I'm not gonna beat around the bush any longer, I might be homeless in less than a month.
My home situation keeps getting worse, there is never any signs of anyone in this house genuinely caring about me.

I have been trying to find a job for a while now, unable to put my all into looking due to my parents constantly putting me down for any little thing I do wrong.
I have been looking and looking, either getting no responses from those I apply to, or just generally unable to find anything that won't be impossible for me to do.
My parents constantly blame me for it, saying I'm not trying hard enough. Saying I do nothing.
I'm already constantly demotivated, but every day they just make it worse.
My parents refuse to sit down and help me.
All they can think of is ways to punish me, or tell me what I'm doing wrong.
They can't take a second out of their day to sit down and help me, usually in their words being because I'm "too old" for help.

They can't even talk positively about what I do right, hell, Any time I try to tell them something I'm proud of doing, my accomplishments. It either ends up with me:
-Standing in front of my mom for 10 minutes because she's on her phone and I have to wait, and getting a lackluster response after. Sometimes I ask if she can put it down for a second just so I can say ONE thing, just to have her get defensive at me.
-Being told by my step dad either how I should be doing other things instead, or being met with yet another lackluster response.
-Sitting at the table with my family, and everyone goes quiet with a rare "mm-hmm" from my mom, where everyone then continues what they were talking about, my brothers' accomplishments.

But the MOMENT my mom wants to vent to me about my dad, tell me about how mad she is at my brothers, or the most often one that is getting mad at me. I have to put EVERYTHING aside so she can complain to me.
My step dad makes me listen to what he has to say about me all the time, and if I try leaving or ending the convo he YELLS at me and punishes me for not wanting to hear about what I did wrong for the 100th time. He's a huge fucking hypocrite, He walks away from my mom ANY time she tells him what he's doing wrong. Instantly forcing the conversation or argument over because HE wants that.
If I say ONE thing people at the dinner table do not agree with, everyone starts getting pissed at me, berating me.
If I say something I don't agree with or like that has nothing to do with them, they defend whatever it is because I don't know enough usually. If I bring up good points, they say it's not real, even if I tell them to look it up they continue to deny it. If I have something from SEVERAL trusted sources they say "I don't know because I wasn't there"

They constantly all say I do nothing around the house, I do nothing for anyone, that I am "lazy"
I constantly help my mom around the house, who btw, has Crohn's disease. No one else around the house helps her. Everyone calls her lazy for being in constant pain. But I LISTEN to her, and

help her.
If I'm in any sort of pain, no one cares, not even her. No one ever believes me when I'm sick, in pain, or having anxiety attacks. It's all made up to them. My step dad said I made up dissociation when I told him about how I struggle with it.
If I ever have to stop doing something, they call it an excuse. They call everything I can't do an excuse. If I had a nickel for everytime they said excuse to my face I would be fucking rich.
Even when I get a commission, they tell me it's not enough, that I need a job outside the house.
For a long time my mom kept saying if I got a remote job she would FORCE ME to QUIT the job.

They threaten to take away the wifi because I don't do enough job hunting. I tell them if they shut off the ONE way I have to even look for jobs then it's impossible at that point. I tell them it would be they're fault. They tell me I blame them for everything, saying I already barely look for jobs. Not realizing they would only make it worse.
I don't even have the money for a phone bill, so if I have no wifi? I can't contact anyone unless I borrow someone's phone to call them. If there's an emergency I'm screwed.

They have CONSTANTLY shoved down my throat that I NEED a job since I was like, 17. Not a day went by where I was told that.
Even when I HAD a job, I wasn't doing enough apparently.

I sometimes wonder if they asked if I'm ok for fucking once, or just let me breathe for a day, then maybe things would be different.
I can't remember the last time my own mom asked if I was ok while shaking out of anxiety, hanging my head down, being quiet, ANYTHING.
I have to bring it up whenever something is wrong, which I get told every time, that it is my fault.

Whenever they start arguing, slamming doors, breaking holes in the wall and shit, I freeze. I have been in the middle of them doing that SO much that I cannot move when I hear it around me. It's gotten so bad that whenever anyone yells like that near me I start having horrid anxiety attacks.

My step dad has physically shoved me out of the house, coincidentally enough, the day before I got sent to the mental hospital.
He did not let me grab my wallet, my medication, clothes, inhaler, NOTHING.
He was so eager to shove me out that night because mom EAVESDROPPED on a therapy call I had a week or something prior, where my IRL friends told me my parents have been mentally abusing me.
My mom barely talked to me for a week, arguments were more frequent that week.
And then the night came.
Good god, my horrid aunt who had been sleeping in our basement for a YEAR (she was told she could only stay a bit until she got back on her feet) who had threatened to kill me and my brothers on MULTIPLE occasions, threatened our health in multiple ways with her unsanitary life style, had fucking COCAINE in the basement that our dog almost sniffed up on MULTIPLE

occasions because she had it near the ground, had gotten naked infront of my parents, constantly did drugs and alcohol despite my parents telling her not to, constantly yelled at everyone in the house, stole things, and SO much more.
ALL that, and she was NEVER kicked out until a fucking YEAR later of that. Hell she even taunted me that night while I waited for the police.
My older brother sent me a text about how I'm "fat, ugly, lazy, and deserving to die on the streets" while I was in the ambulance to the hospital
ALL that, and I'M the one they keep threatening to kick out.

My older brother, who has a BABY and a DOG, lives with his girlfriend in the house I'm in. He does NOTHING for the house. He doesn't even have a job either! His girlfriend's dad pays for everything FOR them. And I'M the one that gets all the shit for never doing anything? I've seen their baby being around my mom MORE than him AND his own girlfriend. They constantly drop off their kid so they can relax because it's "too much for them". YOU HAD THE CHILD!!!! THAT'S ON YOU!!!! You are like, a YEAR older than me!! For fucks sake!

My older brother also recently got physical. He jumped into an argument between me and my mom. When I told him to stay out of it, he rushed at me and (poorly) attacked me.
Christ, he calls me everything bad under the sun, and I pushed him across the hall ONCE to get him off of me.
My whole family said I started the fight.

Idk how much more I can say, I mean just today as of typing this? My mom woke me up saying I stress her out so much that she can barely sleep! (She can never sleep, every day she tells me how she can't sleep. For years now.) And then saying I made her so stressed she felt so drunk that she was terrified of driving (She gets high, and takes pills, and drives anyways despite not being all there when she does so)
Later I end up going to the bathroom, and I overhear her start shit-talking me to my younger brother and his girlfriend. Hearing them say "It's not your fault that no matter how much you discipline him he never does anything"
1. They have ONLY tried "discipline" and ONLY the same kinds! Talking shit about me, taking things away from me, or kicking me out. They have never tried helping me ONCE.
2. My mom vents about EVERYONE in this house, TO everyone in this house. Usually it's to me I think. It's always about how my brothers suck, or how my stepdad either sucks or is FUCKING CHEATING on her. Or gross stuff that I do NOT want to hear about their sex life.

So all in all, my family doesn't care about me, they rarely say they do just to guilt trip me, aka saying "I'm only doing so and so to you because I care about you, we're worried about you"

I don't even HAVE a therapist, they say I have to find one myself. Despite me asking for help.

ALSO? I don't have insurance right now!!!! My mom said she would "call the state tomorrow morning" two fucking weeks ago. When I ask if she did it she says she's too tired and got distracted from stress or something. And now she says that I should have done it myself,

despite her SAYING that SHE would do it.
I have no therapist, any health issue that has come up I had to wait out, I have two GIANT holes in both sides of my mouth on my teeth so eating is hell. All because my insurance went POOF, and when we called about it the lady on the phone said she had no idea why it happened, but she couldn't help! That we had to call the state! Whatever happened to calling the state???? PLUS I am on only ONE of my pills right now, I have been prescribed my current ones by my family doctor. Not a psychiatrist or anything, our old one just left one day YEARS ago, and my parents never got me a new one, nor helped me find a new one.

My mind is fuzzy. It's been hard to see as clearly lately because i've been staying awake super late and sleeping in (because no one barges into my room at night to berate or yell at me, so I feel safer.)
Plus I've been barely eating as much, only having a cup of coffee when I wake up and waiting until dinner. That is, if my mom even makes dinner that night. Parents made a rule that on the weekends they do not make us dinner. So sometimes I made a grilled cheese or a bowl of cereal if we even have any.
Keep in mind
-My parents CONSTANTLY break this rule, not making anything sometimes multiple days of the week.
-They don't supply enough for me to make a good dinner, and I do NOT have any money NOR a car to get myself food. Hell, sometimes there's not even enough to make a lunch.
-When we DO have food to make and I have to cook for myself, they often get mad because I used stuff for dinners THEY make.
-If I wait too long to see if they're making dinner, I get scolded for making a late dinner.

Hell for a while they forced me to eat NOTHING but these weird shakes every meal of the day. Meanwhile they would have pizzas and pasta and stuff right in front of me while I chugged the shake. Mom was even cool with the idea of me just NOT eating.
I am a HUGE stress eater, and they buy so much junk food and eat it right in front of me. It makes me feel alot better than they EVER do.

That's all I can remember as of right now, I may add onto this but. Yeah.

So now what?

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Well, I'm still searching for a job. If I end up out of the house and broke, something to back me up might help. Hell maybe I could pay for my phone bill so I can call incase of emergencies.

Other than that, if anyone knows anything I can do, please let me know. I'm desperate to just get away from this house. I can barely breathe in this place.

I’m sorry for not saying anything sooner, I genuinely hate having to ask for help like this. Everyone helped me so much last time, and I never stop thinking about how lucky I am to have so many people care about me like that. Everything everyone has ever said to help me feel better, everything you all have done for me…thank you. I don’t know what else I can say.

I feel terrified, but I have to keep pushing. I love you all, I'm not dying, I'm just really scared something out of my control is gonna happen to me.
No matter what happens, everyone who has ever been there for me….everyone who’s made me smile…please remember how great you are, always. No matter how little or lot we have talked, you have all made a huge impact on my life. I only hope to continue to have some on yours as well.

Here’s to many more years of being a goofy goober cartoon nerd, I hope things start turning up for the better.

-Thetoonhero4, Seb.