| Variable | Value |
| --- | --- |
| Person | R\_2CfVDT34jzoTLct |
| Country | United States |
| Age | 19 |
| Gender | Female/Woman |
| Sexual Orientation | Bisexual |
| Race | White/European |
| Minority Statuses |  |
| Qualitative Data | Where I live in New York City is fastly becoming gentrified by the second. Furthermore, I believe I am the way I am because, of how strong my mother is. She shows us tough love to make us stronger. Although sometimes I wish I could speak to my mother more. Whenever we argue she always calls me a moron or says really demeaning things to me. When I'm sad she calls me a cry baby and makes fun of me. Her mother didn't really show her compassionate love when she was little. Which I believe led her into settling for my father, she got pregnant and he's cheated on her, even has a baby with another woman. She stayed with him for the kids. He's the worst partner, she is forced to do everything, other than working. My father has never touched the stove in his life. My father has never been to one of my report card nights in school growing up. I often feel like he's very unhappy too, he came to America with nothing and is forced to stay here because of legal issues. He didn't see his father before he passed away and his mother is fading away currently. He's stuck here and my mother is stuck too. I know they love me deep down, but childhood trauma has affected their relationships with me.I love them to the moon and back and wish I can be the first to graduate college in my family. |