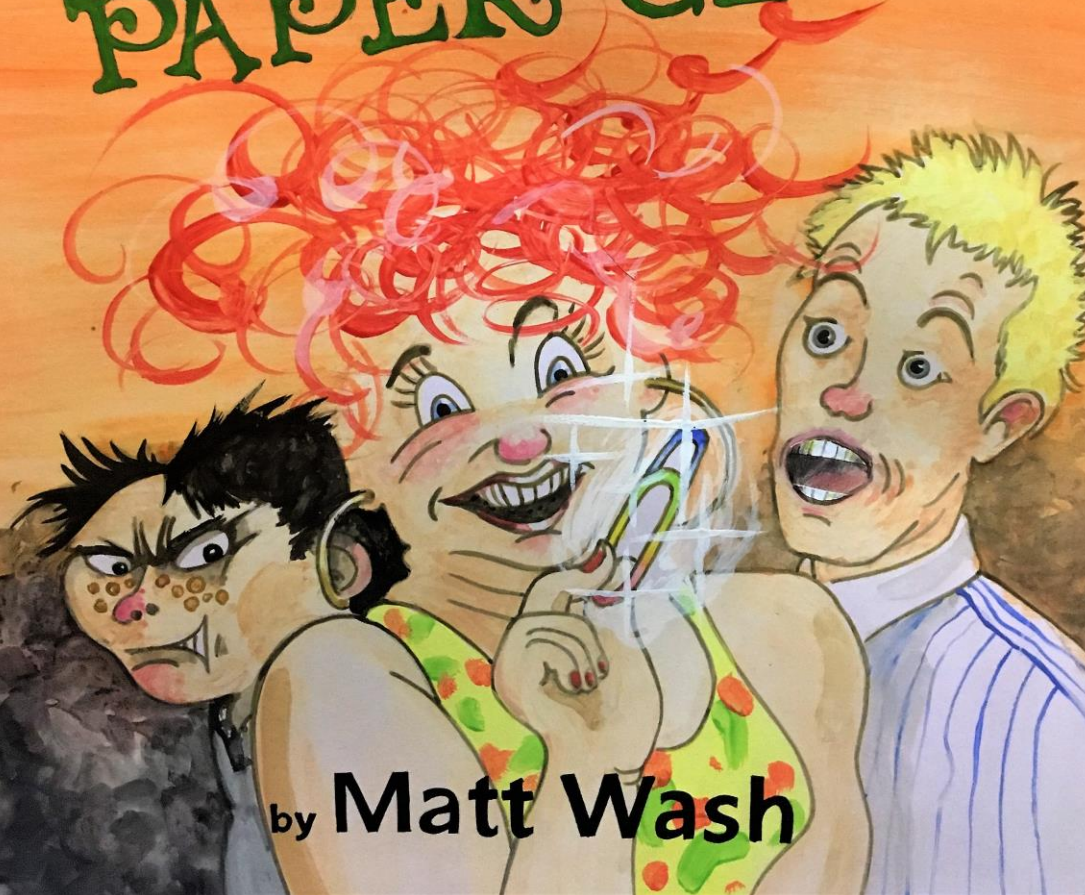


# Mrs Tripplehorn's MAGIC PAPER CLIP



by **Matt Wash**

**Mrs  
Tripplehorn's  
Magic Paper Clip**

**Matt Wash**

## **Mrs Tripplehorn's Magic Paper Clip**

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and electronic.

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The lovely staff at The Spa Pub (my local) in Weymouth for making me feel so welcome by letting me come and set up camp in the corner with my laptop and for satisfying my constant coffee requests whenever I asked!

Also, my Teaching Assistants and the Year 4 class of 2017/18 at Piddle Valley First School for being such an honest and fab audience to test the book on!

Most of all, I want to dedicate this book to my wife Louise and my gorgeous children, Marcie and Leo. Love you x

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

I was born in Essex and lived there until I was 11 years old. Ever since, I have been fortunate enough to live on the beautiful south coast in Dorset. I spend most of my spare time writing new book ideas, sat with a coffee in a gorgeous restaurant that overlooks our bay. I feel very lucky to have such an inspirational scene in front of me when I'm creating my next chapter. The other place I love to write is in my local pub (when it's quiet!).

I went to college to do my A-levels and then onto university to study a BA (hons) in Sports Studies and Business. I wanted to keep my options open career-wise, but deep down I knew that one day I wanted to work with children.

I have been a Primary school teacher for the last fourteen years and have always had a passion for writing. Many of my English lessons are taught using text I've created myself. I love the fact that you can make a story by choosing any objects, scenes or characters you like! The freedom and the joy I feel when I'm writing is indescribable. The reason I write is simply that it makes me very happy. It's just been a hobby until recently, but I'm now much more focused and determined to have writing become a larger part of my life. It really is my dream job! I've also had various articles included in the local newspaper that I've written for some of our school events.

Being a teacher is a real advantage when writing children's fiction as they give immediate feedback and you can really gauge whether you've written something worth pursuing. I never tell them which pieces of work are mine until after they've told me what they think of it! I also enjoy penning ideas for psychological thrillers. My favourite authors include John Grisham, Thomas Harris, Claire Mackintosh and Lee Child.

## REVIEWS

*A story that cracks along with pace, humour and thrills.*

**Andrew Cope, 'Spy Dog' Author**

*I was lucky enough to read Mrs. Tripplehorn to my Year 4 class earlier this year. The children were hooked from start to finish and asked daily for the next chapter! Suspenseful, magical and really funny, it was pitched perfectly for them. Not only that, I really enjoyed it too!*

**Claire, Teacher**

*Achieves what a good story always does... You're not only reading it, but you also feel part of it. Magical!*

**Tom**

*This is a book I would have loved when I was at primary school. The humour will encourage even reluctant readers to enjoy books. Delightful!*

**Rosie**

*Mrs. Tripplehorn's Magic Paperclip is a very entertaining book, it made me laugh throughout. I will never look at a paperclip in the same way again! A great read. It reminds me of something that David Walliams would write. Matt Wash has that same style of writing, which is a massive compliment to him. Highly recommend. The kids and adults will love it!*

**Jenny, Author**

*Mrs Tripplehorn's Magic Paper Clip*

*I loved this book so much. It was really funny and exciting. Every time I finished a chapter, I had to read the next one straight away to see what happened next.*

**Sarah, Age 10**

*Mrs. Tripplehorn is a really cool book. It was loads of fun to read and it made me laugh a lot. I'd love to see it made into a film.*

**Dylan, Age 9**

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# **CHAPTER 1**

## **BACK TO SCHOOL**

Wow! Where do I start? The story I'm about to tell you is so unbelievable that every time I relive it, the whole thing just sounds ridiculous! I'm Mr. Shaw and I teach Year 6 - the oldest children in our school. It's a great age because they hardly ever pick their nose and can go to the toilet all by themselves, which is more than you can say for the little ones down in reception.

It was the first day back at school after the summer holidays. The bell sounded and the buzz of the corridor got louder and louder, with children and parents dashing here, there and everywhere, trying to find a peg in the jam-packed cloakroom to hang their bags and coats on. As usual, the room started to fill with bodies; short, shuffling footsteps and nervous glances in my direction. I stood awkwardly by

the desk and could feel my heart bursting through my chest. Quietly trying to catch a breath, I was hovering; carefully judging the right moment to practise my best 'teacher voice' and start the day.

There was a 'challenge time' activity laid out on the desks to help the children ease into the day without too much pressure. It was a word search with dinosaur names to find. Immediately, the entire room was hooked, with each one desperate to be the first to complete it.

After a while, I called the class onto the carpet for registration. For fun, I asked them to tell me their favourite food instead of their name. It didn't need a genius to guess what the school bad boy, Billy Coles, would say. 'Squashed frogs' eyes on toast, Mr. Shaw - with loads of ketchup!' he boasted, looking around to see if anyone found it funny. I decided to ignore it and carry on; it's always important at the start of the year to avoid silly behaviour, otherwise the

kids will attack like a pack of wolves and destroy you!

The rest of the day went really well, apart from the usual incidents. I was on break duty and, instead of sipping my coffee in peace, I had six different tell-tales to deal with. As they're mainly reception children, they bounce over, tug on my coat and yell, 'Mr. Shaw, Tilly just said I'm not her best friend and she won't let me have the hoop', or 'Mr. Shaw, George just pushed me and said I was the smallest in the class'. I just crouch down and say, 'Well, tell them that I'll be over to speak to them if they carry on being mean and I won't be happy!' – works every time!

The one thing this year that had most definitely changed was the huge hole left at the school by the retirement of my good friend, little Mrs. Tripplehorn. She was the one who really helped me when I started at the school. She took me under her wing and guided me through my first few years as a teacher. Some people thought

she was a bit crazy, with her big candy-floss red hair, tonnes of make-up and colourful dresses, but to me she was just a fun-loving person who adored working with children.

I remember one day, during one of my maths lessons, suddenly getting distracted by a noise from outside. Our school sits in the middle of a gorgeous village with lush green, rolling hills and a beautiful river beside the field. As I looked out the window, the Year 3 class were splashing around in the water with their trousers rolled up and there was a huge pile of socks and shoes on the grass verge.

In the middle of them all was Mrs. Tripplehorn, dancing around like a mad woman. She had what looked like a sheet of music clipped to the belt on her dress. They were all so happy and having the best time ever. I've since learned that it was their music lesson and they were in the river doing body percussion and singing. The sound coming from them was absolutely incredible. Pitch-perfect vocals and layers and