



## Year 4 Reading

### All children

**Date: Monday 12<sup>th</sup> July 2020**

**LO: To read and summarise a piece of text**

#### **Task:**

Read or share chapter 30-31 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

**Do Alfie and Winnie manage to save Gabz? How? Does anything get in their way?**

**Your tasks for this week are to read and enjoy the rest of the Demon Dentist! When you have finished the chapters, discuss what has happened with someone else. If you have finished and have time, you can do a reading puzzle!**

#### **Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 30-31**

## Kneel Down Before Me

Winnie grabbed Alfie's hand, and together they raced up the street towards the surgery. The social worker was a big lady. Being a big lady, when she charged towards the door and slammed her shoulder into it, it started to buckle. After two attempts she beckoned to Alfie to jump on to her back to add a little more ballast.



This worked rather well, and on the fourth attempt the door smashed out of its frame and crashed to the floor. Together they flew up the stairs and

burst into the surgery.

Gabz's wrists and ankles were fastened to the dentist's chair just as Alfie's had been. Miss Root loomed over the little girl, wielding a huge drill. Like all her dental tools, the drill looked more like an instrument of medieval torture. It wasn't electric. Instead, her hand circled wildly to make the thick drill bit on the end rotate. It was going so fast, it let out a high-pitched scream as it spun. It was so gigantic it looked like it was more suited to digging a hole in the road than in someone's tooth.

"Get away from her!" shouted Winnie.

Despite the drama, Alfie couldn't help but smile. Finally he and his social worker were a team.



"What is the meaning of this?" proclaimed Miss Root.

"I said get away from her," repeated the social worker.

The dentist pointed the drill towards Winnie and Alfie.

"Step back..." she growled.

"Let Gabz go!" said Alfie.

"Or what...?"

"Or I will write a very strongly worded letter to the British Dental Association..." replied Winnie.

"Help!" screamed Gabz, her entire body trembling with fear. "Root said she's going to take out every single one of my teeth!"

"Yes, I am..." sneered Miss Root.

With that she smiled, baring those too-white-to-be-real teeth of hers. She slowly raised her hand, and pulled those teeth out of her mouth. They were false all along. Lifting the veneers away, she revealed the true horror underneath.

A set of hideous fangs.

Each one sharper, more jagged, bloodier than the next. They were so gruesome, they would not have looked out of place on a Tyrannosaurus rex.



"And none of you can stop me," the dentist continued. "You must kneel

down before me. For I am the *Tooth Witch!*"

## Swinging a Cat

Stepping out from behind Winnie, Alfie circled round the back of the Tooth Witch. Now the demonic one was wielding the drill this way and that to keep them both from coming close.



From the cabinet behind him, he grabbed a tube of Mummy's toothpaste. Fang leaped up on to the counter and launched herself at him, landing on his head. But the cat couldn't stop him squirting the paste straight at the witch's face. Most of it missed and just singed her hair, but as a few flecks of the toxic goo dropped into her black, black eyes, she fell to her knees in pain.

The drill fell out of her hand, and swirled around on the floor like a snake in the throes of death.

Winnie hurried over to the chair, and started trying to force open the metal clasps that bound Gabz to it. As she did so, Fang leaped from Alfie's head to Winnie's, the cat's thick white fur now obscuring the woman's face completely. One by one Fang's razor sharp claws came out, and the evil beast started digging them deep into Winnie's neck until they drew blood.

“HHHHHHHH  
IIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSS  
SSSSSS!!!!!!!” hissed the creature.

“Aaah!” screamed the social worker. “And I am allergic to cats!”

Thinking fast, Alfie grabbed hold of the beast's hard and bony tail, and with all his strength yanked the cat off his social worker.



Alfie had often wondered where the phrase ‘the room wasn’t big enough to swing a cat in’ originated. Now as he found himself swinging a cat by her tail in a small room, her head skimming the chair, the cupboards, even the walls, Alfie’s understanding of the phrase grew.

After swinging Fang round and round, the most natural next step seemed to be to let her go.

Which is exactly what Alfie did.

Fang flew through the air, hissing wildly. The beast shot across the room, and landed with a on the witch’s trolley.





All the deadly dental instruments scattered across the room to the floor.

“Nice one!” said Gabz.

“Thanks,” said Alfie.

With Winnie nursing her wounds, and the witch still rubbing her eyes clear of the last of the toothpaste, Alfie frantically started trying to find the lever to open the metal clasps.

“You were right,” he said breathlessly. “She is a witch!”

“DUH!” replied Gabz. “You don’t say!”

The sarcastic tone took Alfie by surprise. “All right! Do you want me to rescue you or not?” he asked.

“Erm, yes, please...” said Gabz, adding a hopeful little smile. “That one there!”

“Oh yes, of course,” said Alfie. Hastily he reached for the lever behind the headrest, and yanked on it hard. In an instant, the restraints retracted, and Gabz’s wrists and ankles were freed. Like a knight in shining armour, Alfie tried to scoop Gabz into his arms but she was having none of it.

“I can manage, thank you!” said Gabz dismissively. She was a tomboy at heart, and hated this new role she was being cast in as the damsel in distress. She swung her legs round and jumped down on to the floor.

“Let’s go!” said Winnie.

Behind them, rubbing her eyes clear of the last of the toothpaste, the Tooth Witch slowly rose to her feet. Groping behind her with one hand she grabbed one of the ancient tools still left on the trolley. This one had a long sharp spiked hook at the end of it. With her other hand, the witch reached out and grabbed Gabz, pulling her violently towards her, and held the weapon up to the little girl’s throat as she whispered...

“One step forward and your girlfriend dies.”

Winnie and Alfie stood as still and quiet as statues. But the boy couldn’t help himself and broke the silence.

“Just for the record, she is not my girlfriend...”

“Yeah!” scoffed Gabz, the hook almost piercing her skin. “As if I would go out with him!”

“Well, I would never ever in a million years go out with her...” agreed Alfie, a little hurt by quite how sure the girl sounded.

“I wouldn’t go out with you if you were the last boy on earth!” replied Gabz.

“This is not the time!” shouted the witch. With that, she pulled the girl by her hair and backed over to the silver gas cylinder in the corner of the room. The witch climbed astride it, and placed the kicking and screaming Gabz in front of her. Then the witch leaned back, and turned the nozzle on the end of the cylinder. Just in time, Fang hopped up behind her and it

shot off like a rocket. The three of them crashed through the blacked-out window. Alfie ran over to see them zoom off up into the sunless sky. A trail of smoke spilled out behind them.

“Quick, Winnie!” shouted Alfie. “We have to save Gabz!”

The pair raced downstairs, and leaped on to the social worker’s moped. Alfie kept his eyes focused upwards, directing Winnie after the trail of smoke. They sped through the town, travelling cross-country when necessary, taking shortcuts through back gardens, down alleyways, even through a supermarket. Poor Mrs Morrissey had only popped in for a tin of spaghetti hoops. But as the moped roared past, she leaped out of the way, and fell headfirst into the ice-cream section. Within moments, an absent-minded shelf-stacker had stickered her as being on ‘Special Offer’.



“Sorry, Mrs M!” shouted Winnie, before exiting through the five items or less queue to save time. “I’ll be round tomorrow afternoon as usual with the Meals on Wheels!”

As they sped out into the car park, the social worker pulled back on the throttle hard.

“Hold on tight...” she yelled, as the pair picked up the trail of black smoke once more. But now it looked like it had come to a stop somewhere just over the brow of the next hill. As they reached the top, Winnie brought the moped to a halt for a moment.

“Look,” shouted Alfie over the hum of the engine, “the witch has taken Gabz into the old coal mine...”

“Oh no,” said Winnie. “There’s no way down...”

