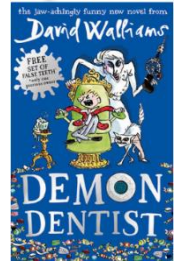
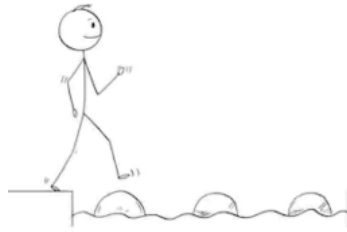


Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity

Date: Wednesday 1st July 2020

LO: To order events in a text



Task:

Share chapter 23 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

Your task is to order these events from 1-6.

Then, answer the question in green.



<u>Event</u>	<u>Order (1-6)</u>
Winnie's stomach starts to rumble and grumble.	
Winnie was lounging on the sofa like Cleopatra.	
Alfie's packet of revels fell on to the floor.	
Winnie took a big slurrrrrrp of her tea.	
Eventually, Winnie zoomed off on her moped. Alfie was out of trouble...for now.	
Winnie finishes the whole packet- they were all coffee!	

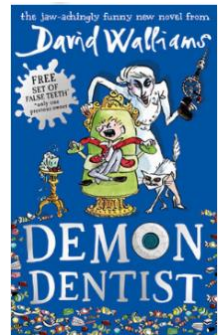
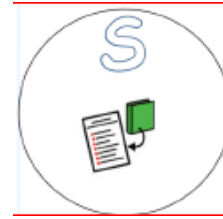
How can Alfie keep himself awake now he does not have his revels? Can you come up with some suggestions?

Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Wednesday 1st July 2020

LO: To order events in a text



Task:

Read chapter 23 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Your task is to order these events from 1-10.

Then, answer the question in green.

Event	Order (1-10)
Winnie was being so annoying, it was hard for Alfie not to shout.	
Winnie notices the packet of revels that fell to the floor.	
Winnie picked out the first revel and realised it was coffee flavour.	
Winnie's stomach starts to rumble and grumble.	
Winnie was lounging on the sofa like Cleopatra.	
Alfie's packet of revels fell on to the floor.	
Winnie took a big slurrrrrrp of her tea.	
Eventually, Winnie zoomed off on her moped. Alfie was out of trouble...for now.	
Winnie finishes the whole packet- they were all coffee!	
Alfie reluctantly offers Winnie a revel.	

How can Alfie keep himself awake now he does not have his revels? Can you come up with some suggestions?

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 23

Jet-Powered Bottom

"Before I begin," continued Winnie, lounging on the sofa like Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile, "I would like one of your delicious biscuits?"

Since Dad's illness had confined him to a wheelchair, Alfie had become responsible for all the food shopping. He knew that the bungalow was a certified biscuit-free zone.

"You ate the last one yesterday," said Alfie. "Remember?"

"Cake?" she trilled, with a hopeful and teasing lilt in her voice. "A nice slice of cake?" Winnie looked like the kind of woman who, when offered a piece of cake, would leave the slice and take the rest...



"No," replied the boy. He didn't need to check. They never had cake. Not even on birthdays.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear..." mused the lady. "Chocolate?"

"We don't have any," replied Alfie.

"Nothing chocolatey in the house?" persisted Winnie.

"No."

"Nothing chocolate covered or chocolate flavoured?"

"No."

"Chocolate chipped coated swirled layered sprayed encrusted sprinkled blended melted or dipped...?"

Alfie took a breath before replying. Winnie was being so annoying it was hard not to shout. "There is nothing in any way chocolatey in the house..."

There was a long pause.

"Infused?" With that, Winnie was back in the game.

"No!"

"Nothing infused with chocolate...?"

“No!!”

“Nothing with even a hint or a whiff or a trace or a suggestion of chocolate...?”

“NO!!!”

“Something that’s not meant to have chocolate in but might have chocolate in by accident...?”

Both Dad and Alfie looked flummoxed by this.

“Like what?” asked Dad, who had been watching this contest as if it were a tennis match.

“Yes, what?!” implored the boy.

The lady looked deep in thought for a moment. “Well, that could really be anything that is labelled chocolate-free?”

“No!!!” barked the boy. “We don’t have anything chocolatey, chocolate flavoured, chocolate infused, or chocolate chocolated*!”

Made-up word* **ALERT

“All right!” huffed Winnie. “I only asked...”

With that she slurped her tea...

“SSSSSSSSSSLLLLLUU
UUUUURRRR
PPPPPP!!!!”

..and sighed again.

“AAAAA
AAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Alfie perched on the edge of the armchair, next to Dad, and folded his arms. Now he was ready to accept his fate. As he leaned back a little the packet of all-coffee Revels that Raj had given him fell out of his trouser pocket and on to the floor. In a heartbeat, Winnie’s eyes were on them, like a killer whale that’s just seen an overweight seal plop off an iceberg and into the sea.



"Well then, young Alfred, what on earth could that be?" she teased. She knew perfectly well it was a bag of chocolate-coated confectionery.

"Nothing," Alfie replied quickly.

"It's not nothing, son," chimed in Dad, unhelpfully. "It looks to me like a packet of chocolates..."

Winnie stared at the boy.

"Oh, *these*, yes, sorry. When you said chocolate covered, coated or infused I didn't think that included Revels."

There was a hush, before Winnie whispered, "I think you know full well that Revels are a chocolate-coated confectionery."

"Offer the nice lady one..." prompted Dad.

Alfie needed those sweets. If he ate one every half an hour, those chocolate-covered coffee creams would keep him from falling asleep. Without those much-needed shots of caffeine, what chance would Alfie have of catching whoever was responsible for leaving the unspeakable horrors under children's pillows?

Reluctantly he picked up the packet, and sloped over to Winnie.

"Thank you, young man. Well, we got there in the end! Now, which flavour Revel shall I have... Mmm... I like them all apart from the coffee ones..."

"No one likes the coffee ones..." agreed Dad.

Good luck, thought Alfie. If Raj had sorted them properly like he said, every single one was coffee.

"I can't have coffee anyway," continued Winnie, "it goes right through me..."

Dad and son shared a look that said simply, 'too much information'. Neither wanted to imagine what this lady looked like glued to the toilet.

Greedily, Winnie ripped open the bag and helped herself. She picked out the first Revel and popped it in her mouth. She chewed for a moment, before her face contorted as the sour taste of coffee slipped down her throat.

"No! It's coffee..." she moaned. "The first one too! What rotten luck!"

Now it was Alfie's turn to smirk. He had to bury his head in his shirt to hide his ever-widening smile.

"Let me have a different one to take the taste away..." she said.

So Winnie helped herself to another Revel. Again her face soured.

"Coffee again! No! I need a different one!"

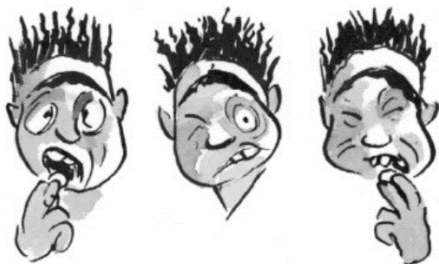
Had Raj managed to sort the Revels correctly? Or had he left the odd rogue raisin Revel in? Alfie was praying he hadn't.

Winnie selected another. "Ah, this one must be toffee! My favourite of all the Revels..."

Carefully she began inspecting the tiny chocolate.

"Or orange cream...? No, no, no, this is definitely toffee. The good Lord is finally smiling upon me!"

After rolling it, sniffing it, and even licking it, she finally put the Revel in her mouth. It melted on her tongue and as soon as the chocolate coating had dissolved, Winnie's face once again contorted in complete and utter revulsion. It was as if a deadly poisonous jellyfish had swum straight into her mouth.



“C O F F E E ! ! !
NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

she whined.

Then she took another, and another and another. Each one gobbled in hope to take the taste of the last one away. Each one just making it worse! Soon the whole packet had been well and truly demolished. And Winnie had a belly full of coffee. She sat there on the sofa, with chocolate around her mouth and an expression of pure misery on her face.

“Every single blasted one was coffee!” she protested.

“Oh dear...” uttered Alfie, trying his hardest not to burst out laughing.

“How could that have happened?”

Dad looked very surprised. “What are the chances of that?!” he asked. “It must be a million to one!”

His son tried to look as innocent as possible, which somehow made him look extremely guilty.

But now was the calm before the storm. Then, out of the silence came a sound. A long, low rumbling sound. It was like a storm was breaking in some far-off mythical land. Dad and Alfie looked at each other, and then turned their gazes to Winnie. The poor lady looked down to her round

tummy. It was rumbling and grumbling and expanding at an alarming rate. It was as if it were a balloon that was so full of air it was about to pop.

“I TOLD YOU COFFEE
GOES RIGHT THROUGH
ME!” exclaimed the woman. “MY
BOTTOM IS ABOUT
TO **EXPLODE!**”

“Well,” mused Alfie, looking more than a little smug, “I suppose your story will have to wait for another day...”

“Yes! Yes! I have to go!” exclaimed Winnie. “Now! Right now!” With that, Winnie went to stand up. As she straightened, her bottom burped. Loudly and violently. “In fact, now is too late.” There was another bottom burp, even louder and violenter* than the first. “Oh, dear, excuse me!”

*Made-up word **ALERT**

The lady was deeply embarrassed to have lost control of her bottom so completely. She squatted down a little as she scuttled out of the room sideways like a crab. Winnie was desperately hoping to contain the wind,

but with each step out of the room her bum let rip a thunderous blast of air.



Alfie found this so hilarious he had tears in his eyes now. Dad, who was not meant to find this funny as he was an adult, had his hand over his mouth to stop himself from sniggering too. As they heard the door slam

behind her, the pair finally erupted with laughter, hooting and honking like sea lions. Dad laughed so much that he slid out of his wheelchair and plopped on to the floor. They rolled around for a while on the carpet cuddling and laughing.

Eventually Alfie shuffled over on his knees to the window to watch Winnie zoom off. The moped seemed to be going a hundred times faster than usual. Perhaps her bottom, with the coffee-scented gas whooshing out of it, was functioning like a powerful jet engine?



With the social worker gone, Alfie was out of trouble. For now. But the boy was about to step into a world more dangerous than he could ever imagine...