

Eldest daughter Confessions

Please read with caution, some of the confessions may be triggering

Updated monthly.

As an eldest daughter, my relationship with my parents is very transactional. I must do things for them in order to be treated with respect or at least treated like I matter. If not, they will talk about me negatively and I get called selfish. And they will refuse to help or support me in certain ways until I do what they want. It gets to a point where this type of relationship interferes with my independence. I am only 19 and my parents know that me getting my own car and license will allow me to have more freedom, and I will be able to do more things on my own terms. This freedom and independence also means I won't be as available as often and that bothers them. I am prevented from getting a job and due to lack of my own transportation, it is hard to find one. I am still trying to find a job that will fit into my college schedule, however, it is very hard when I live far from campus as well. I am worried that I will get older and not get to do the things I need to do to be a functional adult. I think it's a big hindrance to my progress. As I get older, all my peers will have experience and be established, whereas I may not know nothing.	So...there is a lot to vent about but today I will start with something I don't think many young women in the audience will be experiencing. I am my parents' worst nightmare and they don't know. Already I have long been criticised for being too mannish. I've been in the closet all my life. I can't come out as a lesbian now or ever, it seems. I live in a home where the worst things are said about people like me. When I try to say that I don't want a husband and children, it isn't received positively or even respectfully. It is my obligation to live a particular life whether or not it makes me happy. Everyday, it's grandchildren this, grandchildren that. I wanted to share this to let others know that you aren't the only one in this situation and you don't have to marry a man. I won't. It will displease my family but I can't spend my life in misery for others. I've gotten that far at least in my thinking. I feel like I will always have to keep my orientation a secret from them. Everyday I fear being found out.
I'm so used to being the eldest daughter and asking for permission for everything and worrying if I did something wrong. I was 28 when I got this massive tattoo and I was worried what my parents would think. But then I asked myself why do I feel like I need to worry about that or hide it? I'm an adult, I don't need their permission anymore. It was a major shift in how I live my life, like I just realised I have autonomy over my body and life.	Often regarded and looked at as someone strong and logical and growing up I have unknowingly built this character that screams "i dont need anyone" especially in terms of relationship and for that, I was glorified and turned into a role model for all my younger relatives. It just sucks sometimes because I am human too and I like people too.. but i cant show that because to them, having feelings and liking someone is some sort of a weakness for an eldest daughter lol
I am the first person to get on antidepressants and go to therapy and it makes me feel so much better. But I always feel guilty that I'm away at college improving my mental health while my siblings are stuck at home in that toxic environment. I just want to save all of them.	I'm glad that my younger brother (who loves me to pieces, thank God) is giving my father hell in terms of accountability. It feels like justice for his negligence and eventual abandonment (all because I was a girl).
My mother is so detached from reality that	I might have become too scary and too

there's no getting through to her. Her jealousy, hypercritical attitude, and dismissiveness all because of her own trauma (she's her adoptive mom's only daughter too) has caused decades of damage and of course she refuses therapy and even denies having trauma. It's even affecting her marriage but she doesn't get it. She's also distanced herself ever since I held her accountable, and tired is not the word. I wish I had a different mom.	judgmental in the eyes my younger siblings because I've had to step in on discipline matters our parents kept overlooking; like what they consume on the internet, how to dress, and doing chores. I keep thinking of moving out, but financially, I may be unable to do so. I feel the gap in our relationship growing bigger and it all makes me sad and stressed.
My mom has always asked me why I don't like my siblings very much and I think it's because she's always made me feel like I'm their other mom. I hate that they get to be treated like children and I have to be the adult, even when they're perfectly capable of taking care of themselves. I love my family, but I resent taking care of them and it affects my relationship with them because my resentment can't be hidden anymore.	It really hurts me when I talk with my mother about things she did to me as a kid that messed me up and she just... listens and apologises. Because it means that I went through all of that for nothing. She doesn't apologise for everything but it just makes me wonder why she never listened to me back when it was happening? I feel so resentful.
My mother was mentally, verbally and physically abusive, growing up. And every time i tried to pursue my interests or travel she would shut me down and mock me. And i feel like i've lost 10 years of my life trying to live up to the impossible expectations she has of me which has caused me to lose out on opportunities and relationships. Yet even so, she still finds reasons to belittle my accomplishments. Im afraid to do anything, because in the back of my mind i can still hear her voice, telling me that i will fail. My other sibling has gone no contact with her and she has no one, and some how despite everything i still feel obligated towards her, even though she constantly reminds me of what a failure i am.	Being a first daughter seems like a curse sometimes. I wish I wasn't so I can do things for myself without thinking of others. I hate the fact it seems I have to take responsibility for siblings. I told them I earn a lesser salary, yet they still ask and ask like it doesn't finish. I used to give all I had, but they can be selfish and ungrateful. Now I feel like I have used all my maternal instincts and I don't want kids. I have raised someone else's children. I hate my family most times. I am happiest when away. I had to move out to stay with a friend now I am getting over my anxiety, worry and doing things for myself. I feel good, happier and glowing.
I'm the eldest daughter with 2 younger siblings (both girls). The pressure put on me to be a good example is crippling. Any mistake I make is magnified then made into an example and any success I have is rarely praised because that's what is expected of me anyway. I live my life to make my family happy. Any life changing decision i make has always been for the betterment of my family and not me directly but now I'm tired. I want to live my life	I've been in therapy for years now as an eldest daughter despite living by myself and I am contemplating moving back with my family and using my rent money to do some renovations around the house but as a highly sensitive person that I am, I don't know if I will be making the right decision. Any advice please?
I am an adult with no autonomy. I have depression, I take medication, I have a counsellor, and yet I am called disgusting and shameful. One parent disowned me, the other one keeps me around just to make herself feel	I never wanted to have kids because I've been the deputy parent since I was 8 years old. I just found out a few weeks ago that I'm pregnant and I'm honestly so traumatised because of being an eldest daughter. I'm due in a few

<i>like the ultimate caregiver. I can't do this anymore</i>	<i>months and I'm still expected to be a deputy parent for my now grown siblings and my mother. I'm extremely overwhelmed and extremely depressed, if it wasn't for this baby I would have ended my life a few months ago.</i>
<i>#1 one thing I've come to realize as an eldest daughter is that when we're young we take on so much responsibility from our parents that we end up growing up now knowing how to care for ourselves because we put the family's need first. Then the irony of it is that when your parents get older and succumb to things like old age or diseases (stroke for example) that is the time that they'd genuinely need you and your support but you've become burned out and already trying to play "catch up" in life when it comes to putting yourself first and certain aspects of adulthood. You come to feel like you're eternally trapped in such a situation because it's like when "when will my life begin?" Especially if you're the type that has met (or tried to meet their, often ridiculous) expectations. Sometimes I feel like there's mistakes I'm making in my late 20s that people made earlier in life but me making it now at my age seems weird like "why would someone at your age be making such mistakes" and the time for me to be selfish has gone because although I'm trying to leave family expectations I'm met with society and "why would you be doing that thing. It's what young(er) people would be doing" kinda feels like forever walking in a square thinking you're progressing but in actuality just eventually ending up at point 1.</i>	<i>I've estranged myself from both parents. I've been estranged from my mother on and off since I moved out aged 21 but finally made it permanent at the beginning of the pandemic. My father, he was absent throughout my childhood, got in contact when I was 25 and showed no signs of remorse, no care or acknowledgment to the pain he caused so I estranged myself from him last year in October. I thought I would be upset, alone and in pain but it has been the best and most rewarding thing I have ever done. Both parents treated me abominably over the years so it's refreshing to put myself and my needs first. I've established my chosen family now and I will not allow myself to be treated badly because of blood relations when the people I've chosen, who support, care and love me do not behave or treat me as they do. I finally know the true meaning of love and I'm not going to accept anything less than that; especially when it's from the two people who brought me into this world.</i>
<i>My mother is a BIG Enabler for my dead beat brother. Why is my life completely altered because her precious son can't get his life together. I hate it and really need to move out for my own sanity. I work full time, he doesn't work but who is taking care of his child. Me, and my mum she ignores this!!!!</i>	<i>I could go years without speaking to my family not because I don't love them but because they have sucked the life out of me and they always use god and religion as an excuse as to why I should be proud that i'm the older sister everyone can run too.</i>
<i>I hid the fact I was in therapy from my parents. My sister told them once when I had a panic attack because my mom hit me. She called me an "Attention seeker" for going to therapy in secret..</i>	<i>I feel like I'm a safety net to so many people but myself.</i>
<i>Older siblings can also parentify you. My older sister would dump her chores on me, make me cook and clean while mom was at work all things assigned to her were dumped on me. I had to take care, bathe and feed our younger</i>	<i>My parents don't seem to have any consideration for my mental health. I told my mum in confidence that i was going to look for an adhd diagnosis, she then weaponised it and told my dad who tried to make it seem like I was</i>

siblings and she even made me babysit and care for her newborn when she became a teen mom. It's like she was parentfied but passed it down to me. All my siblings young and older started following suit and began dumping and depending on me even till this day. They've always disguised it as me being the most mature and smartest but it was and is manipulation. I love them but resent them.	looking for a diagnosis to excuse writing my dissertation and basically shouted at me till kingdom come saying all sorts, in addition to the fact that it was preposterous to have adhd as an adult. I've now got the diagnosis, because to me it seemed pretty obvious that I have it but I guess because I was getting the grades (on top of being a girl and not subscribing to the typical hyperactive trope) , they never thought it could be a possibility. I'm now not going to tell them at all about this. It's even funnier because my mum is a medical professional so you'd think she would understand, but I already made the mistake of trying to confide in her once and I won't be doing that again.
i fear i'll never know real love. everything i've ever known about love has been based on conditions and i've broken every bone in my body trying to squeeze into places i don't fit, looking to be seen and understood as myself	I resent my mother for continuing to have so many kids with a man who she knew was a shit father/man and using her being a single parent as an excuse for why she didn't give me the love I deserved growing up.
I was called a "problem" but once I stopped speaking for myself & started doing everything that was expected of me, I was called a "blessing"	i fear i'll never know real love. everything i've ever known about love has been based on conditions and i've broken every bone in my body trying to squeeze into places i don't fit, looking to be seen and understood as myself
i fear i'll never know real love. everything i've ever known about love has been based on conditions and i've broken every bone in my body trying to squeeze into places i don't fit, looking to be seen and understood as myself	I have Social anxiety, issues connecting and talking to people. Thankfully less now but for a long time cried myself to sleep. I live constantly looking for approval and think I owe everyone something.
Being the oldest means I was the tester child. Had an arranged marriage at 15, with 2 kids and divorced by 20. None of my other siblings experienced the same.	I love my family but sometimes, what they say to me as "encouragement", are just their lists of impossible expectations they have for me, so I'd rather not share my struggles with them, and it does feel lonely.
My parents had me young, they weren't together when I was born but shortly after I was born they tried to make it work. (surprise it didn't) They both went on to remarry and have other children. I'm the only thing keeping my bio mom & bio dad from still being in any contact. It's hard to know that you're never fully in one family. I don't have the last name of my Dad, I have my mother's maiden name but she has had my stepdad's last name for the majority of my life. I feel like I don't have a place or a family that's mine. My siblings (I have step and half but no full siblings) have made jokes about "Well you're not even technically a XXX (my step dads last name)" It sucks. I don't refer to my siblings	I love my family to death and to be fair, they have always been supportive and caring as well (especially my parents). But recently, I have been analyzing a few things, a few events that have happened in the past that impacted me negatively and absolutely ruined my mental health and I have come to the heartbreaking realization that no one in my family cares. No one was supportive then. I believed what I wanted to believe. It seems as if all the love and care remains intact as long as I cater to their idea of a good, obedient daughter. Everything positive aspect of our relationship goes out the window the second I do something they dislike/disagree with. I feel suffocated, confused,

as my stepsister or my half brother, to me they're all my siblings but I know I will never be fully a part of them.	and hurt. Love isn't really love if you are required to be in a certain box, act a certain way, think in a certain manner, etc. and yet, they tell me that they 'love' me and care about me and want me to be happy. P.S: thank you for creating this platform and giving us a chance to let out these feelings and thoughts.
I am tired of being disappointed with my family. It took me moving out of the state for me to even begin healing from the damage of having to always hold it together for them.	I feel like being an overachiever as a kid brought a dopamine hit to my parents, now that I am an adult, they are not interested anymore. The only way to give them those hits is by buying them things now.
I'm at a point in my life where I want to rebrand myself and live an authentic life but I am scared my parents will reject me. It's one thing to be an eldest daughter but it's another thing to be an eldest daughter in a strict religion. I hope I will have the courage because I'm turning 27 and I'm ready to live life unapologetically and be happy. I am ready to be free and love myself without feeling guilty.	
I'm from South Asia and I am the eldest daughter of 5 younger siblings since I was 6 years old 🙄 I could do babysitting part time now for that many years of experience of parenting (or as my parents would call it "babysitting/helping out") 5 children while my parents were busy with work. It's wild that now my parents are getting older and older, the way they raised me was VERY different compared to how they raised my younger siblings. They had me in their late 20s while my younger siblings came later in their mid 30s to late 30s. When I was a teenager, they would often beat me for being stubborn or not going to school. Now, I don't see them doing that to my younger siblings when they do the same things that I did when I was their age. Because my parents have grown old and tired and are more aware about "how child abuse could affect children's mental health". And let's not start with the gender roles 🙄... I'm sick and tired of being asked to clean up, prepare the table for lunch/dinner & every other household chore WHEN my male siblings don't get asked the same requests. I cannot brain this. They can sleep, nap, play games, hangout with their friends outside whenever the heck they want WHILE I have more restrictions than them because I am born a woman. I can tell that taking care of like 5 toddlers and children under the same roof took a toll on my mum's mental health. When my 5 siblings were	I silently resent my brother and male family members because they get babied while I bust my ass to only be verbally berated and abused. They get financial support while I had to work for scholarships. They get told they'll be somebody while I get told that I won't amount to shit. Yet they have proven, time and time again, that they'll take the help for granted and have failed many times. Yet my achievements are never acknowledged. 3.6 gpa in biochemistry and I wanted to be a doctor. I dropped out because I couldn't handle the stress anymore of school then going home to that. But I'm at peace now. "Peacefully a failure"

under 12 years old, my mother was mean, strict and abusive to me. I was terrified of her. Now that they are older and can manage themselves, she's much more nicer. Bottom line, thanks for the experience, mum & dad. Now, I don't think I'll ever have children. I would rather be taking care of my cats than children.

