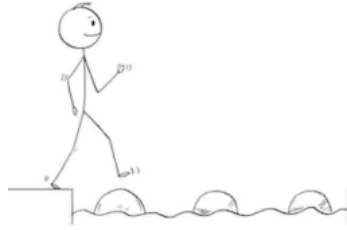


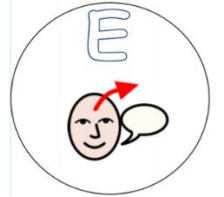
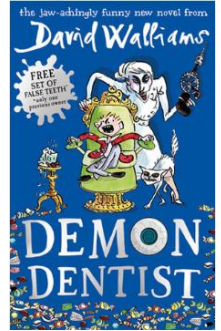
Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity



Date: Tuesday 7th July 2020

LO: To explain vocabulary in context



Task: Vocabulary detective!

Read chapter 27 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Your task is to find definitions (meanings) for each of the words I have identified in the text.

- Read the sentence the word is in
- What is the word class?
- Have a go at guessing the meaning from the sentence
- Check in a dictionary

<u>Word</u>	<u>Word class</u> Noun? Object, place, person Verb? Action word Adjective? Describing word	<u>Word meaning</u>
authority (p 300)		
shard (p 300)		
frustrated (p 301)		
spluttered (p 302)		
revolting (p 302)		
bemused (p 302)		

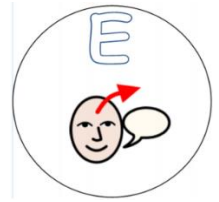
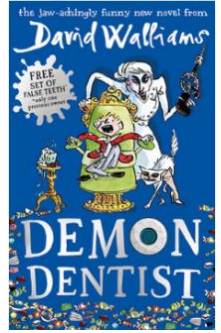
Use 2 of these words to write your own sentences.

Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Tuesday 7th July 2020

LO: To explain vocabulary in context



Task: Vocabulary detective!

Read chapter 27 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Your task is to find definitions (meanings) for each of the words I have identified in the text. (I have put page number in case you have the book)

- Read the sentence the word is in
- What is the word class?
- Have a go at guessing the meaning from the sentence
- Check in a dictionary

<u>Word</u>	<u>Word class</u> Noun? Verb? Adjective?	<u>Word meaning</u>
authority (p 300)		
shard (p 300)		
frustrated (p 301)		
spluttered (p 302)		
revolting (p 302)		
bemused (p 302)		
examine (p 303)		
evidence (p 303)		
plead (p 305)		
liability (p 308)		

Use 2 of these words to write your own sentences.

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 27

A Case of the Willies

PC Plank didn't look best pleased to be dragged out of his warm comfy bed in the middle of the night. The policeman still had his stripy pyjamas on, but had put on his police cap to try and give himself some sense of authority. With a torch, he examined the smashed window in Alfie's bedroom. He traced the beam of the torch around the frame, before shining it on the shards of glass on the floor. Finally the policeman announced, "This window has been smashed."

Alfie rolled his eyes. "Yes, we've established that..."

Plank shone the torch right into the boy's eyes. "Less of your lip, sunshine. You are lucky I don't arrest you. Littering, wasting police time, not stopping when requested by an officer of the law."



Dad was becoming increasingly frustrated with the policeman. His breathing was growing more and more uneven. "Listen, Constable, something very serious happened here tonight. Someone..."

"Or something..." chimed in the newsagent.

"Thank you, Raj..." spluttered Dad, "...or something, came into my son's bedroom in the middle of the night, and left that revolting... thing... under his pillow."

PC Plank shone his torch on the eyeball, still glistening on the bed.

"Hmm..." he hmmmmed*. "Just the one eyeball, was it?"

Made-up word* **ALERT

“What?!” replied Alfie, utterly bemused by the line of questioning.

“Well, they normally come in pairs, don’t they?” Plank defended himself.
“Two would be worse, but I suppose one is still bad...”

“Yes, Plank. An eyeball under your pillow is bad! Very bad...” replied Dad, before breaking into a terrible coughing fit.

“Seeing it gave me an awful case of the willies!” added Raj.

“Gabh and I told you this was happening,” said Alfie. “Now you’ve seen it with your own eyes. I am no detective but I know that eyeball is a really important piece of evidence. Shouldn’t you be taking it away and examining it for fingerprints or DNA?”

“Yes, yes...” replied PC Plank. “But no, no...”

“No?” said Alfie.

“You see, I’ve run out of my special evidence bags. Me mum used the last one tonight for me sandwiches, in case I got peckish...”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake!” said Dad.

The policeman produced the sandwiches from his pyjama pocket. “Jam...” he announced, before taking a bite of one. “Mum makes a very nice jam sandwich, takes the crusts off for me, an’ all.”

Large saliva-sodden crumbs dropped from his mouth on to the eyeball.



“Erm...” said Plank as he munched away. “Have you got any clingfilm in the house I can wrap the eyeball in?”

“No!” replied the boy angrily.

“Hmmm...” The policeman hmmed* again.

Made-up word* **ALERT

“Let me think...” said Plank as he finished his sandwich. “I’ve got it. Can you post it to me?”

“What?” said Dad between coughs, unable to believe quite how stupid this man was.

“Yes! Pop it in a Jiffy bag, slap a second class stamp on it, I should get it by Monday...”

“That will be too late!” cried Alfie. “How many times do you need to be told?”

“Normally about three or four at least to really get through...” replied the policeman without irony.

“Look! Every night kids are putting their teeth under their pillows and waking up to something horrible like this!” pleaded the boy. “You have to do something!”

“ALL RIGHT!” protested PC Plank. “A first class stamp!”

*

It was a relief when the useless policeman finally left. Raj went home soon after. He insisted on calling himself a taxi for the one minute ride back to his flat above the shop. He was far too spooked to walk home alone.

Dad and Alfie cuddled up in bed together. Not only had the boy been scared out of his wits, his father had too. But even with his dad’s arm around him, Alfie couldn’t sleep a wink that night.



His mind was racing, replaying the events in his head over and over again. Was that freezing gust of wind really the tooth snatcher entering his room? And those eyes under the bed. There was no denying it. Alfie had seen those eyes before. Those black eyes. Now he had to confront their owner.

Soon dawn was breaking, the sunlight burning through the holes in the curtains. As Dad snored, Alfie gently lifted his father's heavy arm off him and tiptoed silently back to his room. Everything in there was covered in a silvery frost. With the window smashed, the room had become freezing cold. As quickly as he could, Alfie dressed and popped his false teeth back in. Looking out of the window frame as he zipped up his coat, there was no sound. Not even the birds were singing yet. It was still very early, and the boy knew that this was his chance. Last night had been all too much for his dad's health. Raj's nerves made him a liability. As for Gabz, this was all now way too dangerous for him to want to involve the little girl.

He was going to have to face this monster alone.