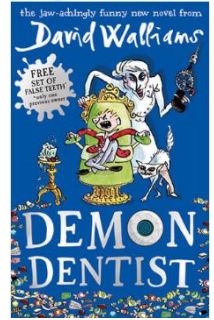


**Year 4 Reading**

**Steppingstone activity**

**Date: Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2020**

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

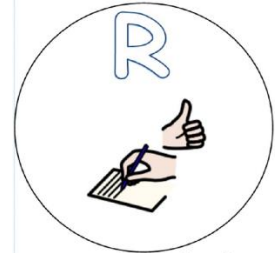




**Task:**

Share chapter 2 of 'Demon Dentist' with an adult or older sibling (The text is below the task). In this chapter we find out more about our main characters: Alfie and Dad.

Your task is to **retrieve** as much information as you can about Alfie and Dad. E.g.

- Alfie does not like the dentist.
- Alfie's mother passed away when he was born.

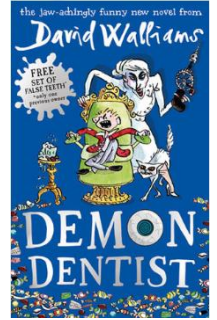


<b><u>Characters</u></b>	<b><u>Retrieve key information</u></b>
<p><b><u>Alfie</u></b></p> 	
<p><b><u>Dad</u></b></p> 	

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

**Date: Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2020**

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



**Task:**

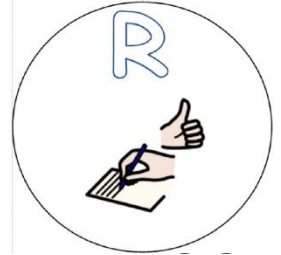
Read chapter 2 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task). In this chapter we find out more about our main characters: Alfie and Dad.



Your task is to **retrieve** as much information as you can about Alfie and Dad. E.g.

- Alfie does not like the dentist.
- Alfie's mother passed away when he was born.

Can you also make some **inferences** about them as well? What are they like as people? E.g.

- Alfie is a responsible boy because he does a lot for his father.



<u>Characters</u>	<u>Retrieve key information</u>	<u>Inferences</u>
<p><b>Alfie</b></p> 		
<p><b>Dad</b></p> 		

**Demon Dentist by David Walliams**



“Well done, everyone!” he announced, as his assistant Miss Prig helped him to his feet. “Oh, that tooth was a stubborn little blighter!”

Just then Alfie realised something. He still had toothache.

The dentist had taken out the wrong tooth!

2

**Believe**

Alfie ran out of the dental surgery as fast as his little legs would carry him. That fateful afternoon the boy vowed that he would never ever go to the dentist's again. To this day he never had. Appointments had come and appointments had gone. Alfie had missed every single one. Over the years there had been a sackful of reminder letters from the dentist, but Alfie had hidden them all from his dad.

Alfie's was a family of two. Just him and his father. The boy's mother had died giving birth to him. He had never known her. Sometimes he felt sad, as if he missed his mother, but then he would tell himself, how could he miss someone he had never met?

To hide the appointment letters from the dentist, the boy would silently drag a stool across the kitchen floor. Alfie was short for his age. He was, in fact, the second shortest kid at his school. So he would have to balance on his tiptoes on the stool to reach the top of the larder where he would hide the letters. There must have been a hundred letters buried up there by now, and Alfie knew his father couldn't reach them. That's because for many years Dad had been unwell, and had of late become confined to a wheelchair.

Before ill health forced him out of work, Dad was a coal miner. A great big bear of a man, he had loved working down the pit and providing for his beloved son. However, all those years he spent down the mine took a terrible toll on his lungs. Dad was a proud man, and didn't let on about his illness for many years. He worked harder and harder to dig more and more coal, even taking on extra shifts to help make ends meet. Meanwhile his breathing became shallower and shallower, until one afternoon he collapsed at the coalface. When Dad finally came round at the hospital the doctors told him he could never go down a mine again. Just one more lungful of coal dust could finish him off for good. As the years passed Dad's breathing worsened. Getting another job became impossible, and even everyday tasks, something as simple as tying a shoelace, grew to be a struggle. Soon Dad could only get around in a wheelchair.

With no mum or brothers or sisters, Alfie had to care for his father alone. Besides having to go to school and do his homework, the boy would do all the shopping, all the cleaning, cook all the meals, and do all the washing up. Alfie never complained though. He loved his dad with all his heart.

Dad's body may have been broken, but his spirit wasn't. He had a great gift for telling stories. “Listen, pup...” he would begin.

Dad would often call his son that, which Alfie loved. The image it conjured up of a big sappy dog and a little puppy snuggling up together always made the boy feel safe and warm inside.

“Listen, pup...” Dad would say. “All you have to do is close your eyes, and believe...”

From their little bungalow Dad would take his son on all sorts of thrilling adventures. They would ride on magic carpets, dive under the oceans, even drive stakes through the hearts of vampires.



It was a multicoloured world of make-believe, a million miles away from their black-and-white existence.

"Take me to the haunted house again, Daddy!" the boy would beg.

"Perhaps today, my pup, we will take a journey to the old haunted castle...!" Dad would tease.

"Please, please, please..." Alfie would say. Father and son would close their eyes and meet in their daydreams. Together they:

- Went out fishing for the day in Scotland and caught the Loch Ness Monster.
- Climbed the Himalayan Mountains and came face to face with the Abominable Snowman.
- Slew a huge fire-breathing dragon.
- Hid aboard a pirate ship and were forced to walk the plank as stowaways, only to be saved by beautiful mermaids.
- Rubbed a magic lamp and met a genie who gave them three wishes each, although Dad gave all his wishes to his son.
- Rode on the back of Pegasus, the winged horse from Greek mythology.



• Climbed up a stalk to Giant Land and met an extremely hungry Cyclops whose perfect idea of a between-meals snack was a scrawny little twelve-year-old boy, so Dad had to save him.

• Became the first ever father and son team to successfully land on the moon in a home-made rocket.

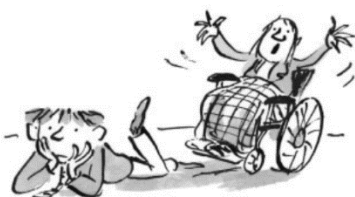


• Were chased across the misty moors at night by a ferocious werewolf.

This was the world of the imagination. Anything was possible in Dad's and Alfie's adventures. Nothing could stop them. Nothing.

As Alfie grew older though, he found it harder and harder to see these things. As his dad spoke, the boy would open his eyes, become distracted, and begin to wish he could play computer games all night like the other kids at his new big school.

"Pup, just close your eyes and believe..." his dad would say. However, Alfie was beginning to think that now he was twelve, nearly thirteen, he was too old to believe in magic and myths and fantastical creatures.



He was about to find out how terribly wrong he was.