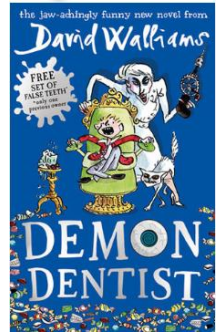
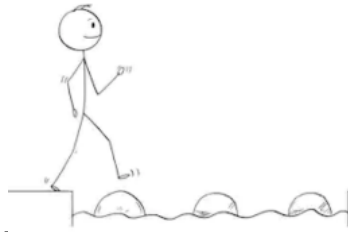


Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity

Date: Tuesday 23rd June 2020

LO: To retrieve information about a character



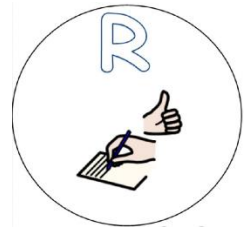
Task: Character detective!

Share chapter 19 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, Alfie does not know where to turn after having ALL his teeth removed! He visits his local sweet shop to see Raj, the shopkeeper.

Your task is to retrieve as many facts as you can about Raj in the text.

What does he look like? What type of person is he?

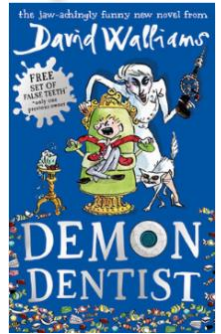
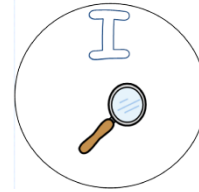
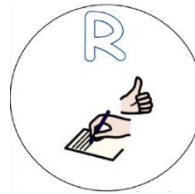


Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Tuesday 23rd June 2020

LO: To retrieve and infer information about a character



Task: Character detective!

Read chapter 19 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, Alfie does not know where to turn after having ALL his teeth removed! He visits his local sweet shop to see Raj, the shopkeeper.

Your task is to retrieve and infer as much as you can about Raj in the text.

What does he look like? What type of person is he?

Do your retrievals in one colour and your inferences in another



Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 19

Frozen Paper

Alfie was lost. He knew where he was, but he didn't know where he should go.

Home? He didn't want Dad to see him like this. It would upset him too much.

School? This could be a brutal enough place at the best of times. The boy with no teeth? That's what he would become. Forever. Having a brace or big front teeth that made you look like a bunny rabbit was bad enough.

Alfie realised there was only one place to go...

DING!

The bell at the top of the door of Raj's newsagent's rang as the boy entered the shop. It served to alert the shopkeeper that a customer was either coming or going. Also it woke Raj up. He was a big, soft, marshmallow of a man, and although he loved selling sweets, he loved eating them even more. After the rush of sugar following a mid-afternoon scoffing session, he would often fall asleep at his counter.



Indeed, when Alfie entered this particular afternoon, Raj was snoring away with a gobstopper still in his mouth. A slick of the newsagent's spit was spreading over the newspapers. Raj woke up with a start, spat out his sweet and exclaimed:

"Ah, young Alfred! My favourite customer!"

His voice was as bright and colourful as the confectionery he sold.

Alfie always looked forward to seeing Raj. The newsagent knew how poor he and his dad were, and being a kind-hearted man he would often give Alfie a treat to take home. A melted ice lolly, a chocolate bar that had been slightly nibbled by a rodent, or a bag of jelly babies that Raj had accidentally sat on so all the tiny tots were now flattened. Raj wasn't a wealthy man, and couldn't afford to give anything more. But to Alfie and

his father they were like gifts sent from heaven, and the difference between going to bed hungry or not.

Entering Raj's shop today, the boy couldn't even force a smile.

"You are very quiet this afternoon, young man," mused the shopkeeper. Squinting his eyes, he took a better look at his favourite customer. In truth, Raj had a lot of 'favourite' customers, but calling them all that made them feel special. "There is something very different about you today..."

Raj came out from behind his counter to give the boy a closer inspection.

"You've had a perm! No no no..." That thought was dismissed as soon as it had been thought*.

Made-up word* **ALERT

"Mmm, you've had one of those far too orangey spray-tans! No no no..."

Raj lowered his head so he was staring the boy right in the face. Alfie opened his mouth, to reveal the full extent of his toothlessnessness*.

Made-up word* **ALERT

The newsagent peered inside. "I've got it!" exclaimed Raj. "I've got it!"

Alfie nodded his head in encouragement. It couldn't be more obvious now.

"You've had your teeth whitened!"

The boy rolled his eyes.

"Oh, no no no. That's not right, is it?"

Alfie shook his head.

"You've had all your teeth removed!" Raj then repeated what he had just said a hundred times louder, double-checking if it could really be true.

"YOU'VE HAD ALL YOUR TEETH REMOVED?!"

The man was so flabbergasted he needed to sit down, and he sank on to a large box of crisps. Unfortunately he was far too heavy for it, and within seconds his weight had flattened the box completely and he was lying on the floor. The bags of crisps had all exploded and tiny flakes of crisp now showered the shop.



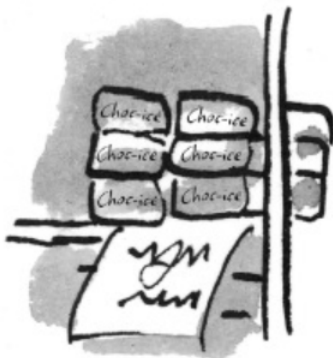
“Oh dear,” said Raj, as he tried to heave his generously proportioned bum off the ground. “Remind me to knock a penny off the price of those crisps,” he added as he fumbled to his feet.

“But why, boy? Why? Why have you had all your teeth removed?”

Alfie had given up trying to talk for now, and mimed the international sign language for ‘pen and paper’ by pretending to write.

“The bill? No! No! Pen and paper!” guessed Raj. “I’m good at charades!” The newsagent started rushing around his shop trying to find some paper and a pen. His shop was infamous in the town for being incredibly messy. It was never easy to find what you wanted, not even for the owner.

“I think there are some Post-it Notes in the freezer cabinet, just under the choc-ices...”



He slid open the glass roof, and reached inside.

“I don’t remember why I put them in there,” he muttered. “At least they won’t have gone off...”

Next Raj scurried over to the other side of his store. “A pen!” he exclaimed. “I think I put one in a sherbet Dip Dab a while back. I ate the

liquorice stick, so I popped a black felt tip in. Not as tasty as the liquorice, I'll grant you, but still an effective way of enjoying the sherbet."



After a short while Raj identified the correct Dip Dab and pulled out the pen. It was coated in the fizzy white powder.

"Sherbet?" asked Raj, as he offered Alfie the pen. "No?"

Alfie shook his head, so Raj licked it clean before handing it to him. "Slight taste of ink..." he mused, "...otherwise fine. So tell me, young sir. What on earth happened?"

A hundred frozen Post-it Notes later, Raj had been told the whole story. By this time, Alfie was crying hard. What had happened to him had finally sunk in. Raj gave the boy a much-needed hug. The newsagent was big and fat and squishy. He was good at hugs.

"You poor thing," said Raj, as Alfie's tears soaked the man's bright orange shirt.



"I am so angry with that Miss Root! First she goes into the local schools and gives out free sweets. Taking away all my customers. And now this..."

Poor Alfie couldn't stop crying. Raj patted him gently, and the boy sniffed.

"You can blow your nose on that *Hello!* magazine. Now wait there, I have an idea..."

