

## A Portrait of Ingrid – Case Study in Antisocial Personality Disorder

**Directions:** Read the following story and then respond to the questions related to the diagnosis of antisocial personality disorder.

Ingrid was eighteen years old and a senior in high school. Throughout her life, the moment people laid eyes on her beautiful face, they relaxed the natural skepticism most of us use to protect ourselves against strangers. She wore her smile like a tasteful ornament. Those who were unmoved by her loveliness or by her quick smile always succumbed to her ingratiating manner. With a combination of easy eye contact and soft responsiveness, she managed to give everyone to whom she had directed her attention the feeling that they were appreciated and important. Throughout elementary and middle school Ingrid used her looks and intelligence to manipulate others. She was frequently caught in lies or accused of bullying, but was always able to get away with her behavior. If any of her peers dared to challenge her or disagree with her, she would punish them publicly and humiliate them in any way she could. She often used social media to get revenge against those who she was attacking. She did well in school but frequently cheated off of other students and convinced others to do her work. Her bullying behaviors also continued during high school. When she heard a fellow student was talking about her negatively, she stole her jewelry from her gym locker. She also convinced several others to vandalize the girl's car. She did not feel bad about her behavior and felt that she was teaching the girl a lesson not to mess with her in the future.

After getting her license, she immediately began driving very fast and often texted or talked on her phone while driving. Ingrid felt that the rules about speeding and cell phone use did not apply to her, but only were put in place for stupid people. One time when she was leaving the mall, she hit a parked car. She did not report the accident when it occurred and instead called her insurance company and falsely stated that she was the victim of a hit-and-run. She enjoyed telling the police an elaborate lie describing the car and the driver who hit her.

Ingrid occasionally takes jobs babysitting her neighbor's children, but does not actually supervise the children. She has on many occasions left the children unattended. An incident that occurred while Ingrid was a senior in high school typified her behavior. Ingrid, who is very bright and articulate, had been exempted from submitting a research paper assigned in her history class. She convinced her teacher that she did not need to do the paper because she demonstrates her knowledge in class. The day the assignment was due, Ingrid went to the cafeteria for lunch and happened to sit next to a girl named Vicki, who was also a student in the same history class. Ingrid overheard Vicki tell one of her friends how hard she had worked on her research paper. "I spent four weeks," said Vicki, "doing research, writing, and revising." A good grade on this is the only way I will pass the course because my grade was already very low." When Vicki and her friend left the table to stand in line for food, Ingrid was suddenly inspired, excited by an idea. With Vicki no more than a few feet away, Ingrid went through the books she had left at the table, found the research paper, and slipped it into her own notebook. Next, she deleted the file off of Vicki's laptop that she left on the table. She stayed at the table after Vicki had returned, calmly ate her lunch, and even made casual conversation with Vicki and her friend. As soon as Vicki was finished eating, she and her friend picked up their empty trays and books and said goodbye to Ingrid.

Ingrid coolly waited at the table. Within minutes, Vicki scurried back to the table, her face contorted with worry. Ingrid was amused while Vicki frantically scanned the table top and then got to her hands and knees to check the floor. “What’s up Vicki?” asked Ingrid, nonchalantly. “I lost my research paper,” said Vicki, her voice shaking. “Bad news! Anything I can do?” “Thanks anyway,” said Vicki, over her shoulder, as she hurried from the room. Ingrid had a bit of a laugh. Then she took out the research paper, tore off the cover sheet, and inked her name on the first page without even bothering to read the paper. Vicki did not show up for history class that day, and when the teacher collected the assignment, he was surprised when Ingrid submitted a paper. “Did it for extra credit, huh?” he said. “I am impressed.” When he called the class’s attention to Ingrid’s apparent diligence as a positive example to follow, a number of kids who knew Ingrid well looked somewhat skeptical.

The very next day in school all hell broke loose. Right before homeroom, Vicki, escorted by two of her friends, intercepted Ingrid in the hallway. “You stole my research paper,” snarled Vicki, “and you had the guts to turn it in as your own. You’d better tell the teacher what you did, or you are going to be in big trouble.” “What are you talking about?” said Ingrid, the picture of innocence. “You know what I am talking about. You had just better admit it to the teacher.” In a perfect pose of righteous indignation, Ingrid threw back her shoulders and looked Vicki in the eye. “Don’t you threaten me; I will not stand for it. And don’t you dare blame me for your own carelessness. Now get out of here and leave me alone before I report you to the deans.” Vicki and her friends sneered at Ingrid and then stalked off. Although she was not worried, Ingrid found Mike, her former boyfriend. “You want me to do what?” asked Mike after she found him outside one of his classrooms. Ingrid touched her hand to his arm. “Just tell my history teacher that you were with me while I was doing research for the paper and that you helped me type it.” Mike’s anger softened when she gave his arm a little squeeze. He met her eyes. “What are you up to this time, Ingrid?” “Oh, come on,” she said, flashing a seductive smile to weaken his resistance. “For old times.”

Suddenly, he pulled free of her touch. “Old times. You mean you want me to lie for you again like I did to your parents every time you broke curfew? Like I did to my boss every time you came into the store and shoplifted? No way, Ingrid, I will not do it. Find yourself another fool. Or have you already used up all the guys in this school? Does everybody know you are the only one you care for?”

The history teacher waited until the end of the period to confront Ingrid. “Steal Vicki’s paper?” said Ingrid, her voice controlled, her manner poised. “That is absurd. Why would I steal her paper when I was not even required to turn one in?” “You tell me, Ingrid,” said the teacher. “I do not like being accused, sir, I do have my legal rights, you know. Since this is only your second year in this school, maybe you are not aware of how things are run around here.” The teacher did not flinch at her implied threat. “Ingrid, if you don’t tell me why you stole Vicki’s paper and put your own name on it,” he said quietly, “I am going to bring this matter to the administration.” Ingrid flashed one of her smiles. “No big deal. The principal is a personal friend of mine.” “Why did you do it Ingrid?” persisted the teacher. Ingrid laughed. “It was a joke. Just a harmless joke.” “Harmless! You stole Vicki’s paper when you knew she needed it to pass this class and to graduate. A joke, you say.” “What is the difference?” said Ingrid, “Vicki is a loser anyway.”