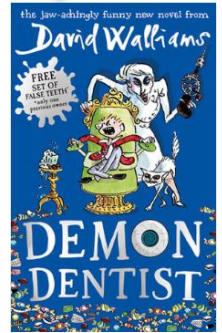
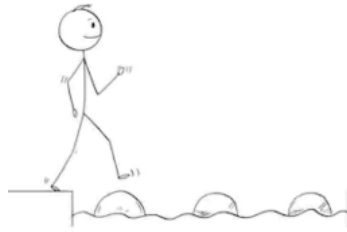


**Year 4 Reading**

**Steppingstone activity**

**Date: Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

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

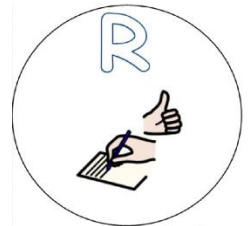


**Task: Speedy retrieval!**

Share chapter 22 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 time did Alfie get home?	What did Alfie think might happen if he told his dad the truth?	What did Alfie not do that he normally does?
How does telling lies to his dad feel to Alfie?	Does Dad notice what's wrong with Alfie's teeth straight away?	Why did they not have enough money to pay the bills?
Why did they have no biscuits left?	Who turns up at the door?	Give 4 names that Winnie has been called.

**Do you think Winnie will get Alfie in to trouble? Will she tell Dad the whole story?**

## Year 4 Reading

### Main activity

**Date:** Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> June 2020

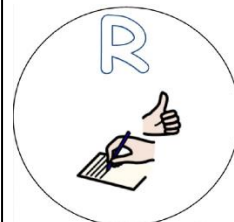
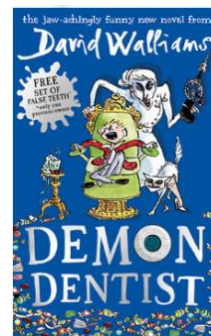
**LO:** To retrieve information from a text

#### Task: Speedy retrieval!

Read chapter 22 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 time did Alfie get home?	What did Alfie think might happen if he told his dad the truth?	What did Alfie not do that he normally does?
How does telling lies to his dad feel to Alfie?	Does Dad notice what's wrong with Alfie's teeth straight away?	Why did they not have enough money to pay the bills?
Why did they have no biscuits left?	Who turns up at the door?	Give 4 names that Winnie has been called.
Describe the way Winnie was dressed.	What noise does Winnie make when she drinks tea?	What does Winnie do before she explains the story? Name 2 things.

**Do you think Winnie will get Alfie in to trouble? Will she tell Dad the whole story?**

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 22**

## A Gigantic Trifle

“So how did it all go at the dentist, son?” rasped Dad, his breathing painfully shallow. “Did you have to have a filling?”

Alfie’s father was sitting in his wheelchair in the living room as his son came in through the front door. It was around four o’clock, the normal time that Alfie returned home from school, so his dad didn’t yet have a reason to suspect anything.

“Oh, it was fine thanks, Dad!” called Alfie, as cheerily as he could. The false teeth rattled a little in his mouth.

Alfie could see his dad’s health was worsening by the day. The man was becoming weaker and weaker, like he was shrinking into his wheelchair. Alfie feared that if he told his dad the truth, he would get angry. Really angry. Dad would want to speed over to the surgery instantly, and have it out with this dentist. If the boy’s father started shouting or even raised his voice, his breathing would become shallower and shallower. He might even collapse again. Alfie couldn’t let it happen.

Awkwardly the boy shuffled into the room. When Alfie came home from school he always gave his dad a big hug, but today he loitered by the door. He didn’t want his father to be able to inspect his teeth. Well, the late Mrs Raj’s teeth. Her false teeth, that is.

“No hug today, pup?” Dad appealed to him. This break in the habit made Alfie’s father suspicious.

“I was just going to put the tea on...”

“The tea can wait. I’ve been sitting at home alone all day looking forward to our hug. And I want a big bear hug, please. The biggest, widest, huggiest\* hug you can give!”

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\*Made-up word **ALERT**

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Carefully Alfie closed his mouth and sucked the late Mrs Raj's false teeth into place over his gums. Next, he paced across to his father's side of the room. Leaning over the wheelchair, he put his arms around Dad, and the man held him tight.



"Ah, that's better. How I love my little pup..."

Telling lies to his dad made Alfie feel distinctly uneasy. It was a horrible sensation, which found its way down to the pit of his tummy. In shame and embarrassment, Alfie was soon trying to disentangle himself from the hug.

Now, parents always know when something is wrong with their child. They can sense it. Dad was no different.

"Are you sure there is nothing the matter?" he asked, looking his son right in the eye.

"No. I mean, yes..." spluttered Alfie, attempting to avoid his dad's gaze.

"Yes, I am sure. There is nothing the matter. The dentist went fine."

“Let me have a look at your teeth...”

Reluctantly, Alfie opened his mouth, and flashed the briefest of smiles before closing it again. “See? Like new.”

“Well, they do look better...” said Dad.

“I’ll pop the kettle on.”

With that, Alfie scurried out of the living room and into the relative safety of the kitchen.

Alfie placed the blackened tin kettle on to the little camping stove in the centre of the room, and lit the gas. The gas from the mains had been disconnected years ago. Bills in red ink had replaced bills in black ink until one day there were no more bills at all. And no more gas. With Dad unable to work for so long, they just didn’t have enough money to pay for everything.

As Alfie waited for the water to boil, he reached into his pocket, to check that the tooth Raj had so generously donated to his daring plan was still there. With a sigh of relief, he felt that indeed it was. Now all he had to do was wait for nightfall.

And of course, try and stay awake...

The gas in the tiny stove spluttered to its end just as the kettle whistled. The water had boiled but now they were completely out of fuel. This was the last cup of tea they were going to have for quite a while.

Alfie re-entered the living room with two cups of tea but no biscuits, because yesterday afternoon their social worker had eaten them all.

"Thank you, son," said Dad.

All seemed well, until...

**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.**

There was somebody at the door. Alfie's heart skipped a beat. The knocks were loud and insistent. Was it Mr Grey the headmaster, come to tell Dad his son had been expelled? Was it PC Plank, come to arrest him after the mayhem he had caused in town today? Or Mr Snood the Drama teacher, still hoping to carry on the impro?

"Sounds like Winnie..." said Dad.

*No!* thought Alfie. *I can't let her in, she'll tell him everything!*

"I'll ask her to come back later," he said.

"No, son," said Dad firmly. "Let her in. She's so thoughtful, she's probably just stopping by to see how you are feeling after your trip to the dentist's..."

**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK  
KNOCK KNOCK...**

"Let her in!" said Dad again.

Alfie rushed to the door. He had to try and stop her, stall her, anything. Through the mottled glass, her multicoloured clothing made her look like a gigantic trifle. Alfie took a deep breath, and turned the handle.



“Ah! Hello, Alfred. We meet again!”

“I’m sorry, Winnie, this isn’t a good time...” he whispered.

“It’s OK, I won’t stay long,” she said. “Just a very quick chat to Mr Griffit and I’ll be on my way.”

With that she bustled past Alfie. In her job as a social worker, Winnie was well-practised in people not wanting her around.

*Busybody.*

*Meddler.*

*Pest.*

*Stirrer.*

*Do-gooder.*

*Nuisance.*

*Troublemaker.*

*Botherer.*

*Bossy-boots.*

*Biscuit thief.*

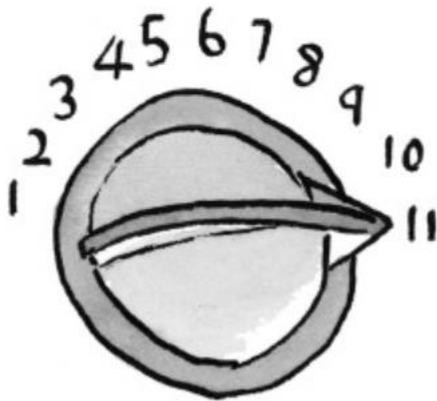
Winnie had been called them all, and worse. Much worse. As a result, she had developed a very thick skin, and was well-used to people slamming



the door in her face. At quite a pace she scuttled along the corridor; Alfie could do nothing more than follow in her wake.

“Please, please, please don’t tell my dad about what happened today...” His whisper was becoming louder now. It was almost like a shouted whisper, if such a thing were possible, but Winnie seemed determined to ignore his plea.

“Good afternoon, Mr Griffit!” she exclaimed theatrically as she entered the living room. Dad’s face grimaced a little. Even he found her a tiny bit annoying, her voice a few notches too loud...



Dad squinted as he tried to take in what the social worker was wearing today. This time Winnie had outdone herself. Her collective clothes,

bangles and make-up were sporting more shades of colour than would be found in even the widest set of colouring pencils.

“Ah! Tea! Thanking you kindly!” She picked up Alfie’s cup, had a loud slurp...

“ssssssssssLLLLLLLLLL  
LLLLLLLLLLLLUUUU  
UUUUUUUUUU  
UUUURRRRR  
RRPPPPPPPP  
PPPP!!!!!!”



...followed by an even louder sigh, then dropped down on to the sofa with all her weight. Winnie hit it with such force that a huge cloud of dust burst from the cushions into the air.

“Have a seat, Winnie...” ventured Alfie’s father, a little too late.

“Dad, please, don’t listen to her. I can explain...” said the boy, panicking in the doorway.

“Oh, I can’t wait to hear this!” pronounced Winnie.

“Alfie has told me virtually nothing about his trip to the dentist,” Dad said.

“Perhaps, Winnie, you can tell me what happened.”

“Dad, please believe me,” pleaded the boy. “I was going to tell you...”

“Oh, Mr Griffit, it’s quite a story. Quite a story...” said the lady.

Alfie was sure Winnie was about to drop him headfirst into an enormous vat labelled ‘trouble’.



“Let me get comfortable,” she said, plumping up the cushions behind her and stretching out her legs. “This is going to take some time...”