

Narrative model text – Grandpa’s Teeth (Losing Tale)

“Help, I’ve been robbed!” shouted Grandpa. “It’s *sth* a *disthasthter!* Come quickly!” He was still shouting as Mum, Agatha and I ran up the stairs, wondering what all the fuss was about. Could it be his television had gone missing, or worse his gold-plated golfing **trophy**? “No,” said Grandpa. “It’s *sth* much more *stheriousth*. It’s *sth* my teeth. They’ve been *sth*tolen!”

Now, Grandpa was very proud of his teeth (made by the finest Swiss **craftsmen**) and he normally kept them in a glass of water by the bed. The glass was still there but the teeth were missing. Grandpa looked at us, his eyes **brimming** with tears, and told us he had looked everywhere - under the bed, behind the **cabinet**, in all the drawers ... everywhere. So, Mum called the police.

In no time at all, Detective Constable Rate arrived and, with a kind smile, asked Grandpa to give him a description of the stolen items. Grandpa frowned, rubbed his chin and looked closely, very closely, at the detective. He wondered if those bright, white, smiley teeth were his, but the shocked detective **hurriedly** told Grandpa that those teeth had been in his mouth for years!

By the following Monday, the missing teeth were still missing, So, a television programme called Unsolved Crimes arrived to film the whole sorry story and Grandpa was interviewed by a reporter called Pearl White. No one came forward after the programme, but Grandpa did receive some spare teeth from viewers **eager** to help. Sadly, none of them fitted properly.

All over the town the same question was on everyone’s lips - who could have stolen Grandpa’s teeth? People began to smile **broadly** at every person they met to show that the teeth in their mouth were their own. Everyone was smiling, all the time, everywhere ... even at funerals. Tourists stopped coming because they were scared of the **endless** sea of smiling faces, Dad’s café was losing **business** and everyone had jaw-ache from smiling all day. Eventually, the Mayor called an emergency meeting and organised a collection to help Grandpa **replace** his stolen teeth.

A few weeks later, Grandpa received his brand-new teeth at a grand presentation **ceremony**. They fitted perfectly and, for the first time in ages, Grandpa smiled. That made everyone happy and everyone smile, even Grandpa’s dog, Gump and he had never smiled before!