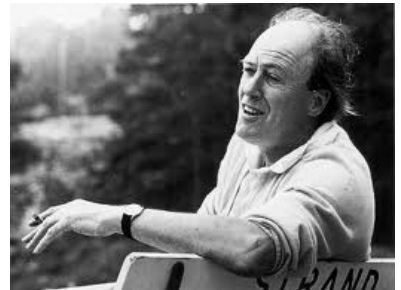




### 1) A Short biography

Roald Dahl, who / whose parents were Norwegian, was born on 13<sup>th</sup> / 30<sup>th</sup> September 1916 in a Cardiff district called Llandaff (*certaines d'entre vous seront d'ailleurs logés dans ce quartier dans un mois, peut-être à quelques enjambées de la maison natale de Dahl... nous verrons bien!!!*).



His father, who / which made his fortune in Cardiff, died when Roald was only four years old. He was 13 years old where / when his family moved to Kent in Ireland / England. After school, he decided to train well / travel (*voyager*) and in 1936, the Shell Oil Company sent Roald to Africa, where / when he had a lot of adventures. In 1939, he joined the Royal Air Force / Royal Air Strength and became a fighter pilot during World War II. After the war, Dahl started writing. He married in 1953 and had five children with his first wife, who / whose name was Patricia Neal. Roald Dahl wrote some of his worst / best books, such as 'Matilda', between 1975 and 1986. He died on 23<sup>rd</sup> October / November 1990 in Oxford.

### 2) Des personnages sous influence !

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
comme le fait Mademoiselle Trunchbull, la Principale du collège de Matilda dans 'Matilda' (1982).
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
comme les enfants ayant trouvé un ticket d'or dans 'Charlie et la Chocolaterie' (1964).
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
comme ses personnages orphelins (Sophie dans 'Le Bon Gros Géant' ; James dans 'James et la Grosse Pêche') ou comme ses héros souffrant d'un manque d'affection de la part de leurs parents (Matilda et Charlie).
4. Aussi, pour compenser ce manque, Roald Dahl s'est plongé très tôt dans la \_\_\_\_\_, comme Matilda, et s'est réfugié dans une nourriture joyeuse comme \_\_\_\_\_.

### 3) Roald Dahl's writing habits :

Roald Dahl, who / which needed peace and quiet, couldn't stand being disturbed.

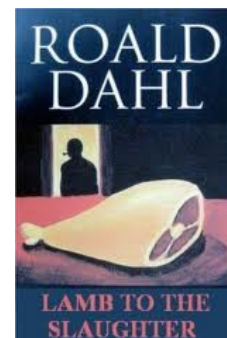
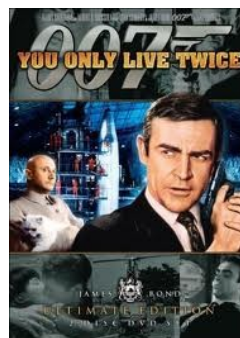
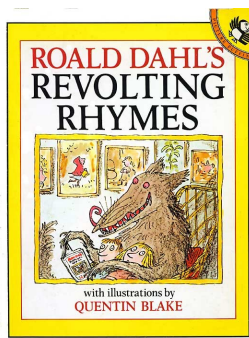
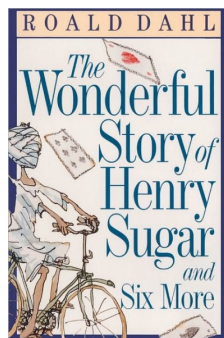
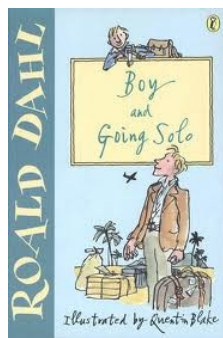
That's why he wrote most of his stories in this hut who / which was in his garden.



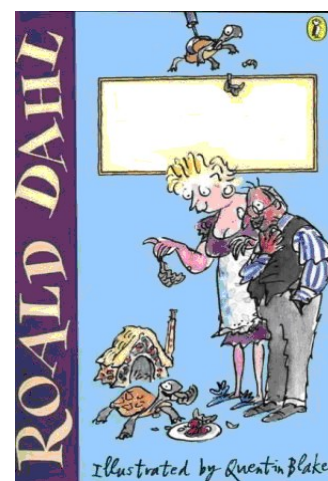
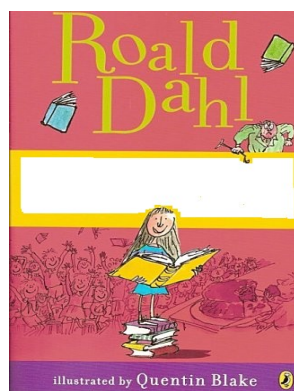
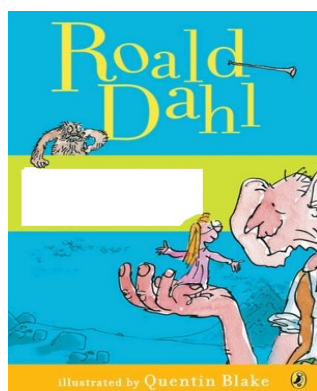
He would work there for 2 / 4 hours in the morning and 2 / 4 hours in the afternoon every day, even on Sundays! He would rewrite and correct a lot and never used a computer or a type-writer! In fact, he would only write with pens / pencils. And every night, when / where his children were in bed, he would tell them his new stories!

L'auxiliaire de modalité WOULD signale ici des \_\_\_\_\_.

4) Roald Dahl explored many literary genres such as :



5) Some of Dahl's most famous, most wondrous children's stories :



These books were illustrated by .....

We like the sentence taken from .....

“.....”

6) And here is a rhyme learned by heart by some of your friends who are going to make a 'performance' out of it.

'THE LION', taken from ...

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,

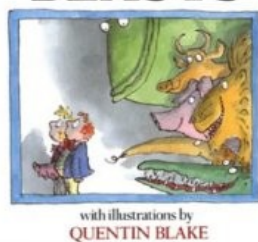
He will not say a roast of lamb  
Or curried beef or devilled ham  
Or crispy pork or corned beef hash  
Or sausages or mutton mash.

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.'**

**ROALD DAHL  
DIRTY  
BEASTS**



Le lion, on le sait, de viande est friand.  
Rien n'est pour lui plus alléchant.  
Demandez donc au roi des animaux,  
Quel est pour lui le plus tendre morceau.

Ce n'est pas le gigot d'agneau,  
La bavette, le bœuf marenço.  
Ce n'est pas le petit cochon,  
Ni le ragoût de mouton.

Mais peut-être voudra-t-il d'une grosse poule bien dodue?  
Non vraiment, non merci. Que veut-il, le têtù ?  
"Lion, je suis ton ami : es-tu en appétit,  
Et d'un excellent steak ne serais-tu ravi ?

Un pâté en croûte ou un lièvre à la bière,  
Te feraient-ils enfin sortir de ta tanière ?"  
Avec un fin sourire, la tête il hocha,  
Et s'approchant de moi tout bas il déclara :

**"Le plus tendre morceau n'est rien de tout cela.  
Ne te creuse plus la tête: mon déjeuner, c'est TOI!"**