

My Story - Aubrey

By Madison B.

You want to know what this is about before you read this, is that right? So, you just read the first couple of words, if the cover appeals to you, or the title? And if you don't like it at first, you just toss it away? People judge books by their cover. People judge other people by their looks, or where they came from, their background. They don't take the time to *really* get to know them. That's what happened to me. I was tossed away. People gave me dirty looks in the halls, would never sit by me, or pretend I didn't exist, just because of how I looked. Yeah, sure, my dad passed, and my mom left me to my aunt after it happened. It was a small town, everyone knew about everyone. They knew who we were: trailer trash. We lived in a mobile home. In a trailer park. Even though they knew who we were, they acted like we were nothing. Like we didn't exist. This is my story. Of how I rose from the ashes of misery and pain. How I was able to learn who I am. Of how I became who I am today. Because now, I shug all of that off. I teach others to be who they really are. To show the bullies it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks. This is who I am: Myself- Aubrey Stewart.

We had a great life at first. My mom and dad were together and happy. We lived in a wonderful house. It wasn't much, but it was all I needed. We didn't have to worry about what we were going to have for dinner. We had some nice clothes, my dad had a steady job. We even went to Church every Sunday. Then my life turned upside down. My dad, who was a Walmart truck driver, was in Oklahoma when it happened. He was listening to the radio at a rest stop near Oklahoma City, when one of those breaking news things interrupted. There was twister heading right to the highway. He tried to take cover, but it got there before he had enough time

to really take it seriously. His own truck crushed him. When my mom found out, she went nuts. I still loved her, but she was getting too crazy to be around. One day, I woke up and she was, just, gone. I still don't know where she is, even to this day, but I hope she's alright.

My aunt- Marcy Jennings- took custody over me. She was my mom's younger sister and never married. She was very poor and never had a stable job because of her horrible temper. I had lived in Virginia with my family, but she lived in Montana. It was hard, leaving everything behind: My friends, my dad's belongings, mostly. All of those family memories, the good times. But by then I had no tears left in me. I was just filled with sadness and heartbreak. She lived in a small town, my aunt. It was called Alantown- That's about the dumbest name I've ever heard.

Anyways, there were three sections of the town, sort of like invisible boundaries. There was the main part of town--down town, people liked to call it--where everything was. Not that there was much. Just the Market, the bank, the courthouse, and a couple of other random small businesses that never stayed in business. Behind the courthouse was the school. It's was all grades combined, the town was so small. The second part was The Neighborhood. Yes, that was really what it was called. There were those stone or brick walls where you entered the neighborhood that said: The Neighborhood. It was probably named that because it was the only neighborhood in town.

The last part was the Old Run Down area. There was an apartment that burned down 3 times and was very shaky. Only the people who go in and out of jail usually stayed there, it was so bad. Behind it is the trailer park. That's where my aunt and I live. Everywhere you looked its either dirty, rotten, or moldy, including the food and clothes. Its smelled as bad as a pig taking a bath in a sewer. If you lived there, you pretty much had a terrible life. A rotten, dirty, smelly life. When I finally moved in with my aunt, everyone was giving me these dirty looks,

like they knew what happened to my parents, and my mom was awful. I'm sure my aunt told them all about her "terrible, horrible, abusive sister, who's apple didn't fall far from the tree."

When I was little, I asked my mom if she had any sisters. She said she had one, but they never really liked each other, but that it was okay, pumpkin, because she had me.

Now I understand that my mom's sister hated my mom. She despised her for no good reason. It was a small town, where everyone heard about everyone. That's why no one, not even my aunt, gave me sympathy. No one liked me. I was a terrible person, abusive, just like her "mommy". Don't even tease her. She'll getcha back, she can hold a grudge. She'll getcha back in a horrible, no good way and get away with it. The teachers didn't call on me at school, no one looked me in the eye. It was worse than being bullied, where at least someone *acknowledged* you. Except for my aunt. Oh, Lord, my aunt. *She* was the abusive one. If I looked *her* in the eye, if I said something to her without being asked a question, boy, did I feel pain. And not just pain like when you fall off your bike and scrape a knee. Pain, cold, dark, hurtful pain, that you feel not only physically, but so emotional. You could feel the hatred boiling up in my aunt's heart from holding a grudge to my mother, for no apparent reason. As I layed in bed at night, I thought, *How did my life go so bad?*

Everyday as I went to school, as the days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, the teachers started getting braver. They started risking a glance at me. I saw that they felt sympathy for me. I saw that they were realizing that maybe I wasn't the horrible, terrible person my aunt was describing, maybe I was just a shy kid sitting at the back of the class, so innocent. Then one day, my aunt told me I smelled bad, like onion soup and dog breath. I finally lost it. I yelled. I screamed. "Why don't *you* smell this ugly, dirty place! Look at

yourself! I didn't choose to be here. My **dad died!** Why do you have to be so mean? What is it with you? Why am I horrible? Why do you hate my mom? **Why?"**

She look shell-shocked. I was shocked at myself. *Oh no*, I thought. What she did surprised her more than it did me. She sat down on the floor, huddled into a ball, and cried. And cried. I stood there. I didn't know what to do. What was I supposed to do? There was a knock on the door. "I'll get it," I said while she didn't even listen to me.

I opened the door. There was a woman who was a little taller than me. She had brown hair about to her shoulders with some highlights. She had sparkling hazel eyes like mine. There were tears glistening in her eyes.

"Mom?" I said quietly. She bent down and gave me a huge hug and didn't stop for the longest time. "I love you Aubrey. I'm **so, so** sorry. Marcy?" she said. "Hang on sweetie, I owe someone an apology."

I stood there, shell-shocked even more so. I was paralyzed. I couldn't move. I couldn't even cry. There were so many emotions welling up inside of me. I heard crying and then someone calling my name wanting me to come in there. I did. We all sat there on the floor, crying for who knows how long. And that's when my life started to pick up again. This is the story of Aubrey Stewart.