***The BFG***

***Chapter 8***

***The Bloodbottler***

* Another giant, much bigger than the BFG, storms into the cave. It’s a fair guess he doesn’t have all the moral values the BFG does.
* Sophie quickly hides behind a piece of snozzcumber.
* The gross-looking Bloodbottler demands to know who the BFG has been talking to. His theory is that the BFG has kidnapped a human, and he starts looking around the cave for the human. Unlike the BFG, he wants a snack.
* While the Bloodbottler is looking through the shelves, Sophie scoops some seeds out of the snozzcumber and hides inside it.
* The Bloodbottler approaches the table, with the BFG following him. The BFG has no idea where Sophie is hiding. The suspense!
* The BFG gets the idea to convince the Bloodbottler to taste the snozzcumber. He thinks the foul taste will drive him right out of the cave. Uh oh.
* The BFG goes on about how great snozzcumbers taste until the Bloodbottler takes a bite…a bite that includes Sophie.
* Sophie is in the Bloodbottler’s mouth. Gross. Also scary. She thinks she’s going to die, but then the Bloodbottler spits her out. She falls against the BFG’s cloak and miraculously doesn’t get hurt. She crouches under the hem of the cloak. Lucky save!
* The Bloodbottler tells the BFG that tonight he’s going to eat humans from Chile because they’re “chilly,” and he wants a cold treat. But a bunch of other giants are going to eat English schoolchildren for their inky flavor. Then he storms out of the cave.
* Sophie emerges and tells the BFG what happened. She probably feels pretty sticky.
* The BFG says he wish he could make the other giants disappear, and Sophie says that she’ll try to think of a way to help.

***Quotations:***

***Quotation 1:***

The Bloodbottler was a gruesome sight. His skin was reddish-brown. There was black hair sprouting on his chest and arms and on his stomach. The hair on his head was long and dark and tangled. His foul face was round and squashy-looking. The eyes were tiny black holes. The nose was small and flat. But the mouth was huge. It spread right across the face almost ear to ear, and it had lips that were like two gigantic purple frankenfurters lying one on top of the other. Craggy yellow teeth stuck out between the two purple frankenfurter lips, and rivers of spit ran down over the chin.

It was not in the least bit difficult to believe that this ghastly brute ate men, women, and children every night. (9.11)

***Explanation 1:***

Yeesh. We’re not sure if it would have been possible for Dahl to have made the Bloodbottler more disgusting. It’s the rivers of spit that seals the deal. RIVERS of it.

***Quotation 2:***

The Bloodbottler pointed a finger as large as a tree-trunk at the BFG. “Runty little scumscrewer!” he shouted. “Piffling little swishfiggler! Squimpy little bottle-wart! Prunty little pogswizzler! I is now going to search the primroses.” (9.10)

***Explanation 2:***

Sticks and stones may break our bones, but words just make us burst into uncontrollable giggles. At least the way the giants toss insults at each other. On top of giving you some great new names to call your little brother (you know, in a nice way), the Bloodbottler’s insults show us that the BFG is not alone in his funny speech. All the giants speak this way.

***Quotation 3:***

“You is talking rommytot,” the BFG said, growing braver by the second. He was thinking that if only he could get the Bloodbottler to take one bite of the repulsive vegetable, the sheer foulness of its flavour would send him bellowing out of the cave. “I is happy to let you sample it,” the BFG went on. “But please, when you see how truly glumptious it is, do not be guzzling the whole thing. Leave me a little snitchet for my supper.” (9.21)

***Explanation 3:***

The BFG has probably never heard the term “reverse psychology,” but he’s definitely good at it. By begging the Bloodbottler not to eat too much of the snozzcumber, he gets the giant to play right into his hands (and right into his really gross vegetable).

***Quotation 4:***

“I should like to find a way of disappearing them, every single one.” “I’d be glad to help you,” Sophie said. “Let me see if I can’t think up a way of doing it.” (9.57-58)

***Explanation 4:***

Sophie’s eager to stop the giants, but what’s so impressive is how she speaks. She’s totally confident in her ability to come up with a plan, even though the BFG has lived with this situation basically as long as he’s been alive and has never thought of anything. Not every eight-year-old has got that kind of confidence.

***Quotation 5:***

Suddenly, there was a crunch as the Bloodbottler bit a huge hunk off the end. Sophie saw his yellow teeth clamping together, a few inches from her head. Then there was utter darkness. She was in his mouth. She caught a whiff of his evil-smelling breath. It stank of bad meat. She waited for the teeth to go crunch once more. She prayed that she would be killed quickly. (9.31)

***Explanation 5:***

Shmoop just got real. It doesn’t get much more hopeless than being actually inside a giant’s mouth. We don’t know what’s worse: the fear of slowly and painfully being munched to death, or having to smell the big guy’s breath the whole time.