

APPENDICES



NO	SPEECHES	PART	SPEECH ACTS USED IN THE NOVEL ENTITLED DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BY ROALD DAHL						
			Representative						
			Stating	Explaining	Asserting	Mentioning	Admitting	Clarifying	Speculating
1	“We are engineers, you and I,” he used to say to me.	1	1						
2	“We earn our living by repairing engines and we can’t do good work in a rotten workshop.”	1		1					
3	“The Big Friendly Giant makes his magic powders out of the dreams that children dream when they are asleep,” he said.	2		1					
4	“How?” I asked.	2							
5	“Tell me how, Dad.”	2							
6	“Dreams, my love, are very mysterious things. They float around in the night air like little clouds, searching for sleeping people.”	2		1					
7	“Can you see them?” I asked.	2							
8	“Nobody can see them.”	2	1						
9	“Then how does The Big Friendly Giant catch them?”	2							

10	<p>“Ah,” my father said. “That is the interesting part. A dream, you see, as it goes drifting through the night air, makes a tiny little buzzing-humming sound, a sound so soft and low it is impossible for ordinary people to hear it. But The BFG can hear it easily. His sense of hearing is absolutely fantastic.”</p>	2						
11	<p>“The BFG,” he said, “can hear the tread of a ladybird’s footsteps as she walks across a leaf. He can hear the whisperings of ants as they scurry around in the soil talking to one another. He can hear the sudden shrill cry of pain a tree gives out when a woodman cuts into it with an axe. Ah yes, my darling, there is a whole world of sound around us that we cannot hear because our ears are simply not sensitive enough.”</p>	2						
12	<p>“What happens when he catches the dreams?” I asked.</p>	2						
13	<p>“He imprisons them in glass bottles and screws the tops down tight,” my father said.</p>	2						

14	“He has thousands of these bottles in his cave.”	2			1				
15	“Does he catch bad dreams as well as good ones?”	2							
16	“Yes,” my father said.	2							
17	“He catches both. But he only uses the good ones in his powders.”	2		1					
18	“What does he do with the bad ones?”	2							
19	“He explodes them.”	2	1						
20	“What does The BFG do with his powders after he has made them?” I asked.	2							
21	“In the dead of night,” my father said,	2			1				
22	“he goes prowling through the villages searching for houses where children are asleep. Because of his great height he can reach windows that are one and even two flights up, and when he finds a room with a sleeping child, he opens his suitcase . . .”	2			1				
23	“His suitcase?” I said.	2							
24	“The BFG always carries a suitcase and a blowpipe,” my father said.	2				1			

25	<p>“The blowpipe is as long as lamp-post. The suitcase is for the powders. So he opens the suitcase and selects exactly the right powder . . . and he puts it into the blowpipe . . . and he slides the blowpipe in through the open window . . . and poof . . . he blows in the powder . . . and the powder floats around the room . . . and the child breathes it in . . .”</p>	2							
26	<p>“And then what?” I asked.</p>	2							



27	<p>“And then, Danny, the child begins to dream a marvellous and fantastic dream . . . and when the dream reaches its most marvellous and fantastic moment . . . then the magic powder really takes over . . . and suddenly the dream is not a dream any longer but a real happening . . . and the child is not asleep in bed . . . he is fully awake and is actually in the place of the dream and is taking part in the whole thing . . . I mean really taking part . . . in real life. More about that tomorrow. It’s getting late. Good-night, Danny. Go to sleep.”</p>	2						
28	“Dad,” I whispered.	2						
29	“What is it?”	2						
30	“Have you ever actually seen The Big Friendly Giant?”	2						
31	“Once,” my father said. “Only once.”	2						
32	“You did! Where?”	2						

33	<p>“I was out behind the caravan,” my father said, “and it was a clear moonlit night, and I happened to look up and suddenly I saw this tremendous tall person running along the crest of the hill. He had a queer long-striding lolloping gait and his black cloak was streaming out behind him like the wings of a bird. There was a big suitcase in one hand and a blowpipe in the other, and when he came to the high hawthorn hedge at the end of the field, he just strode over it as though it wasn’t there.”</p>	2						
34	<p>“Were you frightened, Dad?”</p>	2						
35	<p>“No,” my father said.</p>	2						
36	<p>“It was thrilling to see him, and a little eerie, but I wasn’t frightened.</p>	2						
37	<p>Go to sleep now.</p>							
38	<p>Good-night.”</p>							



39	My father was a fine mechanic. People who lived miles away used to bring their cars to him for repair rather than take them to their nearest garage. He loved engines. “A petrol engine is sheer magic,” he said to me once.	3	1					
40	“Just imagine being able to take a thousand different bits of metal . . . and if you fit them all together in a certain way . . . and then if you feed them a little oil and petrol . . . and if you press a little switch . . . suddenly those bits of metal will all come to life . . . and they will purr and hum and roar . . . they will make the wheels of a motor-car go whizzing round at fantastic speeds . . .”	3	1					
41	I was helping my father to fit new brake linings to the rear wheel of a big Ford when suddenly he said to me, “You know something interesting, Danny?”	3						
42	You must be easily the best five-year-old mechanic in the world.”	3	1					

43	“You like this work, don’t you?” he said.	3						1	
44	“All this messing about with engines.”	3			1				
45	“I absolutely love it,” I said.	3							
46	He turned and faced me and laid a hand gently on my shoulder. “I want to teach you to be a great mechanic,” he said.	3	1						
47	“And when you grow up, I hope you will become a famous designing engineer, a man who designs new and better engines for cars and aeroplanes. For that,” he added,	3			1				
48	“you will need a really good education. But I don’t want to send you to school quite yet. In another two years you will have learned enough here with me to be able to take a small engine completely to pieces and put it together again all by yourself. After that, you can go to school.”	3			1				
49	“There’s a good wind today,” he said one Saturday morning.	3		1					
50	“Just right for flying a kite. Let’s make a kite, Danny.”	3				1			

51	“Let out some more, Danny!” he cried.	3							
52	“Go on! As much as you like!”	3							
53	“Let’s walk it back to the caravan,” my father said.	3							
54	“Tie it to the steps,” my father said.	3							
55	“Will it still stay up?” I asked.	3							
56	“It will if the wind doesn’t drop,” he said.	3			1				
57	Not long after that, on a lovely still evening when there was no breath of wind anywhere, my father said to me, “This is just the right weather for a fire-balloon. Let’s make a fire-balloon.”	3							
58	“Here goes,” he said, putting a match to the cotton-wool. “Hold the sides out as much as you can, Danny!”	3							
59	“It’ll catch on fire!” I cried.	3	1						
60	“No it won’t,” he said.	3			1				
61	“Watch!”	3							
62	“She’s nearly ready!” my father said.	3		1					
63	“Can you feel her floating?”	3							
64	“Yes!” I said. “Yes!	3				1			

65	Shall we let go?"	3							
66	"Not yet! . . . Wait a bit longer! . . . Wait until she's tugging to fly away!"	3							
67	"She's tugging now!" I said.	3			1				
68	"Right!" he cried.	3						1	
69	"Let her go!"	3							
70	"It flies!" I shouted, clapping my hands and jumping about. "It flies! It flies!"	3						1	
71	My father was nearly as excited as I was. "It's a beauty," he said. "This one's a real beauty. You never know how they're going to turn out until you fly them. Each one is different."	3			1				
72	"Will other people see it?" I asked.	3							
73	"I'm sure they will, Danny. It's high enough now for them to see it for miles around."	3			1				
74	"What will they think it is, Dad?"	3							
75	"A flying saucer," my father said.	3			1				
76	"They'll probably call the police."	3							1
77	"Let's follow it," my father said.	3							

78	“And with luck we’ll find it when it comes down.”	3			1			
79	“She’s coming down!” my father shouted.	3	1					
80	“The flame’s nearly gone out!”	3			1			
81	“You can fly the kite all by yourself any time you like,” my father said.	3			1			
82	“But you must never fly the fire- balloon unless I’m with you. It’s extremely dangerous.”	3						
83	“All right,” I said.	3						
84	“Promise me you’ll never try to fly it alone, Danny.	3					1	
85	“I promise,” I said.	3						
86	I went to the door of the caravan. “Dad,” I said softly. “Dad, are you there?” No answer.	4						
87	There was a small wooden platform outside the caravan door, about four feet above the ground. I stood on the platform and gazed around me. “Dad!” I called out. “Where are you?”	4						
88	“Dad!” I shouted into the darkness. “Dad! Where are you?”	4						

89	“Danny!” he cried. “What on earth’s the matter?”	4						
90	“I thought something awful had happened to you,” I said.	4						1
91	“I’m so sorry,” he said.	4						
92	“I should never have done it. But you don’t usually wake up, do you?”	4						
93	“Where did you go, Dad?”	4						
94	“You must be tired out,” he said.	4			1			
95	“I’m not a bit tired. Couldn’t we light the lamp for a little while?”	4						
96	My father put a match to the wick of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and the little yellow flame sprang up and filled the inside of the caravan with pale light. “How about a hot drink?” he said.	4						
97	“Yes, please.”	4						
98	“I have decided something,” he said. “I am going to let you in on the deepest darkest secret of my whole life	4				1		
99	“You asked me where I had been,” he said.	4				1		
100	“The truth is I was up in Hazell’s Wood.”	4				1		

101	“Hazell’s Wood!” I cried. “That’s miles away!”	4			1			
102	“Six miles and a half,” my father said.	4					1	
103	“I know I shouldn’t have gone and I’m very, very sorry about it but I had such a powerful yearning . . .” His voice trailed away into nothingness.	4						
104	“But why would you want to go all the way up to Hazell’s Wood?” I asked.	4						
105	“Do you know what is meant by poaching?” he asked.	4						
106	“Poaching? Not really, no.”	4						
107	“It means going up into the woods in the dead of night and coming back with something for the pot.	4			1			
108	Poachers in other places poach all sorts of different things, but around here it’s always pheasants.”	4			1			
109	“You mean <i>stealing</i> them?” I said, aghast.	4						
110	“We don’t look at it that way,” my father said.	4				1		
111	“Poaching is an art. A great poacher is a great artist.”	4		1				

112	“Is that actually what you were doing in Hazell’s Wood, Dad? Poaching pheasants?”	4						
113	“I was practising the art,” he said.	4			1			
114	“The art of poaching.”	4	1					
115	I was shocked. My own father a thief! This gentle lovely man! I couldn’t believe he would go creeping into the woods at night to pinch valuable birds belonging to somebody else. “The kettle’s boiling,” I said.	4		1				
116	“Ah, so it is.” He poured the water into the mugs and brought mine over to me. Then he fetched his own and sat with it at the end of my bunk.	4						1



117	<p>“Your granddad,” he said, “my own dad, was a magnificent and splendiferous poacher. It was he who taught me all about it. I caught the poaching fever from him when I was ten years old and I’ve never lost i since. Mind you, in those days just about every man in our village was out in the woods at night poaching pheasants. And they did it not only because they loved the sport but because they needed food for their families. When I was a boy, times were bad for a lot of people in England. There was very little work to be had anywhere, and some families were literally starving. Yet a few miles away in the rich man’s wood, thousands of pheasants were being fed like kings twice a day. So can you blame my dad for going out occasionally and coming home with a bird or two for the family to eat?”</p>	4							
118	<p>“No,” I said. “Of course not. But we’re not starving here, Dad.”</p>	4							



119	“You’ve missed the point, Danny boy! You’ve missed the whole point! Poaching is such a fabulous and exciting sport that once you start doing it, it gets into your blood and you can’t give it up! Just imagine,” he said, leaping off the bunk and waving his mug in the air,	4			1			
120	“just imagine for a minute that you are all alone up there in the dark wood, and the wood is full of keepers hiding behind the trees and the keepers have guns . . .”	4			1			
121	“Guns!” I gasped. “They don’t have guns!”	4					1	
122	“All keepers have guns, Danny. It’s for the vermin mostly, the foxes and stoats and weasels who go after the pheasants. But they’ll always take a pot at a poacher, too, if they spot him.”	4			1			
123	“Dad, you’re joking.”	4					1	
124	“Not at all. But they only do it from behind. Only when you’re trying to escape. They like to pepper you in the legs at about fifty yards.”	4			1			

125	“They can’t do that!” I cried.	4			1			
126	“They could go to prison for shooting someone!”	4			1			
127	“You could go to prison for poaching,” my father said. There was a glint and a sparkle in his eyes now that I had never seen before.	4			1			
128	“Many’s the night when I was a boy, Danny, I’ve gone into the kitchen and seen my old dad lying face down on the table and Mum standing over him digging the gunshot pellets out of his backside with a potato-knife.”	4			1			
129	“It’s not true,” I said, starting to laugh.	4			1			
130	“You don’t believe me?”	4						
131	“Yes, I believe you.”	4						
132	“Towards the end, he was so covered in tiny little white scars he looked exactly like it was snowing.”	4			1			
133	“I don’t know why I’m laughing,” I said.	4			1			
134	“It’s not funny, it’s horrible.”	4			1			
135	“ ‘Poacher’s bottom’ they used to call it,” my father said.	4			1			

136	“And there wasn’t a man in the whole village who didn’t have a bit of it one way or another. But my dad was the champion.	4			1				
137	How’s the cocoa?”								
138	“Fine, thank you.”	4	1						
139	“If you’re hungry we could have a midnight feast?” he said.	4							
140	“Could we, Dad?”	4							
141	“Of course.”	4							
142	“Let me tell you about this phony pheasant-shooting business,” he said.	4			1				



143	<p>“First of all, it is practiced only by the rich. Only the very rich can afford to rear pheasants just for the fun of shooting them down when they grow up. These wealthy idiots spend huge sums of money every year buying baby pheasants from pheasant farms and rearing them in pens until they are big enough to be put out into the woods. In the woods, the young birds hang around like flocks of chickens. They are guarded by keepers and fed twice a day on the best corn until they’re so fat they can hardly fly. Then beaters are hired who walk through the</p>	4						
144	<p>woods clapping their hands and making as much noise as they can to drive the half-tame pheasants towards the half-baked men and their guns. After that, it’s <i>bang bang bang</i> and down they come.</p>	4						
145	<p>Would you like strawberry jam on one of these?”</p>	4						
146	<p>“Yes, please,” I said.</p>	4						
147	<p>“One jam and one cheese. But Dad . . .”</p>	4						

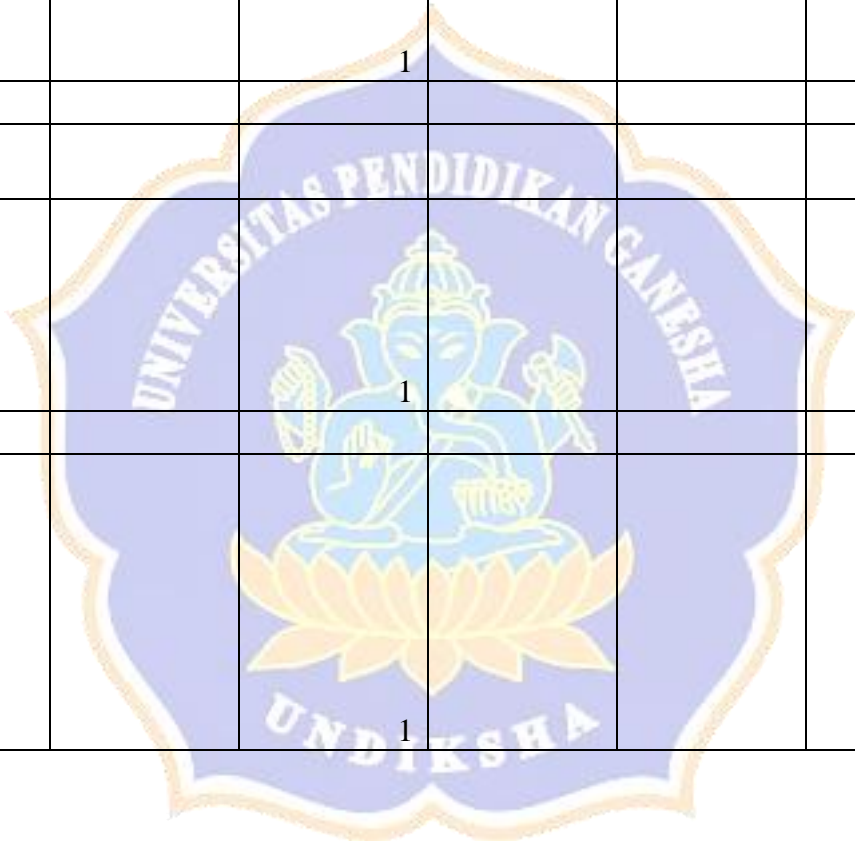
148	“What?”	4							
149	“How do you actually catch the pheasants when you’re poaching? Do you have a gun hidden away up there?”	4							
150	“A gun!” he cried, disgusted. “Real poachers don’t <i>shoot</i> pheasants, Danny, didn’t you know that?”	4							
151	You’ve only got to fire a <i>cap-pistol</i> up in those woods and the keepers’ll be on you.”	4							
152	“Then how do you do it?”	4							
153	“Ah,” my father said, and the eyelids drooped over the eyes, veiled and secretive. He spread strawberry jam thickly on a piece of bread, taking his time. “These things are big secrets,” he said.	4							
154	“Very big secrets indeed. But I reckon if my father could tell them to me, then maybe I can tell them to you. Would you like me to do that?”	4							
155	“Yes,” I said.	4							
156	“Tell me now.”	4							

157	“All the best ways of poaching pheasants were discovered by my old dad,” my father said.	4	1					
158	“My old dad studied poaching the way a scientist studies science.”	5		1				
159	“Do you know my old dad actually used to keep a flock of prime roosters in the backyard just to practise on,” my father said. “A rooster is very much like a pheasant, you see. They are equally stupid and they like the same sorts of food. A rooster is tamer, that’s all. So whenever my dad thought up a new method of catching pheasants, he tried it out on a rooster first to see if it worked.”	5	1					
160	“What are the best ways?” I asked.	5						
161	“Promise you won’t tell another soul?”	5						
162	“I promise.”	5						

163	“Now here’s the thing,” he said. “Here’s the first big secret. Ah, but it’s more than a secret, Danny. It’s the most important discovery in the whole history of poaching.”	5			1			
164	“Is that the big secret?”	5						
165	“That’s it,” he said.	5					1	
166	“It may not sound very much when I say it like that, but believe me it is.”	5						
167	“Raisins?” I said.	5						
168	“Just ordinary raisins. It’s like a <i>mania</i> with them. You throw a few raisins into a bunch of pheasants and they’ll start fighting each other to get at them. My dad discovered that forty years ago just as he discovered these other things I am about to describe to you.”	5			1			
169	My father paused and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure there was nobody at the door of the caravan, listening. “Method Number One,” he said softly, “is known as <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> .”	5			1			

170	“ <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ,” I murmured.	5	1					
171	“That’s it,” my father said.	5					1	
172	“And the reason it’s such a brilliant method is that it’s completely silent. There’s no squawking or flapping around or anything else with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> when the pheasant is caught. And that’s mighty important because don’t forget, Danny, when you’re up in those woods at night and the great trees are spreading their branches high above you like black ghosts, it is so silent you can hear a mouse moving. And somewhere among it all, the keepers are waiting and listening. They’re always there, those keepers, standing stony-still against a tree or behind a bush with their guns at the ready.”	5						
173	“What happens with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?” I asked.	5						
174	“How does it work?”	5						
175	“It’s very simple,” he said.	5			1			

176	“First, you take a few raisins and you soak them in water overnight to make them plump and soft and juicy. Then you get a bit of good stiff horse-hair and you cut it up into half-inch lengths.”	5						
177	“Horse-hair?” I said.	5						
178	“Where do you get horse-hair?”	5						
179	“You pull it out of a horse’s tail, of course. That’s not difficult as long as you stand to one side when you’re doing it so you don’t get kicked.”	5						
180	“Go on,” I said.	5						
181	“So you cut the horse-hair up into half-inch lengths. Then you push one of these lengths through the middle of a raisin so there’s just a tiny bit of horse-hair sticking out on each side. That’s all you do. You	5						



182	are now ready to catch a pheasant. If you want to catch more than one, you prepare more raisins. Then, when evening comes, you creep up into the woods, making sure you get there before the pheasants have gone up into the trees to roost. Then you scatter the raisins. And soon, along comes a pheasant and gobbles it up.”	5						
183	“What happens then?” I asked.	5						
184	“Here’s what my dad discovered,” he said.	5						
185	“First of all the horse-hair makes the raisin stick in the pheasant’s throat. It doesn’t hurt him. It simply stays there and tickles. It’s rather like having a crumb stuck in your own throat. But after that, believe it or not, <i>the pheasant never moves his feet again!</i> He becomes absolutely rooted to the spot, and there he stands pumping his silly neck up and down just like a piston, and all you’ve got to do is nip out quickly from the place where you’re hiding and pick him up.”	5						

186	“Is that really true, Dad?”	5						
187	“I swear it,” my father said.	5						
188	“Once a pheasant’s had <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> , you can turn a hosepipe on him and he won’t move. It’s just one of those unexplainable little things. But it takes a genius to discover it.”	5						
189	“So that’s Method Number One,” he said.	5				1		
190	“What’s Number Two?” I asked.	5						
191	“Ah,” he said. “Number Two’s a real beauty. It’s a flash of pure brilliance. I can even remember the day it was invented. I was just about the same age as you are now and it was a Sunday morning and my dad comes into the kitchen holding a huge white rooster in his hands.	5						
192	‘I think I’ve got it,’ he says. There’s a little smile on his face and a shine of glory in his eyes and he comes in very soft and quick and puts the bird down right in the middle of the kitchen table.	5						1

193	'By golly,' he says, 'I've got a good one this time.'	5			1			
194	“ ‘A good what?’ Mum says, looking up from the sink.	5						
195	'Horace, take that filthy bird off my table.'	5			1			
196	“The rooster has a funny little paper hat over its head, like an ice-cream cone upside down, and my dad is pointing to it proudly and saying, ‘Stroke him. Go on, stroke him. Do anything you like to him. He won’ move an inch.’ The rooster starts scratching away at the paper hat with one of its feet, but the hat seems to be stuck on and it won’t come off.	5			1			
197	‘No bird in the world is going to run away once you cover up its eyes,’ my dad says, and he starts poking the rooster with his finger and pushing it around on the table. The rooster doesn’t take the slightest bit of notice.	5			1			
198	‘You can have this one,’ he says to Mum.	5			1			

199	<p>‘You can have it and wring its neck and dish it up for dinner as a celebration of what I have just invented.’ And then straightaway he takes me by the arm and marches me quickly out of the door and off we go over the fields and up into the big forest the other side of Little Hampden which used to belong to the Duke o Buckingham. And in less than two hours we get five lovely fat pheasants with no more trouble than it takes to go out and buy them in a shop.”</p>	5						
200	<p>“But Dad,” I said. “How do you get the paper hats over the pheasants’ heads?” “You’d never guess it, Danny.”</p>	5						
201	<p>“Tell me.”</p>	5						
202	<p>“Listen carefully,” he said, glancing again over his shoulder as though he expected to see a keeper or even the Duke of Buckingham himself at the caravan door.</p>	5						

203	<p>“Here’s how you do it. First of all you dig a little hole in the ground. Then you twist a piece of paper into the shape of a cone and you fit this into the hole, hollow end up, like a cup. Then you smear the inside of the paper cup with glue and drop in a few raisins. At the same time, you lay a trail of raisins along the ground leading up to it. Now, the old pheasant comes pecking along the trail, and when he gets to the hole he pops his head inside to gobble up the raisins and the next thing he knows he’s got a paper hat stuck over his eyes and he can’t see a thing. Isn’t that a fantastic idea, Danny? My dad called it <i>The Sticky Hat</i>.”</p>	5		1					
204	<p>“Is that the one you used this evening?” I asked. My father nodded.</p>	5							
205	<p>“How many did you get, Dad?”</p>	5							

206	“Well,” he said, looking a bit sheepish. “Actually I didn’t get any. I arrived too late. By the time I go there they were already going up to roost. That shows you how out of practice I am.”	5			1			
207	“Was it fun all the same?”	5						
208	“Marvellous,” he said. “Absolutely marvellous. Just like the old days.”	5						
209	“Dad,” I whispered.	5						
210	“What is it?”	5						
211	“Have you been doing this often after I’ve gone to sleep, without me knowing it?”	5						
212	“No,” he said.	5						1
213	“Tonight was the first time for nine years. When your mother died and I had to look after you by myself, I made a vow to give up poaching until you were old enough to be left alone at nights. But this evening I broke my vow. I had such a tremendous longing to go up into the woods again, I just couldn’t stop myself. I’m very sorry I did it.”	5			1			
214	“If you ever want to go again, I won’t mind,” I said.	5			1			

215	“Do you mean that?” he said, his voice rising in excitement.	5						
216	“Do you really mean it?”	5						
217	“Yes,” I said.	5						
218	“So long as you tell me beforehand. You will promise to tell me beforehand if you’re going, won’t you?”	5						1
219	“You’re quite sure you won’t mind?”	5						
220	“Quite sure.”	5						1
221	“Good boy,” he said.	5	1					
222	“And we’ll have roast pheasant for supper whenever you want it. It’s miles better than chicken.”	5		1				
223	“And one day, Dad, will you take me with you?”	5						
224	“Ah,” he said. “I reckon you’re just a bit young to be dodging around up there in the dark. I wouldn’ want you to get peppered with buckshot in the backside at your age.”	5			1			
225	“Your dad took you at my age,” I said. There was a short silence.	5				1		
226	“We’ll see how it goes,” my father said.	5				1		

227	“But I’d like to get back into practice before I make any promises, you understand?”	5						
228	“Yes,” I said.	5						
229	“I wouldn’t want to take you with me until I’m right back in my old form.”	5			1			
230	“No,” I said.	5						
231	“Good-night, Danny.	5						
232	Go to sleep now.”	5						
233	“Good-night, Dad.”	5						
234	The following Friday, while we were having supper in the caravan, my father said, “If it’s all right with you, Danny, I’ll be going out again tomorrow night.”	5			1			
235	“You mean poaching?” “Yes.”	5						
236	“Will it be Hazell’s Wood again?”	5						
237	“It’ll always be Hazell’s Wood,” he said.	5			1			
238	“First because that’s where all the pheasants are. And second because I don’t like Mr Hazell one little bit and it’s a pleasure to poach his birds.”	6						1
239	“No,” my father said,	6						

240	“I do not like Mr Victor Hazell one little bit. I haven’t forgotten the way he spoke to you last year when he came in for a fill-up.”	6						
241	I hadn’t forgotten it either. Mr Hazell had pulled up alongside the pumps in his glistening gleaming Rolls-Royce and had said to me, “Fill her up and look sharp about it.” I was eight years old at the time He didn’t get out of the car, he just handed me the key to the cap of the petrol tank and as he did so, he barked out,	6						
242	“And keep your filthy little hands to yourself, d’you understand?”							
243	I didn’t understand at all, so I said, “What do you mean, sir?”	6						
244	There was a leather riding-crop on the seat beside him. He picked it up and pointed it at me like a pistol. “If you make any dirty finger-marks on my paintwork,” he said, “I’ll step right out of this car and give you a good hiding.”	6						

245	My father was out of the workshop almost before Mr Hazell had finished speaking. He strode up to the window of the car and placed his hands on the sill and leaned in. "I don't like you speaking to my son like that," he said. His voice was dangerously soft.	6			1			
246	"You had no reason to threaten him," my father went on.	6			1			
247	"He had done nothing wrong."	6			1			
248	"Next time you threaten someone with a good hiding I suggest you pick on a person your own size," my father said.	6			1			
249	"Like me, for instance."	6			1			
250	"Now go away, please," my father said.	6						
251	"We do not wish to serve you." He took the key from my hand and tossed it through the window. The Rolls-Royce drove away fast in a cloud of dust.	6			1			

252	The very next day, an inspector from the local Department of Health arrived and said he had come to inspect our caravan. “What do you want to inspect our caravan for?” my father asked.	6						
253	“To see if it’s a fit place for humans to live in,” the man said.	6			1			
254	“We don’t allow people to live in dirty broken-down shacks these days.”	6	1					
255	“I want to be away by six o’clock,” my father said. “Then I will get to the wood exactly at twilight.” .	6			1			
256	“Why at twilight?” I asked							
257	“Because at twilight everything inside the wood becomes veiled and shady. You can see to move around but it’s not easy for someone else to see you. And when danger threatens you can always hide in the shadows which are darker than a wolf’s mouth.”	6						
258	“Why don’t you wait till it gets really dark?” I asked. “Then	6						

259	you wouldn't be seen at all."	6			1			
260	"You wouldn't catch anything if you did that," he said.	6			1			
261	"When night comes on, all the pheasants fly up into the trees to roost. Pheasants are just like other birds. They never sleep on the ground. Twilight," my father added, "begins about seven-thirty this week. And as it's at least an hour and a half's walk to the wood, I must not leave here later than six o'clock."	6			1			
262	"Are you going to use <i>The Sticky Hat</i> or will it be <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?" I asked.	6						
263	" <i>Sticky Hat</i> ," he said. "I'm very fond of <i>Sticky Hat</i> ."	6			1			
264	"When will you be back?"	6						
265	"About ten o'clock," he said. "Ten-thirty at the latest.	6					1	
266	I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty.	6						
267	You're quite sure you don't mind being left alone?"	6						
268	"Quite sure," I said. "But you will be all right, won't you, Dad?"	6						1

269	“Don’t you worry about me,” he said, putting his arm round my shoulders and giving me a hug.	6			1			
270	“But you said there wasn’t a man in your dad’s village that didn’t get a bit shot up by the keepers sooner or later.”	6			1			
271	“Ah,” my father said. “Yes. I did say that, didn’t I? But in those days there were lots more keepers up in the woods than there are now. There were keepers behind almost every tree.”	6			1			
272	“How many are there now in Hazell’s Wood?”	6						
273	“Not too many,” he said.	6			1			
274	“Not too many at all.”	6			1			
275	At six o’clock precisely he kissed me goodbye and said, “Promise not to wait up for me, Danny. Pu yourself to bed at eight and go to sleep. Right?”	6						

276	<p>Yes, but last week was a different thing altogether. He had made no promises to me last week. This time he had said, "I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty." Those were his exact words. And he never, absolutely never, broke a promise.</p>	6							
277	<p>But he was certain to come back again looking for me. And if he came back slowly enough he would probably see the gap. He would stop and get out of his car. He would walk through the gap and look behind the hedge, and then . . . then his torch would shine in my face and he would say, "What's going on, sonny? What's the big idea? Where do you think you're going? Whose car is this? Where do you live? Where are your parents?" He would make me go with him to the police-station, and in the end they would get the whole story out of me, and my father would be ruined.</p>	6							
278	<p>"Dad!" I shouted. "Dad! It's Danny! Are you there?"</p>	6							



279	After a time, my voice began to go all trembly. I started to say silly things like, “Oh Dad, please tell me where you are! Please answer me! Please, oh please . . .” And I knew that if I wasn’t careful, the sheer hopelessness of it all would get the better of me and I would simply give up and lie down under the trees.	6						
280	“Are you there, Dad? Are you there?” I shouted. “It’s Danny!”	7						
281	I ran towards the sound. “Dad!” I shouted. “It’s Danny! Where are you?”	7						
282	This time the answer came just loud enough for me to hear the words. “I’m here!” the voice called out. “Over here!”	7			1			
283	“Where are you, Danny?” my father called out.	8						
284	“I’m here, Dad! I’m coming.”	8			1			
285	And all at once, his voice was right in front of me. “Stop, Danny, stop!” he shouted.	8						
286	“Where are you, Dad?”	8						

287	"I'm down here. Come forward slowly. But be careful. Don't fall in."	8						
288	I crept forward. Then I saw the pit. I went to the edge of it and shone the light downward and there was my father. He was sitting on the floor of the pit and he looked up into the light and said, "Hello, my marvellous darling. Thank you for coming."	8						
289	"Are you all right, Dad?"	8						
290	"My ankle seems to be broken," he said. "It happened when I fell in."	8						
291	"Does it hurt?" I asked.	8						
292	"Yes," he said. "It hurts a lot. But don't worry about that. The point is, <i>I've got to get out of here before morning</i> . The keepers know I'm here and they're coming back for me as soon as it gets light."	8						
293	"Did they dig the hole to catch people?" I asked.	8						
294	"Yes," he said.	8						1
295	"Do the keepers know who you are?" I asked.	8						
296	"No," he said.	8						1

297	<p>“Two of them came and shone a light down on me but I covered my face with my arms and they couldn’t recognise me. I heard them trying to guess. They were guessing all sorts of names but they didn’t mention mine. Then one of them shouted, ‘We’ll find out who you are all right in the morning, my lad. And guess who’s coming with us to fish you out?’ I didn’t answer. I didn’t want them to hear my voice. ‘We’ll tell you who’s coming,’ he said. ‘Mr Victor Hazell himself is coming with us to say hello to you!’ And the other one said, ‘Boy, I hate to think what he’s going to do when he gets his hands on you!’ They both laughed and then they went away. Ouch! My poor ankle!”</p>	8							
298	<p>“Have the keepers gone, Dad?”</p>	8							
299	<p>“Yes,” he said. “They’ve gone for the night.”</p>	8			1				
300	<p>“What time is it?” he said.</p>	8							
301	<p>“Shine the light down so I can see.” I did as he asked.</p>	8							



302	"It's ten to three," he said.	8				1		
303	"I must be out of here before sunrise."	8			1			
304	"Dad," I said.	8					1	
305	"Yes?"	8						
306	"I brought the car. I came in the Baby Austin."	8					1	
307	"You <i>what</i> ?" he cried.	8						
308	"I wanted to get here quickly so I just drove it out of the workshop and came straight here."	8			1			
309	"You mean you actually drove here in the Baby Austin?"	8						
310	"Yes."	8					1	
311	"You're crazy," he said. "You're absolutely plumb crazy."	8		1				
312	"It wasn't difficult," I said.	8				1		
313	"You could have been killed," he said. "If anything had hit you in that little thing, you'd have been smashed to smithereens."	8				1		
314	"It went fine, Dad."	8				1		
315	"Where is it now?"	8						
316	"Just outside the wood on the bumpy track."	8			1			

NO	SPEECHES	PART	SPEECH ACTS USED IN THE NOVEL ENTITLED DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BY ROALD DAHL			
			Directive			
			Asking	Ordering	Advising	Commanding
1	“We are engineers, you and I,” he used to say to me.	1				
2	“We earn our living by repairing engines and we can’t do good work in a rotten workshop.”	1				
3	“The Big Friendly Giant makes his magic powders out of the dreams that children dream when they are asleep,” he said.	2				
4	“How?” I asked.	2	1			
5	“Tell me how, Dad.”	2		1		
6	“Dreams, my love, are very mysterious things. They float around in the night air like little clouds, searching for sleeping people.”	2				
7	“Can you see them?” I asked.	2	1			
8	“Nobody can see them.”	2				
9	“Then how does The Big Friendly Giant catch them?”	2	1			

10	<p>“Ah,” my father said. “That is the interesting part. A dream, you see, as it goes drifting through the night air, makes a tiny little buzzing-humming sound, a sound so soft and low it is impossible for ordinary people to hear it. But The BFG can hear it easily. His sense of hearing is absolutely fantastic.”</p>	2				
11	<p>“The BFG,” he said, “can hear the tread of a ladybird’s footsteps as she walks across a leaf. He can hear the whisperings of ants as they scurry around in the soil talking to one another. He can hear the sudden shrill cry of pain a tree gives out when a woodman cuts into it with an axe. Ah yes, my darling, there is a whole world of sound around us that we cannot hear because our ears are simply not sensitive enough.”</p>	2				
12	<p>“What happens when he catches the dreams?” I asked.</p>	2	1			
13	<p>“He imprisons them in glass bottles and screws the tops down tight,” my father said.</p>	2				



14	“He has thousands of these bottles in his cave.”	2				
15	“Does he catch bad dreams as well as good ones?”	2	1			
16	“Yes,” my father said.	2				
17	“He catches both. But he only uses the good ones in his powders.”	2				
18	“What does he do with the bad ones?”	2	1			
19	“He explodes them.”	2				
20	“What does The BFG do with his powders after he has made them?” I asked.	2	1			
21	“In the dead of night,” my father said,	2				
22	“he goes prowling through the villages searching for houses where children are asleep. Because of his great height he can reach windows that are one and even two flights up, and when he finds a room with a sleeping child, he opens his suitcase . . .”	2				
23	“His suitcase?” I said.	2	1			
24	“The BFG always carries a suitcase and a blowpipe,” my father said.	2				

25	<p>“The blowpipe is as long as lamp-post. The suitcase is for the powders. So he opens the suitcase and selects exactly the right powder . . . and he puts it into the blowpipe . . . and he slides the blowpipe in through the open window . . . and poof . . . he blows in the powder . . . and the powder floats around the room . . . and the child breathes it in . . .”</p>	2				
26	<p>“And then what?” I asked.</p>	2	1			



27	<p>“And then, Danny, the child begins to dream a marvellous and fantastic dream . . . and when the dream reaches its most marvellous and fantastic moment . . . then the magic powder really takes over . . . and suddenly the dream is not a dream any longer but a real happening . . . and the child is not asleep in bed . . . he is fully awake and is actually in the place of the dream and is taking part in the whole thing . . . I mean really taking part . . . in real life. More about that tomorrow. It’s getting late. Good-night, Danny. Go to sleep.”</p>	2			
28	“Dad,” I whispered.	2	1		
29	“What is it?”	2	1		
30	“Have you ever actually seen The Big Friendly Giant?”	2	1		
31	“Once,” my father said. “Only once.”	2			
32	“You did! Where?”	2	1		

33	“I was out behind the caravan,” my father said, “and it was a clear moonlit night, and I happened to look up and suddenly I saw this tremendous tall person running along the crest of the hill. He had a queer long-striding lolloping gait and his black cloak was streaming out behind him like the wings of a bird. There was a big suitcase in one hand and a blowpipe in the other, and when he came to the high hawthorn hedge at the end of the field, he just strode over it as though it wasn’t there.”	2				
34	“Were you frightened, Dad?”	2	1			
35	“No,” my father said.	2				
36	“It was thrilling to see him, and a little eerie, but I wasn’t frightened.	2				
37	Go to sleep now.			1		
38	Good-night.”					



39	My father was a fine mechanic. People who lived miles away used to bring their cars to him for repair rather than take them to their nearest garage. He loved engines. “A petrol engine is sheer magic,” he said to me once.	3				
40	“Just imagine being able to take a thousand different bits of metal . . . and if you fit them all together in a certain way . . . and then if you feed them a little oil and petrol . . . and if you press a little switch . . . suddenly those bits of metal will all come to life . . . and they will purr and hum and roar . . . they will make the wheels of a motor-car go whizzing round at fantastic speeds . . .”	3				
41	I was helping my father to fit new brake linings to the rear wheel of a big Ford when suddenly he said to me, “You know something interesting, Danny?”	3	1			
42	You must be easily the best five-year-old mechanic in the world.”	3				

43	“You like this work, don’t you?” he said.	3				
44	“All this messing about with engines.”	3				
45	“I absolutely love it,” I said.	3				
46	He turned and faced me and laid a hand gently on my shoulder. “I want to teach you to be a great mechanic,” he said.	3				
47	“And when you grow up, I hope you will become a famous designing engineer, a man who designs new and better engines for cars and aeroplanes. For that,” he added,	3				
48	“you will need a really good education. But I don’t want to send you to school quite yet. In another two years you will have learned enough here with me to be able to take a small engine completely to pieces and put it together again all by yourself. After that, you can go to school.”	3				
49	“There’s a good wind today,” he said one Saturday morning.	3				
50	“Just right for flying a kite. Let’s make a kite, Danny.”	3				



51	“Let out some more, Danny!” he cried.	3		1	
52	“Go on! As much as you like!”	3			1
53	“Let’s walk it back to the caravan,” my father said.	3		1	
54	“Tie it to the steps,” my father said.	3		1	
55	“Will it still stay up?” I asked.	3	1		
56	“It will if the wind doesn’t drop,” he said.	3			
57	Not long after that, on a lovely still evening when there was no breath of wind anywhere, my father said to me, “This is just the right weather for a fire-balloon. Let’s make a fire-balloon.”	3		1	
58	“Here goes,” he said, putting a match to the cotton-wool. “Hold the sides out as much as you can, Danny!”	3			1
59	“It’ll catch on fire!” I cried.	3			
60	“No it won’t,” he said.	3			
61	“Watch!”	3		1	
62	“She’s nearly ready!” my father said.	3			
63	“Can you feel her floating?”	3	1		
64	“Yes!” I said. “Yes!	3			

65	Shall we let go?"	3	1			
66	"Not yet! . . . Wait a bit longer! . . . Wait until she's tugging to fly away!"	3			1	
67	"She's tugging now!" I said.	3				
68	"Right!" he cried.	3				
69	"Let her go!"	3				1
70	"It flies!" I shouted, clapping my hands and jumping about. "It flies! It flies!"	3				
71	My father was nearly as excited as I was. "It's a beauty," he said. "This one's a real beauty. You never know how they're going to turn out until you fly them. Each one is different."	3				
72	"Will other people see it?" I asked.	3	1			
73	"I'm sure they will, Danny. It's high enough now for them to see it for miles around."	3				
74	"What will they think it is, Dad?"	3	1			
75	"A flying saucer," my father said.	3				
76	"They'll probably call the police."	3				
77	"Let's follow it," my father said.	3			1	

78	“And with luck we’ll find it when it comes down.”	3				
79	“She’s coming down!” my father shouted.	3				
80	“The flame’s nearly gone out!”	3				
81	“You can fly the kite all by yourself any time you like,” my father said.	3				
82	“But you must never fly the fire- balloon unless I’m with you. It’s extremely dangerous.”	3				
83	“All right,” I said.	3				
84	“Promise me you’ll never try to fly it alone, Danny.	3				
85	“I promise,” I said.	3				
86	I went to the door of the caravan. “Dad,” I said softly. “Dad, are you there?” No answer.	4		1		
87	There was a small wooden platform outside the caravan door, about four feet above the ground. I stood on the platform and gazed around me. “Dad!” I called out. “Where are you?”	4		1		
88	“Dad!” I shouted into the darkness. “Dad! Where are you?”	4		1		

89	“Danny!” he cried. “What on earth’s the matter?”	4	1			
90	“I thought something awful had happened to you,” I said.	4				
91	“I’m so sorry,” he said.	4				
92	“I should never have done it. But you don’t usually wake up, do you?”	4	1			
93	“Where did you go, Dad?”	4	1			
94	“You must be tired out,” he said.	4				
95	“I’m not a bit tired. Couldn’t we light the lamp for a little while?”	4	1			
96	My father put a match to the wick of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and the little yellow flame sprang up and filled the inside of the caravan with pale light. “How about a hot drink?” he said.	4	1			
97	“Yes, please.”	4				
98	“I have decided something,” he said. “I am going to let you in on the deepest darkest secret of my whole life	4				
99	“You asked me where I had been,” he said.	4				
100	“The truth is I was up in Hazell’s Wood.”	4				

101	“Hazell’s Wood!” I cried. “That’s miles away!”	4				
102	“Six miles and a half,” my father said.	4				
103	“I know I shouldn’t have gone and I’m very, very sorry about it but I had such a powerful yearning . . .” His voice trailed away into nothingness.	4				
104	“But why would you want to go all the way up to Hazell’s Wood?” I asked.	4	1			
105	“Do you know what is meant by poaching?” he asked.	4	1			
106	“Poaching? Not really, no.”	4	1			
107	“It means going up into the woods in the dead of night and coming back with something for the pot.	4				
108	Poachers in other places poach all sorts of different things, but around here it’s always pheasants.”	4				
109	“You mean <i>stealing</i> them?” I said, aghast.	4	1			
110	“We don’t look at it that way,” my father said.	4				
111	“Poaching is an art. A great poacher is a great artist.”	4				

112	“Is that actually what you were doing in Hazell’s Wood, Dad? Poaching pheasants?”	4	1			
113	“I was practising the art,” he said.	4				
114	“The art of poaching.”	4				
115	I was shocked. My own father a thief! This gentle lovely man! I couldn’t believe he would go creeping into the woods at night to pinch valuable birds belonging to somebody else. “The kettle’s boiling,” I said.	4				
116	“Ah, so it is.” He poured the water into the mugs and brought mine over to me. Then he fetched his own and sat with it at the end of my bunk.	4				



117	<p>“Your granddad,” he said, “my own dad, was a magnificent and splendiferous poacher. It was he who taught me all about it. I caught the poaching fever from him when I was ten years old and I’ve never lost i since. Mind you, in those days just about every man in our village was out in the woods at night poaching pheasants. And they did it not only because they loved the sport but because they needed food for their families. When I was a boy, times were bad for a lot of people in England. There was very little work to be had anywhere, and some families were literally starving. Yet a few miles away in the rich man’s wood, thousands of pheasants were being fed like kings twice a day. So can you blame my dad for going out occasionally and coming home with a bird or two for the family to eat?”</p>	4				
118	<p>“No,” I said. “Of course not. But we’re not starving here, Dad.”</p>	4				



119	<p>“You’ve missed the point, Danny boy! You’ve missed the whole point! Poaching is such a fabulous and exciting sport that once you start doing it, it gets into your blood and you can’t give it up! Just imagine,” he said, leaping off the bunk and waving his mug in the air,</p>	4				
120	<p>“just imagine for a minute that you are all alone up there in the dark wood, and the wood is full of keepers hiding behind the trees and the keepers have guns . . .”</p>	4				
121	<p>“Guns!” I gasped. “They don’t have guns!”</p>	4				
122	<p>“All keepers have guns, Danny. It’s for the vermin mostly, the foxes and stoats and weasels who go after the pheasants. But they’ll always take a pot at a poacher, too, if they spot him.”</p>	4				
123	<p>“Dad, you’re joking.”</p>	4				
124	<p>“Not at all. But they only do it from behind. Only when you’re trying to escape. They like to pepper you in the legs at about fifty yards.”</p>	4				

125	“They can’t do that!” I cried.	4				
126	“They could go to prison for shooting someone!”	4				
127	“You could go to prison for poaching,” my father said. There was a glint and a sparkle in his eyes now that I had never seen before.	4				
128	“Many’s the night when I was a boy, Danny, I’ve gone into the kitchen and seen my old dad lying face down on the table and Mum standing over him digging the gunshot pellets out of his backside with a potato-knife.”	4				
129	“It’s not true,” I said, starting to laugh.	4				
130	“You don’t believe me?”	4	1			
131	“Yes, I believe you.”	4				
132	“Towards the end, he was so covered in tiny little white scars he looked exactly like it was snowing.”	4				
133	“I don’t know why I’m laughing,” I said.	4				
134	“It’s not funny, it’s horrible.”	4				
135	“ ‘Poacher’s bottom’ they used to call it,” my father said.	4				

136	“And there wasn’t a man in the whole village who didn’t have a bit of it one way or another. But my dad was the champion.	4				
137	How’s the cocoa?”		1			
138	“Fine, thank you.”	4				
139	“If you’re hungry we could have a midnight feast?” he said.	4	1			
140	“Could we, Dad?”	4				
141	“Of course.”	4				
142	“Let me tell you about this phony pheasant-shooting business,” he said.	4				



143	<p>“First of all, it is practiced only by the rich. Only the very rich can afford to rear pheasants just for the fun of shooting them down when they grow up. These wealthy idiots spend huge sums of money every year buying baby pheasants from pheasant farms and rearing them in pens until they are big enough to be put out into the woods. In the woods, the young birds hang around like flocks of chickens. They are guarded by keepers and fed twice a day on the best corn until they’re so fat they can hardly fly. Then beaters are hired who walk through the</p>	4				
144	<p>woods clapping their hands and making as much noise as they can to drive the half-tame pheasants towards the half-baked men and their guns. After that, it’s <i>bang bang bang</i> and down they come.</p>	4				
145	<p>Would you like strawberry jam on one of these?”</p>	4	1			
146	<p>“Yes, please,” I said.</p>	4				
147	<p>“One jam and one cheese. But Dad . . .”</p>	4			1	

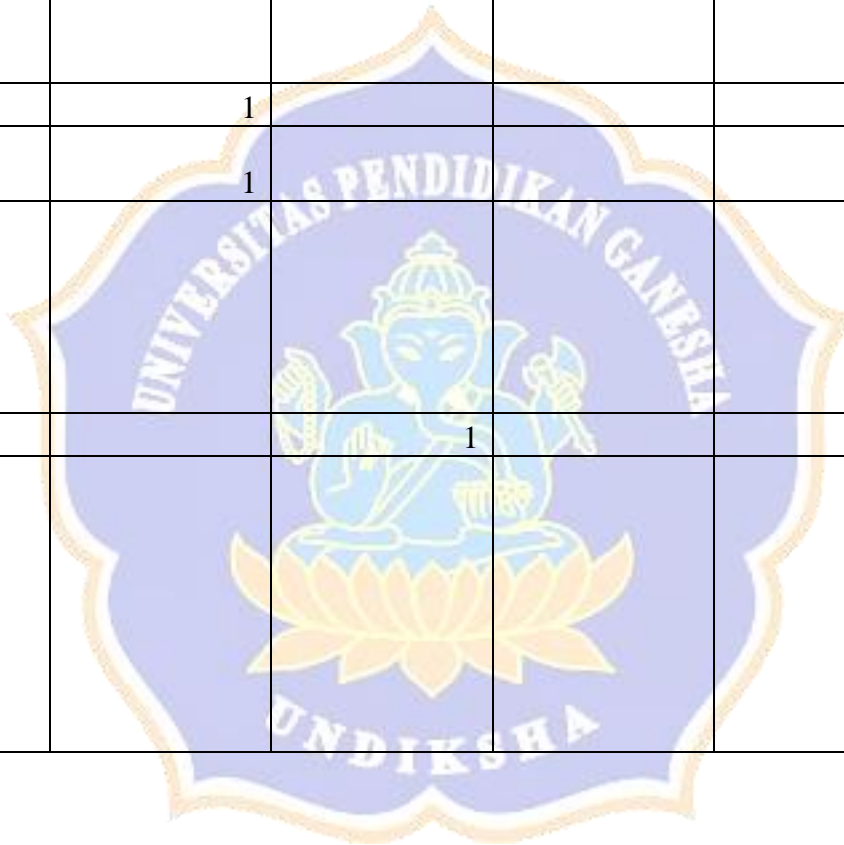
148	“What?”	4	1			
149	“How do you actually catch the pheasants when you’re poaching? Do you have a gun hidden away up there?”	4	1			
150	“A gun!” he cried, disgusted. “Real poachers don’t <i>shoot</i> pheasants, Danny, didn’t you know that?”	4	1			
151	You’ve only got to fire a <i>cap-pistol</i> up in those woods and the keepers’ll be on you.”	4				
152	“Then how do you do it?”	4	1			
153	“Ah,” my father said, and the eyelids drooped over the eyes, veiled and secretive. He spread strawberry jam thickly on a piece of bread, taking his time. “These things are big secrets,” he said.	4				
154	“Very big secrets indeed. But I reckon if my father could tell them to me, then maybe I can tell them to you. Would you like me to do that?”	4	1			
155	“Yes,” I said.	4				
156	“Tell me now.”	4		1		

157	“All the best ways of poaching pheasants were discovered by my old dad,” my father said.	4				
158	“My old dad studied poaching the way a scientist studies science.”	5				
159	“Do you know my old dad actually used to keep a flock of prime roosters in the backyard just to practise on,” my father said. “A rooster is very much like a pheasant, you see. They are equally stupid and they like the same sorts of food. A rooster is tamer, that’s all. So whenever my dad thought up a new method of catching pheasants, he tried it out on a rooster first to see if it worked.”	5				
160	“What are the best ways?” I asked.	5	1			
161	“Promise you won’t tell another soul?”	5	1			
162	“I promise.”	5				

163	“Now here’s the thing,” he said. “Here’s the first big secret. Ah, but it’s more than a secret, Danny. It’s the most important discovery in the whole history of poaching.”	5				
164	“Is that the big secret?”	5	1			
165	“That’s it,” he said.	5				
166	“It may not sound very much when I say it like that, but believe me it is.”	5				
167	“Raisins?” I said.	5	1			
168	“Just ordinary raisins. It’s like a <i>mania</i> with them. You throw a few raisins into a bunch of pheasants and they’ll start fighting each other to get at them. My dad discovered that forty years ago just as he discovered these other things I am about to describe to you.”	5				
169	My father paused and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure there was nobody at the door of the caravan, listening. “Method Number One,” he said softly, “is known as <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> .”	5				

170	“ <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ,” I murmured.	5				
171	“That’s it,” my father said.	5				
172	“And the reason it’s such a brilliant method is that it’s completely silent. There’s no squawking or flapping around or anything else with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> when the pheasant is caught. And that’s mighty important because don’t forget, Danny, when you’re up in those woods at night and the great trees are spreading their branches high above you like black ghosts, it is so silent you can hear a mouse moving. And somewhere among it all, the keepers are waiting and listening. They’re always there, those keepers, standing stony-still against a tree or behind a bush with their guns at the ready.”	5				
173	“What happens with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?” I asked.	5	1			
174	“How does it work?”	5	1			
175	“It’s very simple,” he said.	5				

176	“First, you take a few raisins and you soak them in water overnight to make them plump and soft and juicy. Then you get a bit of good stiff horse-hair and you cut it up into half-inch lengths.”	5				
177	“Horse-hair?” I said.	5	1			
178	“Where do you get horse-hair?”	5	1			
179	“You pull it out of a horse’s tail, of course. That’s not difficult as long as you stand to one side when you’re doing it so you don’t get kicked.”	5				
180	“Go on,” I said.	5		1		
181	“So you cut the horse-hair up into half-inch lengths. Then you push one of these lengths through the middle of a raisin so there’s just a tiny bit of horse-hair sticking out on each side. That’s all you do. You	5				



182	are now ready to catch a pheasant. If you want to catch more than one, you prepare more raisins. Then, when evening comes, you creep up into the woods, making sure you get there before the pheasants have gone up into the trees to roost. Then you scatter the raisins. And soon, along comes a pheasant and gobbles it up.”	5				
183	“What happens then?” I asked.	5	1			
184	“Here’s what my dad discovered,” he said.	5				
185	“First of all the horse-hair makes the raisin stick in the pheasant’s throat. It doesn’t hurt him. It simply stays there and tickles. It’s rather like having a crumb stuck in your own throat. But after that, believe it or not, <i>the pheasant never moves his feet again!</i> He becomes absolutely rooted to the spot, and there he stands pumping his silly neck up and down just like a piston, and all you’ve got to do is nip out quickly from the place where you’re hiding and pick him up.”	5				

186	“Is that really true, Dad?”	5	1			
187	“I swear it,” my father said.	5				
188	“Once a pheasant’s had <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> , you can turn a hosepipe on him and he won’t move. It’s just one of those unexplainable little things. But it takes a genius to discover it.”	5				
189	“So that’s Method Number One,” he said.	5				
190	“What’s Number Two?” I asked.	5	1			
191	“Ah,” he said. “Number Two’s a real beauty. It’s a flash of pure brilliance. I can even remember the day it was invented. I was just about the same age as you are now and it was a Sunday morning and my dad comes into the kitchen holding a huge white rooster in his hands.	5				
192	‘I think I’ve got it,’ he says. There’s a little smile on his face and a shine of glory in his eyes and he comes in very soft and quick and puts the bird down right in the middle of the kitchen table.	5				

193	'By golly,' he says, 'I've got a good one this time.'	5				
194	" 'A good what?' Mum says, looking up from the sink.	5	1			
195	'Horace, take that filthy bird off my table.'	5				
196	"The rooster has a funny little paper hat over its head, like an ice-cream cone upside down, and my dad is pointing to it proudly and saying, 'Stroke him. Go on, stroke him. Do anything you like to him. He won' move an inch.' The rooster starts scratching away at the paper hat with one of its feet, but the hat seems to be stuck on and it won't come off.	5				
197	'No bird in the world is going to run away once you cover up its eyes,' my dad says, and he starts poking the rooster with his finger and pushing it around on the table. The rooster doesn't take the slightest bit of notice.	5				
198	'You can have this one,' he says to Mum.	5				



199	<p>‘You can have it and wring its neck and dish it up for dinner as a celebration of what I have just invented.’ And then straightaway he takes me by the arm and marches me quickly out of the door and off we go over the fields and up into the big forest the other side of Little Hampden which used to belong to the Duke o Buckingham. And in less than two hours we get five lovely fat pheasants with no more trouble than it takes to go out and buy them in a shop.”</p>	5			
200	<p>“But Dad,” I said. “How do you get the paper hats over the pheasants’ heads?” “You’d never guess it, Danny.”</p>	5	1		
201	<p>“Tell me.”</p>	5		1	
202	<p>“Listen carefully,” he said, glancing again over his shoulder as though he expected to see a keeper or even the Duke of Buckingham himself at the caravan door.</p>	5			1

203	<p>“Here’s how you do it. First of all you dig a little hole in the ground. Then you twist a piece of paper into the shape of a cone and you fit this into the hole, hollow end up, like a cup. Then you smear the inside of the paper cup with glue and drop in a few raisins. At the same time, you lay a trail of raisins along the ground leading up to it. Now, the old pheasant comes pecking along the trail, and when he gets to the hole he pops his head inside to gobble up the raisins and the next thing he knows he’s got a paper hat stuck over his eyes and he can’t see a thing. Isn’t that a fantastic idea, Danny? My dad called it <i>The Sticky Hat</i>.”</p>	5				
204	<p>“Is that the one you used this evening?” I asked. My father nodded.</p>	5	1			
205	<p>“How many did you get, Dad?”</p>	5	1			



206	“Well,” he said, looking a bit sheepish. “Actually I didn’t get any. I arrived too late. By the time I go there they were already going up to roost. That shows you how out of practice I am.”	5				
207	“Was it fun all the same?”	5	1			
208	“Marvellous,” he said. “Absolutely marvellous. Just like the old days.”	5				
209	“Dad,” I whispered.	5	1			
210	“What is it?”	5	1			
211	“Have you been doing this often after I’ve gone to sleep, without me knowing it?”	5	1			
212	“No,” he said.	5				
213	“Tonight was the first time for nine years. When your mother died and I had to look after you by myself, I made a vow to give up poaching until you were old enough to be left alone at nights. But this evening I broke my vow. I had such a tremendous longing to go up into the woods again, I just couldn’t stop myself. I’m very sorry I did it.”	5				
214	“If you ever want to go again, I won’t mind,” I said.	5				

215	“Do you mean that?” he said, his voice rising in excitement.	5	1		
216	“Do you really mean it?”	5	1		
217	“Yes,” I said.	5			
218	“So long as you tell me beforehand. You will promise to tell me beforehand if you’re going, won’t you?”	5			
219	“You’re quite sure you won’t mind?”	5	1		
220	“Quite sure.”	5			
221	“Good boy,” he said.	5			
222	“And we’ll have roast pheasant for supper whenever you want it. It’s miles better than chicken.”	5			
223	“And one day, Dad, will you take me with you?”	5	1		
224	“Ah,” he said. “I reckon you’re just a bit young to be dodging around up there in the dark. I wouldn’ want you to get peppered with buckshot in the backside at your age.”	5			
225	“Your dad took you at my age,” I said. There was a short silence.	5			
226	“We’ll see how it goes,” my father said.	5			

227	“But I’d like to get back into practice before I make any promises, you understand?”	5	1			
228	“Yes,” I said.	5				
229	“I wouldn’t want to take you with me until I’m right back in my old form.”	5				
230	“No,” I said.	5				
231	“Good-night, Danny.	5				
232	Go to sleep now.”	5	1			
233	“Good-night, Dad.”	5				
234	The following Friday, while we were having supper in the caravan, my father said, “If it’s all right with you, Danny, I’ll be going out again tomorrow night.”	5				
235	“You mean poaching?” “Yes.”	5	1			
236	“Will it be Hazell’s Wood again?”	5	1			
237	“It’ll always be Hazell’s Wood,” he said.	5				
238	“First because that’s where all the pheasants are. And second because I don’t like Mr Hazell one little bit and it’s a pleasure to poach his birds.”	6				
239	“No,” my father said,	6				

240	“I do not like Mr Victor Hazell one little bit. I haven’t forgotten the way he spoke to you last year when he came in for a fill-up.”	6				
241	I hadn’t forgotten it either. Mr Hazell had pulled up alongside the pumps in his glistening gleaming Rolls-Royce and had said to me, “Fill her up and look sharp about it.” I was eight years old at the time He didn’t get out of the car, he just handed me the key to the cap of the petrol tank and as he did so, he barked out,	6				
242	“And keep your filthy little hands to yourself, d’you understand?”			1		
243	I didn’t understand at all, so I said, “What do you mean, sir?”	6		1		
244	There was a leather riding-crop on the seat beside him. He picked it up and pointed it at me like a pistol. “If you make any dirty finger-marks on my paintwork,” he said, “I’ll step right out of this car and give you a good hiding.”	6				



245	My father was out of the workshop almost before Mr Hazell had finished speaking. He strode up to the window of the car and placed his hands on the sill and leaned in. "I don't like you speaking to my son like that," he said. His voice was dangerously soft.	6				
246	"You had no reason to threaten him," my father went on.	6				
247	"He had done nothing wrong."	6				
248	"Next time you threaten someone with a good hiding I suggest you pick on a person your own size," my father said.	6				
249	"Like me, for instance."	6				
250	"Now go away, please," my father said.	6			1	
251	"We do not wish to serve you." He took the key from my hand and tossed it through the window. The Rolls-Royce drove away fast in a cloud of dust.	6				

252	The very next day, an inspector from the local Department of Health arrived and said he had come to inspect our caravan. “What do you want to inspect our caravan for?” my father asked.	6	1		
253	“To see if it’s a fit place for humans to live in,” the man said.	6			
254	“We don’t allow people to live in dirty broken-down shacks these days.”	6			
255	“I want to be away by six o’clock,” my father said. “Then I will get to the wood exactly at twilight.” .	6			
256	“Why at twilight?” I asked		1		
257	“Because at twilight everything inside the wood becomes veiled and shady. You can see to move around but it’s not easy for someone else to see you. And when danger threatens you can always hide in the shadows which are darker than a wolf’s mouth.”	6			
258	“Why don’t you wait till it gets really dark?” I asked. “Then	6	1		

259	you wouldn't be seen at all."	6				
260	"You wouldn't catch anything if you did that," he said.	6				
261	"When night comes on, all the pheasants fly up into the trees to roost. Pheasants are just like other birds. They never sleep on the ground. Twilight," my father added, "begins about seven-thirty this week. And as it's at least an hour and a half's walk to the wood, I must not leave here later than six o'clock."	6				
262	"Are you going to use <i>The Sticky Hat</i> or will it be <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?" I asked.	6	1			
263	" <i>Sticky Hat</i> ," he said. "I'm very fond of <i>Sticky Hat</i> ."	6				
264	"When will you be back?"	6	1			
265	"About ten o'clock," he said. "Ten-thirty at the latest.	6				
266	I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty.	6				
267	You're quite sure you don't mind being left alone?"	6	1			
268	"Quite sure," I said. "But you will be all right, won't you, Dad?"	6				

269	“Don’t you worry about me,” he said, putting his arm round my shoulders and giving me a hug.	6				
270	“But you said there wasn’t a man in your dad’s village that didn’t get a bit shot up by the keepers sooner or later.”	6				
271	“Ah,” my father said. “Yes. I did say that, didn’t I? But in those days there were lots more keepers up in the woods than there are now. There were keepers behind almost every tree.”	6				
272	“How many are there now in Hazell’s Wood?”	6	1			
273	“Not too many,” he said.	6				
274	“Not too many at all.”	6				
275	At six o’clock precisely he kissed me goodbye and said, “Promise not to wait up for me, Danny. Pu yourself to bed at eight and go to sleep. Right?”	6		1		

276	<p>Yes, but last week was a different thing altogether. He had made no promises to me last week. This time he had said, "I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty." Those were his exact words. And he never, absolutely never, broke a promise.</p>	6				
277	<p>But he was certain to come back again looking for me. And if he came back slowly enough he would probably see the gap. He would stop and get out of his car. He would walk through the gap and look behind the hedge, and then . . . then his torch would shine in my face and he would say, "What's going on, sonny? What's the big idea? Where do you think you're going? Whose car is this? Where do you live? Where are your parents?" He would make me go with him to the police-station, and in the end they would get the whole story out of me, and my father would be ruined.</p>	6	1			
278	<p>"Dad!" I shouted. "Dad! It's Danny! Are you there?"</p>	6	1			



279	After a time, my voice began to go all trembly. I started to say silly things like, “Oh Dad, please tell me where you are! Please answer me! Please, oh please . . .” And I knew that if I wasn’t careful, the sheer hopelessness of it all would get the better of me and I would simply give up and lie down under the trees.	6		1		
280	“Are you there, Dad? Are you there?” I shouted. “It’s Danny!”	7		1		
281	I ran towards the sound. “Dad!” I shouted. “It’s Danny! Where are you?”	7		1		
282	This time the answer came just loud enough for me to hear the words. “I’m here!” the voice called out. “Over here!”	7				
283	“Where are you, Danny?” my father called out.	8		1		
284	“I’m here, Dad! I’m coming.”	8				
285	And all at once, his voice was right in front of me. “Stop, Danny, stop!” he shouted.	8			1	
286	“Where are you, Dad?”	8		1		

287	"I'm down here. Come forward slowly. But be careful. Don't fall in."	8			1	
288	I crept forward. Then I saw the pit. I went to the edge of it and shone the light downward and there was my father. He was sitting on the floor of the pit and he looked up into the light and said, "Hello, my marvellous darling. Thank you for coming."	8				
289	"Are you all right, Dad?"	8	1			
290	"My ankle seems to be broken," he said. "It happened when I fell in."	8				
291	"Does it hurt?" I asked.	8	1			
292	"Yes," he said. "It hurts a lot. But don't worry about that. The point is, <i>I've got to get out of here before morning</i> . The keepers know I'm here and they're coming back for me as soon as it gets light."	8				
293	"Did they dig the hole to catch people?" I asked.	8	1			
294	"Yes," he said.	8				
295	"Do the keepers know who you are?" I asked.	8	1			
296	"No," he said.	8				

297	<p>“Two of them came and shone a light down on me but I covered my face with my arms and they couldn’t recognise me. I heard them trying to guess. They were guessing all sorts of names but they didn’t mention mine. Then one of them shouted, ‘We’ll find out who you are all right in the morning, my lad. And guess who’s coming with us to fish you out?’ I didn’t answer. I didn’t want them to hear my voice. ‘We’ll tell you who’s coming,’ he said. ‘Mr Victor Hazell himself is coming with us to say hello to you!’ And the other one said, ‘Boy, I hate to think what he’s going to do when he gets his hands on you!’ They both laughed and then they went away. Ouch! My poor ankle!”</p>	8				
298	<p>“Have the keepers gone, Dad?”</p>	8	1			
299	<p>“Yes,” he said. “They’ve gone for the night.”</p>	8				
300	<p>“What time is it?” he said.</p>	8	1			
301	<p>“Shine the light down so I can see.” I did as he asked.</p>	8			1	



302	“It’s ten to three,” he said.	8				
303	“I must be out of here before sunrise.”	8				
304	“Dad,” I said.	8				
305	“Yes?”	8	1			
306	“I brought the car. I came in the Baby Austin.”	8				
307	“You <i>what?</i> ” he cried.	8	1			
308	“I wanted to get here quickly so I just drove it out of the workshop and came straight here.”	8				
309	“You mean you actually drove here in the Baby Austin?”	8	1			
310	“Yes.”	8				
311	“You’re crazy,” he said. “You’re absolutely plumb crazy.”	8				
312	“It wasn’t difficult,” I said.	8				
313	“You could have been killed,” he said. “If anything had hit you in that little thing, you’d have been smashed to smithereens.”	8				
314	“It went fine, Dad.”	8				
315	“Where is it now?”	8	1			
316	“Just outside the wood on the bumpy track.”	8				

NO	SPEECHES	PART	SPEECH ACTS USED IN THE NOVEL ENTITLED DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BY ROALD DAHL				
			Commisive				
			Promising	Offering	Threatening	Refusing	Vowing
1	“We are engineers, you and I,” he used to say to me.	1					
2	“We earn our living by repairing engines and we can’t do good work in a rotten workshop.”	1					
3	“The Big Friendly Giant makes his magic powders out of the dreams that children dream when they are asleep,” he said.	2					
4	“How?” I asked.	2					
5	“Tell me how, Dad.”	2					
6	“Dreams, my love, are very mysterious things. They float around in the night air like little clouds, searching for sleeping people.”	2					
7	“Can you see them?” I asked.	2					
8	“Nobody can see them.”	2					
9	“Then how does The Big Friendly Giant catch them?”	2					

10	<p>“Ah,” my father said. “That is the interesting part. A dream, you see, as it goes drifting through the night air, makes a tiny little buzzing-humming sound, a sound so soft and low it is impossible for ordinary people to hear it. But The BFG can hear it easily. His sense of hearing is absolutely fantastic.”</p>	2				
11	<p>“The BFG,” he said, “can hear the tread of a ladybird’s footsteps as she walks across a leaf. He can hear the whisperings of ants as they scurry around in the soil talking to one another. He can hear the sudden shrill cry of pain a tree gives out when a woodman cuts into it with an axe. Ah yes, my darling, there is a whole world of sound around us that we cannot hear because our ears are simply not sensitive enough.”</p>	2				
12	<p>“What happens when he catches the dreams?” I asked.</p>	2				
13	<p>“He imprisons them in glass bottles and screws the tops down tight,” my father said.</p>	2				

14	“He has thousands of these bottles in his cave.”	2					
15	“Does he catch bad dreams as well as good ones?”	2					
16	“Yes,” my father said.	2					
17	“He catches both. But he only uses the good ones in his powders.”	2					
18	“What does he do with the bad ones?”	2					
19	“He explodes them.”	2					
20	“What does The BFG do with his powders after he has made them?” I asked.	2					
21	“In the dead of night,” my father said,	2					
22	“he goes prowling through the villages searching for houses where children are asleep. Because of his great height he can reach windows that are one and even two flights up, and when he finds a room with a sleeping child, he opens his suitcase . . .”	2					
23	“His suitcase?” I said.	2					
24	“The BFG always carries a suitcase and a blowpipe,” my father said.	2					

25	<p>“The blowpipe is as long as lamp-post. The suitcase is for the powders. So he opens the suitcase and selects exactly the right powder . . . and he puts it into the blowpipe . . . and he slides the blowpipe in through the open window . . . and poof . . . he blows in the powder . . . and the powder floats around the room . . . and the child breathes it in . . .”</p>	2					
26	<p>“And then what?” I asked.</p>	2					



27	<p>“And then, Danny, the child begins to dream a marvellous and fantastic dream . . . and when the dream reaches its most marvellous and fantastic moment . . . then the magic powder really takes over . . . and suddenly the dream is not a dream any longer but a real happening . . . and the child is not asleep in bed . . . he is fully awake and is actually in the place of the dream and is taking part in the whole thing . . . I mean really taking part . . . in real life. More about that tomorrow. It’s getting late. Good-night, Danny. Go to sleep.”</p>	2				
28	“Dad,” I whispered.	2				
29	“What is it?”	2				
30	“Have you ever actually seen The Big Friendly Giant?”	2				
31	“Once,” my father said. “Only once.”	2				
32	“You did! Where?”	2				

33	<p>“I was out behind the caravan,” my father said, “and it was a clear moonlit night, and I happened to look up and suddenly I saw this tremendous tall person running along the crest of the hill. He had a queer long-striding lolloping gait and his black cloak was streaming out behind him like the wings of a bird. There was a big suitcase in one hand and a blowpipe in the other, and when he came to the high hawthorn hedge at the end of the field, he just strode over it as though it wasn’t there.”</p>	2				
34	<p>“Were you frightened, Dad?”</p>	2				
35	<p>“No,” my father said.</p>	2			1	
36	<p>“It was thrilling to see him, and a little eerie, but I wasn’t frightened.</p>	2				
37	<p>Go to sleep now.</p>					
38	<p>Good-night.”</p>					

39	My father was a fine mechanic. People who lived miles away used to bring their cars to him for repair rather than take them to their nearest garage. He loved engines. “A petrol engine is sheer magic,” he said to me once.	3					
40	“Just imagine being able to take a thousand different bits of metal . . . and if you fit them all together in a certain way . . . and then if you feed them a little oil and petrol . . . and if you press a little switch . . . suddenly those bits of metal will all come to life . . . and they will purr and hum and roar . . . they will make the wheels of a motor-car go whizzing round at fantastic speeds . . .”	3					
41	I was helping my father to fit new brake linings to the rear wheel of a big Ford when suddenly he said to me, “You know something interesting, Danny?”	3					
42	You must be easily the best five-year-old mechanic in the world.”	3					



43	“You like this work, don’t you?” he said.	3					
44	“All this messing about with engines.”	3					
45	“I absolutely love it,” I said.	3					
46	He turned and faced me and laid a hand gently on my shoulder. “I want to teach you to be a great mechanic,” he said.	3					
47	“And when you grow up, I hope you will become a famous designing engineer, a man who designs new and better engines for cars and aeroplanes. For that,” he added,	3					
48	“you will need a really good education. But I don’t want to send you to school quite yet. In another two years you will have learned enough here with me to be able to take a small engine completely to pieces and put it together again all by yourself. After that, you can go to school.”	3					
49	“There’s a good wind today,” he said one Saturday morning.	3					
50	“Just right for flying a kite. Let’s make a kite, Danny.”	3					

51	“Let out some more, Danny!” he cried.	3					
52	“Go on! As much as you like!”	3					
53	“Let’s walk it back to the caravan,” my father said.	3					
54	“Tie it to the steps,” my father said.	3					
55	“Will it still stay up?” I asked.	3					
56	“It will if the wind doesn’t drop,” he said.	3					
57	Not long after that, on a lovely still evening when there was no breath of wind anywhere, my father said to me, “This is just the right weather for a fire-balloon. Let’s make a fire-balloon.”	3					
58	“Here goes,” he said, putting a match to the cotton-wool. “Hold the sides out as much as you can, Danny!”	3					
59	“It’ll catch on fire!” I cried.	3					
60	“No it won’t,” he said.	3					
61	“Watch!”	3					
62	“She’s nearly ready!” my father said.	3					
63	“Can you feel her floating?”	3					
64	“Yes!” I said. “Yes!	3					

65	Shall we let go?"	3					
66	"Not yet! . . . Wait a bit longer! . . . Wait until she's tugging to fly away!"	3					
67	"She's tugging now!" I said.	3					
68	"Right!" he cried.	3					
69	"Let her go!"	3					
70	"It flies!" I shouted, clapping my hands and jumping about. "It flies! It flies!"	3					
71	My father was nearly as excited as I was. "It's a beauty," he said. "This one's a real beauty. You never know how they're going to turn out until you fly them. Each one is different."	3					
72	"Will other people see it?" I asked.	3					
73	"I'm sure they will, Danny. It's high enough now for them to see it for miles around."	3					
74	"What will they think it is, Dad?"	3					
75	"A flying saucer," my father said.	3					
76	"They'll probably call the police."	3					
77	"Let's follow it," my father said.	3					

78	“And with luck we’ll find it when it comes down.”	3					
79	“She’s coming down!” my father shouted.	3					
80	“The flame’s nearly gone out!”	3					
81	“You can fly the kite all by yourself any time you like,” my father said.	3					
82	“But you must never fly the fire- balloon unless I’m with you. It’s extremely dangerous.”	3					
83	“All right,” I said.	3					
84	“Promise me you’ll never try to fly it alone, Danny.	3					
85	“I promise,” I said.	3	1				
86	I went to the door of the caravan. “Dad,” I said softly. “Dad, are you there?” No answer.	4					
87	There was a small wooden platform outside the caravan door, about four feet above the ground. I stood on the platform and gazed around me. “Dad!” I called out. “Where are you?”	4					
88	“Dad!” I shouted into the darkness. “Dad! Where are you?”	4					

89	“Danny!” he cried. “What on earth’s the matter?”	4				
90	“I thought something awful had happened to you,” I said.	4				
91	“I’m so sorry,” he said.	4				
92	“I should never have done it. But you don’t usually wake up, do you?”	4				
93	“Where did you go, Dad?”	4				
94	“You must be tired out,” he said.	4				
95	“I’m not a bit tired. Couldn’t we light the lamp for a little while?”	4				
96	My father put a match to the wick of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and the little yellow flame sprang up and filled the inside of the caravan with pale light. “How about a hot drink?” he said.	4				
97	“Yes, please.”	4				
98	“I have decided something,” he said. “I am going to let you in on the deepest darkest secret of my whole life	4				
99	“You asked me where I had been,” he said.	4				
100	“The truth is I was up in Hazell’s Wood.”	4				

101	“Hazell’s Wood!” I cried. “That’s miles away!”	4					
102	“Six miles and a half,” my father said.	4					
103	“I know I shouldn’t have gone and I’m very, very sorry about it but I had such a powerful yearning . . .” His voice trailed away into nothingness.	4					
104	“But why would you want to go all the way up to Hazell’s Wood?” I asked.	4					
105	“Do you know what is meant by poaching?” he asked.	4					
106	“Poaching? Not really, no.”	4					
107	“It means going up into the woods in the dead of night and coming back with something for the pot.	4					
108	Poachers in other places poach all sorts of different things, but around here it’s always pheasants.”	4					
109	“You mean <i>stealing</i> them?” I said, aghast.	4					
110	“We don’t look at it that way,” my father said.	4					
111	“Poaching is an art. A great poacher is a great artist.”	4					

112	“Is that actually what you were doing in Hazell’s Wood, Dad? Poaching pheasants?”	4					
113	“I was practising the art,” he said.	4					
114	“The art of poaching.”	4					
115	I was shocked. My own father a thief! This gentle lovely man! I couldn’t believe he would go creeping into the woods at night to pinch valuable birds belonging to somebody else. “The kettle’s boiling,” I said.	4					
116	“Ah, so it is.” He poured the water into the mugs and brought mine over to me. Then he fetched his own and sat with it at the end of my bunk.	4					



117	<p>“Your granddad,” he said, “my own dad, was a magnificent and splendiferous poacher. It was he who taught me all about it. I caught the poaching fever from him when I was ten years old and I’ve never lost i since. Mind you, in those days just about every man in our village was out in the woods at night poaching pheasants. And they did it not only because they loved the sport but because they needed food for their families. When I was a boy, times were bad for a lot of people in England. There was very little work to be had anywhere, and some families were literally starving. Yet a few miles away in the rich man’s wood, thousands of pheasants were being fed like kings twice a day. So can you blame my dad for going out occasionally and coming home with a bird or two for the family to eat?”</p>	4					
118	<p>“No,” I said. “Of course not. But we’re not starving here, Dad.”</p>	4					



119	<p>“You’ve missed the point, Danny boy! You’ve missed the whole point! Poaching is such a fabulous and exciting sport that once you start doing it, it gets into your blood and you can’t give it up! Just imagine,” he said, leaping off the bunk and waving his mug in the air,</p>	4				
120	<p>“just imagine for a minute that you are all alone up there in the dark wood, and the wood is full of keepers hiding behind the trees and the keepers have guns . . .”</p>	4				
121	<p>“Guns!” I gasped. “They don’t have guns!”</p>	4				
122	<p>“All keepers have guns, Danny. It’s for the vermin mostly, the foxes and stoats and weasels who go after the pheasants. But they’ll always take a pot at a poacher, too, if they spot him.”</p>	4				
123	<p>“Dad, you’re joking.”</p>	4				
124	<p>“Not at all. But they only do it from behind. Only when you’re trying to escape. They like to pepper you in the legs at about fifty yards.”</p>	4				

125	“They can’t do that!” I cried.	4					
126	“They could go to prison for shooting someone!”	4					
127	“You could go to prison for poaching,” my father said. There was a glint and a sparkle in his eyes now that I had never seen before.	4					
128	“Many’s the night when I was a boy, Danny, I’ve gone into the kitchen and seen my old dad lying face down on the table and Mum standing over him digging the gunshot pellets out of his backside with a potato-knife.”	4					
129	“It’s not true,” I said, starting to laugh.	4					
130	“You don’t believe me?”	4					
131	“Yes, I believe you.”	4					
132	“Towards the end, he was so covered in tiny little white scars he looked exactly like it was snowing.”	4					
133	“I don’t know why I’m laughing,” I said.	4					
134	“It’s not funny, it’s horrible.”	4					
135	“ ‘Poacher’s bottom’ they used to call it,” my father said.	4					

136	“And there wasn’t a man in the whole village who didn’t have a bit of it one way or another. But my dad was the champion.	4					
137	How’s the cocoa?”						
138	“Fine, thank you.”	4					
139	“If you’re hungry we could have a midnight feast?” he said.	4					
140	“Could we, Dad?”	4		1			
141	“Of course.”	4					
142	“Let me tell you about this phony pheasant-shooting business,” he said.	4					



143	<p>“First of all, it is practiced only by the rich. Only the very rich can afford to rear pheasants just for the fun of shooting them down when they grow up. These wealthy idiots spend huge sums of money every year buying baby pheasants from pheasant farms and rearing them in pens until they are big enough to be put out into the woods. In the woods, the young birds hang around like flocks of chickens. They are guarded by keepers and fed twice a day on the best corn until they’re so fat they can hardly fly. Then beaters are hired who walk through the</p>	4					
144	<p>woods clapping their hands and making as much noise as they can to drive the half-tame pheasants towards the half-baked men and their guns. After that, it’s <i>bang bang bang</i> and down they come.</p>	4					
145	<p>Would you like strawberry jam on one of these?”</p>	4					
146	<p>“Yes, please,” I said.</p>	4					
147	<p>“One jam and one cheese. But Dad . . .”</p>	4					

148	“What?”	4				
149	“How do you actually catch the pheasants when you’re poaching? Do you have a gun hidden away up there?”	4				
150	“A gun!” he cried, disgusted. “Real poachers don’t <i>shoot</i> pheasants, Danny, didn’t you know that?”	4				
151	You’ve only got to fire a <i>cap-pistol</i> up in those woods and the keepers’ll be on you.”	4				
152	“Then how do you do it?”	4				
153	“Ah,” my father said, and the eyelids drooped over the eyes, veiled and secretive. He spread strawberry jam thickly on a piece of bread, taking his time. “These things are big secrets,” he said.	4				
154	“Very big secrets indeed. But I reckon if my father could tell them to me, then maybe I can tell them to you. Would you like me to do that?”	4				
155	“Yes,” I said.	4				
156	“Tell me now.”	4				

157	“All the best ways of poaching pheasants were discovered by my old dad,” my father said.	4					
158	“My old dad studied poaching the way a scientist studies science.”	5					
159	“Do you know my old dad actually used to keep a flock of prime roosters in the backyard just to practise on,” my father said. “A rooster is very much like a pheasant, you see. They are equally stupid and they like the same sorts of food. A rooster is tamer, that’s all. So whenever my dad thought up a new method of catching pheasants, he tried it out on a rooster first to see if it worked.”	5					
160	“What are the best ways?” I asked.	5					
161	“Promise you won’t tell another soul?”	5					
162	“I promise.”	5	1				

163	“Now here’s the thing,” he said. “Here’s the first big secret. Ah, but it’s more than a secret, Danny. It’s the most important discovery in the whole history of poaching.”	5				
164	“Is that the big secret?”	5				
165	“That’s it,” he said.	5				
166	“It may not sound very much when I say it like that, but believe me it is.”	5				1
167	“Raisins?” I said.	5				
168	“Just ordinary raisins. It’s like a <i>mania</i> with them. You throw a few raisins into a bunch of pheasants and they’ll start fighting each other to get at them. My dad discovered that forty years ago just as he discovered these other things I am about to describe to you.”	5				
169	My father paused and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure there was nobody at the door of the caravan, listening. “Method Number One,” he said softly, “is known as <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> .”	5				

170	“ <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ,” I murmured.	5				
171	“That’s it,” my father said.	5				
172	“And the reason it’s such a brilliant method is that it’s completely silent. There’s no squawking or flapping around or anything else with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> when the pheasant is caught. And that’s mighty important because don’t forget, Danny, when you’re up in those woods at night and the great trees are spreading their branches high above you like black ghosts, it is so silent you can hear a mouse moving. And somewhere among it all, the keepers are waiting and listening. They’re always there, those keepers, standing stony-still against a tree or behind a bush with their guns at the ready.”	5				
173	“What happens with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?” I asked.	5				
174	“How does it work?”	5				
175	“It’s very simple,” he said.	5				



176	“First, you take a few raisins and you soak them in water overnight to make them plump and soft and juicy. Then you get a bit of good stiff horse-hair and you cut it up into half-inch lengths.”	5				
177	“Horse-hair?” I said.	5				
178	“Where do you get horse-hair?”	5				
179	“You pull it out of a horse’s tail, of course. That’s not difficult as long as you stand to one side when you’re doing it so you don’t get kicked.”	5				
180	“Go on,” I said.	5				
181	“So you cut the horse-hair up into half-inch lengths. Then you push one of these lengths through the middle of a raisin so there’s just a tiny bit of horse-hair sticking out on each side. That’s all you do. You	5				



182	are now ready to catch a pheasant. If you want to catch more than one, you prepare more raisins. Then, when evening comes, you creep up into the woods, making sure you get there before the pheasants have gone up into the trees to roost. Then you scatter the raisins. And soon, along comes a pheasant and gobbles it up.”	5					
183	“What happens then?” I asked.	5					
184	“Here’s what my dad discovered,” he said.	5					
185	“First of all the horse-hair makes the raisin stick in the pheasant’s throat. It doesn’t hurt him. It simply stays there and tickles. It’s rather like having a crumb stuck in your own throat. But after that, believe it or not, <i>the pheasant never moves his feet again!</i> He becomes absolutely rooted to the spot, and there he stands pumping his silly neck up and down just like a piston, and all you’ve got to do is nip out quickly from the place where you’re hiding and pick him up.”	5					

186	“Is that really true, Dad?”	5				
187	“I swear it,” my father said.	5				1
188	“Once a pheasant’s had <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> , you can turn a hosepipe on him and he won’t move. It’s just one of those unexplainable little things. But it takes a genius to discover it.”	5				
189	“So that’s Method Number One,” he said.	5				
190	“What’s Number Two?” I asked.	5				
191	“Ah,” he said. “Number Two’s a real beauty. It’s a flash of pure brilliance. I can even remember the day it was invented. I was just about the same age as you are now and it was a Sunday morning and my dad comes into the kitchen holding a huge white rooster in his hands.	5				
192	‘I think I’ve got it,’ he says. There’s a little smile on his face and a shine of glory in his eyes and he comes in very soft and quick and puts the bird down right in the middle of the kitchen table.	5				

193	'By golly,' he says, 'I've got a good one this time.'	5				
194	“ ‘A good what?’ Mum says, looking up from the sink.	5				
195	'Horace, take that filthy bird off my table.'	5				
196	“The rooster has a funny little paper hat over its head, like an ice-cream cone upside down, and my dad is pointing to it proudly and saying, ‘Stroke him. Go on, stroke him. Do anything you like to him. He won’ move an inch.’ The rooster starts scratching away at the paper hat with one of its feet, but the hat seems to be stuck on and it won’t come off.	5				
197	‘No bird in the world is going to run away once you cover up its eyes,’ my dad says, and he starts poking the rooster with his finger and pushing it around on the table. The rooster doesn’t take the slightest bit of notice.	5				
198	‘You can have this one,’ he says to Mum.	5				



199	<p>‘You can have it and wring its neck and dish it up for dinner as a celebration of what I have just invented.’ And then straightaway he takes me by the arm and marches me quickly out of the door and off we go over the fields and up into the big forest the other side of Little Hampden which used to belong to the Duke o Buckingham. And in less than two hours we get five lovely fat pheasants with no more trouble than it takes to go out and buy them in a shop.”</p>	5				
200	<p>“But Dad,” I said. “How do you get the paper hats over the pheasants’ heads?” “You’d never guess it, Danny.”</p>	5				
201	<p>“Tell me.”</p>	5				
202	<p>“Listen carefully,” he said, glancing again over his shoulder as though he expected to see a keeper or even the Duke of Buckingham himself at the caravan door.</p>	5				



203	<p>“Here’s how you do it. First of all you dig a little hole in the ground. Then you twist a piece of paper into the shape of a cone and you fit this into the hole, hollow end up, like a cup. Then you smear the inside of the paper cup with glue and drop in a few raisins. At the same time, you lay a trail of raisins along the ground leading up to it. Now, the old pheasant comes pecking along the trail, and when he gets to the hole he pops his head inside to gobble up the raisins and the next thing he knows he’s got a paper hat stuck over his eyes and he can’t see a thing. Isn’t that a fantastic idea, Danny? My dad called it <i>The Sticky Hat</i>.”</p>	5					
204	<p>“Is that the one you used this evening?” I asked. My father nodded.</p>	5					
205	<p>“How many did you get, Dad?”</p>	5					



206	“Well,” he said, looking a bit sheepish. “Actually I didn’t get any. I arrived too late. By the time I go there they were already going up to roost. That shows you how out of practice I am.”	5				
207	“Was it fun all the same?”	5				
208	“Marvellous,” he said. “Absolutely marvellous. Just like the old days.”	5				
209	“Dad,” I whispered.	5				
210	“What is it?”	5				
211	“Have you been doing this often after I’ve gone to sleep, without me knowing it?”	5				
212	“No,” he said.	5				
213	“Tonight was the first time for nine years. When your mother died and I had to look after you by myself, I made a vow to give up poaching until you were old enough to be left alone at nights. But this evening I broke my vow. I had such a tremendous longing to go up into the woods again, I just couldn’t stop myself. I’m very sorry I did it.”	5				
214	“If you ever want to go again, I won’t mind,” I said.	5				

215	“Do you mean that?” he said, his voice rising in excitement.	5					
216	“Do you really mean it?”	5					
217	“Yes,” I said.	5					
218	“So long as you tell me beforehand. You will promise to tell me beforehand if you’re going, won’t you?”	5					
219	“You’re quite sure you won’t mind?”	5					
220	“Quite sure.”	5					
221	“Good boy,” he said.	5					
222	“And we’ll have roast pheasant for supper whenever you want it. It’s miles better than chicken.”	5					
223	“And one day, Dad, will you take me with you?”	5					
224	“Ah,” he said. “I reckon you’re just a bit young to be dodging around up there in the dark. I wouldn’ want you to get peppered with buckshot in the backside at your age.”	5					
225	“Your dad took you at my age,” I said. There was a short silence.	5					
226	“We’ll see how it goes,” my father said.	5					

227	“But I’d like to get back into practice before I make any promises, you understand?”	5				
228	“Yes,” I said.	5				
229	“I wouldn’t want to take you with me until I’m right back in my old form.”	5				
230	“No,” I said.	5				
231	“Good-night, Danny.	5				
232	Go to sleep now.”	5				
233	“Good-night, Dad.”	5				
234	The following Friday, while we were having supper in the caravan, my father said, “If it’s all right with you, Danny, I’ll be going out again tomorrow night.”	5				
235	“You mean poaching?” “Yes.”	5				
236	“Will it be Hazell’s Wood again?”	5				
237	“It’ll always be Hazell’s Wood,” he said.	5				
238	“First because that’s where all the pheasants are. And second because I don’t like Mr Hazell one little bit and it’s a pleasure to poach his birds.”	6				
239	“No,” my father said,	6				

240	“I do not like Mr Victor Hazell one little bit. I haven’t forgotten the way he spoke to you last year when he came in for a fill-up.”	6				
241	I hadn’t forgotten it either. Mr Hazell had pulled up alongside the pumps in his glistening gleaming Rolls-Royce and had said to me, “Fill her up and look sharp about it.” I was eight years old at the time He didn’t get out of the car, he just handed me the key to the cap of the petrol tank and as he did so, he barked out,	6				
242	“And keep your filthy little hands to yourself, d’you understand?”					
243	I didn’t understand at all, so I said, “What do you mean, sir?”	6				
244	There was a leather riding-crop on the seat beside him. He picked it up and pointed it at me like a pistol. “If you make any dirty finger-marks on my paintwork,” he said, “I’ll step right out of this car and give you a good hiding.”	6				



245	My father was out of the workshop almost before Mr Hazell had finished speaking. He strode up to the window of the car and placed his hands on the sill and leaned in. “I don’t like you speaking to my son like that,” he said. His voice was dangerously soft.	6				
246	“You had no reason to threaten him,” my father went on.	6				
247	“He had done nothing wrong.”	6				
248	“Next time you threaten someone with a good hiding I suggest you pick on a person your own size,” my father said.	6				
249	“Like me, for instance.”	6				
250	“Now go away, please,” my father said.	6				
251	“We do not wish to serve you.” He took the key from my hand and tossed it through the window. The Rolls-Royce drove away fast in a cloud of dust.	6				

252	The very next day, an inspector from the local Department of Health arrived and said he had come to inspect our caravan. “What do you want to inspect our caravan for?” my father asked.	6					
253	“To see if it’s a fit place for humans to live in,” the man said.	6					
254	“We don’t allow people to live in dirty broken-down shacks these days.”	6					
255	“I want to be away by six o’clock,” my father said. “Then I will get to the wood exactly at twilight.” .	6					
256	“Why at twilight?” I asked						
257	“Because at twilight everything inside the wood becomes veiled and shady. You can see to move around but it’s not easy for someone else to see you. And when danger threatens you can always hide in the shadows which are darker than a wolf’s mouth.”	6					
258	“Why don’t you wait till it gets really dark?” I asked. “Then	6					

259	you wouldn't be seen at all."	6					
260	"You wouldn't catch anything if you did that," he said.	6					
261	"When night comes on, all the pheasants fly up into the trees to roost. Pheasants are just like other birds. They never sleep on the ground. Twilight," my father added, "begins about seven-thirty this week. And as it's at least an hour and a half's walk to the wood, I must not leave here later than six o'clock."	6					
262	"Are you going to use <i>The Sticky Hat</i> or will it be <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?" I asked.	6					
263	" <i>Sticky Hat</i> ," he said. "I'm very fond of <i>Sticky Hat</i> ."	6					
264	"When will you be back?"	6					
265	"About ten o'clock," he said. "Ten-thirty at the latest.	6					
266	I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty.	6	1				
267	You're quite sure you don't mind being left alone?"	6					
268	"Quite sure," I said. "But you will be all right, won't you, Dad?"	6					

269	“Don’t you worry about me,” he said, putting his arm round my shoulders and giving me a hug.	6				
270	“But you said there wasn’t a man in your dad’s village that didn’t get a bit shot up by the keepers sooner or later.”	6				
271	“Ah,” my father said. “Yes. I did say that, didn’t I? But in those days there were lots more keepers up in the woods than there are now. There were keepers behind almost every tree.”	6				
272	“How many are there now in Hazell’s Wood?”	6				
273	“Not too many,” he said.	6				
274	“Not too many at all.”	6				
275	At six o’clock precisely he kissed me goodbye and said, “Promise not to wait up for me, Danny. Pu yourself to bed at eight and go to sleep. Right?”	6				



276	<p>Yes, but last week was a different thing altogether. He had made no promises to me last week. This time he had said, "I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty." Those were his exact words. And he never, absolutely never, broke a promise.</p>	6					
277	<p>But he was certain to come back again looking for me. And if he came back slowly enough he would probably see the gap. He would stop and get out of his car. He would walk through the gap and look behind the hedge, and then . . . then his torch would shine in my face and he would say, "What's going on, sonny? What's the big idea? Where do you think you're going? Whose car is this? Where do you live? Where are your parents?" He would make me go with him to the police-station, and in the end they would get the whole story out of me, and my father would be ruined.</p>	6	1				
278	<p>"Dad!" I shouted. "Dad! It's Danny! Are you there?"</p>	6					



279	After a time, my voice began to go all trembly. I started to say silly things like, “Oh Dad, please tell me where you are! Please answer me! Please, oh please . . .” And I knew that if I wasn’t careful, the sheer hopelessness of it all would get the better of me and I would simply give up and lie down under the trees.	6				
280	“Are you there, Dad? Are you there?” I shouted. “It’s Danny!”	7				
281	I ran towards the sound. “Dad!” I shouted. “It’s Danny! Where are you?”	7				
282	This time the answer came just loud enough for me to hear the words. “I’m here!” the voice called out. “Over here!”	7				
283	“Where are you, Danny?” my father called out.	8				
284	“I’m here, Dad! I’m coming.”	8				
285	And all at once, his voice was right in front of me. “Stop, Danny, stop!” he shouted.	8				
286	“Where are you, Dad?”	8				

287	"I'm down here. Come forward slowly. But be careful. Don't fall in."	8				
288	I crept forward. Then I saw the pit. I went to the edge of it and shone the light downward and there was my father. He was sitting on the floor of the pit and he looked up into the light and said, "Hello, my marvellous darling. Thank you for coming."	8				
289	"Are you all right, Dad?"	8				
290	"My ankle seems to be broken," he said. "It happened when I fell in."	8				
291	"Does it hurt?" I asked.	8				
292	"Yes," he said. "It hurts a lot. But don't worry about that. The point is, <i>I've got to get out of here before morning.</i> The keepers know I'm here and they're coming back for me as soon as it gets light."	8				
293	"Did they dig the hole to catch people?" I asked.	8				
294	"Yes," he said.	8				
295	"Do the keepers know who you are?" I asked.	8				
296	"No," he said.	8				

297	<p>“Two of them came and shone a light down on me but I covered my face with my arms and they couldn’t recognise me. I heard them trying to guess. They were guessing all sorts of names but they didn’t mention mine. Then one of them shouted, ‘We’ll find out who you are all right in the morning, my lad. And guess who’s coming with us to fish you out?’ I didn’t answer. I didn’t want them to hear my voice. ‘We’ll tell you who’s coming,’ he said. ‘Mr Victor Hazell himself is coming with us to say hello to you!’ And the other one said, ‘Boy, I hate to think what he’s going to do when he gets his hands on you!’ They both laughed and then they went away. Ouch! My poor ankle!”</p>	8					
298	<p>“Have the keepers gone, Dad?”</p>	8					
299	<p>“Yes,” he said. “They’ve gone for the night.”</p>	8					
300	<p>“What time is it?” he said.</p>	8					
301	<p>“Shine the light down so I can see.” I did as he asked.</p>	8					



302	“It’s ten to three,” he said.	8				
303	“I must be out of here before sunrise.”	8				
304	“Dad,” I said.	8				
305	“Yes?”	8				
306	“I brought the car. I came in the Baby Austin.”	8				
307	“You <i>what?</i> ” he cried.	8				
308	“I wanted to get here quickly so I just drove it out of the workshop and came straight here.”	8				
309	“You mean you actually drove here in the Baby Austin?”	8				
310	“Yes.”	8				
311	“You’re crazy,” he said. “You’re absolutely plumb crazy.”	8				
312	“It wasn’t difficult,” I said.	8				
313	“You could have been killed,” he said. “If anything had hit you in that little thing, you’d have been smashed to smithereens.”	8				
314	“It went fine, Dad.”	8				
315	“Where is it now?”	8				
316	“Just outside the wood on the bumpy track.”	8				

NO	SPEECHES	PART	SPEECH ACTS USED IN THE NOVEL ENTITLED DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD BY ROALD DAHL				
			Expressive				
			Apologizing	Expressing	Greeting	Agreeing	Dissagreeing
1	“We are engineers, you and I,” he used to say to me.	1					
2	“We earn our living by repairing engines and we can’t do good work in a rotten workshop.”	1					
3	“The Big Friendly Giant makes his magic powders out of the dreams that children dream when they are asleep,” he said.	2					
4	“How?” I asked.	2					
5	“Tell me how, Dad.”	2					
6	“Dreams, my love, are very mysterious things. They float around in the night air like little clouds, searching for sleeping people.”	2					
7	“Can you see them?” I asked.	2					
8	“Nobody can see them.”	2					
9	“Then how does The Big Friendly Giant catch them?”	2					

10	<p>“Ah,” my father said. “That is the interesting part. A dream, you see, as it goes drifting through the night air, makes a tiny little buzzing-humming sound, a sound so soft and low it is impossible for ordinary people to hear it. But The BFG can hear it easily. His sense of hearing is absolutely fantastic.”</p>	2				
11	<p>“The BFG,” he said, “can hear the tread of a ladybird’s footsteps as she walks across a leaf. He can hear the whisperings of ants as they scurry around in the soil talking to one another. He can hear the sudden shrill cry of pain a tree gives out when a woodman cuts into it with an axe. Ah yes, my darling, there is a whole world of sound around us that we cannot hear because our ears are simply not sensitive enough.”</p>	2				
12	<p>“What happens when he catches the dreams?” I asked.</p>	2				
13	<p>“He imprisons them in glass bottles and screws the tops down tight,” my father said.</p>	2				



14	“He has thousands of these bottles in his cave.”	2					
15	“Does he catch bad dreams as well as good ones?”	2					
16	“Yes,” my father said.	2				1	
17	“He catches both. But he only uses the good ones in his powders.”	2					
18	“What does he do with the bad ones?”	2					
19	“He explodes them.”	2					
20	“What does The BFG do with his powders after he has made them?” I asked.	2					
21	“In the dead of night,” my father said,	2					
22	“he goes prowling through the villages searching for houses where children are asleep. Because of his great height he can reach windows that are one and even two flights up, and when he finds a room with a sleeping child, he opens his suitcase . . .”	2					
23	“His suitcase?” I said.	2					
24	“The BFG always carries a suitcase and a blowpipe,” my father said.	2					

25	<p>“The blowpipe is as long as lamp-post. The suitcase is for the powders. So he opens the suitcase and selects exactly the right powder . . . and he puts it into the blowpipe . . . and he slides the blowpipe in through the open window . . . and poof . . . he blows in the powder . . . and the powder floats around the room . . . and the child breathes it in . . .”</p>	2					
26	<p>“And then what?” I asked.</p>	2					



27	<p>“And then, Danny, the child begins to dream a marvellous and fantastic dream . . . and when the dream reaches its most marvellous and fantastic moment . . . then the magic powder really takes over . . . and suddenly the dream is not a dream any longer but a real happening . . . and the child is not asleep in bed . . . he is fully awake and is actually in the place of the dream and is taking part in the whole thing . . . I mean really taking part . . . in real life. More about that tomorrow. It’s getting late. Good-night, Danny. Go to sleep.”</p>	2				
28	“Dad,” I whispered.	2				
29	“What is it?”	2				
30	“Have you ever actually seen The Big Friendly Giant?”	2				
31	“Once,” my father said. “Only once.”	2				
32	“You did! Where?”	2				



33	<p>“I was out behind the caravan,” my father said, “and it was a clear moonlit night, and I happened to look up and suddenly I saw this tremendous tall person running along the crest of the hill. He had a queer long-striding lolloping gait and his black cloak was streaming out behind him like the wings of a bird. There was a big suitcase in one hand and a blowpipe in the other, and when he came to the high hawthorn hedge at the end of the field, he just strode over it as though it wasn’t there.”</p>	2				
34	<p>“Were you frightened, Dad?”</p>	2				
35	<p>“No,” my father said.</p>	2				
36	<p>“It was thrilling to see him, and a little eerie, but I wasn’t frightened.</p>	2				
37	<p>Go to sleep now.</p>					
38	<p>Good-night.”</p>				1	



39	My father was a fine mechanic. People who lived miles away used to bring their cars to him for repair rather than take them to their nearest garage. He loved engines. “A petrol engine is sheer magic,” he said to me once.	3					
40	“Just imagine being able to take a thousand different bits of metal . . . and if you fit them all together in a certain way . . . and then if you feed them a little oil and petrol . . . and if you press a little switch . . . suddenly those bits of metal will all come to life . . . and they will purr and hum and roar . . . they will make the wheels of a motor-car go whizzing round at fantastic speeds . . .”	3					
41	I was helping my father to fit new brake linings to the rear wheel of a big Ford when suddenly he said to me, “You know something interesting, Danny?”	3					
42	You must be easily the best five-year-old mechanic in the world.”	3					



43	“You like this work, don’t you?” he said.	3					
44	“All this messing about with engines.”	3					
45	“I absolutely love it,” I said.	3		1			
46	He turned and faced me and laid a hand gently on my shoulder. “I want to teach you to be a great mechanic,” he said.	3					
47	“And when you grow up, I hope you will become a famous designing engineer, a man who designs new and better engines for cars and aeroplanes. For that,” he added,	3					
48	“you will need a really good education. But I don’t want to send you to school quite yet. In another two years you will have learned enough here with me to be able to take a small engine completely to pieces and put it together again all by yourself. After that, you can go to school.”	3					
49	“There’s a good wind today,” he said one Saturday morning.	3					
50	“Just right for flying a kite. Let’s make a kite, Danny.”	3					



51	“Let out some more, Danny!” he cried.	3					
52	“Go on! As much as you like!”	3					
53	“Let’s walk it back to the caravan,” my father said.	3					
54	“Tie it to the steps,” my father said.	3					
55	“Will it still stay up?” I asked.	3					
56	“It will if the wind doesn’t drop,” he said.	3					
57	Not long after that, on a lovely still evening when there was no breath of wind anywhere, my father said to me, “This is just the right weather for a fire-balloon. Let’s make a fire-balloon.”	3					
58	“Here goes,” he said, putting a match to the cotton-wool. “Hold the sides out as much as you can, Danny!”	3					
59	“It’ll catch on fire!” I cried.	3					
60	“No it won’t,” he said.	3					
61	“Watch!”	3					
62	“She’s nearly ready!” my father said.	3					
63	“Can you feel her floating?”	3					
64	“Yes!” I said. “Yes!”	3					

65	Shall we let go?"	3				
66	"Not yet! . . . Wait a bit longer! . . . Wait until she's tugging to fly away!"	3				
67	"She's tugging now!" I said.	3				
68	"Right!" he cried.	3				
69	"Let her go!"	3				
70	"It flies!" I shouted, clapping my hands and jumping about. "It flies! It flies!"	3				
71	My father was nearly as excited as I was. "It's a beauty," he said. "This one's a real beauty. You never know how they're going to turn out until you fly them. Each one is different."	3				
72	"Will other people see it?" I asked.	3				
73	"I'm sure they will, Danny. It's high enough now for them to see it for miles around."	3				
74	"What will they think it is, Dad?"	3				
75	"A flying saucer," my father said.	3				
76	"They'll probably call the police."	3				
77	"Let's follow it," my father said.	3				

78	“And with luck we’ll find it when it comes down.”	3					
79	“She’s coming down!” my father shouted.	3					
80	“The flame’s nearly gone out!”	3					
81	“You can fly the kite all by yourself any time you like,” my father said.	3					
82	“But you must never fly the fire- balloon unless I’m with you. It’s extremely dangerous.”	3					
83	“All right,” I said.	3				1	
84	“Promise me you’ll never try to fly it alone, Danny.	3					
85	“I promise,” I said.	3					
86	I went to the door of the caravan. “Dad,” I said softly. “Dad, are you there?” No answer.	4					
87	There was a small wooden platform outside the caravan door, about four feet above the ground. I stood on the platform and gazed around me. “Dad!” I called out. “Where are you?”	4					
88	“Dad!” I shouted into the darkness. “Dad! Where are you?”	4					

89	“Danny!” he cried. “What on earth’s the matter?”	4				
90	“I thought something awful had happened to you,” I said.	4				
91	“I’m so sorry,” he said.	4	1			
92	“I should never have done it. But you don’t usually wake up, do you?”	4				
93	“Where did you go, Dad?”	4				
94	“You must be tired out,” he said.	4				
95	“I’m not a bit tired. Couldn’t we light the lamp for a little while?”	4				
96	My father put a match to the wick of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and the little yellow flame sprang up and filled the inside of the caravan with pale light. “How about a hot drink?” he said.	4				
97	“Yes, please.”	4			1	
98	“I have decided something,” he said. “I am going to let you in on the deepest darkest secret of my whole life	4				
99	“You asked me where I had been,” he said.	4				
100	“The truth is I was up in Hazell’s Wood.”	4				

101	“Hazell’s Wood!” I cried. “That’s miles away!”	4					
102	“Six miles and a half,” my father said.	4					
103	“I know I shouldn’t have gone and I’m very, very sorry about it but I had such a powerful yearning . . .” His voice trailed away into nothingness.	4					
104	“But why would you want to go all the way up to Hazell’s Wood?” I asked.	4					
105	“Do you know what is meant by poaching?” he asked.	4					
106	“Poaching? Not really, no.”	4					
107	“It means going up into the woods in the dead of night and coming back with something for the pot.	4					
108	Poachers in other places poach all sorts of different things, but around here it’s always pheasants.”	4					
109	“You mean <i>stealing</i> them?” I said, aghast.	4					
110	“We don’t look at it that way,” my father said.	4					
111	“Poaching is an art. A great poacher is a great artist.”	4					

112	“Is that actually what you were doing in Hazell’s Wood, Dad? Poaching pheasants?”	4					
113	“I was practising the art,” he said.	4					
114	“The art of poaching.”	4					
115	I was shocked. My own father a thief! This gentle lovely man! I couldn’t believe he would go creeping into the woods at night to pinch valuable birds belonging to somebody else. “The kettle’s boiling,” I said.	4					
116	“Ah, so it is.” He poured the water into the mugs and brought mine over to me. Then he fetched his own and sat with it at the end of my bunk.	4					



117	<p>“Your granddad,” he said, “my own dad, was a magnificent and splendiferous poacher. It was he who taught me all about it. I caught the poaching fever from him when I was ten years old and I’ve never lost i since. Mind you, in those days just about every man in our village was out in the woods at night poaching pheasants. And they did it not only because they loved the sport but because they needed food for their families. When I was a boy, times were bad for a lot of people in England. There was very little work to be had anywhere, and some families were literally starving. Yet a few miles away in the rich man’s wood, thousands of pheasants were being fed like kings twice a day. So can you blame my dad for going out occasionally and coming home with a bird or two for the family to eat?”</p>	4					
118	<p>“No,” I said. “Of course not. But we’re not starving here, Dad.”</p>	4					1



119	<p>“You’ve missed the point, Danny boy! You’ve missed the whole point! Poaching is such a fabulous and exciting sport that once you start doing it, it gets into your blood and you can’t give it up! Just imagine,” he said, leaping off the bunk and waving his mug in the air,</p>	4				
120	<p>“just imagine for a minute that you are all alone up there in the dark wood, and the wood is full of keepers hiding behind the trees and the keepers have guns . . .”</p>	4				
121	<p>“Guns!” I gasped. “They don’t have guns!”</p>	4				
122	<p>“All keepers have guns, Danny. It’s for the vermin mostly, the foxes and stoats and weasels who go after the pheasants. But they’ll always take a pot at a poacher, too, if they spot him.”</p>	4				
123	<p>“Dad, you’re joking.”</p>	4				
124	<p>“Not at all. But they only do it from behind. Only when you’re trying to escape. They like to pepper you in the legs at about fifty yards.”</p>	4				

125	“They can’t do that!” I cried.	4					
126	“They could go to prison for shooting someone!”	4					
127	“You could go to prison for poaching,” my father said. There was a glint and a sparkle in his eyes now that I had never seen before.	4					
128	“Many’s the night when I was a boy, Danny, I’ve gone into the kitchen and seen my old dad lying face down on the table and Mum standing over him digging the gunshot pellets out of his backside with a potato-knife.”	4					
129	“It’s not true,” I said, starting to laugh.	4					
130	“You don’t believe me?”	4					
131	“Yes, I believe you.”	4				1	
132	“Towards the end, he was so covered in tiny little white scars he looked exactly like it was snowing.”	4					
133	“I don’t know why I’m laughing,” I said.	4					
134	“It’s not funny, it’s horrible.”	4					
135	“ ‘Poacher’s bottom’ they used to call it,” my father said.	4					

136	“And there wasn’t a man in the whole village who didn’t have a bit of it one way or another. But my dad was the champion.	4					
137	How’s the cocoa?”						
138	“Fine, thank you.”	4					
139	“If you’re hungry we could have a midnight feast?” he said.	4					
140	“Could we, Dad?”	4					
141	“Of course.”	4				1	
142	“Let me tell you about this phony pheasant-shooting business,” he said.	4					



143	<p>“First of all, it is practiced only by the rich. Only the very rich can afford to rear pheasants just for the fun of shooting them down when they grow up. These wealthy idiots spend huge sums of money every year buying baby pheasants from pheasant farms and rearing them in pens until they are big enough to be put out into the woods. In the woods, the young birds hang around like flocks of chickens. They are guarded by keepers and fed twice a day on the best corn until they’re so fat they can hardly fly. Then beaters are hired who walk through the</p>	4					
144	<p>woods clapping their hands and making as much noise as they can to drive the half-tame pheasants towards the half-baked men and their guns. After that, it’s <i>bang bang bang</i> and down they come.</p>	4					
145	<p>Would you like strawberry jam on one of these?”</p>	4					
146	<p>“Yes, please,” I said.</p>	4				1	
147	<p>“One jam and one cheese. But Dad . . .”</p>	4					

148	“What?”	4					
149	“How do you actually catch the pheasants when you’re poaching? Do you have a gun hidden away up there?”	4					
150	“A gun!” he cried, disgusted. “Real poachers don’t <i>shoot</i> pheasants, Danny, didn’t you know that?”	4					
151	You’ve only got to fire a <i>cap-pistol</i> up in those woods and the keepers’ll be on you.”	4					
152	“Then how do you do it?”	4					
153	“Ah,” my father said, and the eyelids drooped over the eyes, veiled and secretive. He spread strawberry jam thickly on a piece of bread, taking his time. “These things are big secrets,” he said.	4					
154	“Very big secrets indeed. But I reckon if my father could tell them to me, then maybe I can tell them to you. Would you like me to do that?”	4					
155	“Yes,” I said.	4					1
156	“Tell me now.”	4					

157	“All the best ways of poaching pheasants were discovered by my old dad,” my father said.	4					
158	“My old dad studied poaching the way a scientist studies science.”	5					
159	“Do you know my old dad actually used to keep a flock of prime roosters in the backyard just to practise on,” my father said. “A rooster is very much like a pheasant, you see. They are equally stupid and they like the same sorts of food. A rooster is tamer, that’s all. So whenever my dad thought up a new method of catching pheasants, he tried it out on a rooster first to see if it worked.”	5					
160	“What are the best ways?” I asked.	5					
161	“Promise you won’t tell another soul?”	5					
162	“I promise.”	5					



163	“Now here’s the thing,” he said. “Here’s the first big secret. Ah, but it’s more than a secret, Danny. It’s the most important discovery in the whole history of poaching.”	5				
164	“Is that the big secret?”	5				
165	“That’s it,” he said.	5				
166	“It may not sound very much when I say it like that, but believe me it is.”	5				
167	“Raisins?” I said.	5				
168	“Just ordinary raisins. It’s like a <i>mania</i> with them. You throw a few raisins into a bunch of pheasants and they’ll start fighting each other to get at them. My dad discovered that forty years ago just as he discovered these other things I am about to describe to you.”	5				
169	My father paused and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure there was nobody at the door of the caravan, listening. “Method Number One,” he said softly, “is known as <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> .”	5				



170	“ <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ,” I murmured.	5				
171	“That’s it,” my father said.	5				
172	“And the reason it’s such a brilliant method is that it’s completely silent. There’s no squawking or flapping around or anything else with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> when the pheasant is caught. And that’s mighty important because don’t forget, Danny, when you’re up in those woods at night and the great trees are spreading their branches high above you like black ghosts, it is so silent you can hear a mouse moving. And somewhere among it all, the keepers are waiting and listening. They’re always there, those keepers, standing stony-still against a tree or behind a bush with their guns at the ready.”	5				
173	“What happens with <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?” I asked.	5				
174	“How does it work?”	5				
175	“It’s very simple,” he said.	5				



176	“First, you take a few raisins and you soak them in water overnight to make them plump and soft and juicy. Then you get a bit of good stiff horse-hair and you cut it up into half-inch lengths.”	5				
177	“Horse-hair?” I said.	5				
178	“Where do you get horse-hair?”	5				
179	“You pull it out of a horse’s tail, of course. That’s not difficult as long as you stand to one side when you’re doing it so you don’t get kicked.”	5				
180	“Go on,” I said.	5				
181	“So you cut the horse-hair up into half-inch lengths. Then you push one of these lengths through the middle of a raisin so there’s just a tiny bit of horse-hair sticking out on each side. That’s all you do. You	5				



182	are now ready to catch a pheasant. If you want to catch more than one, you prepare more raisins. Then, when evening comes, you creep up into the woods, making sure you get there before the pheasants have gone up into the trees to roost. Then you scatter the raisins. And soon, along comes a pheasant and gobbles it up.”	5					
183	“What happens then?” I asked.	5					
184	“Here’s what my dad discovered,” he said.	5					
185	“First of all the horse-hair makes the raisin stick in the pheasant’s throat. It doesn’t hurt him. It simply stays there and tickles. It’s rather like having a crumb stuck in your own throat. But after that, believe it or not, <i>the pheasant never moves his feet again!</i> He becomes absolutely rooted to the spot, and there he stands pumping his silly neck up and down just like a piston, and all you’ve got to do is nip out quickly from the place where you’re hiding and pick him up.”	5					



186	“Is that really true, Dad?”	5				
187	“I swear it,” my father said.	5				
188	“Once a pheasant’s had <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> , you can turn a hosepipe on him and he won’t move. It’s just one of those unexplainable little things. But it takes a genius to discover it.”	5				
189	“So that’s Method Number One,” he said.	5				
190	“What’s Number Two?” I asked.	5				
191	“Ah,” he said. “Number Two’s a real beauty. It’s a flash of pure brilliance. I can even remember the day it was invented. I was just about the same age as you are now and it was a Sunday morning and my dad comes into the kitchen holding a huge white rooster in his hands.	5				
192	‘I think I’ve got it,’ he says. There’s a little smile on his face and a shine of glory in his eyes and he comes in very soft and quick and puts the bird down right in the middle of the kitchen table.	5				



193	'By golly,' he says, 'I've got a good one this time.'	5				
194	" 'A good what?' Mum says, looking up from the sink.	5				
195	'Horace, take that filthy bird off my table.'	5				
196	"The rooster has a funny little paper hat over its head, like an ice-cream cone upside down, and my dad is pointing to it proudly and saying, 'Stroke him. Go on, stroke him. Do anything you like to him. He won't move an inch.' The rooster starts scratching away at the paper hat with one of its feet, but the hat seems to be stuck on and it won't come off.	5				
197	'No bird in the world is going to run away once you cover up its eyes,' my dad says, and he starts poking the rooster with his finger and pushing it around on the table. The rooster doesn't take the slightest bit of notice.	5				
198	'You can have this one,' he says to Mum.	5				



199	<p>‘You can have it and wring its neck and dish it up for dinner as a celebration of what I have just invented.’ And then straightaway he takes me by the arm and marches me quickly out of the door and off we go over the fields and up into the big forest the other side of Little Hampden which used to belong to the Duke o Buckingham. And in less than two hours we get five lovely fat pheasants with no more trouble than it takes to go out and buy them in a shop.”</p>	5				
200	<p>“But Dad,” I said. “How do you get the paper hats over the pheasants’ heads?” “You’d never guess it, Danny.”</p>	5				
201	<p>“Tell me.”</p>	5				
202	<p>“Listen carefully,” he said, glancing again over his shoulder as though he expected to see a keeper or even the Duke of Buckingham himself at the caravan door.</p>	5				



203	<p>“Here’s how you do it. First of all you dig a little hole in the ground. Then you twist a piece of paper into the shape of a cone and you fit this into the hole, hollow end up, like a cup. Then you smear the inside of the paper cup with glue and drop in a few raisins. At the same time, you lay a trail of raisins along the ground leading up to it. Now, the old pheasant comes pecking along the trail, and when he gets to the hole he pops his head inside to gobble up the raisins and the next thing he knows he’s got a paper hat stuck over his eyes and he can’t see a thing. Isn’t that a fantastic idea, Danny? My dad called it <i>The Sticky Hat</i>.”</p>	5					
204	<p>“Is that the one you used this evening?” I asked. My father nodded.</p>	5					
205	<p>“How many did you get, Dad?”</p>	5					



206	“Well,” he said, looking a bit sheepish. “Actually I didn’t get any. I arrived too late. By the time I go there they were already going up to roost. That shows you how out of practice I am.”	5				
207	“Was it fun all the same?”	5				
208	“Marvellous,” he said. “Absolutely marvellous. Just like the old days.”	5				
209	“Dad,” I whispered.	5				
210	“What is it?”	5				
211	“Have you been doing this often after I’ve gone to sleep, without me knowing it?”	5				
212	“No,” he said.	5				
213	“Tonight was the first time for nine years. When your mother died and I had to look after you by myself, I made a vow to give up poaching until you were old enough to be left alone at nights. But this evening I broke my vow. I had such a tremendous longing to go up into the woods again, I just couldn’t stop myself. I’m very sorry I did it.”	5				
214	“If you ever want to go again, I won’t mind,” I said.	5				

215	“Do you mean that?” he said, his voice rising in excitement.	5					
216	“Do you really mean it?”	5					
217	“Yes,” I said.	5				1	
218	“So long as you tell me beforehand. You will promise to tell me beforehand if you’re going, won’t you?”	5					
219	“You’re quite sure you won’t mind?”	5					
220	“Quite sure.”	5					
221	“Good boy,” he said.	5					
222	“And we’ll have roast pheasant for supper whenever you want it. It’s miles better than chicken.”	5					
223	“And one day, Dad, will you take me with you?”	5					
224	“Ah,” he said. “I reckon you’re just a bit young to be dodging around up there in the dark. I wouldn’t want you to get peppered with buckshot in the backside at your age.”	5					
225	“Your dad took you at my age,” I said. There was a short silence.	5					
226	“We’ll see how it goes,” my father said.	5					

227	“But I’d like to get back into practice before I make any promises, you understand?”	5					
228	“Yes,” I said.	5				1	
229	“I wouldn’t want to take you with me until I’m right back in my old form.”	5					
230	“No,” I said.	5					1
231	“Good-night, Danny.	5			1		
232	Go to sleep now.”	5					
233	“Good-night, Dad.”	5			1		
234	The following Friday, while we were having supper in the caravan, my father said, “If it’s all right with you, Danny, I’ll be going out again tomorrow night.”	5					
235	“You mean poaching?” “Yes.”	5					
236	“Will it be Hazell’s Wood again?”	5					
237	“It’ll always be Hazell’s Wood,” he said.	5					
238	“First because that’s where all the pheasants are. And second because I don’t like Mr Hazell one little bit and it’s a pleasure to poach his birds.”	6					
239	“No,” my father said,	6					1

240	“I do not like Mr Victor Hazell one little bit. I haven’t forgotten the way he spoke to you last year when he came in for a fill-up.”	6				
241	I hadn’t forgotten it either. Mr Hazell had pulled up alongside the pumps in his glistening gleaming Rolls-Royce and had said to me, “Fill her up and look sharp about it.” I was eight years old at the time He didn’t get out of the car, he just handed me the key to the cap of the petrol tank and as he did so, he barked out,	6				
242	“And keep your filthy little hands to yourself, d’you understand?”					
243	I didn’t understand at all, so I said, “What do you mean, sir?”	6				
244	There was a leather riding-crop on the seat beside him. He picked it up and pointed it at me like a pistol. “If you make any dirty finger-marks on my paintwork,” he said, “I’ll step right out of this car and give you a good hiding.”	6				



245	My father was out of the workshop almost before Mr Hazell had finished speaking. He strode up to the window of the car and placed his hands on the sill and leaned in. “I don’t like you speaking to my son like that,” he said. His voice was dangerously soft.	6				
246	“You had no reason to threaten him,” my father went on.	6				
247	“He had done nothing wrong.”	6				
248	“Next time you threaten someone with a good hiding I suggest you pick on a person your own size,” my father said.	6				
249	“Like me, for instance.”	6				
250	“Now go away, please,” my father said.	6				
251	“We do not wish to serve you.” He took the key from my hand and tossed it through the window. The Rolls-Royce drove away fast in a cloud of dust.	6				


252	The very next day, an inspector from the local Department of Health arrived and said he had come to inspect our caravan. “What do you want to inspect our caravan for?” my father asked.	6					
253	“To see if it’s a fit place for humans to live in,” the man said.	6					
254	“We don’t allow people to live in dirty broken-down shacks these days.”	6					
255	“I want to be away by six o’clock,” my father said. “Then I will get to the wood exactly at twilight.” .	6					
256	“Why at twilight?” I asked						
257	“Because at twilight everything inside the wood becomes veiled and shady. You can see to move around but it’s not easy for someone else to see you. And when danger threatens you can always hide in the shadows which are darker than a wolf’s mouth.”	6					
258	“Why don’t you wait till it gets really dark?” I asked. “Then	6					



259	you wouldn't be seen at all."	6					
260	"You wouldn't catch anything if you did that," he said.	6					
261	"When night comes on, all the pheasants fly up into the trees to roost. Pheasants are just like other birds. They never sleep on the ground. Twilight," my father added, "begins about seven-thirty this week. And as it's at least an hour and a half's walk to the wood, I must not leave here later than six o'clock."	6					
262	"Are you going to use <i>The Sticky Hat</i> or will it be <i>The Horse-hair Stopper</i> ?" I asked.	6					
263	" <i>Sticky Hat</i> ," he said. "I'm very fond of <i>Sticky Hat</i> ."	6					
264	"When will you be back?"	6					
265	"About ten o'clock," he said. "Ten-thirty at the latest.	6					
266	I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty.	6					
267	You're quite sure you don't mind being left alone?"	6					
268	"Quite sure," I said. "But you will be all right, won't you, Dad?"	6					

269	“Don’t you worry about me,” he said, putting his arm round my shoulders and giving me a hug.	6				
270	“But you said there wasn’t a man in your dad’s village that didn’t get a bit shot up by the keepers sooner or later.”	6				
271	“Ah,” my father said. “Yes. I did say that, didn’t I? But in those days there were lots more keepers up in the woods than there are now. There were keepers behind almost every tree.”	6				
272	“How many are there now in Hazell’s Wood?”	6				
273	“Not too many,” he said.	6				
274	“Not too many at all.”	6				
275	At six o’clock precisely he kissed me goodbye and said, “Promise not to wait up for me, Danny. Pu yourself to bed at eight and go to sleep. Right?”	6				



276	<p>Yes, but last week was a different thing altogether. He had made no promises to me last week. This time he had said, "I promise I'll be back by ten-thirty." Those were his exact words. And he never, absolutely never, broke a promise.</p>	6					
277	<p>But he was certain to come back again looking for me. And if he came back slowly enough he would probably see the gap. He would stop and get out of his car. He would walk through the gap and look behind the hedge, and then . . . then his torch would shine in my face and he would say, "What's going on, sonny? What's the big idea? Where do you think you're going? Whose car is this? Where do you live? Where are your parents?" He would make me go with him to the police-station, and in the end they would get the whole story out of me, and my father would be ruined.</p>	6					
278	<p>"Dad!" I shouted. "Dad! It's Danny! Are you there?"</p>	6					

279	After a time, my voice began to go all trembly. I started to say silly things like, “Oh Dad, please tell me where you are! Please answer me! Please, oh please . . .” And I knew that if I wasn’t careful, the shee hopelessness of it all would get the better of me and I would simply give up and lie down under the trees.	6				
280	“Are you there, Dad? Are you there?” I shouted. “It’s Danny!”	7				
281	I ran towards the sound. “Dad!” I shouted. “It’s Danny! Where are you?”	7				
282	This time the answer came just loud enough for me to hear the words. “I’m here!” the voice called out. “Over here!”	7				
283	“Where are you, Danny?” my father called out.	8				
284	“I’m here, Dad! I’m coming.”	8				
285	And all at once, his voice was right in front of me. “Stop, Danny, stop!” he shouted.	8				
286	“Where are you, Dad?”	8				

287	“I’m down here. Come forward slowly. But be careful. Don’t fall in.”	8				
288	I crept forward. Then I saw the pit. I went to the edge of it and shone the light downward and there was my father. He was sitting on the floor of the pit and he looked up into the light and said, “Hello, my marvellous darling. Thank you for coming.”	8				
289	“Are you all right, Dad?”	8				
290	“My ankle seems to be broken,” he said. “It happened when I fell in.”	8				
291	“Does it hurt?” I asked.	8				
292	“Yes,” he said. “It hurts a lot. But don’t worry about that. The point is, <i>I’ve got to get out of here before morning.</i> The keepers know I’m here and they’re coming back for me as soon as it gets light.”	8				
293	“Did they dig the hole to catch people?” I asked.	8				
294	“Yes,” he said.	8				
295	“Do the keepers know who you are?” I asked.	8				
296	“No,” he said.	8				

297	<p>“Two of them came and shone a light down on me but I covered my face with my arms and they couldn’t recognise me. I heard them trying to guess. They were guessing all sorts of names but they didn’t mention mine. Then one of them shouted, ‘We’ll find out who you are all right in the morning, my lad. And guess who’s coming with us to fish you out?’ I didn’t answer. I didn’t want them to hear my voice. ‘We’ll tell you who’s coming,’ he said. ‘Mr Victor Hazell himself is coming with us to say hello to you!’ And the other one said, ‘Boy, I hate to think what he’s going to do when he gets his hands on you!’ They both laughed and then they went away. Ouch! My poor ankle!”</p>	8					
298	<p>“Have the keepers gone, Dad?”</p>	8					
299	<p>“Yes,” he said. “They’ve gone for the night.”</p>	8					
300	<p>“What time is it?” he said.</p>	8					
301	<p>“Shine the light down so I can see.” I did as he asked.</p>	8					



302	“It’s ten to three,” he said.	8				
303	“I must be out of here before sunrise.”	8				
304	“Dad,” I said.	8				
305	“Yes?”	8				
306	“I brought the car. I came in the Baby Austin.”	8				
307	“You <i>what</i> ?” he cried.	8				
308	“I wanted to get here quickly so I just drove it out of the workshop and came straight here.”	8				
309	“You mean you actually drove here in the Baby Austin?”	8				
310	“Yes.”	8				
311	“You’re crazy,” he said. “You’re absolutely plumb crazy.”	8				
312	“It wasn’t difficult,” I said.	8				
313	“You could have been killed,” he said. “If anything had hit you in that little thing, you’d have been smashed to smithereens.”	8				
314	“It went fine, Dad.”	8				
315	“Where is it now?”	8				
316	“Just outside the wood on the bumpy track.”	8				

BIOGRAPHY



Kadek Noviana Dewi was born in Kedis, November 13th 1996. The writer is a daughter of Mr. I Nyoman Astawa and Mrs. Nyoman Sumadi. The writer is from Indonesia. The writer now lives in Kedis village, Buleleng regency, Bali. The writer was finished her elementary school in SD Negeri 1 Kedis and graduated in 2008. Then, she continued her study at SMP Negeri 1 Busungbiu and graduated in 2011. In 2014, the writer was graduated from SMA Negeri 1 Busungbiu. In 2014, the writer continued her study for Diploma III English For Tourism at Ganesha University of Education and graduated in 2017. Then, in 2020 the writer continued her study in English Language Education through credit transfer for two years. In her last semester of 2022, the writer was finished her thesis entitled "An Analysis of Speech Acts Used in The Novel Entitled Danny The Champion of The World by Roald Dahl".

