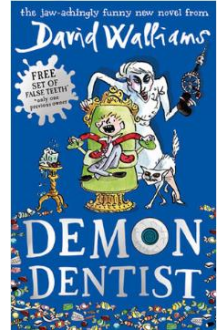
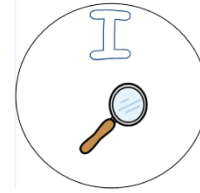


**Year 4 Reading**

**Steppingstone activity**

**Date: Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To make inferences from clues in the text**



**Task:**

Share chapter 20 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

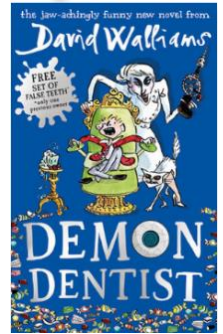
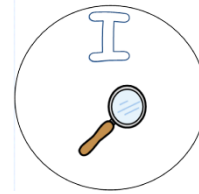
**Your task is to make inferences from clues that I give you from the texts.**

<b><u>Clues from the text</u></b>	<b><u>What can you infer?</u></b> <b><u>How do the characters feel?</u></b> <b><u>What does the clue say about their personality?</u></b> <b>I have included some sentence starters to help you!</b>
Raj went upstairs to get his late wife's teeth for Alfie.	<b>I think Raj is a _____ person because...</b>
Alfie said 'Thank you so much' to Raj for letting him borrow the teeth.	<b>I think Alfie is feeling... because...</b>
Raj advises Alfie not to go anywhere near a toffee.	<b>I think the teeth are... because...</b>
"No, no! exclaimed Alfie. "She isn't my girlfriend. Gabz is a just a friend who's a girl."	<b>I think Alfie is feeling... because...</b>
Raj looks very confused when Alfie tells him his mum or dad must have left him the coin.	<b>I think Raj is feeling... because...</b>
Alfie doesn't want to hurt Raj's feelings by telling him the tooth fairy does not exist.	<b>I think Alfie is a _____ person because...</b>
"I've got it!" exclaimed Alfie. His eyes were shining and he leaped off the counter with excitement.	<b>I think Alfie is a _____ person because...</b>

**Year 4 Reading**  
**Main activity**

**Date: Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To make inferences from clues in the text**



**Task:**

Read chapter 20 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

**Your task is to make inferences from clues that I give you from the texts.**

<b><u>Clues from the text</u></b>	<b><u>What can you infer?</u></b> <b><u>How do the characters feel?</u></b> <b><u>What does the clue say about their personality?</u></b> <b><u>Sentence starters:</u></b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• I think Alfie is feeling...because...</li> <li>• I think Raj is feeling...because...</li> <li>• I think Alfie is a _____ person because...</li> <li>• I think Raj is a _____ person because...</li> </ul>
Raj went upstairs to get his late wife's teeth for Alfie.	
Alfie said 'Thank you so much' to Raj for letting him borrow the teeth.	
Raj advises Alfie not to go anywhere near a toffee.	
"No, no! exclaimed Alfie. "She isn't my girlfriend. Gabz is a just a friend who's a girl."	
Raj looks very confused when Alfie tells him his mum or dad must have left him the coin.	
Alfie doesn't want to hurt Raj's feelings by telling him the tooth fairy does not exist.	
"I've got it!" exclaimed Alfie. His eyes were shining and he leaped off the counter with excitement.	

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 20**

## Joke-shop Gnashers

“Well...?” asked Raj. “How do they fit?”

Raj had gone upstairs to his flat above the shop, and brought down his late wife’s false teeth in a glass of water for the boy to try for size. They looked a bit like those joke-shop gnashers that you wind up and watch clatter across the table. To Alfie’s surprise though, they fitted rather well. They weren’t perfect. The dentures had been specially made for a middle-aged woman. They rubbed here and there, but they were infinitely better than having no teeth at all.



“Are you sure you don’t mind me borrowing them?” asked Alfie, delighted to discover that he could at last talk again.

“No, no, no. It’s what dear Mrs Raj would have wanted.”

“Thank you so much.”

“Might you have any use for her glass eye, rubber hand or either of her wooden legs?”

Alfie was quite taken aback. After all, he had never met the late Mrs Raj. Not that there seemed that much of her to meet.

“Very kind of you,” he replied, “but no...”

“Not kind at all. Just part of the service. That’s why people should always support the smaller local shops. You wouldn’t get that from a supermarket!”

“True!” replied Alfie, though he wasn’t sure many customers at a supermarket would need a loan of some second-hand false teeth.

“Though I would advise you not to go anywhere near a toffee,” warned the newsagent. “I remember these dentures came clean out of my late wife’s mouth when she bit into an out-of-date Toffo I gave her on our silver wedding anniversary.”

“I will remember that...” said Alfie. “So, how can we stop Root? My teeth were bad, but not that bad. There was no way on earth she needed to take out ALL of them. She’s evil!”

“Now I come to think of it,” pondered the newsagent, “there have been strange goings-on in this town ever since she arrived.”

“Like children putting their teeth under their pillows and finding something nasty in the morning!”

“Exactly!” exclaimed Raj. “How did you know?”

“It happened to my girl friend Gabz...”

“Your girlfriend?! Ooh...” cooed Raj.

“No, no!” exclaimed Alfie. “She isn’t my girlfriend. Gabz is just a friend who’s a girl.”

“Your friendgirl\*?”

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*\*Made-up word **ALERT** (Any letters of complaint to be addressed to Raj.)*

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Alfie thought it was easier to simply agree. “Yes, I suppose so. Gabz has drawn a map charting exactly where and when the teeth were snatched...”

“The whole thing is sickening. When I was little, or at least smaller than I am now, and I lost a tooth, I would put it under my pillow, and when I

woke up I would find a coin in its place. From the tooth fairy.”

“Well, your mum or dad must have left it there,” replied Alfie.

Raj looked mightily confused. “But they told me it was the tooth fairy...”

Alfie sighed. He was very nearly a teenager. To still believe in tooth fairies was just plain silly. As far as he was concerned, the thought that a tiny winged figure in a tutu and holding a wand came into your room at night to leave money under your pillow was preposterous. However, he didn’t want to hurt the newsagent’s feelings.

“Well, I think sometimes it might be the tooth fairies, but when they are busy, mums and dads help out,” replied Alfie. “Go on, Raj...”

“Well, quite a few of my younger customers woke up this morning to find not a coin, but all sorts of nasties under their pillow.”

“Like what?” asked Alfie.

“Oh, there were... cockroaches...”

“Anything else?”

“Oh, let me think. Dead worms, a live rat, a toad that had been flattened by a mallet and dried out in the sun until it was crispy...”



The boy brought his hand up to his mouth. He felt sick at the thought of all these horrors. Still, his ghoulish curiosity got the better of him, and he wanted to hear more.

“Was that all?” he enquired.

“No.” Raj took a deep breath. “Are you sure you want to know the most gruesomest\* one?”

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\**Made-up word* **ALERT**

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“Yes and no,” replied Alfie. “But mainly yes...”

Raj took a deep breath before telling him.

“An old man’s toenail!”



“No!” cried Alfie.

“Yes. Nobody knows who it belonged to. All big and thick and dirty it was, with all this dried pus around the edge...”

“STOP!” shouted Alfie.

“You said you wanted me to tell you!” protested Raj.

“Yes! But I didn’t know it was going to be that disgusting.” Alfie thought for a moment. “And none of these children saw a thing?”

The newsagent shook his head. “Not one. Nobody saw a thing. It’s a mystery. And how could one person possibly get around to all those children in one night?”

Alfie pulled himself up on to the shop's counter and sat there next to the till. "But there must be some kind of connection with Miss Root. There must be! I swear she is evil," he said. "We need to catch her red-handed! Lay some sort of trap..."

Alfie fell silent and stared into space. Raj looked at him.

"A trap?" asked the newsagent.

"I am thinking, Raj..."

"Oh, my apologies." Raj mooched around awkwardly for a few moments.

"Would a mint help focus your mind?"

"I've got it!" exclaimed Alfie. His eyes were shining, and he leaped off the counter in excitement.

"Got what?"

"A plan! How we can catch the tooth snatcher!"

"Great, my boy! That's brilliant. How can I help?"

Alfie looked right into Raj's eyes for a moment. He knew what he was about to say was not going to go down at all well. "It's just a very small thing..."

"Yes...?" said the newsagent.

"I need to borrow one of your teeth..."