

AITA: Family Drama

AITA 1/3 – April 15th

AITA for making a dad joke?

Note. My step-daughter, Madeline, was about a year old when I married her mother, Jessica. Madeline's father died before she was born.

Madeline is currently 15, and she's rebelling for almost everything. She did something bad, so while picking her up, I set a punishment up for her. Then she said "You're not my dad. I don't have to follow you". Honestly, I got a bit hurt from that. But I understand that she didn't mean it, and that she'd probably change. I just replied "I'm still your legal guardian for the next 3 years, and as long as your in my house, you have to follow my rules."

That happened about 2 days ago. So our family was going grocery shopping, when Madeline said "I'm hungry. I need food." I decide to be extremely cheeky and say "Hi Hungry, I'm not your dad." My son just started to laugh uncontrollably. My daughter was just quiet with embarrassment. And my wife was berating me "Not to stoop down to her level."

I honestly thought it was a funny dad joke. And my son agrees. So AITA?

Edit: I did adopt her. So legally I am her parent.

Mini Update: I'll probably give a full update later but here is what happened so far. I go to my daughter's room after dinner and begin talking with her. "Hey. I'm really sorry that I hurt you by the words I said. And I am really your dad. I changed your diapers, I met your boyfriend, and I plan on helping you through college. And plus I'm legally your dad, so we're stuck together. But seriously, I'm going to love you like my daughter even if you don't think I'm your dad. Then I hugged her. She did start to cry. I assume that's good.

AITA because I ate more than "my share" of a 6 foot party sub last night?

What I thought would be a total non issue has ballooned into a huge problem and I'm up at 7:05 AM dealing with it. I figured while I wait for a text, I could post here to see if what I did was really that bad.

I'm a big fat ass, there's no way around it. I love to eat which probably borders on addiction but I figure since I'm only hurting myself it's probably better to just live my life. I have some great friends although there is no doubt I'm the "harmless, funny token fat guy" of the otherwise pretty good looking group. I guess that sets the stage enough.

Last night my friend hosted UFC and I was invited. He got a 6 foot party sub. I also brought homemade wings that are sort of my specialty. Well of course people flocked to the food and I had basically one serving of the sandwich but people devoured my wings and I didn't get to have a single one. Which is totally fine that's why I brought them but maybe an hour later I was starving. I kept eyeing the sandwich and I'd say there was about 3 feet of it left. I waited an hour, then another half hour and no one had touched it (but they were still munching on chips, pretzels and what not). So I was like screw it...I took about half of what was left and ate it. Then the last half sat for another 10-15 minutes and no one said anything so ate the rest.

Well to be sure as I was swallowing the last bite the host's girlfriend asked where the sandwich was. Like I was the guilty party pretty much everyone pointed at me. I guess they'd noticed me eating the sandwich. She was furious and said that I was an incredible pig and that I had been super selfish to eat 3 feet of a sandwich. I felt so bad I tried to explain to her that I really did wait over an hour and thought people had lost interest. I also tried to explain how everyone had ate my wings and she said something along the lines of "you brought them to share Alan, if someone had eaten over half by themselves that's not fucking sharing is it?"

I offered to order pizza or even go get subways and she said that it was a pathetic offer because the party sub had been from a local shop owned by her friends. I said I was sorry but the night was so tense from then on out.

I woke up this morning to several texts from my twin sisters (the host's girlfriend's best friends) saying that I had to get my shit under control and that everyone is really mad at me and that I embarrassed myself last night. I tried to explain to them what my mindset had been and they haven't responded.

Was I the asshole for eating that much of the sandwich last night?

Edit: I guess I've been banned from responding but my inbox has 1200 notification so I can't find out why.

To answer what seems to be the most common misconception, this wasn't a subway party sub so definitely not 4x the size of a regular sub. This is a local place so it's about 1.5 times the width of a regular sub. Its still a ton of food don't get me wrong but I can down 5 subway footlongs in an afternoon easily; this is probably about equivalent to that, not 12 like some people are saying.

AITA for leaving a family gathering and taking the cake with me after getting my feelings hurt?

I (27F) hit one year sober (from alcohol) at the beginning of the year. This was a huge accomplishment for me. It was bigger to me than finishing college. I told my family that next time we were together for family dinner I had something to celebrate. This all happened at my mom's. The kids were playing and the adults were hanging out. I took the moment to share that I'd reached 1 year sober and how good I felt about it.

They went with "Ohh, that's what you were talking about" and "Has it been a year already?"

I am embarrassed to admit I hoped someone would say they're proud of me.

My BIL Steve looked at my sister and they both said "Well..." at the same time and she said "Since we're all here, (Niece) just got into (a specific gymnastics thing). It's been a LONG road but she did it!"

Steve popped some wine they'd brought and started giving everyone glasses/cups. He made eye contact with me and his face fell. I had this gnawing feeling so got up from the table. I took a walk.

I tried to get through the moment mentally so I could be present for my niece to celebrate her success. But when I got back to the house my sister asked me why I left without saying anything. I said I needed a minute to myself.

She looked at me funny and said "Okayyyy..."

I said I'd shared something I was very proud of and she bulldozed over it. My mom put her hand up and asked me what my news was. I said that I'd told them. I hit one year sober. Mom said my generation always wanted praise for doing the bare minimum, that wasn't an accomplishment it was just what I needed to do, like graduating high school.

I tried to make it through to dinner but found myself just not in the mood anymore. I decided to go home.

Here is the direct thing I am being called a butthead for: I brought a small berry chantilly cake (my favorite) to share after dinner. It was the thing I decided I earned. The kids had definitely seen it. On my way out I decided to take it home with me.

I guess when they realized the cake wasn't in the garage fridge anymore, my sister called to ask me why I took it. I said I did because it was MY cake to celebrate MY accomplishment.

She said, word for word "Are you fucking serious? Oh my god Emma, GROW UP. You are such a fucking baby."

My Mom later texted me directly to tell me how disappointed she was that I threw a tantrum because my niece got more attention than me. I don't think her read of what happened is right, but that is why I am asking you guys. Am I the asshole because I took home the cake in the end? Was that really childish of me, considering the kids saw it and then didn't get any?

As I was putting on my shoes to leave, Steve found me and directly apologized and said that he was completely oblivious in the moment. I know he did not do anything to intentionally hurt me.

EDIT FOLLOW UP: Hi everyone, I just wanted to follow up and say thank you to everyone for the responses. I have a lot to think about when I next go to therapy (today, actually) and work on. I do want to clear up a few things that I've seen come up a lot on the comments:

I am not in AA. I'd tried AA before and it was not compatible for me. It works for a lot of people very well and I'm happy for you if it works for you. So, stuff about "the steps" and "personal inventory" are not relevant to me.

It wasn't a party for my niece, it was just a family dinner. The cake **was mine** and wasn't brought **for** my niece. I didn't take it **because** I wanted to "get back" at them. I took it because it's my favorite cake and I wanted to eat it because it was my thing that I earned.

I don't know why they opened wine for my niece getting into the gymnastic program. But I also don't think it's my place to say anyone else has a drinking problem, and I'd prefer to have eyes on my own paper. :)

AITA for jumping out of the way when my niece and nephew tried to push me into a pool, resulting in them falling in?

Happened today.

My folks decided to host a barbeque because I guess that's what older people do. I declined because I really don't like my two sisters, their husbands or their kids (wife and I are child free). Mom then pressured the wife. Long story short, we went.

By the time we arrived there were about 20 people there. My sisters and their husbands were already solidly buzzed. Drunk really. My mom was spending 100% of her time trying to keep the nieces & nephews (ages 7 to 11) more or less under control. My dad had strategically retreated to the whirlpool part of the pool with small cooler full of beers. Wife and I made small talk with miscellaneous people, ate food and had a frozen margarita. Sisters/BILs took turns criticizing us

for being late, not being in our swimsuits and screwing up the vibe. Whatever. Typical suburban summer get together.

About 45 minutes in two of the kids ran at one of the neighbor guests who was standing next to the pool and pushed her in. She was at the pool steps, stumbled in but didn't fall so only got half wet. She was clearly very unhappy about it but she didn't make a scene, just went over to where the parents were, grabbed their towels, dried herself off and left. Sisters and BILs thought it was all great fun.

A bit later I was standing a few feet away from the pool chatting away with someone. I saw three of the kids running full tilt at me from the corner of my eye. Obviously I was next. Not that it's terribly difficult to outwit young kids but I just jumped out of their way at the last second. All three of them ran straight into the pool at full speed. Most of the other guests (including my wife and me) started laughing but their moms - who as I mentioned were pretty shitfaced - absolutely freaked out. Apparently two of the kids couldn't swim even though they were in swimsuits. Since I wasn't in swim gear I stepped back from the pool and let other people fish the kids out. The kids were bawling their heads off like they'd lost a limb.

At that point all hell broke loose. The four drunk parents were yelling at everyone in general and me in particular for "nearly letting their kids drown" and also because two of the kids had been videoing the trick using their parents' iPhones, which were now at the bottom of the pool. One of my BILs got into the pool to try to retrieve the phones but his BMI and BAC made that impossible. No one else volunteered to help, unsurprising given that my sisters were still bitching at everyone.

I told my sisters it was their job to watch their kids and that if anything had happened to them it would have been their responsibility not mine. There were some pretty strong words on both sides. Wife and I left after the other BIL fell over and face planted while yelling at us. Now they're saying I should have let the little shits knock me into the pool and have their fun (and ruin my phone). So... AITA?

Side note: Dad, of course, never got out of the whirlpool.

AITA for celebrating my anniversary despite what happened at my wedding?

My husband and I had our wedding last year. The venue was beautiful and bordered a lake. Unfortunately, during the reception, one of the young children snuck away from their parents and decided to...go for a swim, despite not being able to. This was tragic and devastating, and obviously cut the day short.

We haven't really spoken to the parents since then, as we weren't close to them aside from seeing them on holidays, which haven't happened this year. We are still Facebook friends though. When our first anniversary came, I made a post celebrating our anniversary with a few wedding photos. I didn't think anything of it, until the comments came flooding in. I woke up to 30 comments and 15 missed calls. The top comment was from the mother of the child, who was outraged about it.

She wrote a very long comment about how my post was disrespectful of the tragedy that had happened that day and how dare I post that and not mention her child (and of course talking to her first). 30 comments later, and it was clear that the entire family had clearly started to take sides in a battle I didn't realize I created. As of today, we're at 150 comments. My friends and my parents are involved too.

Half of his family is screaming for me to take it down, apologize to the parents, and show more respect, possibly by even celebrating our anniversary on a different day. Some of the family think that we should still be able to celebrate our anniversary on the actual day, but just keep it offline to "keep peace". I don't think I did anything wrong with my post, and I feel like we should be allowed to celebrate our anniversary just like anyone else. I'm not celebrating the tragedy, I'm celebrating my wedding. AITA?

EDIT:

I have changed the post to only be visible to me and deleted all comments to try to stop the arguing, but from the email we just received, those comments were just a symptom of a larger problem.

My mother in law sent us an email with, from what I can tell, roughly 3/4 of my husband's family cc'd on it. His parents, grandparents, and the parents of the child are not only in the "different day" camp, but they are also demanding a **second wedding**. According to them, they've "kept their silence" for so long due to shock and being distracted by everything else going on this year, but they feel that "because of what happened" we aren't "really married" yet in the family.

They "understand that weddings are expensive" so they [husband's parents] offered to completely pay for this second wedding that will be the "real" wedding in his family's eyes, and because it may be a year or two before this can be done safely, they will "tolerate" us "living in sin" indefinitely due to "the circumstances".

My husband hates arguing with his family, and I'm not sure how I would even approach this with my family without being laughed out of the room, so now we need to talk about what to do with this.

EDIT 2

I've never had this many calls in my life. My husband and I have tried to read through this and have gotten a chance to actually talk this out. We have avoided the subject for a long time because it is not an easy thing to think about and it is not like this year hasn't had stresses of its own. He agrees that while something does need to happen, it is a priority that they start and continue to acknowledge that we are in fact married. I have had a conversation with my parents at least, who were exactly as they always were, but they are now aware of the full situation, and while they still would not support a full second wedding, they understand that I have an exceptional situation and so something exceptional needs to happen. I replied to my MIL ONLY to a group zoom call with us, my parents, my husband's sister in law to set up that sets up all of their technology things, which will happen later in the day.

I feel like I should address some things:

1. I did send condolences and attended the funeral. By not speaking, I meant since the funeral. I mistakenly thought that would be implied.
2. I am not heartless. I was trying to avoid the rules with the euphemism, and it is not an easy day or thing to talk about. I was trying to keep things to just what happened, which I can see coming across very strange over text. I am also aware that I write very formally but that's not something I can change.
3. The pictures and caption didn't reference the wedding itself, and there is no lake visible in the pictures. I only used ones that had just my husband and I in them, and I have sent pictures of just the bridal party before. I never have or will post pictures of the reception.
4. My husband and I are looking ideas of how to fix this.