Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8xcy1m/any_advice_on_my_situation/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Any Advice On My Situation?

Hello everyone,  
  
Not sure this is the right place for this but I'm going to try.  
  
I need some help, and it's a long story but I'll keep it as short as possible.   
  
I just finished my freshman year of college, and now I'm worried that I won't have enough financial aid to ride out until the end of my education. I come from a family that is very mixed in it's financial status, as in my father was making absolute bank until he lost his job in 2009 due to mass layoffs which effectively ruined my parents lives, but he's also in consideration for a job that'll pay around $85,000 a year, so that would put them, and possibly by extension me, in a very good financial situation. But I've learned that when planning things it's always best to prepare for the worst, so let's just forget I mentioned that potential new job lol   
  
Anyways, the college I attended for the 2017 - 2018 school year cost roughly $22,000 a year with room and board, which is a necessity as it's a three hour drive from where I live. So, considering that my degree would require me to attend for five years, that'll roughly be a grand total of $110,000, and I just found out that an undergrad, who is still a dependent, can only take out up to$39,000 in government student loans. About $11,000 of that was used this past year, with grants/free aid covering the rest besides another $5000 that slipped through the cracks, which my parents ended up covering by taking out a loan that they can't afford. So that leaves me with a maximum of $28,000 in government loans and whatever grants and other free aid I get offered to cover $88,000 of college tuition. Now, looking back at how my financial aid for 2017 - 2018 worked out, and considering that my EFC went up a ton just because my sister moved out, my Higher Education award, which everyone gets, has dropped from $5000 to a little over $2000, things aren't looking very good there. Oh, and there's also the issue of your student loan eligibility decreasing every year that you're in school(I haven't fact checked that myself, buy I remember a financial advisor telling me that).   
  
Also, I've also been an average to slightly below average student when it comes to subjects that aren't within my interest, no matter how hard I work. All the way from 1st grade to my freshman year of college, if it wasn't related to music, art, writing or history, I would suck at it. This left me with a rather mediocre high school GPA, and things only improved slightly during my first year of college. So because of this, my odds of getting scholarships are slim to none, not to say that's kept me from applying, though. Oh, and because I'm a white male from an all white family, it seems like the entire college system assumes that I don't need any help and that I'm already at a much higher advantage than everyone else. Lol.   
  
So in terms of financial aid, things look pretty damn grim. There's also the option of using as much financial aid as I possibly can, and then applying for private loans, but there's no guarantee I would even get approved for them, and that would leave me at an absoluye, best situation, bare minimum of $50,000 in total debt, if I'm the luckiest person in the world. In reality it'd probably end up being closer to $110,000, maybe around $80,000. And I'm not sure that I want to take on all of that for a career that could write possibly pay sub-$30,000 a year starting out in a seemingly dying field.   
  
Which segways me into informing you that my current degree path is for a Music Education degree, which I would use to become a high school band director. As far as I'm aware, the only true passion I've ever had was for high school marching band, and to a lesser extent concert band. I never really had any other activities or groups where I felt like I belonged. I tried a couple different sports and a few different clubs, but none of them resonated with me. But I loved marching band and I excelled there, having earned the highest ranks in student leadership within the program. Marching band gave me the same competitiveness factor that you could get from sports, taught me valuable lessons, and gave me an overall sense of purpose. That's why I want to become a high school band director; so I can keep doing what I love while also helping new young people find a passion for it.  
  
Now that all sounds fine and dandy, but when you realize that a high school band director will probably make scraps starting out, sometimes even less than other new educators, and the fact that school systems have been cutting music programs from public school curriculum for a while now, and are still doing so, it starts to seem like a much less viable and worthy option to out $80,000 worth if debt towards, even if it is my passion. There's also the fact that my main drive for this is for the love of the music meets competition aspect, and I'm not sure if someone who is only in it for the competitiveness should be teaching students.   
  
Although this is my only passion that I've discovered, I'm aware that it's not my only option. Hell, I never even considered that a life-long career. My plan was to ride that out until I was 50 or so and then start my own instrument sales and music lesson business. So keeping that in mind, I've also been toying around with the idea of going to a more local college that I can drive to everyday and pursuing a business management degree with a minor in music. Other interests and skills that I'm not sure what to do with are good-great writing skills, pretty okay visual art skills(mainly drawing), and being totally okay with doing hard work with my hands, getting dirty, and just doing "tough guy" work in general. I've also always enjoyed creating things and using my imagination.   
  
So what do I do? Do I follow my only real passion and try to attain that, even though I know I could be cut short and ruined financially before even attaining my goals? Or should I look for something else that I can pursue that matches my other skills and interests? I just feel so lost and confused right now.  
  
Thanks for any help!   
  
Edit: Should probably mention that less than 10 colleges in my state offer Music Ed, and they're all at least two hours away, and none of my family leaves near any of them.  
  
Edit edit: Just found out the maximum a dependent undergrad can be offered is $31,000. Yay, even worse.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/arz6g/my_sons_best_friend_is_dying_and_his_parochial/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: My son's best friend is dying, and his parochial school wants to kick him out because of the treatment he tried. What would Reddit do?

OK, this is a lengthy story, so bear with me.  
  
My son is in 7th grade, and used to attend a Catholic middle school. I'm a non-believer, but the public school system in my district is horrible - we have since moved and are in a much better school district and our kids are no longer enrolled in that private school.  
  
My son's best friend has Duchenne's Muscular Dystrophy. For the uneducated it is an awful disease that slowly degrades the muscles in your body. He has been wheelchair bound for the past several years, and now he is starting to have trouble raising a glass to take drinks on his own. It's an awful condition, and there's an extremely high likelihood that he won't survive to graduate high school.  
  
His family is far from wealthy. His mom's first husband died (not sure what the problem was), her second husband also died (his father) when the son was only 3 years old, and his older brother died in the Iraqi war post 9/11. So, to recap, his mom has lost 2 husbands and one son already, and will probably lose her youngest son long before she herself dies (she has a middle son who is perfectly normal).  
  
Sometime last year his mom flew him to the Dominican Republic to have a set of experimental surgeries or treatments that was supposed to help restore some of his muscular capacity so he could feed himself, play video games without pain, etc. The catch is that the treatment in a roundabout way involved some sort of stem cell research. The school he attends is in an uproar.  
  
The priest at the church/school sent her a letter expressing his dismay. I haven't seen or read the letter, but from what I understand it was very unkind.  
  
The school has now suddenly decided that she makes too much money to qualify for financial aid, and is requiring her to pay $675/mo for her son to continue to go there. That $675 includes current tuition as well as back tuition because they decided she should retroactively pay for the last school year as well. They threatened to kick her son out of school if she cannot pay. Her son has been enrolled there his entire life, so the friends in his class remember him from when he could still walk and play on the playground.  
  
My wife and I have helped the mom out as much as we've been able to over the years. We helped them out with Christmas presents the last few years, and if I could afford it I would gladly pay for the schooling just to force the church's hand. They (the church) know that she cannot afford to pay the bills, and are just waiting for the opportunity to make a bigger deal out of it.  
  
Unfortunately our kids don't live very close anymore (we moved probably 30 miles away to get into a good school district, but the kids spend the night together atleast 3 times per month). Otherwise I would recommend that she leave the school and transfer into our school where her son would atleast have a friend he can lean on. She cannot afford to move closer to us.  
  
It sounds bad, but I'm less concerned with helping my son's friend (they're much better off without the church involved), and more interested in sticking it to the church somehow. While my kids attended they forced my (then) 6th grader to write a letter to newly elected president Obama to repeal any stem-cell research legislation. This was a mandatory homework assignment, and my son refused to turn it in. They (the church) also fired the kindergarten teacher because she got her master's degree (she wasn't asking for more money, but they fired her anyway so they wouldn't feel obligated to pay her more).  
  
So, in closing, what would Reddit do in this situation?   
  
\*\*Edit:\*\* I have not talked to the mother at all about doing anything. I have considered going to the local news, but I suspect she would not be on board with any further attention (likely because it probably won't help her son at all).  
  
\*\*Edit 2:\*\* (removed)  
  
\*\*Edit 3:\*\* I got more details on the story, and its a little different from what I stated earlier (no better or worse I think, but for the sake of being thorough and honest I need to make some corrections). I got the mom's side of the story and there are a few details that I need to elaborate. First off, I found out she never was on financial aid from the church, she has been repeatedly denied aid (she applies every year). The $675 the school wants is to cover the tuition plus the balance she already owes from this school year (she could only pay $2000 at the beginning of the year, and was hoping she could get financial aid because of the new medical expenses she incurred). Where the plot thickens is that (this is her opinion, but I have met the people in question and I have no reason to doubt her) the treasurer of the school, with whom she has all of her financial dealings, is a lawyer who also handled the estate of her son when he died. This lawyer/treasurer knows her financial status (she received no life insurance when her son died because he was married and with a child), and knows she cannot truly afford private schooling. The lawyer/treasurer is also physically abusive towards his wife &amp; kids (again, her words, but she's friends with his wife, and they apparently share that information), and it is her opinion that he knows that \*she\* knows, and is trying to "strongarm" her out. It is this lawyer/treasurer that has denied her requests for financial aid.  
  
In a nutshell, the school is forcing her to pay full tuition plus backpayments or else they will kick her son out. Under normal circumstances I can't find any fault in this, but it seems to me that as a church you could single this out as extraordinary circumstances.  
  
I also found out a little more info about the letter she received from the priest. She has held many fundraisers to raise money for her son's medical treatments, and the priest does not want any advocation of anything having to do with stem cell research. He did threaten excommunication if she screws up (I did not read the letter, and I'm not sure what his terms were).  
  
I also removed the link to the article I posted, because I've decided that I am not comfortable sharing any names or locations with anyone. If you've already read the article I obviously cannot get you to "unread" it, but I'm not looking for the Reddit mob to take independent action.  
  
\*\*Edit 4:\*\* Many have commented that he should just quit school. This was my initial reaction when I first heard of his condition several years ago. While remote, there is an outside chance that he could live well into his 40's or 50's. Also, for better or worse, this school, the kids in it, and the activities surrounding it are his life. I can totally understand why he (and his mom) would be resistive to removing him from school. I know she doesn't hold him to the same educational standards as his older brother(s), but she tries to treat him like any other kid (and I'm sure that's the way he wants it).

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ph9qx1/how_do_engineering_students_with_no_parental/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: How do engineering students with no parental contribution afford living expenses? (921 words/5,047 characters)

I'm about at the end of my rope here.   
  
I'm currently enrolled at Columbus State Community College. I hope to transfer to Ohio State University if/once I earn an Associate degree in pursuit of a Chemical Engineering Bachelor's degree/career. But I am not enrolled in any classes yet because I don't see how I can afford it. And again, I'm at a community college. Tuition is not the issue here. It's living expenses. I need to come up with about $1500 a month, pure cash. I wish it could be less, but I have a mother/family to support. But here's the thing, I thought that was a lot, but according to The College Board, that's "moderate spending" in the 2016-2017 academic year.  
  
https://www.usnews.com/education/best-colleges/paying-for-college/articles/2016-07-05/estimate-living-expenses-to-determine-college-affordability  
  
A job could cover that, and I have one. Hence how I'm able to support my family right now. But the time a job takes prevents me from going to school. Even if I could somehow schedule my shifts so that I had time to go to class, my academic advisor explains that 1 credit hour of class comes out to 3 hours per week outside of class, studying and doing homework and the like.   
  
https://www.aic.edu/academics/credit-hours-calculator/  
  
At LEAST. This is an especially hard rule for engineering students, which I am/hope to be. So going from class to work with only an hour between wouldn't leave me enough time to get my coursework done.  
  
But there are full time engineering students. Lots of them. And they don't all come from rich families. So how are they affording their living expenses if they aren't working full time? My academic advisor didn't know. So she referred me to a financial aid advisor. She told me the financial aid advisor could advise me on the proper pursuit of full-time studenthood.   
  
We must not understand what a "financial aid advisor" does. Because this financial aid advisor was fucking useless as far as that. What she did know was how to say "Have you accepted your reward package yet?" I explained to her that the reward package alone isn't enough to cover school + living expenses, and I needed to know, based on her wisdom and what she's seen of other students and how this tends to work out, what the wise steps to take are if I'm looking to cover what The College Board alleges are moderately typical expenses. If these expenses are so typical, I'm assuming she as an advisor has seen many students in this situation, who need to cough up this kind of money, and did somehow cough up that kind of money. But no, she knew dick outside of what everyone already knows about the financial aid process. I know what a federal loan is, I know what its limits are. Obviously gambling on scholarships is of no use to me if I need money right now. Not in March of 2022. So she says "Well, you could take out private loans..." And I'm like "Is that wise?" And she's like "No, no loan is wise." So can this just not be done??? She, whose job I assumed was advising about a tenable path to paying for college, is giving me advice and then immediately following it up with "That's bad advice by the way. I don't know what to tell you."  
  
The closest thing to valuable advice I could find was on Reddit. r/CSCC is a ghost town. r/OSU has mostly suggested things that only apply if I'm an actual student at Ohio State. Some have suggested part time work, but are there really jobs out there that are so part time that I can go to school full time AND do all my homework AND all of my labs/group projects AND study AND go to work? The College Board says people are doing it. But I can't find a job like that. People say "Get a part time job as a waiter. The hours are short &amp; flexible, and the tips are plenty." But you can't just get a job as a waiter. I've tried. It takes training before they make you a waiter and I need wait staff money now. I can't support my family without it. And that's if they even give you a chance. In Columbus especially they talk a big game about how desperate they are for wait staff &amp; other restaurant staff. But the only place that didn't turn me away because they're "not looking to train someone new" offered me a door job that averages only $40 in tips a night. If I worked every night I would be barely scraping half of what I need. I appreciate them being honest with me though.  
  
I need to talk to someone who's done this. So I can follow their example. Crunch the numbers as might, it just don't add up. Everyone warns me, Chemical Engineering, or any engineering at all, is a dreadful undertaking. My academic advisor expressly warned me against pursuing an engineering degree while working full time. So where are engineering students getting money for food and rent if they're busy with schoolwork all the time??? What part time jobs are covering their living expenses? Can I have one of those jobs???  
  
Hope is waning. I have a CLEP test coming up, but I'm losing motivation. Grip on integral calculus and logarithmic functions loosening. But if I can just find people who've pulled this off...

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/vut7q/i_got_dqd_from_my_school_and_have_tried/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I got DQ'd from my school and have tried everything..should I just give up or is there something I can do?

I'll try to keep this as short and to the point as possible but this has been my life for the past year or so, so there is a bit of info to cover, and if I miss anything just ask!  
  
For context this was at San Jose State University in California.  
  
I desperately need help finding a solution to my problem, and please if you can help it don't just say give up and go to a community college (I realize that is an option but I really don't want that)  
  
Anyway, at the beginning of my semester (Fall 2010) I ran into a shit ton of problems that lead to me not getting my classes right off the bat. I had to run around an impacted school as a Freshman with basically no knowledge of the school or college in general, with no resources I knew about at the time and tried for nearly two weeks to have teachers give me add codes to enroll in their class.   
  
I managed to get 3 classes and was extremely stressed out this whole time because I ran into an outrageous number of No's and it was very disheartening. I was also living in the dorms at this time and had the housing department on my ass about paying my fee's (which I couldn't pay unless my financial aid was distributed, which is only possible IF you are enrolled...see the problem?) I was BARELY able to even end up adding all those classes late, which means getting the heads of the departments to sign your late adds along with the teachers and an adviser for each class.  
  
I only had 9 units so I ended up having to take out a loan and that mixed with all of the other shit I just dealt with stressed me out a bit, on top of which I was now 2 weeks behind my classes and didn't know anybody at school :/.   
  
Sorry for this backstory but it wasn't like I just was an asshole and fucked up for no reason..yes it's still my fault, but it could have gone better.  
  
Anyway I ran into more issues..(groups hated me because I came into them late and they didn't want me getting credit) So I failed a huge project..on top of which I got mugged -.-..didn't make any new friends :/..just everything was shit. I ended up succumbing to my depression which had already been bad prior to the school year starting and just fell off the deep end and stopped eating or leaving my room or doing anything normal..I just slept and did nothing really..it is embarrassing for me to admit but it's the truth unfortunately.  
  
Obviously this led to me failing all of my classes, I was put on academic probation and had to do things for that..which makes sense obviously. So as I am considering my options...I go to the Housing office and talk to the person in charge of everything...and I tell her that I want to break my housing contract and take a leave of absence because I do not believe that I am mentally or emotionally ready to do another semester of school after the last one had gone. She tells me she will not break my contract because too many people are breaking them already and they will not allow it. I didn't know much about shit at the time so I probably could have petitioned it or SOMETHING but I was already in the worst mindset possible and thought that was all I could do :/.  
  
So basically I was stuck with my housing contract which is expensive as hell...and the only way to pay for it was to enroll in classes to get financial aid to pay for it..which I wasn't ready for at all. In addition to this, failing my classes led to me having issues signing up for classes with holds put on my account and whatnot because I had to do some advising sessions and shit first. So I get to start this second semester in a terrible condition AND have to run around and add classes all over again..I end up actually getting 12 units and my financial aid.   
  
I try really hard to do well this semester but I still had no friends and my suitemate had actually moved out (we didn't share a room) because he said it was like the place was empty (which I completely understand but it still made me feel shittier) I just really wasn't ready at all for this, I end up passing 3 classes that all of the teachers were aware of my last semester and kept in touch via e-mail and I had some office sessions and whatnot that helped me immensely and were basically the only reason I got through. However the fourth teacher completely ignored me and refused to help me, did not have office hours, did not even have a phone number to reach her at and never responded to my e-mails. This led to me having a huge amount of anxiety towards that class and just a feeling that I wasn't good enough..so I would literally go to class half the time..and just turn the fuck around because I couldn't deal with it.   
  
ALSO: I did see a doctor and I was diagnosed with anxiety and major depression and I DID tell the housing lady this and she said she didn't care/it didn't change anything.  
  
Anyway..I got Disqualified because I did not get a 2.0 the semester I was on probation and now I'm out of school. I met with a ton of people at the school and they constantly led me to believe that I would be able to reverse it because of the extenuating circumstances that It was a health reason and because the school acted improperly in not letting me break my housing contract when they should have. This has been going on for a year and I have been getting more and more depressed because it always sounds like I'm going to get back in...and then I get rejected again...and honestly I don't think i can handle it anymore, I don't know what to do so I'm here for ideas I guess..or to vent at least?   
  
I know I could go to a community college but regardless it shouldn't be okay that a school fucked me over like that, I don't want to just give up and make it seem like it's perfectly fine that they can just mess with you at no cost to them.  
  
TLDR; I would really appreciate if you read it if you think you could help..but basically I got super depressed, failed classes, wanted to take a leave of absence and wasn't allowed and now I'm disqualified and it sucks.  
  
Is there anything I can do legally? or...anything really?   
  
Thanks in advance guys..sorry if I wrote a shit ton, but I appreciate whoever reads it :).

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/k3igaa/please_dont_go_to_university_if_you_cant_afford_it/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: PLEASE DON'T GO TO UNIVERSITY (If you can't afford it)

\*\*FIRST OFF:\*\* This is not a post telling people to not go to universities, please read the post. This post isn't geared at someone who's got the full ride to their dream college, so if thats you, this post likely isn't very relevant.   
  
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\*\*I know now a day there is a stigma that going straight to university after college is the right thing to do if you want to be successful and get a good job, and I want to say that its simply not true at all.\*\*   
  
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4 years ago I was in a position like many of you are right now finishing high school and not having a lot of guidance or idea of what I really wanted or what I really needed other than the fact my mother told me "You can go to college and live at home, or you can not go to college and get kicked out, it's up to you."   
  
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That said I was no more than a 2.7GPA in high school and a 2.99GPA finishing off college so I am by no means a top of my class student in any realm, in fact I think that puts me basically at the bottom, basically a C average student at best, even though I felt I really tried (attending multiple hours of after school tutoring sessions, etc.. nothing really clicked), I scored an 18 on my ACT (well below the a good score) and was told to basically stay away from anything STEM related. So I can say with confidence that there are people in a lot better situations (and those in less than or equal to as well) in terms of finances, scholarships, and college advice, and I want to hopefully even help just ONE person with this post.   
  
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This post isn't geared at someone who's got the full ride to their dream college, its geared towards someone who doesn't know what they want to do with their life, or even someone who just cannot outright afford university whether it be because their family isn't contributing or they don't get any financial aid, or they don't have any scholarships in general. \*\*These are all very real scenarios that the majority of people run into all the time, and it can be crippling to your future if not handled correctly.\*\*   
  
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I want to provide some resources and advise for anyone who is considering taking college loans out SHOULD at least consider and review.   
  
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\*\*- People who still have have 1+ years of high school\*\*  
  
\*\*PLEASE\*\* consider dual enrollment classes, a lot of high schools are offering them now a day, I was able to graduate high school with 47 college credits by simply doing college courses over high school courses (and believe it or not I found them much easier to do, I attended a free "college prep" "private" high school) and found my classes extremely challenging, so instead I started taking most of my classes at community college through my high school for literally 10$/credit. I realize not all high schools have this option, but if you do, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE take advantage of it. This is an easy and cheap way to get general electives out of the way for college, and finishing high school at the same time, and it quite literally made high school easier for me.   
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
\*\*- People who don't know what they want to major in\*\*  
  
This happens ALL THE TIME, people have no idea what they want to do, so they just attend a university as undeclared or as some random major that they end up switching 5 times in two years, if this is you, GO TO COMMUNITY COLLEGE, because all you're going to be doing is general electives and classes at your full university for 5x the price. You can do all of this, at community college, probably live at home, work a part time job, and really think about what you want to do before making any major decisions. It truly makes sense.   
  
(\*\*THE ABOVE ADVICE WORKS THE SAME WAY FOR PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT THEY WANT TO MAJOR IN, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO BE DOING GENERAL ELECTIVES FOR THE MOST PART OF YOUR FIRST TWO YEARS OF UNIVERSITY, JUST DO THEM AT COMMUNITY COLLEGE)\*\*  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
\*\*- DON'T FEEL PRESSURED INTO GOING TO UNIVERSITY\*\*  
  
I have seen this so many times people feel absolutely left out that all their friends are leaving for some university, and they don't want to be the odd man out who doesn't end up going. DON'T let your emotions get the best of you, this isn't about your friends, or your high school reputation (that no one cares about) this is about you and your financial future, don't get confused why you're going to college.   
  
Don't get yourself in debt for the sake of feelings, don't worry about anyone else but yourself. Odds are you're not going to know anyone that you went to high school with 3 months after you start college.   
  
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\*\*- Don't go to community college or university: TRADE SCHOOL\*\*  
  
For some people they feel as though they have no other option, this is simply untrue, trade schools exist for a reason, they're cheap and teach you a skill that can be used in the real world. I was on the fence on going to college simply because I absolutely did NOT like school, and my grades really showed that, but I did have a passion for the subject that I wanted to learn so I decided i'd like it better than the other options for trade school. But trade schools are by no means a bad thing at all. They exist for a reason. If you're going to go to college and get a learn a bunch of stuff that you don't like, you might as well just go learn a trade that you don't like for a fraction of the price and end up without crippling debt and a job!   
  
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\*\*- RESEARCH YOUR JOB PROSPECTS\*\*  
  
While college and higher education is there to continue your studies on a defined topic of your choice, if you're going into it with no money you MUST look at your job prospects, though I hate to say that you shouldn't go to college with the sole purpose of getting a fancy job, you should at least consider the opportunities you have after college in your field once you finish college.   
  
Unfortunately we're at a place where we have to treat college as an investment rather than a place to go learn regardless of the outcome, if you have all the money in the world and want to go study some weird obscure topic that has zero job possibility, thats totally fine. But this post is geared towards those who must treat college as an investment and NOT a luxury.   
  
High education will always be there, you can always go back, but you can't ever undo your college debt once you've signed for it.   
  
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\*\*- DO. THE. MATH. LOOK AT ALL YOUR OPTIONS FOR YOUR UNIVERSITIES AND YOUR OPTIONS\*\*  
  
CONSIDER all your options in every university you can, look at all the data. Everyone wants to go to the school with the best program so they can get the best education, but the reality of the situation is, its not at all feasible. Unless you're getting financial aid and scholarships, its best just to choose the cheapest option, seriously. What you put into your education is what you'll get out of it.  
  
We're at a time where we have everything available to us with a single google search. If you want to get the education of an MIT computer science student, you can do that, most of their lectures are posted on YouTube for FREE. THATS A FREE MIT EDUCATION, apply that with your normal classes at your University and you'll be a rockstar. Most companies want COMPETENT employees not fancy degrees. If you can prove your competencies and expertise on a subject in a job interview while someone with a harvard law degree cannot, they'll choose you any day of the week.   
  
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\*\*- REMEMBER WHY YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE\*\*  
  
SO MANY COLLEGES offer all these fancy dorms, gyms, campus coffee bars, etc. It looks awesome, living the american dream! But YOU WILL PAY FOR IT. That stuff doesn't come cheap and schools pass that cost right down to you. Don't fall victim to it, go to school for your education, not the fancy features that they give you.   
  
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 As someone who finished school with $20,000 in student loans, there are people who come out with 10x that who will never pay it off, people who will live pay check to pay check for the rest of their lives, don't do that to yourself.   
  
Be smart, be objective, do your own research. Don't feel pressured, don't be persuaded, do whats best for YOU.   
  
I know its hard when you're young and you don't think it'll be that big of a deal, and you'll be able to handle it. Even if that is the case, don't put yourself through that stress, its seriously unhealthy.   
  
No ones going to spoon feed you this information if they haven't already. You have to be ready to make your own decisions that'll affect you for the rest of your life. Do the research that it requires.  
  
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I hope this helped someone.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/5ee1em/simple_advicereassurance_on_the_best_path_for_me/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Simple advice/reassurance on the best path for me to take to continue my studies :)

Hi! Fairly new here. Thought I'd use this and see how it'll go cause it'll be nice to have a second or third opinion on things.   
  
  
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Alright some context first:   
  
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Right now I'm a freshman in College with a unique situation. My dad's work contract here in the U.S. (Specifically Hawaii) ends on July 2017, meaning that our U.S. Visa will expire around that time too and the whole family has to go back to the Philippines, including me. This means I'm currently in the process of doing transfer applications for schools.   
  
As of now I have 4 options of where I want to continue my studies, but I was hoping to narrow it down a little bit more with your help. To further help with whatever helpful advice I would be receiving, I just want to add that I plan to become an English teacher for Japanese High School students in Japan (So probs Major in English, Minor in Japanese/Double major in them/Major in Japanese, Minor in English. Not sure which is best)  
  
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\*\*Studying in the Philippines:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*The most feasible path. It's my Motherland so I have no qualms in studying here, especially in my Alma Mater  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*My dad will be able to pay for the tuition even without the need for scholarships (though a scholarship will be beneficial in any case).   
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I'll be able to see all my cousins, friends, classmates, and everyone I know again. I'll also be able to jam and have fun with them.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*It'll be tough to have a part time job here while having a College life. Also internet is shitty.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*I've lived here for 16 years. It's not a bad thing, but the world is so much more than just studying in my Alma Mater and living in the Philippines. I want to meet new people, experience a different culture, have an adventure, live independently  
  
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\*\*Studying in Hawaii:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I'm already studying here, so I'm getting used to how College is in the university I am right now. I just need to apply for a Student Visa to continue studying here or anywhere in the U.S.  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*I have a part time job here while still being able to maintain good grades (A's and B's).  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Kawaii Kon  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Tuition is expensive as fuck. My dad can pay for it as of now, but once he returns to the Philippines, his salary will lessen and won't be enough to pay for my college while providing the necessary needs for the family.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Additional expenses for dorming cause I’ll be living by myself. It’s roughly the same price as the tuition of my university right now. Meaning around 20k total. But I have made many friends here in my 2 years of living so there might be a chance that I can live with them.  
  
&amp;nbsp;  
  
  
  
\*\*Studying in the Mainland:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*New adventure. New experiences. New culture. New life  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Currently applying to Boston College and Boston University (Not sure which is better). So as much as the education here in Hawaii is good, I know I can receive a better education in the mainland. I also heard from my Japanese co-workers that the people and place in Boston is pretty nice.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*More expensive tuition plus dorming. I can probably get a part time job here though.  
  
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\*\*Studying in Japan:\*\*  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*Probably the best way to improve my Japanese since I’ll be living in the country itself  
  
  
• \*\*+\*\*New adventure. New experiences. New culture. New life. I’ve never been to Japan. It’s one of my goals to be there at least once, see the cherry blossoms, buy anime merchandise, visit famous places, etc etc. I just love Japan.   
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Language barrier. I’m not fluent in the language yet. I’m still learning (in Japanese 201 right now). I’ve sought advice and people have told me to try applying to Tokyo University as it accepts many international applicants. But to my knowledge, it’s like the Harvard or Boston of Japan, so it only accepts the best of the best. There's bound to be an entrance test too. I’ve also heard that international applicants who apply there are already fluent in Japanese.I think you can take supplementary Japanese classes though to help you catch up with things.  
  
  
• \*\*-\*\*Tuition and dorming are probably less expensive than Mainland, but still expensive. I’m planning to see the Japanese consulate here for anything about scholarships for studying there. I know one of them would be the Monbukagakusho Scholarship but that’s pretty hard to obtain.  
  
  
  
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As for FAFSA, I’m a non-U.S. citizen, but I’m still applying for it anyway to see if I can get anything. I won’t lose anything doing it anyway. I’m also currently finding scholarships for international transfer students and international students in general.   
  
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So yeah! I’m sorry this was pretty long. I just wanted to give enough information to show that I did do my research first before posting here, and to answer probably most of the questions needed to give a substantial advice. I do hope that this situation wasn’t too specific that it’ll get deleted or too vague that it’ll be hard to comprehend :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/lwb2v/ive_been_screwed_for_four_years_so_far_can_anyone/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I've been screwed for four years so far; can anyone help?

I went to college the fall semester of 2007, and have not been able to go back since. I'm basically begging for advice from anybody who can give it. Most of my story is probably irrelevant, but I'll recount it here to best illustrate the situation.  
  
When I graduated high school, I was living in the cheaper of the two motels in town. An older cousin got me out of my mother's house when it became apparent to her that my mother was the cause of my rather serious depression, as well as a suicide attempt. There wasn't anything legally allowing me to leave; she just showed up one day and told me to pack my things. My mom threatened to call the cops, my cousin told her to do it, and my mom promptly shut her mouth and let me go. I lived with my cousin and her husband for a short time, but when they traveled to Ukraine for a then-undetermined amount of time to sort out their adoption, it was time to strike out on my own. So I did. I had worked at a cafe in town since junior high, and had become the head cook. I saved money and made pretty good grades. I bought a car, found the cheapest place I could to live, and survived on the rest. There wasn't much to spare, but I was content knowing that there wasn't anyone to hold me back anymore.  
  
 I came to learn quickly that there is much more to getting into a good college than a passable transcript. The primary barrier: money. "No problem," my guidance counselor would say, giving me piles of financial aid papers to fill out. I accepted them hesitatingly, knowing that I was good enough to get into college, but not likely good enough to have anyone want to pay for me to go. I dutifully applied for all of the scholarships I possibly could, and was rejected on all counts. So, my counselor told me to file a FAFSA. This is the point at which I became familiar with the laws of emancipation. There are roughly 1,500 citizens of the town in which I grew up. In general, not having somebody to sign my permission slips, or an address to which my letters could be sent was not an issue. Anybody who needed to understood my situation.  
  
 This was something different. This was something for which I was required to depend on my mom. Very literally, I was only legally allowed to be filed as a dependent of a parent. In order to be able to file as an individual, I learned, a person must either have permission from a parent or be 25, married, or have a child. Lacking these prerequisites, I did the only thing that I could - I asked my mother for help. I was met with a resounding, "fuck yourself."  
  
Obviously distraught, I turned to the one safe haven I had always had - my school. When I did still live at home, going to school was what kept me sane. I would immerse myself in it, and my home life would fade into the background. My teachers were my friends and my friends were my family. My English teacher even provided me with the mantra I still turn to: you can do anything for a little while. My school came through for me again! Without telling her which of her four children currently in the school it was regarding, the office called her and scheduled a meeting. When she arrived, they gave her the forms to fill out. In keeping with the appearance of a good mother that she thought she had established with the administrators of my school, she sat in the office scribbling for awhile, and then handed over the booklet.  
  
By the end of the summer, I had found a house off campus that I had determined I could afford based on the estimates of the loans and grants I had been informed I would be receiving. The school I had chosen was a 3-hour drive from where I lived, so I moved to that city a month or so early to start looking for a part-time job. A short while before school was supposed to start, I got a letter stating that there was an issue with my FAFSA, and that I would need to provide tax forms to prove my parents' income. I called my mother to ask her for the paperwork, and she laughingly informed me that there was no paperwork, and that she had written a zero on every line.  
  
I tried to speak with people at the college, but no matter what department I took it up with, it was the wrong one. All around, the answer that I got was that I either needed to provide the paperwork or the money, and fast. To me, that meant either turning in my mother for defrauding the state, or magically coming up with thousands of dollars. I had no credit and nobody to cosign for a loan. Being 18, terrified, and entirely without encouragement, I gave up. Finding a job that would work with my schedule was harder than I had thought it would be, and I ended up working overnights at Target. Some mornings I would finish work in time to get to class, and some mornings I would not. Sometimes I simply did not have the energy. I was informed one day that one-third of the questions on a test I was about to take would be from things in the textbook that I had not been able to afford. Knowing that I would have to drop out at the end of the semester, and not making enough money to even try to save, the days that I would make it to class started to get further and further apart, until it became a rare occurrence. My grades evaporated, and so did my future.  
  
I am only a little older, and only a little wiser, but if life has improved on me, it has made me bolder. I am ashamed that I was stifled so easily. I am ashamed that my mother's attempt to sabotage me was successful, and that I allowed it. I did not want to pursue legal action, not knowing what would happen to my siblings still living at home, and not having a clue where to start. I still don't, but now it is out of a desire to be a better person than she is. The difference is, now I am willing to do whatever I need to. I want to go back to school. I want to be more than I am right now. I have been working tirelessly since then at any job I can get my hands on, and there just isn't enough money to put away. If there is no way but to work until this is paid off, that is what I will do. Even then, if I am someday able to clear away what is, to me, an insurmountable debt, I will have a college transcript that shows that I have failed in every class that I have taken.   
  
I need help. Asking for help is one of the hardest things I have learned how to do; right now, I am begging for it. Who can I talk to? What can I do? Is there anything that I can do? Is there any legal way to hold my mother accountable? Learning is the one thing that has remained positive throughout my entire life. When I was very young, my mother would punish me by making me stay home from school. She would tell me that I would never make it to college, that I was too stupid and not well-behaved enough. I would sit in my room all day guessing at what I was missing, reading ahead, and filling in my workbooks. I feel like that little girl being told she can't. Only now I don't even have the luxury of knowing that school will be there tomorrow.  
  
If anybody has any idea at all what I can or should do, please help. I'm desperate enough to be considering writing a letter to Oprah.  
  
TLDNR: My mother intentionally made me lose all funding for college, and subsequently I dropped out and am stranded. Please help.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8gnwos/us_cannot_go_to_college_becauseof_my_parents/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: (US) - Cannot go to college because...of my parents

Alright, so I have a rather difficult and extremely stressful situation I am going through right now. I wish to go to college for accounting, get my CPA, and work for the Big 4 or a mid-tier firm. I'm a money man myself; I love money, and I love learning the language of business. Hey, I even wanted to throw in another major as well, either in finance or data science (applied statistics). But, my dreams are essentially crushed for the time being because of my parents. Pardon some of the background information, but I feel like it is needed.  
  
My parents are the epitome of the paradox of hard-working and laziness at the same time (no disrespect, just harsh honesty); they're both extremely intelligent individuals with college educations, but they choose to work menial jobs that a high school dropout could probably do. Together, they make around 60k a year. Doesn't seem too bad right? But no, they are spenders...very big spenders. Because of this, they literally saved $0 for my college. Not to mention, they will also refuse to do the FAFSA. I've tried numerous times to convince them, but to no avail, they are firm in their stance. My parents kept telling me that they would help pay for my college, but during my senior year of high school, they suddenly throw at me that they won't be doing it anymore. As a senior, this was a major shock to me because they changed their story 180 degrees. My father told me: "If you want to go to college, you are going to have to pay for everything. We won't help you." Another thing that is quite annoying is how my parents are also religious fanatics. They're extremely devout Christians who basically became extremely salty towards me all because I decided that I didn't want to do religious classes anymore. For example, just because I decided to stop doing religious classes, my father did not let me drive my own car anymore (for almost a year) as well as f\*\*\*ing up my checking account (a lotta money that would have paid for 2 year of community college was "gone"). Luckily now, I opened up a new checking account at PSECU (PA Credit Union) without any chance of my father screwing up my finances. That along with what I mentioned previous have left me incredibly disillusioned as well as hopeless.  
  
So I applied to four local colleges, knowing my situation will require me to commute, not live on campus. I applied to Elizabethtown, Lebanon Valley, Penn State Harrisburg and HACC (Harrisburg Area Community College). I tried explaining everything to the financial aid officers, but of course, since a college education in America has nothing to do with smarts but all about how much money you can wipe your ass with, they didn't do much to help at all. Even telling them that the FAFSA was not going to be completed, they still did nothing to help me. Yes, even the community college is too expensive for me (parents won't cosign any loans).  
  
So, I have a plan; if my parents aren't going to do much to help me pay for college, I guess I'm going to have to pick up the tab right? I plan to take a gap year or two, working a full time job as a bookkeeper as well as a part time job somewhere else (that is assuming I will get the bookkeeping job). I'm going to work to my fullest capacity as well as not spending a single cent from that checking account. Also, I will be retaking the ACT and will be aiming for a really high score (32-36 range). I didn't really know about the possibilities of financial aid through standardized tests until much too late, but better late than never right? My current SAT and ACT scores are 1220 and 27 respectively.  
  
So, is a gap year or two (working a full time job as a bookkeeper and a part time somewhere else, as well as working my butt off to get a 32 or higher on the ACT) a good idea? I really see no other alternative other than the military at this point. But that's probably not an option either because I do have chronic asthma.  
  
So please, after my giant block text of bleh, I was wondering if any of you could please give me some financial advice. I want to go to college and I know what I want to do, but the only thing that is blocking my way is money. Do you think my plan sounds good, or do you have other things in mind? Again, the crux of my plan is assuming I get the bookkeeping job, which pays 28k a year. I really hope to read your responses because as of right now, I am at the crossroads...and am completely and utterly lost. I feel physically and mentally drained from thinking about all of this...its extremely painful to me. I know I'm smart, but colleges don't really give a damn about that; all they care about is my check to them for ten-twenty f'ing grand!  
  
Side-Note:Plus, if I am taking this gap year to garner money and improve my test scores, do you think I'd have a chance at Wharton? My GPA is a 4.0 and I have around 10 AP classes up my belt (some of which include Calculus BC and Physics 1&amp;2). Sometimes I see the high life of people in Ivy Leagues and feel depressed. I see all the smiles, the laughs, the proms, the handsome, clean-shaven and slick-haired white guys with their immaculate Asian girlfriends, and I think to myself: some people really can wipe their ass with their money can't they? Many get it easy while others have to actually work their ass off for what they want...

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/kwd9t9/do_i_have_enough_evidence_for_a_dependency/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: Do I have Enough Evidence for a dependency override? Also, a Question about establishing residency in a new state.

Hello, I am moving out of my Dad's House in a few days, I will be 18 when I leave. My situation is rather unique. My parents are divorced, and I have lived with my Dad since I was 15 and have received no support from my Mom or anyone from her side of the family since I moved into my Dad's house.  
  
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I am Graduating High School Early in 2 weeks, and I potentially have the Stats to get into a Top 20 private college, but I can't because of finances. I Can't fill out the CSS profile at all because my Mom's side of the family said they won't help me with college, or fill out any forms for me unless I go to BYU(absolutely not an option for my sanity). I filled out the FAFSA for the 2021-22 year with my Dad already as we are still on speaking terms, but after I move out It is very unlikely that he would will lever help me with any future FAFSA forms.  
  
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I am really hoping that for future academic years I am able to get a dependency override. My Dad is a borderline hoarder, and the house is a semi-health hazard. The house is covered in junk and dog hair. Nearly every square inch of open space has something on it. The Bathrooms are completely disgusting, and I have not been allowed to clean them because my dad is sensitive about me touching his stuff. The kitchen is absolutely disgusting. Rotting food and dished covering all the counter space. This summer there were bugs in the sink, but they are gone now. There is a big ass hole in the ceiling in the basement because there was a leak in the kitchen above that basement. There are ceiling pieces all over the floor right outside my room. My Grandma had a guy come look at the sink in the kitchen, and he diagnosed the problem but there wasn't enough money to fix it. He also said there is mold under the sink in the kitchen, but again no money for that. I personally have not been able to find the mold. We have also had insurance people drop us because there is mold all over the roof of the house itself. There was a random wet spot that showed up on the carpet one day. After a month, I finally convinced my Dad to do something about it, and he just ripped up the carpet in that spot, and didn't do anything further.  
  
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I don't have much evidence currently. I will record a walk through of the house before I move out, include the hole in the ceiling, the mold on the roof, the random junk everywhere, the messy kitchen and bathrooms.  
  
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Personally, I can add my own context to the situation. For about a year after moved in with my Dad, I had to live out of a suitcase in a room filled with junk in the upstairs part of the house. The Air conditioning in the house only works in the basement, and there was a perfectly good room in the basement that I could have slept in, but my Dad wanted me to be close to him at night so he wouldn't get lonely. (He also had a room upstairs, but he had a big window and a fan in his room, I didn't.) So I got to spend the summer sleeping in a 90+ degree room, so my Dad wouldn't get lonely. I also got a job that summer at 15 because up to this point I was often dealing with hunger. My Dad refused to go to the Welfare office to get more food stamps for me, or go to any private charity because he was embarrassed. After that summer the level of abuse went down. I had a job so I could pay for all of the living expenses and food that he was failing to pay for. I eventually moved into the basement room, and just moved all of my Dad's stuff out of it. It was a major shit show, with him forcing me to move back upstairs into the heat once, but eventually I got my own climate controlled space.  
  
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I didn't have the foresight at 15 years old to document any of this stuff. I also never told a counselor or really anyone about what was going on. Some family members Like my Grandma or my sister might be able to back me up on some of these claims, but because I am an Evil anti-mormon apostate that is unlikely to happen.  
  
&amp;#x200B;  
  
Just Wondering if the house video and my own account would be enough for a dependency override. I won't be homeless when I move out, I have a lot of savings and a car and I am working 30 hours a week at my job. I guess one could say I will be at risk of going homeless, that might be a stretch though.  
  
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On Another note, my current plan for college is to move to Ohio, Go to community college for a year on my 21-22 Pell grant, and hopefully I will be able to establish residency in Ohio. According to [This](https://registrar.osu.edu/residency/), Using C-2 Residency classification, even as an 18 year old I can go to Community college full time, and as long as I switch all my shit to an Ohio Address, and I stay fully financially independent for 12 months, they will give me in-state tuition rates for OSU. I have really wanted to leave Idaho for a long time, and when I read about this policy it almost seemed too good to be true. It seems to be legit, but I am wondering if one of you would be able to reassure me about that one. Also, Are there any other states with loose regulations for establishing residency? Most states say you have to be 21-24, and stay for 12 months, and not go to college during that time to get in-state rates. My backup plan if I don't get in-state rates would be to just transfer to Boise State after my 1 year of Community college in Ohio. I'm Really hoping this plan works out, because it would be really really frustrating to go to Boise State, knowing full well that I could be at MIT or Harvard. Both My parents make well below the cutoffs for full ride at all of the top private colleges.  
  
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If you read this whole post, Thank you! I Appreciate any input.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/ir9444/considering_dropping_out_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Considering dropping out.. Advice?

Hello,  
This is a bit long so if you take the time to read this I seriously thank you. Just for context, I've been thinking about this for a while now. Its a shame because I'm very fortunate in having 100% of my college paid for. I dont pay for tuition, housing, books, none of it. I've earned enough in scholarships (most of these are smaller but they add up) and my dad is considered a 100% disabled veteran, which qualifies me for chapter 35 (basically a monthly check while i attend school) on top of my tuition being paid for by the military.  
  
In all honesty I don't believe I was prepared to attend college. I went through high school like it was nothing. I never had to study because I just understood everything so easily. I graduated top 5% of my class never studying for any class outside of physics. I suppose, as egotistical as it sounds, this made me believe I was just smart and I assumed college wouldn't be that big of a step.  
  
I tried to get in to a 4 year university of my choice, actually my dream school. I didnt even have to write the entry essay because of my SAT scores. I moved down to my dorm and classes began the next week. Im a computer science major, just realized I didnt mention that. First week of college was ridiculously easy. 2 of my classes didnt even have class because of covid, and the rest of them were online. My only assignment was to right a 100 word paragraph introducing myself (this took like a minute or two).   
  
The next week, I couldn't even keep up. I had to take trigonometry my first year, and during our first lecture I was keeping up with the professor just fine, understanding everything. Then he brought up cosine and sine and how they made relations to the arc of a circle, and he completely lost me. Everyone around me seemed to understand completely. Everything after that point in the lecture, everything went over my head. After the lecture I asked the processor if he could briefly cover that small section again with me, and he told me the lecture was recorded and is online if i need to rewatch it, asking me to leave the room, when I asked him where online I could find it, he just said "On... Line..." proceeding to close the door between us. So I went all over the processors website, clicking every link possible trying to figure out where the lecture was. And it wasnt there. Turns out he waited 2 days before even posting the video of the lecture. The audio was awful. I could barely hear the professor, and trying to actually understand what words he was saying was a different story. The video was also pointed at an empty wall, only making it harder to follow along. I picked up a textbook to try to keep up but at the pace I was catching up it seemed so hopeless. This is only one class. I have 4 other classes. I'd spent days, trying to figure out this first assignment, for one class.  
  
This started negatively affecting my health. I found myself eating less. There have been times in the past weeks that i have gone 3 or 4 days without eating anything. As of now I'm maybe eating once a day, sometimes skipping a day. Depressed isnt a word I like to use, just because I feel like people will say I'm being dramatic, or theres people out there who have it worse, but I dont know what else to call it. I feel trapped. My girlfriend is getting worried for me assuming I'll do something regrettable. I cant drop out of college because I'll lose financial aid (obviously). If i lose financial aid I wont be able to afford my dorm. I have the option to break my lease if i drop out, but id be required to pay for the next 3 months of rent even though I'm not staying there. I've considered just not showing up for college and working full time but excessive absences could lead to an "unofficial withdrawl".  
  
I know the "right answer" is to suck it up, study my life away, and magically become successful in all my classes. This is a big decision, and I wont ever have an opportunity again to have college all expenses covered. I feel like my past few weeks of struggling cost me a life time of success. If i fail even one of my classes this semester then my financial aid is revoked and right now im still 2 weeks behind in trig. In all honesty im afraid of what the world has in store for me. I dont know if I'll be able to provide for my girlfriend, and in the future if i have a family. Im considering other options, but it almost feels like my only options are somehow barely pass all my classes, or be forced to join the military (I am not saying the military is a bad option for those who choose to do it. But in my situation, I don't want to be sent away when theres people here who need me). I feel like dropping out of college would only make me a failure. I dont know what the odds of me actually being able to take care of myself are.  
  
Please be 100% honest with any advice. I am not easily offended, and I'd prefer brute honesty over sugar coated lies. Thank you if you've made it this far.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/ueb27/i_am_20_work_55_hrswk_fulltime_student_and/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I am 20, Work 55 hrs/wk, Fulltime Student, and support my 43 year old Mom, and am losing it all. How do I get through this?

I am 20 years old, work a sales job earning 12.50 an hour, go to school full time thanks to financial aid, and support my unemployed immigrant mother who is 43. Where lies the problem you ask? I am bound to lose my job any day, as the industry I work in is limited as far as sales and lead generating, I was suspended for a year from school due to dropping a class 2 semesters in a row, while working 2 jobs to get by, and now my mother, without notice, well a 24 hr notice, has decided to pack her shit, after me supporting her for the past 4 years, and move out of state, leaving me to find a new place to live within 3 weeks ( when our lease is up), with no credit, or money for first last and security, and having to move everything with my 2door coupe vehicle, and is expecting me to be sending her 500 dollars every month for her expenses where she is going, on top of what I will be paying for to live on my own.  
  
Dont support her you say: I come from a middle eastern background. She can do whatever she wants, however if I turned my back on her, my whole family would disown me.   
  
Why dont they help you say: They can barely get by themselves.  
  
Get another job you say: I work monday through friday 8:30 am- 6:30 pm but most days later, like around 9 or so. Any job I have applied for, has either not replied, or turned out to be a scam.   
  
I know this will most likely get lost in the unknown world of Reddit, But at least I tried.   
  
Who is John Gault? right?   
  
Update:   
  
The reason my mother is unemployed: She has a very heavy accent, and although she has a degree in hotel and tourism with a masters in Accounting, no one will give her the chance of day. Its not necessarily optional, she has probably gone to more than 500 job interviews and even worked with a career placement agency.  
  
What is the 500$ for: the credit card bills she has accumulated through the years of unemployment to help us out with the bills and expenses. Also for rent while she is out of state.  
  
Reason she went out of state: to possibly find a job.  
  
Why speaking to my family does not help: My grandparent's solution is for her to go back home which a.) she refuses, and b.) the plane ticket home is $1800 that I don't have and they can't pay for, and in order for her to be able to ever come back to the USA we have to go to NY and do our citizenship stuff which is $600 per person not including the fare up there and also room and board for the 5 days we have to be there. However if she was willing and could manage to get there, my Grandparents would take care of her and house her until she found a job, which would be much easier since she is native to the country  
  
Is my family crazy: for the most part yes. My grandparents are conservative muslims in their 70's and 80's. I am pretty much the only grandchild, of around 30 or so grandkids that has made ANYTHING of themselves. Some are in the progress of cleaning up there lives while others have moved away and disconnected from the family and fucked their parents over.   
  
p.s. I am a girl, in case you were wondering.   
  
Update 7/25/12  
She moved out of state. I moved out of the house, and since I couldnt find a place in time I moved in with my boyfriend with the idea that I will keep on searching while saving up some money to move in to my own place. So far since her departure in early June, I have sent her around $1500 which I Could kind of sort of afford since I dont have to pay rent. Fast forward to last nigh. She calls me asking for more money. Another 300 dollars on top of the 250 I sent her 2 days ago which is not calculated in the 1500. I say " we'll see" and hang up. Write a long email explaining how her actions have ruined my 1 year relationship, with the money, the being forced to move in together, with me feeling obligated to take care of her and my boyfriend disagreeing with that ideology. Side note, she got a job a week into being there, and got fired a week later and is now once again unemployed. Back to last night: i tell her how I cannot afford my own place while sending her all this money. Nor can I continue living with my BF because our relationship has gone down the shitter due to all this stress. Conclusion: I tell her the $250 is the last money I am sending her, and to not call me until something changes all Via Email. While at work, receive a reply: I understand, Dont call me until you decide you want to be my daughter again. Result, I burst into tears, and feel like shit. Thought: well this turned out fucking great. Thanks for your help reddit ( not sarcastic)

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/21eyv1/what_is_my_lifes_purpose/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: What is my life's purpose?

Alright, this is a serious question, that I'm hoping someone on the outside looking in can help me understand, explain and/or see. I don't understand what is my purpose here in life. What is my life's purpose? And here's a little about my life. I'm thirty, when I was about seven, I had a good chance of leaving here and dying when I almost drowned in my uncle's pool. However, I was saved by mu uncle and I'm still here. All during my years in Elementary school, I had no friends and when I say no friends, I don't mean like one friend or two friends, I mean, I had no friends. Why? Because during my years in elementary, while all the other kids were busy tongue kissing boys and acting all fast and wild, I was this nerd into studying, books and education and writing and into the arts, so I was without friends and severely bullied several times over.   
  
When I was in high school, I had zero friends, why? Because at my all black school, while all the other kids were busy listening to hip-hop/rap, smoking weed, doing drugs, having sex and acting wild, I was extremely old fashioned in behavior and in dress, I was interested in what they called "white music", I was called the "black girl, trying to act white", I was interested in Broadway, the arts - theater, filmmaking, writing, Science, Biology, education and so once again, I was severely bullied to the point where I spent everyday during lunch in the bathroom, because I was afraid of sitting in the cafeteria and then the bullied continued all the way until I graduated - emotional and mental trauma that still haunts and affects me today, which is why no matter how many times a few people tell me how pretty, slim and all that, that I am, I have a hard time believing them, because of the zero self esteem I have now. That all came from the bullying I faced from the time I was in second grade all the way up to when I finished high school. It's also the reason why I have social anxiety disorder and mild aspergers, because I'm afraid/super shy of being around a group of people and being ridiculed and bullied verbally, so I prefer being alone - all by myself. I don't know how to engage in conversations with people, I don't know how to socially interact with people, because every time I tried to do so, I was verbally (and at times physically) bullied and that fucked up my mental and emotional state when it comes to interacting with people.  
  
So, then there's the thing where it's just my mother and I, sure I have two uncles and two aunts, but they're not like the regular aunts and uncles in other people's families. My aunts and uncles won't have anything to do with you, unless you're on their rich financial level - my mom and I are not, so we're shunned by them. The family members we did have, that did show us true, unconditional love (not material love, I mean emotional and family love), they died. Every family member that my mom and I were really loved and were truly close to, God took away and left us with the four who don't give a damn about us - period. The four family members we have left here (and their children), they're mean, cruel, selfish, they treated my grandmother like shit during her last stages of Cancer - Cancer which THEY caused her to have, due to all the emotional and mental stress they put on her on a 24/7 basis. This is how bad those four family members my mom and I have - so anyway, they refuse to deal with my mom and I, because they feel they're too good to be around us, because they have money and wealth and we don't.   
  
So, it's just my mom and I and it's been hard. My mom is a teacher, I'm a filmmaker. I graduated from high school as a valedictorian, graduated from college with honors. I'm a really smart kid, who is also a teacher part time but a filmmaker full time, being a filmmaker is my dream. It's a dream I was inspired by, because during all my years in school, when I was getting bullied, the only person who kept me from putting a rope around my neck and killing myself was actor, Dallas Roberts. I used to watch all his films regularly, every time I'd come home from school, crying and depressed and suicidal from being bullied, I'd watch his films and I'd feel better, seeing someone do an art that I always tried to do during my years in school (and got ridiculed for it by my fellow peers at school) and his work inspired me and I said, if I can just make it through school and make it through all the B.S. I'm going through in school, maybe one day, I can go become what he is. I can do great art like he's doing. I've always wanted to be a filmmaker, he was just my great inspiration and in a way, he's the reason I'm alive today, he was a inspiration.   
  
Anyway, my mom and I are poor (and no I'm not asking anyone for anything, so relax, I don't want a handout, I want an answer as to my life's purpose), and when I say poor, I mean, poor to the point where, for all but about three or four years of my living, my mom and I have lived in shelters, and sometimes in storage units. I'm thirty and my mom is in her sixties and we're still homeless. We aren't on welfare or on government assistance, because we don't want a handout or anything handed to us, we want to work hard like everyone else for things, but trying to find a job is hard. You go out and send out resumes for teaching jobs and you know you have the experience but these jobs never call. You send out resumes for ANY job out there and no one calls - what do you do? You lose your place of living. And being homeless in the dead of winter is hard on me, yeah but I don't care about myself so much as I do my mom. She has asthma, COPD and being homeless has been hard and extremely tough on her. She has been battling bronchitis/pneumonia for weeks now and she's been without medicare, because she doesn't have money to buy medicare, so she can't get her sickness treated. Then there are agencies and such that can help people from being homeless - sure, but you call these agencies and such and they're either way too swamped helping others, to be able to help anyone else or they can't help because they themselves have run out of funds to help others. So what do you do? You can't find a job, you lose your place of living, you can't afford medicare, government agencies and such won't help - what do you do? Pray.   
  
My mom and I consider ourselves to be christians. Before I was born, my mom was poor herself, then she had me and continued being poor - we became poor together. However, we thought we always had God. I as a young thirty year old, have always been loyal to God. I've never had a boyfriend, never committed fornication as they say in the bible. My whole life has pretty much revolved around education and being a christian. So my mom has been praying to God for help, because it says in the bible to just ask God for what you want and he will give it to you, so we pray and fast and pray and fast and pray and fast......and it just goes on and on and on and - NOTHING. It's like we're praying to air, to nothing. Prayers go unanswered. These other "pastors", "ministers" and "christians" are driving around in BMW's and fancy cars with big homes and it seems they're getting "blessed by God" and they're crooked as hell but my mom and I, who are devout christians, who defend Jesus on a regular to anyone and everyone, we're struggling worst than a homeless man in the middle of a hurricane in Texas. I mean seriously, all our lives, we've had nothing but bad luck and struggling. All the family members we loves - snatched away, we've had our most precious, personal belongings and keepsakes snatched away from us four times before, because we couldn't pay to keep our stuff in the storage unit we were in, I'm talking about my HS diploma, my graduation photos, my baby photos, the only video I had of my grandmother when she was alive - all gone and sold because we didn't have the money to pay for the storage unit the stuff was all in. And so, I keep asking God, why? WHY is this happening to us? What are we doing (did we do) wrong? We read the bible daily, we don't drink, we don't party, we're christians, so why are we being made to suffer while others aren't. Why does God make good people suffer?   
  
Then I heard this story of how Jesus and Christians were invented by the Romans and the Pisos family and I though, is that the answer? That Jesus and the bible are all invented things? They aren't real and that's why our prayers are not being answered, because there IS no God? I still don't know the answer to that and that bothers me. I'm starting to think with so many good people suffering, maybe there IS no God, maybe he WAS invented by Rome and is not real.  
  
Then, there the issue with me. I'm 30, I never had a life, and I mean seriously, I never had a life. I never had friends, I don't know what it means to have someone (other than my mom - and her expression of caring and love is very rare) to truly love and/or give a damn about me. My father abandoned my mom and I and that also played a part in fucking up my emotional state, to where it's made me feel like I'm not good enough for anyone because my father left. It made me feel like something is wrong with me, because my father didn't want me as his kid. As a young girl/woman my age, I've never been anywhere, I don't have things other girls/women my age should have, because of being poor. I don't have any self esteem, because when I was younger (not only by those at school, but my four, evil family members and their children), I was constantly made to feel and believe that I was ugly (which I'm not, from what I've been told - one girl said I should even get into modeling because of my pretty face and slim figure and all that but whateve) and just been verbally told everything negative about myself, so I look in the mirror and even though, there's a pretty face there, all I see is ugly. Then I'm the type of person where, I care about everyone - strangers or not. I don't know why that is but I do and I'm not bullshitting when I say that. I literally care about everyone that comes in my path, whether I know them or not. If a stranger on the street needed an umbrella because it was pouring out, I'd take them to a store and use my last five dollars and buy them an umbrella, that's just how caring and nice I am towards people. I care about everyone a little too much. I don't know how to hold grudges and stay angry at people. Someone can throw cold, ice water in my face and I'll be mad for about an hour and then the next hour, I'm back wanting to be their friend again. I don't know why I'm like that, I just am, it's like I only have one feeling of emotion towards people and that's the emotion of being nice/caring.   
  
Being this way, sometimes people take advantage of my niceness without me knowing it (not sexually, but just by asking me to do things for them and go places with them and knowing I'd never say no to them because I am so nice). Anyway, so with all that, with me caring for everyone - it seems no one gives a damn about me. I never get people asking how I am, unless it's my mom and that's even rare when she does ask me how I am. I don't get calls and emails from people because I don't have friends, and I can't go out and meet friends, because until I get a job and get out from being homeless, I can't go out to dinner and movies and etc., to meet people but I mean, it would be nice to know at least one person gave a damn about me, but no one does. I have no one to talk to about my feelings and emotions and such. As I stated, the family members who did give a damn about me, God snatched away, but no one does anymore and that hurts. I get on the bus and train and I smile at people and/or say good morning, because I was raised with manners and people look at me like they can't stand me and I'm a very sensitive person and that hurts because I don't get why they're doing that to me. I try so hard to impress people and get them to like me and it's like for all my trying, I feel like the most hated person in the world by people. I still get treated like crap by people And it affects me so much where I cry all the time. I cry because I'm tired of people reacting so coldly to me and treating me like crap, I cry because I'm tired of my mom and I being poor, I cry because I'm tired of living day to day for - what? Just to be poor and homeless and to have a shitty life.   
  
I used to tell my mom when I was younger that when I became an adult, I'd buy her a house and that I'd take care of her, but I can't even do that. My mom and I have never been in a house - ever. At my mom's age, I should be taking care of her and I can't even do that. Then I feel, maybe if I weren't here and my mom were here by herself, she could make it and be better without me. Maybe she wouldn't be homeless or in poverty anymore, because everyone - EVERYONE likes my mom. She has no friends she calls or anything, but everyone my mom meets, she just charms them and they like her - that's not the case with me. I can be nice to anyone and still be treated like crap and I don't get it. So, I say to God at times, if this is all my life is supposed to be, then just let me go to sleep one night and not wake up. Why do you have me here, God? Just to live day to day and suffer in emotional hurt and suffering and to be in poverty and homelessness until the day either my mom or I die? I mean, what is my purpose in life? What is my mom's purpose in life? My mom is a phenomenal teacher, and she has a lot to offer as a teacher. Teaching is her gift, like being a filmmaker/screenwriter is my gift. I've let people read my scripts and they've been so touched by my writing, that they're moved to tears. I've been told my gift is in filmmaking and writing but how can my mom and I use our gifts, if we can never be in the right type of situation to use them? I just don't get what our lives are for?   
  
So, last night, I tried taking a few pills and ending it, but here I am, awake another morning. I don't know if maybe self-consciously, I purposely didn't take enough pills or if I did and God just refuses to take me out of this life, because my purpose is to keep suffering, but I am so, so tired of this life, of this world, where everything you want, you can never have, unless you're rich, where people are so mean and cruel to you and treat you like crap, where you pray and pray to a God that you've been told exists and nothing happens. I just - I'd like to know why was I put here? What is my purpose for being here? I think if I weren't here, maybe my mom would be better...If someone can read everything I put here and determine what my purpose is, I'd be forever grateful, because I have no idea and it's to the point where everyday, I'm literally hoping to get struck by a stray bullet or hit by a car so I can be put out of my misery. Because people don't believe this, but every day is like being slowly eaten from the inside out, by a cancer with no hope in sight for being cured....That's what my life feels like and I need answers.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/socialwork/comments/lsoa5q/having_second_thoughts/), Subreddit: r/socialwork, Title: Having second thoughts...

Hi all -- I hope everyone is hanging in as best as you all can, right now. I have been working in the social work/social services industry for a little over four years and was recently accepted to an MSW program. I am awaiting my financial aid package, but have enrolled in the program but am having some pretty intense second thoughts about moving forward with this plan  
  
Basically, I have been experiencing pretty intense burnout the last couple of months. In all, my workplace is super fair in managing our workloads, I get paid better than most other similar positions, and they have been really accommodating in giving us stipends to build out our home offices and giving us time off to deal with the stress of the pandemic.   
  
Prior to working at this job, I was working at a community health center and I was making considerably less money. I took that job mostly out of desperation; I had moved to a different city after some pretty intense family stuff happened that I needed to distance myself from. I was driving Lyft full-time, and barely making ends meet. It was a hot mess; my car was almost repossessed, my student loans defaulted, and I didn't have health insurance for almost a year (as you can imagine, I was really struggling with anxiety and panic attacks during this time).   
  
Eventually, I got myself out of that hole (I had to work two jobs pretty much the entire time I worked there) and moved back to the area that I'm from (the family issues have calmed down and now we are on our \~healing journey\~) and began working at my current job. The pandemic caused me to move back in with my family (I was renting an apartment nearby but it was too small for non-stop remote work) and I have been fortunate enough to be able to save up money for the first time in my entire life. I have rehabbed my debt issues, my credit score has gone up, etc... and I feel so much less stressed and never ever want to feel like I did a couple of years ago (side note: it is unbelievable what our bodies will do when exposed to that amount of stress. I kept joking with my Mom at the start of the pandemic that I was sleeping so much because I was finally able to sleep soundly for the first time in 5 years).  
  
While the conditions of my current job are adequate (I have heard horror stories from friends in other non-profit spaces throughout the pandemic), I just feel so burnt out by the work. Constantly feeling like I have no ability to actually make changes or impacts (I work in housing services in a huge and expensive city lol), having a difficult time building trust with clients who think that we aren't offering apartments to them for one reason or another when it's literally just that there are no apartments, and the bureaucratic red-tape of social services (a fun example would be the city agency that administers housing vouchers literally failing to renew a client's voucher and then being impossible to get in contact with, resulting in the client accruing a $10k balance because of their error!!!). I feel like I am banging my head up against a wall every day, and feel like the burn out is impacting my ability to do very simple things like read e-mails properly or complete data entry.   
  
(Also, don't even get me started on how annoying it is to work with landlords... that is a different thread entirely)  
  
I guess my ambivalence now comes from whether or not I will be able to recover from this burnout and pivot to something more fulfilling by going back to school. Additionally, due to my student debt from undergrad (I have private loans that cannot be deferred because they are run by the literal devil), health insurance premiums, and my car payment, I will burn through my savings pretty quickly while I am in school. I am so traumatized from the last time I was flat broke that I worry about going back to school and ending up in that place again, especially if end up making less money than I earn now if I decide to go the clinical route.   
  
In the past, I have toyed with going into an operations/project management/account manager role within the healthcare field (I did something similar for a year after graduating college and really enjoyed some aspects of that work). I also really enjoy writing (I have published some stuff here and there and am taking grantwriting courses right now), so I feel like I could combine these things to do something else, but I genuinely don't know even where to begin. Any advice/guidance or even validation that it's okay to feel this way would be very appreciated.  
  
I have had some really wonderful experiences working within this field, and I have met some of the most selfless and kind people throughout the process, and I appreciate all you do to help care for people &amp; communities.   
  
Thank you for reading my rambling ranting :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/bjb5se/ive_fucked_up_again_and_im_lying_to_everyone/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I've fucked up again and I'm lying to everyone

I'm a college student at a very good college and have a lot of potential. Not to brag, but just so you get an idea, I was accepted to study at Oxford University next year (just though study abroad but still quite competitive).  
  
Yet I feel like that just makes me all the more of a fuck up. I am extremely, extremely behind-- basically failing -- in all my classes and life. Failing, as in, despite all the generous extensions I've received, I still have three weeks to complete basically an entire semester's worth of work.   
  
That's the biggest issue but on top of this I haven't been taking my antidepressants for a week or so because I just forgot and then I just kept not taking them I don't even know why? And because I'm procrastinating with money stuff and can't find the energy to walk to bank and then the pharmacy I've been going without my ADHD meds for a couple days and using caffeine to compensate. I have missed so many doctor's appointments that I needed to go to. I am also, I believe, a bit of a kleptomaniac (or maybe I'm just a conscience-less asshole) and stole some small things like lipstick from my best friend (she knows we chatted about it and she forgave me) but I recently did it again and she found it and somehow forgave me but I still feel like shit and don't feel like I deserve or can reciprocate her friendship. And I've stolen other things, like clothes lying around campus, foreign money I found in a purse in the lost and found and even books from the library because my account is frozen from lost items and I guess I have no conscience about stealing old books no one reads anyways (except I do feel bad after the fact, sorta..) it's going to catch up with me and I don't even need things!!!! I'm a disaster human and for a long time know one knew but now I feel like my mask isn't slipping and the shame is unbearable.  
  
I owe money to a bunch of different places and people and have an overdue rental laptop I'm too afraid to return because of how late it is. I have it and don't need it but the thought of facing them, after how many emails and calls they've made, and sheepishly being like "here it is" makes me want to die. I literally want someone to return it for me! This is so ducking stupid. I also have an overdue tab from on campus cafe from last year! They've been pestering me to pay it (it's like $50 dollars) for like a year but I never have the money and hate asking my parents for help.  
  
To make matters much worse I lost my debit card a over month ago and am too scared now to call and get a new one because what even do I say? I lost this A MONTH AGO? I never even told them to freeze it (the account was zero anyways so I thought it didn't matter). I'm also procrastinating on that because I'd to tell my mom (they have to ship out first to her address) and that is always so shame inducing and stressful.  
  
More ways I'm a fuck up: I haven't recorded the hours I've worked. Partially because I'm too forgetful and/or lazy and embarrassed to ask my boss for retro hours. I desperately need the money, though, and have been selling my clothes to get money to pay for things/bills. I also haven't bothered with it because it goes directly into my credit card which, as you know, I lost a month ago and haven't dealt with. And the class dean keeps calling me because I'm sure my professors have been emailing her (it's a small school where profs notice and care about students, another reason I feel so guilty for letting them down). And of course I am avoiding the dean too because the idea of visiting someone who know how badly I've fucked up scares the shit out of me. I just want to get my shit together a little before I talk to her bt I've been saying that for a month. Any progress I make is so minimal. Like I seem to take three days to just ORGANIZE my planner. Or get everything together and make the calls so I can walk to go and get my ADHD meds? That takes a whole damn day. Not kidding. Now imagine a 7 page paper? Well, two days needed to get everything ready: find the money to buy caffeine pills so I can actually have energy to write, figure out how to steal appropriate library books, ask friend to meet me somewhere to give me the assignment because I lost it and deleted the email on accident, borrow/rent a laptop because I don't own one, walk to library only find out it it closed on the weekends, try to work in dorm but it's too loud, explain to your friends and boyfriend why you never have time to hang out, try to figure out what to write about, have a meltdown, write reddit post because of meltdown, etc etc. Then the writing stage starts and I am writing a the speed of a snail. My eyes hurt and I need a break after spending three hours on a couple sentences, having scoured the thesaurus because none of the words work...  
  
I feel so guilty for throwing away this opportunity, again, especially when so many people are trying to help me. This has happened before too. It's not like I'm a first year. I'm a junior! I feel like I'm letting everyone down again and again. And I want so bad to make them respect me and be prof of me so when I'm talking to them, especially my favorite professor, who honestly loves me because we are just really close and I'm super enthusiastic and smart in his subject. I know he must be getting sick of my excuses/lies, though. I always make promises about turning in stuff that I know I can't keep, just to make him happy and not annoyed and mad in the moment. Like I just say what people want to hear instead of the truth. And then I let them down and feel horrible. And no one trusts me and they shouldn't because I am the least trustworthy and honest person alive and I want to stay in bed and avoid everyone forever.  
  
The worst part is the shame and avoidance and web of lies I've spun. I don't even know how many people I have been lying to so many people I can't keep track.  
  
I probably haven't even mentioned half of the ways I've fucked up lately. This feels like beyond ADHD. It feels like madness. And the lying and hiding and avoiding is about to backfire real hard. I've been daydreaming about suicide to be honest.  
  
I have tried to start therapy again this semester, by the way. But when I went in it was to focus on childhood trauma, a sexual assault as an adult and--mainly-- a childhood sexual abuse/incest situation because I have trouble with sex and with my boyfriend. It would have helped probably but I can't even make my appointments I'm too lazy. That and the fact that's when I start to talk about that stuff it consumes every waking thought and I need to get work done. I'm a very good student sometimes, like I win awards for research and stuff, so my professors have been very understanding. But that can only go so far. I have to turn something in eventually and my brain just feels broken. It can't do anything. But I always feel like this and it has happened again and again and I never seem to improve so how can anyone trust or respect me?  
  
My mom is going to be so mad at me. I will have to stop lying and tell her everything about school. And she will be upset and yell at me, which is normal and expected, but it will be so hard to listen to go on and on and on with the yelling and lecturing me about how hard I make HER life without just shouting at her that I was fucking molested by my dad and never told her, and never will, because I know it will ruin her life!  
  
But at the end of the day it all comes down to me. I'm a liar. And lazy. And cannot be trusted. It will take a lot of work to gain back the respect of everyone.  
  
I'm just waiting for shit to hit the fan

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/2tlsbe/doubts_about_cc_and_then_some/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Doubts about CC, and then some

Hey there, /r/college. You've probably all heard this one many times before, but here goes. I apologize in advance for the upcoming Great Wall of China of text. Brace yourselves.  
  
  
  
  
I'm a 2014 high school graduate. While I always loved learning and was in AP classes, my utter laziness caused me to barely graduate high school, and now I haven't any choice but to go through CC if I want to pursue even a semblance of anything like a higher quality education, which I absolutely do, both for reasons of personal intellectual fulfillment and because I don't want to be almost certainly stuck as working-class wage slave for the rest of my life. The kind of job I have right now just won't cut it for me for the approximate next 70 years of my human existence, assuming there aren't any complications along the way.  
  
  
  
  
But I digress. You reap what you sow and my actions (or lack thereof) have landed me in CC. Now I'm fully aware (perhaps a bit grudgingly) that this isn't necessarily a bad thing, as my local CC is one of the best in the nation and easily rivals some universities in certain aspects (not so much in many others, but you can't win everything). So while it's less than ideal (at least to a teenager), CC won't be a death sentence for me like it would in other places, and, financially, it's a sound idea, as my parents won't/can't contribute a penny to my tuition costs, and I don't have a couple thousand dollars to throw around for CC, let alone a good 20-50k/year for actual University. Ergo, this could all be a blessing in disguise, strictly financially speaking, since I haven't got the means to pay for college nor the luxury to waste time spending it superfluously trying to figure out what the hell to major in.  
  
  
  
  
So here I am, bittersweet, half a week into my first semester of CC after a semester's break (7 months total) fresh out of high school to earn money via underpaid, mind-numbing labor, and, frankly,to get a bit of a break from school after 15 continuous years of it (I started young). Despite the wisdom in going to a good CC for someone in my position, I can't help but feel a bit sad and regretful of ending up there, for relatively superficial reasons. I see all of my friends shipped off to places near and far, living in dorms with their roommates (for better or for worse), all in one building with friends and foes and crushes alike, going through the ups and downs and all the antics that come with being a freshman, and I feel like I'm missing out on some fun times. While I understand that dorm life isn't all it's cracked up to be, I still wish to go through the experience of it, to make new, long-lasting friendships, and experience the independence and learning that comes with the "college experience". While the fact that I am now left here, with all my classmatess and acquaintances gone in and out of state to schools, while I stay behind a counter and greet the faceless entity of customers 5-7 hours a day, is entirely my own fault, I still wish to live that social aspect ASAP, especially after being deprived of any interaction with anyone within 5 years of my own age for nearly 8 months now. I'm lonely. I didn't really have any friends before, more just acquiantances, but now my interaction with people my age is at 0. I don't get to be independent, I'm still stuck with my family. I love them all very dearly, and they're all great, but I feel so suffocated. In all 19 years of my life, I've been with them. I've never really had much of a social life. I want to get out, to meet people. To get drunk for the first time, to pull all-nighters, to feel the stress of exams, to learn all those little life lessons, to make long-lasting friendships. Right now my life is this boring, monotonous loop, and I'm alone in it.   
  
  
  
So, with all of this (most likely gratuitous) babbling done, I have these questions:  
  
  
  
  
What is the quickest way to get out of CC and into my university of choice (which requires the wonderful range of 12-36 credits for transfer, I'll shoot for 15+ because I don't have some relative that will pay for most/all of my tuition, and I have a grand total of roughly $1600 under my name), without rushing it and doing more harm than good? Please consider the fact that in all my years of school, the extent of my studying ended with the school bell, so I don't have any study skills whatsoever, thus making me take 5 classes/semester right off the bat a bit too ambitious of an idea to be of any benefit to me.  
  
  
  
  
Ultimately, does the opportunity cost of saving a few thousand dollars outweigh the lessons and experience learned through an early and true college immersion? (I understand that this is nearly entirely subjective, and that's perfectly fine.)  
  
  
  
Is "the college experience" really all it's cracked up to be? Can a transfer student still live that lifestyle and experience that iconic chapter in life fully with a maximum of 2 years to experience it all? What would be the best course of action?  
  
  
  
And finally  
  
  
  
Should one even go to college, at all? Is it even worth it? Honestly, nowadays, it seems like less and less of a good idea to go to college if you aren't 90+% sure about your current path in life.  
  
  
  
I just can't help but feel regret at this point, yet I am also well aware of the rising costs of tuition, or of the danger of mindlessly abiding by the somewhat misplaced cultural idea that no college= no success, especially in today's globalized economy. I understand, rationally, that CC is actually becoming more and more of a wiser option, provided your local CC isn't absolute shit, and/or you aren't absolutely certain about what you want to do with your life. I get that. But there's that whimsical side of me that's slipping into a depression because I'm deprived of all social interaction, drudging through each day where the person nearest to me in age is a 30-something alcoholic, lest you count my 13 year-old sister. I want to make friends, I want to find myself, as I don't even know who I am. I want to forge strong relationships, and have the opportunity to meet many people of different backgrounds, and the chance to thrive intellectually and be humbled by those superior to me in that aspect. Being a hostess at a restaurant is hardly conducive to rich, fulfilling intelligent conversation. I'm just bored of life right now. Bored of the daily grind, the colorless monotony of it all. And if not through college or travel to some faraway place, where else will I find a place where young people just like me are clustered together, united under a common goal?  
  
  
  
Sorry if this got melodramatic/preachy. I'm just utterly bored, and unhappy, and want to get out of it ASAP.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/4pwxst/im_at_a_deadend_need_help_and_advice/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: I'm at a dead-end, need help and advice

Hey reddit, this is a little bit of a long post, and it's really quite embarrassing, so please bare with me.  
  
I graduated in 2015 with a BA in anthropology (focused on biological) with a GPA of 2.4. I want to continue my education but cannot get anywhere because of my low GPA, reaching out in hope that someone can help guide me to the next step.  
  
Some of you may get a laugh out of this, but my dream/goal is to go to medical school. I've been told many times to give it up, my degree is useless, and so forth. And I do admit, an Anthropology degree is pretty difficult to get around. To make it relevant, I focused more towards the Biological side of the discipline, working with biostatistics and genetics data. I took courses in public health, medical anthropology, biological physics, things of that nature that are offered at my university. Academic performance and competitiveness, is where I fail at and absolutely where I should have been more careful about. I was under a very difficult circumstance, which of course, is what many students with poor academic performance would also say to justify their GPA. I've reflected about this over and over again and take full blame for everything, I simply want to move on and learn from these mistakes find a way to fix it. I tell you a little bit about my background and circumstances, not as an exhaustive list of excuses, but as a lesson that hopefully someone can help me out and evaluate the options I now have.  
  
The one positive thing about all of this, I graduated with no debt and didn't take out any loans. I came from SE Asia and was born in a small village with no running water, no electricity, we lived a very primitive and simple life. How I get to the U.S is a long story, and I will spare you the details. I came here when I was relatively young, but took a while to adjust and learn all the new technology, the first time I used a computer was when I started my first day of class in the U.S, it was in 5th grade. I was the first in my family to attend and graduate High school, and then college. As you can imagine, everything was a "learn-on-the-job" type of situation. Applying to college was a magical situation for me, everything was online, submit a few essays...and that's it. Who submitted my documents, test results? How'd they know it's me? Everything was just done automatically, it was a little shocking to me. But somehow, I managed it, I got in a decent state college (UF). I was a little behind the curve with technology, but everything else, I managed. But that's when everything just went sour.  
  
Being away from home was, of course, a little difficult. But I managed the first two semester fine. My second year and forth is when everything just went bad. I started overthinking about what I wanted to do, the end goal, that I over load on volunteering, extracurricular, silly resume booster things that are now meaningless because of my incompetent GPA. My grade dropped, I became ineligible for the grants and aid I was receiving and ended up having to take a job to cover for these expenses. I was literally illiterate when it comes to money and financial aid at that point. My parents advised me against loans (it's a big no-no and highly stigmatized for them), and of course I listened. I made absolutely no use of the resources available, had no idea where to look for help or even ask questions, I felt like completely lost and ashamed in front of my peers with my situation. Looking back, I was a fool and hated myself for it. I worked overnight shifts and weekends at the hospital, scheduled my classes early in the morning so i can go straight to class after work, getting paid 10/hr, you can imagine how it was to pay for 3-4k tuition a semester. My schedule would often look like this: 10pm-8am (work) 8:30-noon (class). It was exhausting, I studied on the job, on the bus, between classes, during lunch, on the toilet, literally anywhere, just to get by with a 2.4. Pretty sad, I know.  
  
I graduated and working now at a dead-end job that pays 9/hr, even worse than when I had no degree. Doing everything I can, volunteering, researching, everything and anything to hope for a chance that some school would look pass my horrid GPA and a somewhat irrelevant degree. My GPA is too low to even apply to any postbacc, masters, certificates. Some have suggested that I do some DIY classes at a nearby school to raise my GPA, but that would require me to be a non-degree seeking student, which would rule out financial aid, I can't afford tuition with my job and even if i could, that would be making the same mistake all over again.  
  
What should I do reddit? I've consider cutting my losses, apply for a second degree and get a STEM major? I'm really at a dead-end this time around and it's becoming quite a burden/depressing thing to handle. Reaching out for some words of wisdom and advice. Thank you, reddit.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/g4er4/reddit_i_think_ive_reached_a_breaking_point_with/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Reddit, I think I’ve reached a breaking point with my family. What do I do?

Throwaway account… and the tl;dr will be something ridiculous so if you don’t want to read this, don’t bother reading the tl;dr either (unless you want a laugh). I’ll try to put this in a logical order but I apologize if I end up rambling a bit.  
  
I’m a couple years out of school and am making ends meet. I don’t have a lot of money and I have a lot of debt, but I still lead a good life. Work is challenging, but only occasionally stressful, and I have a very good group of friends that are always there for me no matter what. However, I think I’m reaching a breaking point with my family.   
  
A little background – my parents have struggled with money for years. My dad works in an industry where it has been incredibly difficult for him to keep a job. I'm almost positive it’s nothing to do with his job performance based on various things over the years. I just think his industry (health care) has been incredibly tough. They were able to help me pay some for college but I still had to take out quite a bit in student loans. During that time (I also worked a lot through college), I gave my parents a lot of money (thousands) – from my savings (dried up years ago), what I earned working in college, and from my student loans. I had worked a lot in high school before things went south for the family. I saved up and bought a car junior year and still had a good amount of savings when I graduated. I feel it important to point out that it doesn’t bother me I gave them money. My family needed help and I did it without thinking twice. I’m not saying it wasn’t hard for me but I never really had to think about doing it. All of our accounts were linked though our bank for years. It’s been that way my whole life (meaning since this was an available service) and that was how my parents gave us our allowance. It later turned into how I would give my parents money and my account was often drained to pay overdraft fees of others (after this starting happening I opened a new account at a separate bank and closed this one shortly after I started my new job).   
  
After college I took a job in a new city and am now far away from my family. Over the past few years I’ve been giving my brother money (also to the tune of thousands) not including co-signing student loans. I know some may comment that this wasn’t a smart financial decision but like I said before this is my family. I’ve made financial mistakes in the past and am still paying for those – but I’ve also learned a lot from them and am much smarter with my money and spending habits. He hasn’t had the same support system I had (although I paid/am paying for a lot of my school still) and my parents are no longer able to help him.   
  
But now I feel I need to make a tough decision – I need to cut them off – financially. It’s gotten to the point that every time I get a call from a family member (more below) I immediately stress out and that stress and anger linger for hours and sometimes for days after the call (partially because I wish it wasn’t this was but since it is this way I wish I could do more). This has been getting worse over the years too. \*\*THIS\*\* is the most stressful thing in my life by far. Nothing is even close. I’m incurring even more debt to help him, some of which includes his expensive medical bills. I told him yesterday that I couldn’t afford to help him (this time) but he still called me late last night desperately asking for money. Frankly, I can’t do this anymore. I feel bad saying no but I don’t think I have any other option at this point. At some point I need to be able to live my life and work my way out of this financial hole.  
  
This is a side topic although relevant: for about the first two years out of college every time I received a call from my parents I expected the worst – that my sister had died. She’s a recovering drug addict. She is doing extremely well now but for years she was in bad shape. And until about a year ago I was scared to death every time my parents called. A lot of times it was just to say hello but many times it was to tell me she was missing or had overdosed. My parents incurred an enormous amount of debt for this. I know this is slightly off the financial topic but I also wanted to add more background and help you understand why I dread phone calls from my family.  
  
To the next part – my parents are losing their house. They need to find a new place but no one seems to be talking about it. My grandparents have offered to let them move in (to a new city far away) and I think this is the only viable option while they try to get back on their feet. They also have several dogs that will not be able to go with them if they move to my grandparent’s house and will likely have to go even if they are able to find a place local. It will be difficult to find them a home because most of them are rescue dogs and still don’t do well with people outside the family. But no one is talking about what they need to do. Every time the subject comes up (this is all secondhand) my mom breaks down or someone delays the conversation and there is never a discussion.   
  
I think I need to take the following actions or some variation but I could really use feedback. Is it too harsh? Am I going about this the wrong way? I don’t want to call anybody out and I don’t want to point fingers but I don’t think they realize the toll that this has taken on me and I think they need to understand this, where I’m coming from, and that they need to figure out what needs to be done.  
  
\*\*First\*\*, I need to fly home and facilitate a discussion. This needs to happen soon. Not only for my sake but for my family’s sake. I can’t keep living like this. I’ll make sure to point out that I have no regrets. I have no hard feelings. It is going to be a tough conversation but it needs to happen and I need them all to commit to being a part of this and not walking away. We need to figure this out as a family.  
   
\*\*Second\*\*, I need to make clear is that I can no longer financially support them. I’ve incurred thousands in debt from this. It is a huge financial strain and it is also taking a heavy physical and emotional toll as well. I don’t want to stress out every time I receive a call from a family member and I need to make it clear I cannot and will not do this anymore. No ifs, ands, or buts. I want to be able to talk to them like we used to do. I want to be there to support them. But I want this to be as a brother and a son – not as a financial lifeline.  
  
\*\*Third\*\*, My brother needs to move back in with my parents. There has always been conflict between them while they lived together but if he has to call me for money all the time then he shouldn’t be living anywhere but home – especially while he’s in school. Rent is not cheap and I think it was a bad decision for him to move in with his girlfriend (he pays for EVERYTHING – but that’s another discussion and I’ve already had a discussion with him about this).  
   
\*\*Fourth\*\*, We need to decide as a family (mostly them but I feel I need to be the bad guy and start the discussion) what the next steps are after they are forced to vacate the house. This includes discussion of the dogs, whether they will move to a different city to live with the grandparent’s and who will go with them. I realize this is a key decision as it determines if my brother is able to move back in with them. If they leave and he stays to finish school he will still have to find a place to live. I just don’t think it should be with his girlfriend.  
  
\*\*Finally\*\*, My mom needs to find a job as well - a real job. While I was in high school she started teaching ballet to children and she loves doing it but it provides almost no money. That was fine for a while but it's to the point where my dad cannot be the sole provider for this family. He is having a hard time finding work and they need to work though this together.   
  
So that’s what I’ve been thinking about all morning and what I think needs to be done. I could use some feedback. I feel bad that I have to do this but I think I need to do it for my own sake. I could really use some feedback and/or advice on the situation. Have any of you had to deal with these types of issues before? What did you do about it? How did it go? Would you have done something differently?  
  
\*\*tl;dr\*\* A pterodactyl escaped from Alcatraz with the predator, an alien, and Glenn Beck on his back. World be warned... Glenn beck has the bazooka. Anybody care to draw this?  
  
I felt I needed to inject some humor into this :)

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/es525/life_story_father_issues_am_i_the_bad_guy/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: Life story. Father Issues. Am I the bad guy?

Disclaimer: This might turn out to be a very long post. You have been warned.  
  
  
I guess I'll start my story from the beginning. I was born in January of 1989. My mother and father had issues that they couldn't resolve. They file for a divorce. (My mother is black and my father is portuguese)  
  
  
(My mother told me as I got older that my father denied me as his son. He basically called my mother a slut and asked for a DNA test in court. Turns out I was his son.)   
  
  
1989 - 2002  
My mother gets full custody of me with my father paying child support. (~$600/m) Of course, you may see $600 a month and think "Well, that's more than enough to raise a child" I submit to you, nay, it takes a hell of a lot more than money to raise a child. My mother works a 9 to 5 job in DC for most of her life. She still struggles making ends meat to support us both. We live with her parents (my grandparents) for most of my life. As far as I'm concerned, my grandmother and grandfather more than made up for the absence of my father. Moving on.   
  
  
Me and my mother occasionally move to different areas of VA. We live with her best friend for some time. We live in a town house and her friend for some time. We rent an apartment by ourselves for some time. All the while, my mother supports me and puts me through private school. Eventually, my father would send less and less child support on time. I vaguely remember my mother telling me that he was sick and couldn't afford to pay a lot of the child support. She had a golden heart. She didn't pursue the money in court. Instead, she gets a part time job as a bartender at a local restaurant. She works those two jobs for quite a while. She was an insanely hard worker. She struggled so much, just so I could have all the frivolous shit I wanted. Through these years I would occasionally get a birthday card with some cash from him and his wife. I get the feeling his wife loves me more than he does. (I use to visit them when I was a lot younger)  
  
  
Fast forward to 2003.  
  
  
We (me, her, grandparents) move to a new house in Virginia south of where we use to live. She still commutes to D.C. everyday. She no longer works as a bartender because her health is fading.   
  
  
2003-2008  
Progressively, my mother becomes so ill that she can barely move without intense pain. (Combination of numerous health problems : Sever osteoporosis and anemia amongst other issues) I attend a public high school at my current place of residence and eventually graduate from high school. I can't describe to you the feelings I had to see my mother using a walker at my graduation. I think to myself "She is only 40 years old, how does this happen." Surprise, surprise, my father and his wife show up to my graduation. He gives me my congratulations and tells me that if I need anything all I need to do is ask. (A little information about me: I hate asking for help. I would rather work for something myself, than to have it handed over to me).  
  
  
I attend a local community college for a while from 2007 to early 2008. Around October(?), I start having severe pain in my abdomen. Now, I'm a fairly big guy 6'2 ~260 lbs. I hate asking for help and I figure it will just go away eventually. The pain goes on for a while and progressively gets worse. I start throwing up from time to time. My thought process at the time was: "Your mother is in far more pain than you are. Stick it out." So I do. Around December I weigh ~210 lbs. On December 10th, I go in to the doctors office to get some testing done. They give me some nasty chalk stuff to drink for a CT(?) scan. On December 11th (day of scan), I walk upstairs and grab the nasty chalk stuff out of the fridge. I proceed to try to drink it. It is horrible. I tell my grandmother I cant drink it. We'll have to request a different solution. I knock on my mother's door. No answer, I figure she's sleeping. My stomach is in pain, so I go downstairs and go back to bed. I wake up with my grandmother opening my door and telling me my mother has died. All I could do was sit on my bed and cry. I haven't cried that hard in my life.   
  
  
The next day, I go in for the CT scan. To my surprise they have this kool-aid tasting drink that will work the same as the nasty chalk stuff. Go figure. Scan complete. All I have to do is wait for results.   
  
  
My mother's funeral is set for December 17th.   
  
  
December 16th, I get called in to the doctors office. The chief surgeon explains that I have a "stomach mass." He doesn't know what it is. It could be cancer. It could be Crohn's. All he knows is that it is cutting off part of my intestines, which is causing the pain and vomiting. (Food cant pass through the intestines, so it comes right back up) He tells me I need immediate surgery to remove the mass. He says we have to do it tomorrow. I explain that my mother's funeral is tomorrow. He says, "Well, we can do it one hour after the funeral."   
  
  
Okay. (Insert meme face here)  
  
  
My mother has a beautiful funeral. I see people that I haven't seen in a long time. Old friends and family members. It was nice.   
  
  
One hour after the funeral, my mother's best friend (the one who we lived with for a while, shes kind of like my second mother) takes me to get prepped for the surgery. I'm so dehydrated that the nurses miss my veins about 5 times before they can start an IV. I take a shot to the back (sedative) and I go off into happyland.   
  
  
I wake up. The epidural is working wonders. I lift the sheets. HOLY SHIT, look at all those staples. I have a stapled incision roughly 12 inches in length from just above my belly button, down. "That's going to look awesome when its healed" I think to myself. I glance down to my groin region. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?! Needless to say, I was not expecting a catheter to be there. Naivety on my part.   
  
  
Long story short. I spent 5 days in the hospital and was released. Besides the hiccup fit I had upon just returning home, the recovery went well. The results of the biopsy came back. They still don't know what the fuck that mass was, but they are sure it wasn't cancer or Crohn's. A theory was that my appendix burst and my body "ate itself." I don't really know. They kept asking me if I felt a sudden sharp pain one day. I don't really remember anything like that.   
  
  
Moving on.   
  
  
I'm doing just fine. I attend a local university. Going for a BA in Information Systems. Every now and then I would receive a text or call from my father's wife saying how she misses me and how my father misses me, and all that bs. This December I get a text from her saying that she would love for me to come over their house for Christmas Eve and have dinner. I ignore it. My father had called my cell phone on Christmas Eve. I didnt hear it. He leaves a message saying that he wants me to call him. He leaves his cell number and thats it.   
  
  
This morning I get a text from her saying how she wishes I would have been there. She says she understands " my anger for all the years he wasn't with you" and that I've "made a conscious decision not to respond to them" and this is "...my way of paying him back to show him how it feels." Bingo. She's actually right. I just don't feel like he actually wants to mend our relationship. He knows he was wrong for what he did to me and my mother. It seems his wife cares more about me than he does.  
  
  
Am I wrong for being angry and upset? Am I wrong for wanting him to feel like I did for 20 years? Maybe I'm just bitter. Maybe I'm immature. Am I the bad guy?

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/7sbp4z/is_there_still_hope_for_me_to_attend_college_long/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Is there still hope for me to attend college? (long)

I have attended three semesters of college as a degree-seeking student. I didn't fuss about it, but near the end of the semester, my family got an eviction notice that freaked me out like crazy, as my step-dad wasn't paying rent and was misusing our money. I was already struggling as these last few years of my life have been insane, but we were able to survive. Around that time my Mom and step-dad started their separation/divorce. It left me frazzled at the end of the semester, and I ended up getting an A, C, and D. Not terrible, but I got an academic warning. I told myself it was just me being lazy, and that the next semester I would do better.  
  
Then, spring semester of 2017 came and life got insane again, even more so this time. My grandfather committed suicide by shooting himself in the face during spring break, my step-father attempted suicide multiple times from the beginning to end of the semester, my brother got put into inpatient treatment for suicidal activity, and we realized how screwed over we were financially from my stepdad's misuse of our money. Things became tight financially, so I continued my student job I started the first semester of school, but I noticed my performance had dropped significantly from the previous semester, both in school and work. I got an academic probation, seeing that my GPA dropped under a 2.0 to a 1.66. But I was able to get an airline ticket as a prize in a lottery at work, so I thought I'd be able to relax by seeing my father and his side of the family down in Michigan. Heck, the next semester would be great if I came back relaxed! So I booked a trip right before the fall semester started.  
  
During summer, my stepfather overdosed on Ambien twice, strangled himself with a belt to passing out and tried suffocating himself with a bag. Finally, he was told to move out after he was hospitalized. This constant calling of 911 and being afraid there would be a dead body in our house kept everybody in the house on edge. Everybody was stressed, anxious, and terrified. Thankfully I was able to stay at another house for a couple days here and there when I needed to, but the stress still got to me. Then, during the trip to see my father, it turned out that he wasn't what we thought he was. I had brought my brother with me, and two days before we left, my father started verbally assaulting my brother over how he'd die if he were ever to be robbed, how my mother raised him wrong, how he would have raised us to be good christian children, how he wanted to take my little brother and force him to stay there. My father mocked him for having an online girlfriend, telling him he should be screwing every girl possible, told him that he was a pussy that needed to learn how to kill, and so forth. I hid in a room trying to stay away from the fight, but my stepmom dragged me out and started screaming at me at how i had told my mom that she was abusing my little brother, how I was totally conspiring against her when I was only 11. We later went to go on a boat ride, but on the way my step father screamed at us for being non-religious, that he was ashamed of us bieng his blood, that I was a pussy-footing failure, that neither of us woudl get anywhere in life, and finally that we better not tell our mother, as telling our mother would get him pissed off, and he told us that everybody that pisses him off would no longer exist on earth. So basically he threatened to kill us. So on the boat, my little brother called my mom while I kept a look out, and the next day our relatives in the town kept us away from our father as much as they could without raising suspicion. Then, past security at the airport we met up with my mother, where our father couldn't see, and went home. We were scarred from that, and we went to school full of stress and fright. I went to the counseling center at the university after breaking down when trying to tell my teacher what was wrong with me, but they said I was a bit too extreme to me and referred me to the psychological counseling center, who didn't accept me as I wasn't suicidal. So, I went to my former childhood therapist. My brother ended up dropping out. I got academically disqualified.   
  
I for some odd reason thought there was still hope that I could go to school this semester, but I wasn't able to. Turned out they removed me from the degree program, so I tried as a non-degree seeking student. Turns out that as a non-degree seeking student, I had no access to any of the loans or student aid I heavily relied upon, as my family has been spending pretty much every cent on the financial mess we were left in. I called the financial aid center and tried to see what I could do, and they said my only option was to go to class and pay out of pocket or go get a SAP appeal done. So, I emailed my academic counselor about it. This morning I got an email saying that I was pretty much removed from the university. The SAP appeal was only allowed for degree-seeking students, but seeing as how I became non-degree seeking a few days prior, I was disqualified from that.   
  
I have no financial way to go to college without begging for money from my father or getting a job, which would interfere with university especially since I can't even drive yet. So, I'll have to take the next semester or two off to raise up money to go to college, but my loans only give me a grace period of six months, so I am afraid I won't have enough money to go to classes before that is up. Is there anything I can do to still go to college, or do I have to just drop out for the semester and work until I can afford it again?  
  
  
TL;DR A ton of screwed up shit happened during my last three semesters of college, and now I'm academically disqualified due to the mental stress this all caused me. I have no financial means of going to college. Is there still any hope of me going?

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/s47so/extremely_long_storyreddit_i_suffered_extreme/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: [Extremely Long Story]Reddit, I suffered extreme trauma as a child, can any of you pinpoint what it is I may be suffering from?

So just a heads up, this'll probably be a little hard to hear, its pretty difficult for me to write out, let alone remember, but I'd like to get everyone's opinion.  
  
I've been too many psychologists who say that I do, and some say I don't, have Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Other classify it as a hybrid of a developmental disability and ptsd.   
  
So here goes:  
  
I grew up in an abusive home, with a mother addicted to drugs, a father who wasn't there, and a step-father/mom's boyfriend (it changed throughout the years), which, alongside my mom, would hit me, and yell at me. Not just a little tap on the bam, but a slap on the face, and repeated, overly heavy-handed slaps on the back, and the rear.  
  
I did okay, for the most part, emotionally. When I was 8 years old, I ran away, after being grounded for acting out in school. I suppose thats why I was okay, since I got rid of most of my steam at school, and not in the best ways. I was a problem child, with a lot of problems. Anyways, back to the info, when I was grounded, I ran away. Jumped out of my window, and went off. I was always up for exploration, always wanted to go around my home town on my bike and see what was where and what was what. So, I stole a bike, ironically from one of my very good friends at school, who I didn't know lived there, they never knew I did it. When I returned home, the police eventually stopped by, I had returned the bike, but I guess they had seen where I went from there. That or my mom had called the police because I'd run away.  
  
It was decided that I should be put in a Foster Home. And that Foster Home, was probably the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I went to school, didn't have as many angry outbursts, came home and drew, and drew and drew. And ate. And thats about all I really got up to.  
  
So it came time for me to go back home, 3 months later, and at first, all seemed well. We had to move, my youngest brother left to live with my mom's ex-husband, my ex-stepfather who used to hit me, and me and my mom and my middle brother moved to a different house. Myself and my middle brother had a strong bond, a strong friendship. He was born with some... I guess, things wrong with him. Ticks and stuff like that. And he found it hard to make friends. The abuse started back up again, once we'd moved into the new place, my mom found a new boyfriend, and from what I recall were getting heavy into crack. I've smelt it recently when I was homeless (more on that later), and remember smelling something very akin to that outside their door, which was right next to my bedroom.  
  
One day, the neighbourhood bully, who had never really given me trouble, but had always picked on my brother, decided that he would fill a 2L pop bottle with water, and beat my little brother with it. He came running to me, and I went out their ready to lay a smack down. Turns out there are three of them. I'm not one to chicken out, but I'm also aware of the odd's, so I run back home with my brother, and ask my mom to tell the kids to leave us alone. They sit out on our lawn, for an hour, waiting for me and my brother to come out. She says nothing. And I get mad, because, from what I'm learning at school, this is what she is supposed to do. Maybe I felt entitled, I don't know, but its one of those times when you want your parent to protect you, and for me, it was really upsetting when she didn't.  
  
So I freaked out. I went up to my room, started yelling, and screaming, and swearing, I'd started to calm down, and my mom's crackhead boyfriend comes up, opens the door, and says, "You're going back to the foster home, and you're never coming back." So I snapped. Started trashing my room, wishing I could be trashing his crackheaded ass, and my mom called the police. They took me to the hospital, and, well, things were fine. I was starting to calm down, once again, when I heard something familiar. My brother screaming. I stopped, and listened, and sure enough, it was without a doubt him, and I snapped. Went thermo nuclear. Started smashing the glass window trying to get out to go help him. I didn't stop, I wouldn't stop... I couldn't stop. They were hurting probably the only person I had in my life, and my brother at that.  
  
Next thing you know, this nurse and this big dude hop into the room, the guy squeezes my jaw to hold it open, and they put this pill under my tounge and she puts her thumb down on my tounge to hold it down so it'll disolve. Next thing you know, I'm out. Gone. Have no idea what happened.  
  
I wake up, my mom's in the corner of the room, and theres these baby versions of disney characters along the walls. I'm 9 years old at this point, so I'm freaking out. I thought I'd died, and this was like some messed up pergatory. I was scared, so I got up and started ripping the character's off the wall. It felt like what I would call now some "Silent Hill" type horrow stuff. Where it just feels wrong.  
  
Nurse comes in, needle in my leg, out again. Then I wake up in a normal hospital room, and things seem, okay. They seem right, I'm calm, don't really know whats happened, but, I'm okay.  
  
So I spend a couple days there, I dont' really know whats happening, I don't have any contact with my mom. And social worker from social services comes in, and tells me, that I'm not going home just yet.  
  
So they put me up in a hotel, with an aid worker, where all I did was watch The Fifth Element every night at the theater, and ate at a diner for meals. This was the life. No screaming, no abuse, things were relaxed, and calm, and I had positive people, and good things around.  
  
Then the day came when I found out, sure enough, I was going back into Foster Care. This time, it wouldn't be in the same place I was already living. It was going to be far away.   
  
There are very few things in my life that I recall as vividly as this, but the others are always looking out the back of the car when I leave to go somewhere new. Like a milestone in the timeline of my life.  
  
Anyways, so I get to the foster home, and its... its pretty good. But I can't stop crying, I'm scared, i'm far from home, I haven't talked to my mom, I don't know whats going on. I'm in a place I've never even heard of. Out in the country, and everything is alien to me. The foster parents are teachers, so I'm really not accustomed to things being nice. And I'm worried, that they're being deceptive, that they're just trying to be nice to me, and then hurt me more. the whole time, i just want to go home. I cry, and I cry, until hurts, until I'm all out of tears, and my mouth is parched.   
  
Then i start getting angry, because I want to go home. I feel I need to go home, it may not be the best place, but its where I feel I belong.  
  
Turns out, the foster parents couldn't handle it, and I do feel bad in retrospect, because they truly were kind people. I think things would've been a lot different if I'd stayed there. But onto the next place I went. And this is where it all changed.  
  
So I move to the next place, and this is a bonefied child farm style foster home, they've been wheeling and dealing in the unwanted kid business for years.  
  
Again, I didn't want to go there, I just wanted to go home. So I cried, and I cried, and they would put me outside, and leave me there. And the other kids, and their own kids who also lived there, would go to the door, and poke fun at me, and laugh at me, and then, well, I would get angry, and upset. And then I'd be out there even longer.  
  
Sure enough, a little while later, the laps started. Now, I mean, nothings wrong with a little physical activity. I wasn't in the best shape, so the punishment did me pretty well. It didn't seem abusive at first, but stay a while, its gets much much worse.  
  
So they enrolled me at school, and things were okay there. I made some friends, I made some enemies. Some of the kids tried to pick on me, when I'd responded to their questions about where I lived, that i lived in the foster home. Apparently everyone in the town had heard of that place. And that didn't really go so well for them. I'd gotten into the aggresive, fighter type of mentality. If I can't hit them with words, I'll hit them with fists. Obviously not a good thing, not going to rationalize or justify it, but thats how it was then.  
  
I used to get suspended for being your average little shit that didn't care. And I really didn't. I didn't really feel like living, so I didn't really focus on what I was living for, and how to make the best of it.  
  
When I was suspended, I had to do manual labour, cleaning out troughs, and chipping ice on the road, and I had to do it from the start of the school day, until the end of the school day. And if they decided, they'd just give me a set amount of hours to do. And chipping ice, at 10 years old, isn't easy to do. Scraping up poo, not so bad, stinks but, its easy to do. I cleaned the whole place, chipped off all the cow dung until it was a smooth cement ground. Yeah, I got suspended a lot.  
  
Then the sexual abuse started. I remember being suspended one day, and being brought home, and taken to the office of their home, and I had to do some pretty nasty shit. I don't really like getting into it. Lets just say, hands, and mouth, and all that gross shit I had to do for both the foster mom and dad. It was like chipping the ice, but sexually, I had to get these people off, but really, I think they were getting off on taking advantage of me. Then they started hitting me, and tying me up, and cuffing me in weird contorted positions and raping me. Keep in mind, I'm 11 at this time. The laps got worse, and worse. Each lap was about 120m, and I wasn't allowed to stop until I did five in a row. If I did, they didn't count towards my total, and I had to keep running. They started at 5, then 10, then 25, then 75, and then every time after that, it was just 100. 12km. Come rain sleet, snow or sunshine, I had to be out there. 5 at a time. I started going through puberty, and growth spurts, and sometimes they would rib my pubes out from my crotch when they had me tied up. They wouldn't give me enough food, even after or before running laps, going through a growth spurt, and not getting enough to eat, man. Just remembering how rough it was upsets me.  
  
A little while later, after I'd moved to a different school, I started finding out that I had rights. Not very many, and it was difficult to enforce them, but I had them. Something called the Children's Advocate, mediated between the child and the other party's to get the child's needs met, and stand up for the child's rights. An admirable group of people to be sure. They would play a huge role, albeit being able to help very very little, in the years to come.  
  
Once I had willed up the courage to talk to the children's advocate about what was going on, because I'd told my social worker about running laps, and that I wasn't getting enough food, and she didn't care. So I thought if she doesn't care about that, then I have to tell someone else who can help me. So I made an appointment with the CA, and he was going to come visit me. I was stoked, because maybe I wouldn't have to go through all this anymore.   
  
I haven't even mentioned the psychological abuse they put on me. I wasn't allowed to draw, or write, these things were bad, and they'd managed to manipulate my social worker into agreeing with this. I couldn't play my gameboy, something I loved and was an emotional escape that helped me cope somewhat. They broke me, broke me down, and destroyed my will. Dehumanized me basically. But I still had that glimmer of hope.  
  
So I'd come home from that day, after talking to the CA to make the apointment, and bragged to them that I wasn't going to have to put up with their shit anymore. That I was free, and they couldn't hurt me. Anymore. That was a bad idea. I should've kept my mouth shut. During the evening, when the other kids were watching a movie, they called me into their office, and then smacked me across the head, and started telling me I'd better shut my mouth, and you're not going to say a fucking thing you little rat. And then the foster dad said, lets do it. then they put me in a restraint and covered my mouth as best they could. I thought I was just getting put outside to run laps, as they'd done with the other kids times before when they'd refused to run them. I was usually complacent and just did it. But thats probably why the kids didn't think much of it. It was normal to them, to us, to the foster parents too proabably. Why they covered my mouth I don't know, maybe they thought I was aware of what was about to happen, I really don't know.  
  
So they took me down to this elongated shed type of deal. Like a workshop thing where they had a saw table and band saw and other things like that.  
  
At first they put my arm up against the band saw, and threatened to turn it on. Not thinking they'd do it, I said, I'm still telling, its wrong, you can't do this to me. And then they picked me up, and threw me on the saw team. And i thought they were going to cut my head off, the way I was place on there. I was sort of fixated on the saw, waiting for it to turn on. And then I felt my pants getting wet. I didn't really know what was going on. I looked down from the saw towards my legs, and saw a jerry can, that they used to fill the lawn mower up with, being poured all over my legs. And then they pulled out a bbq lighter, candle lighter thing, and then I started freaking out. They lit it on fire, my legs, and I remember not really feeling it at first, was kind of warm, but I was still kicking, and then I felt it. Like a cold, numbness from just below my knee's down. I started screaming, and then the foster mom put a blue tarp on my legs and put it out, and then I felt it even more, like my pants had melted into my skin. I couldn't even really fathom the pain, I think I was in shock. But I remember, when they let me go, trying to walk, with them behind me saying, if you say anything, we're going to light you on fire and let you run to the dugout, and then you'll wish we would kill you.  
  
So the day came when the CA was supposed to arrive, and arrive he did. The foster parents came by, where we were meeting in the house, and asked if they could sit in and listen, and the CA put it to me. They said they wanted to hear what I had to say so that they could help make my stay better. So I agreed, what else was I going to say, no, and then tell him, and then he leaves, and what, I'm dead. I didn't know any better than, and I was scared. So the meeting started, and I said, you know what, I'm sorry, I lied, I was just looking for attention, nothing is wrong. Sorry for lying to you. He said, are you sure, somewhat concerned. And trying my best not to give him a hint, I said yes, everythings fine, I'm sure.  
  
And then it all went down hill for me from there. The abuse died down in how often it happened, but it was fucking brutal from there on out. I still have trouble doing #2 properly... to give you an idea.  
  
A year and a bit later, my new social worker, decided it was best for me to be close to home. And so she pulled me out of there.  
  
And boy oh boy, did I have some anger problems. No one knew why, so to them, it just looked like I was fucked in the head. And I probably am. I had really huge issues with female authority, seeing as how the foster mom seemed like the initiator for all the abuse and sexual abuse. So I didn't listen to anything the female staff said in my now group home. They chalked it up to me hating women. But that has never been the case.  
  
Being in the place I was in, I was supposed to have a job. And coming from being in the middle of nowhere, not being to really have friends, or see anyone, and being immensely sheltered, being back in the city, and having a job, and going to highschool, which started at 14, was overwhelming. I struggled at all things. Most of the jobs I had to do, were menial, easy, but I could keep up. I was too stressed out, and when things got too fast, I would shut down, or stop, or freeze. A sign of things to come, for sure. As this persists to this day.   
  
My anger outbursts were getting worse, I really had no outlets, and no one to talk to, and I was scared that if I mentioned anything, they'd find me and hurt me. or their kids would. So no one really understood the gravity of the situation. Except me. I had this big weight on my shoulder, that I carried everywhere. Not to mention I started noticing that I was much different from everyone else. They had families, and friends, and had grown up with some sense of normalcy, and were, in most respects what the general definition of normal is. So I carried this stereotype, whether others though it or not, I knew it first hand. As the anger outbursts got more frequent, the stress got to me more, the main supervisor used to have to deal with me, and he started getting abusive. Choking me, and putting me in face down restraints and kicking me. And here I was... back where I'd just came from, only closer to my family.   
  
And that was another issue, I was forced to go on visits with these people who'd basically shunned me. I had very little visitation with my mom near half way through my stay at the previous home, and then it'd dropped off to basically nothing.  
  
My brothers didn't know me, I wasn't the same person, what had happened to me had changed me in so many ways. And being apart from them on a daily basis grew us apart from each other. I was no longer big brother, just the kid that came to visit sometimes.  
  
My mom and her boyfriend were always fighting and getting into arguments and yelling, I couldn't deal with. I couldn't cope with it. It got to the point where I would rather lose my video game privaledges, and being grounded, then go visit my family.  
  
  
Fast forward a bit here, and I'd moved to where I currently live now. Things, were better for me. I had a individualized goal list, people around me, that for the most part cared, some who cared a lot. I didn't really... get angry anymore. I had friends. And I was still part of that, against the grain, right guy in the wrong place type of deal, but my friends accepted me to some degree, and even a little to them was a lot to me.  
  
And then it started to really fall apart. The worker who was there working with me, left, and I wouldn't say I was emotionally attached to him, it was just I'd never had someone who cared about me, wanted me to succeed, and wanted to see me reach my goals. That for him, me having a great day, was why he came to work. Everyone else there just went there to get a fat paycheque to be some overqualified baby sitter for crazy kids. And when he left, I got one of those people. And then I started getting angry again. started smashing shit, and not giving a fuck. Started running away, and spending more time out with my friends than I was allowed. I was disobedient, and very defiant. Not to mention, my courses at school suffered, not for a lack of trying. But when I was elligable to skip a grade and a level of math, and needed a ti-83 graphing calculator, the group home was unable to reach my social worker, who had by then become a huge problem in my life. The one person tasked with making sure i was taken care of, was around less often than my own mother, which is to say, not a whole hell of a lot.  
  
And then, throughout the summer, I started running away, and staying away. Grade 12 started, and I'd decided that I wanted to go out with a bang, and really focus on school the best I could. By this time, my mom and dad, real dad, had gotten back together. And they were trying to be a huge part of my life. They kept saying they wanted me to come back, and we could be a family again.  
  
And theres nothing more that I wanted, out of anything in life, was to be part of my family again. to belong. To me, it would fix everything. I wanted them to love me, and love me unconditionally, and not judge me, because what I had been through, made me a different person. I didn't have the same deck, so I didn't play by the same rules, I couldn't. It just wasn't possible. It was my sincerest wish that they would've done this. I'd later find out, it'd be exactly the polar opposite.  
  
So I ran away, to live with my family. Things were taking to long, and I just couldn't wait. 7 years had been too long, and I was done. So I packed all my stuff up, and I left. That was another bad idea. I got there, and found out, a day before, my mom had packed up and left and went back with her boyfriend. So here I was, with my angry dad, who I didn't really know, and didn't know me at all. Who was an alcoholic, and way too heavy into pot for me and him to get along. I found out, that basically, the only reason he wanted me there, was so he wouldn't have to pay his debt that he owed for child support. Fucking cool hey?   
  
So it went on for about 6 months, until he drove my brother home, while being drunk. ANd I gave him an ultimatum, and said, "Its either the booze or your son." And he replied, in that stupid, slurry, dumb drunk way of his, "Well, I guess its the booze my boy." So I packed up what I could, and left to stay at a friends. I went from there, to my girlfriend's friends place, and then back to live with my mom.  
  
I tried testing the waters, to see if they would love me unconditionally, I needed to see it. I need for them to look at me, and forgive me, be mad yes, ofcourse, but forgive me. So I ordered about $30 worth of porno's that I never watched, off of the cable. And my mom's boyfriend flipped shit. Started yelling. At by this time, people yelling at me went in one ear, and out the other. I could yell too, I didn't really give a shit. So I remember watching the cat, who was sleeping next to me, was having a dream, and his face was twitching, and I couldn't help but laugh. I was worried, I wasn't mad, I'd excepted this. I'd hoped not for it, but, I was prepared nonetheless. And then he flipped the hell out. And it was time for me to move out. So I spent some time at my mom's friends house, and then found out that I was elligble to go to college on the governments tab, so I geared up for some upgrading. My mom told me that she would help me get up there, so, since I had a job, I put as much money into getting prepared as I could. And the day came when I had to leave for college, to meet with my landlord for my apartment there... and well... I couldn't get ahold of her. Turns out, they'd left the city. So i sold what I could, left what I couldn't take, had a change of clothes, and took the bus to the town where my college was. I was there with nothing, I also found out the hard way, that I had no life skills, I had none. I had no idea what I was doing, or even how to figure out what it was I was supposed to do in order to start.  
  
I slept on the carpet in my one bedroom, went to school everyday, but eventually, depression set in, my grades lowered, I was missing classes, and then the government pulled my funding. I eventually ran out of money, and didn't have enough time to work and make the amount I needed in order to live. So I was homeless. I stayed at a friends, and then went back to the city, the one I'm living in now, and stayed with that worker from back in the group home. Things were okay, but, I wasn't able to secure a job. Like I'd mentioned before, when things got stressful, I just couldn't handle it. I've also had problems standing, I've had issues with my feet since birth, and another thing I forgot to mention, was when they would hit my heels, the part I have the most problems with, with a hammer, in some sort of fucked up S&amp;M shit. They knew I had problems with my feet, I think its why they made me run laps so much, they liked seeing me in pain, probably some sick twisted turn on for them. ugh. I hate thinking about that stuff. Trying to figure it out... I just... I don't even know.  
  
So now I had to move out, and I moved in with my uncle, who, was having some addiction issues, and roommate issues. I came home late one night, and forgot my key, so i had to knock, and wake him up. He told me to get the fuck out, and pick my stuff up later.  
  
So here I was, in a City where knew no one, knew where nothing really was, save for the stuff near where my previous years were, but nothing that would help me. Homeless, 18 years old, and homeless, stranded, alone. Not that I hadn't already been alone for the majority of my life, but, alone, once again.  
  
The struggle continues further, but I think you guys get more than the jist. The nastiest stuff is up there. Some bad, but, not as worse things happened later.  
  
If you want to know more about what happened up until, well, around today, I can tell you all the big points.   
  
But I mean, what would I be diagnosed as?  
  
I'm thinking PTSD, but this stuff, how I am, and how I react, how I live, how I cope, its all, second nature for me. when someone scares me, I get upset, and I get defensive. I wouldn't hit them, I mean, they don't really know why right? But I have horrible nightmares, to the point where I just stay up as long as I can, and then go to sleep only because I pretty much have to.  
  
I eat and eat, and gorge myself, and its hard to stop. When I get that feeling of being hungry, it just brings me back when I'd come in from the laps, starving. And I can't take it. I can't deal with it, I've GOT TO get rid of that feeling. I hate running to excersice, I had a bike but it got stolen, but it feels like a punishment to me. I can't do it. I can't bring myself to do it.  
  
Most people, psychologists included, tend to see the visage I put on for everybody else. Something I worked hard on from 9 to know now, in order to not look like I don't fit in so much. I may come across as weird to some I suppose, but no one would ever be able to guess. Its a really good wall,and you only get a hint at the issues, through the cracks. I've only began to notice some of these problems, because I've taken the time to think hard about whats going on, and what.   
  
  
Sorry for making this so long guys. But I suppose I wanted to give you a really good idea of what it is I live through daily.  
  
Any thoughts or ideas?  
  
\*\*TL;DR Suffered some extreme abuse and neglect, and have some prominent issues going on right now, and would like some perspective on what it might be that has defined the way I exist today. PTSD? Depression? Lack of Oreo's and Milk?\*\*  
  
EDIT: Added TL;DR, sorry guys, still a Reddit n00b.  
EDIT 2: Sorry for improper grammar or incorrect spelling, but I was typing as I was thinking.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/t2wgq/im_in_my_late20s_and_disabled_i_live_with_my/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: I’m in my late-20s and disabled; I live with my mother who is facing bankruptcy and overwhelming expenses and I desperately need advice. What we can do to help keep ourselves going?

This is a very difficult story for me to write because I feel ashamed of myself and I don’t know what to do; so it may come out a little disjointed. I’ve been Reddit lurker for some time and I know Reddit is full of some of the smartest and most knowledgeable people around and I really need Reddit’s help and advice now.  
  
I’m in my late-20s and disabled. I have a litany of medical conditions: several respiratory conditions, a heart condition, a muscular condition, and a degenerative kidney disorder. I also suffer from clinical depression, Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, and mild Autism. I am under treatment for these conditions, and have been since high school, but they have left me unable to hold a job all of my life.  
  
My parents divorced when I was 14 and I have lived with my mother ever since. She has been supporting me all of her life. Three years ago she was forced to retire from her job with the state government (new boss, new team, etc.) and has been supporting us with her retirement pension and savings ever since. She never let me know just how bad things were until the last few months, I suppose she didn’t want me to worry or feel ashamed. But things have gotten bad.  
  
For the last three years she has been drawing money from her savings every month to cover our bills; her retirement pension hasn’t been enough. She’s had to take out something like $1600 a month from savings, and now the money has run out. There isn’t anything left in her savings. For the last couple months she has been trying to find ways to cut our expenses down and break even with her retirement pension. One of the first things she tried was calling creditors and asking them for help lowering monthly payments. She has $22,000 in credit card debt. Of all the creditors she spoke to, only two were willing to do anything and the savings amounted to maybe $20 or $30 a month.   
  
She was encouraged by her credit union to seek debt counseling from a service they have. She went through the process and gave them all the information. The process was quite slow and didn’t amount to much. Their conclusion was that out of the $700 a month in credit card payments she makes they could lower it by about $300; but they saw that as immaterial because she would still be $1300 in the hole each month. So they told her that her only option was to earn more money.  
  
She tried to refinance the mortgage on our house but didn’t go well. She spent several weeks talking to so many people, trying to apply for programs like HARP and HAMP or Making Home Affordable, only to find out she doesn’t qualify for one reason or another: the mortgage is not expensive enough, she earns too much money before taxes, it doesn’t seem to matter that she has to support her disabled son, not just herself. She’s spoken to several FHA counselors who have told us there’s nothing we or they can do. The mortgage company itself said the same, as our home is worth less than what we owe because of the housing crisis. Her attempts to refinance her car loan were also fruitless. No companies want to help you out when you’re in debt and over your head.  
  
It’s become pretty clear that the only option to significantly reduce our monthly bills is for her to file bankruptcy. She’s spoken to a lawyer and begun the process. The lawyer said that we’ll probably be able to keep our house as they won’t want to touch it because of the value vs. what we owe. Her car is another matter and up in the air. But there’s a larger problem; even after a bankruptcy our expenses still outweigh her pension by about $900 a month. She doesn’t know what to do and is despondent and so am I. I have all these expenses, medical bills, medications, health insurance (State insurance of last resort, it’s incredibly expensive), and she has her own health problems and medications as well. Not to mention the normal costs of living.  
  
I don’t know what to do. I’m ashamed I can’t hold down a job to help her. I feel terrible about myself and I can’t think of any way to help. I know I’m a burden on her and if I wasn’t around she would be able to pay for her own expenses. I’ve thought about Social Security Disability, but from what I’ve read I don’t think I qualify as I’ve never worked and held a job before. Even if I did everything I’ve read says it can take more than a year to get benefits and will almost certainly require that I appeal decisions repeatedly and may need a lawyer. I’ve thought about food stamps but I’m not sure I qualify for them either. She’s talked about getting a part-time job, but she’s in her mid-60s and not in the best of health, and even then a part-time job might not be enough.  
  
Reddit, what can I do? Please help me think of things I or my mom can do to help turn this around. Are there programs I can apply for that I don’t know about, or that she can apply for? Are there grants I can apply for? What can we do? Help, please.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/uyr0ul/confession_whats_your_thoughts/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: confession , what's your thoughts

My anxiety kills me . I wake up every morning in the state of a panic attack , feeling a terrible pain inside of my chest literally. I sweat and my whole body is shaking . What is more I have pains and especially headaches and gsstrenterical problems, my low abdominal hurts really much. I'm so sad and can't concentrate that I done even take my heart pills ( arrhythmias ) and during the day while I'm sitting or standing I feel a presure in my head ,my heart starts beating very fast and my sight bloors and I geek like finding but I manage to stay still and avoid that . I've been experiencing these things for 4 months now after having to choose major in college ( in my country thr system says that according to the subjects we have access to certain studies and we have to choose it before sitting exams). So that's my story a 19 year old who said that she would be a doctor since their 15 ; however she wasn't good at physics / chemistry, / maths , but she still chose them in ordrt to keep her opportunities open. She did got good grades at school with help of professors , but on the exams of the subjects she was not good at she always got under 10 put of 20 . She started feeling that she won't survive and that she is stupid comparing to most of their classmates who were like fuckijf ainstsins on these subjects . Then covid hit and also a brake up with the same person that I loved since a kid and hurt me severly by ghosting me and breaking up with me all the time because of distance. I felt ugly, problematic and not deserved to be loved at my 16 when we were on covid I was everyday in my bed crying and trying to understand what is wrong with me why I was treated like a rubbish like a girl used only to have fun With .. I focused on ..making myself looking more attractive an digested that I'm just stupid for school . I was doing bad and felt like there's no way no way literally I could learn these things and become good at them it felt so boring and late . After one year I was homeschooling couldn't pay attention I learned nothing I was fed up and so bored and remained so cocially alone and my bf was making our with someone else while j was home depending on his affection and attention to feel a human... I changed subjects last year without giving it much thought i had the need to score really high even on easy subjects to feel smart ,to feel that I'm not useless that I can do something well. Well no 4 months ago I was asked to fill my uni entrance exams and I realised that I could only go for psychology speech pathology and teaching... I've our them all to pass one .. instead tho I prefer to pass away... I can't believe what an idiot I'm for not even trying for med I don't belive that i chosed the easy path to get a good high school diploma score , which is now going to be avarage since due to my breakdowns I failed the high school examinations. I feel so useless and traped in my mistake non of the fields I have for option fills my heart and u think non of them is going to feed me in the future. I had also the chance of going to one country abroad for biomedice or physical therapy but my parents cut me .. only dad works and they are arguing even for going to the supermarket .. not to help me financially srudy abroad or in a private college. I am devastated honestly I can't accept that I know I could be better than that... yeahh I admit I did shit in sciences and did not study them effectively after seeing how dumb am with maths and what scores I got MY MISTAKE .. I don't want to pay for that 🥺I don't want to be one of those persons who end up being in misery doing nothing. They force me to go in the public university of my country with one of the above option s, they tell me that I'm a 19 already old ,and uselssed stupid Shame ..that they were telling me not to change majors and I did not listen my mind was on the bf ... 😢I don't knkw what to do now I'm left alone I have no friends and no one to socialize with the person who hurt me is going to study engineering and di his life abroad, whike I will be jn my parents home studying something that is going tk give ne no job . I'm so weak so unsolvable and so broke .. I can't see good in my future. I didn't even sit the exams for uni ( there next week ) I didn't even studied and run the risk of passing no where ... I feel guilt I even thought of staying hone and only srudy kne year thescienced I suck at to try for medice next year although I know I want pass , I even thought if there's anyway to study abroad med without breaking having a diploma with physics and chemistry on it ... I even thought of trying hard and I imagine my self being a doctor and dream about it .. then I wake up and reallise that I'm stuck I want tk vomit I ruined my future for some stupid guys who are going to be perfect. I have no financial support my dad has cancer and he was the only one working , my mum has heart problems and they are also fighting every day for if my dad wasn't sick they would have broken up, since my dad's behavior is a torture he screams because eat what he brings home he screams if er don't have a shower Ata fix hour he laughs and makes us feel stupid for expressing ourselves... I feel bad to speak in front of them and that caused me many traumas fear of abandonment , social anxiety feeling of needing tk Excell. I also developed perfectionism syndrome and instead of becoming the best I totally failed because of the avarage u couldn't take and jumped into a useless major . Honestly I feel stupid for searching for medicine whike they are so bright and smart kn sciences people put there , I also feek stupid for my thought of giving everything up and don't enroll to the public universityeven if I pass , work at cafes earn some money and sit them again next year and go for biomedice or smth .. I feel stupid for being afraid I feek stupid for really being afraid not to enroll in uni and stay like that at all I'm afraid of my parents actions they wait for me to pass so much in order not to have to pay a singe cent for me anymore.. they told me ai fucked up I stupid and I should accept how much I messed they told me that I should just take a degree in order to be less useless when searching for random jobs . And what is more I'm also feeling stuck in this country due to a loved person who I can't just abandon ; he us the person who knows my true self and the person who stood by me knowing all the shits of my life, whike I was running over someone else and dreamed of going to that country to study with him ( the person who hurt me at 16 ) I know it's stupid but I feel so attracted to yhr person who broke my heart but at the same time I can't leave the person who stood by me though the hekk of it because I know that those people are hard to find and I'm grateful for having him ... and I know that relationship from distant is not working out and if I go abroad I'm going to run over the one who manipulated me but can't get him out of mind ( the one who is going to study engineering) .. Anyway,my biggest concern guys is that I really feel hopeless and stuck I recognize I've made a mistake but I don't want to be defined by it I don't want to ruin my whole life I know how hard it is I was late to understand what is going on in this hotibble world we are living and I'm willing to work and achieve and Survive ... but I don't knkw what to do I want to finally take care of my needs of my brain and knowledge and i feel is so late I did not had a good doundation in high dchokl in order to be able to study something worthy... I'm stupid for dreaming a medical school although I would love it .. and stupid for wanting to go abroad and at the same time kept here for a person I love ... I'm aslo stupid for dreaming other things whike I didn't even sit exams and I want to die again ... I don't knkw what to do once I pass I don't want my parents to suffer either they already feel ashamed. I don't knkw what to do guys I'm lost the worst thing is that I dknr have a certain goal I just know i like health related studies and have no idea of finance ..computer and etc . I really want tk do something for me to feel human again , I want to succeed to build the life I've never had \* not to become wealthy, but to have a respectful life and not struggling paying the bills like my parents:( .... I don't knkw what do do everything feels so wrong I know it's my fault but what to do dam 😢😢😢I'm really sorry for this post I needed to speak somewhere my feeling.. I'm getting literally sick from this and right now u feek again like fainting ... I don't jnjw what to do .. I dream of becoming good whike I'm so abarage and in such shitty position . I was the one who supported education and recognized its value and bow I will be 20 next years still crying for my mess 😢also I have the need to live alone because I'm under control all the time I can't breath and can't develop at all but I'm so broke like really .

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/6bihso/seeking_input_on_my_list_of_potential_transfer/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Seeking input on my list of potential transfer colleges

Hi, my name is Jessica and next year in fall 2017 I will be entering my second year of Nassau Community College. I currently have a 3.87 GPA and hope to have a 3.92 by the end of the Fall semester. This may be long, so I'm sorry about that. If any one has school suggestions, see a school on my list that you think I should get rid of, or just transfer advice in general I would be very thankful.  
  
List of schools \*PS this list consist of a lot of reach schools at the moment  
  
1.University of Virginia  
2. Pomona College  
3. Penn State (was previously accepted)  
4. University of North Carolina Chapel Hill  
5. Syracuse University  
6. Vanderbilt  
7. Tulane  
8. University of Southern California  
9. Pitzer College  
10. Colgate University  
11. Claremont McKenna College  
12. George Washington  
I'm also applying to 4 SUNYs but the only one I'm certain about is Binghampton  
  
I don't want to apply to as many schools as I listed, the list used to be a lot longer. I took out a lot of schools that didn't offer a lot of financial aid. My EFC is 1320 but my mom can't actually contribute anything (she's in the process of paying me back money).  
  
I've recently added UVA to my list because it has a lot of the things I want in a school. It's a big school with D1 sports, I think it has a good location, has generous financial aid, I looked into my major requirements and I liked the classes. I like the programs, the school has this good vibe about it if that makes sense. Honestly when I saw the website I just really like the school then when I looked at their academics I liked it a lot more.  
  
Pomona has a "Politics, Economics, Philosophy" major that I like a lot. I'm currently a political science major but if I went to Pomona I would define lay try and change it to that. Pomona is a really good school for my major. It's in California which I love. I like that you can take classes at any one of the colleges on the Claremont campuses because I saw that some of he other schools had classes I liked. One of the drawbacks for me is how liberal the school is. When reading reviews about the school on Niche, which I do for every school I look at, the students said it was overwhelmingly liberal which is annoying to me. I also think they take the least amount of transfers of any school on my list.  
  
Penn state was my dream school, I thought it was the best of both worlds academically and socially. I still think that but when I got accepted the first time I got about 25,000 in aid and this school cost over 50,000 for an out of state student so I don't think it would be financially doable honestly. When I visited I liked the people a lot more than I like the school. When I slept over at a dorm and ate in the cafe a lot of students sat with me and I thought that was really nice. This city girl also saw a cow for the first time which was cool. But when I got to the campus it was kind of a dud.I  
  
I like UNC for a lot of the reasons I like UVA, big state school that still offers a good name and friendly people. A girl I watch on YouTube just graduated from UNC but I watch her vlogs and it seems like a great place. She shows the good and the bad, the activities, sororities, and sports etc and it seems like a place I could be happy.  
  
Syracuse, I remember applying to Syracuse in highschool and then having the worse interview of my life so I pulled my application. Honestly right now I can't tell you what I like about Syracuse other than it's environment of students because I keep thinking about how mad that admissions officer made me. I know one negative about the school is the price tag.  
  
Vanderbilt is really good for my major. I spoke to a representative at a college fair I went to this year and she told me I had a real shot of getting in. I like the program and internship opportunities I was told about. The main thing that concerns me is he schools location. I'm from NYC and I'm black. I've never directly faced racism so I honestly don't think about it that much so when I met with the Vanderbilt lady, I had never heard of the school before that, I thought this school is great I hope I get in. Then, as stupid as this sounds, I watched family guy last night where they drive through the south then got arrested and that freaked me out. Then I looked up most racist states and Tennessee was on the list. So that bothered me because I didn't know what to do with that information.  
  
My hand is tired and for the rest of the schools it's mainly the same reasons as listed above. About the SUNYs btw the reason I'm not focused on them is because during my first application process my school pushed SUNYs onto us hard and I applied to four then like I am going to now. It was the most complicated process ever, they lost everything, I was supposed to be going to Buffalo and they changed the housing and over admitted people, the housing was so much money and the SUNYS I got into ended up costing more or around the same as most of the schools I got into. I am applying again but there aren't any that I love.  
  
I want to go to a big school but I'm not against a small school. I want to go to a school where I can go to games I love hockey and baseball. No I wouldn't go to a school based on their sports but I am taking into account how much I will enjoy the school itself. I hated my highschool, I don't like my home life (it's one of my motivators in doing well, the thought of being able to leave), and I'm just not happy with my current situation so I want to be in a place where I will be happy. I plan on going to Law School, hopefully a tier one because I want to go into coorporate law. I want to have an internship while in school. I want to live somewhere really different from NYC because I've never loved any where else. I want to study abroad because I went on a highschool trip to Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Liechtenstein and I loved it there. As I said before I'm not into an extremely liberal school like Reed. And if the school is liberal I just don't want it to always be the topic of conversation. I want to dorm so I can have that experience. I don't think I can afford a sorority but I've always liked the thought of them. I don't care if the school is predominantly white or what the demographics are as long as it's a good environment to be in. I'm fine with any size classes, all my classes now have about 25 people but I'm not a big talker so I wouldn't mind a bigger room.  
  
Classes I've taken  
Fall 2016  
HIS 20th century Europe, B  
ENG 101 A  
Intro to Politics and Gov A  
Algebra 2 and Trig A  
PHI Critical thinking A  
Spring 2017  
Pre Calc A  
Eng 102 B+  
Intro to Sociology A  
Intro to Psych A  
Business Law A  
Fall 2017  
Intro to Philosophy  
Calc 1  
General Chemistry  
ECO principles of macro  
ART Drawing  
Yoga  
Volleyball  
I'm taking these classes so I can get an associates degree and I'm taking the economics class because UNC recommended taking it and two other classes before transferring  
  
My first semester I did something called "conversation partner" where I was paired with someone who was learning English and we met once or twice a week for an hour and we talked. I got a job at the movie theater in November. I'm going to work at a summer camp this summer. During the fall I really do hope to join a club. Also I do events for animal adoption and fundraising for shelters. I really want to volunteer at a shelter at least once a week starting in the summer. I've also looked into volunteering at psychiatric facilities and shelters because it's another "passion" of mine

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/9gn00k/my_senior_year_feels_like_a_nightmare/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: My Senior Year Feels Like a Nightmare

I am in a very stressful situation right now because of my parents. I thought my senior year was supposed to be exciting and fun, but it is a total nightmare. They are hurting my mental health and my relationship with my bf, and I feel lost. Long story short my parents are divorced and do not get along at all. My family is completely fucked. My dad is very wealthy, and I do not like being around him since he is very narcissistic and can be abusive. (He is also involved in scientology but I won't get into that right now). He now tries to be a good dad by sending me money every month while I am a student. The only rule is that I have not been allowed to have a job while he gives me money.  
  
 I am very grateful for this money, but the problem is that neither of my parents have really been helping me pay for school. Previously I have been secretly saving some of the money I get from my dad to pay off my loans later that my mom had set up for me, but I had to use it all up for this past year's tuition. It is my last semester of my senior year now, and my tuition has not been covered... AGAIN. I told my mom about it, and she told me that she "forgot" to set up loans for me or financial aid or whatever and its past the due date, but previously she had told me I don't qualify anymore since she got remarried to another rich guy. She basically told me its not her problem and to figure it out myself. My dad did pay for my summer internship class this past semester, but my parents had a huge fight about it first. He also just paid for a new laptop for me that he is forcing me to pay him back for, so I have a strong feeling he will say no to helping me and have another horrible fight over the phone with my mom, and my mom will probably resent me for it if he gets verbally abusive again. So now i'm scared I'm not going to make it to graduation.  
  
On top of all this, I had to move out of my apartment because of a bad roommate, and my mom told me to move back home. It has really put a strain on my relationship with my wonderful bf of 3 years too, since I lost some of my freedom to be with him whenever I want. We even secretly lived together for a year too and it was amazing. Anyway my mom is now always upset at me about little things that aren't even my fault most of the time, and wants me to pay rent. I would be fine with that, but my dad has started giving me way less money than usual every month so that she won't get any more of his money than the child support for my sister he barely pays.   
  
I really don't know what to do and my anxiety is just getting worse and worse. I am almost always crying about it if I am alone too long... especially when I need to be working on my artwork for my senior art show. My bf and I have been talking about moving into an apartment together after I graduate. Then I can get out of this mess of a family and hopefully go to grad school for my masters in graphic design, but I still have to make it another few months until then, and idk if I can even afford that... my mom also says she is totally on board with us moving together since she "can't afford my lifestyle" (whatever that means), even though she also always makes a point to tell me to NEVER marry him. Its like even though my mom says she agrees, she also makes me doubt it will even work out by saying things like how my bf is not who she would have picked for me (what is this, the 1500s?) and how it will suck when we break up and are stuck living together. I know that is a possibility but it sucks that she has no faith in us, or anyones relationships really. She also just told me she asked my dad over the phone what he thinks about me and my bf living together and he said he does not approve at all and would cut off all money for me.  
  
I am feeling completely lost right now and I don't know what to do anymore. My parents are too selfish to help me with anything, but at the same time try to control me to the point where I feel every decision I make is wrong. I am just trying to graduate and be an adult and a professional artist, but I also have to deal with all this garbage. I am now terrified for my future and my parents are making me feel like I am suffocating.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/8blqbt/trying_to_get_my_life_together_at_26_and_fear_i/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: Trying to get my life together at 26, and fear I might have messed it up too much already.

Hey guys. This might be a long story so I apologize, and thank you, in advance.  
  
Anyway starting in high school, neither of my parents ever went to school, and neither really believed in it. I was never pushed to do good in school, and never encouraged to pursue higher education. Just before I graduated, the two of them had a very long, drawn out and dramatic divorce. I had just gotten out of a relationship where I had been cheated on. I stopped caring about anything and lost myself in mindless things like video games.  
  
I bounced around from pointless minimum wage job to the next, while also bouncing between parental households as they each kicked me out repeatedly, seeing me as a failure who would never amount to anything. I began to believe they were right.  
  
Eventually I met another girlfriend, and got a decent paying job netting me about 20$ an hour. I was still unhappy, but things felt like they were starting to look up. Until I realized this was just another dead-end job in a warehouse that I was miserable breaking my back at everyday, and even that girlfriend ended up having cheated on me for over a year of our 2 year relationship. I went into a slight depression, stopped working hard at work, and lost that job because of it. Being a dumb 20 year old at the time making that sort of money, I got a credit card thinking it would help build my credit; and it did - until I lost that job and could never pay it back. Now I'm pretty sure my credit is abysmal and I'll never be able to buy a new car let alone a house.  
  
After I lost that job, my mom kicked me out yet again, calling the cops and having them throw me out. I lived in my car in the freezing winter for almost 2 weeks before my dad let me come stay with him again - on the premise I enroll in school, which I did the next week. I was accepted soon thereafter, started working at my dad's business, and started going to school and doing well. I felt like my life was finally going somewhere.  
  
Those first 2 semesters, I held a 3.8 GPA going for a business major. However there were still some things that were getting at me - I had little to no friends, my dad's new wife hated me and made me feel worthless all the time, and because of that my dad told me I was ruining his new marriage, and to top it off I didn't even know what I was going to school for outside of my parents telling me to so that I would simply have a place to live. I started skipping class, which was infectious and go to the point I would only go on test days. My GPA dropped but I was still passing my classes; until in the latter part of my second year, my dad's shop started to do really poorly - he couldn't afford to buy new supplies or things to sell, and he somehow blamed me for it. I was doing the best that I could. I still to this day don't know how he thinks it was my fault. He didn't even pay me to work for him. So thinking that it was my fault his shop closed down, he again kicked me out.  
  
I used a bit of my financial aid loads to move into an apartment on the school campus. But again I became depressed, thinking my whole family hated me, I couldn't get a girlfriend that would ever love me and not cheat on me, that I would never have friends or a good job or even be able to get good grades. I started skipping to the point that I just stopped showing up to class altogether, and needless to say, failed most of them. My last semester there, I stopped going altogether and never went back. I ended with a sub 2.0 GPA and multiple failed classes. I now have about 25k$ in student loan debt without even having a degree to get a job good enough to pay it off with.  
  
During the time I was at school and working for my dad, gave my mom a bit of time to realize I really was trying, and she began to become much more caring. She understood that I was really struggling and once more let me come stay with her. Thankfully she did, because while there I met my now fiance who went to a school nearby there.  
  
Fast forward a few years, and me and her have decent stable jobs in a new town, in a new state. Along the way, I've found an all-encompassing passion for physics and astronomy, and feel for the first time actual drive to finish my schooling. It makes me regret everything I've done along the way besides meeting my fiance, and wish that I could do everything all over, but I can't. And now I sit here, wondering if its even possible to get a PhD in physics and astronomy with all the things I've done wrong compiled into my now life. Thinking that I might not ever to achieve that dream because of my many past failures makes me sometimes want to just end it all.  
  
I don't even know where to begin to finish my studies - I know credible schools won't take me with the grades and attendance record I've gotten, and the community colleges around here either don't have the programs I'm looking for and even if they do, I don't know if they'll even add up to me getting a bachelor's from a reputable school since by next year I'll have 3 years worth of credits amounting to nothing; I have a sum of 2 years of business classes combined with extracurriculars, so would going to community college mean I'm starting all over? Let alone going on for a PhD somewhere even better. Why would anyone ever accept me with my record as a PhD candidate when as of now I'm pretty sure no one reputable would even consider me a BS candidate. Even if it was possible to line everything up perfectly, I wouldn't graduate with my PhD until I was almost 40. That in itself is discouraging enough.  
  
So here I sit, lost, depressed, in debt with no degree and no foreseeable future that I can see lining up for myself because of my past mistakes and failures. I really need advice from anyone who can offer it. I finally found something in life I'm honestly 100% passionate about, and am so afraid its too late and that I've messed my life up beyond repair - please help me find how I can achieve my dream despite all the things I've done wrong in my life.

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/college/comments/faco8e/to_the_people_who_dont_want_to_go_to_their/), Subreddit: r/college, Title: To the people who don't want to go to their graduation and think it's stupid, I hate you.

I live in S. Korea. I moved away from my home, to another country, and took a different life path than the norm. I was previously a college drop out and i felt stuck and helpless. I spent one year in language school learning Korean, and saw the opportunity to study and get my degree at a well-known insitution (of the top 3 in the country) for MUCH cheaper tuition cost than in the USA as an opportunity. I worked my ass off, adjusted to a completely different educational system, took half my classes in my 2nd language. I visited home \*\*twice\*\* over the past 7 years that I have lived here. Every summer and winter vacation I could have taken extra classes to graduate sooner, but I couldn't because i needed the time to take on extra part-time work to earn my tuition and living expenses. It was hard but I survived it. I experienced a serious sexual assault case on the eve of my birthday by a complete stranger as I was going home from work, spent half the day in the police station and the other half packing my stuff because my male flatmate and so-called friend decided that being raped meant i was no longer a trustworthy housemate. I spent time homeless. I endured abuse and manipulation from messed up relationships with narcissists and fuckboys.   
  
I failed my first semester because i got pneumonia during finals while trying to work a bartending job 5 days a week. A year later I almost died of a heart infection triggered by what later came to be found as a diagnosis for an autoimmune disorder. I joined my school's women's soccer team, which i liked and found a way to make some new friends and have some sense of a social life and be able to do something that felt part of my identity. I got into health and fitness and started taking better care of my body, stopped working unhealthy jobs where i was badly mistreated as a foreigner and as a female, even if the pay was less. Then I tore my ACL and had to have surgery, and was out of sport and the gym for several months. I dove into my studies and said "fuck you" to everyone around me, I cut out my social life (which was already not much to begin with) but I blasted through my courses and kept my GPA up and my bills paid. Eventually I got into a routine and was able to start being social again and I met some of the best friends I thought I could have, and my current boyfriend who i've been together with for over a year. He's as asshole sometimes and nobody is perfect but he definitely loves and respects me. I got closer to God, and found new peace in faith. It took me 11 semesters (5.5 years) but i finally finished all my credits and I was set up to graduate this week. (our academic year starts in March) I finished a dual degree and a minor.   
  
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Then because of the coronavirus and increasing tensions regarding the situation, our school cancelled the graduation ceremony. Then they cancelled the opportunity to rent the gowns and at least take pictures on campus.   
  
I went in today to pick up my diploma. The lady in the office just handed me two pieces of card stock and gestured to a table for the hard cover book and told me i can take one to put my certificates inside. Then I went outside, and for some reason, people were all over campus with their friends and families, dressed up nice, taking pictures, wearing the gowns, getting flowers, happy and excited. Despite all the chaos and stress with this virus situation. Yet there I was, not even showered, with bloody gauze in my mouth (i had dental surgery earlier that morning), alone, with this stupid book in my hands. I felt angry and bitter. My family can't fly out here to celebrate with me. None of my friends remembered, and I couldn't invite them out for photos and stuff since the event was supposed to be cancelled. With the virus, and people usually busy with their lives and other things on the weekends, I didn't bother to plan a graduation party because I already knew that half of the people I really wanted to be there wouldn't come. My boyfriend didn't even call or text me today to congratulate me. Instead, I have endured waiting for him to tell me about how much stress and pressure he has been under because his parents are splitting - i know about it, but not the details, but after over a year he still hasn't said a word to me about it. So whatever happened today put him in a bad mood and all he could say to me today was "leave me alone." Wow, babe, thanks. I couldn't even get a "Congratulations babe, i'm so proud of you, listen i'm sorry things are not good for me right now, but i love you and let's celebrate later. " I know that if I hadn't posted a picture of my diploma on social media not a single person would have remembered to say anything to me, and even then, i get a bunch of comments on IG and Facebook but no personal messages, no phone calls. Nothing. Because of time zone differences I can't even call my family and talk to them.   
  
I paid for this out of my pocket. I uprooted my life, and suffered through so much, I'm about to be 30 this year and I'm finally a college graduate. Yet this most important milestone, that's supposed to be a most important day full of happiness and celebration, I spent the entire day alone in my apartment crying all day long without anyone giving a single shit, eating soggy spaghetti because of stupid stitches in my mouth. With all of that, it's impossible to feel happy for myself. Spending so many years in chronic anxiety and stress just pushing and pushing all for this day, and nothing comes. Yes I'm grateful for the opportunity to even go to school and graduate at all, i'm grateful that i'm not sick with coronavirus and i'm healthy and i have my home to live in. I'm grateful for the people who did support me and stuck around when i went through dark times, and made the less-dark times more light and enjoyable memories. But TODAY, no one was there for me. Nobody. And i didn't even have a cheesy boring ceremony to at least make it somewhat special and give me the acknowledgment I fucking earned for my achievement.  
  
So all of you people who don't want to go to your commencement, who think graduation is stupid and a waste of time, \*fuck you\*. You should appreciate the opportunity you have to have such a thing. Even if your parents or family isn't supportive, even if your GPA wasn't that great, you have your friends and classmates and the atmosphere. you have photos to look back on as proof and reminders of that amazing thing you achieved. You at least have the choice.

Post Url: [Link to Post](http://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/p70u4/college_transfer_help_please/), Subreddit: r/AskReddit, Title: College Transfer Help!? Please!?

First of all I'm going to be upfront. If you don't agree with my beliefs or background please leave this alone. If there are people who can legitimately help me I will be grateful beyond belief.   
  
I'm a 20 year old third year college student that's has an Associate of Science from a North Texas community college. I actually attained my degree about a semester ago, but due to certain limitations, I wasn't able to transfer earlier. I'm still living with my mother and brothers in the same city that I graduated from as the cc is also in the same city, so I really feel like the time has come for me to take the next step and see what's out there. The reason that I wasn't able to transfer earlier is because I'm an undocumented student. I can't apply for financial aid so almost all of my tuition costs for the cc have come out of my own pocket through hard work, dedication and most of all, the help of God. Stay with me here.   
  
My family and I have lived a rough life but we're just thankful to be alive and have a place we can call home. Those hardships we underwent though, have scarred us and it's been very difficult to live a "normal" life. Last year, my mom found out that due to those hardships, including domestic violence and sexual abuse, we were eligible to apply for something called the "U-Visa" where the country recognizes our hardships and grants us a work permit that will allow us to work legally in the U.S. It was like a miracle sent directly from God. We had just been counting on the Dream Act to pass so we could just continue our educations but this was...idk...a miracle.   
  
The thing is, we filed our application last June but it takes a while for the USCIS to grant our acceptance or not so now we're just waiting to see what happens. I rest my entire faith on God that everything will go well. As I stated before, I already have my A.S. and really, really want to attend either UT Austin or TWU this fall but I have to be really careful with the application process as it could jeopardize the visa process. UT's been my dream school ever since high school, and with the visa, I'd be able to graduate and actually be able to apply for a job afterwards, unlike many other undocumented students who often graduate but are later stuck due to a lack of S.S.   
  
But now \*I'm\* stuck. Idk what to do. UT's an expensive school and their Fall 2012 deadline is coming up soon. If I apply and get accepted, I'd still have to wait for the permit decision. If I get granted the permit, I will be able to apply for FASFA and other scholarships/grants which I otherwise would've been unable to do so as an undocumented student. If I don't, Texas has it's own state version known as the TASFA which would help me but I can't make a decision until the permit comes since it could interfere with the decision. I \*could\* apply either way, but I would just wait to apply for financial aid later on and perhaps have to get a loan. Would y'all recommend me to apply and wait for the financial aid or just not apply at all and wait for the permit? My mom thinks it wouldn't be a bad idea to wait another year, perhaps work, and then go from there but I already feel like wasted enough time.  
  
 Another thing, I'm still unsure between UT or TWU. To make it short: TWU is closer, has the actual program I want (Occupational Therapy), and allows me to transfer more credits. What I don't like is that it's a bit too close. I really want to get out there, make more friends and have that "college experience." On the other hand, UT's perhaps a bit more recognized that TWU, it's right in the middle of downtown Austin, the campus is beautiful, and graduating from there would make me and my family really proud. But it's expensive, they don't have an OT program (I was thinking a BS in Natural Sciences instead), it's further, and they only accept 60 transferable hours. I have no idea what to do. I could go to UT, get my BS, then transfer back to TWU afterwards since the OT program is at a Master's level anyway but, oh I just don't know what to do. Guys I know this is a lot...I know that whatever happens will be God's work and it will be the BEST thing for me but ANY information, help, advice, or related stories would help!!! Thank you so much and have an AWESOME day!!! :)  
  
\*\*TL;DR: I'm an undocumented student with an A.S degree waiting for my work permit so I can transfer to college &amp; work but I can't apply for college or financial aid until it gets here. I'm also having trouble deciding between UT Austin or TWU or perhaps first UT, \*then\* maybe TWU? Any information, help, advice would be greatly appreciated!!\*\*

Post Url: [Link to Post](https://www.reddit.com/r/financialaid/comments/fw4yxk/need_some_help_navigating_if_im_completely_out_of/), Subreddit: r/financialaid, Title: Need some help navigating if I'm completely out of options or not

Hi all, I'll try to keep this as short as possible but my situation is complicated so I'll do what I can. I'll put it into bullet points so hopefully that will help.  
  
\* I'm 29 years old and have been going to college on and off since I graduated high school in 2009. I wanted to take time off before I started college to figure out exactly what I wanted to do. However, I had to attend in order to keep living with my sister so I essentially had no choice but to go.  
\* I started at a local community college and have gone there on and off since starting. In between those times, I went to various four years schools which were mostly online. I'm one credit away from an associates here but it is a class that can only be taken on campus and I live 2 states away now.  
\* Pretty much all of my early 20s had been all over the place which lead to issues attending college and doing the work. There were times when I couldn't get to class because I didn't have enough money for gas and nobody to bring me so I had to drop out. I lost my job at one point and had to drop out from one of the online schools during the first week to start my job hunt. I was engaged and when that broke off I had to withdraw again because I had to find somewhere to live and figure out my next steps. I have multiple chronic health issues that would flair up and I ended having to withdraw for certain semesters due to that. I also had untreated and undiagnosed ADHD which only exacerbated things more. There were also times where I would withdraw from online classes and schools entirely because I didn't end up doing well in their classroom structure/it wasn't for me.  
\* The semesters I was able to finish I was an A-B student who made Deans List one of the terms. I only mention this to show that when things do work out, I can do well and pass my classes.  
\* During this whole time I was using federal financial aid, there is absolutely no way I could have attended otherwise. Like a moron, I didn't trim my financial aid awards down because I didn't really understand why it would be a problem down the road.  
\* I can't remember the first time it happened exactly but I was eventually flagged for unusual enrollment history. With hindsight, that makes total sense but at the time I was totally blindsided. I was able to provide explanations for the times I didn't get credit but it was difficult because I didn't have access to any supporting documentation. Thankfully, the school was lenient with me about it and took a statement from someone attesting to what happened.  
\* Since that first time I've had to drop a few more times and took a decent period of time off afterward to figure everything out. Once I was in a good spot, I attempted to go back last year (2019) and was asked again to do verification. No problem, unfortunately the issues I had don't really have documentation or I have no access to them. How do you document a diagnosis that you didn't have at the time? How do you document a relationship ending? My employer that let me go no longer has on file that I was ever an employee there because they didn't hold on to the record. Basically, I'm in a position where I can't prove anything and it is my word only. The school essentially told me that was the end of the road.  
\* One of the previous schools won't release an official transcript to me because I owe them money. Even after trying to set up a payment arrangement that would have probably put me in the poorhouse they wouldn't release it. The school mentioned in the previous bullet ended up waiving it for me and took a grade report instead.  
\* I was still technically enrolled but not attending classes at another school that I did really enjoy but didn't offer my specific major. I chose to go back there to get some transfer courses done and wait things out for the unusual enrollment. Well, after getting myself reinstated with them and going through a SAP appeal from my previous term, I found out I was close to hitting my aggregate student loan cap. Due to this they were reducing my per term financial aid to a point where I was going to need to pay \~$500 out of pocket every 10 weeks in order to attend school for the next year or two. That is not feasible for me so I ended up calling it quits.  
\* I've since been making payments on my student loans using income driven repayment since September 2019.  
  
After all of the above, I recently decided that I wanted to go back and get my AAPC certification for work. I do like my job doing medical billing &amp; coding but I want to increase my job prospects and possibly be able to work from home which an AAPC certification would let me do. I've found some potential programs that take financial aid and won't require much financial aid because I have transfer credits and this is something that I know about because it's what I do for work everyday.  
  
I'm worried because of the unusual enrollment history flag and inability to get one transcript means I'm SOL on ever going to school again. I looked into scholarships but I'm not sure how they would work with an online school that has rolling 8-10 week terms instead of the usual Fall/Spring set up. My GPA is 2.4 so I'm precluded from about 99% of scholarships anyway. Private loans aren't possible because of credit score, lack of cosigner, and I wouldn't have the money to pay them back monthly while also paying for my federal loans. My employer does offer tuition assistance but I'm required to pay out of pocket up front first. I can't afford to pay up-front and then be reimbursed later on.  
  
I need help and I'm not sure where to get it. I can't get help from a school without applying and I'm not going to waste my time and the admissions department's time if I can't attend in the first place. Is there any agency or person/type of person that can help me navigate this? I've tried myself but there are way too many moving parts for me to understand. I don't know where to turn to get the final answer about my situation.  
  
tl;dr I need helping finding an agency or person to help me navigate financial aid after being flagged for unusual enrollment and inability to get a transcript from one college. I'm trying to figure out if my academic career is over or if I have some chance of salvaging it to get my AAPC certification.