

*Alyssa Mowris*

## *If Walls Could Talk*

On March twenty-ninth of 2005 a baby girl was born. The birthplace is unknown. The time is unknown. How much the baby weighed is unknown. Well at least it's unknown to the girl herself which is me. Alyssa Mowris.

To begin the story of my life, I will have to skip a few years because it was so long ago, lots of memories have vanished from my mind. Instead I will start when I was in kindergarten. I was either five, six, or seven. I was a little chubby girl with dirty blonde hair and poopy brown eyes as my brother would say but now I believe my eyes to be hazel. I have one older full-blooded brother, two younger half-brothers, and one older half-sister. My mother was my idol and I loved her beauty. She was both pretty inside and out to me. Others may say that's not true but I believe it to be to this day. My older brother, the youngest of my brothers, and I lived with my mother and her boyfriend. Sadly the middle brother didn't live with us because his father took care of him. It was for the better though. He had a good father. My father was absent. Now it was just the youngest brother's father who was around twenty-four seven. This probably sounds extremely confusing because it sounds confusing even in my brain. All of my siblings have different fathers except for my older brother and me. My older half sister is an exception because she has a different mother but the same father.

The building was a yellow multi-residential apartment. The left side is where I stayed with my family. There's so special features of the apartment except the master bedroom had a window that allowed you to walk out on a roof of a shed or something that was connected to the building. The house was composed of three bedrooms, a kitchen, living room, and one bathroom. The walls were boring white. Windows were small but still nice to peer down at the people walking by on the sidewalk or to look over at the library across the road. Down the road was a pizzeria, Cumberland Farms, and Family Dollar. At the other end was a Stewarts but is now occupied by some other organic business. Our temporary housing wasn't the greatest but I liked that fact I got my own bedroom. Moments in that house are only a handful. Some are sentimental. Others are nightmares, but not the typical scary nightmares like people usually have.

My favorite moments consist of when my mom used to walk with me to the library to sign out books that she didn't always return. *Twilight* was one of her favorites. She used to read them to me even if I didn't understand every word she was saying. I loved when I was at my cousin's house just a few streets away and sometimes the Ice-Cream Man would stop to exchange icecream for our money.

Not so good memories were when my step-father would yell and get angry. Not so good memories were of my brother being spanked because he did something wrong. Not so good memories were of when the furniture rental company would come to the door to take back the furniture but we had to act as if no one was inside so the people would go away.

Life in that yellow apartment wasn't extremely terrible. It wasn't the greatest place either but it was better than nothing. The apartment didn't last very long. I don't remember what happened at the end of our time there or where we went to live next. All I can remember is living in a crummy

motel with those signs outside saying there's tv and cable inside. The motel was only a few miles away from my grandma but she couldn't/wouldn't take us in.

Being in that motel was the start of a new beginning in my eyes. Although there were cockroaches climbing through the walls, there was still hope for the future. In the motel there were two beds. I believe I slept next to my brothers while my more- worthy- than him mother slept with her boyfriend. There are two certain moments that happened in that motel that stay in my head. The first, in the motel there was a red candle. I don't remember if it was there when we got there. It was beginning to darken outside. The sky was a grayish blue pastel. My mom's boyfriend was angry. He was mad at something, maybe had an argument with my mom. I can't remember if he ever hit her. I don't remember him doing so but in my eyes, it wouldn't be surprising if he did. He was angry, so angry enough to take it out on everything around him. He yelled with fury. Maybe his face was red but the memory isn't all there in my brain. I can only remember certain things. He did take his anger out on that poor candle though. He did also take his anger out on the poor cockroach infested walls. The red candle had obviously been lit before hand because once the candle was thrown, the wax smeared down the walls. Poor candle. Poor wall. That wall has one more story added to things it could tell.

It was a few weeks before Christmas. My mother nor did her boyfriend have a job. Of the money they still had, they spent on the white powder they snorted to make them feel better. They didn't have much money for food or Christmas presents for their kids. One day one special woman in my life came to save the day. It wasn't my grandmother who lived so close, but instead it was her sister, my aunt. My aunt was put- together, strong, beautiful, and bold as she pulled into the

motel's parking lot. I remember my brother and me getting into that mini van so quickly. It was one of the greatest days of my life.

My aunt took all of us, including the boyfriend, back to her house. The house was beautiful with a maroon exterior. There was a big porch that would have been perfect for family barbecues. There was even a swing set that had a fort structure attached to it! To the side was a slide too! The yard was big. It expands farther than just looking past the shed in the farther part of the yard. My aunt had six and a half acres of land. Half was covered in trees and high grass. At the very back is a pond.

When we arrived at the house to stay for that Christmas, it wouldn't be the last time my aunt came to save us. That Christmas wasn't memorable enough like other moments to stay put in my brain but I do remember my older brother and I having to stand outside while the adults wrapped presents inside. My brother and I were in large bulky coats but we were still cold and wanted to get in so bad. We yelled to see if we could come in but the response was mostly always the same until they were officially finished.

My aunt, being the hero she is, came and saved my older brother and I again. It was near the end of kindergarten for me. My brother was reaching the end of first grade. One thing went to another. First I was living with my mom and then I was sitting in an office with two of my brothers. The youngest and the oldest. I knew I wasn't going back home with my mom. My mom was gone and I didn't have a clue of where she went. My younger brother's father wasn't around. He was gone and I didn't know what had happened to him either.

Three kids were sitting in the foster care office/ waiting area. I don't remember any adults being around until my younger brother's grandma came to get him. There was one of those kids

play houses in the waiting area. The three of us were playing inside of there. His grandmother walked through the door. I remember looking at her one moment. She must have seen something that I couldn't see in me because a moment later she called me over to her. She hugged me and as soon as she hugged me, I cried.

*I wanted my mother back.*

My younger brother left with his grandma. My older brother and I were remaining. We probably played for our remaining time there. It was getting dark when the hero arrived once again. I know she raced to the building my brother and I were in. My aunt took us home that night. She gave up all her adult freedom to help children in need of a home. I thank my aunt so much for being there for my brother and I. There is nobody else in my family like her. Ever since that night I have been living with my aunt.

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My brother and I shared a bedroom, bunk beds, due to the fact that there were only two bedrooms in the house. Instead of sleeping on the top bunk, I slept on the couch in the living room. The house was beautiful and petite. One blind cute dog, two cats, and three fish were included. We had chores to do. We got to play a lot on the play structure outside. Days in that house were so amazing. So fun.

But then there were also bad moments...

My brother could get very angry at times. I did too but not like him. My brother would steal from stores like when we were living with my mom. My brother stole items from other students at school. My brother tried stealing an Xbox game card from *Price Chopper*, but he wasn't successful. My aunt caught him so she made him take it to the customer service desk.

My brother could have big rage moments. His face would get red and his eyes would be wide. His hands would be tightened at his sides. He would throw possessions. He would say the craziest things. My aunt tried to help him but she couldn't handle everything herself. She may have been a strong woman but she needed help. My brother was sent to get mental help. We drove two hours and waited for him till morning to arrive to pick him back up. The facilities didn't help very much so he was sent somewhere else. He was sent to a bigger family with a mother and father. They had three kids too. And animals.

My brother loved living there and still does to this day. My brother still lives with that same family. It probably makes him feel like he is part of a normal family.

I probably would.

My brother not living with my aunt and I felt a bit odd but after a while I got very used to it. At first I didn't care that he wasn't going to be next to me as I got on and off of the school bus. I still don't today but there are moments when I wish he was around. I feel like things would be so different if he was still around.

I do love my brother no matter what happens in any of our lives.

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Living with my aunt felt very normal for the rest of my elementary and middle school years. Over the summer I would hang out with friends, we would go to the mall or Woodstock which I loved very much. Maybe once over the summer we would go to the amusement park but I didn't like going without friends. During the school year I would try to get good grades since that was basically the only thing I was good at. I'm not a sporty person. Everything seemed great, well except for one event in the summer before fifth grade.

It seemed like any typical day in my life. The only difference was my aunt and I were going to the mall. I was really excited because my aunt was possibly getting me a hamster or guinea pig. I really wanted to have my own pet. In my room I left my radio plugged in with music playing to redirect the other pets in the home to notice nothing different.

We were on the highway when the calls started rapidly coming through my aunt's phone. She pulled over and answered.

***"Your house is on fire!"*** The neighbor cried and yelled through the phone.

Panic arose in the car. Tension increases minute by minute. Although it was illegal, my aunt turned around in the only separating space from the oncoming to the ongoing traffic, the median. She raced home. My mind was bustling with thoughts. What was happening around hasn't quite settled in. I didn't cry much. The tears wouldn't come. My heart was rapidly beating though. Aside from me, my aunt looked terrified.

The car was forcefully parked beside the ditch. We raced up the road to our driveway. Sirens shrieked loudly. Black smoke was coming out of the decaying black ash covered windows. That maroon house that saved me from total destruction was gone for. Neither one of us knew it as soon as we got there but the animals of that house were gone too, except for one. Also what I didn't know until later was that the sparks initiated in my bedroom. *In my room.* Maybe the radio being plugged into the wall since that morning was the problem. I really wanted to go get a hamster that day. Maybe that caused it. It was unexpected and that was the only thing different so that was all I could think of that could cause something so terrible and drastic. Everything in my room was demolished. My favorite present from my birthday which was a locked container with butterflies decorating the outside with the simplest of trinkets was placed inside. Gone. The books that I loved reading were aligned almost perfectly on top of my dresser. Gone. The clothes that I adored and took hours deciding on which to wear for everyday at school. Gone.

Not only were my things gone but also my aunt's property. Everything that a bold, strong, beautiful woman worked for all those years were now gone. How could she ever get all those family pictures back of her grandchildren or of the big barbeques she hosted so all her friends and family would visit?

Everything was taken from my mini close family within seconds. My animals died all except one of my cats. This house developed into my home and now it's covered in ashes.

The house was rebuilt. During which it was being built, my aunt and I stayed with her daughter and a friend. We also stayed at a motel.



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Now...

I am a freshman.

I am fourteen years old.

Life isn't perfect. Days vary in good and bad. I still live with my aunt at the same location. School makes my mind have tornadoes. One day I'm happy and can't stop smiling. Other days I'm crying at the lunch table. I keep eighty-five percent of things to myself. I am really uncomfortable and awkward around people. I wish I wasn't that way but that's how God made me.

I love being around my friends, especially one in particular. They make me laugh. I can be myself and they won't shun me from their lives. I smile when I walk through the school doors and see my best friend standing at her locker as she collects her binders.

I love going to school to see some of the greatest teachers I've ever met. From telling their life stories to teaching the younger generations lessons they should always remember. Some teachers I get so connected to that I wish for them to never go away. I look up to my teachers so much. Teachers deserve more credit than they get. Teachers are part of the building blocks for kids.

I love my aunt who gave up her older age free-from-children-lifestyle to take care of me. I know I can be a hassle sometimes. I can have fits and temper tantrums. My aunt sticks through it all. She may be annoying to me sometimes and I may wish I was somewhere else but in the end she has always been there for me so I will always be there for her.

Looking back on my past I feel like my memory plays tricks on me. What if some things I feel are true are actually lies? What if I am just imagining things that I wish were true? I regret a lot of things that I have done or didn't do. Life is full of regrets. I regret blaming my brother for a lot of my faults, like the time I was acting like a jealous sister and blamed my brother for calling my aunt a thousand times when she was out shopping for Christmas presents. I wanted to call her. I shouldn't have made my brother do it. That was my fault but yet he still took the blame. My brother made mistakes and so did I.

I regret not taking the blame. I wish I was a better friend. I wish I was good at comforting people. I wish I was less socially awkward. I wish I could go into gym class with confidence. I wish I wasn't jealous of what other people have that I don't. I wish I didn't care about what people thought of me. I wish people would stop judging people just by looking at them. I wish it wasn't a thing in the world to be mean. I wish I was a better person.

I can keep saying I wish and I regret but the truth is I have so many great things in life. No matter what, people will always regret something. No matter what, humans will always make mistakes. Wishes won't come true until some step is made for them to come true. At the end of the day I love my life. I love the people I am around. I am loved and cared for. I love my mom and my dad. I love my family and friends. Life can be really tough sometimes. Sometimes I just cry and cry. Sometimes I think of a world of only happiness. Life can be tough but it also can be awesome.

I am Alyssa Mowris. I am a teenage girl with long dirty blonde hair. I have hazel eyes and in the future I dream of being an author.

