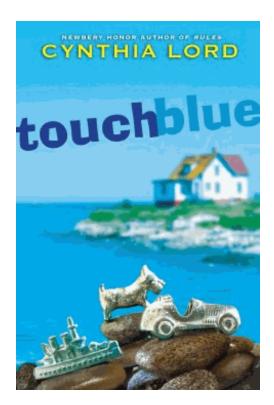
TOUCH BLUE



Book Summary:

A family living on a secluded island foster a young man.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains references to foster care, alcohol, and drug abuse and death of a loved one; and mild violence.

Juvenile

By Cynthia Lord

ISBN: 978-0-545-36143-9







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	Aaron had lived with his mother until he was five years old. Then some people from the State took him away, because they thought his mom wasn't doing a good enough job of taking care of him. Next he'd lived with his grandma for six years, until she died. And after that, he'd lived one year each in two foster homes. "Why didn't he go back to his mom when his grandma died?" Libby asked. "He couldn't." I took a deep breath, wondering how to explain the situation in words she'd understand. "No one knew where Aaron's mom was when his grandma died. She didn't show up to the meetings she was supposed to go to, and now Aaron doesn't belong to her anymore. A judge said so."
52	"Why can't she take care of him?" "Because she's had lots of trouble with drugs and drinking. When people get hooked on things like that, they can't even take care of themselves, let alone their children." He glances at me. "That's just for you to know, Tess. Not to be repeated, not even to Libby. Okay?" I nod. "Do you think Aaron's mom misses him?" His fingers tighten over mine. "I expect so. It's very hard to know you've hurt someone you love. But his mom had a lot of chances to make this right, and she didn't do what she needed to. She didn't show up to meetings or take her drug tests. I guess the judge decided it was time to stop giving the chances to the parent and give them to the kid instead."
	"Natalie said she had cancer?" Aaron nods. "Fluid filled her lungs at the end. I didn't know a person could drown in a room full of air." "I didn't know that either," Dad says quietly. Every time I've allowed myself to imagine that unnamed sailor's last seconds, there was always a dark, cold ocean folding around him, and maybe a horrible patch of watery light way up overhead—never once had I thought of someone drowning from the inside.
116	"But you can't run away with my skiff! They'll just come find you and—" "I should've known you'd take their side!" "I'm not taking their side!" I say, even though he's already walking away from me. I want to tell Mom about Aaron's plan to run away, but I want to do it alone.
	"Grandma said I shouldn't wait for you anymore, because you loved drinking too much to stop. That's why you stopped trying to get me back. I yelled at Grandma for saying that, but it's the truth! You love drinking more than me!"