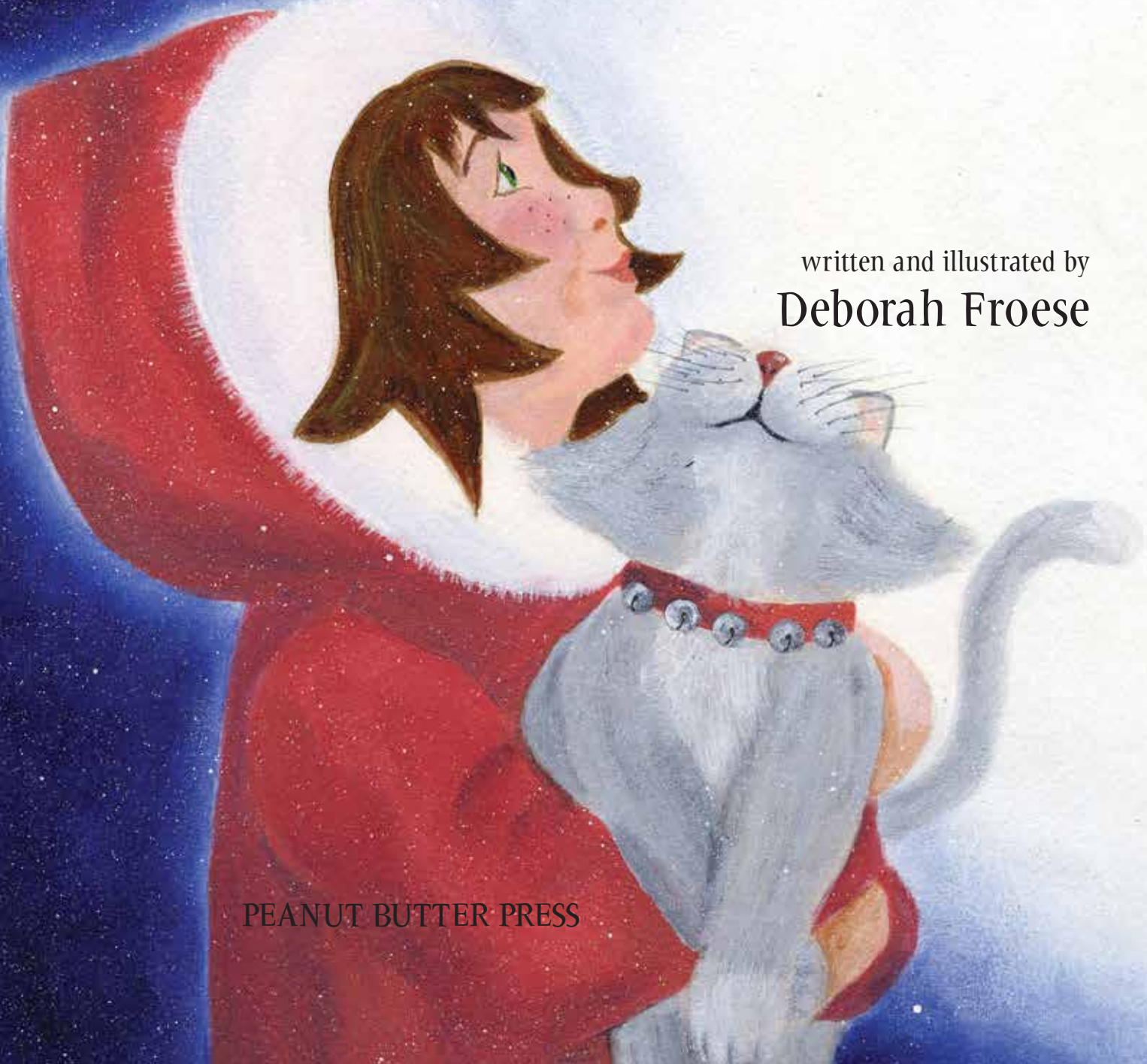


Mr. Jacobson's Window

written and illustrated by
Deborah Froese

PEANUT BUTTER PRESS



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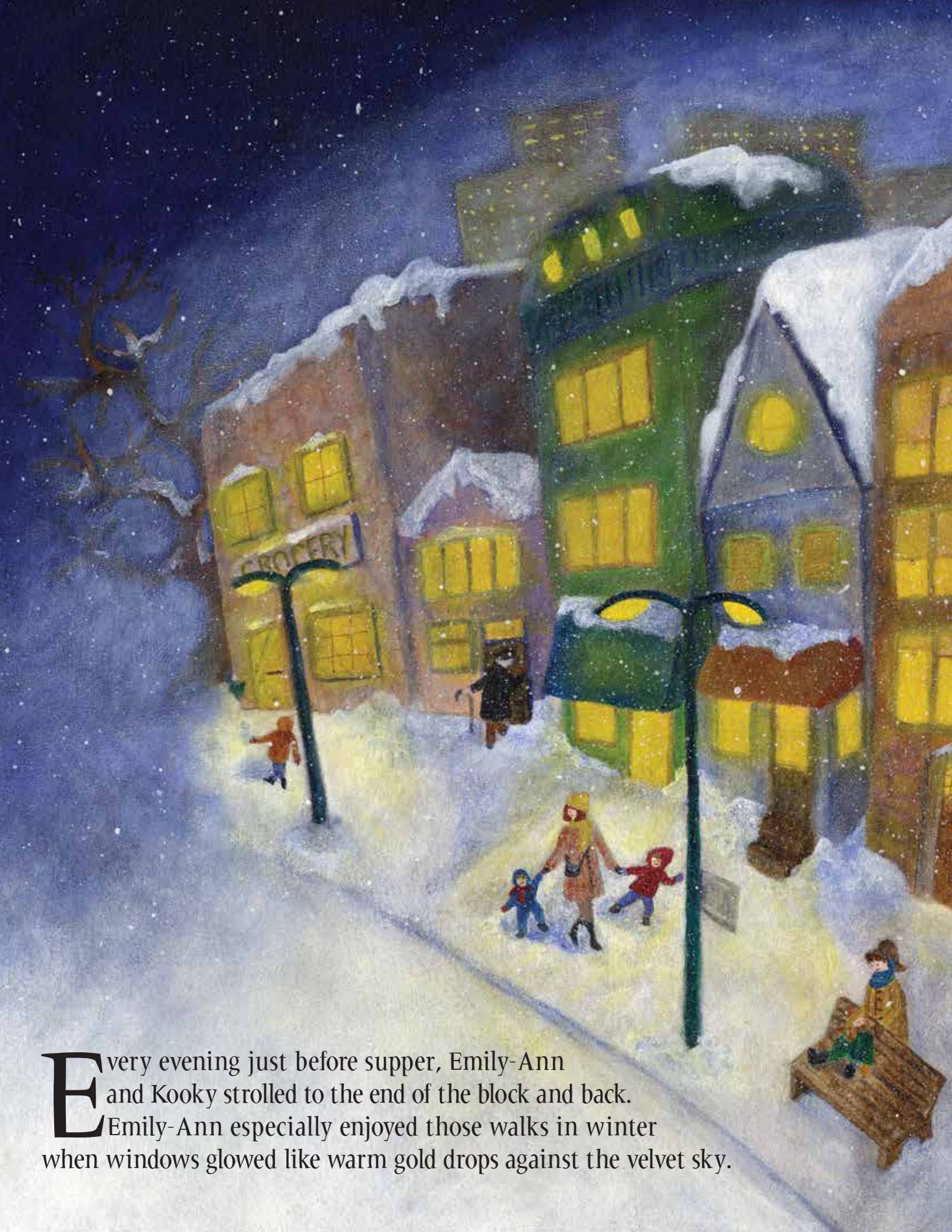
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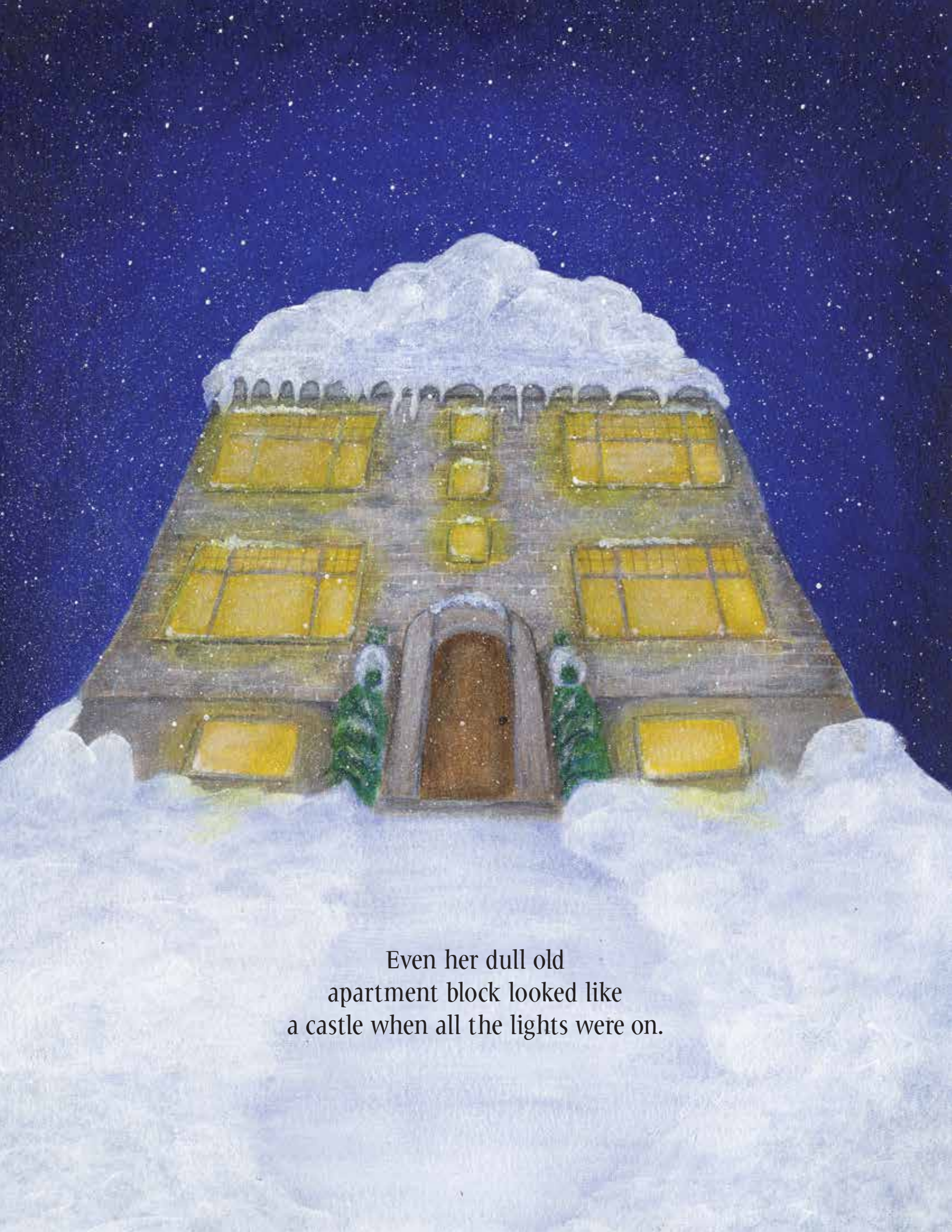
For Mom, gone but ever present. Thank you for encouraging me to look beyond the surface. —D.F.





Every evening just before supper, Emily-Ann and Kooky strolled to the end of the block and back. Emily-Ann especially enjoyed those walks in winter when windows glowed like warm gold drops against the velvet sky.

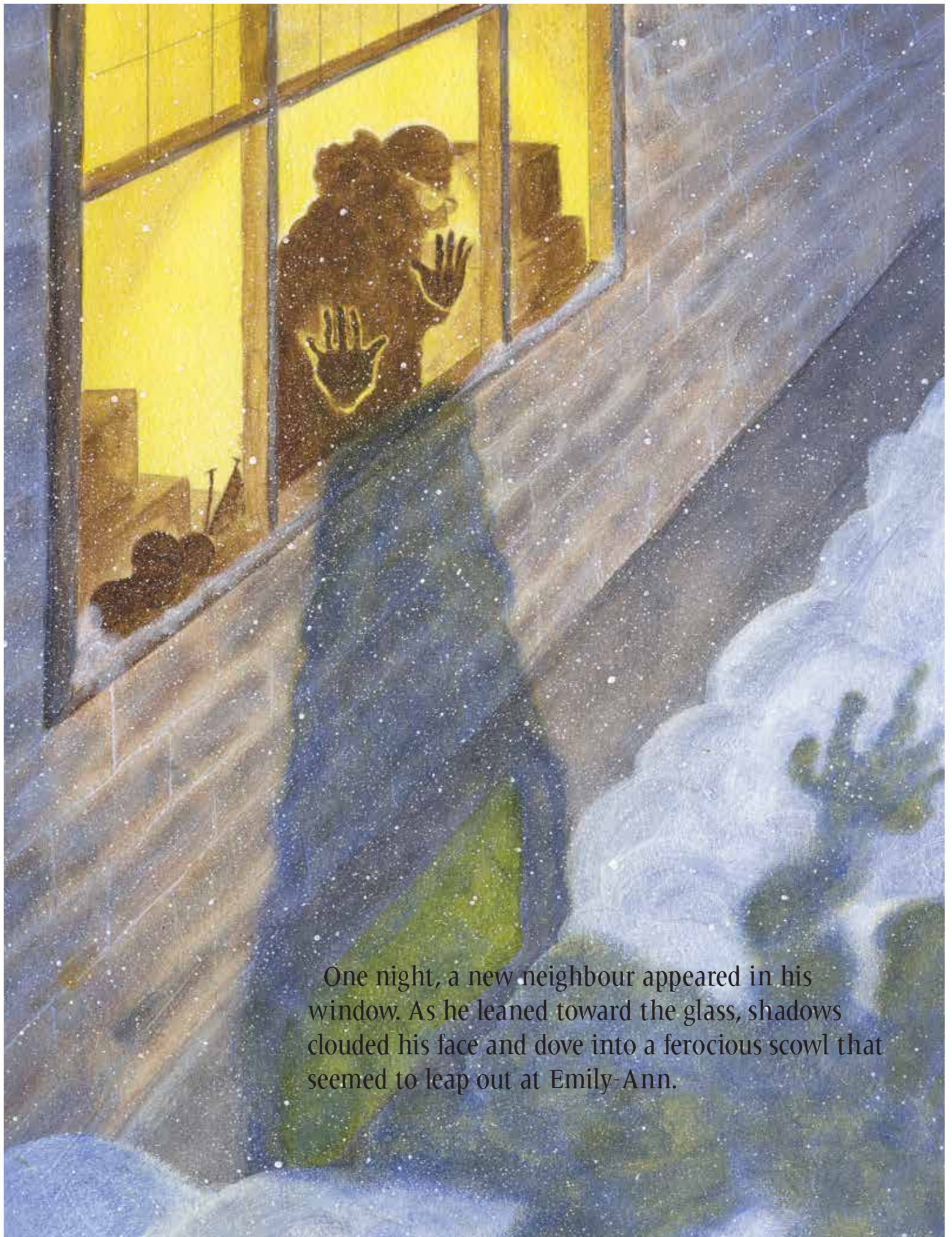




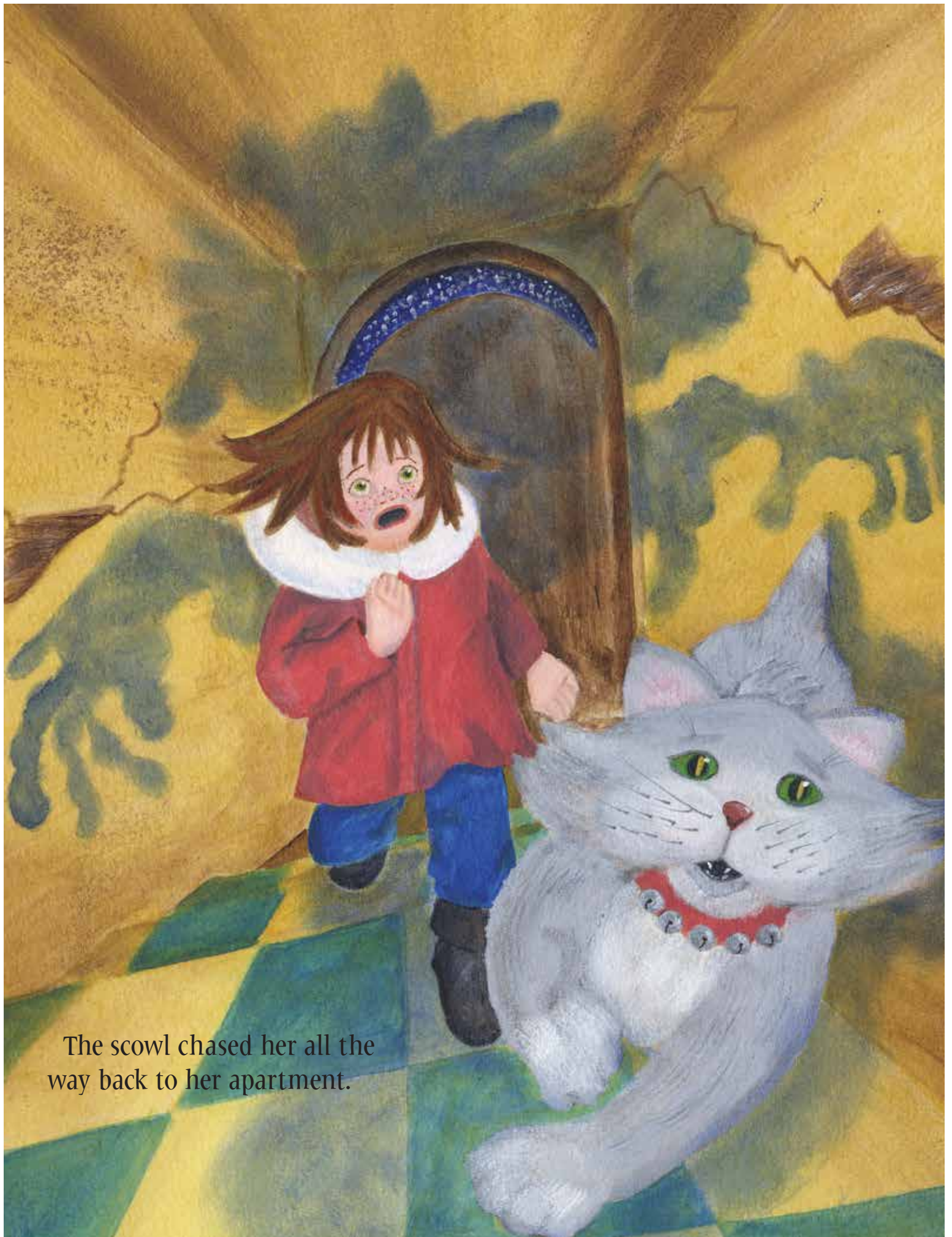
Even her dull old
apartment block looked like
a castle when all the lights were on.



*Emily-Ann admired her palace until her fingers,
which were always bare, turned numb from the cold.*



One night, a new neighbour appeared in his window. As he leaned toward the glass, shadows clouded his face and dove into a ferocious scowl that seemed to leap out at Emily-Ann.



The scowl chased her all the way back to her apartment.



“Our new neighbour is mean,” she said to Mama.

“Mr. Jacobson? What makes you think he’s mean?”
Mama asked.

“I saw him in his window and he looks scary.”

“Maybe he’s just sad or lonely,” Mama said. “I don’t
think he has any family or friends around.”

Emily-Ann wondered how it would feel to be without
Mama or Kooky. She felt sorry for Mr. Jacobson.

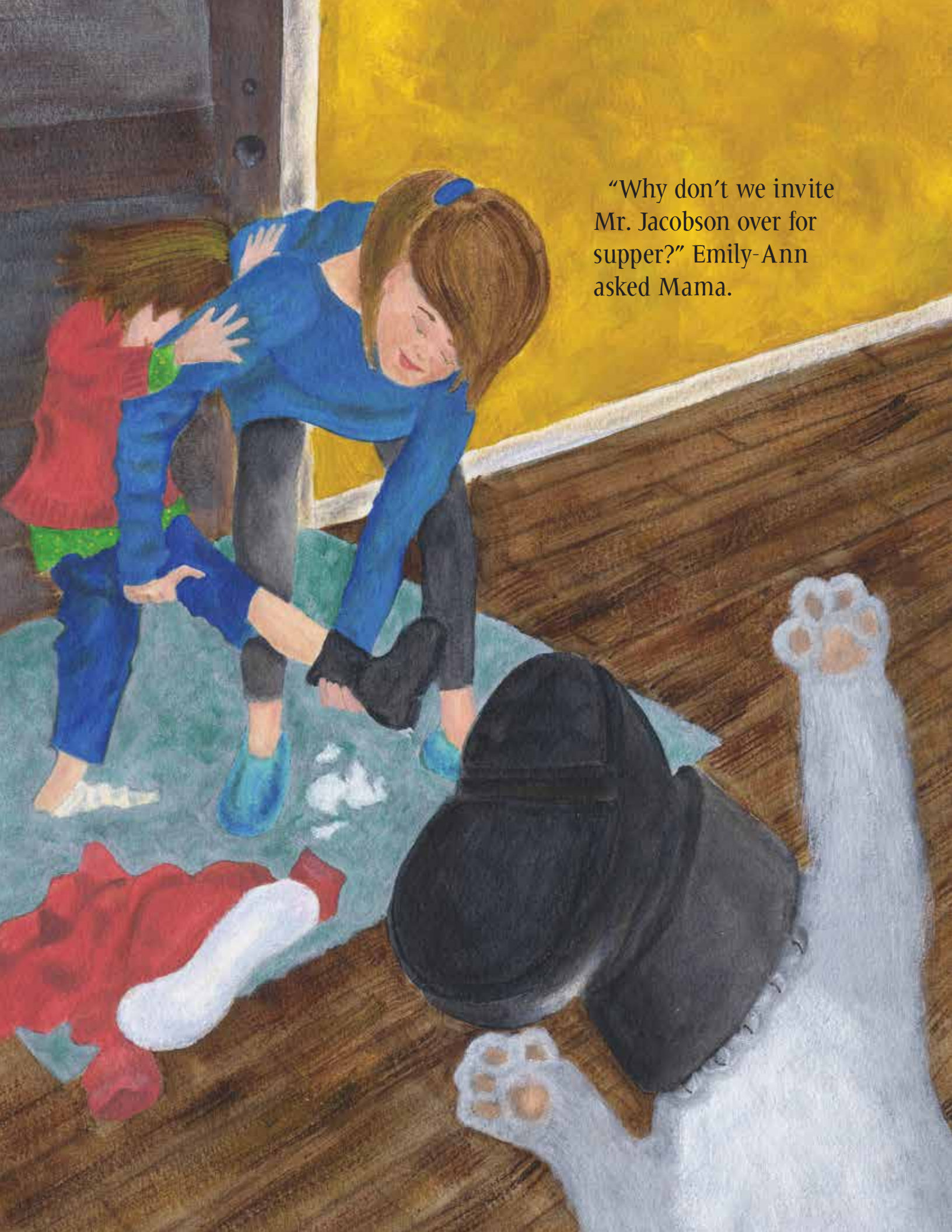




The next evening, Emily-Ann and Kooky gazed up at Mr. Jacobson's window. The room lights dimmed. Moments later, one candle came to life and then another, and Mr. Jacobson's face warmed in the glow of two flames.



Maybe Mama was right. Maybe he was just lonely.



“Why don’t we invite Mr. Jacobson over for supper?” Emily-Ann asked Mama.

“I’m afraid we don’t have much to share,” Mama said sadly.

“Let’s ask him over for Christmas dinner. We’ll have lots to eat when the hamper comes. I bet Kooky could make him smile.”

“That’s a wonderful idea,” Mama said. “I’ll invite him tomorrow.”

Emily-Ann decided to make Mr. Jacobson a present . . . but what would he like?

