



Year 4 Reading

All children

Date: Monday 22nd June 2020

LO: To read and summarise a piece of text

Task:

Read or share chapter 16 and 17 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task).

Does the crowd get Alfie? Where does Alfie go? Does he end up at 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 16 and 17

A Beckoning Hand

"STOP THAT BOY!" bellowed Winnie, as Alfie dashed past some mothers pushing their babies down the street. The women turned their prams around, and soon the infants were bouncing up and down as they too joined the chase. A lollipop lady, a homeless man, even a group of workmen who were meant to be digging up the road but as always were actually just drinking tea, reading newspapers or wolf-whistling at attractive women all joined the hunt.

Winnie spotted PC Plank, who was idly patrolling up and down the road and somehow managing to miss everything that was going on. She bellowed at him:

"STOP HIM, OFFICER!"

At last the policeman realised that this was his moment. This was what all those years in Police Training College had been leading up to. Her Majesty the Queen was going to personally award him a medal for bravery. The octogenarian Scotch-egg thief was small fry. Now was the time. Time to save the day. Plank's time.

So he broke into a light jog.

"Oh, it's you! Come back here, boy!" he shouted ineffectually. After only a few paces of light jogging Plank was puffed out. Power walking also

proved too much. Soon even walking was out of the question. Leaning on a wall to get his breath back, the policeman spluttered into his radio.

“Plank to base. I require urgent backup. Repeat. Urgent backup. Am knackered. Repeat. Knackered. And can you pick me up a bag of ready salted crisps on the way? Repeat. Ready salted crisps. Urgent. Over.”



Alfie carried on running. He didn't know where to. He just had to run. Racing around the corner, Alfie saw a street with a rather sad-looking parade of shops ahead of him. Most of the shops had long since closed and been boarded up.

Sirens squealed.



Plank's backup from the police station had arrived. In an instant two police cars swerved into the middle of the road and screeched to a halt, blocking his way. The officers leaped out of their cars and took cover behind the bonnets. One of them spoke through a loud-hailer.

"Give yourself up, boy! You have nowhere to run to..."

"Did you pick me up some ready salted crisps?!" Plank radioed through to them.

"Negative!" came the crackled reply on Plank's radio. "No more ready salted left. We got you cheese and onion! Over."

"I don't like cheese and onion," replied Plank. "Repeat. Negative on the cheese and onion crisps. Over."

Alfie looked behind him. He couldn't go backwards. He couldn't go forwards. There was nowhere left to run to. Winnie smiled and smacked her lips. A smug grin surfaced on her face.

"You, boy, is going to the dentist!"

She had won. Or had she...?

Suddenly Alfie heard a creak. His eyes darted towards the parade of shops. A door was slowly opening, and a long thin hand emerged and beckoned him inside. It was his only chance of escape. Without hesitating he scurried towards it, crept through, and then slammed the door behind him. Outside he could hear the commotion of people rushing towards the door, before Winnie's voice announced, "No! It's OK! Leave him now!"



There was something deeply unnerving about all this. Why did they not follow him inside? It was all too easy.

As quickly as the hand had appeared, it had disappeared. Its owner was now nowhere to be seen. Directly ahead of Alfie was a narrow flight of steps. Tentatively he approached them. At the top of the stairs another door opened. Again the hand appeared, slowly beckoning him to follow.

Now he could see the long thin fingers more closely, they seemed almost too long to be human. A terrible fear descended upon Alfie, but try as he might to stop himself his body kept climbing the steps. One by one, until he reached the door at the top. Alfie's heart was beating faster now than when he was running. His mouth was as dry as a desert. Slowly he entered the room.

A circle of blazing white light shone towards him. Brighter and hotter than the sun. Blinking, Alfie could just about make out a figure. It was a woman. With hair the shape of a Mr Whippy ice cream. The light behind her was so dazzling that he couldn't see any more than her outline.

"Hello, Alfie," came that familiar voice in its singsong tone. "I've been expecting you..."



Come to Mummy

Without Alfie even touching the handle, the door shut slowly and firmly behind him. There was the sound of a key being turned. Somehow he was locked in.

“How splendid! Two pm precisely! You are right on time for your appointment. Come on in...”

Miss Root’s voice had a hypnotic quality to it. As much as Alfie knew in his mind he should run away, his legs propelled him forward. He was moving slowly and surely towards her.

“Come to Mummy...” she whispered.

As he drew closer, he could see the source of bright light was a vast Anglepoise lamp. Now Alfie was standing in her shadow he could make out Miss Root more clearly. Looking up at her, the first thing he noticed were her huge gleaming white teeth. As big as the ivory keys on a grand piano. Next he noticed her eyes. Those eyes. Those black eyes. Those eyes so black that it seemed if you gazed into them too deeply, you would see your own death.



Then Alfie could feel his body gliding over to the dentist's chair.

It looked ancient, like an antique.

"Don't worry, young Alfie, Mummy promises to be gentle with you..."

As Alfie found himself sitting on the chair, it tilted back into position. He glanced down to one side. There was her trolley again, this time crowded with a staggering array of dental tools. Many were rusted, with old blackened wooden handles. Some had flecks of blood encrusted on them. They looked more like things you would find in a museum of medieval torture than a modern dental surgery.



There were ones with short spikes and ones with long spikes. There were chisels. Hammers. Pliers. One that looked like a giant corkscrew. Even a baby hacksaw. Stretched out at the end of the line, taking pride of place, was a huge and malevolent drill.

Not one of these tools looked designed to relieve pain. They all looked like they would cause it. In heart-stoppingly* eye-wateringly* bum-clenchingly* measure.

*Made-up word **ALERT**

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Alfie's eyes darted around the room. The surgery was quite bare. A dental certificate took pride of place on the wall, but the paper and the writing looked like they could be hundreds of years old.



Pristine medicine cabinets lined the surgery, most holding tubes of Miss Root's highly toxic toothpaste.



In the corner of the room was a long shiny grey metal cylinder, no doubt containing nitrous oxide or 'laughing gas', often used by dentists on their patients to take away the pain. Curiously, on the dial was what looked like a speedometer. It read:



The surgery windows were all painted black, so no one could see in or out.

“Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
hiiiiiiiiisssssssssssssss...!”

Alfie was startled, then looked down to see that a silky white cat had snaked into the surgery. It hissed in the boy’s direction, its back arched and tail up, pink padded feet pitter-patting into the room.



“Oh, don’t mind Fang... She’s just being friendly. Now relax, child. Let Mummy take good care of you...” incanted the dentist. Miss Root pulled a

lever somewhere behind the headrest of the reclining chair. In an instant, metal cuffs emerged, holding Alfie's hands and feet in place.

"Don't you worry, child. These are just for your own safety. So you don't lash out...!"

Smiling, Miss Root dressed her hands in latex gloves. She took her time, enjoying the ritual of smoothing the glove over each long thin finger. Next, she picked up some notes from a bloodstained cardboard folder.

"Now, Alfie, I see your last visit to the dentist was six long years ago... Tut tut tut..."

Miss Root put the folder back down and pulled the lamp close to the boy's face. It was so hot it felt like fire.

"Open wide, there's a good boy..."

The dentist's eyes were now staring deep into Alfie's. As much as he wanted to cry out, he couldn't. Resistance was futile. Those black eyes of

hers were spellbinding. It was as if they had him in a trance.



With his mouth dry with fear, the dentist's latex gloves squeaked as she traced her index fingers over the tops of his teeth. Now Alfie could feel Miss Root's cold breath on his face, as she leaned closer to peer into his mouth. "Tartar, decay, plaque, gum disease. Heavenly. Absolutely heavenly...!"

Alfie heard the ancient instruments *clink* **clank** together as one was selected.

"Now Mummy's just going to check for any cavities," she continued.

Miss Root picked out a particularly evil-looking instrument. It was more like a spear than a dentist's implement, with a series of sharp prongs, each one wider than the next. It looked like it was designed to create intense pain as it entered the tooth, and even more coming out.



“Don’t worry, Alfie, you won’t feel a thing...” singsonged Miss Root.

She guided the tool inside his trembling mouth, before plunging it into a tooth.

“Mmm... Lots of lovely decay in this tooth... What a find you are!”

Slowly the dentist pulled the instrument out of the boy’s tooth, twisting it sharply as she did so. Inside his head he screamed with pain, but no sound came out of his mouth.

Clink clank. The tool was put back on the trolley.

Clink clank. A new one was selected.

Now it was the turn of the pliers to assist in the torture, their metal jaws impossibly sharp and jagged.

“Now hold still, Alfie...” whispered Miss Root, as she steered the pliers slowly into his mouth. The jaws locked on to his tooth. “Mummy won’t hurt you...”

She tugged the instrument sharply. Alfie could feel something coming away inside his mouth. Then through a thick film of tears, he saw the dentist brandish a bloody tooth in front of his eyes...

“Look at it!” she urged. “To you, it’s just a tooth. To me, it’s like a diamond. Its very imperfections make it perfect. It’s beautiful.”



Then she called out to her white cat. “Fang...?”

The animal leaped up from the floor and landed on Alfie’s stomach, her sharp claws digging into him. The cat began to lick the tooth clean of the blood that was now dripping down her mistress’s wrist.

“Now relax, Alfie,” said Miss Root in her jolly tone. “Mummy’s only just begun...!”

