste that is ever clutching my teeth! You must be buggles to be swalloping slutch like that! Every night you could be galloping off happy as a hamburger and gobbling juicy human beans!'

'Eating human beans is wrong and evil,' the BFG said.

'It is guzzly and glumptious!' shouted the Bloodbottler. 'And tonight I is galloping off to Chile to swobble a few human Chile beans. Is you wishing to know why I is choosing Chile?'

'I is not wishing to know anything,' the BFG said, very dignified.

'I is choosing Chile,' the Bloodbottler said, 'because I is fed up with the taste of Esquimos. It is important I has plenty of cold eats in this scuddling hot weather, and the next coldest thing to an Esquimo is a Chile bean. Human beans from Chile is very chilly.'

'Horrible,' the BFG said. 'You ought to be ashamed.'

'Other giants is all saying they is wanting to gallop off to England tonight to guzzle

school-chidders,' the Bloodbottler said. 'I is very fond indeed of English school-chidders. They has a nice inky-booky flavour. Perhaps I will change my mind and go to England with them.'

'You is disgusting,' the BFG said.

'And you is an insult to the giant peoples!' shouted the Bloodbottler. 'You is not fit to be a giant! You is a squinky little squiddler! You is a pibbling little pitsqueak! You is a ... cream puffnut!'

With that, the horrible Bloodbottling Giant strode out of the cave. The BFG ran to the cave entrance and quickly rolled the stone back into place.

'Sophie,' he whispered. 'Sophie, where is you, Sophie?'

Sophie emerged from under the hem of the black cloak. 'I'm here,' she said.

The BFG picked her up and held her tenderly in the palm of his hand. 'Oh, I is so happy to be finding you all in one lump!' he said.

'I was in his mouth,' Sophie said.

'You was *what!*' cried the BFG.

Sophie told him what had happened.

'And there I was telling him to eat the filthy snozzumber and you was all the time inside it!' the BFG cried.

'Not much fun,' Sophie said.

'Just look at you, you poor little chiddler!' cried the BFG. 'You is all covered in snozzumber and giant spit.' He set about cleaning her up as best he could. 'I is hating those other giants more than ever now,' he said. 'You know what I should like?'

'What?' Sophie said.

'I should like to find a way of disappearing them, every single one.'

'I'd be glad to help you,' Sophie said. 'Let me see if I can't think up a way of doing it.'



Froboscottle and Whizzpoppers



By now Sophie was beginning to feel not only extremely hungry, but very thirsty as well. Had she been at home she would have finished her breakfast long ago.

'Are you sure there's nothing else to eat around here except those disgusting smelly snozzcumbers?' she asked.

'Not even a fizzwinkle,' answered the Big Friendly Giant.

'In that case, may I please have a little water?' she said.

'Water?' said the BFG, frowning mightily. 'What is water?'

'We drink it,' Sophie said. 'What do you drink?'

'Froboscottle,' announced the BFG. 'All giants is drinking froboscottle.'

'Is it as nasty as your snozzcumbers?' Sophie asked.

'Nasty!' cried the BFG. 'Never is it nasty! Froboscottle is sweet and jumbly!' He got up from his chair and went to a second huge cupboard. He opened it and took out a glass bottle that must have been six feet tall. The liquid inside it was pale green, and the bottle was half full.

'Here is froboscottle!' he cried, holding the bottle up proud and high, as though it contained some rare wine. 'Delumptious fizzy froboscottle!' he shouted. He gave it a shake and the green stuff began to fizz like mad.

'But look! It's fizzing the *wrong way*!' Sophie cried. And indeed it was. The bubbles, instead of travelling upwards and bursting on the surface, were shooting downwards and bursting at the bottom. A pale green frothy fizz was forming at the bottom of the bottle.

of bugwhiffles, I doubt you will ever understand.'

'I'll do my best,' Sophie said patiently.

'Very well, then. When you is drinking this cokey drink of yours,' said the BFG, 'it is going straight down into your tummy. Is that right? Or is it left?'

'It's right,' Sophie said.

'And the *bubbles* is going also into your tummy. Right or left?'

'Right again,' Sophie said.

'And the bubbles is fizzing upwards?'

'Of course,' Sophie said.

'Which means,' said the BFG, 'that they will all come swishwiffing up your throat and out of your mouth and make a fousome belchy burp!'

'That is often true,' Sophie said. 'But what's wrong with a little burp now and again? It's sort of fun.'

'Burping is filthy,' the BFG said. 'Us giants is never doing it.'

'But with *your* drink,' Sophie said, 'what was it you called it?'

'Froboscottle,' said the BFG.

'With froboscottle,' Sophie said, 'the bubbles in your tummy will be going *downwards* and that could have a far nastier result.'

'Why nasty?' asked the BFG, frowning.

'Because,' Sophie said, blushing a little, 'if they go down instead of up, they'll be coming out somewhere else with an even louder and ruder noise.'

'A whizzpopper!' cried the BFG, beaming at her. 'Us giants is making whizzpoppers all the time! Whizzpopping is a sign of happiness. It is music in our ears! You surely is not telling me that a little whizzpopping is forbidden among human beans?'

'It is considered extremely rude,' Sophie said.

'But you is whizzpopping, is you not, now and again?' asked the BFG.

'Everyone is whizzpopping, if that's what you call it,' Sophie said. 'Kings and Queens are whizzpopping. Presidents are whizzpopping. Glamorous film stars are whizzpopping. Little babies are whizzpopping. But where I come from, it is not polite to talk about it.'

'Redunculous!' said the BFG. 'If everyone is making whizzpoppers, then why not talk about it? We is now having a swiggle of this delicious froboscottle and you will see the happy result.' The BFG shook the bottle vigorously. The pale green stuff fizzed and bubbled. He removed the cork and took a tremendous gurgling swig.

'What on earth is you meaning *the wrong way*?' asked the BFG.

'In our fizzy drinks,' Sophie said, 'the bubbles always go up and burst at the top.'

'*Upwards* is the *wrong way*!' cried the BFG. 'You mustn't ever be having the bubbles going upwards! That the most flushbunking rubbish I ever is hearing!'

'Why do you say that?' Sophie asked.

'You is asking me *why*?' cried the BFG, waving the enormous bottle around as though he were conducting an orchestra. 'You is actually meaning to tell me you cannot see *why* it is a scrotty mistake to have the bubbles flying up instead of down?'

'You said it was flushbunking. Now you say it's scrotty. Which is it?' Sophie asked politely.

'Both!' cried the BFG. 'It is a flushbunking *and* a scrotty mistake to let the bubbles go upwards! If you can't see why, you must be as quacky as a duckhound! By ringo, your head must be so full of frogsquinkers and buzz-wangles, I is frittered if I know how you can think at all!'

'Why shouldn't the bubbles go upward?' Sophie asked.

'I will explain,' said the BFG. 'But tell me first what name is you calling *your* froboscottle by?'

'One is Coke,' Sophie said. 'Another is Pepsi. There are lots of them.'

'And the bubbles is *all* going up?'

'They all go up,' Sophie said.

'Catasterous!' cried the BFG. 'Upgoing bubbles is a catasterous disasterph!'

'Will you *please* tell me why?' Sophie said.

'If you will listen carefully I will try to explain,' said the BFG. 'But your brain is so full

'It's glummy!' he cried. 'I love it!'

For a few moments, the Big Friendly Giant stood quite still, and a look of absolute ecstasy began to spread over his long wrinkly face. Then suddenly the heavens opened and he let fly with a series of the loudest and rudest noises Sophie had ever heard in her life. They reverberated around the walls of the cave like thunder and the glass jars rattled on their shelves. But most astonishing of all, the force of the explosions actually lifted the enormous giant clear off his feet, like a rocket.

'*Whoopee!*' he cried, when he came down to earth again. 'Now *that* is whizzpopping for you!'

Sophie burst out laughing. She couldn't help it.

'Have some yourself!' cried the BFG, tipping the neck of the enormous bottle towards her.

'Don't you have a cup?' Sophie said.

'No cups. Only bottle.'

Sophie opened her mouth, and very gently the BFG tipped the bottle forward and poured some of the fabulous froboscottle down her throat.

And oh gosh, how delicious it was! It was sweet and refreshing. It tasted of vanilla and cream, with just the faintest trace of raspberries on the edge of the flavour. And the bubbles were wonderful. Sophie could actually feel them bouncing and bursting all around her tummy. It was an amazing sensation. It felt as though hundreds of tiny people were dancing a jig inside her and tickling her with their toes. It was lovely.

'It's lovely!' she cried.

'Just wait,' said the BFG, flapping his ears.

Sophie could feel the bubbles travelling lower and lower down her tummy, and then suddenly, inevitably ... the explosion came. The trumpets sounded and she too made the walls of the cavern ring with the sound of music and thunder.

'Bravo!' shouted the BFG, waving the bottle. 'You is very good for a beginner! Let's have some more!'