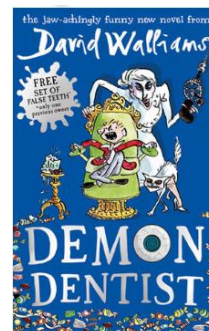


**Year 4 Reading**

**Steppingstone activity**

**Date: Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To retrieve information from a text**

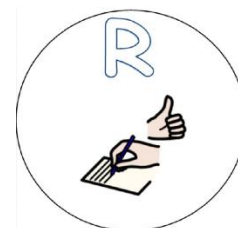


**Task: Speedy retrieval!**

Share chapter 18 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

Answer the retrieval questions below. Make sure you:

- Read the question thoroughly
- Underline key words
- Skim and scan the text for key words
- Write down a precise answer



What could Alfie first see when he woke up?	Name the adjective used to describe the dentist chair.	How does his back feel?
What is Miss Root doing when he wakes up?	Name the body parts he checks as he comes round.	What does he compare the holes in his mouth to?
What is gurning?	Name 4 faces he can pull.	What does Miss Root ask Alfie to do when she can't understand him?

**Do you think Miss Root will do anything to help Alfie?**

## Year 4 Reading

### Main activity

**Date:** Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> June 2020

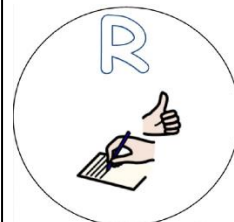
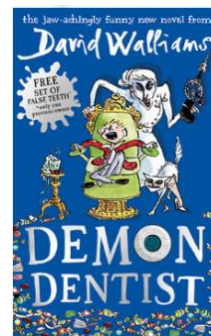
**LO:** To retrieve information from a text

#### Task: Speedy retrieval!

Read chapter 18 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Answer the retrieval questions below. Make sure you:

- Read the question thoroughly
- Underline key words
- Skim and scan the text for key words
- Write down a precise answer



What could Alfie first see when he woke up?	Name the adjective used to describe the dentist chair.	How does his back feel?
What is Miss Root doing when he wakes up?	Name the body parts he checks as he comes round.	What does he compare the holes in his mouth to?
What is gurning?	Name 4 faces he can pull.	What does Miss Root ask Alfie to do when she can't understand him?
Copy a description of Miss Root's eyes.	Where had Miss Root kept Alfie's teeth?	What does Alfie think of his teeth now he can see them all piled up?

**Do you think Miss Root will do anything to help Alfie?**

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 18**

## Gurning Champion

Alfie must have passed out.

His eyes were closed.

Perhaps this was a dream.

He opened his eyes.

At first all he could see were patterns. Colours and shapes. After a few moments, Alfie realised he was staring at the ceiling. These colours and

shapes were in fact sprays of blood. Some looked very fresh, still wet and glistening. Some looked brown and flaky, like they had dried there years before.

This was no dream.

Alfie realised he was still lying on the dentist's antique chair. He must have been lying there quite a while, and his back was hot and clammy with sweat. Behind him, somewhere out of view, he could hear that singsong voice again. This time it was counting...

"...eighteen, nineteen, twenty..."

What was she counting? With each number he heard something small and solid like a stone being dropped into a metal dish.

"Twenty-one!"

The final number was spoken with a particular flourish. Again there was a chinking sound of something hitting metal.

*Twenty-one what?* thought Alfie.

He could feel that there was something different about himself, but he couldn't quite work out what. He started with his toes. He wiggled them. From there he moved up his body.

Ankles	✓
Knees	✓
Hands	✓
Elbows	✓
Shoulders	✓
Neck	✓

Then he moved his tongue around his mouth. Somehow it felt much larger now. Smooth too. Alfie traced his tongue into the furthest corners of his mouth. He could swear he could feel holes. Great big holes that seemed the size of caves.

It was then that Alfie realised.

He had no teeth.

The metal cuffs that had been holding his ankles and wrists had retracted back into the seat. The boy leaped up, and banged his head on the huge hot lamp that had been hovering over his mouth earlier. Swinging his legs round he jumped to the floor.

On the trolley sat a dirty old cracked mirror. He grabbed it and held it up to his face. Alfie was sure the dentist was behind him, but she was nowhere to be seen in the mirror's reflection. Opening his mouth slowly, he could see only darkness inside. His gums were bare, and swollen. The only future for him now, he found himself thinking, was that of a gurning champion. (Gurning is the ancient art of pulling stupid faces. Champion gurners often have no teeth, even have them removed, to make their features easier to manoeuvre.)



Alfie moved his face in front of the mirror. In horror, he discovered he could now easily look like...



A fish.



A man who is sucking his own nose.



An old lady who has swallowed a fly.



A walnut.



A puppet.



A frog puckering up for a snog.

A frog puckering up for a snog.

“Woken up now, have we...?” said Miss Root brightly. From a corner of the room, she turned to face him, her huge teeth glinting.

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY TEETH?” shouted Alfie. Well, that’s what he tried to say. It actually came out as:

“WHA HA OOH DO IV MMM TE?”

“I’m sorry...?”

Alfie tried again.

“WHA A OOOOOH DOOO IVA MA TEE!”

“I’m terribly sorry, child, I didn’t understand a word of that. Is something the matter...?”

“OV CAU SOMMON I VE MAA-AAA!” yelled the boy. “OOV TADEN OU AH OV MA TEE!”

“I still can’t understand a single word you are saying! Would you mind writing it down here for Mummy...?”

The dentist passed him a pile of appointment cards and a pen. He wrote furiously on one.

## ***WHAT YOU DONE WITH MY TEETH***

it read. The letters were large and pointed and angry.

Miss Root studied it for a while.

“Mmm, I think what you are trying to ask Mummy is, ‘What HAVE you done with my teeth?’”

Alfie was fuming now. He was sure Miss Root knew full well what he meant. This was just another of her ways to slowly torture him.

“WHA HHAA OOH DOOOO IV MA TEEEEE EEEEEEEEE!!!!!!”

“Please don’t use that tone with Mummy...”

Alfie was staring the lady right in the eyes now. She held his gaze. And glared back. The pupils in her eyes shone black. On second look, they were blacker than coal. Blacker than oil. Blacker than night. Blacker than the blackest black.

In short, they were black.



“...so what have I done with your teeth...?”

Alfie nodded his head up and down, each nod more enraged than the last. Fang was sat on top of Miss Root’s trolley, and now she started hissing in short sharp bursts as if she was laughing at him.

“Hiss...hiss...hiss...”





“Not to worry, child, Mummy’s kept them safe for you. All the little beauties are in here...”

With that she carefully lifted a little metal dish up to Alfie’s ear and rattled it gently. The noise made her face light up with joy.

Alfie peered inside. There were his teeth. Every last one. All sadly piled on top of each other. Admittedly, they didn’t look at all healthy. The years of missing dental appointments had taken their toll. They were all stained brown from too many sweets and fizzy drinks. However, did the dentist really need to remove every single one...?

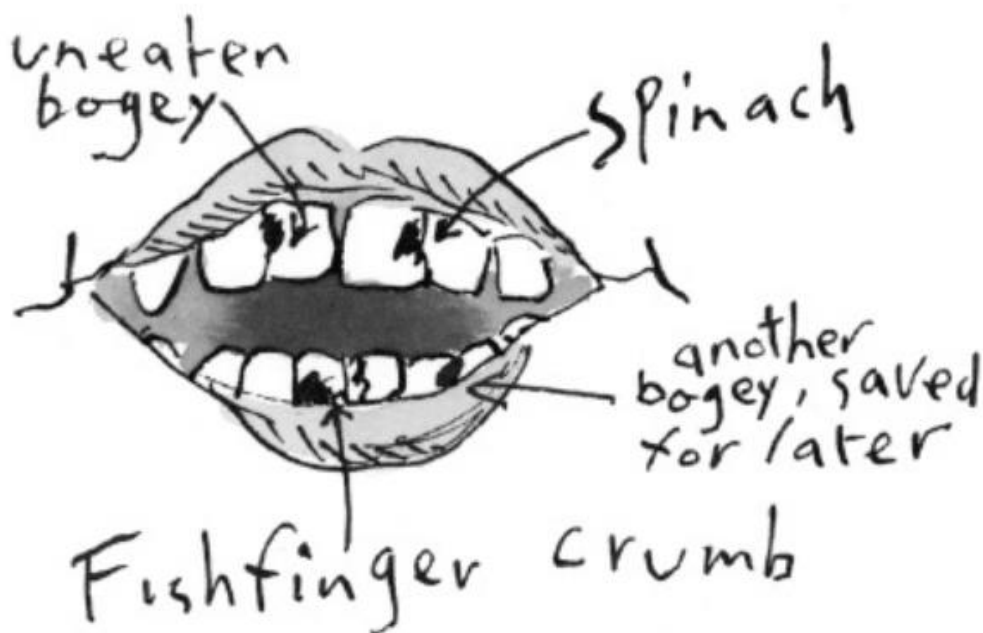
Alfie finally realised what she had been counting. His teeth.





(A twelve-year-old boy is meant to have around twenty-four teeth, but Alfie had less than that. Mr Erstwhile, the old dentist who died mysteriously, took one out all those years ago. And after that one or two had fallen out.)

## Twelve-year-old boy's teeth



"WHA YO GOOIN DO?"

“Would you mind awfully writing it down again for Mummy...?”

Miss Root gestured once again towards the pad of appointment slips.

Once more Alfie scribbled furiously.

### ***WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?***

he wrote. The dentist studied the piece of paper for a moment. “Is that a ‘G’ or a ‘Y’?”

Alfie growled at her.

Miss Root read the sentence out loud. “‘What are you going to do?’ Mummy’s got it right, hasn’t she...?”

Alfie nodded, and Miss Root furrowed her brow in thought. “Well, normally at the end of any appointment I would come out with the normal dentist’s spiel... come and see me in another six months, don’t forget to floss, think about investing in an electric toothbrush, blah blah blah... But there’s no need for you to do any of that, Alfie. You see, you don’t have any teeth any more, and they are never ever growing back.” With that the dentist guided the poor toothless boy out of the room, before adding cheerily, “Good day!”

