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| Cover Image | *Completely Unexpected Tales* Roald Dahl  Penguin Books Limited |

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# *26 notes/highlights*

*Created by TinTin Kalaw*  – Last synced February 7, 2016

## *Completely Unexpected Tales*

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *Man from the South*  34:13  February 7, 2016 | [34](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA34) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *It was a fine garden with lawns and beds of azaleas and tall coconut palms, and the wind was blowing strongly through the tops of the palm trees, making the leaves hiss and crackle as though they were on fire. I could see the clusters of big brown nuts hanging down underneath the leaves*  Serenity  February 7, 2016 | [34](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA34) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He stopped beside me and smiled, showing two rows of very small, uneven teeth, slightly tarnished. I smiled back.*  Interest  February 7, 2016 | [35](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA35) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘Of course dey are Americans. Who else in de world is going to make as much noise as dat? You are not American no?’*  Joy  February 7, 2016 | [35](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA35.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘Here, let me give you a light.’ The American boy held up his lighter. ‘Dat will not work in dis wind.’ ‘Sure it’ll work. It always works.’ The little man removed his unlighted cigar from his mouth, cocked his head on one side and looked at the boy. ‘ All -ways?’ he said slowly. ‘Sure, it never fails. Not with me anyway.’ The little man’s head was still cocked over on one side and he was still watching the boy. ‘Well, well. So you say dis famous lighter it never fails. Iss dat you say?’*  Interest  February 7, 2016 | [35](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA35.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘Shall we not perhaps make a little bet on dat?’ He smiled at the boy. ‘Shall we not make a little bet on whether your lighter lights?’*  Interest  February 7, 2016 | [36](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA36.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *The man paused and examined his cigar, and I must say I didn’t much like the way he was behaving. It seemed he was already trying to make something out of this, and to embarrass the boy, and at the same time I had the feeling he was relishing a private little secret all his own. He looked up again at the boy and said slowly, ‘I like to bet, too. Why we don’t have a good bet on dis ting? A good big bet.’*  Anticipation  February 7, 2016 | [36](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA36.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘I’ll bet I can,’ the boy said. ‘All right. Good. We make a bet, yes?’ ‘Sure, I’ll bet you a buck.’ ‘No, no. I make you a very good bet. I am rich man and I am sporting man also. Listen to me. Outside de hotel iss my car. Iss very fine car. American car from your country. Cadillac –’*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [37](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA37) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘All right. Fine. We make a bet and I put up my Cadillac’ ‘And what do I put up?’ The little man carefully removed the red band from his still unlighted cigar. ‘I never ask you, my friend, to bet something you cannot afford. You understand?’ ‘Then what do I bet?’ ‘I make it very easy for you, yes?’ ‘Okay. You make it easy.’ ‘Some small ting you can afford to give away, and if you did happen to lose it you would not feel too bad. Right?’ ‘Such as what?’ ‘Such as, perhaps, de little finger on your left hand.’ ‘My what ?’ The boy stopped grinning. ‘Yes. Why not? You win, you take de car. You looss, I take de finger.’ ‘I don’t get it. How d’you mean, you take the finger?’ ‘I chop it off.’*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [37](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA37.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He had pale, almost colourless eyes with tiny bright black pupils.*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [39](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA39) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘All right. Now we go up and see if you can win her.’ We followed him into the annexe and up one flight of stairs.*  Anticipation  February 7, 2016 | [39](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA39.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘You keep dat,’ he said. ‘And now we are going to play a little game in here and I want you to go off and find for me two – no tree tings. I want some nails, I want a hammer, and I want a chopping knife, a butcher’s chopping knife which you can borrow from de kitchen. You can get, yes?’ ‘A chopping knife! ’ The maid opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands in front of her. ‘You mean a real chopping knife?’*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [40](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA40) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *The man seemed serious about the bet and he seemed serious about the business of cutting off the finger. But hell, what if the boy lost? Then we’d have to rush him to the hospital in the Cadillac that he hadn’t won. That would be a fine thing. Now wouldn’t that be a really fine thing? It would be a damn silly unnecessary thing so far as I could see.*  Joy  February 7, 2016 | [40](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA40.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *Then the coloured maid came in again.*  Distraction  February 7, 2016 | [41](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA41) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘And now,’ he said, ‘a chair.’ He picked up a chair and placed it beside the table. He was very brisk and very animated, like a person organizing games at a children’s party. ‘And now de nails. I must put in de nails.’ He fetched the nails and he began to hammer them into the top of the table. We stood there, the boy, the girl, and I, holding Martinis in our hands, watching the little man at work. We watched him hammer two nails into the table, about six inches apart. He didn’t hammer them right home; he allowed a small part of each one to stick up. Then he tested them for firmness with his fingers.*  Serenity  February 7, 2016 | [41](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA41.w.0.0.0.2) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *Anyone would think the son of a bitch had done this before, I told myself. He never hesitates. Table, nails, hammer, kitchen chopper. He knows exactly what he needs and how to arrange it.*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [41](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA41.w.0.0.0.3) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He wound the string around the boys wrist, then several times around the wide part of the hand, then he fastened it tight to the nails. He made a good job of it and when he’d finished there wasn’t any question about the boy being able to draw his hand away. But he could move his fingers. ‘Now pleess, clench de fist, all except for de little finger. You must leave de little finger sticking out, lying on de table.’*  Apprehension  February 7, 2016 | [42](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA42) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *With his thumb he raised the top of the lighter, and again with the thumb he gave the wheel a sharp flick. The flint sparked and the wick caught fire and burned with a small yellow flame. ‘One!’ I called.*  Anticipation  February 7, 2016 | [42](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA42.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *He flicked the wheel very strongly and once more there was a small flame burning on the wick. ‘Two!’ No one else said anything. The boy kept his eyes on the lighter. The little man held the chopper up in the air and he too was watching the lighter. ‘Three!’ ‘Four!’ ‘Five!’ ‘Six!’*  Anticipation  February 7, 2016 | [42](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA42.w.0.0.0.4) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘Seven!’ Obviously it was one of those lighters that worked. The flint gave a big spark and the wick was the right length. I watched the thumb snapping the top down on to the flame. Then a pause. Then the thumb raising the top once more. This was an all-thumb operation. The thumb did everything. I took a breath, ready to say eight. The thumb flicked the wheel. The flint sparked. The little flame appeared.*  Anticipation  February 7, 2016 | [43](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA43) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘Eight!’ I said, and as I said it the door opened. We all turned and we saw a woman standing in the doorway, a small, black-haired woman, rather old, who stood there for about two seconds then rushed forward, shouting, ‘Carlos! Carlos!’ She grabbed his wrist, took the chopper from him, threw it on the bed, took hold of the little man by the lapels of his white suit and began shaking him very vigorously, talking to him fast and loud and fiercely all the time in some Spanish-sounding language. She shook him so fast you couldn’t see him any more. He became a faint, misty, quickly moving outline, like the spokes of a turning wheel.*  Interest  February 7, 2016 | [43](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA43.w.0.0.0.1) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘He is a menace,’ the woman said. ‘Down where we live at home he has taken altogether forty-seven fingers from different people, and he has lost eleven cars. In the end they threatened to have him put away somewhere. That’s why I brought him up here.’*  Terror  February 7, 2016 | [44](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA44) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘I suppose he bet you a car,’ the woman said. ‘Yes,’ the boy answered. ‘A Cadillac’ ‘He has no car. It’s mine. And that makes it worse,’*  Joy  February 7, 2016 | [44](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA44) | |

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| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | *‘He hasn’t anything left to bet with,’ the woman said. ‘He hasn’t a thing in the world. Not a thing. As a matter of fact I myself won it all from him a long while ago. It took time, a lot of time, and it was hard work, but I won it all in the end.’ She looked up at the boy and she smiled, a slow sad smile, and she came over and put out a hand to take the key from the table. I can see it now, that hand of hers; it had only one finger on it, and a thumb.*  Fear  February 7, 2016 | [44](http://play.google.com/books/reader?printsec=frontcover&output=reader&id=LeU0BAAAAEAJ&source=books-notes-export&pg=GBS.PA44.w.0.0.0.1) | |