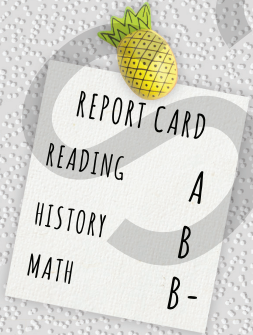
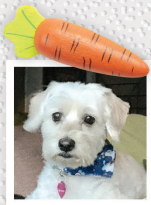


LESLIE MCGILL

BREAK AND ENTER





MILK
EGGS
BUTTER



REPORT CARD

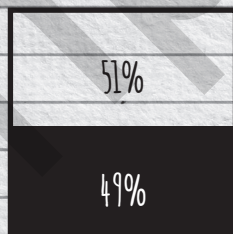
READING	A
HISTORY	B
MATH	B-

STATS OF MARK'S BREAK-INS

LIST OF WHAT MARK EATS FROM STRANGERS' KITCHENS

- CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES
- CHERRY POPSICLES
- PRETZELS
- CHEEZ WHIZ ON CRACKERS
- LEFTOVER PIZZA
- FROZEN GRAPES

49% OF HOUSES IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD
HAVE POOLS



MOST AFRAID OF MEETING WHEN BREAKING IN





AERIAL VIEW OF NEIGHBORHOOD



ble



CHAPTER 1

MY FIRST BREAK-IN

Lots of people have weird hobbies. Like bug collecting. Mine? Breaking and entering.

I'm not bad. I don't break in to take stuff. That's what you're thinking, right?

It started when we moved here. Me and my mom. This city is full of apartments. What was inside each one? I wanted to find out.

Because my life sucks.

I wanted to borrow another life for a while.

Pretend I'm someone else. Trade my reality for make-believe.

Even if it was just for an afternoon.

"We'll get used to this," my mom said. "It'll take time."

"Yeah. Well, I want my old life back. I miss my friends. I miss the sun," I complained.

"This is for the best," she said.

End of story. I knew we couldn't go back. But, man, life was hard.

She knows moving here was tough on me. On both of us. We moved to get away from my father. He's not a nice guy.

To me, my mom, or anybody.

He's in prison right now. We wanted to start over. So we moved east.

It's been rough. My old life in California was all I knew. I'm trying to fit in here. But it's taking a while.

Other people's lives seem better than mine. I'm ready to trade.

I saw the open window walking to school. Anyone could have crawled through. Who leaves a first-floor window open? Especially in this part of town.

Crazy. They were lucky I was the one who discovered it. Instead of someone bad.

Three days in a row it was open. It was like an itch I couldn't scratch. Had to get inside. Couldn't let it go.

I needed a plan.

1. Go in the middle of the day
2. Ditch school right after lunch
3. Think of a lie to tell Mom in case school calls
4. Walk back to the apartment with the open window
5. Check around back for more open windows
6. If there isn't an open window, try to open one

7. But first make sure the coast is clear
8. Check for dogs

It was after lunch. Mom wouldn't find out I'd ditched school till later. Whatever. I'd make up something good. My mom is too trusting.

I walked to the apartment. Went around back. Didn't see any cars. But that doesn't mean anything. Most people take the bus to work.

The back gate squeaked. I freaked. Crouched down. Waited to see if anyone came out to investigate. After a minute I stood back up.

One window wouldn't move. Another had frosted glass. Hmm. The bathroom window? I pushed up against the frame. It moved up a couple inches.

"Here, boy! Come here, pup!" I called softly.

Lots of people here have dogs. No pit bull surprises, please. But no dog came.

No way could I pull myself up. It was too high.

There was a broken chair in the yard. I moved it under the window. It was the right height. I opened the window wider. Threw a leg over the windowsill. Shifted my weight. Pulled the other leg in. Dropped to the floor.

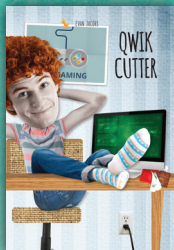
I was in.

Sample

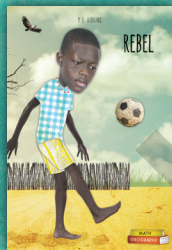
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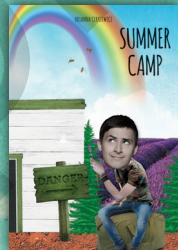
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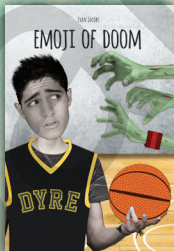
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BREAK AND ENTER



BASKETBALL, COOKIES,
SECOND CHANCES



DOGS, BOY BANDS,
MESSY PEOPLE

A FRESH START. THAT'S WHAT HIS MOM WANTS. BUT MARK JUST CAN'T SETTLE INTO HIS LIFE. HE MISSES HIS FRIENDS AND HAS TROUBLE CONNECTING WITH NEW CLASSMATES. NOTHING IS FAMILIAR. WALKING THROUGH HIS NEIGHBORHOOD, HE SEES AN OPEN WINDOW. INSTANTLY, EVERYTHING CHANGES.



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