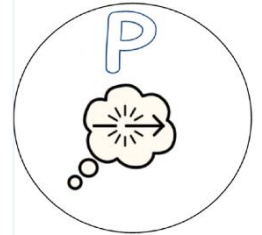
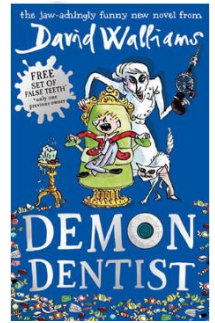


Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity

Date: Monday 8th June 2020

LO: To predict what might happen using clues in the text



Task:

Share chapter 5 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, we find out a bit more about what Miss Root **could** be like.

Your task is to:

1. Find some clues in the text that tell us Miss Root might be an **evil person**.
2. Predict what may happen using these clues- what might Miss Root be capable of?

Clues in chapter 5:



E.g.

- **Miss Root glared at Gabz.**
- **Strangely, however many sweets the children took, there were more and more filling the tray.**

Find 3 more clues!

-
-
-

Prediction:

I predict that Miss Root might....

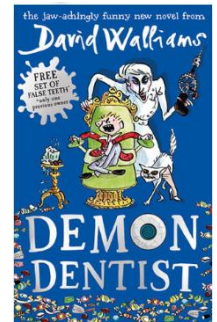
because it says in the text...

Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Monday 8th June 2020

LO: To predict what might happen using clues in the text



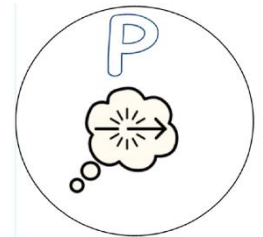
Task:

Read chapter 5 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, we find out a bit more about what Miss Root **could** be like.

Your task is to:

1. Find at least 5 clues in the text that tell us Miss Root might be an **evil person**.
2. Predict what may happen using these clues- what might Miss Root be capable of?



Clues in chapter 5:



Prediction:

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 5

Special Sweeties

"Now be a good boy and pop back to your seat...!" ordered Miss Root. Alfie did what he was told. Not wanting to catch anyone's eyes for fear of further humiliation, he put his head down as he trudged back to his seat.

"Now, children..." continued the lady, "who else would like a present? I have some free sweeties...?"

Hundreds of hands shot up, and soon the hall was humming with the chattering of excited children.

"But don't sweets rot your teeth?" shouted out Gabz.

Miss Root glared at her, then smiled. "Oh, aren't you a feisty one? What's your name, child...?"

The girl hesitated, but eventually said, "Gabz..."

"Well, of course, young Gabriella is right. Normally sweeties do rot your teeth. But not these ones. No! Mummy's sweeties are special. All my sweeties are completely sugar-free, so you can eat as many as you like..." From under the trolley she pulled out a tray, and whisked a white sheet off the top of it. Underneath was a huge pile of brightly coloured goodies. There were chocolates and chocolates and more chocolates. Toffees and fudge. Sucky sweets and chewy sweets. Fruity ones and minty ones. Melt in your mouth sweets. Crunchy sweets. Fizzy sweets. Explosive sweets.

"Come on, children. Don't be scared. Come and help yourselves to Mummy's special sweeties..."



In an instant, hundreds of children surged forward and started eagerly grabbing huge handfuls of sweets. As many as they grabbed, and the greedy little boys and girls were stuffing their faces and pockets, there seemed to be more. And more. And more.

"Take as many as you like!" Miss Root called over the din. "I can always magic up some more...!"

Alfie noticed Gabz was sitting stock-still in her seat.

"Are you not gonna get any?" asked Alfie.

Gabz shook her head. "No."

"Why not?"

"Haven't you ever heard the tale about the brother and sister who go into the woods and find the house made of sweets...?"

Alfie was surprised that the little girl's imagination had run away with her like this. "Hansel and Gretel? Yes, of course, everyone has, but that's just a stupid fairy story."

Gabz turned her head and fixed him with a stare.

"It's not stupid. And just because it's a fairy story doesn't mean it never happened..." she said, before turning her gaze back to the dentist who was smiling broadly with those impossibly white teeth of hers, as the kids filled all their pockets with sweets. Strangely, however many the children took, there were more and more and more filling the tray.

Along the rows, just one boy stayed glued to his chair. It was Texting Boy. He was still texting.



On his way home from school that afternoon, Alfie wanted to dispose of the presents Miss Root had given him as quickly as possible. He didn't trust that lady one bit. There was something deeply disturbing about her. That splash of red on her shoe, the creep around the hall in the minute's silence for the dead dentist, and those sugar-free sweets that never ran out were just too good to be true. So when Alfie crossed the bridge over the canal as he always did on his way to and from school, he stopped. He pulled the toothbrush and toothpaste out of his blazer pocket. He examined the label, 'MUMMY'S'. It was such a comforting brand name. How could you not trust anything called 'MUMMY'S'?

The boy unscrewed the lid of the tube. Immediately some sticky yellow gunk, the colour of pus, snaked out of the end. It smelt rank, like warm sick. A small glob of it fell to the ground. It hissed and fizzed as it bore its way through the stone bridge like acid. *What is in that toothpaste?* thought Alfie. Just then he noticed the paste was still oozing out of the tube. It was moving dangerously close to his fingers. A smidgen of it landed on his skin, and instantly he could feel it burning.



"Ow!" screamed the boy. He quickly threw the tube into the canal below. It plopped into the water, and he watched as the tube sank to the bottom, the paste still snaking out. Then Alfie noticed he still had the hard wire toothbrush Miss Root had given him in his other hand. The bristles looked like they would scratch your teeth away, rather than clean them. So he threw the brush in the canal too.

As Alfie took a couple of paces to continue on his journey home, a strange sound stopped him in his tracks. Looking back he saw that beneath the bridge, the water in the canal was boiling and bubbling. It was like a mini volcano erupting. The boy watched in horror as a school of dead fish plopped to the surface and floated there. As he peered down at the water, a gaggle of kids from his school passed him, laughing and joking, their mouths full of 'MUMMY'S' chocolates and toffees and fruit chews. Every single child looked like they couldn't be happier, greedily munching and crunching and scrunching them.



If that's what her toothpaste does, thought Alfie, what on earth is in those special sweets of hers...?