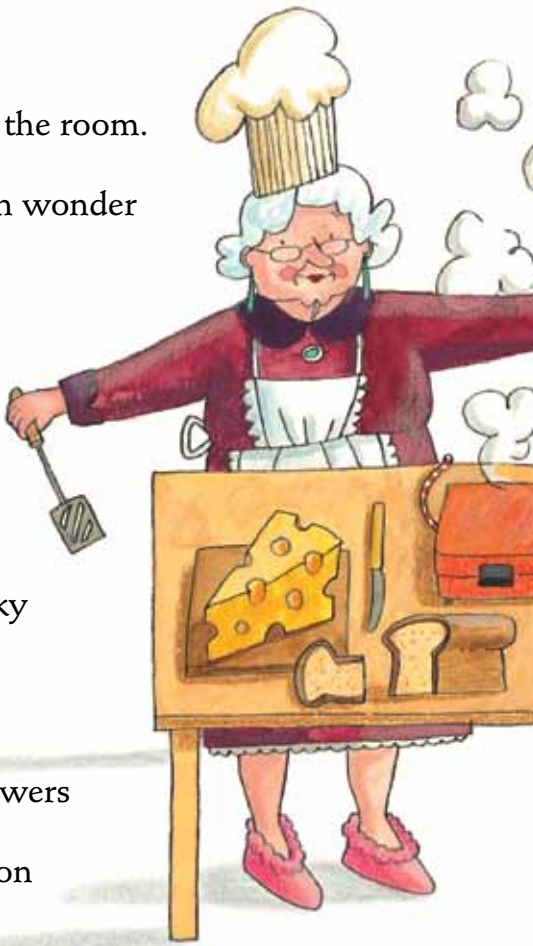
There was silence in the room.
The children gazed in wonder
at Mrs Plum,
the knitting,
the sandwich maker
and the chocolates.
"This must be *our* lucky
day," they thought.



Mrs Plum put the flowers
and the photograph on
her desk,
and the slippers on her feet.
She opened the box of chocolates
and popped one into her mouth.
"Now then, dearies, let's get started."

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The day went by in Mrs Plum's class and the children loved it. They had cooking lessons with the sandwich maker, science lessons *fixing* the sandwich maker and singing lessons with the guitar.

Mrs Plum read stories to them, gave them some easy sums and shared her chocolates. When the box was empty, she opened her suitcase and took out another.



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By the end of the day

the children could not believe their luck.

Mrs Plum was the best teacher they had ever had.

The best in the school,

in the town,

in the universe!

Yes, everything was perfect.



Well, *almost* everything.

The only trouble was

that in all the excitement

a few little things ...

had gone missing.

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Billy Turpin had lost his football boots.

Tracey Appledrop had lost her pencil case.

Gloria Gaskitt had lost her lucky charm bracelet.

But even then Mrs Plum

was *so* kind

so helpful

so sympathetic.

She looked everywhere

in that classroom,

searched high and low,

but with no luck at all.

When home-time came,

the missing things were still missing.



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Chapter Four
Mrs Gaskitt's Luck Continues

Two days later, Mrs Gaskitt got up again.

Of course, she got up on the day in between as well, but nothing happened then.

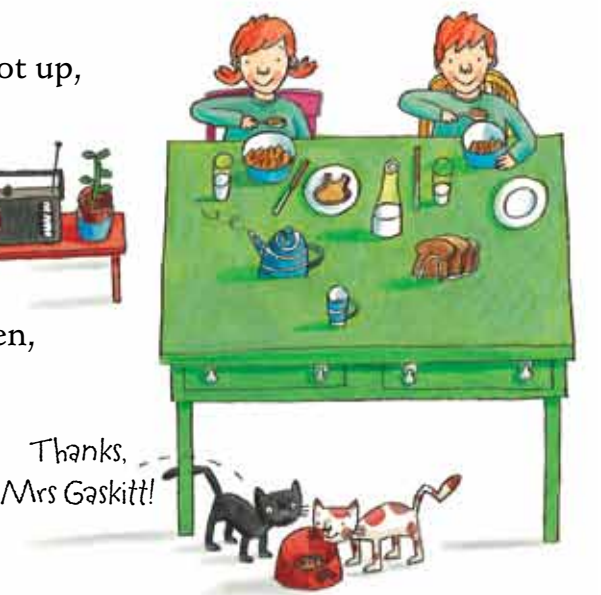
Yes ...

Mrs Gaskitt got up,



fed the children,

fed the cats,



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read the paper,

drank the tea,

heard a familiar sound

out in the street

– Clink, clink! –

opened the door,

picked up the milk...



...and kissed the milkman!

But what about *Mr* Gaskitt?

Never mind –

he *was* the milkman.

It was his very latest job.

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Meanwhile – Oh no! – poor Mrs Fritter
was falling over in the doctor's waiting room.
The doctor had just said
she was well enough to return to work.
Now Mrs Fritter had more cuts and bruises
and needed to go back to bed again.

Meanwhile, Mrs Plum was fit and well.
She played football with the boys,
and netball with the girls.



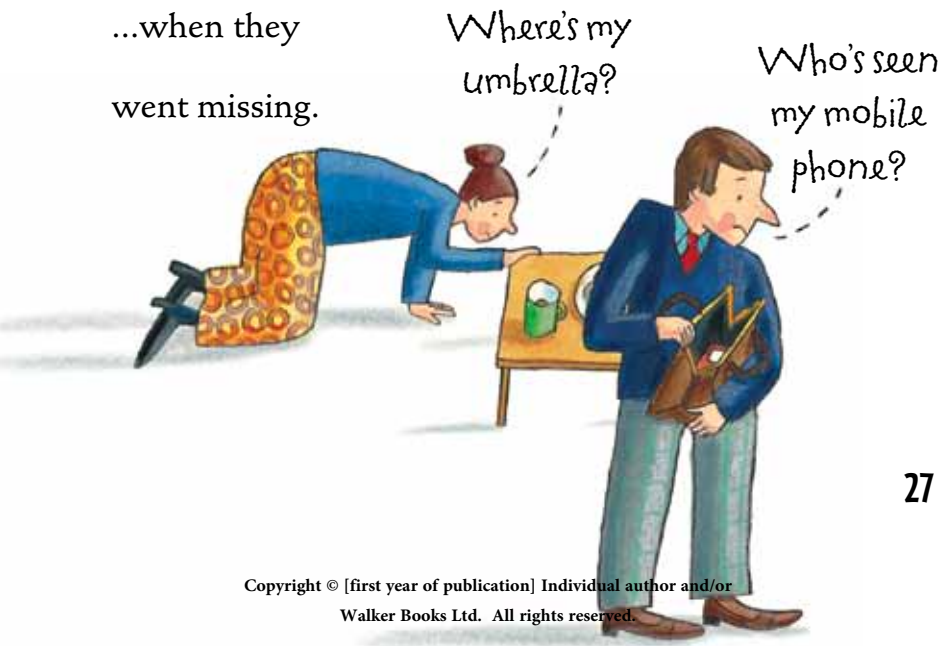
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At playtime, Mrs Plum
drank tea in the staffroom
with the other teachers.



The other teachers liked Mrs Plum.
She told them funny stories
about her long life as a teacher,
shared her chocolates,
and helped them to look for things...

...when they
went missing.



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Back at the Gaskitts' house,

the phone was ringing.

Mrs Gaskitt was outside washing her taxi.

In she ran and picked up the receiver.



"Congratulations, Mrs Gaskitt!"

said a man on the phone.

"You have won first prize in our—"

"Wow!" cried Mrs Gaskitt.

"*Another* lucky day."

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Chapter Five
One Little Coupon



Two hours later, a lorry
"BEEP, BEEP, I AM REVERSING!"
stopped outside the Gaskitts'
house. It had Mrs Gaskitt's
prize in it:
A COMPLETE HOUSEFUL OF FURNITURE!

"All I did was fill in one little coupon,"
said Mrs Gaskitt.
"Well, I never," said the driver.
"And put some ticks in boxes."
"BEEP, BEEP, I AM AMAZED!"



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Mrs Gaskitt's prize filled every room in the house (and the kitchen twice over).

Horace and his friend went round sitting on things. They were amazed too.

"She's very lucky, my Mrs," said Horace.

"I wonder why."

"Perhaps she's got a lucky horseshoe," said his friend. "Or a rabbit's foot – or a four-leaf clover."

"Or a ten-leaf clover," said Horace.

"There's no such thing," said his friend.

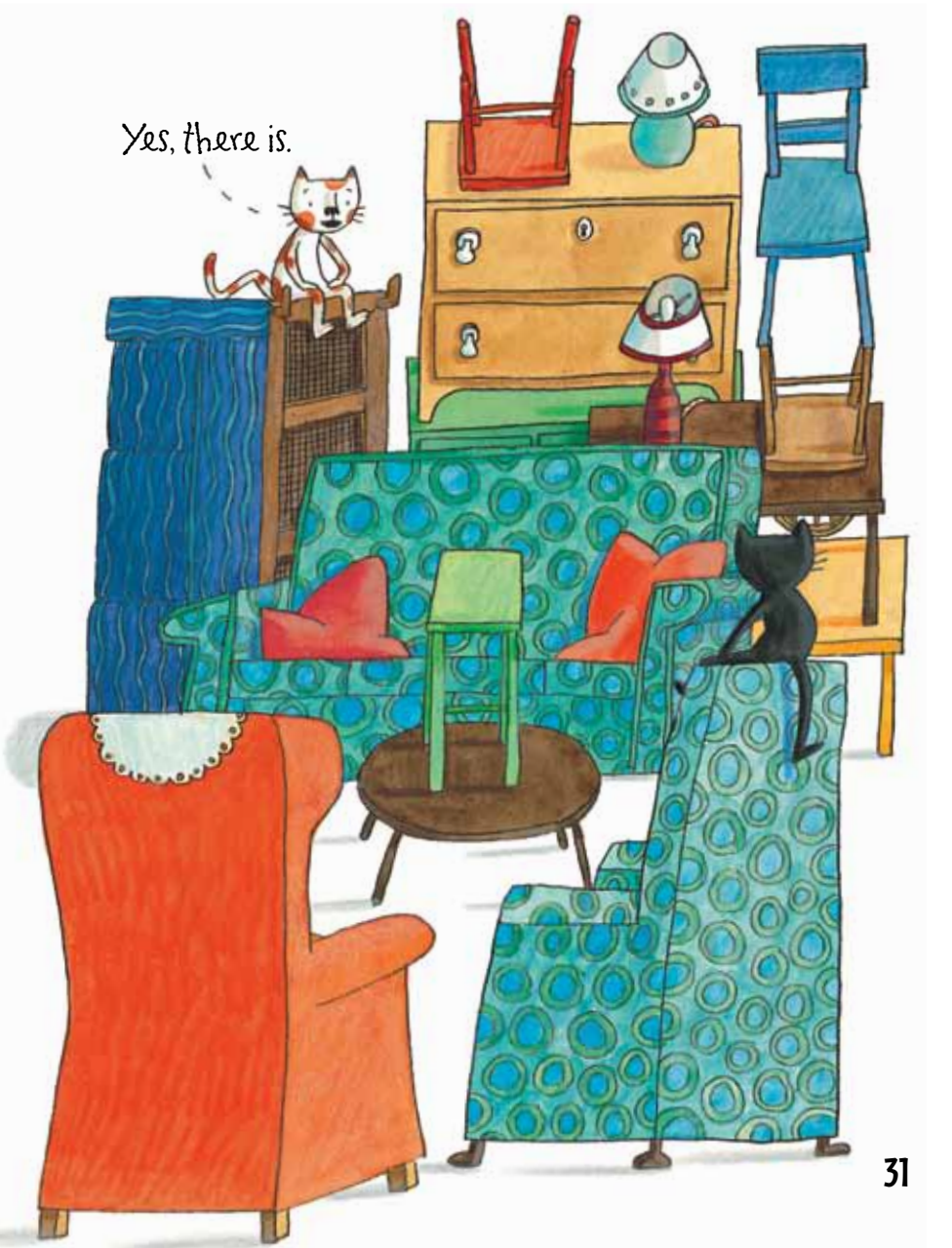
"Yes, there is."

"No, there isn't."

"Yes, there is."



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