

13 Signs You're a Suburban White Girl from Massachusetts and Embarrassed About It

- 1.) If you dye your hair, you never have roots showing because your mother would rather pay the money than stand to see you looking like “white trash”, as she calls it. You dye it back to brown one day because the blonde highlights gave people even more of a reason to assume you're a rich bitch. Brunettes have more fun, anyway.
- 2.) When it comes to running errands or driving to school, you thank God that you have the hand-me-down, rusted, 1986 Mustang your grandmother handed down to you. You couldn't bear to drive a Jeep or Audi like those basic, bitchy girls in your grade.
- 3.) Wearing ripped jeans and writing in Sharpie on your Converse sneakers feels rebellious.
- 4.) Even though your mother was raised in a dilapidated, drug-ridden city, she never shows it unless she's pissed off or has had a few drinks. You love seeing her that way, regardless of the consequences because, for a moment, she seems to fit in her true skin.
- 5.) After school, you pile into your friend's car, light a Marlboro, and start rolling a couple blunts. You all drive around a drug-ridden city in the hopes of getting a taste of reality as you pass by houses with chipped paint, barred store windows, and pregnant women sitting on their front steps as they shoot up. These are your extracurricular activities and you have a strange appreciation for them because they slap you in the face and mock your manicured lawn.
- 6.) You work on your Boston accent in the mirror from time to time, making sure to keep up with the tough-bitch visage, as well as adding some “culture” to your appearance. You have to let people know you're not just white, but *Bostonian* white.
- 7.) You've never been able to pass by a homeless person and not give them money. Last week, you accidentally gave away the fifty dollar bill your grandmother handed you the last time you saw her. You thought it was just a five dollar bill at first glance, but you couldn't put it back in your wallet after you pulled it out in front of them. They say, “God bless you. God bless”, and you wonder how they're still able to believe in a God while they freeze in front of a Dunkin Donuts.
- 8.) The last time you self-harmed, you needed nine stitches. As you waited in the emergency room, you sat across a young Hispanic mother and her small child who was crying

hysterically because of a fever. You did this to yourself; you volunteered to pay eight hundred dollars for stitches the second the blade made contact with your skin. This mother did not. She doesn't want to be here and she doesn't have a choice, unlike you. You're selfish and feel like you should have just bled out in your bedroom.

- 9.) Some of your favorite shows are *Friends* and *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*, but you also love *Sister, Sister* and *Family Matters*. This never mattered to you as a kid but, for some reason, it does now.
- 10.) Movies like *The Virgin Suicides*, *American Beauty*, and *The Place Beyond the Pines* remain your favorite pieces of film, to this day.
- 11.) Your golden retriever sleeps on your parents bed every night. You tuck him in with two cookies and a kiss on the paws, knowing full well that, somewhere in the next city over, a pit-bull is chained up outside and whimpering in her doghouse. For the rest of the night, you dream about finding her and taking her home.
- 12.) Ever since you were thirteen, you've been in love with rappers like Nas, Tupac, and Biggie Smalls. Listening to their music in your white-washed town on a quiet, suburban street where nothing ever happens feels ironic.
- 13.) Going to The Salvation Army for mom jeans and 90's sweaters is a fun, casual activity until you see a mother and her six children shopping for new school clothes. You put the jeans and sweaters back on the racks. You go home.