



# 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. He would dream of leaving. He wanted a place of his own.

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

He tried to stay out of fights. But if he had to fight, he would. And he tried to stay away from gangs. It was hard.

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. "You can stay here. Take care of the kids. How about that?"