

I've been with Ian **for almost** five years. Our relationship is pretty good, **for the most part**.

I don't really know how to **bring up** this **subject**, because I feel like I'm just **being** a **bratty** little **princess**. But **here goes**.

I feel **like** I'm **at the bottom of** my boyfriend's **priority list**. He **leaves for** work **around** 9:30 a.m., and **most nights doesn't come home until** 10:00 p.m.

Every **household expense** must be **split** exactly 50/50, **regardless of the fact that** he **makes four times what** I make. If I eat a little more than my **fair share**, he **makes me pay** him **back**.

He has a car and I **don't**, but he'll **only ever give me a lift** somewhere if he's already going **that way**—but he **still** makes me pay for gas, **despite the fact that** he was already going that way.

If I'm **stranded** out **in the middle of nowhere** and call him **crying** (this **actually** happened), he'll tell me to call my other friends **first**, and if **none** of them can **give me a ride** home, then **I'm allowed to** call him **back** and he'll **come get me**.

He **wants me to go** to college, **which** I'm doing this September, and so I asked him if he would let me pay **slightly** less for rent **so I could afford** it.

His **response** was: "Lots of people **put themselves through** college, I don't see why you should get any **special treatment.**"

Here's the thing, though: Isn't it **only fair** to split our expenses, **even if** it breaks me? After all, he has to **do all the driving?** Can I really **expect a man to spend** more on me than I can spend on him?

I just want to feel like **I'm worth** SOMETHING.

Am I being selfish?

You **may not be familiar with** this **handy** acronym: DTMFA. It **stands for** "**dump** the motherfucker **already,**" and **halfway through** your letter I started **muttering** DTMFA under my breath. **By the end,** I was screaming DTMFA **at** my laptop.

He's an **asshole.** Wait, maybe I'm not **being** fair—to assholes. Your boyfriend is **a piece of shit.**

How else can I explain the paragraph in which you **justify** his **appalling** behavior. Stop **making excuses** for **the way** he **treats you!**

To **steel your resolve**, let me **clue you in** to a few secrets of healthy relationships: **as long as** he makes four times what you make, he should **be happy to pay** more than you do.

By insisting on a 50/50 split, he is **treating** you like a roommate **rather than** a girlfriend.

Moving on, a boyfriend is someone who **comes to your aid** whenever you're **in a tough spot**.

If you **get stuck** somewhere and you call him, he **doesn't think twice before jumping** out of bed. He doesn't tell you to call **everyone else** you know. He certainly doesn't **hit you up for** gas money

Yes, we should **avoid overburdening** our **significant others**, but we have a right to expect that they **will be there for us** during **emergencies**.

Partners **helped them out** when they **were paying their way through** college.

Only a piece of shit **threatens** his **less-well-off** girlfriend **with having to** pay the difference.

You **can do better—hell, being** alone would be better than **being** with this asshole.