

Extract from 'The BFG' by Roald Dahl

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 onto 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.

Task:

I would like you to create your own character that might appear during the witching hour (other than the BFG). Some examples you could create are a gremlin, a witch, an elf.

Continue the story and introduce your character. Try to keep in Roald Dahl's style. Describe the character you've created. **SHOW** don't **SAY**! E.g don't say the gremlin was old, show it by writing he had crinkled, wrinkly hands like a crumpled piece of paper. His body was frail and delicate.

Enjoy 😊