

FINDING THE RIGHT SPOT

**When Kids Can't Live
With Their Parents**

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“I can so eat peanut butter three times a day,” I told the family court judge, “and for your information, I love peanut butter more than anything in the whole world, except for my mom.”



I told the social worker that the shelter me and mom lived in wasn't so bad, that after awhile you got used to all the noise, and the people who talked to themselves – well, those people you learned to leave alone.

Besides, living in a shelter taught you how to share stuff, like your food and things, and also how to hold on to what's really important and be thankful for what you've got 'cause there's always somebody worse off than you, and see, staying there with my mom, I was learning all the time.

“Why aren't you going to school every day and learning there?” the judge asked.

Well, I didn't have an answer for that.

She did.



So now I'm going to school
and living with Aunt Dane.

She's not my real aunt, but
says she loves me as if she
was. Aunt Dane takes care of
kids like me, when their real
parents can't. Like when your
mom loses her job and can't
pay the rent for the apartment
and drinks too much and gets
sick so you stay home from
school to take care of her.

That's what happened to me.







