

# If These Walls Had Eyes

## The Life Story of Aubrey Johnson

Author: Chelsea S. Thomas

Published by:  
Chelsea S. Thomas  
Copyright 2016

ISBN: 13:978-1547150779

ISBN: 10:1547150777

[www.ChelseaSThomas.com](http://www.ChelseaSThomas.com)

### Copyright

The author intended not to use any copyrighted material for the publication or, if not possible, to indicate the copyright of the respective object. The copyright for any material created by the author is reserved. Any duplication or use of objects such as diagrams, sounds or texts in other electronic or printed publications is not permitted without the author's agreement

# **Table of Contents:**

**Chapter One:** Why Me?

**Chapter Two:** I Will Always Be Near

**Chapter Three:** College Talk

**Chapter Four:** Blind Date

**Chapter Five:** Welcome Home

**Chapter Six:** You Again

**Chapter Seven:** Promises Are Meant to Be Broken

**Chapter Eight:** Will it Ever Get Better?

**Chapter Nine:** Love Me Not, Love Me

**Chapter Ten:** Will You Love Me in The End?

**Chapter Eleven:** What Are You Fighting for?

**Chapter Twelve:** Leaving It All Behind

## Chapter One:

### Why Me?

I can remember the last summer I spent with my parents like it was yesterday. It was one of the best summers of my life, and I can say that because I am not that old. The flowers were blooming and I can remember how the lilies made my father sneeze. He had really bad allergies that year, and I remember laughing at him sneezing the entire time. When he sneezed, his eyes would pop out of his head. He always tried to look cool, but he managed to look like a dork every time. In my eyes, my mother was the most outgoing, caring, and gorgeous woman I have ever known and seen. Now, I'm not just saying that because she is my mother. I do tell the truth all of the time and I cannot stand liars.

Anyways, my mother had the perfect brown skin. It always had this glow to it, and whenever she would hold me in her arms, I could not help to think how smooth her skin was. It always reminded me of a baby's bottom. I know you're thinking; how would I know what a baby's bottom feels like. It's just a figure of speech people, do not kill me for my choice of words. I am only 16 years old here. My mother hair is thick as wool, but soft as butter. My mother name is Elizabeth, and she always bragged about how my grandparents named her after Queen Elizabeth. "Your grandparents always told me that I was a queen and that is why they named me after the queen" She would say. Growing up hearing that story was pretty cool, but now I am just like okay mom, I heard that story one thousand times already.

Mark, my father always told me that I looked exactly like my mother. He would say that I had her smile. "Your mother smile could light up the world" he would say. My mother is about 5'5 and my father was about 5'9. I do not have very tall parents, but they can get away with a few things when we go to Cedar Point. My parents were very much in love, and they always told me how they knew at first sight that they would be together forever. My parents are high school sweet hearts; they married right after high school. My father was caramel complexion with jet black hair. He told corny jokes and I always laughed at them. He had waves in his hair that reminded me of the ocean, and he dressed very well. Monday-Friday he would wear a suit and tie and on the weekends, he would wear jeans and a button up. When he was not helping me with my extra curriculum activities, he often taught youth basketball at the recreation center in our neighborhood.

Whenever my father looked at my mother, you could see the love they had between one another. He always looked at her as if everything around him made sense. They often stared into each other's eyes, and I told myself I hope to have someone who loved me as much as my father loved my mother. My parents both went to college and obtained their bachelor's degree. My father's degree was in business administration and my mother's was in education. My mother

always told me that when I was born she could not imagine leaving my side, so she decided to stay at home with me while my father worked. My parents were so big on me going to college and getting a full ride to school, that I did every sport you could think of. I was a part of the track team, softball, soccer, volleyball, tennis, and I am currently apart of the dance team. I also played the clarinet my entire life. Okay, you caught me, I have been playing the clarinet for six years.

I have spoken to many therapists', and they believe I keep coming back to the summer of 2014 because, that is when I felt the happiest in my life and in control of things. We had a cabin we went to every summer in New Jersey. The cabin was built with rocks on the outside and had brown wooding on the inside. We had a fire place and my father and I used to sit by the fire and cook smores. My mother would curl up on the couch and read one of her mystery books about crime. There was a lake outside and my father and I would often sit by it and talk about my plans for my last year in high school and what college I would go to. It has always been my dream to go to South Bay University in New York. They have an excellent program for film producers and script writers. I can remember sitting with my father and how he told me that I had a bright future ahead of me. As well as I could do anything I set my mind to.

The summer of 2014 was the best summer a gal could ask for. It was one of the last moments I had with my father. A month before the start of my sophomore year in high school, I received the most devastating news. My father was killed in a hit and run driving accident. I can remember when the police officers came to my door and told my mother what happened. My mother fell to her knees and the officers had to pick her up. She looked at me and she could not tell me what had happened. Everything around me stopped. It was as if time stood still. My mother started walking in my direction and reached out for me as she pulled me close. I can remember how my heart was beating faster than I was breathing. "Your father...baby...your dad...oh god...why...why" my mother said. I knew something bad had happened to my dad, because I felt it in my bones. My mother did not have to say a word. I can remember running to my dad's room and holding his picture.

I keep going back to the summer of 2014, because that is the last time everything made sense in my life. It was the last time I seen my mother full of life. It was the last memory I had of us as a family. You see, my father was everything to our family, and I do not know why he was taken from us. Now, I live everyday missing his laugh, his smile, and his encouraging words. Who is going to walk me down the aisle when I get married? Who is going to teach me how to drive? Who is going to give me the first day of school pep talk? You see, I had become numb. I did not understand why the driver decided take my father away from us. I do not understand why he did not get to live. Since my father has been taken from us, who is going to keep my mother together?

## Chapter Two:

### I will always be Near

“Get up Aubrey!” my grandmother yelled. I don’t understand the point of setting my alarm clock, if she was always going to yell my name from downstairs every morning. “Okay grams, I’m getting up” I shouted back. “Who are you yelling at little girl?” she said. Oops. I guess I was yelling too loud. “No one grams, sorry about that. I’ll be down in a few” I said. It smells like grams is making her famous pancakes. Mmmmm. I can smell the bacon from up here. Its Applewood bacon, I’m sure of it. I quickly got out of the bed and ran to the shower. Okay, I did not run, but it sure did feel like it. I do not even remember getting out of the bed. I guess the smell of my grams cooking swept me off my feet.

You gotta wash right here and wash right there...Lala. It’s my last year in high school! I cannot wait to leave this state and go far away from here. I wonder what Genesis is wearing to school today. I always had to set a timer for when I was in the shower in the morning whenever I had school, because I would often get lost in my thoughts. The steam from the shower would allow my mind to escape into the white smoky fog. It was as if I could just forget the last two years of my life. To be honest, I hate the first day of school. My father was not here to give me his pep talk. I always felt like I was missing something. When reality would set in, I realized the thing I was missing was him.

When I got out of the shower, I stared in the mirror. I wiped the mirrors off; they had become foggy from the shower. I looked at myself in the mirror and I heard my father’s voice, “Good luck in school today baby girl. Make sure to keep your eyes on the prize and off them boys” he would say while laughing. I caught tears rolling down my cheeks and then a smile appeared. I was determined to make my father proud of me and I was going to make the best of this school year. I started brushing my teeth. Front to back and around the corner, my father would say. Not to toot my own horn, but I have some white teeth. I have been told my entire life that my smile could light up the entire world. I would have to say I agree with them.

It is September and the weather in Ohio is cold! Due to it being the first day of school, I must make sure my outfit was on point. I decided to wear high waist blue jeans with a black and white plaid long sleeve shirt. My hair is to my shoulders, and I have decided to wear my hair in a twist out. You know, the crinkly curly look. My hair is very thick, so whenever I wore my hair like this, it would always look full. I put on the silver heart necklace my father gave me for my 16th birthday. It had his, my mothers, and my initials on it; it said family. I put my silver bangles on to match the necklace. I decided to wear my silver hoops with little crystals on them, because my hair was down and I wanted my hair to pop! I have some very full and thick eye brows, and my skin had this shinny brown caramel glow to it. I do no wear anything but lip gloss. As I slowly turned around in my full-length mirror, I could not help but to thank my parents for making me so got darn cute!

“Baby, come get your food!” my grandmother yelled. “Here I come” I said. I pranced on down stairs to the delicious food. “OMG, grams this smells sooooooo good” I said. My grandmother started smiling and said I always said that. “Grams, it must be true then, your cooking is the best I have ever had” I said. “Oh girl, hush up and eat your food before it gets cold” she said after she gave me a kiss on the cheek. My grandmother had made pancakes, bacon, and scrambled eggs. Her pancakes were always made to perfection! They were lightly cooked and extra fluffy. Her bacon was always just the right amount of crisp, that whenever I ate a piece of bacon, it would make this crunch sound in my mouth. My eggs were always so fluffy and yellow. I never could figure out how she got rid of all the white part of the egg. I had apple juice to put the icing on my breakfast. As I put the last piece of eggs in my mouth, my grandmother pulled up a chair next to me. Oh lord, here we go. “Your mother called today” she said. “Good for her.” I did not say anything, I just picked up my apple juice and stared drinking it. “She told me to tell you that she misses you and cannot wait to see you” she said. Blah, blah, blah. I don’t care what that woman wants. Who cares, she can stay where she is. I put the last piece of bacon in my mouth. “Are you going to ignore me child?” she said. “Grams, I love you. I must get to school. See you later” I said. Before she could finish her sentence, I was heading out of the door with my books in one hand and my book bag in the other.

That was close. I don’t know why she insists on me speaking to my mother. She left me! She gave up! As I started thinking about my mother, I began to become angry. When I looked down, my phone started ringing. “Hey girl!” Genesis said. “Hey girly” I said. Genesis is my best friend. We have been friends since I was 10 years old. She has always been there for me and one of the few people I can depend on. “What’s going on? I don’t like how you’re sounding right now” she said. “Nothing, grams was talking about my mother again” I said. “Oh. I know that’s a fragile topic, but maybe you should hear your mother out. It has been about a year since you spoke to her” she said. OMG! Not her too, I don’t feel like talking about her today. “Look, I don’t feel like talking about this right now” I said in a snappy voice. “Okay, geez, don’t bite my head off” she said. “I’ll meet you at school” I said. Before she could say anything, I hung up the phone abruptly.

I don't want you to get the wrong impression, I love my mother dearly. My mother lost all her sanity after my father passed. She started drinking excessively and eventually became verbally abusive towards me. I know that she did not mean the things she said, but it is hard for me to forget all the hurtful things she said to me. My grandparents stepped in during my junior year of high school and took me from my mother. They committed her to rehab against her will and she has been in rehab for about a year now. I'm just not ready to talk to her at this point. When I looked up from staring at my hands, I saw my grandmother in the window looking at me. Before she worked up the effort to come outside, I drove off.

Lincoln High School is diverse. We have our fair share of white, black, Asians, and Hispanics attending the school. In fact, Genesis is mixed with Dominican and Black. She is curvy with long curly brown hair. At times, her voice can become squeaky like Fran off, the Nanny. I find it highly annoying, but I love her anyway. She is about 5’2, and she can dress her tail off! She wants to go to school for fashion, and her dream is to open her own fashion store

one day. I always called her dark chocolate, because she reminds me of a Hershey bar. As I was walking into the building, I heard Genesis yell my name, “Aubrey! I don’t appreciate you hanging up on me” she said. Then she started yelling at me in another language. I hated when she did that, because I had no clue what she was talking about. I have vowed to learn Spanish, so I could show her I knew what she was calling me. “I’m sorry. Forgive me?” I said. I always knew how to get back on her good side. I looked at her with my big puppy eyes. “You know you’re lucky I love you” she said while laughing. She grabbed my arm and we walked to our first class.

**\*\*\*To purchase the remainder 10 chapters, please visit <https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B0711RWXZF>**