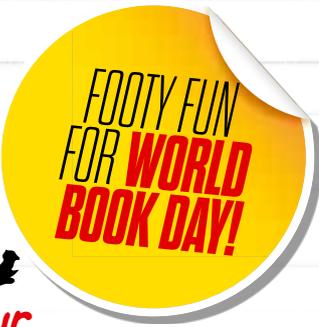


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# MISTER MANIAC

Part four



Jimmy watched as Charlie trudged up the corridor, knocked a sombre knock on the door of Mister Maniac's office and forlornly entered, shoulders sagging, head bowed, feet scuffing.

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"22, 23, 24..." The ball whizzed off Jimmy's ankle and spun into the bushes, his personal best of 25 keepy-uppies tantalisingly out of reach.

As he bent down to pick up the ball, his watch flashed out from under the cuff of his jumper sleeve and revealed the time. Jimmy glanced behind him and saw the moon beginning to appear through the bars of the climbing frame.

It was 5.30pm. Charlie hadn't shown.



**N**o sooner had he told Jimmy about his discovery in the library, Charlie had decided, in his own mind at least: they were going to have to stake out Mister Maniac at his house to get to the real truth about this.

Their strategy was high-risk, and it was a dangerous job, but Charlie was starting to fear for his safety, and he knew he could depend on Jimmy to back him up.

Charlie had tracked Jimmy down to the water fountain outside Mrs Ramshackle's office in the school corridor and his pal had been as shocked as he had to learn about the captains all going missing.

Charlie's research had backed up the rumours he most feared - that school captains up and down the county were going down like tenpins after one of

Petey 'Powerarm' McGrew's throws at the Sharpe Edge Valley bowling alley.

Charlie, as a school captain himself, was understandably sweating it.

The beads of perspiration trickling down his temple thickened, though, as an announcement came across the school tannoy. An announcement that, for Charlie at least, might as well have been read by the Grim Reaper himself.

"Charlie Burrows, report to see Mister Maniac at once," drooled the wretched voice, so spikey and rusty you could've grated cheese with it.

Charlie gulped and looked mournfully at Jimmy, like a sad puppy separated from its mother for the first time.

"Meet me by the climbing frame on Severs Street after school," said Charlie, "and bring a flashlight and some midnight snacks. We're going on a stakeout."

"Okay, Charlie. I'll be there. Good luck... and be careful."

The fear in Jimmy's voice was thick, like he was sending his best pal off to war.

The pair had a bad feeling about this encounter. They were spooked.



**NOW YOU CONTROL THE PLOT!**

What does Jimmy do next? Confront Mister Maniac - or gather up a posse? You decide! Tell us at [motdmag.com](http://motdmag.com)