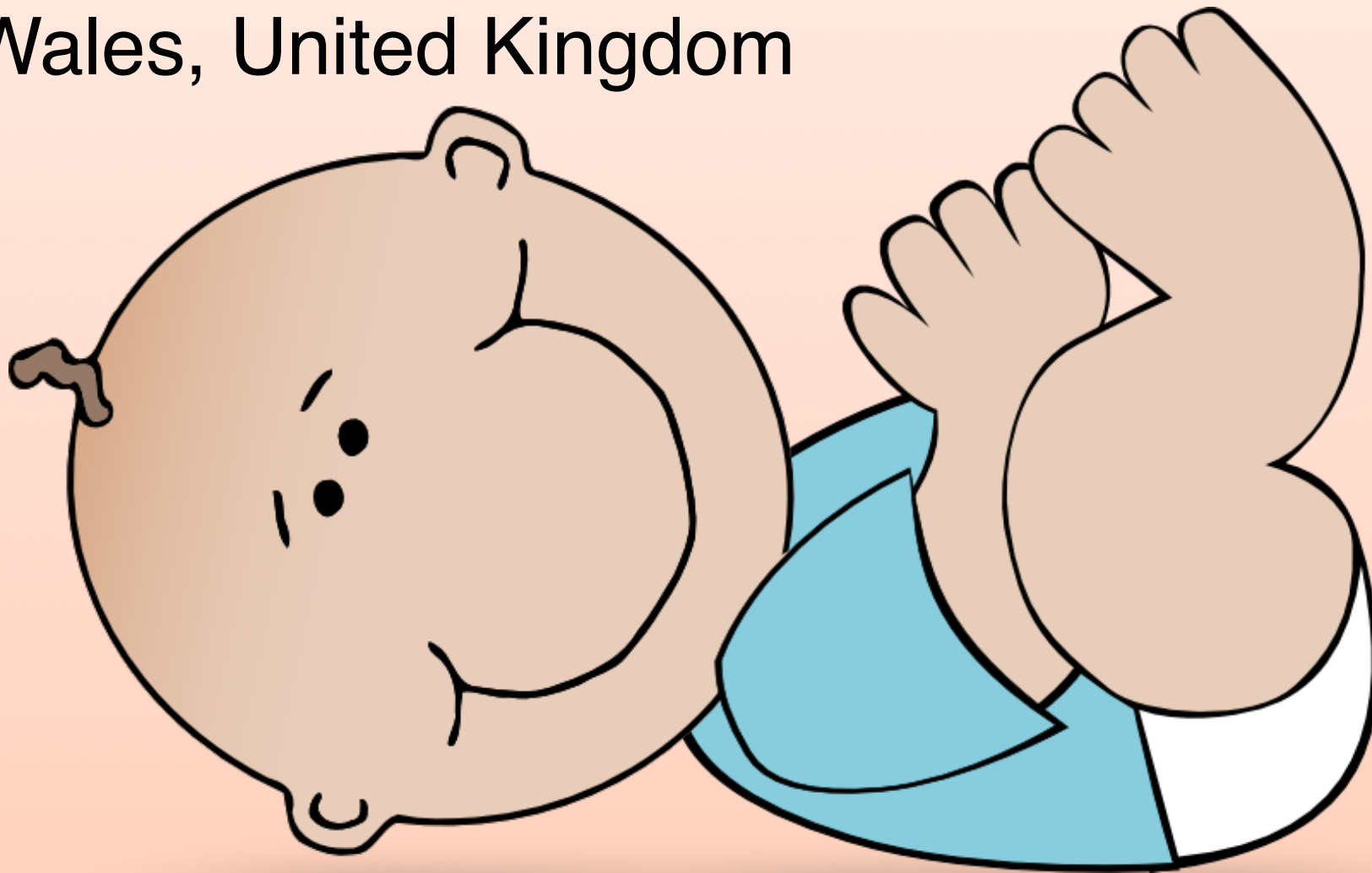


ROALD DAHL

Born

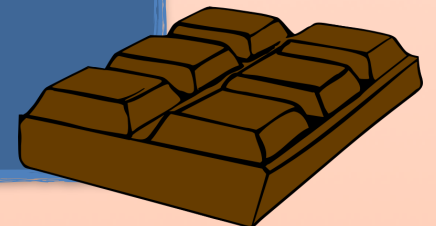
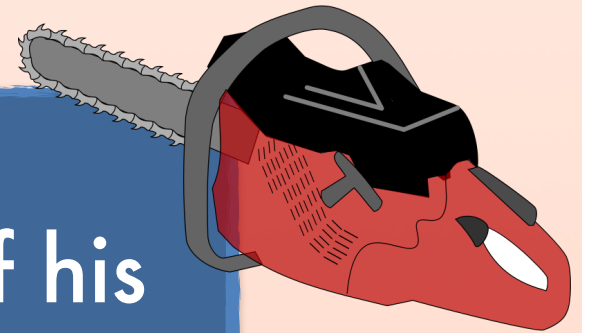
13 September 1916, in Llandaff, Cardiff,
Wales, United Kingdom



Died

23 November 1990 and is buried in the churchyard of St Peter and St Paul's Church, Great Missenden, UK

He was buried with some of his favourite things, including: a power saw, HB pencils, chocolate, red wine and his snooker cues.



His parents

from Norway

His mum's name was Sofie Magdalene and his dad's name was Harald.

HERE IS IRELAND





His books

- He wrote 21 books for children - including picture books, novels and poetry collections.
- He wrote over 50 stories for adults.



Here are just some of Roald Dahl's books – have you read any of these?

Gobblefunk

Gobblefunk is a collection of new words that Dahl made up while writing *The BFG*; there are 283 in total!

Here are some of them:

WHOOPSY-SPLUNKERS:
Used to describe something absolutely marvellous

BLABBERSNITCH: a creature that lives at the bottom of the sea

BOPMUGGERED:
means caught

WHOOPSY WIFFLING:
Great!!!

OOMPA-LOOMPA:
Small person, some work at Wonka's factory

BUGGLES: means completely crazy

Not just books

Roald Dahl's work has inspired movies – such as **Charlie and the Chocolate Factory** starring Johnny Depp as well as plays, classical music, TV shows and an opera.



Film scripts

Short stories

TV shows

Novels

Radio show

Play

Non-Fiction

Poetry

Brave!

- Roald Dahl was a Hurricane fighter pilot during World War II.
- On his first flight into enemy territory, his plane ran out of fuel. He was forced to land and it crashed in the Libyan desert.
- His skull was fractured but he managed to crawl out of the burning plane.
- He started writing in the 1940s while he was based in the USA.
- His first story was a newspaper article about his air crash.

Find out more about Roald Dahl's life!

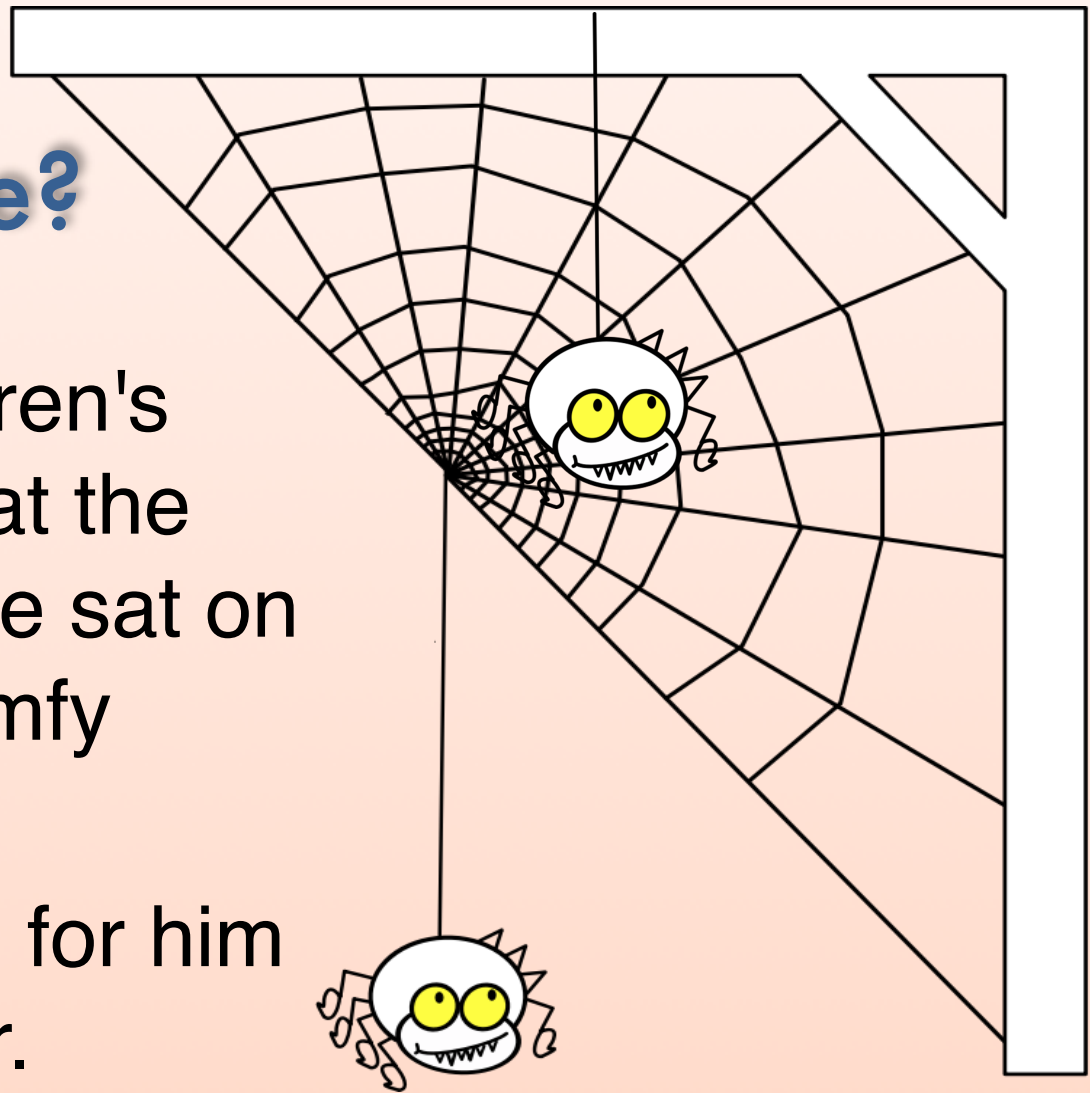
It was rather interesting!

Where did he write?

He wrote all of his children's stories in a small shed at the bottom of his garden. He sat on an old, but probably comfy armchair!

His friend built the shed for him and it had a yellow door.

He never allowed anyone inside and he never dusted at all!



More about Roald Dahl



- He always wrote in pencil on yellow paper.
- He wrote everyday from 10 am to 12 noon and then from 4 pm to 6 pm.
- He could speak English, Norwegian and Swahili.
- The Roald Dahl Museum is in Buckinghamshire in the UK.
- Roald Dahl's Marvellous Children's Charity helps to make life better for seriously ill children in the UK.

What Roald Dahl liked:

- Roald Dahl loved eating chocolate, but he didn't like chocolate cake or chocolate ice cream.
- His favourite chocolates were Twix, Kit Kats, Rolos, Smarties, Flakes and Maltesers.
- He enjoyed photography.
- He collected works of art.
- His pastimes included: playing snooker, racing greyhounds and growing orchids.
- His favourite colour was yellow.
- He was very fond of spiders!



Roald Dahl Day

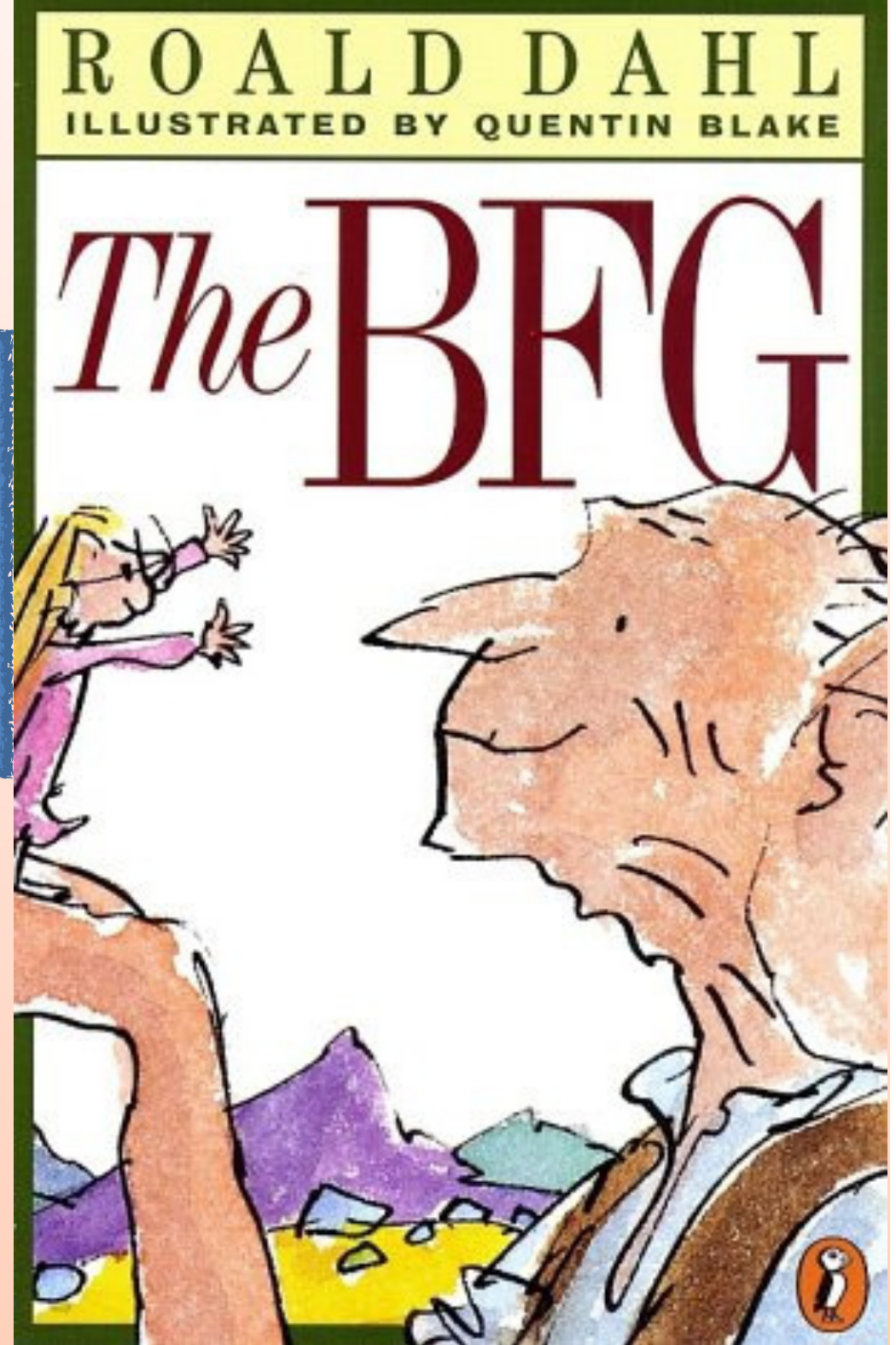


- This takes place every year on 13th September – Roald Dahl’s birthday!
- All around the world, people do different things to remember Roald Dahl, such as: reading, writing poems, having parties, doing quizzes, raising money for Roald Dahl’s children’s charity, competitions, etc.

How will you celebrate?

WOW!

- Roald Dahl was about 6'6" tall (200 cm).
- His total UK sales to date exceed 50 million paperbacks.



HEE, HEE,
HEE

HEE, HEE,
HEE

HEE, HEE,
HEE



SOME OF ROALD DAHL'S POEMS

To read the poems:

- Pause the video when you wish to read the poem OR
- Your teacher can download the pdf :-)

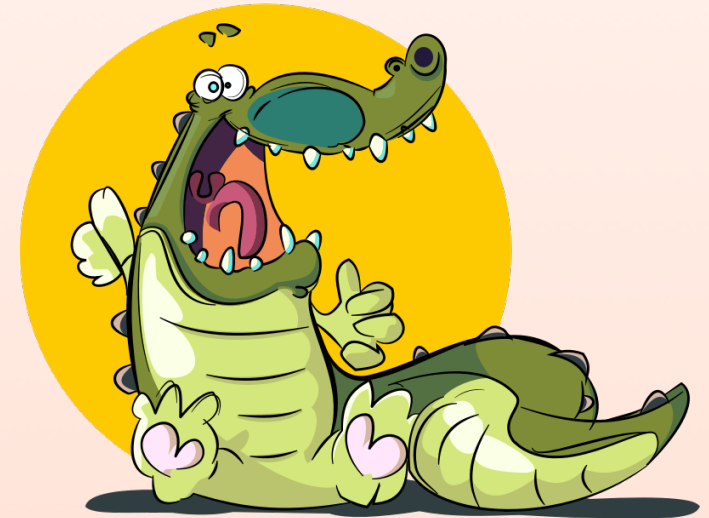


"My teacher wasn't half as nice as yours seems to be"

"My teacher wasn't half as nice as yours seems to be.
His name was Mister Unsworth and he taught us history.
And when you didn't know a date he'd get you by the ear
And start to twist while you sat there quite paralysed with fear.
He'd twist and twist and twist your ear and twist it more and more.
Until at last the ear came off and landed on the floor.
Our class was full of one-eared boys. I'm certain there were eight.
Who'd had them twisted off because they didn't know a date.
So let us now praise teachers who today are all so fine
And yours in particular is totally divine."



Excerpt – "The Crocodile"



"No animal is half as vile
As Crocky–Wock, the crocodile.
On Saturdays he likes to crunch
Six juicy children for his lunch
And he especially enjoys
Just three of each, three girls, three
boys.
He smears the boys (to make them hot)
With mustard from the mustard pot.
But mustard doesn't go with girls,
It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls.
With them, what goes extremely well
Is butterscotch and caramel.
It's such a super marvellous treat

When boys are hot and girls are sweet.
At least that's Crocky's point of view
He ought to know. He's had a few.
That's all for now. It's time for bed.
Lie down and rest your sleepy head.
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,
Galumphing softly up the stair?
Go lock the door and fetch my gun!
Go on child, hurry! Quickly run!
No stop! Stand back! He's coming in!
Oh, look, that greasy greenish skin!
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!
It's Crocky–Wock, the Crocodile!"

Hot and Cold



A woman who my mother knows
Came in and took off all her clothes.

Said I, not being very old,
'By golly gosh, you must be cold!'

'No, no!' she cried. 'Indeed I'm not!
I'm feeling devilishly hot!'

If you are old and have the shakes

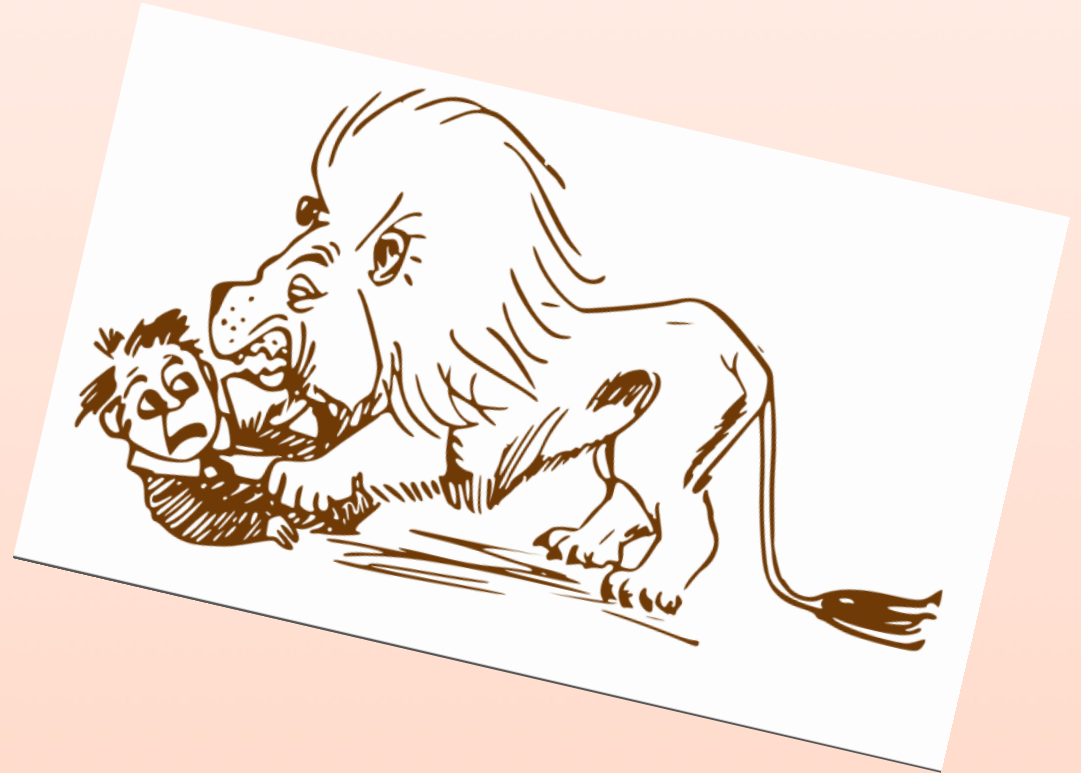
'If you are old and have the shakes,
If all your bones are full of aches,
If you can hardly walk at all,
If living drives you up the wall,
If you're a grump and full of spite,
If you're a human parasite,
THEN WHAT YOU NEED IS WONKA–VITE!
Your eyes will shine, your hair will grow,
Your face and skin will start to glow,
Your rotten teeth will all drop out
And in their place new teeth will sprout.
Those rolls of fat around your hips
Will vanish, and your wrinkled lips
Will get so soft and rosy–pink
That all the boys will smile and wink

And whisper secretly that this
Is just the girl they want to kiss!
But wait! For that is not the most
Important thing of which to boast.
Good looks you'll have, we've told you so,
But looks aren't everything, you know.
Each pill, as well, to you will give
AN EXTRA TWENTY YEARS TO LIVE!
So come, old friends, and do what's right!
Let's make your lives as bright as bright!
Let's take a dose of this delight!
This heavenly magic dynamite!
You can't go wrong, you must go right!
IT'S WILLY WONKA'S WONKA–VITE!



The Lion

The lion just adores to eat
A lot of red and tender meat
And if you ask the lion what
Is much the tenderest of the lot,
He will not say a roast of lamb
Or curried beef or devilled ham
Or crispy pork or corned beef hash
Or sausages or mutton mash.
Then could it be a big plump hen?
He answers no. What is it, then?
Oh, lion dear, could I not make
You happy with a lovely steak?
Could I entice you from your lair
With rabbit pie or roasted hare?
The lion smiled and shook his head.
He came up very close and said,
'The meat I am about to chew
Is neither steak nor chops. IT'S YOU.'



Read more about Roald Dahl...

Websites:

- www.roalddahl.com/
- http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roald_Dahl
- <http://www.biography.com/people/roald-dahl-9264648>
- <http://www.roalddahlfans.com/>
- <https://www.facebook.com/roalddahl>

