

Three Characters in Literature

Mr Twit – Roald Dahl



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

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.

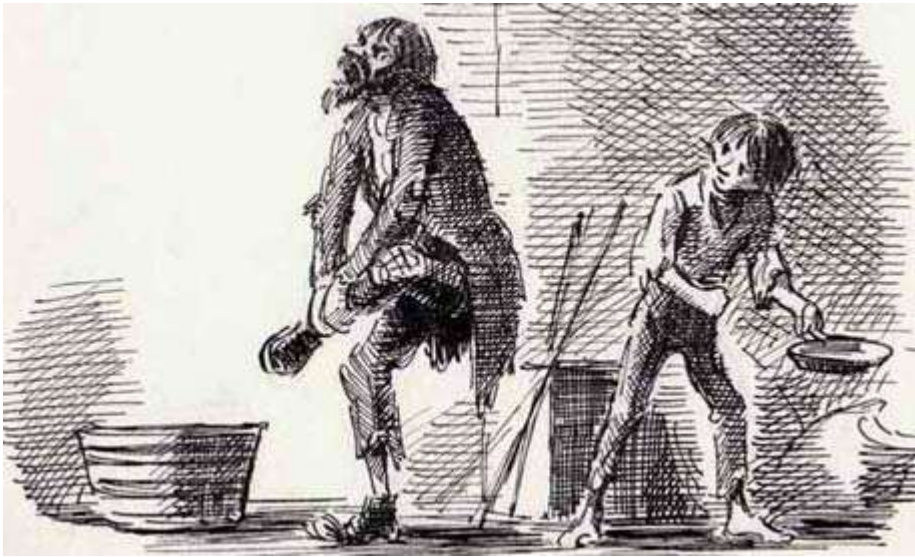
The hair on Mr Twit's face didn't grow smooth and matted as it does on most hairy-faced men. It grew in spikes that **stuck** out straight **like the bristles of a nailbrush**. And how often did Mr Twit wash this bristly nailbrushy face of his? The answer is NEVER, not even on Sundays.

He hadn't washed it for years.

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 different matter....

Huckleberry Finn – Mark Twain



I shut the door to. Then I turned around, and there he was. I used to be scared of him all the time, he tanned me so much. I reckoned I was scared now, too; but in a minute I see I was mistaken. That's it, after the first jolt, as you say, when my breath sort of **hitched** – he being so unexpected; but right away after, I see I warn't scared of him worth bothering about.

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no grey; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no colour in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl – a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes – just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee; the boot on that foot was **busted**, and two of his toes **stuck** through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor; an old black slouch with the top **caved** in, like a lid.

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his chair **tilted** back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window was up; so he had climb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me over. By-and-by he says: "Ain't you sweet-scented dandy, though? A bed; and bedclothes and a look'n glass; and a piece of carpet on the floor – and your own father got to sleep with the hogs in the tanyard."

The Wind in the Willows – Kenneth Grahame



As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with a few wants and fond of a bijou riverside residence, above flood-level and remote from noise and dust. As he **gazed**, something bright and small seemed to **twinkle** down in the heart of it, **vanished**, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it **winked** at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

A brown face, with whiskers.

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice. Small neat ears and thick silky hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

"Hullo, Mole!" said the Water Rat.

"Hullo, Rat!" said the Mole.

"Would you like to come over?" inquired the Rat presently.