

CHARACTER A

As she took off the mask, she turned sideways and placed it carefully upon a small table nearby, and when she turned around again and faced us, I very nearly screamed out loud.

That face of hers was the most frightful and frightening thing I have ever seen. Just looking at it gave me the shakes all over. It was so crumpled and wizened, so shrunken and shriveled, it looked as though it had been devilishly pickled in vinegar. It was a fearsome and ghastly sight. There was something terribly wrong with it, something foul and putrid and decayed. It seemed quite literally to be grotesquely rotting away at the edges, and in the middle of the face, around the mouth and cheeks, I could see the skin all cankered and worm-eaten, as though maggots were sinisterly working away in there.

There are times when something is so frightening you become mesmerised by it and can't look away. I was like that now. I was transfixed. I was numbed. I was magnetized by the sheer horror of this woman's features. But there was more to it than that. There was a look of serpents in those eyes of hers as they flashed around the audience.

CHARACTER B

He was one of these very hairy-faced men. The whole of his face except for his forehead, his eyes and his nose was covered with thick hair. The stuff even sprouted in revolting tufts out of his nostrils and ear-holes.

The hair on his face didn't grow smooth and matted as it does on most hairy-faced men. It grew in spikes that stuck straight out fiercely like the bristles of a nail brush.

And how often did he wash this bristly nailbrushy face of his? The answer is NEVER, not even on Sundays. He hadn't washed it for years.

As you know, an ordinary unhairly face like yours or mine simply gets a bit smudgy if it is not washed often enough, and there's nothing so awful about that.

But a hairy face is a very different matter. Things *cling* disgustingly to hairs, especially food. Things like gravy go right in among the hairs and stay there. You and I can wipe our smooth faces with a flannel and we quickly look more or less alright again, but the hairy man cannot do that...

He did not even bother to open his mouth when he ate. As a result (and because he never washed) there were always hundreds of bits of old breakfast and lunches and suppers sticking repulsively to the hairs around his face. They weren't big bits mind you, because he used to brutally wipe those off with the back of his hand or on his sleeve while he was eating. But if you look closely (not that you'd ever want to) you would see tiny little specks of dried-up scrambled eggs stuck to the hairs, and spinach and tomato ketchup and dried fish fingers and minced chicken livers and all the other disgusting things he liked to eat...

Because of this he never went hungry. By hideously sticking out his tongue and curling it sideways to explore the hairy jungle around his mouth, he was always able to cunningly find a tasty morsel here and there to nibble on.

CHARACTER C

She never walked, she always marched like a storm trooper with long strides and arms a swinging - when she marched ferociously along a corridor you could actually hear her savagely snorting as she went, and if a group of children happened to be in her path, she ploughed on through them like a tank, with small people wildly bouncing off her to the left and right.

She was above all the most formidable female. She had once been a famous athlete, and even now the muscles were still clearly in evidence. You could see them in the bull-neck, in the big shoulders, in the thick arms, in the sinewy wrists and in the powerful legs. Looking at her, you got the feeling that this was someone who could bend iron bars and tear telephone directories in half. Her face, I'm afraid, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. She had an obstinate chin, a cruel mouth and small arrogant eyes. And as for her clothes...they were, to say the least extremely odd. She always had on a brown cotton smock that was cruelly pinched in around the waist with a wide leather belt. This belt was fastened harshly in front with an enormous silver buckle. The massive thighs that emerged threateningly from out of the smock were encased in a pair of extraordinary breeches, bottle green in colour and made of coarse twill. These breeches reached to just below the knees and from there on down she sported green stockings with turn-up tops, which displayed her calf-muscles to perfection. On her feet she wore flat-heeled brown brogues with leather flaps. She looked, in short, more like a rather eccentric and bloodthirsty follower of the staghounds than the headmistress of a nice school for children.

All of the characters are from Roald Dahl books
- did you recognise any of them?

CHARACTER A: The Grand High Witch (The Witches)

CHARACTER B: Mr Twit (The Twits)

CHARACTER C: Miss Trunchbull (Matilda)