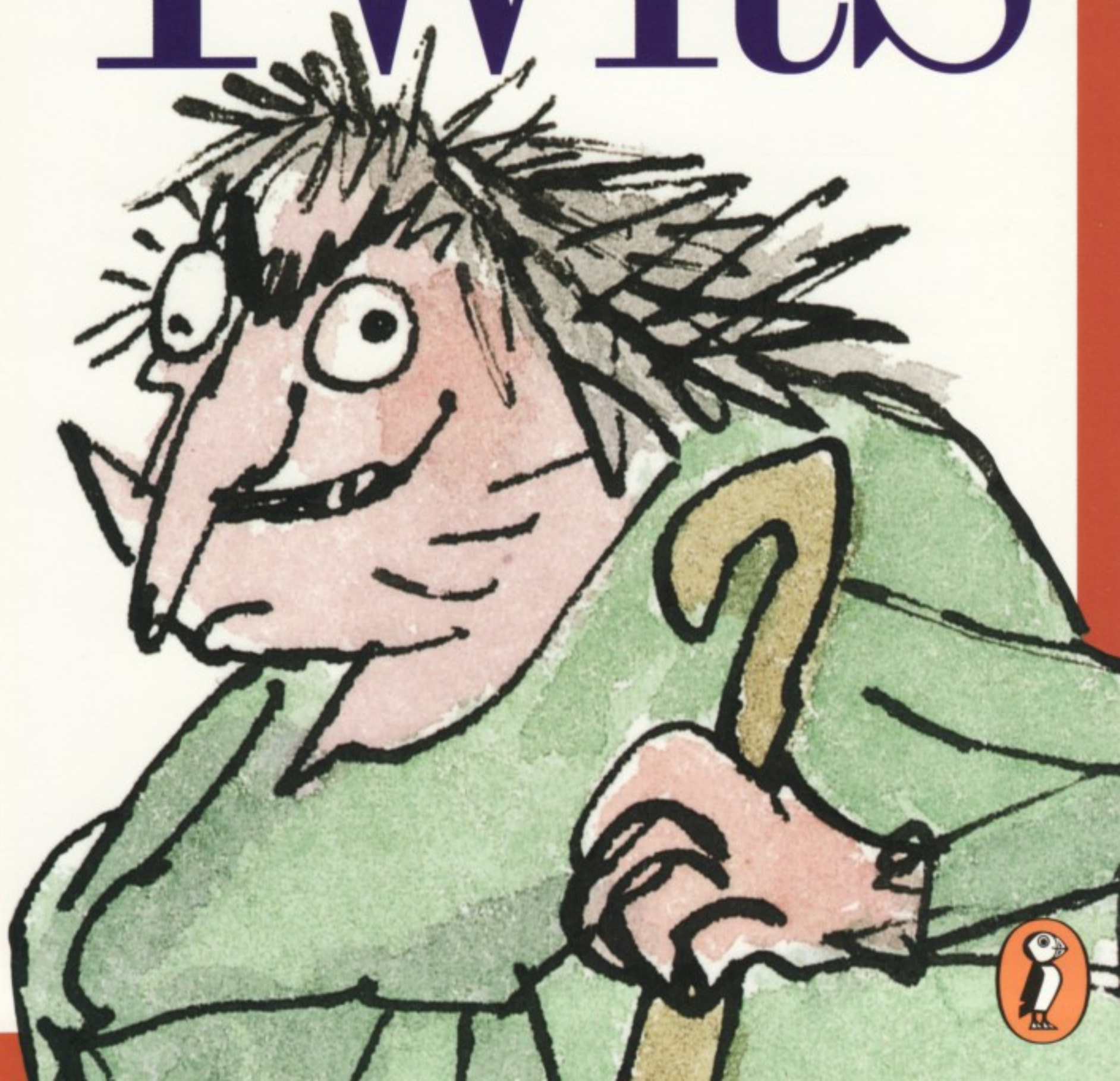


ROALD DAHL

ILLUSTRATED BY QUENTIN BLAKE

The
TWITS





Hairy Faces

What a lot of hairy-faced men there are around nowadays.

When a man grows hair all over his face it is impossible to tell what he really looks like.

Perhaps that's why he does it. He'd rather you didn't know.

Then there's the problem of washing.

When the very hairy ones wash their faces, it must be as big a job as when you and I wash the hair on our heads.

So what I want to know is this. How often do all these hairy-faced men wash their faces? Is it only once a week, like us, on Sunday nights? And do they shampoo it? Do they use a hairdryer? Do they rub hair tonic in to stop their faces from going bald? Do they go to a barber to have their hairy faces cut and trimmed or do they do it themselves in front of the bathroom mirror with nail scissors?

I don't know. But next time you see a man with a hairy face (which will probably be as soon as you step out onto the street) maybe you will look at him more closely and start wondering about some of these things.



Mr. Twit

Mr. Twit 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.

Mr. Twit felt that this hairiness made him look terrifically wise and grand. But in truth he was

neither of these things. Mr. Twit was a twit. He was born a twit. And now at the age of sixty, he was a bigger twit than ever.

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

And how often did Mr. Twit wash this bristly nailbrushy face of his?

The answer is NEVER, not even on Sundays. He hadn't washed it for years.

Dirty Beards

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* 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 washcloth and we quickly look more or less all right again, but the hairy man cannot do that.

We can also, if we are careful, eat our meals without spreading food all over our faces. But not so the hairy man. Watch carefully next time you see a hairy man eating his lunch and you will notice that even if he opens his mouth very wide, it is impossible for him to get a spoonful of beef stew or ice

How do you outwit a Twit?

Mr. and Mrs. Twit are the
smelliest, nastiest, ugliest people in the
world. They hate everything—except playing
mean jokes on each other, catching innocent

birds to put in their Bird
Pies, and making their
caged monkeys, the
Muggle-Wumps, stand
on their heads all day.
But the Muggle-
Wumps have had
enough. They don't
just want out, they
want revenge.



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Cover design by Molly Leach

A PUFFIN BOOK

Ages 7–11
U.S.A. \$5.99
CAN. \$8.50



ISBN 0-14-130107-4



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