

Year 4 Reading

All children

Date: Monday 15th June 2020

LO: To summarise a piece of text

Task:

Read or share chapter 10 and 11 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

In these chapters, Alfie and Gabz go to the police and Alfie tries to think of reasons why he can't go to the dentist...

Your task today is to read!!! Make some notes as you go so you can summarise what these 2 chapters are all about.

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 10 and 11

Urgent Police Business

"So, kiddy winkies, let me get this straight..." sighed PC Plank, "we are talking about some evil, flying, tooth-snatching monster?"

The policeman was more used to dealing with speeding tickets and hedge disputes between neighbours. Unsurprisingly, he was not the least bit convinced by the children's story. It was straight after school, and Alfie and Gabz had raced down to the police station as fast as their legs could carry them. Now they were sitting in a brightly lit interview room with a not-so-bright policeman.

"I never said it was definitely one hundred per cent a monster!" replied the girl.

Plank shook his head wearily. "But it could be a monster?"

She nodded.

"And nobody has seen it. Oh yes, and it only comes out at night!" PC Plank scoffed.

"That's right," replied Gabz, trying to put a brave face on it. Quickly she unrolled her map. "Look, officer. Every one of these kids has woken up with something horrible under their pillow..."

The policeman studied the map for a moment, but he couldn't be swayed.

"Probably just their older brother or sister's idea of a joke!" replied Plank eventually.

"Kind of a sick joke, don't you think?" asked Alfie forcefully.

"Well, I er... I suppose it is, er, a little strong..." spluttered the policeman.



The boy was sure he had PC Plank on the ropes. Now all he had to do was deliver the knockout punch. "And we both think it might be something to do with the new dentist, Miss Root. She came to our school yesterday and gave me a free tube of her special toothpaste..."

"What of it?" replied PC Plank.

"It burned through stone."

The policeman narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brow. This detail of their story definitely interested him. "Did you bring this toothpaste with you today, lad?"

Sheepishly, Alfie shook his head. "No, I er... I threw it in the canal."

Plank looked decidedly unimpressed. "Littering. That's a criminal offence. Could do you for that!"

"But..." protested Alfie.

"Well, lad, if you and your girlfriend don't mind..."

Girlfriend?! Alfie was horrified at the thought. He'd never had a girlfriend, and was still at the age where he thought girls were yucky. Completely and utterly yucky*.

*Made-up word **ALERT**

"She's not my girlfriend!" he protested.

"As if I would go out with him!" chimed in Gabz.

"All right, all right, if you and your 'friend' don't mind, I have some urgent police business to attend to."

"What's more urgent than this?!" demanded Gabz.

The policeman looked aggrieved. He wasn't used to being spoken to like that.

"If you must know, I have an eighty-year-old woman waiting in the cell. She was apprehended in the supermarket with a Scotch egg stuffed down her tights."

"Oh, excuse me!" said Gabz mockingly. "I had no idea a master criminal was in our midst."

Alfie smirked. He loved how cheeky his new friend could be. Predictably, PC Plank didn't see the funny side. In fact he was infuriated. So infuriated that he stood up sharply and shouted...

"OUT!"

The pair stood outside the police station in the freezing cold. Alfie tried to console Gabz, who looked utterly dejected.

"Come on, Gabz, you can't blame him," said Alfie. "I mean, it does all sound really hard to believe..."

It was only the late afternoon, but it was already becoming dark. A wicked winter wind whipped through the air as the little girl looked up to the sky.

"They'll strike tonight," said Gabz. She gazed at the black clouds rolling overhead. "I just know it. Somewhere in this town a child will wake up screaming..."



The Plan

"You're late, son..." called Dad from the living room, as Alfie walked in the front door of the bungalow.

"Oh, I was, er, just at chess club..." replied Alfie. It wasn't the smartest lie, as he barely knew how to play draughts, let alone chess, but he didn't want his father to worry. Then, entering the living room, Alfie saw that SHE was back.

Winnie.

Fussing over Dad's blanket.

"Good news, young Alfred!" she announced.

"What's that?" said the boy. He was hoping Winnie was going to say she was moving abroad.

"I've got you an appointment with the dentist!" she said proudly.

Alfie shuddered.

"Good news, isn't it, son?" said Dad.

"I spoke to Miss Root on the phone this morning," said Winnie. "She told me she remembered meeting you at your school yesterday. Anyways, she said she was all booked up with patients, but as your teet are so bad she could squeeze you in tomorrow at two!"

Tomorrow was a Wednesday and Alfie was of course meant to be at school, in a Double Maths lesson, to be precise. The boy hated Maths, but **Double** Maths, even Triple Maths, QUADRUPLE Maths or INFiNITY Maths would be preferable to going to have his teeth poked, prodded or even pulled out. Especially by that woman. Alfie loathed everything about Maths, every single little bit of it – the times tables, equations, algebra – but those instruments of torture were far less painful than any dentist's.

"Thanks so much, Winnie," lied Alfie.

"How will you get there?" asked Dad.

"Don't worry, I can easily get the bus there myself from school tomorrow afternoon."

The town's bus service had a long-standing reputation for being unreliable. Of course, Alfie had no intention of going anywhere near the dentist, and with the bus service being what it was, he would have a long list of possible excuses as to why he didn't make his appointment:



• I waited and waited but the bus never turned up (an oldie but a goodie).



• I got on the wrong bus, one which was actually being used by a motorcycle display team to jump over.

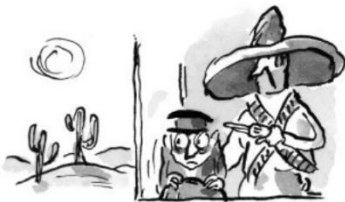
- The fattest man in the world stepped on to the bus and it toppled over on to its side.



- The bus was delayed for hours as it stopped at the zoo and a waddle of penguins tried to get on, but none of them had the right change and the driver became quite irate.



- A gang of bank robbers hijacked the bus and diverted it to Mexico.



- The driver went the wrong way and the bus got stuck under a low bridge. A group of scientists then had to miniaturise it so it could get on its way, and of course this took time, as they had to invent the miniaturisation machine first.



- Next-door's dog ate the bus (this works better for homework).



- The bus was in fact a Transformer, a robot in disguise. So the journey to the dentist was delayed as it fought with other Transformers for control of the universe. Also there were some roadworks.



• The bus got a flat tyre, so we needed the world's strongest man to lift up the bus so the wheel could be changed. As none of the passengers knew who the world's strongest man was, we had to organise our own 'World's Strongest Man' competition at the side of the road, and the series of challenges to determine the winner took several days.



• The bus was sucked into a space-time vortex and I was propelled billions of years into the future to when aliens rule the earth (this one only to be used as a very last resort).



However, Winnie eyed the boy with suspicion. She had dealt with all sorts of difficult children in her many years as a social worker. The town was full of kids like Alfie, who would lie and cheat their way out of having their nits or their ear wax or their verrucas or their teeth seen to. Quick as a flash, she replied, "No no no, Alfred. You don't get no bus..."

"No...?" asked Alfie.

"No. I will take you there myself on my moped."

"Thank you so much, Winnie," said Dad.

"All part of the service, Mr Griffit."

The social worker expounded on her plan:

She would collect Alfie from school on her moped at 1:30pm. The journey was only fifteen minutes, so there should be absolutely no chance he would be late. In fact, most likely he would be early.

When they arrived at the dentist's, Winnie would take him upstairs herself. That way there would be no opportunity for the boy to take an unscheduled detour to the local sweet shop.

Next, as Miss Root poked and prodded Alfie's teeth, Winnie would wait, and book the boy a follow-up appointment.

Finally, she would drop him off back at school. He wouldn't even have to miss all of Double Maths!

It was so well thought through. How could it fail?

Alfie watched at the window as the social worker, looking like a giant tropical fish, chugged off down the road on her little red moped. The machine made a rather stuttering *tut-tut-tut* sound as she motored away. Winnie was quite a menace on the road. She swerved around parked cars and leaped over a speed bump before bringing the moped up into a wheelie as she disappeared out of view.



Tropical fish

Winnie

"So, my pup..." said Dad, as father and son sat in the living room by candlelight later that night. The electricity company had cut them off years ago. "Are you ready for tonight's adventure...?"

"Yes, Dad," he replied dutifully.

In truth, the boy wasn't. Alfie had bigger things on his mind than going on some imaginary voyage.

"So close your eyes, and believe..." implored Dad. Alfie sighed, and reluctantly half-closed his eyes. While the other boys at school were watching movies in 3D or playing the latest computer games, he was forced to sit in the dark with his father.

"Let's believe we are in an old castle, sitting around a huge, round, wooden table. We are wearing heavy suits of armour. There are long swords by our sides. We are knights. And there are another ten knights seated around us. It is the time of King Arthur and we are two of the Knights of the Round Table. Now you take over, son..."

Alfie's mind had wandered. There was so much buzzing around his brain right now... the terrifying goings-on in the town that Gabz had uncovered... the arrival of the busy-body social worker... the dental appointment with the deeply creepy Miss Root. So although Alfie had heard what his father had said, he hadn't listened.

"OK, erm, well, we're knights right, so erm... I dunno..."

Dad opened his eyes, and saw that Alfie's were open too.

"What's the matter, son?"

"Nothing, Dad. Sorry, I just have a lot of schoolwork on at the moment. Got some big tests next term..."

The candlelight flickered in the dark, but there was enough light to see that Dad was upset. He reached out for his son's hand.

"Pup, you'd tell me if there was something wrong, wouldn't you?"



"Of course," said Alfie, as he pulled his hand away. His mind was racing. There was no way he was going to go anywhere near that dental surgery. Alfie needed a counterplan. And fast.