

LCM Speech Festival Hong Kong 2024

Prose • 7-8 years

An extract from
The BFG
by Roald Dahl

“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 trying 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.

