

LESLIE MCGILL

# BREAK AND ENTER



REPORT CARD  
READING A  
HISTORY B  
MATH B-



# WHITE LIGHTNING BOOKS®

BEHIND THE MASK

**BREAK AND ENTER**

EMOJI OF DOOM

GRAND SLAM

IGGY

ON THE RUN

QWIK CUTTER

REBEL

SCRATCH N' SNITCH

SUMMER CAMP

THE UNDERDOGS

UNDER THE STAIRS



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## 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.



## CHAPTER 2

# CRAZY HAPPY

It was a bathroom. Someone had showered recently. It smelled like soap. The towels were damp.

The apartment was quiet. Nobody home. A clock ticked somewhere. *Ticktock. Ticktock.*

I felt crazy happy. Better than that. I couldn't believe I'd done it.

I walked from room to room, touching things.

These people were normal. Not rich. But their lives seemed comfortable. The kids were messy, like me.



I knew I should probably hurry. But I wanted to look around first.

I went into the kitchen. Opened the refrigerator. There were leftovers inside. I took a whiff. Gross! Wasn't going to eat that!

What other food did these people have? I looked in a cupboard. Cookies! Score! I snagged five. Ate them as I walked into the living room.

There was a huge couch. It took up most of the room. It looked so inviting. I sat and kicked back, munching the cookies.

When would these people come home? It was getting late. I knew I should leave.

My stomach growled. Those cookies were calling my name. So I headed back to the kitchen. That's when I saw it. An old watch. Beat-up leather band. It was on the windowsill. Above the sink. It wasn't anything great. All scratched and dull.

No one would notice if it was gone. I stuck it in my pocket. A souvenir.

It was time to leave. *Ticktock. Ticktock.*

I walked back to the bathroom. Took a good look around. There were lots of bottles on the side of the sink. Perfumes. Lotions. I opened a couple. Smelled them. Put some lotion on my hands. Regretted it. It smelled girlie.

I climbed back out the window. Tried to pull it down after me. The lotion made my hands too slippery. I rubbed them on the front of my shirt.

I tried again. This time it came down.

I put the chair back where I'd found it and left through the gate.

My brain screamed *Run. Run, you fool*. But I knew that would attract attention. I walked home.

I unlocked the door to my apartment. Mom was in the kitchen. She came out, drying her hands on a towel.

“Mark Davis, it’s about time you got home!” She put her hands on her hips. “Where have you been?”

Awesome. The school hadn’t called. “At school,” I lied. “Had to take care of something.”

She sniffed. “What’s that smell?” she asked. She came closer. She sniffed my shirt. She got a funny look on her face. Sort of a smile.

“What smell?”

“Smells like perfume,” she said. “Is that what you had to take care of. She have a name?”

“Aw, Mom,” I said, trying to sound embarrassed.

“That’s okay,” she said. “You can tell me about her when you’re ready.” She walked back into the kitchen. Then walked back out again. “Just her initials,” she teased. “Just tell me that.”

“B and E,” I said. It was the first thing that came to mind. Hey, I wasn’t lying. I’d spent the afternoon breaking and entering.

“Hmm,” she said. “Brittany? Evans?”

“Mom!” I squirmed. Sometimes my mom is too much.

She laughed again and walked into the kitchen. I went into my room. Shut the door. Sat on my bed.