



Learning with Roald Dahl

THE WITCHING HOUR

When she reached the curtains, Sophie hesitated. She longed to duck underneath them and lean out of the window to see what the world looked like now that the witching hour was at hand.

She listened again. Everywhere it was deathly still.

The longing to look out became so strong she couldn't resist it. Quickly, she ducked under the curtains and leaned out of the window.

In the silvery moonlight, the village street she knew so well looked completely different. The houses looked bent and crooked, like houses in a fairy tale. Everything was pale and ghostly and milky-white.

Across the road, she could see Mrs Rance's shop, where you bought buttons and wool and bits of elastic. It didn't look real. There was something dim and misty about that too.

Sophie allowed her eye to travel further and further down the street.

Suddenly she froze. There was something coming up the street on the opposite side.

It was something black . . .

Imagine it is you looking out of that window. What do you see coming towards you? Is it a scary monster? Or a demon dragon? A cackling witch or a flock of crows? Or is it just an innocent-looking old lady shuffling up the street . . . or maybe it isn't.

Write down how you feel about what you see? Describe your feeling and your reactions. Are you scared? Surprised? Maybe just a little bit excited . . . ?

What I saw

How I felt

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