



Year 4 Reading

All children

Date: Wednesday 15th July 2020

LO: To read and summarise a piece of text

Task:

Read or share chapter 34-35 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

What happens to Alfie and Gabz? What does the Tooth Witch do to them?

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 34-35

Look to the Skies

"I knew you would come after us," announced the Tooth Witch in a superior manner. As she spoke, Fang wrapped her tail around her mistress's legs. "You just had to save your little girlfriend..."

"I told you before. She's not my girlfriend!" replied the boy.

Now Alfie was himself chained to the stalactites, next to Gabz. His wrists and ankles were bound by the same manacles, made entirely of teeth.

They were actually biting into his skin. It was as if the witch were a spider, and he and Gabz were nothing more than flies caught in her web. Of course, spiders are in no hurry to eat the flies they catch. They like to watch them suffer. The Tooth Witch was no different.



"Well done on your rescue plan..." said Gabz.

"You see, Gabz, that's why I would never go out with you!" replied Alfie.

"You are quite pretty but you are actually really annoying."

"You're the annoying one..." replied Gabz.

"Silence, the pair of you!" demanded the witch. "You're both annoying. Getting in the way of my plan to steal all of the children of the town's teeth..."

"Before you boil us, or whatever it is you are going to do," began Gabz, "I would just like to know..."

"Yes, Gabriella, dearest?" the witch sneered.

"What is a Tooth Witch?" asked the girl.

"Yes. Tell us," implored Alfie. "Prove to us you are real..."

"Still you don't believe!" laughed the witch. "How old are you, boy? Eleven?"

"No, I'm twelve," said Alfie indignantly.

"You look younger."

"He is quite short for his age..." agreed Gabz.

"I am actually twelve and a half, nearly thirteen," Alfie snapped.

"Well, children around your age," continued the witch, "twelve and a half, nearly thirteen... you think you know it all. You suppose you're too grown up for stories and myths and legends. You don't want to believe in them any more. That's why children like you are the easiest to catch..."

"All right, all right..." replied Alfie. "But what's so special about teeth?"

The witch's deep black eyes came flickering to life. "I covet them. Like diamonds or rubies. I have collected them for centuries. From all over the world. Moving on from place to place. Now I have settled here, and will not rest until every single child's tooth in this town is mine!"

The Tooth Witch reached into her pocket, and held one up to the candlelight. "Rotten and decayed ones like yours, Alfie, are the most beautiful. Look at this one. It is perfection. With its gorgeous little nooks and crannies. Look how the light dances on its surface."



"You're nuts!" exclaimed Gabz.

"That'll really help," muttered Alfie.

The witch's eyes narrowed. "If it is 'nuts' to desire teeth, why do the tooth fairies want them so much?"

"But tooth fairies aren't real..." protested the boy.

The witch smiled. "Oh yes, they are. Annoying little do-gooders flapping all over the place. I think I managed to capture most of the ones flying around this town. They make a tasty treat for Fang here..."

The cat licked her lips.

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"OK, so witches and fairies are real. What else?" mused Gabz. "What about Father Christmas?"

Alfie laughed at her. "Gabz! He's not real!"

"Oh yes, he's real all right," replied the witch.

"Yes!" said Gabz triumphantly. "I win!"

"Father Christmas is actually quite a tiresome old codger..." continued the witch. "Going around wishing everyone 'Happy Christmas' all the time. And all those mince pies give him very bad wind. Just don't stand behind him when he bends over to fill a stocking..."

Alfie didn't want his dying thought to be Father Christmas blowing off, so he quickly moved on.

"But why do you need so many teeth?" he asked.

"So I can build my witch's lair. Every day I need more and more. I have big plans..." The witch became quite animated now. "See that wall?"

The pair nodded.

"Well, I am going to knock through there, and have an extension built, so I can have one big open living space..."

Alfie and Gabz shared a look. They couldn't believe they were chained to the ceiling of a cave listening to a witch's rather tedious home improvement plans.

"You know collecting the teeth has become so easy..." the Tooth Witch continued. "Years ago, witches like me were caught, and drowned in rivers or burned at the stake. But children nowadays don't believe in magic. They are forever watching TV and playing computer games. They never look to the skies any more. If they did, they would see my cat and

me flying about the town at night, going from house to house. Fang here can smell a fresh tooth from miles away..."

The cat hissed in agreement.

"Then we fly down to the child's bedroom window and, without a sound, fly in and snatch the tooth..."

"But why leave those horrible little calling cards behind?" asked Gabz.

The witch smiled. Her pointy fangs glistened in the candlelight.

"Because, child, I am evil. Pure unadulterated evil. That's the really fun part! I put so much effort into those little gifts for the children. Finding

the largest cockroach, flattening the toads with a mallet, keeping the pig's eyeballs warm so they are still squirming..."

"You are sick!" shouted Alfie angrily.

"Thank you. And don't forget twisted. Now, as much as I love compliments I am beginning to tire of our conversation rather..."

The pair gulped in unison. "What are you going to do to us?" ventured Gabz.

"This cauldron is where I boil up Mummy's special toothpaste..."

"That stuff burns through stone!" said Alfie.

"Yes, the acid in there can destroy anything in its path. If I dunk you both in for just the right amount of time..."

"If you dunk us in, then what...?" asked Gabz nervously.

"It will strip your flesh clean off you..." The Tooth Witch was savouring her words as she spoke, as you or I might savour a particularly delicious flavour of ice cream. "And all that will be left of you will be your bones..."

Feasting on Bones

"It is sure to be a slow, agonising death, children..." expounded the witch, "...exactly how I like them. Then I am going to feast on your bones!"

She looked down at her trusty white cat. "Guess what you are having for tea too, Fang?"

The beast's ears pricked up, and she gazed into her mistress's eyes.

"That's right! Yummy scrummy children's bones..."

Fang purred loudly.

Far off in the distance, Alfie heard an echo. The cat turned her head and hissed. The Tooth Witch cocked her head suspiciously, and then quickened her pace.

With her superhuman strength, she dragged the huge, heavy throne of teeth into position. Next she climbed up to stand on the seat, and started unfastening the chains that bound the children's wrists. Both were now trembling uncontrollably with fear.

"I am going to drop you in the cauldron together," announced the witch, "so you can hear each other's screams as you die..."

"Just to say, I don't mind if you put him in before me..." uttered Gabz, attempting a little black humour to try and lighten the situation.

"Isn't it ladies first?" said Alfie.

Within moments, the witch had untied their wrists. Now the pair were hanging upside down, with the nasty, bubbling yellow gloop lapping at their heads. The noxious stench was so foul Alfie and Gabz could hardly breathe.



"Please, please, please, I beg you..." appealed Alfie now. "You can boil me, but let Gabz go free, she's not done anything wrong..."

It was no use; the witch was not for turning.

"Human emotion. How pitiful..." she muttered as she dragged the throne a few paces and climbed up it again. Now the witch was busying herself unfastening the children's ankles.

"Don't worry, children. Mummy's nearly there. It shouldn't be too long now..." chirped the witch. Alfie's left leg swung free, and his whole body dropped down further. His hair was now touching the toxic goo below, the acid burning the ends.

Far off, within the depths of mine, there was a definite sound of something rattling. The witch was struggling with the boy's final manacle. "It's all very well making everything out of teeth, but it does make things very fiddly..."

Now Fang started to help her mistress, leaping on to her shoulder and nibbling at the binds with her sharp teeth.

Any moment now, Alfie was to meet his end.

But looking out into the tunnel that led to the cave, Alfie could just see something travelling fast towards them on the ceiling. In a flash, he realised it wasn't on the ceiling. He was of course upside down. It was on the ground. A train. A train was coming right towards them.

Hanging there like sides of meat at the butcher's, Alfie gave Gabz a look urging her to stay silent. He didn't want them to give the game away to the Tooth Witch. As the train sped towards them, the boy smiled. At the front of it, driving the engine, was a welcome face.

Dad.