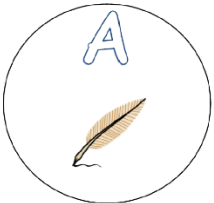
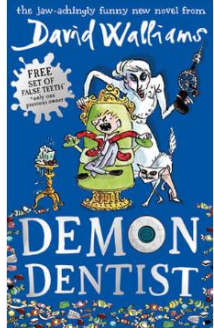


**Year 4 Reading**

**Steppingstone activity**

**Date: Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To retrieve information from a text**



**Task:**

Share chapter 13 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, there is lots of action and drama! Especially in the first 4 pages.

**How does David Walliams build up a sense of action and drama in these 4 pages?**

- He uses questions.
- He uses repetition
- He uses lots of verbs (action words).
- He uses lots of short snappy sentences.

**Your task is to find examples of powerful verbs (doing/action words) that he uses. Find at least 10 and write them around the picture.**

**E.g. belted**



## Year 4 Reading Main activity

**Date: Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To think about the author's choice of vocabulary**

### Task:

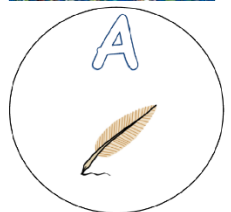
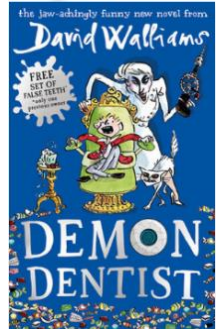
Read chapter 13 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

In this chapter, there is lots of action and drama! Especially in the first 4 pages.

**How does David Walliams build up a sense of action and drama in these 4 pages?**

- He uses questions.
- He uses repetition
- He uses lots of verbs (action words).
- He uses lots of short snappy sentences.

**Your task is to find examples of each technique he uses.**



Examples of questions (Find 3)	E.g. Could it be?
Examples of repetition (Find 2)	E.g. slower and slower
Examples of verbs (Find at least 15)	E.g. belted
Examples of short snappy sentences (Find 5)	E.g. He stopped. He stared.

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 13**

**Vocabulary:**

**balustrade**= a railing on a balcony

**throttle**= a device controlling the flow of fuel or power to an engine

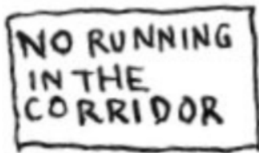
**impro (improvisation)**= making up something on the spot

**sincerity**= truthfulness, honesty

**reverberated**= a sound that repeats several times as an echo

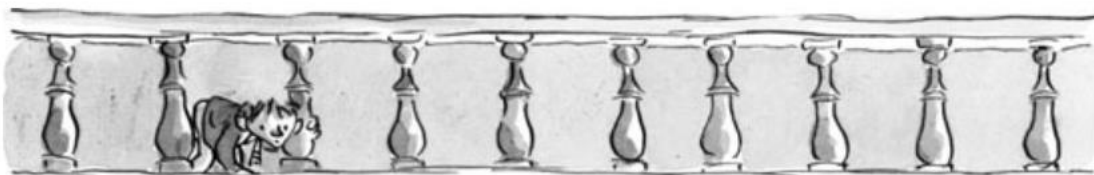
## Impro!

Alfie belted past a sign that read:

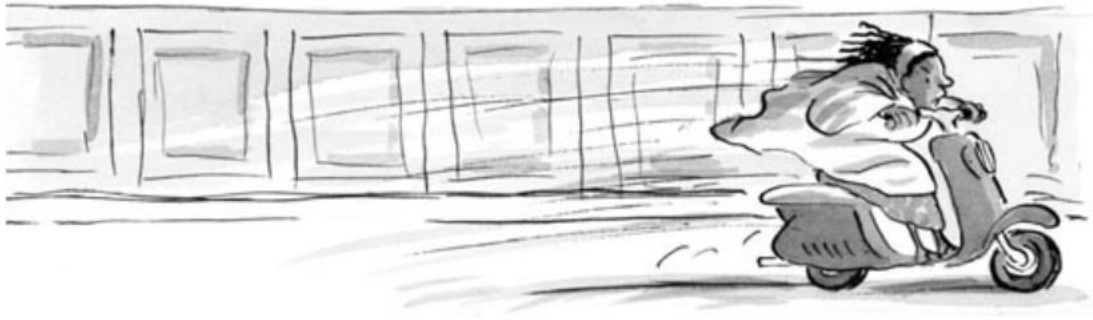


He was becoming breathless now, and a sense of panic was descending on him. How could he outrun a moped? Even one with a very heavy load? The noise of the bike's engine was becoming louder and louder. Winnie

was getting closer and closer. Alfie tiptoed to the central staircase, and hid behind the balustrade. From high up on the third floor, he looked down to see where she was heading...



***Tut-tut-tutting*** along the bottom corridor was the little red moped. The social worker's legs were astride it. The bike was advancing slowly, Winnie's sandals skimming the floor as she peered into all the classrooms to see if she could spot her prey. Even from this height, Alfie could tell Winnie was fuming. No one likes having to wait outside in the wind and rain. Now the social worker's face was curled up like she was chewing on a stinging nettle.



Alfie kept dead still for a moment. Winnie might detect any sudden movements.

After a patrol up and down the lower corridor, the social worker stood up on her moped. She circled around the bottom of the stairs a few times to gain speed, then suddenly, with a sharp twist of the throttle she mounted the first step. Alfie leaped up from behind the balustrade, and as he did so, Winnie spotted him.



“ALFRED!” she shouted as the moped bounced up the stairs. “ALFRED! COME BACK HERE, BOY!”

Alfie was running, but he didn’t know where to. He darted down another corridor, bouncing off the walls as his legs carried him faster than his mind could direct him. The map of the school plotted out in his head from all that time trudging between lessons was now alerting him to something. He was reaching a dead end.

The hum of the moped’s engine was getting louder. Now Alfie was at the end of a corridor, pinned against a large bank of lockers. Winnie had reached the top floor and was hurtling towards him.



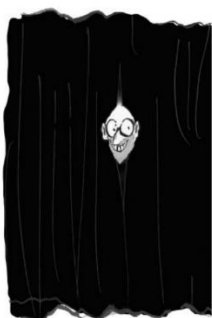
He leaped to his left. Darn. The stupid language lab door was locked. Still the moped was coming straight towards him. He leaped to the right and turned the handle.



He put his weight against the door and burst into the room. Alfie found himself in the middle of a Drama class...

“And go with it! Impro!” cried the teacher.

Mr Snood taught Drama. He was a bald and bespectacled man who always wore a black polo neck jumper, black jeans and black shoes. If he stood next to the black curtain in the assembly hall, it looked like there was a giant boiled egg floating through the air. Snood lived and breathed Drama. Drama was his love. Drama was his life. Drama was his Drama. Snood taught his subject with a ferocious sincerity.





Alfie found all that pretending to be a tree business in Snood's classes acutely embarrassing. Most of the pupils did. In fact, as Alfie burst through the door, all the kids were loitering in the middle of the classroom looking like they would rather be anywhere else than here. They were reluctantly trying to improvise (or 'impro' as Snood called it) a scene based around the end of the world. This was always Snood's favourite starting point for any 'impro' – the world ending.

"A giant meteor is about to hit the earth. Impro!" is how the floating egg would start most of his classes. Then Snood would take his chair and spin it around rather dramatically (how else?). With it facing the wrong way, he would sit with his short legs astride it. From there the Drama teacher would watch intently as his pupils shuffled to and fro mumbling something about a giant meteor hitting the earth but really just praying for an actual meteor to hit the earth to save them from the embarrassment.

"I said 'IMPRO!'" exclaimed Snood.

"I'm not doing Drama today, sir..." uttered Alfie.

"That doesn't matter, boy..." announced Mr Snood in his deep, rich voice. It sounded as rich as chocolate mousse. "You have become part of the scene. So a giant meteor is about to hit the earth and wipe out all human, animal and plant life! IMPRO!"

"Erm..." said Alfie. He couldn't think of a single thing to say, but could hear the moped stuttering just outside the room.

"IMPRO!" implored Mr Snood.

"Erm, um, mmm, bad news about the whole giant meteor thing hitting the earth," spluttered Alfie, "but on the upside the pizzas I ordered are here..."



Just then Winnie's moped crashed through the door. Even Snood looked a little taken aback at this, but with the improvisation growing by the moment, this was no time to stop.

"IMPRO!"



"What?" replied Winnie, fixing Alfie in her sights as she skidded to a halt.

"Tell us what flavours of pizzas you have!" exclaimed Snood.

"I ain't no pizza delivery service, you fool. I'm a social worker..."

"Now, class," Snood turned to his pupils, "what this lady has done here is... anybody? No? She's swapped roles midway through an impro. As I have always said, that's an IMPRO NO-NO!"

"I am here to get this boy to the dentist!" exclaimed Winnie.

"What I would say now, and I know the first rule of impro is... anybody? No? Never stop an impro. ANOTHER IMPRO NO-NO. But I do feel passionately, what with a meteor hitting the earth and pizzas just having been delivered (which by the way was a very skilful piece of 'impro-ing'\*, huge congrats, Alfie, you may well want your final meal to come with a

free garlic bread), that adding a dentist appointment into the mix is just too much. I'm sorry, but it's

**AN IMPRO** on AN IMPRO on AN IMPRO and as such is a **A HUGE IMPRO NO-NO!**"

---

\**Made-up word* **ALERT** (Don't blame me, blame Mr Snood.)

---

Winnie paused for a second, her whole body wobbling as the moped engine reverberated. She fixed Mr Snood with a steely gaze.

"I don't know who you are, but please stop talking out of your **bum bum!**" Then she turned her focus to Alfie. "Now, you get on this here moped at once!"

The boy stood motionless on the spot for a moment.

"I like this though, building tension, sense of drama, theatre at its best... will he get on the moped or not...?" whispered the teacher to his class.

Suddenly Alfie pushed a chair into the path of the moped and fled out of the room. Winnie swerved around it in hot pursuit.



"Let's go where the impro takes us! Come on, my actors. This is impro on the move!"

With that, Snood stood, punched his fist in the air triumphantly and led his utterly bemused students out of the room. They chased after Winnie, who chased after Alfie, as he ran back down the corridor.

The boy turned the corner and ran smack into his headmaster coming the other way.



"Now come on..." said Mr Grey, trying his hardest to sound authoritative, but failing. "What does the sign say?"

"Toilets?" offered up Alfie.

"The other one!"

"Oh, 'No running in the corridor', sir."



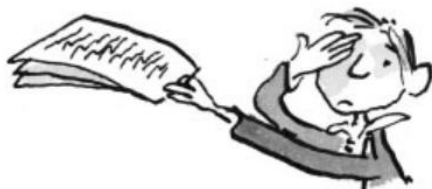


"Thank you. You nearly knocked me clean over!"

"Sorry, sir."

"You could have had someone's eye out."

Alfie wasn't sure this was true, teachers tended to say this a lot. In their minds, just about anything (a stray football, a bag left in the wrong place, even late homework) could have an eye out.



However, this wasn't the time to argue.

"Yes, of course, sorry, sir," agreed Alfie.

“Now be on your way, boy,” said the headmaster. A proud smile spread across his face. At last he had done something headmasterishly\*.

---

\**Made-up word* **ALERT**

---

“Thank you, sir.”

Alfie walked off as quickly as he could without breaking into a run. Mr Grey straightened his grey tie, combed his fingers through his grey hair and continued on his way with a renewed sense of self-importance.

However, as he turned the corner he screamed...

“AAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAA  
RRRRRRRRRRGG  
GGGGGGGGGGHH  
HHHHHHHHH!”

Winnie was flying towards the headmaster on her moped.

“Out of the way, you fool!” she shouted.

Just in time, Mr Grey leaped against the wall.

“Excuse me, madam!” the headmaster called after her. “No riding of mopeds or any kind of two-wheeled motor vehicles in school corridors, please!”



Winnie didn't look back. She barely heard him, such was the roar of the engine. The headmaster stood and watched Winnie disappear off down the corridor, shaking his head and tutting to himself. Just then he was knocked over by the Drama teacher and run over by thirty of his pupils.

As Mr Snood passed, he commented, "Very powerful trampled underfoot acting, Headmaster! Huge congrats!"