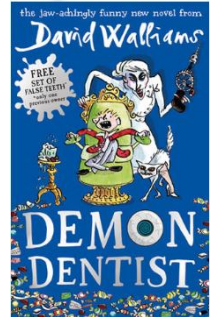


Year 4 Reading

Steppingstone activity

Date: Thursday 4th June 2020

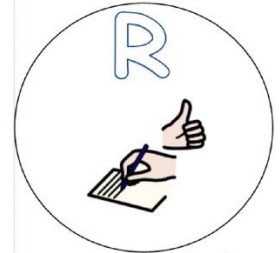
LO: To retrieve information from a text



Task:

Share chapter 3 of 'Demon Dentist' with an adult or older sibling (The text is below the task). In this chapter, we are introduced to Miss Root, the town's new dentist. What do you find out about Miss Root?

Write everything you find out about her around her picture!



Vocab check:

lecture= an educational talk to students

dreadlocks= uncombed hair twisted tightly

monotonous= keeps repeating, dull

discordant= harsh and unpleasant

lacquered= sprayed, so it is shiny

irony= something that actually means the opposite

E.g. She has the most dazzling white smile.



Year 4 Reading

Main activity

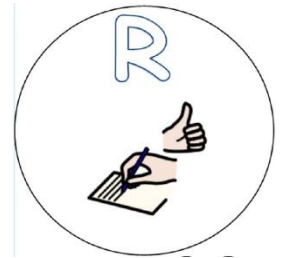
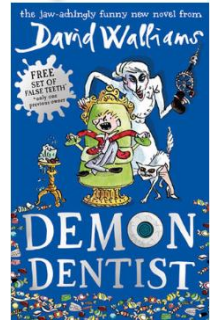
Date: Thursday 4th June 2020

LO: To retrieve information from a text

Task:

Read chapter 3 of 'Demon Dentist' (The text is below the task). In this chapter, we are introduced to Miss Root, the town's new dentist. What do you find out about Miss Root?

**Write everything you find out about her around her picture!
Can you make any inferences about her? What kind of person is she? How do you know?**



Vocab check:

lecture= an educational talk to students

dreadlocks= uncombed hair twisted tightly

monotonous= keeps repeating, dull

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Demon Dentist by David Walliams Chapter 3

3

Whiter than White

The whole of the lower school was gathered in the hall. The few hundred children were sitting in rows of chairs awaiting the guest speaker. No one interesting ever visited Alfie's school. On Prize-giving Day the guest of honour had been a man who made the cardboard for cornflake packets. The cornflake-cardboard man's speech was so mind-numbingly boring, even he fell asleep delivering it.

Today there was a talk from the town's new dentist. It was to be a lecture about looking after your teeth. Not wildly exciting, but at least it meant they were all out of lessons for a while, thought Alfie. Not liking dentists, Alfie sat himself right in the back row, in his bedraggled school uniform. His shirt was once white but had long since gone grey. His jumper was full of holes. His blazer was torn in several places. His trousers were too short for him. Nevertheless, Alfie's father had taught him to wear his uniform with pride; the boy's frayed tie was always knotted absolutely perfectly.

Slumped next to Alfie was the only kid in the school shorter than him. A very little girl called Gabz. Seemingly shy, no one had heard her speak, despite her having been at the school now for a whole term. Most of the time Gabz hid behind her curtain of dreadlocks, not making eye contact with anyone.

When all the kids had finally stopped monkeying around and sat down, the headmaster took to the stage. If there was ever a competition to find the man most completely unsuited to being a headmaster, Mr Grey would win first prize. Children scared him, teachers scared him, even his own reflection scared him. If his job didn't suit Mr Grey, his surname definitely did. His shoes, his socks, his trousers, his belt, his shirt, his tie, his jacket, his hair, even his eyes were all shades of grey.

Mr Grey had the whole grey colour spectrum covered:



"C-c-c-come on now, settle d-d-d-down..."

Mr Grey stammered when he was nervous. Nothing made him more nervous than having to speak in front of the whole school. Legend had it that one day the school inspectors visited and they actually found him hiding under his desk pretending to be a footstool.

"I s-s-said, s-s-s-settle d-d-d-d-d-down..."

If anything, the hum of the kids became louder. Just then Gabz stood on her chair and shouted at the top of her voice...

"COME ON! GIVE THE OLD FART A BREAK!!!"



It might not have been the most flattering choice of words, but the headmaster allowed himself a brief flicker of a smile as all the kids at last fell silent. Everyone looked at Gabz as she sat back down. After her outburst, the girl was now surrounded by the strange glow of celebrity.

"Good..." continued Mr Grey, in his grey monotonous voice. "A bit less of the old though, thank you, Gabriella. Now as a special treat for you, with a talk about looking after your teeth, here is the town's new dentist. P-p-please give a huge school welcome to the lovely Miss R-R-Root..."

As the headmaster scuttled off, there was a short burst of applause. Soon this was drowned out by a discordant squeaking sound from the very back of the hall. One by one the kids turned around. A lady was pushing a shiny metal trolley down through the parted sea of chairs. One of the wheels was catching on the wooden floor, and the high-pitched squeal was so brain-aching, some of the children even put their fingers in their ears. The sound was like someone scratching their fingernails down a blackboard.

The first thing you noticed about Miss Root was her teeth. She had the most dazzling white smile. Whiter than white. Like a fluorescent light. Her teeth were absolutely flawless. So flawless they couldn't possibly be real. The second thing you noticed about Miss Root was that she was impossibly tall. Her legs were so long and thin, it was like watching someone walk on stilts. She was dressed in a white laboratory coat, like the one a Science teacher wears

when it's time for an experiment. Underneath the coat, her white blouse was matched by a long white flowing skirt. As she passed, Alfie looked down and noticed a large splash of red on the toe of one of her shiny white high-heeled shoes.

Is it blood? thought Alfie.

Miss Root's hair was white-blonde, and arranged in a perfectly lacquered 'do', usually only spotted on the heads of Queens or Prime Ministers. The 'do' was shaped much like a Mr Whippy ice cream, minus the flake, of course.

In a certain light she looked very old. Her features were narrow and pointy, and her skin pale as snow. However, the dentist had painstakingly painted on so much make-up that it was impossible to tell how old she really was.

50?

90?

900?

Finally Miss Root reached the front of the hall. She turned around, and smiled. The low winter sun shone through the high windows and bounced off her teeth, causing the front few rows to cover their eyes.

"Good morning, children...!" she said brightly. The dentist spoke in a singsong manner, as if she were recounting a nursery rhyme. There was a collective groan from the kids at being spoken to as if they were toddlers.

"I said, *good morning, children...*" repeated the dentist, and she fixed them all with a powerful stare. So powerful that soon a hush descended upon the room. Then in unison all the assembled pupils said:

"Good morning."

"Let me introduce myself. I am your new dentist. My name is Miss Root, but I ask all my little patients like you to call me 'Mummy'."

Alfie and Gabz shared a look of disbelief.

"So can I hear a great big 'Hello, Mummy'? After three! One, two, three..."



Miss Root mouthed the words silently as the children joined in.

"Hello, Mummy," they murmured.

“Excellent! Now I came to this town when a very unfortunate, indeed fatal, accident befell Mr Erstwhile. The poor wretch must have fallen on to one of his own dental instruments. Oh, the irony! Of course there’s no need to go into all the gory details, but suffice it to say, Mr Erstwhile was found lying on the floor of his surgery in a huge pool of blood. The dental probe was embedded deep in his heart...”

A deafening silence descended on the hall. Alfie gulped. It was a horrifying image. Mr Erstwhile may have been old and dodderly, but could he really have accidentally stabbed himself in the heart?

“Mummy would like you all to give one minute’s silence for Mr Erstwhile. Now close your eyes, children. All of you. No peeping!”

Alfie didn’t trust Miss Root enough to close his eyes. Nor did Gabz. Both screwed up their faces and squinted. From out of the tiny slits in his eyelids, Alfie spied something very strange. Instead of standing at the front with her own eyes closed, Miss Root tiptoed around the room inspecting all the children’s teeth. When she finally reached Alfie’s row at the back, the boy squeezed his eyes tightly shut for fear of getting into trouble. Miss Root must have lingered looking at his rotten set, as the boy could feel her cold breath on his face for a while before she tiptoed back to the front of the hall.



“And that’s one minute!” the dentist announced. “Thank you, children, you can open your eyes...”

Alfie and Gabz looked at each other again. They were the only two kids who had witnessed Miss Root’s peculiar behaviour...