

Year 4 Reading

All children:

Date: Friday 5th June 2020

LO: To respond creatively to a text

Task:

Share or read chapter 4 of 'Demon Dentist' with an adult or older sibling (The text is below the task).

Your task is to imagine you are Miss Root. Create a scary advert for her dental practice! Remember, this isn't really supposed to persuade people to come to her dentist, you are trying to get across her character!

You need to include: A picture of Miss Root, the name of her dentist, some slogans that she might say, some information about the service she provides.

Vocab check:

tolerated= to allow something to happen without interfering

incanted= chant

gnarled= knobbly, rough, twisted

abhorrent= disgust and loathing

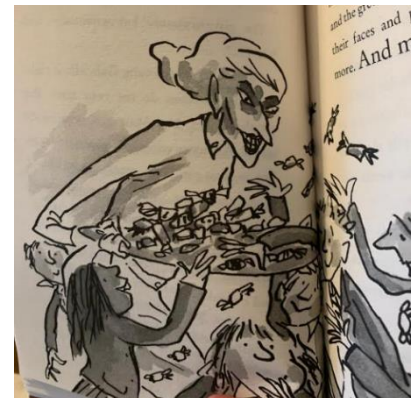
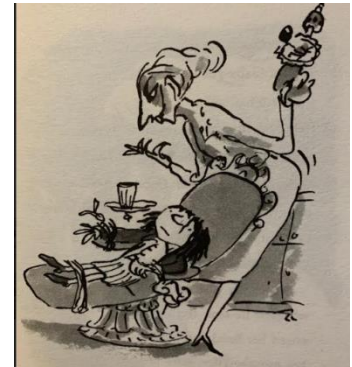
wincing= pull a face in pain or distress

Ideas for names:

- Miss Root's dental care
- Mummy's dental practice
- Pearly whites' dentist
- Smile at Mummy's!

Slogans/'persuasive' techniques:

- Child friendly
- Free sugar-free sweeties
- Get rid of your black teeth!
- You will never be scared of the dentist again!
- Come to Mummy!
- 'Mummy's' own brand of toothpaste in store
- Tailored toothbrushes to your needs!
- 'Mummy loves your teeth!'



Demon Dentist by David Walliams Chapter 4

Blacker than Black



"Of course, Mr Erstwhile will be sadly missed," concluded Miss Root. "But as your new dentist I asked your wonderful headmaster if I could come here today. Mummy wanted to give you all a chance to get to know me, so I can welcome each and every one of you personally to my surgery. Now I am going to begin today's little talk with an incy-wincy question. Children, how many of you hate going to the dentist?"



All but one kid put their hand up. No one actually enjoyed going to the dentist. At best it was tolerated. The one boy who didn't put his hand up was too busy texting.

Alfie reached his hand in the air as high as he could.

"Oh! So many hands. Ha ha!" she laughed, though not in a way that suggested she found it funny. "So how many of you REALLY REALLY REALLY hate going to the dentist...?" incanted Miss Root in that singsong voice of hers.

Most of the hands stayed up, and Alfie actually rose out of his chair so his hand would be the highest. This boy was the king of really really really hating going to the dentist. After he had the wrong tooth pulled out, no one in the known universe hated going to the dentist more than Alfie.

"Ho ho ho!" said the dentist.

"Who on earth says 'Ho ho ho'?" whispered Alfie to Gabz.

"So lame!" replied the little girl.

"Well, Mummy is here today to tell you there is absolutely nothing to be scared of..." The words danced in the air as she spoke. If her tone of voice was meant to sound reassuring, it didn't. It sounded the opposite of reassuring. It was in fact decidedly unnonreassuring*.

*Made-up word **ALERT**

"Now I need a volunteer, hands up...!" said the dentist.

All those little hands that had been up were now well and truly down. To avoid any confusion, Alfie shot his hands down to his feet. Any lower and they would be underground. He wanted there to be a less than zero chance that he would be picked.



"Nobody...?" asked Miss Root.

Even the swots and show-offs kept deadly silent.

"Come on, children, I don't bite!" The dentist smiled and flashed her blindingly white teeth.

The pupils started whispering to each other and looking around. Soon hundreds of pairs of eyes were glaring at Alfie. Everyone at school had at some point noticed his teeth. They were so bad, they might as well have been a tourist attraction. They could even have their own café and gift shop.



Suddenly Alfie felt as if he couldn't help doing exactly what the dentist told him. He opened his mouth, and she peered inside.

[illegible]

Except two children – Gabz, who looked on with sadness at the cruelty, and Texting Boy, who was still texting and had missed everything.

“Oh dear, oh dear. What is your name, child...?” enquired the dentist.

“Alfie, M-M-Miss...” the boy spluttered.

“Call me Mummy...”

There was no way he was ever going to call anyone that, least of all her.

“Alfie what...?” continued Miss Root.

“Alfie Griffith.”

“Well, young Alfie Griffith, you simply must make an appointment to come and see me at my surgery very soon...”

Alfie shuddered at the thought. He had vowed never to go anywhere near another dentist as long as he lived.

“Do you like presents, child...?”

Like all kids, the boy loved presents.

“Y-y-yes...” he replied.

“Well, Mummy’s got a little present for you. For being such a good boy today, here – have a free tube of my own special brand of toothpaste...”

From the trolley, Miss Root picked up a thick white tube with the word ‘MUMMY’S’ emblazoned in big red letters on the side.



The slogan ‘Mummy loves your teeth’ was inscribed in smaller black letters under that.

“And one of my special toothbrushes. Do you prefer hard or soft bristles, Alfie Griffith...?”

The boy had had the same toothbrush all his life. He had no idea whether it once had been hard or soft. Right now there was only one lonely bristle left. It was virtually bristleless*.

*Made-up word **ALERT**

“I don’t mind...”

“I’ll give you a nice soft one, then...” announced Miss Root.

A gleaming white ‘MUMMY’S’ toothbrush was produced from the trolley. The bristles on the end were sharp and wiry. Alfie ran his finger along them and winced. It was like stroking a porcupine.

Holding the brush and tube in his hands, Alfie looked like a tearful child you might see at the zoo who has been made to face their fear of spiders by being given a huge, hairy, highly poisonous tarantula to hold.