

PEOPLE PLEASER GOES TO MEXICO

UNKNOWN

I am, I don't know... like, 8 or 9 maybe and I have two sisters. I'm the oldest, and my middle sister, I've always thought that she was more loved than me. She's funnier, she's cuter.

She was the squeaky wheel. And my parents were doing the absolute best they could but 8-year-old me didn't know that and, a lot of times, she got what I wanted.

Um and I learnt to swallow, and people please, because it felt like I was never going to get what I wanted so, if I pretended that I wanted to give it, then I got praise for that. And at least that was something.

I'm sure that there are also some really beautiful things like caretaking and kindness and that's, that's good, uhh, but in this instance its people pleasing, meaning, uhhh, sacrificing... but what am I

getting? What's the trade-off? Um, sacrificing what I want, for acceptance? For belonging? To not have a fight? Like whatever the case is, it feels like a worthwhile trade off when you're 8.

And maybe it's a battle for love. 'At least if I give in then she's happy and they're happy.' But holy shit, the price tag is fucking huge.

So, I'm 8 and I'm mad and I don't know what I'm mad about and I go to my room. And I'm doing my homework and I get distracted because there's this little chip where the paint is starting to peel away on my desk and I know it's wrong, but I just start picking at it and these little chunks of paint come off and I keep going, and I just keep picking at it.

(MORE)

Made in Highland

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

It's so satisfying, I'm getting my frustration out and there's something about doing it and knowing that I shouldn't be but I'm doing it because I want to because it feels good - so fuck you and I'm doing it.

And then that sort of rage leaves me a little bit and I go get my dad and say "Dad I did something bad," and show him and he looks at me and he says "I am so proud of you. I know this is hard for you."

And I just felt so seen, oh and loved. It was the first time I remember having permission to be mad. Yes.

Oh yeah, I've ended up in dangerous situations because I'm a people pleaser. Not to please others, but because, ahhh, because if I'm not giving myself what I want in little moments I'll do something fucking crazy because I... I've had enough.

I ended up in Mexico... with a guy who was buying cocaine and wanting to get his hands on a gun! I'd had enough of pleasing everybody, so I just went fuck it, yes, I'm going to Mexico. I didn't know him well enough, but because I'm a people pleaser and I'd had enough of this really stressful summer, I was like: 'yeah, let's go to Mexico.'

While we're in Mexico the laws changed and I couldn't get back home on just my driver's license anymore, and I didn't have a valid passport, so I almost got stuck in Mexico, with a guy, doing cocaine, who wanted guns.
(LAUGHS)