

## **Year 4 Reading**

### **All children**

**Date: Friday 17<sup>th</sup> July 2020**

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

#### **Task:**

Read or share chapter 38-40 and epilogue of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

It's the end of the book! Does it end how you expected? How do you feel about the ending?

**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 38-40 and epilogue**

### **Mummy's Going to Eat You**

"Gabz! Jump!" shouted Alfie. The girl leaped out of the train car. Then the boy vaulted over to his father, and pulled him clear of the engine, just as the dynamite exploded...



Rocks fell from the roof of the tunnel, crashing down on top of them. Cat-skeleton retreated to her bony mistress, who had fallen off her laughing gas cylinder some way back down the tunnel. Because of the explosion,

the cylinder had sprung a leak. It was hissing on the ground, its sweet-smelling gas filling the mine.

Out of the dust storm behind him, Alfie could see the outline of the witch-skeleton rising to her feet.

The train was now a mangled wreck. And the lift still a long way off. Dad was buried under a mountain of rocks. They had crushed whatever strength he had left in him.

"Run, ha ha, boy!" gasped Dad, as Alfie furiously rolled the rocks off his father's body. "Ha ha! Save yourself! Why am I, ha ha, laughing? This isn't funny! Ha ha!"

"It must be the, ha ha ha, laughing, ha ha, gas!" replied the boy. "I am laughing, ha ha, too! Dad, I am not going to leave you, ha ha, down here. Ha ha! Come on, Gabz, help me, ha ha! Grab an arm! Ha ha ha!"

The kids began to heave Alfie's father down the tunnel.

"I'm, ha ha, too, ha ha, heavy..." wheezed Dad. His breathing was rattling in his chest now. "Leave me, ha ha ha..."



"Never! Ha ha ha!" replied Alfie, and together he and Gabz hauled Dad along the track, closer and closer to the lift.

"Ha ha ha! Mummy's coming to get you..." laughed the witch-skeleton, her bones rattling as her shoulders shook. Even what was left of Fang couldn't stop sniggering. With her superhuman strength the witch-skeleton pushed the train and its puny cars aside. Alfie and Gabz started running as fast as they could along the track, dragging Dad behind. Finally, they reached the lift. The man's wheelchair was lying discarded by the metal door where he must have left it. The three tumbled into the lift, and with all his might Alfie slammed the door shut behind them. The two skeletons had caught up with them now, and soon the bones of their

hands and paws were rattling on the door, frantically trying to force it open.

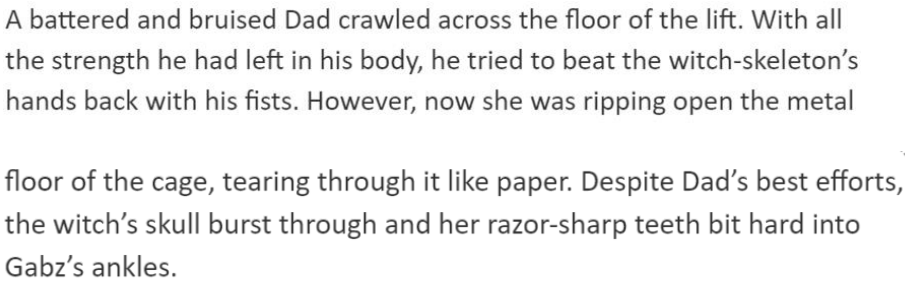
"How did you get the lift working?" pleaded Alfie.

"You just have to connect those two loose wires..." wheezed Dad. "Then pull the top handle..."

Gabz brought the wires together, as Alfie tugged at the lever. The lift shuddered into life. It travelled upwards at speed, leaving the evil twosome below. Alfie sighed with relief.

"Dad, we're gonna make it!"

But any relief was short-lived because the skeletons were now clinging on to the caged floor of the lift as it made its ascent. Suddenly the witch-skeleton's long finger bones twisted through the holes in the floor, and grabbed at the children's feet.



screamed the girl.

## One Final Breath

Finally the lift jolted to a halt at ground level. Blinking into the daylight, Alfie saw the whole town had now crowded around the entrance to the mine. Winnie was at the front, with Raj cowering just behind her. PC Plank was staring at the scene, his mouth open wide in shock. You could have quite comfortably reversed a riot van into it. Dear Mrs Morrissey had hobbled over especially, the old lady still apparently on 'Special Offer'.

Even all the teachers from Alfie's school had raced to see what on earth was going on at the deserted mine. Could there really be a real-life witch on the loose?!

Mr Snood observed intently, as if the whole thing was a startlingly dramatic 'impro'. Miss 'Knickergate' Hare held tightly on to the arm of the trembling headmaster, in fear that in all the kerfuffle her bloomers might make another appearance. Behind them were the caretaker, the secretary, and a whole horde of pupils. Right at the back was Texting Boy. Though he wasn't really taking any notice as he was busy texting.

When they all saw the witch-skeleton gnawing on Gabz's ankle, everyone gasped in horror. Except Winnie. The fearless social worker bolted forward, and slammed the huge metal lift door open.

"Save the kids..." wheezed Dad. Winnie grabbed Alfie and Gabz, to try and pull them to safety. The boy was dragged clear, but the witch-skeleton had dug her teeth deep into the girl's leg now. And she wasn't letting go.



"Aaaaah!" screamed Gabz. The witch-skeleton's cruel teeth were now gnawing into her bone.

Alfie put his arms round Winnie's waist, and desperately helped her pull.

"Come on, everyone!" implored Raj, as he flung aside his fear and rushed forward to add his weight to the effort to free Gabz. The newsagent grabbed hold of Alfie, and pulled as hard as he could. Then PC Plank sprang into action, then the normally timid Mr Grey, before all the teachers joined the human chain. Soon everyone was helping in this epic tug of war with the witch-skeleton. Would this demon ever give up...?

Apart from Texting Boy of course. He was still far too busy texting.

Out of the corner of her eye Winnie spotted him. "For goodness' sake, child, put your blasted phone away for a moment!" she boomed. The gormless boy was so startled he immediately put his mobile into his pocket and finally joined in with the pulling.





Together the entire town pulled and pulled and pulled.

“Heave!” cried Winnie. “HEAVE! HEAVE!”

And with one last collective effort, they just managed to prise Gabz free of the jaws of the witch’s skull.



The whole town landed on the ground in a giant heap. Squished at the bottom of that giant heap was poor Mrs Morrissey.

The witch-skeleton, her bony cat now climbing on to her shoulders, had torn more fully through the caged floor of the lift. In a murderous fury, she faced the whole town – her white skull gleaming more than her teeth ever had; the bones of her ribcage throbbing with rage.

“I am going to eat all of your children... boil them alive and feast on their bones!” she roared. The crowd all took a pace back in terror.

Alfie’s father was lying motionless on the lift floor. His face was pale and drawn. Now he could hardly breathe. He was in so much pain it was a struggle just keeping his eyes open. Dad had known that if he went down

the mine again he couldn’t expect to come out alive. He wheezed, and took one final gasp of breath. He stretched up his hand, even that a tremendous effort for him now, and just managed to reach the lift’s battered old control box.



"Winnie," he gasped. "Promise you'll look after my little pup for me..."

"Dad!" cried Alfie.

"I love you, son..."

With the very last of his strength, Dad ripped a wire clean out of the control box. The lift remained still for a moment. As if it were floating. Then abruptly it began to plummet down the shaft taking the witch-skeleton and the cat-skeleton down with it.

**"Noooooooo!"**

screamed the boy, as his dad dropped out of view, but Alfie was helpless to stop it from happening. Winnie grabbed him and held him close. Alfie

shut his eyes tightly and buried his head into her chest.

It was the last time he would see his father.

The witch was dead.

But with Dad gone there was to be no celebration.

The man was a hero. He had given his life to save not just his son and Gabz, but all the children of the town. Later that night, when a team of firemen finally made it down to the bottom of the mine shaft to bring back up Dad's body, they found his sacrifice had not been in vain.

The skeletons of the witch and her cat had been crushed to pieces. They were now little more than dust. The children of the town were safe from the Tooth Witch forever.

But there was a terrible price to pay.

One little boy was left an orphan.



## A Big Comfy Pillow

The sun shone on the day of Dad's funeral. It was a cold winter morning, with frost underfoot. Just a few days before Christmas. The church was packed. Standing room only. Outside the church those who couldn't get in listened to the service via loudspeakers. The whole town had come to pay their respects to this great man.

As the only family member, Alfie would have been alone in the front row of pews, but Winnie sat on one side of him, and directed Raj to sit on the other. The newsagent was first to burst into tears. Winnie passed him a tissue. Being nearly thirteen, Alfie was determined to be strong, but soon his tears came too in huge crashing waves.

The hymns and prayers gave little comfort, but Winnie putting her arm around him did.



With his dad gone, the boy was sure he would never know happiness again. His face soaked with tears, he rested his head on the big comfy pillow that was Winnie. There was no need for words really, all Alfie needed was to be held.

For the past couple of weeks Alfie had been staying at Winnie's flat.

Yes, she wore clothes so multicoloured it gave you a splitting headache just to look at them.

Yes, she drove her moped like she was a one-woman motorcycle display team.

Yes, she would always devour the last biscuit.

But slowly and surely, Alfie was growing to love her.

When the funeral service drew to a close, the church gradually began to empty.

"I know your father would have been very proud of you, Alfred," said Raj, as he stroked the boy's hair. "Be strong," he added before bursting into tears again and shuffling out of the church.

During the funeral, Gabz had been sitting in the row of pews behind Alfie. As she left, she leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "We are going to have one hell of a story to tell our children."

Alfie smiled sadly and replied, "They are going to love hearing all about their grandpa, the hero..."

"You bet!" she said, before kissing him tenderly on the cheek and leaving.

Soon Alfie and Winnie were the only two souls left in the church. The boy wasn't ready to go outside and face the crowd of townsfolk just yet. Slowly he reached his hand over to hers, and Winnie held it tight. The pair sat there in silence for a while, as they both sniffed away their tears. Eventually Winnie spoke softly...

"How are your teet?"

"My what?" asked Alfie.

"Your teet!"

"You mean my teeth?"

"Yes. That's what I said." Winnie had arranged for the boy to see a very kindly dentist in the next town. Mrs Gleam had laboured for hours and hours to give Alfie an absolutely perfect set of gnashers.

"They're great. Thanks." He traced his tongue around his shiny new teeth.





"Alfred, as much as I wish I could undo the past, I can't. Now we must look to the future," said Winnie. "And just before your father died, he asked me to promise him something. Now I know this might not be the right time, but..."

"But...?" asked the boy.

"But at some point," continued Winnie, "we need to talk about who's going to look after you."

"Oh yes," replied Alfie. He was only staying with the social worker for a few weeks. With both his parents gone he would have to be put up for adoption. "Well, Winnie, we might as well talk about it sooner rather than later..."

"Good. Well, as your social worker I've been talking to the adoption agency on your behalf..."

"Yes?" replied the boy.

"And there's quite a few different options, lots of very nice couples out there, who I know would be very lucky to have you, but..." Her sentence trailed off but she took a deep breath and started once more. By now her voice was cracked with emotion. "Well, I have thought long and hard about what your dad asked me the day he died and..."

"And...?" Was she about to say what he hoped and prayed she would?

"Well..." began Winnie again. This wasn't any easier for her than it was for him. "I was wondering if..." The poor woman was really grasping for her

words now. "Well, I was wondering if you might consider letting me adopt you...?"

Alfie smiled, though a tear welled in his eye. Sometimes you can feel happy and sad all at the same time. This was one of those times.

"Oh, Winnie!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping you were going to say that!"

"Well...?" she stammered.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course I would! I love you, Winnie!"

"I love you too, young Alfred!" exclaimed Winnie. She wrapped her big arms around the boy and squeezed him tight, Alfie's face buried deep within her bulk. After a few moments came a voice...



"Sorry. You're squashing me!"

"Oh dear!" said Winnie, as she relaxed her grip a little. "Is that better?"

"Yes," replied Alfie, as he wrapped his arms around her too. "Much better. Much, much better..." No one could replace Dad, but Winnie made him feel safe.

And warm. And most importantly, loved.

## Epilogue

The next time Alfie visited the church, it was a much happier occasion. It was the following year, and much to everyone in the town's surprise, Winnie was finally getting married.

But to whom?

Despite the fact that Alfie was now a teenager, his new mum had asked him to be her page boy. It was a role traditionally reserved for toddlers. Alfie had had no idea what a page boy's duties were, or more importantly what a page boy had to wear. So he had said yes. Little did he know then

that Winnie would dress her adopted son in a sailor-themed outfit for her wedding day. Alfie had on a tunic, shorts, knee-high socks and a cap that Winnie insisted should be worn at a 'jaunty angle'.

*Well, thought Alfie, it is her wedding day...*



However, the boy wasn't the most absurdly dressed person in the church that day. Oh no. And surprisingly, the bride-to-be only made it to second place, despite wearing a dazzling canary-yellow wedding dress, with numerous bustles, layers and a long frilly train. Winnie looked like someone had dipped a hot-air balloon in a giant bucket of custard. But beautiful, in a hot-air-balloony\* custardy\* type way.

---

**\*\*Double made-up word ALERT**

---

As Winnie walked up the aisle, with her adopted son a few paces behind her carrying her train, the pair saw the groom beaming at the altar.



The man stood waiting proudly for his beautiful bride-to-be, munching on an out-of-date toffee. Yes, the town's most eligible bachelor had found love again...

Raj!

The newsagent would have easily won a prize for being the most absurdly dressed person at a wedding. Ever. Winnie had kitted him out for their special day in a bright purple top hat and tails. Raj's outfit was what a comedy penguin might wear on a mid-price greetings card.



It was Alfie who had brought them together. He would often ask his new mum to stop off at Raj's little shop on the way home from school. Over all the crazy special offers and out-of-date chocolates, the unlikely pair had fallen in love.

Both Winnie and Raj had lived alone for many years. Although neither had children, both dearly wanted to be parents but assumed the opportunity had passed them by forever. Fortunately they were very much mistaken. Now they were going to be part of a loving family. With Alfie at the centre of it.

"Do you, Winnie Prophecy Mystelle Passionfruit Turquoise Dave Smith, take this man to be your husband...?" recited the vicar. He looked more

than a little concerned that the list of Winnie's middle names would never end.

"I do," boomed the bride.

"And do you, Raj...?" The vicar stopped. Surely the newsagent had at least a surname?

"No, vicar, it's just Raj..." chirped the groom.

The vicar continued. "Do you, Raj, take this woman to be your wife?"

"Is this the bit where I say 'I do'?" asked Raj. Winnie rolled her eyes.

"Yes!" she barked.

Raj looked at his beautiful bride with great love in his eyes, before replying, "I do."

"Then I now pronounce you man and wife," concluded the vicar. "You may kiss the bride."

The unlikely pair of lovebirds kissed.

When they finally parted, some of Winnie's mandarin-coloured lipstick was smeared all over Raj's mouth. It looked like the newsagent had been sucking greedily on one of his own ice lollies. The newly married couple turned to face the congregation, who applauded wildly at this happy union.

No one louder than Alfie. Now he could have all the free sweets in the world. Well, all the out-of-date ones at least.

Outside the church the confetti was thrown, and the photographs taken.

All that was left was for Winnie to throw her wedding bouquet over her shoulder. Folklore said that whichever woman caught it would be next to be married. As Miss Hare, Mrs Morrissey and all the unmarried maids of the town circled behind the bride, Winnie flung her spray of flowers high into the air. Without her even attempting to catch it, the bouquet landed squarely on Gabz's head. The girl, who wasn't quite so little any more, laughed and smiled over at her boyfriend. Alfie smiled back. *Maybe one day we will...* he thought.



Soon it was time for the bride and groom to leave for the honeymoon, and Winnie straddled her moped. There was a 'Just Married' sign stuck on the back, and the small vehicle trailed cans on string, as is traditional for the wedding vehicle.





"Come on, husband!" she cooed. Raj took a running jump and leaped on the back.

"And come on, Alfred!" said Raj.

"Yes, come on, pup..." called Winnie. Alfie hopped on between them, before the three tugged away on the tiny moped, its engine struggling under their considerable combined weight.

"Hold on!" said Winnie, as she threw the bike into a wheelie outside the church to delight the congregation, before righting it again and whizzing off down the road.

Sandwiched between Winnie and Raj, and with the warm summer wind blowing on his face, Alfie couldn't help but smile. The day his father died,

Alfie thought any chance he had of ever being happy again had died too. However, as they zoomed through the town and off into the distance, he closed his eyes. He wanted to catch this feeling. Happiness.

In his head, Alfie could hear Dad's voice.

"All you have to do is close your eyes, and believe..."



**Why not try reading other David Walliams books over your summer holiday!**