

# Mr. Jakkboxx



Penny instinctively knew that it was wrong – it was *very* wrong – to get too close to Mr. Jakkboxx. The way his head bobbed spastically on his too-long neck: that was wrong. The way when his hand reached over to tease her hair and an icy chill ran down her back: *that* was wrong, too. And yet the big silent clown radiated a kind of power that inexorably drew her to him, just like it did to the rest of the kids in the neighborhood. The ones that were still around, that is. And where had the others gone?! Little Beany guessed they were hiding in the forest behind Mr. Jakkboxx so he started to climb over Mr. Jakkboxx’s little fence to find them. “Nooo!” shrieked Penny, as she saw how fast Mr. Jakkboxx’s hand could move, a movement that was *extremely* very wrong!