

## **If Middle Child Syndrome was a person.**

I may be young, but it is safe to say I truly believe that middle children are the best people on earth. We put up with so much, and we never complain. For example, when I came to UNT I wanted to major in Public Relations and minor in anything except Anthropology. Take a wild guess at what I'm minoring in.

I have never taken an anthropology class that I enjoyed. The content is interesting, but it just isn't for me. I wanted to minor in business. Because so many anthropology classes double as journalism credits, and because it would have been too late to add the business minor, I am officially an anthropology minor.

Outside of my own personal experience, I am still a big fan of middle children because we see the world differently. I can always tell if someone is a middle kid, just by the way they carry themselves into a room, talk to you, or even by how they look. We connect better with each other, and I really like that. Without sounding corny, I like middle children the best because we just get each other. You know how you can tell if someone is an only child, or the older sibling, or the youngest? That's me with middle kids.

Now let's get into the nitty gritty. I come from a big family. I have an older sister, a brother, and a younger sister. In birth order, we go:

- Big sister (Jessica)
- Me (Vanessa)
- Brother (Donovan) (It should be noted that I am 10 months older than him. Also, he has Autism)
- Little sister (Sierra)

As kids, we were constantly getting our names confused. Apparently, we really look alike, which didn't help. No one ever accidentally called my sisters by name, but I was always mixed up with their names. You can imagine how difficult it is for me to garner any attention.

I'm overlooked by my ADHD and impulse driven sister, and obviously the needs of my autistic brother take precedence. My little sister is the baby of the family, and you know how that goes. As abandoned as I feel, I love my siblings. My big sister taught me so much when we were kids. My brother's autism opened so many doors and opportunities for my family, and I think he has made me a better person. My little sister is my best friend in the whole world.

In the end, it doesn't all suck. As a middle child, everything I want is overlooked. I've learned to just go with the flow because if something doesn't go my way (which it hardly ever does) I would spend a lot of time being upset. There are very few words that I can use to describe what it's like, but "suck" seems to do the job very well. If I wasn't a middle kid, I wouldn't have grown up with my 3 best friends. We fight. We take each other's things. We snitch on each other like crazy. But at the end of the day, all there is, is love.

Sometimes things suck, but I wouldn't change a single thing. Like everything else in life, there are some upsides to this major downside. For example, I used my experience of putting up with things I don't like to good use when I was forced to declare an anthropology major. If I wasn't a middle child, I probably would have thrown a fit. Plus, I've learned to tolerate taking anthropology classes. I almost like them.