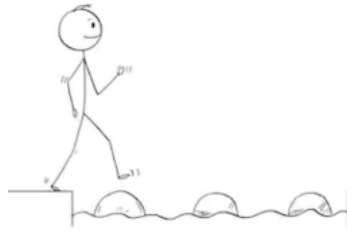


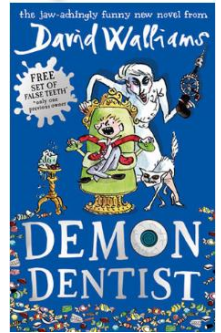
Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity



Date: Thursday 11th June 2020

LO: To find clues in the text to support inferences




Task:

Share chapter 8 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

I have made some inferences from this chapter.

Your task is to find 2 clues within the text that support each inference.

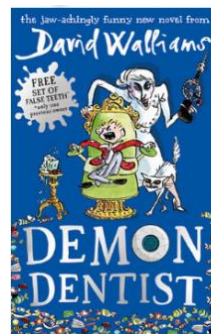
<u>Inference</u>	<u>Clues from the text</u> <u>How can you tell?</u> 
Alfie's life has been quite difficult.	E.g. You can tell Alfie's life has been difficult as it says in the text he grew up without a mum.
Winnie is a caring person, in her own way.	You can tell Winnie is a caring person because it says in the text...
Alfie was very upset with Winnie when she started opening letters from the dentist.	You can tell Alfie was upset with Winnie because it says in the text...

Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Thursday 11th June 2020

LO: To find clues in the text to support inferences




Task:

Read chapter 8 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

I have made some inferences from this chapter.

Your task is to find 2 clues within the text that support each inference.

<u>Inference</u>	<u>Clues from the text</u> <u>How can you tell?</u> 
Alfie's life has been quite difficult.	E.g. You can tell Alfie's life has been difficult as it says in the text he grew up without a mum.
Alfie was upset by what he had heard his dad say.	
Winnie is a caring person, in her own way.	
Alfie was very upset with Winnie when she started opening letters from the dentist.	
Winnie feels sorry for Alfie.	

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 8

Teet

"Alfie?" called Dad from the living room. "What about that biscuit for our new friend Winnie?"

Hastily, Alfie tiptoed back across the hall to the kitchen, and busied himself there. He had heard something he was never meant to hear. And now he had to hide it.

"I'll go and check on him, Mr Griffit," announced the lady.

"By the way, Winnie, it's Griffith," said Dad.

"That's what I said," corrected Winnie. "Griffit."

She thundered down the hallway. Alfie didn't want this stranger to see him cry. He hated anyone seeing him upset. Growing up without a mum, Alfie's life had been touched with more sadness than most children's. As a result, he had learned to hide his feelings. To bury them somewhere deep within where no one could see. His heart was a fortress.

Alfie hastily dabbed his eyes with the sleeve of his blazer, before attempting to wipe away the tears that had run down to the end of his nose.

"Now, young Alfred, have you found any more biscuits?" enquired Winnie. The boy had his back to her, and didn't turn around. He hoped that in a few more moments all trace of his tears would be gone, and his red and blotchy face would have returned to normal.

Winnie could sense something was wrong. "Alfred? Alfred? Are you all right, young man?"

The boy hastily grabbed the scratched-up old biscuit tin from the larder. Still not turning to face her, he passed it over roughly.

"There you go. Eat the last one, why don't you?!"

Winnie slowly shook her head, then her eyes were drawn to the mountain of letters on top of the larder behind Alfie.

"And what are all these...?" she asked.

"All what?" replied the boy. Alfie turned round, and in a panic realised she meant all the dental appointment letters he had been hiding from his father for the past few years.

"That's just rubbish," he lied.

"Well, if it's just rubbish, let me help you put it in the bin." Winnie was a wise old bird. She reached up her hand to grab the letters. Before Alfie could say anything, her eyes started flickering through the pages. Soon his secret was out.



"Well, who would have thought it! They're all letters from the dentist! Oh dear, Alfred, you haven't been for years!" proclaimed the social worker. "Now I know a lot of children under my care are scared of the dentist, but trust me..."

Alfie snatched the letters out of her hand.



"Stop poking your nose where it doesn't belong!" he barked. "I love my dad and I look after him better than anyone else could. Better than you. Better than anyone. So why don't you just walk out that door and never come back? Just leave us alone!"

Winnie looked at Alfie, waiting for his white-hot anger to cool. Slowly, her head tilted to one side. In her job as a social worker she had met many troubled children over the years, but none quite as spirited as this boy. She took a breath, before saying, "Please, Alfred, believe me, I am here to help you and your dad. I know it's not going to be easy for you to accept that. I know you probably hate me right now..."

The boy's silence was telling.

"But who knows, Alfred, in time you may come to like me. One day we might even be friends..."

Alfie scoffed at the thought.

"Now, young man, why don't we sit down and have a little talk...?"

The boy couldn't control his rage at this woman any longer.

"There is nothing to talk to YOU about!" he shouted, before pushing past her out of the cramped kitchen.

As he dashed along the hallway to his bedroom, Winnie called after him.

"Please, Alfred..." she implored.

But the boy simply ignored her, slammed his bedroom door shut behind him and locked it. Alfie slumped down on his bed. He shut his eyes tight in frustration. Just then he heard a gentle tapping on the door.

TAP TAP TAP.

Even the way she knocked on the door was annoying to him.

"Alfred?" she whispered. "It's Winnie!"

Alfie said nothing.

"Just to say, I am off now," said Winnie, pretending nothing was wrong. "But I will call the dentist first thing tomorrow morning about your teet. I've heard a very nice lady has just taken over, by the name of Miss Root. Bub-bye!"

Alfie gulped. Not Miss Root. Anyone but Miss Root...

