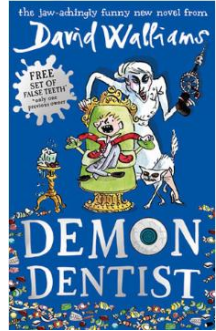


## Year 4 Reading

### Steppingstone activity

**Date:** Friday 19<sup>th</sup> June 2020

**LO:** To predict what will happen next in a story



#### Task:

Share chapter 15 of 'Demon Dentist' with an older sibling or adult (The text is below the task).

**Your task is to predict what will happen next by writing some ideas around the pictures. Below are some questions to help you!**

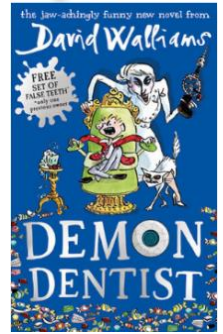
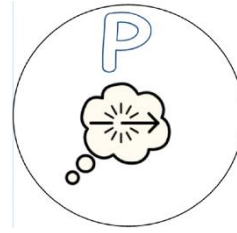
- Who was in the crowd?
- How did Alfie react?
- Where does Alfie run to?
- Does Alfie get away or is he cornered by the crowd?
- Where does he end up?



**Year 4 Reading**  
**Main activity**

**Date: Friday 19<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

**LO: To predict what will happen next in a story**

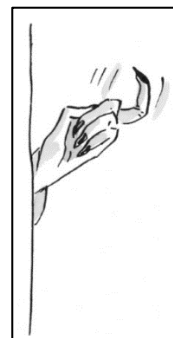


**Task:**

Read chapter 15 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

**Your task is to predict what will happen next by continuing the story. Below are some questions and pictures to help you!**

- Who was in the crowd?
- How did Alfie react?
- Where does Alfie run to?
- Does Alfie get away or is he cornered by the crowd?
- Where does he end up?



**Sentence starters:**

"STOP THAT BOY!" bellowed Winnie, as Alfie dashed past.....

Following him, were...

Racing around a corner,

Alfie looked behind him and saw...

A hand appeared...

Alfie could just make out a figure...

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams chapter 15**

## Bobsleighing Down the Stairs

Alfie wasn't going to go down without a struggle. He leaped on to the teacher's desk at the front of the class, landing beside a tray with some magnets on it. Next to it was another box full of ball bearings. In that instant, a daring plan flickered across the boy's mind.

First, he hurled the box to the floor, scattering the ball bearings.

Next, he grabbed the tray and held it to his chest.

Last, he launched himself on to the ball bearings, and shot across the classroom floor.

It was as if he were a one-man bobsleigh team. Alfie whizzed under the legs of Snood and shot straight out of the classroom door.

The ball bearings spilled down the corridor, and Alfie, still lying on the tray, found himself sliding at speed along it. Looking back, he saw Snood and his pupils with ball bearings trapped under their feet trying desperately to remain upright. As Snood was rolling over he called out, "Roll with the impro!"

The tray careered past classrooms before it reached the top of the huge central staircase.



*Oh no!* thought Alfie, as he closed his eyes.

The tray...



...down the stairs, each step shaking his bones.

*TUT-TUT-TUT.*

Winnie's moped was gaining on him, with Hare, Snood and their collective classes in pursuit. Just as the tray had reached a speed where it was impossible for Alfie to stop it, he spotted a figure at the bottom of the stairs. It was the headmaster, Mr Grey, no doubt retreating to the safety of his office.

With every...

CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK

...the tray was gaining momentum at an alarming rate. As Alfie accelerated down the stairs he quickly realised he was on a collision course with the headmaster. Nothing could stop the inevitable happening.

THWACK!

The tray whacked into Mr Grey's ankles.



The headmaster was hurled into the air. In the smash, Alfie came clean off the tray, and ended up in a crumpled heap at the bottom of the stairs.

“Sorry, sir, I would love to stay around for you to give me a detention...” said Alfie as he hobbled up and helped Mr Grey to his feet, “...but I really have to go.”

With that, the boy burst out of the door that led outside into the playground. Just as the headmaster was about to call after him...

WALLOP!

...the poor man was thrown into the air by a large lady coming down the staircase at top speed on a moped. Mr Grey landed with a...





THUMP! ...on his bony bottom. As he sat there, the headmaster could have been forgiven for thinking his ordeal was over. He was wrong. Very wrong. No sooner had he pulled himself back up than he landed with a... THUD! ...as he became the victim of a stampede.

Once again Mr Grey was trampled underfoot. This time by a number of his own teaching staff, and a growing horde of pupils who were giving chase. Because of all the commotion, they were streaming out of the classrooms. There was a boy on the loose! And he had to be stopped! They pursued Alfie out into the playground.



Next the dinner ladies joined in. They trundled out of the dining hall as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them, angrily brandishing their ladles. The caretaker stopped raking leaves in the car park and became part of the mob, waving his rake wildly in the air.

“Imaginative use of a prop!” commented Snood.

Even the ancient secretary, Miss Hedge, shuffled out on her Zimmer frame. “I’ll get him!” she cried, hobbling along way behind the throng, travelling slower than the speed of treacle.

Leading the rabble was Winnie, racing after Alfie on her moped. “STOP THAT BOY!” she shouted, but the boy kept running.

Alfie ran and ran and ran. He was not naturally sporty, and had never run so fast in all his life. Disappointment set in that this moment wouldn’t somehow count in the Olympics. Surely he was breaking a world sprint record?

Glancing back, Alfie saw there were now hundreds of people chasing after him.

It was one boy against an army, but he wasn't giving up yet.

Ahead of him he saw the huge iron gates that led out on to the main street.

*Surely the whole school won't follow me out there?* thought Alfie.

He was wrong.