A WARNING: MATURE CONTENT

PJ GRAY





JUST A HOUSE

Troy was in his last foster home. He hated it. Just like he hated all the others. His foster mom had many kids. She also had a job.



Troy would lie in bed at night dreaming of leaving. He wanted a place of his own.

Troy began to skip school. He did not have friends and liked to be alone.

He tried to stay out of fights. But if he had to fight, he would. Gangs were a problem too. But he tried to stay away from them.

Troy had one more year of high school. His grades were bad and getting worse. He did not want to go back.

"The cops found you again," his foster mom said. "You were in the park. You have to stay in school." "You can't make me go," Troy said.

"Fine! Don't go!" she yelled. "Stay here. Take care of the kids. How about that?"

"No way!" Troy said.

"Then go to school!"





RUN AWAY

It was five in the morning. His foster mom was sleeping. The other kids were too. Troy took some food and his clothes. He put them in a backpack.

Troy snuck out of the house. He stole his foster brother's bike. He rode out of town.



Troy got to the next town. He thought he would get a job. But no one would hire him.

He lived on the streets for days. His food ran out. He sold the bike for food money.

Troy walked the streets. He watched for the police. Did his foster mom call them? He slept in a park at night.

The town had no jobs. Troy knew he had to leave. But he did not want to go back. Where could he go next?

One day, he saw a passing train. It was going to the big city. Troy hopped onto the back of the train. He opened a door. He sat in the empty car.



to run away. It wasn't easy living on the streets. Then he met Justin.

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