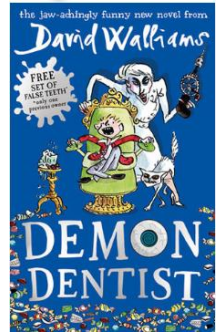
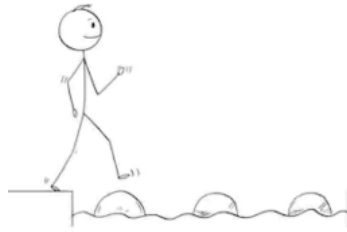


Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity

Date: Tuesday 16th June 2020

LO: To retrieve information from a text



Task:

Share chapter 12 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

Answer the retrieval questions below. Make sure you:

- Read the question thoroughly
- Underline key words
- Skim and scan the text for key words
- Write down a precise answer

1. Name 2 things Alfie does first thing in the morning.
2. What time is Winnie picking Alfie up from the school gate?
3. Name 1 action from Alfie's 3 point plan.
4. How many 'attacks' happened in the night?
5. What do Gabz and Alfie notice that is different about the kids today?
6. Why is Alfie starting to find Gabz annoying?

Winnie is now in the school building on her moped!! What do you predict might happen next...?

Year 4 Reading

Main activity

Date: Tuesday 16th June 2020

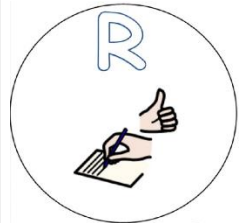
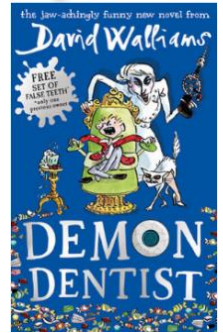
LO: To retrieve information from a text

Task:

Read chapter 12 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Answer the retrieval questions below. Make sure you:

- Read the question thoroughly
- Underline key words
- Skim and scan the text for key words
- Write down a precise answer



7. Name 3 things Alfie does first thing in the morning.
8. What time is Winnie picking Alfie up from the school gate?
9. Summarise Alfie's 3 point plan.
10. How many 'attacks' happened in the night?
11. What is different about the kids today?
12. Why is Alfie starting to find Gabz annoying?
13. What lesson is Alfie in when he has to go to his appointment?
14. What was Winnie wearing when she turned up to the school?
15. What were Alfie's 2 thoughts about Winnie when he saw her?
16. Alfie's hears a noise...what is it?

Winnie is now in the school building on her moped!! What do you predict might happen next...?

Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 12

The Counterplan

Every morning before school, Alfie had to get up super-early. This was because, besides getting himself ready for the day, he had to look after his father too. So after putting on his school uniform, he helped Dad get washed and dressed. Next he made them both some breakfast. This morning there was nothing left in the larder save for a solitary stale crust of bread. The boy gave his dad the bigger half, but Dad swapped the plates when Alfie had his back turned so his son could have it.



Before Alfie knew it, he was running late.

“Now remember, Winnie will pick you up from the school gates at one-thirty to take you to the dentist,” said Dad.

“How could I forget...?” mooched the boy.

“She’s a good woman. She’s even called the school for me so they know all about it.”

“That’s kind of her,” replied Alfie, in a stilted tone.

“Now don’t be late.”

“Don’t worry, Dad, I’ll be there,” lied the boy. Alfie kissed his dad on the forehead as he did every morning, and left for school.



Unable to sleep last night, Alfie’s mind had whirled for hours formulating a counterplan. It was simple. Devilishly simple.

He would hide.

It was a three-point plan:

1. At 1:29pm, Alfie would ask to be excused from Double Maths to go to the dentist.
2. Then instead of walking to the school gates to meet Winnie, he would conceal himself somewhere. The school was vast and there had to be hundreds of great hiding places. The store cupboard, under a pile of lost property, even behind the atlases in the library. Anywhere where this meddling woman wouldn’t be able to find him.
3. Finally, he would stay hidden until the bell signalling the end of school rang, then simply join the throng of pupils leaving for home.

“Psst, Alfie...”

The boy looked around the school playground but he couldn’t see who was whispering to him.

“Psst... Behind the bins...”

It was first thing in the morning and the whole open space was bustling with children arriving at school. Hesitantly, Alfie circled the bins, and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the voice belonged to his newest and littlest friend.

“Oh, hi, Gabz,” said Alfie.

“Last night. Another thirteen reported attacks!”

“Wow!” Alfie was gobsmacked.

“Kids found all sorts under their pillows...”

“Like what?”

“A puppy’s tail sliced clean off... a hairy wart... an electric eel still wriggling... And this morning, haven’t you noticed anything different?” said the little girl.

“About what?”

“The kids. Look at them...”

Alfie peered out from behind the bins, observing his fellow pupils. At first glance he didn’t notice anything particularly different.

“I don’t know...” said the boy.

“I thought you weren’t like the others. I thought you were smart...”

Alfie was determined to go back up in the girl's estimation. Now he looked closer and noticed the kids were much quieter than usual, many of them holding their jaws in pain.

"Toothache!" proclaimed the boy.

"Bingo! We got there!" sighed Gabz.

"It must have been all the sweets Root was giving out..."

"You don't say," she retorted, in a sarcastic tone.



Alfie was beginning to tire of being spoken to like he was a complete dummy. "Please just shut up for a moment. I am beginning to find you really annoying."

Alfie gathered his thoughts. "So obviously those sweets can't be sugar-free. They must be absolutely packed with sugar. But why is Root doing this? Just to get new patients...?"

"Or some kind of sick and twisted joke?" mused Gabz.

Alfie suddenly remembered. "You won't believe this, but my social worker got me an appointment to see Root this afternoon..."

A broad smile crossed the little girl's face. "That's brilliant!"

"What?" said Alfie, incredulous.

“You can have a look around her surgery for clues. See if there’s anything to connect her to all the tooth snatching that’s been going on.”

Alfie couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Are you crazy? That woman frightens me. I am not going anywhere near her surgery. Who knows what she might do...?”

“Scaredy cat.”

Alfie looked down at Gabz. He couldn’t believe he had been called a ‘scaredy cat’ by:



A girl.

Who was only eleven.

And at least a foot shorter than him.

“Say that again!” demanded Alfie.

Gabz wasn’t easily intimidated. “Scaredy cat scaredy cat scaredy cat,” she taunted.

“Hey, Miss Marple! You’re the one who’s desperate to find out all about her. Why don’t you go?!” sneered Alfie.

Gabz fixed him with a stare. “Maybe I will...” she said. And with that the little girl turned, flicked her dreadlocks, and made her way into the main school building.

The school day passed painfully slowly for Alfie. Lessons seemed to stretch on for hours. The boy was waiting and waiting for Double Maths, when he could put his three-point counterplan into action. There was no

way he was going to Miss Root's surgery and letting that woman loose on his teeth. Alfie didn't care one bit if that made him a 'scaredy cat'.

Finally the clock clicked into position. It was 1:29pm.

Right on cue, Alfie put up his hand in the middle of a particularly devilish piece of algebra, and asked to be excused from class.

His Maths teacher, Mr Wu, had been informed of the dentist appointment by the school secretary, and let him go.

"Jolly good. I do think it's high time you had your teeth seen to, Griffith..." announced the teacher, to sniggers from the rest of the class.

Alfie said nothing. He stood up, collected his books and left the classroom.

Boom! The counterplan was running like clockwork.

All he had to do now was find somewhere to hide. And fast.

As Alfie walked he surreptitiously checked the handles on the cleaning cupboard doors. Darn. Locked. As he passed classrooms, he ducked a little under the glass in the doors to avoid the darting eyes of suspicious teachers.

Heading upwards, he passed a window on the central staircase and peered out. Through the grimy glass, Alfie looked past the empty playground to the huge school gates. The unmistakeable and unmissable figure of Winnie was standing out in the rain, her little red moped by her side. The woman had a big orange anorak on that was blustering in the winter wind. It gave her the appearance of a tent that was about to tear free of its pegs and flap off high into the sky. For a moment, Alfie felt a

pang of guilt that the social worker was out there in the cold waiting for him. *She is only trying to help, isn't she?* he thought, before another thought crossed his mind... *No, she's just an interfering old bag.* Silently he watched as Winnie checked the time, then looked up at the school. Alfie ducked his head. Had she seen him? He couldn't be sure.



Running up the stairs, the boy continued his desperate search for somewhere to hide. The classrooms were all in use, the pottery room was locked, and going all the way down to the boiler room right now was far too risky. Then somewhere deep in the belly of the school he heard a sound. A sound that Alfie couldn't possibly have planned, counterplanned or even countercounterplanned* for. The *Tut-tut-tut* of Winnie's moped going along the corridor...

Made-up word* **ALERT
