

OUT OF CONTROL

A person with dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt and jeans, is sitting on the floor in a doorway. They are looking out into a dark, possibly outdoor, area. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the doorway and the person's face partially illuminated. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

⚠ WARNING:
MATURE CONTENT

PJ Gray



HER MOTHER

Bree saw the ghost of her mother in apartment 4A. “They call me Tutu,” the ghost said. Tutu was her mother’s nickname. Then the ghost jumped out the window.

Bree wanted to see her mother again. She had so many things to ask her.

Bree lived with her aunt in apartment 4B. Her brother, Andre, spent more time on the street. He only came home looking for money.

Bree's aunt was getting sicker. She stopped getting out of bed. Her aunt did not want to see a doctor. "Leave me alone," her aunt would say.

Bree was getting ready for work. She heard a key open the front door. Andre entered and walked slowly to her. Bree knew he wanted money. He was looking for his aunt's check.

"Did you cash her check?" Andre asked.

"No. It wasn't in the mail. It must be late again," Bree replied.

Andre stepped close to her. “I know you got a job. Who’re you working for?” he asked.

“I don’t have a job. I’m still looking,” Bree lied. She tried to be strong.

Bree had some money in her coat pocket. The rest of her money was in her shoe in the closet. “I’ll give you some money,” Bree said. “First I want to ask you about our mother.”

“Give me the money,” Andre said.

Bree pulled the money from her pocket. Andre grabbed it. “Where’s the rest of it?”

“That’s it,” Bree replied. “Get out! Now!”

Andre left apartment 4B. Bree waited to leave. She was late to work that day.

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INSIDE THE BOX

Bree went to the mailbox in the lobby. Her aunt's check was not there. There was a letter in the mailbox. It was from the landlord.

The letter said he wanted the back rent. It also said he would be in town soon. He wanted to kick them out of apartment 4B.

Bree went to work. She hoped to get a delivery job. She hated the work. But she needed the money.

Her boss, Mr. Edwin, was at his desk. "Take this box," he said. "Take it to 349 Pine Street."

"Okay," Bree replied. "Yes, sir."

“But wait until it gets dark,” he added.
Mr. Edwin stood up from his chair. “Did anybody see you when you made the other deliveries?”

“No. Nobody. I promise,” Bree replied.

“Good,” Mr. Edwin said. “Put the box in the trash can. Same as before.”

Bree had to know what was in the box. She took it home. Her aunt was asleep in the bedroom. Bree closed the bedroom door. She put the box on the sofa.

Bree slowly pulled the tape from the box. It was hard to peel off. She carefully opened the top of the box. Bree was shocked. The box was filled with drugs.

APARTMENT 4A

Bree was barely holding it together. Her brother was getting into trouble. Her boss was shady. And her aunt was sick. Then there was the empty apartment next door ...

OUT OF CONTROL

Book 2

Bree knew her boss was bad news.
But she needed the job. Her brother only
came home for money. And her aunt was ill.
“Just one last job,” Bree thought.

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LEXILE HL240L

 **SADDLEBACK**
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING
www.sdlback.com

ISBN: 978-1-62250-709-2



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