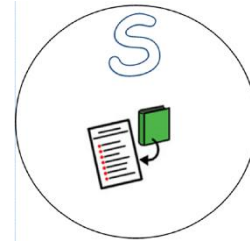
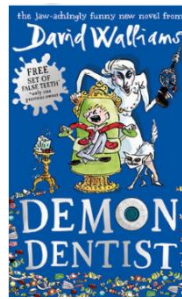


Year 4 Reading

All children

Date: Monday 6th July 2020

LO: To read and summarise a piece of text



Task:

Read or share chapter 26 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

How does Dad react to Afie's story? Who/what is under his bed? What does he see?

Your task today is to read and make some notes as you go so you can summarise what this chapter is all about.

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 26

Thick Brown Slime

Fantastical tales were Dad's speciality. However, this one he struggled to believe. With some prompting from Raj, Alfie told his dad the whole story... the dentist's visit to the school... the special 'Mummy's toothpaste' that burned through stone... the tooth snatching happening every night... being chased by the entire town... and finally having all his teeth taken out. Dad's disbelief turned to anger when Alfie took out the false teeth and held them up to the candlelight.

"When I get my hands on that dentist..." shouted Dad, before he was plunged into a coughing and spluttering fit.

Holding his dad, Alfie declared, "This is why I didn't want to tell you! I didn't want to upset you..."

Alfie's father looked deep into his son's eyes.

"I am more upset you didn't tell me, son... We're a team, aren't we? You and me?"

Alfie nodded; he was afraid his voice would crack with emotion if he spoke.

"You're my pup. My little pup..." continued Dad. "And I would do anything for my little pup... I would die for you, if I had to..."

A tear welled in Alfie's eye. Even Raj was blubbing, and had a big old blow of his nose on his sleeve.

Soon the pair had helped Dad into his chair, and he wheeled himself into the next room to inspect the final and most gruesome piece of the puzzle...

The eyeball.

Thankfully by now it had stopped twitching and wriggling. However, it had left a trail of thick brown slime all over the sheet where it had travelled.

The three faces peered in to inspect it by candlelight.



"The strangest thing is," began Alfie, "I swear I was awake all night. So how could the tooth have been switched with this without me knowing?"

Dad thought long and hard, before replying.

"You must have nodded off at some point, son."

"No," said the boy. Alfie was absolutely sure. "I didn't. And I kept checking under the pillow all night. In fact, I checked just before Raj came in, and it was still there..."

"You shut the window behind me..." added Raj.

"Just after that freezing gust of wind..." Alfie thought aloud.

"Yes," agreed Raj. He inspected the window. "And look, it's still locked..."

Then all three fell deadly silent. Out of the gloom Dad whispered, "Then whoever or whatever did this must still be in the bungalow..."

None of them moved a muscle.

"In fact, it could still be in this room..." he whispered.

Three sets of eyes darted around in the dark. If this was true, where could it be hiding? The room was cramped. There were only a couple of pieces of furniture. It was not ideal for a game of hide-and-seek.

With his eyes, Dad indicated the old wooden wardrobe standing in the corner of the room. Alfie started to tiptoe over to it, holding the candle. His body weight landed on a loose floorboard and it creaked loudly. Dad put his finger up to his lips, and Alfie rebalanced his weight quickly. With two more silent steps he had his hand on the wardrobe door. Dad nodded his head gently, to indicate that his son should open it. The suspense was too much for Raj, who was already cowering behind Dad's wheelchair, and had now closed his eyes.

The boy pulled the handles sharply. Something flew towards him...

His anorak. The sleeve must have been caught in the door.

After taking a breath, Alfie pushed his few items of clothing aside, but there was nothing evil lurking in the cupboard. Aside from an old unwashed football sock, that is. It had been lying there so long it now had yellow and green mould growing on it.

Throughout, Raj's eyes remained tightly shut, his face grimacing in fear. Dad tugged at the newsagent's arm and he startled like a wild horse, leaping into the air as his whole body contorted in fright.

“AAAGGGGAAAGGGH!” he neighed.

“Sssshhhh!” shushed Dad, and with his eyes he pointed to the bed. Raj pointed to himself and assumed an expression which said, ‘Me?’

Dad nodded, with an expression which said, ‘Yes! You!’

The newsagent shook his head. He put his hands together in prayer, begging Dad for it not to have to be him.

Alfie rolled his eyes. He stepped forward and gently pushed the cowardly newsagent aside. Pulling up the sheet, Alfie bent down with the candle in his hand to look underneath the bed. It was dark under there, and even with the candlelight he squinted as he tried to make anything out in the shadows. Like most boys, Alfie never bothered to clean under his bed. So there were long-forgotten pieces of Lego and a pair of dirty old underpants loitering there. All looked ghostly grey, smothered in a thick covering of dust. Alfie sighed. Again there seemed to be nothing evil hiding there...

Then. Under the bed. Out of the darkness. Two eyes opened. And fixed the boy with a deathly black stare.

