



My Mother

My mother continually tells me I'm wrong, I'm untidy, I'm no good at anything, I never do anything properly, my decisions are wrong, what I wear is wrong, my weight is wrong, I'm disgusting, I should take more care with my appearance, my hair is a mess, I give the wrong impression, how do I get employed, how does anyone listen to me?

My mother doesn't acknowledge my achievements, she ignores them, my success is dismissed, there is no pride in anything I do, no matter how hard I work, no matter how hard I try, nothing will ever be acknowledged, any success is branded 'luck.'

My mother only asks questions that are designed to highlight how I got something wrong, when I talk about an important achievement, no one listens

My mother is verbally abusive. My childhood memories are of being shouted at, being threatened. I was told I am difficult, awkward, will never achieve anything worthwhile, every stage of adolescence is flattened, sneered at and repressed. When the sexual abuse I suffered resulted in extreme behaviour as a child, I was blamed, no one looked for reasons because no one wanted to know. I was sent to my room, banned from reading, banned from listening to music, punished excessively. I am fat, lazy, idle, selfish, thoughtless, inconsiderate, attention seeking, demanding, dramatic, always have to be the centre of attention, always have to make a fuss, always have to ruin things for everyone else, made to leave the room.

My mother does not respect my choices. My whole life is subject to her scrutiny, my house is criticised, the colours, furniture, style are criticised, my parenting is undermined and questioned, my choice of partner is always compared to other relationships to prove how bad my choices are. Decisions are questioned, experiences denied and I am told how I should live.

My mother tried to control everything. My friendships were affected as a teenager, I wasn't allowed to stay over, I was told what to wear, what to look like, what to read. I was told what job I was going to do as an adult when I was 8 years old. When I didn't achieve well I was blamed and shouted at for failing. I was told I will fail at everything I do. I was forced to eat food I didn't like, not allowed to help myself to food, food withheld.

The Legacy

My entire adult life is spent placating, calming, defending myself, defending my choices and decisions, explaining myself, withholding things to minimise criticism, hiding things, not telling, not sharing, not including.

Fearful, anxious, worried, always pre-empting someone's behaviour, always looking for signs that the mood has changed, unable to say what I want or what I think because I fear the reprisals, constantly trying to make people see that I'm not lazy, that I am a worthwhile person, that I do have something to offer.



When will it end?

Blaming yourself for everything that goes wrong, not being able to see the difference between personal responsibility and self hate. Blaming yourself for all the things that are thought about you, the opinions you think people have of you, believing that your achievements are worthless and that other people can do better. Other people ARE better. You are talentless, stupid and not good enough.

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