INTRODUCING SOPHIE TO SNOZZCUMBERS

The filthy old fizzwiggler!’ shouted the BFG. ‘That is the horridest 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.