

(ACCENTS ARE ENCOURAGED!)

Matilda: Well, I needed to learn to read words so that I could read sentences, because basically a sentence is just a big bunch of words. And if you can't read sentences, you've got no chance with books.

Bruce: Okay, look, I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up...maybe? But I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. The Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back.

Lavender: Matilda, do all those brains in your head give you a headache? I mean, it's got to hurt, all squished in there. Well, I better hang around just in case they start to squeeze out of your ears. I'm Lavender. And I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends.

Nigel: They're saying she's going to put me in chokey. They say it's a cupboard in her office that she throws children into. It's lined with nails and spikes and bits of broken glass...

Trunchbull: Miss Honey, you believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child. Quiet, you maggots!!!

Miss Honey: I'm not strong like you, Matilda. My father died when I was young. Magnus was his name he was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel like you can hardly imagine.

Mr. Wormwood: Yes sir, completely different cars, sir. Green hair? Yeah, it was, um, national green hair day, a celebration of all the wonderful green things in the world, like... lettuce and... snot.

Mrs. Wormwood: I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks. Good day.