

## Skaia Mental

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Archive Warnings:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
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Fandom:	<a href="#">Homestuck</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dave Strider/Karkat Vantas</a> , <a href="#">Rose Lalonde/Kanaya Maryam</a> , <a href="#">Eridan Ampora/Sollux Captor</a> , <a href="#">Nepeta Leijon/Equius Zahhak</a> , <a href="#">Calliope/Jane Crocker/Roxy Lalonde</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">John Egbert</a> , <a href="#">Dave Strider</a> , <a href="#">Rose Lalonde</a> , <a href="#">Jade Harley</a> , <a href="#">Karkat Vantas</a> , <a href="#">Kanaya Maryam</a> , <a href="#">Aradia Megido</a> , <a href="#">Sollux Captor</a> , <a href="#">Eridan Ampora</a> , <a href="#">Feferi Peixes</a> , <a href="#">Nepeta Leijon</a> , <a href="#">Equius Zahhak</a> , <a href="#">Tavros Nitram</a> , <a href="#">Gamzee Makara</a> , <a href="#">Terezi Pyrope</a> , <a href="#">Vriska Serket</a> , <a href="#">Jane Crocker</a> , <a href="#">Roxy Lalonde</a> , <a href="#">Dirk Strider</a> , <a href="#">Jake English</a> , <a href="#">Calliope</a> , <a href="#">Caliborn</a>
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# Skaia Mental

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

A large group of fucked up teens with delusions and homicidal tendencies are kept in one building. What could go wrong?

As it turns out, a whole fucking lot.

## Notes

Hi. I've never written a fanfiction here. Please hang with me, and if you have any suggestions please let me know!

Also davekat and the meowrails are my children and you can pry them from my cold, dead hands.

Song for this chapter: Stride from Homestuck: Act 6

# Chapter 1

He rubs at his sunglasses tiredly, holding the sword in his hand like an extension of himself. Swinging roughly, he resists the urge to shudder as blood rushes down his nose and as he feels it stain his teeth. *Striders don't show emotion, Striders are the strong ones.*

The swing goes wide, and he hits the roof of the old apartment building hard. There's a rough crack, and as Dave passes out he sees more blood soak into the red-stained stone.

*Failure*

---

Dave sits up in the bed with a lurch, eyes brimming with tears and head swimming with a throbbing, stinging mass. *Like usual, then.*

The pale, cold room lit up with white fluorescent, and Dave figured it would be waking time soon. The nurses and therapists would arrive or wake up, and Dave would tell the shrinks about his dreams and they would make some psychological bullshit Rose would explain at lunch, and people would be quiet, and everything would be-

"Morning Dave!" AR said cheerfully, bursting in with a clipboard and his medication. His positivity burst open his internal ranting and increased the headache, so Strider extraordinaire took the pills gratefully and tuned out AR's cheerful blabber.

He was a good nurse, if excitable, and Dave was glad he had gotten the better of the ARs. The fact that there were two was odd, and the fact that both had been assigned to Striders was actually beyond comprehension.

"Sup AR. What's for breakfast?" Dave murmured, sliding on his aviators. The lights were too bright, and although the medicine helped with migraines it wasn't exactly perfect.

"Oh, today there's going to be eggs and cereal as usual bu- Oh, it's apple juice day! You're sure to like that, right?" He bumbled excitedly, checking Dave's digital sleep log and checking his eyes, "I remember the time you smuggled a whole four bottles back here. Miss Paint never did figure out how you did it."

Dave shrugged, and they headed off to the dining area. "A coolkid never reveals his secrets."

AR laughed happily until he noticed the slight hunch of the teen's shoulders, and said sadly, "Nightmares wake you up again?"

*Fuck. The only ones who could tell are him and Rose I shouldn't've let him know-*

"Yup. I was going to talk to Doc. Snowman about it, I swear-" Dave stammered before they were interrupted by the doors to the dining area, otherwise known as Derse. Nobody knew why, but it just... sounded right.

AR pushed Dave in with a small smile, and muttered playfully, “You’d better, boy.”

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turntechGodhead [TG] opened memo ‘apple juice day’ on board ‘FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY’

TG: so

TG: y’all know the drill

TG: because

TG: my sweet apple juice children will go to none but me

TG: hand em over peasants

TG: give me the fruit of my endless labor

tentacleTherapist [TT] responded to memo

TT: Must we do this every time, Dave?

TT: We all are aware of your unhealthy love of apple juice and your possessive tendencies regarding it.

TT: We are all completely aware of the drill that is everyone relinquishing their apple juice to feed your addictive behavior toward it.

TT: But memos are too far.

grimAutilatrix [GA] responded to memo

GA: I Have To Agree With Rose

GA: This Seems Excessive Even For You

TG: well of course you agree with rose

GA: What Is That Meant To Imply

gardenGnostic [GG] responded to memo

GG: hey dave, what if i want to keep my apple juice? :?

GG: i’m pretty sure you aren’t the only one who enjoys it!

ectoBiologist [EB] responded to memo

EB: yeah dave! What if I want apple juice too?

TG: woah woah woah cool down

TG: there is a reason I have the apple juice monopoly

TG: first because you can get two apple juices and give me one nothing stopping you

cuttlefishCuller [CC] responded to memo

CC: Do you M—EAN no-fin?

turntechGodhead banned cuttlefishCuller from responding to memo

TG: no fish puns

TG: anyway i also have an unironic love of apple juice

TG: look here I am admitting my love for something is unironic

TG: baring my throat to the hungry pun wolves here to devour me

TG: show of trust here

GG: you're so silly dave! :D

carcinoGeneticist [CG] responded to memo

CG: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING.

CG: ARE WE DISCUSSING APPLE JUICE OF ALL THINGS ON A BOARD THAT IS MEANT FOR THINGS THAT ARE IMPORTANT?!

CG: NOT ONLY ARE WE ALL FUCKING FAMILIAR WITH STRIDER'S APPLE JUICE MONOPOLY

CG: BUT HERE WE ARE, HAVING A FRUIT JUICE MUTINY IN WHICH TWEEDLEDUMBASS AND TWEEDLEDEE ARE ACTUALLY DISPUTING IT

turntechGodhead banned carcinoGeneticist from responding to the memo

turntechGodhead closed the memo 'apple juice day'

Dave sighed as he watched the various memos explode with color. As hilarious as it was, he wasn't in the mood for watching teenage drama unfold. He glanced around as he fiddled with the half one bottle of apple juice, but the only ones in there were Nepeta and Equius, aka sweaty horse dude and roleplaying cat girl. They were in the corner being the cutest best friends ever. Sickening.

As the other patients dragged in Dave waved the others in the gang, a small pang of annoyance at their usual lateness. He didn't blame them. The nurses and orderlies were

always a bit overprotective, and today was no exception.

The first to arrive was John, surprisingly, his fluffy brown hair being blown around by a wind that didn't exist anywhere else. He was here because he kept throwing himself off roofs to prove he could fly. Dave would believe his control of the wind if he hadn't fallen and cracked his head on the pavement three stories below. Still, the way his T-shirt fluttered never seemed natural.

Rose and Jade arrived together, chatting between each other while PM and WQ watched happily. Rose helped Jade with the crutches, which were promptly abandoned at the end of the table. The snide glance Rose gave was all Dave needed to know a psychoanalysis was approaching, but the combined force of the Harleyberts was enough to keep them down for now.

"Dave! What was with the silly meme-o?" Jade said expectantly, settling down and giving him a judgemental look. John was caught between snickering and dying of asphyxiation in the corner.

"... not only was it the finest memo on that lameass board, but did you just combine the word meme and memo?" Theresa, fuck, *Terezi* said cheerfully, plopping her plate down next to Dave with an evil grin, "Because that was the best pun I've ever heard. You go, Harley #2!"

Jade quickly raised her hand to high five Terezi, but pulled it back skeptically. "What do you mean "Harley #2? I am obviously Harley #1!"

"Yeah, but your brother was landed in here because he toted guns around with him wherever he went and wouldn't take them off, and then got mauled by a panther trying to fight it. That's just inherently badass, if you ask me!" Terezi said nonchalantly, then stole a spoon of Dave's fruit loops.

Jade looked down for a sec and John patted her on the back before glaring at Terezi angrily. "Still a sore spot, Ther- Terezi."

Dave and Rose just shared a glance and stood up quietly. "Time for the daily dig-through of my psyche, y'all. Be right back." He drawls as they approach the seating area in the corner, and Rose points violently to a beanbag and mutters, "Sit."

He sighed and plopped down, and as she sat next to him she said, "What did you dream about?"

"Bro," He sighed, "and a time where I had a fairly bad head injury in a strife. At least it wasn't an alternate timeline death this time." He notices what he's said when it's done, but before he can stammer out a long winded metaphor Rose stares him down. Her deep violet eyes say all he needs to know, and he turns away guiltily.

"You know how I feel about the alternate timeline thing, Dave. It's a problem, and you just don't let go. If you keep deluding yourself that there's an explanation to you reliving yourself dying horrifically over and over other than what I can only assume was abuse, than soon

you'll expect me to believe that I'm actually a monster made of a mixture of sunlight and tar and John can control the wind.

"Dave, I'm trying to be sane again despite what every instinct in my messed up brain can tell me You should try too. "

She sighs and breaks the stare, brushing a white lock of hair behind her pale ear, and he looks at the amethyst ceiling. His face is blank again.

*Funny you mention insanity, sis. We're all mad here.*

---

Dave didn't remember when the nightmares started.

He was sure he was with bro, but back then sleep schedules didn't exist  
~~neither did sleep or safety~~

All he remembered was long, painful nights of dying over and over. Severed at the neck. Stabbed in the chest. Melted in a seething hot pool of metal and lava.

He had his own theories. Sometimes he was in hell, being punished for some crime he didn't commit. Sometimes he was reliving past lives, or lives from a different universe, just mostly their deaths. Sometimes he was a god and living the lives of his worshippers, or he was a knight and dying repeatedly to save the day. Whatever the case was, he didn't sleep peacefully.

The scratching started in 9<sup>th</sup> grade. He woke up with more lines than he went to bed with, and these ones weren't neat and red along his paper-white wrists. They were large and a dull purple, bruising and throbbing. Nothing he hadn't dealt with before, but they *kept coming back*.

And they kept

coming

back

Someone noticed the bruises one day. They saw where sword scars crept along his sides, and called the police.

He never saw Bro again, but the scars didn't leave.

Then one night he threw himself off the building in his sleep. He didn't feel the fall, didn't feel his arms and leg crack open on the pavement didn't hear a mother's horrified screams because the Mayor was falling an-

He woke up in the hospital.

He ended up here.





## Chapter 2

Be Karkat Vantas:

You glare at the ceiling hopelessly, darkness creeping through your window and making your dark skin look the shade of gray you're sure it's supposed to look. The Doc says you're insane, but you're not.

*You're not insane you're not insane he's wrong*

The lights don't come on until morning, and you know you won't be able to sleep again for a long time. So for now, there's nothing but the light from your small, high window. The halls are quiet, with a small hum from equipment and other things outside. You grip your sheets angrily, trying to calm down, but you're just so *angry*.

Turning over is hard, but you pull your notebook out from your drawer. It's one of the only things they let you have, since it really seems to help with whatever you are. Inside you have drawings of you, drawings of what the others say their horns look like, what their caste is.

It's funny, really. They say you're insane, but what are the odds that a group of twelve different people, mostly disconnected, have the same delusion? You think it's bullshit, and you made sure the Doc knows it.

You glance at a small story you had planned on finishing, about you, Kanaya, and the Scourges on an asteroid. You feel like it's missing something, but you aren't sure what. Just... something.

Just then, you hear a scurry in the vents and sit back happily. A wild-haired face sticks out of your nearby air grate, and the grin he gives is more animalistic than anything, but you smile back and go to help him out.

"Hi, Gamzee. Get your ass in here."

Gam tumbles out with a yank, and you fall on your ass as he giggles. You wouldn't describe your best friend as adorable, but he comes as close to it as a 7 ft. tall Juggalo can. The sharp teeth and purple eyes don't help, but hey! Who gives a fuck.

"I am in here, motherfucker. Cool down and slam some wicked elixir with me, so we can get our chill on," He murmurs, "Because you fuckin' need it, Karbro."

You roll your eyes exaggeratedly and accept a bottle of Faygo, keeping your eyes on his slow movements. Where he got the stupid soda is a mystery to you. Hell, a lot of the stuff he has or does is a mystery to you. You're just here to stop him from murdering people. You and his meds are the only thing keeping him sane. You sigh, "Gam, I'm fine. How did you get the grate off again? I thought they welded it on this time."

He shrugged and took a long slurp from his bottle. “I dunno, it just came off. Miracles letting me hang out with my favorite motherfucker, straight from the mirthful messiahs.” You laugh and take a sip too, and you both sit in silence for a while. He eventually reaches for your notebook, and you slap his hand back abruptly before you get to your senses.

“Oh my god, I’m sorry, just don’t fucking touch that Gam.” You mutter hurriedly, but he quickly says, “It’s cool, I should be the motherfucker apologizing for getting in your shit without permission. Uh, could I use a page to make some wicked color?”

You rip out a page and hand it to him, along with your crayons. They’re the only things you’re allowed to have, since you can’t hurt yourself with crayons. Gamzee seems to like them, though. He sits back and fills a page with little pink diamonds, occasionally drawing them in olive and blue, and sometimes in red and purple. You don’t recall telling him your blood color, but he always seemed to know. Besides, it didn’t seem to matter here. This wasn’t Alternia.

*Alternia isn’t real you’re a human you don’t have horns you’re insane-*

You shake yourself awake again and check the clock. You must’ve dozed off longer than you thought you did, because lights will be on in a half an hour. You poke Gamzee and point toward the clock. He gets the point, then hands you the crayons. He always takes the pictures. You aren’t sure where they end up.

Again, mystery.

You wave half-heartedly as he gets back into the vents and lodge it back into place, then put your stuff away and crawl back into bed. Nurse Spades is punctual, and you don’t want him to find you out of bed. He still doesn’t know you can undo the restraints, and you don’t want him to find out. The little freedom you have is important to you, and stabby nurses can stick regulation up their ass.

The lights flicker on as you attach the last strap, and in no less than five minutes you have to close your eyes to ease the discomfort. Light sensitivity is not fun, as most of the fancy eyed pansies in here know. You have it better than some, like Si- Sollux knows. His shitty heterochromia is still a secret hidden behind his dorky 3-D glasses, and he’d keep it that way for a long time. Then there’s Strider.

The older Strider is alright, if a bit odd and jumpy. He’s also much quieter. Fucking *Dave Strider*, with his shitty Con Air aviators and his stupid voice and the way he effortlessly gets under your skin makes you want to punch his stupid pale face and his-

Spades’ booming entrance interrupts your thoughts, as he opens the door roughly and pulls out your meds. You take your insulin and glare at him as he does normal checks, then says, “Kid, why don’t you fuckin’ sleep? You look so much more tired.”

The question takes you aback for a second, then you glare at him with the fury of a thousand suns. At least, you hope it’s the fury of a thousand suns. Egbert had made the mistake to call you “cute” when you did it to him, to which you told him to take his opinion and shove it up

his goofy ass. You mutter back, “Tell the demons that have taken personal residence inside my thinkpan to fuck off and then maybe I’ll return to sleeping.”

His chuckle is bitter as he undoes your restraints. “I thought the Doc got you to say ‘brain’ once.” He snaps back, “Glad to see that didn’t stick.” He doesn’t mention the demons. Typical.

You rub your wrists in a show of annoyance, then hop off the bed, pushing past him and heading off to Prospit without a glance. You know he’s following you, and he catches up after a moment. You walk to breakfast silently. Your mind wanders to the surroundings and just how *wrong* they look to you. The halls aren’t grey enough, too white and uniform. The floor should be a darker gray, with more panels and the walls shouldn’t have that stupid pastel yellow trim, it doesn’t belong-

You don’t notice the wall until you smack face-first into it, and thick red blood is running out of your nose. Your first instinct is to *hide don’t let them see they can’t see you’ll be culled*, but that passes, and Spades has a paper towel under your nose and is yelling something, probably profane.

“Jesus fuck, kid, you just run face first into a wall like a dunce and get blood everywhere like some sort of hooligan what the fuck were you thinking that got you so distracted- “, He blubbers, so you take the paper towel and grimace. It’s too early for this.

You just walk down the rest of the hall while he glares at you, pale eyes burning holes in the back of your skull. You just walk into the dining hall without a glance back.

---

After filling your tray with oatmeal and Strider’s apple juice (of course it’s apple juice day), you head over to the table. Terezi’s apologizing for something and Jade looks angry. An angry Harley is flat-out terrifying, all 6 feet 5 of her. Even with a broken leg Jade has a commanding presence, and you’re not in the mood to feel small.

You decide to sit next to Terezi with a small huff. She quickly licks your cheek, and you push away, surprised. “What the everliving fuck, Terezi?”, you screech as she cackles. This grabs the attention of almost everyone in Prospit, including the meowrails, Team Charge, and Eridan. You don’t remember how you know them like this, and trying to gives you a headache, but Nepeta and Equius were always the meowrails in your mind. Like everything else, it just sounds... right. As for the others-

“Yo, Karkitty, chill your mouth, or WV’s gonna have a fit. You don’t want to do another pirouette off the handle right into the Doc’s office” a smug tool reminds you, and as he sits next to you feel the cool façade coming off him like some sort of douche perfume.

“Fuck off, Strider” you mutter, and Terezi finally notices the blood along with one John ‘I can actually fly’ Egbert.

Dave snatches the apple juice off your plate, and John exclaims, “Kevin, what happened?! You’ve got blood all over your shirt!” Your stomach clenches up in the same moment your

fist does, and John's eyes widen.

You growl quietly, "That's not my name. Don't ever fucking use it again or so help I will drive this spoon through your asthmatic throat." By the way he shrinks out the way, he seems to get the message.

You realize the whole table is staring at you, and you clear your throat awkwardly before sitting back down. You hadn't realized you stood up. All you get in return was blank looks, and in the case of Harley and Egbert, scared ones. Rose just looked amused, and you presumed she appeared out of the void to analyze your fucked up mental state.

You glance down self-consciously, and Strider being the *fucking douche* he is takes a long, loud sip of his apple juice. The awkwardness of the situation is tangible, and Terezi's solution is licking John's face with a grin. He sputters, pushing her away and glaring.

Jade lets out a small chuckle, and you let out a laugh as Egbert turns a pleasant shade of strawberry. Terezi's cackling again, and even stoic Rose lets out a chuckle at his embarrassment. The tension eases.

More people trickle into Prospit/Derse, depending on who you're talking to. You insist that the high ceiling is a golden yellow, while Rose and Dave say that it's purple. Sollux, the fucking binary of a troll, says it depends on the day and the voices of the soon-to-be-dead. You think he's bullshit. And colorblind. He's colorblind.

The rest of breakfast hour goes by mostly uneventfully, the only problem being when Vriska tried to give John a hug from behind, and he proceeded to smack her in the face. You laughed for a good ten minutes before she elbowed you in the stomach to shut you up, where she knocked your breath out and you had to lay on the ground for a bit to get it back. As odd and insane as he is, just being near John helped, and wonder for the fifth time today time if he can actually control the air.

As Spades leads you to your session with Doctor Scratch you start laughing at the thought, and he looks at you like you sprouted wings. "Kid, what the hell. Just, what the hell are you thinking about that made you happy."

You're at the door before you can answer, and he pushes you in gruffly. You always hated the bright green of the door. It reminded you of something you don't remember. Not even Jade this time. Something different, and bigger.

You find your usual spot in front of Doc Scratch's desk, sitting in a room chock full of the same offensive hue of lime green. Seriously, how is this meant to be calming? It sets you on edge almost immediately, and you still aren't sure why. If that isn't unsettling, the pale and unshaking face of Doc is unnerving in its own right. He's pale, less than Dave but more than Sollux, and you find yourself being drawn to his eyes. You haven't been able to pin down their color, not once in all your counseling sessions. It's always changing.

"How are you doing today, Kevin?" He says cheerfully and blankly, pulling out a dark grey manila folder. You make a show of not answering. If he won't address you as your name, he won't address you at all.

He clicks his tongue condescendingly, then says, "This is getting tiring, young man. You still insist on these silly names and identities based on a society that never existed, and you know it. You know better than most to not waste time, don't you?" His calm gaze has power behind it, and the last cutting statement bites into you like a bullet.

"You're wrong, fuckass. Don't tell I'm wrong, because I'm NOT!" You yell. You vaguely remember standing up, and your hands have the arms of the chair in a vice grip.

"I thought we were working on the violence, weren't we?", he says sharply, and you want to rip his tongue out of his stupid face, but you sit down. You both stay like that for the next hour, neither willing to give ground. The anger you felt is keeping you down, if only to spite him.

An hour passes, and he sighs disapprovingly. "You're done for today, Kevin." He says calmly, then buzzes Spades. As he picks you up you flip Doc the bird on your way out. He doesn't respond.

He didn't even ask about your nightmares today.

He never does.

---

There's not a lot to do in a mental institution, which you found out your first day here. You were here because you went a month without sleeping and got so mad at someone that you bit a hole in their arm, then fought like some sort of caged animal with your sickles. You still haven't told anyone yet.

You learned as much as you could to pass the time, and that included learning about the other "trolls"

Tavros is here because he thinks he can talk to animals, and he got attacked by a Doberman to prove it. *Multiple times*. The only reason he isn't dead is because Harley's massive white dog saved him. It's not like he can run away, with the wheelchair and all.

The reason he's in a wheelchair is because Vriska pushed him off a cliff and paralyzed him from the waist down. She said it was to make him stronger, to make him less of a pansy. You agree that Tav is weak, but she also blinded Terezi and manipulated Sollux to almost killing his girlfriend, Aradia. She'd go to jail on charges of arson if she wasn't here. She also killed neighborhood animals and fed them to her dog, prompted by her mom.

Sollux is depressed, bipolar, and thinks he can control electricity. He also burned Aradia's house down, under the influence of Vriska. She can be terrifyingly persuasive, but he thought he could control the flow of some very dangerous arcs. He was wrong.

Equius and Nepeta lived in the woods for years, killing woodland animals for food and staying away from other people. Equius can break entire tables in half accidentally, and Nepeta is the singlehandedly most terrifying person you've met simply because she hunts like a lion. You met her once before here, where you were running in the woods and she

pinned you against a tree. The look in her eyes wasn't human. Equius is here because without her he's a danger to himself and others.

You feel sort of bad for reporting them, and ending them in here. Sort of.

Kanaya thinks she's a vampire, and actually drinks other people's blood. Her neighbors complained of pets going missing, people disappearing and reappearing a few hours later disoriented. They wouldn't have suspected Ms. Maryam if she hadn't gotten caught in the act, where she cut a police officer in half with a chainsaw.

Feferi and Eridan were best friends for most of their lives, living by the ocean and keeping fish. Eridan... Eridan jumped into the water to save someone drowning and hurt his head on the seabed rock. He saved them, but he was so different after that. He killed sea creatures by the hundreds and fed them to a giant squid under the water, and Fef helped by leading the squid places. It left marks on her, little circles running down her arms and face, and down her back. She dived for too long, at the point where she almost drowned all the time. It was *common* to almost drown for them. By the authorities came, it was too late to help them out of their water-damaged brains.

Terezi was obsessed with justice, and spent all her time in a treehouse, hanging stuffed dragons and roleplaying as a violent bounty hunter with Vriska. They had a dare, and Terezi stared at the sun so long she went blind. This led to a bigger and bigger rivalry, to the point where they hurt people around them for fun. They were masochists.

Gamzee was just flat out insane. Nobody knew what he was, and you didn't plan to find out.

You're all just insane, allegedly. You all know you're trolls, with horns and grey skin and non-human blood. Everyone else thinks you're wrong.

You're not wrong.

You look up from your thinking to scan the common room. There's nothing that could be dangerous, and there's constant supervision. At the moment the only ones in here are you and Tavros, playing a game of Pokémon with Nepeta. Equius is hovering, and you once again marvel at their friendship. It's a balance they've mastered, with Nepeta keeping Equius from breaking things at the slightest touch and Equius keeping Nepeta from tearing people apart with her bare hands.

Therapy will be ending for many, and this is the only place you're all allowed at the same time, so by default it'll fill up soon. Still, you pull out your phone to see what people are doing.

carcinoGenetecist [CG] joined memo 'Soupchat' on board 'FRUITY RUMPUS 4SSHOL3 F4CTORY' at 10:56

turntechGodhead [TG] responded to memo

TG: im just sayin the cat and dog thing is stupid like

TG: theyre animals

TG: I love your hellbeast of a dog jade but people are allowed to have opinions

TG: and if roxy likes cats well who can blame her

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] responded to memo

TG: so tru cats are da bomb but I aint hatin on dogs jade ;P

TG: plus bec is a sweetie I jus like cats better

TG: they so small

TG: and soft

adiosToreador [AT] responded to memo

AT: i WOULD LIKE TO, uH, aGREE THAT CATS ARE SWEET,

AT: bUT THEN AGAIN,

AT: i LIKE ALL ANIMALS.

AT: aLSO, uH, bEC ISNT A HELLBEAST

AT: bEC IS WONDERFUL }:D

gardenGnostic [GG] responded to memo

GG: aww, thanks tav! :)

GG: i'm not mad about that, roxy, I'm just annoyed that nepeta won't shut up about it!

GG: i get she loves cats, but I just like dogs better

GG: and she won't listen at all! >:(

arsenicCatnip [AC] responded to memo

AC: :33< \*the mighty huntress is purrious that someone might challenge her honor like this, and tacklepounces jade\*

AC: :33< i do not!

TG: yeah you do nep

TG: like all the time

TG: just meowoing a storm till were all ankle deep in cat

TG: we get it youre a furry

TG: and its not like we dont like cats cats are boss

TG: but start the dog vs cat thing one more time and im gonna do an acrobatic flip off the handle so hard ill land on a lava planet and break both the handle and my will to exist

AC: :33< hehehe! Dave you're so silly!

AC: :33< sorry for being annoying about it, jade! I just r33ly like cats.

GG: it's okay! just don't insist they're better than dogs

You stare at your screen in confused bitterness. *Why.*

This is the third time this week.

*The third time.*

TG: so anyway we should probs be headed to

TG: whats it today

TG: yesterday we called it LoFaF didnt we

carcinoGeneticist [CG] responded to memo

CG: WHY ARE WE CALLING IT STUPID ABBREVIATIONS?

CG: CAN IT NOT JUST BE THE COMMON ROOM LIKE EVERY OTHER FUCKING COMMON ROOM IS CALLED?

CG: OR DO YOU HAVE THIS PERVERSE NEED TO MAKE UP PAN-ROTTING NAMES FOR EVERY ROOM IN THIS FUCKING BUILDING?

CG: NEXT IT'LL BE LIKE THE LAND OF CAVES AND SILENCE.

CG: THAT'S ALL THERE IS HERE, CAVES AND FUCKING SILENCE.

TG: nice, got my daily dose of karkitty anger

TG: like I was slowly wasting away, waiting for waves of grey text to come marching down the screen giving off pulses of anger.

TG: but thanks doc im cool now yes i'm taking my prescription of pure vantas

CG: YOU NOOKWHIFFING DOUCHE

TG: you always know what to say

TG: making a girl blush here



tentacleTherapist [TT] responded to memo

TT: One, Dave isn't flirting with you Karkat

TT: He's usually this insufferable

You look up angrily to see none other than Rose Lalonde, waving smoothly at you from across the room, phone in hand. She says coolly, "I saw the look on your face. I just wanted to make sure you didn't do something you'd regret."

You acknowledge her by nodding and turn your attention to the room, which is filling up. Feferi, Eridan, and Sollux are chatting in a corner. You there's more of 'chatting with Feferi and pointedly ignoring each other' than anything, but it's something. Vriska and Terezi are in opposite corners of the room, and Aradia's just. Sitting there. You don't know why she's here at all, but that's mostly her business. You'll have to ask Eridan during your next gossip session. Gamzee never comes, so you're not looking for him at all.

The Scratches aren't here yet. What a surprise.

TG: damn right im not flirting with you

TG: in the words of the egbertiest egbert

TG: 'I am not a homosexual'

TT: Are you positive?

TG: yes rose I am the straightest ruler here

TG: creepy dream interpretations notwithstanding

CG: JUST GET YOUR UNCOOL ASS IN HERE TO PLAY UNO

CG: WE CAN'T START UNTIL KANAYA AND OUR RESIDENT JACKASS ARRIVE

CG: EGBERT, TOO, BUT HE USUALLY TAKES LONGER.

grimAuxiliatrix [GA] responded to memo

GA: I Am Currently On My Way To

GA: What Is The Name For Today

TG: how bout LoPaH

TG: the land of pulse and haze

GA: Alright I Am On My Way To LoPaH

CG: HOW THE FUCK DO YOU EVEN COME UP WITH NAMES FROM THAT EMPTY THINKPAN OF RAMBLING METAPHORS AND COMPLETE AND UTTER BULLSHIT

TG: i dunno it just feels right i guess

TG: hey karkitty

CG: WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

CG: AND STOP FUCKING CALLING ME KARKITTY THAT'S NEPETA'S THING.

AC: :33< yeah!

TG: fine ill stop

TG: what shall i call you now

TG: really hard to come up with creative yet insulting nicknames for karkat

TG: the worst ive thought of is beep beep meow and that was egbert

TG: ya krilling me smalls

TT: I see you've resorted to fish puns.

cuttlefishCuller [CC] responded to memo

CC: ) (-E ) (--E ) ( -E!

TG: fish puns are boss what are you talking about

timeusTestified [TT] responded to meme-o

TT: Roxy took the liberty to change the entrance message

TG: ur welc

GG: hehehe! john just spit water all over himself :D

You take a peek and see that John had, in fact, spit water all over himself and was laughing so hard he was crying. You swore for a second he was floating, but you shook it off to glance back at your phone.

CG: HE ACTUALLY FUCKING DID.

CG: ROXY GET YOUR GROUP'S ASSES IN HERE, SO I CAN GIVE YOU A HIGH FIVE.

TG: were almost there

TT: Are you with them?

TG: yea we met up in the hall.

TG: ar's just chatting it up, its great

CG: WELL HURRY UP, BECAUSE TODAY IS THE DAY I FINALLY BEAT YOUR  
FLAT ASS AT UNO

TG: my ass is not flat

TG: im offended

arachnidsGrip [AG] responded to meme-o

AG: suuuuuuuure karkat

AG: You'll just have to accept def8 like the rest of the time!!!!!!!!!!

TG: yea boi

Douche Smugass and the Scratches walk in as you look up victoriously.

This is going to be fun.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the short chapter i'm just lazy as hell  
(plz comment and kudos cause it just makes me. so happy)  
also I'm LEGIT DYING from voltron season 7 all of the klance shippers come mourn with me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### ==>Be Eridan Ampora

You really fucking hate Uno.

This happens every goddamn day. Everyone gets together, and you play a bullshit multicolored card game where:

- Vris and Rezi either compete violently against each other or team up,
- Dave makes fun of Karkat until he blows a fuse,
- Rose snidely flirts with Kan, and Kan snidely flirts with Rose,
- Fef ignores you for none other than fucking *Sol*

(They all tend to assume that you never pay attention. You do, and you watch. You listen. It would be perfect if they paid attention to you, too)

Currently you're watching as Jade deals, leg propped up on a cushion. You have to use two decks since it isn't exactly made for twenty people, but she manages. The things she's capable of is seriously impressive.; You hear a giggle from beside you and grimace as Fef laughs at another one of that bipolar douche's jokes, and you restrain the urge to wrap your hands 'round his scrawny neck.

For the hundredth time that day, you want to go back to the ocean with Fef. You miss the clean, salty water, the way broken glass gets smoothed into brown and blue-green pebbles, the way the burning sand feels against your feet. And for the hundredth time that day, you abandon the thought at seeing the thin circles running up her arms and face, and the way she doesn't care.

As much as you want to go back, it would hurt her more than staying.

You're jolted back into existence by Kar on your right, tugging at your sleeve with a worried expression, and you nod at his worried expression.

You pick up your deck and scowl. Not one +4 card, or even a Wild! You're screwed. Kar on the other hand had two +4 cards, a Wild, and two differently colored reverses. He's going to

blow it all on Strider, you're sure. He usually does.

"Let's get started then, shall we!" Rose calls from across the large circle you have set up, and the room falls silent under her gaze. She's obviously a leader. "We all know the rules. The prize for today is a friendship bracelet courtesy of Jade." She says as she holds up a neon green and black bracelet. You can feel Fef staring at it, and you hope that you can maybe win it for her.

Unfortunately, *Sollux fucking Captor* also wants to. Typical.

The game starts with (surprise!) Vris and Rezi fighting against each other tooth and nail, with Dave canceling Kar at any chance he gets.

---

It's official. You're the worst Uno player in the history of Uno players. And that's saying somefin, because that includes both Roxy Lalonde and Karkat Vantas, who can't play for shit. You laugh at the memory of Karkat triumphantly playing a Cancel on Dave before realizing he picked the color of Dave's last card, and when Rezi reversed he was furious.

The angry teen is now sitting beside you on a beanbag and mumbling loudly about '*that fucking pretentious douche and his shitty aviators he can suck my bulge*' and despite the fact he doesn't think you can hear him you respond snarkily, "There's dolphinitely some sorta sexual undertones there Kar."

He blubbers out, "What the fuck are you talking about, fishface?! There is nothing sexual at all about my pure *platonic* hatred for Doucheface Smugass."

"Sure, sure bud. I totally believe you in evvery wway." Karkat's the only pathetic landweller that you actually get along with. He just tends to calm you down, even when he's not actually saying anything. Then again, he didn't tell you all his blood color, so he might be fuchsia for all you know. That would be weird.

"Aren't we here to talk about your problems and not my non-existent romantic attractions?" He muttered, and you give him a hopefully condescending look. *You probably just come off as a terrible person*, that stupid little voice says, but you shrug it off. No time for that now!

"You havve problems too Kar. Howw did you end up here, anywway?" You ask quietly, and he stiffens up at the question. You two are closer than you are with anyone else in this helltrap, but you aren't sure if he feels the same way.

He silent for a moment, then looks you in the eye and whispers, "I really fucking hate sleeping, enough so that I stayed up for a month. No sleeping at all. Then, some asshole at school pissed me off and I- I bit him. Hard. I got fucking expelled and sent here. Ha, and I call you all insane." He looks so tired. You aren't sure why you never noticed before, but the bags under his eyes are huge.

He looks away, and his eyes look like they're made of a deep, burning fire, a bright crimson smoldering with anger and fear. Why are you noticing this oh boy we went past this shit-

You shake that train of thought out of your head and mutter, “Why the fuck don’t you fuckin sleep, Kar. Nightmares suck dick, I know. But you need to not run on exhaustion sometimes.”

He laughs bitterly and you both sit there a while in silence, as you take in little things about the way he sits, regal and sure of what he is. He looks like a knight, fierce and powerful, and despite his height you’re scared of him sometimes. Sometimes.

In all honesty, you’re more scared of yourself, but that’s not important.

Eventually he mutters, “I’m tired of hurting myself, ‘s all.”

You don’t talk again for a long time.

---

During dinner you’re sitting with Fef, listening to her blab on and on about some shitty code that Bifurcated Numbscull did, that made a little bumblebee fly over her phone screen while she types. Neither of you know hoofbeast shit about coding and you’re mostly tuning her out. No amount of crush could make you listen to her blabber all the time, and things have been tense between you since Glubby.

Dinner only lasts around an hour, and then it’s back off to your rooms, or otherwise known as time for mental testing. Flashcards and videos and fucking baby talk and you’re going to stab Eggs if he so much as shows you a middle school therapy video again.

Why your nurse is called ‘Eggs’, you have no idea. You sit on your bed and talk to him about your day while he gets out a book, and you decide that today was a bust.

He points at the book and tells you to make up a story with the pictures. You do rather easily, making up one about a wizard who fights through the magical land of Alternia, fighting to rescue the princess of the land, who was locked away by the evil sea witch. The wizard saves the day and they live happily ever after by the ocean, playing with the cuttlefish.

As you’re talking, you don’t notice that you’re crying. You just keep telling the story, and you only notice when a drop of salty liquid falls into your mouth. It remind you of the ocean for a second, water flooding your ears and throat and-

He shuts the book with a snap and quietly puts away his things before leaving. You know the door is locked before you even try it. The lights go out, and you get quietly into bed. You don’t have window, or a flashlight, or a roommate even, so it’s eerily silent to you. You always had the surf pounding at your window, or the sound of midnight beachgoers. The silence is unwelcome.

You drift off quietly, the only sound in your ears being the pounding of your own pulse.

---

*You wave at him nonchalantly, seeing the way his red and blue eyes flit across your mouth. You put away that information for later and smirk, trying to hide the flush of purple on your*

*cheeks. It doesn't work, and he laughs at your obvious discomfort while you stammer out a hasty explanation, irritation threading your gills. Gills...*

*You realize too early that this is a dream, and you're suddenly aware of your whole ensemble. The cape, heavy rings, and large zigzag horns register before you get a good look at the person in front of you.*

*Two sets of sharp, small horns, red and blue eyes flickering with electricity, yellow flushed skin and hair that fans out to the sides like he cut it himself. You'd recognize those cheesy glasses anywhere, and your smirk twists into a sneer.*

*“What, ED, meowbeast got your gills?” Sollux chuckles while shooting you a challenging glare, and you glare right back. You mutter in return, “I was just sick at the sight of your face for a second and needed time to readjust to being in the face of utter stupidity.”*

*He full on laughs this time and forces out, “You’re calling me stupid, when I’m the one that made the code that blew up your computer?”*

*The scene shifts to a time when you were in some sort of lab, white wand in hand, which is silly. Magic isn't real. You see Fef in some sort of horn pile, a large pile of- of blood underneath her, and Sol slammed against a wall. Kan is staring at you in a rage, lipstick out. 'Chainsaw' your brain helpfully supplies, and your wand is aimed at some sort of ball beside her before you can think but you're so angry-*

*You're in an amusement park with Sol. He's laughing at something you said, sharp teeth exposed, but instead of punching him you're chuckling along, holding a stuffed bee. He seems so happy.*

*The darkness stretches endlessly, with large monsters crowding around you. Large is the wrong word, because the monsters are endless too and they're swallowing you alive because*

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---

You don't remember the dream when you wake up except for a pair of red and blue eyes and a feeling of drowning.

That's all you ever remembered.

Hey. So I haven't updated recently and I am soo sorry but I will continue this fanfic i promise

School started back up again recently and I'm having trouble getting back into it, but I will have another and longer chapter soon.

Thank you all for the comments and support! It truly means so much!!!



# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

A raccoon breaks in through the vents. I wonder who could've helped??  
Shenanigans ensue.

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's taken so long to post this!! I've been really busy with school and a fansession I'm part of and honestly it's been a bit overwhelming. I will continue to write this!!!! It'll just take a long time. I'll try to post a new chapter each month?

==> Be Terezi Pyrope

You wake up to the smell of hospital, a mixture of clean slate that reminds you of stone, the sharp burning smell of antiseptics, and a faint aroma of death. It should probably bother you that you can't tell where it's coming from, but it doesn't particularly. It could be coming from the others for all you know. Probably Vriska, or maybe Dave.

You're fairly sure you were woken up by the lights, and because the pale washed-eggshell of the walls doesn't seem as dull as it does at night, you figure this was the case. Reaching for your palmhusk, you shoot Vriska a quick message.

gallowsCalibrator [GC] began pestering arachnidsGrip [AG]

GC: WH4T 4NT1CS 4R3 W3 G3TT1NG UP TO TOD4Y?

GC: >:]

Like you expected, she isn't awake yet. She isn't really the kind to get up with the lights, and you know for a fact she was up last night planning something. You think it might be a way to win Apples to Apples today, your weekly break from Uno. You're positive the only reason they let you play is because it's a way to calm you all down. Ever since it's been confirmed that interaction with other people helps people recover they lump you all together and give you spaces, and those with similar ailments even have roommates sometimes.

You hear a brisk knock on your door, and you aren't surprised to hear the familiar chirp of Clover, here to pick up you and Vriska. Why you two share an orderly is a mystery you don't care to solve, unlike most.

You pride yourself on finding the mysteries of this place while you're stuck here, whether it be why everyone is here or where Nepeta keeps her shipping charts. That was fun, and the look she gave you afterward had the distinct smell of forest.

His cheerful attitude and short stature are funny to you, and as he opens the door with your medicine and papers you shoot him a sharp grin. "Morning, Clover!"

"Morning, T! How'd you sleep last night?" He inquires as he lays out your morning medication. "Any strange dreams or the sort?"

You shake your head and chuckle as he checks your vitals. "Nope! Just a normal night, I suppose."

You hear the scratch of pencil on paper and take in his odd scent for a moment. He always seemed like a pool table, even though you aren't even sure what that smelled like. Something old and musty, mixed in with a tang like licking a battery. You find it vaguely disconcerting.

He helps you to your feet and hands you your cane, which you then give him a mild whack on the shins with. The chuckle you get in return makes you cackle as the two of you walk down the hall. Vriska's room isn't far from yours, and you have to pick her up before breakfast today.

You didn't see the large animal coming. Of course you didn't, you're blind! It was no surprise that the thing barreled you over, sending you down, hard, to the ground.

[Here, we take a short yet necessary detour. Please stand by]

[loading...]

[error – Skaia unable to respond]

[reload the game?]

> [Yes]

> [No]

Her songs had long since faded out from his ears, and the thick flow of time around him had slowed to a crawl. Still, it did nothing to stop the pounding in his mind, unrelated to the music.

Skaia was broken, and they'd lost.

Given, it wasn't their fault. The team had done everything in their power to win. They played. They fought. They cheated.

They lost.

He lifted a hand, dripping with crimson, and pressed [yes]

The world blacked out, and the only thing he truly remembered about it later was a pounding and a bright, candy red.

[recalculating...]

[protocol – Divine Intervention ]

[Now, back to the main story. I wouldn't keep you too long. As you'll find, I'm an excellent host]

==> Be Vriska Serket

If you fuck up, racoons will not judge you.

Only haunt your waking nightmares with their tiny, tiny hands.

That is, if they can catch you. Being you, you have no intention of letting the large, violent creature in front of you touch anyone. Unfortunately, it's standing on top of Terezi at the moment, and she's out cold. The trickle of red from a gash on her face is distracting before you remember you're still human for now.

Great. Another thing to add to your irons currently melting in the metaphorical fire.

Your communicator beeps distractingly, and since Clover seems to have the raccoon under control for now, you whip it out. Ignoring the daily missed message, you quickly open up today's memo.

arachnidsGrip [AG] responded to meme-o

AG: why are you losers slowing up my phone????????

TG: jeez vris we hear a loud screech and you expect us not to fly off the handle

TG: large group of mentally unstable teenagers like in the breakfast club

TG: cooking up our dastardly schemes while the teacher is off fucking shit up

TG: but instead of joining up and becoming an inseparable group of ragtag pals we just hear someone getting murdered

TG: presumably by something that can growl louder than karkles

CG: I WILL PERSONALLY FEED YOU TO HARLEY'S ABOMINATION OF A PET IF YOU CONTINUE WITH THAT TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

CG: BLOOD WILL BE FLOWING FROM YOUR THINKPAN OUT OF EVERY ORIFICE IN YOUR BODY

CG: AND I WILL BE LAUGHING.

TG: you sure do know how to make a girl blush

TG: ya know in not gay karkles

TG: but the certified grade a trash talking really has me wondering

TT: Could you two perhaps stop flirting long enough for us to get to the real problem?

TT: That being, of course, the loud screaming Dave was trying to mention in his convoluted way.

TG: wvgteysfdwhjkf;hi

TG: rose were not flirting what the fuck

TG: I dunno, davey! It sure looked like flrting!!

TG: \*flirting

TG: i feel betrayed

TG: also id like to say for the record you broke karkat

TG: hes just sort of lying there and sputtering

TG: oh damn he dropped his phone toowaitbjkwf vbc xn

TG: I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT

TG: THESE ARE ALL LIES, SLANDER AGAINST MY PERSON BY MY ARCH NEMESIS.

EB: hey karkat, where are you two?

EB: you aren't in Prospit!!

TG: were just chilling like brosnirfhbugrdexhbu

TG: hold up yall

CG: IF I HAVE TO HEAR ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOUR PATHETIC FOOD HOLE-

TG: fine ill stop just stop trying to take my phone that shits not cool

GA: Could We Get Back To The Topic At Hand

GA: Specifically The One Involving Loud Screams

CG: YES, PLEASE.

AG: I miiiiiiight 8e a8le to help with that if you all shut up for 8 seconds!!!!!!!

AG: Terezi got at8cked 8y a raccoon in the hallw8!

TG: .

TG: what

TT: Of all the possibilities. I'm somewhat surprised.

GA: How Did It Get Inside

arachnidsGrip [AG] has lost connection

You looks down at the action to see Crowbar and Clover as the raccoon scampers off down the hallway with your phone, missing from your hands.

Terezi starts to stir, mumbling, and as Clover runs after the animal and around the corner you sigh, figuring you have to be the competent one here. Fiiiiiiiine!

---

====> Be The One On The Floor

The fuzziness in the corners of your mind is suffocating, and as you pushed yourself up off the pale mint floor your legs sway under the pressure. Whatever had attacked you had certainly done its damage, and as you heard the cracklingly bittersweet voice of Vriska you are grateful. What are sisters for, after all?

A booming voice yells, "Terezi! What the fuck happened!?" and you cackle despite the pain from what you're sure are scratches. The odd tangy scent of Clover is nowhere to be found.

“I have no idea, Vriska. Just some large animal tackling me to the ground, obviously.” You answer snarkily as she gets closer, her scent intoxicating.

She curses loudly and grabs your arm gently, leading you in what you hope is the direction of your cane, and maybe food. As a familiar and cool metal rod fits itself into your hand you’re glad at least the first guess is correct. “Where are we headed?”

“Prospit,” she mutters, “To get you cleaned up. Then I’m going raccoon hunting.”

You grip her arm tightly. “We’re not doing that. Clover has it under control. Just don’t.” Unfortunately, a loud and very girly scream come from what you assume is behind the corner, and you snicker as you recognize the voice.

You catch a whiff of a saturated anger, simmering under with a bright red. What you hadn’t expected, however, was a different bright red, that also reeked of something cold, like ice and mint. “Dave?”

Karkat continued to yell loudly and Vriska’s hand left your arm with a rush of wind and a pounding of footsteps toward the pulsating, and Karkles stops yelling with a muffled grunt and a snort from Dave. “Vriska, what the actual fuck! Am I not allowed to unleash my unending rage on our particular shitty universe for launching a *GODDAMN RACCOON AT MY FACE?!?*”

You whack Dave’s shins with a grin as you approach, tapping Karkat lightly on the head. “Will you stop that, buddy? There is justice to be served!” He lets out a yelp, grumbling as you cackle, Vriska joining in while looping her arm around your waist. You ignore the pain for a second.

“That pungent whipping lumpsquirt of a mammal’s headed toward the Scratches and Sollux. We should head in that direction.” He yells loudly, and as Vriska nudges you it is assumed he’s pointed somewhere.

Welp! Better check it out. You are, after all, the best Legislarcerator on this godforsaken planet and there is justice to be served.

---

==> Be Roxy Lalonde

You were prepared for a break-in. A mugger. Sea Hitler from your dreams, the one with the trident and a sword like yours in her back. Maybe.

You were not prepared for Jake screaming bloody murder at 6 am, waving pistols he isn’t allowed to have and running from a massive raccoon. Literally anything but that.

Damn, you need a drink.

You groan and walk out, muttering a sleepy morning to Di-Stri, who's running after Jake and the raccoon holding a metal pipe. Janey also walks out of her room, looking as fresh and pretty as ever if it weren't for the lines of scars running up and down her arm. Wait, arms.

Still! You're happy to see her as the boys try to corner the creature, failing in a way that makes you snort. "Look at 'em, they're really tryin'. Mornin' Janey!"

She smiles back happily, wincing a bit as Jake gets scratched on the forearm and instinctively reaching for her own. "They truly are, although they don't seem to be having much luck! Perhaps we should help them out?" She suggests daintily in a way that makes your heart flutter.

Then again, so does Dirk's humming when he's working on something and Sollux's excitement to show you his code and Nepeta's precision in her exercise and the way Feferi giggles when she makes a good pun. It's not exactly an exclusive feeling.

You shake that thought out as your throat burns for a drink, still watching the boys. "Nah, Di-Stri won't appreciate it. Neither will Jake, for reals."

She giggles a bit as soft footsteps round the corner and Sol stands there, winded. "What did I miss?" One glance at the other side of the room answers his question as he wheezes, asthma being a bitch again apparently. "Oh. That, are they okay?"

You wave your hand dismissively as Clover rounds the corner and manages to tackle the raccoon, while the one with the red hat puts it in a bag. Crisis averted, Sollux sits down, breathing heavily. Clubs isn't far behind the two, with a small crowd of people. You wave at Dave cheerfully as Terezi starts to talk to Dirk about what happened. "Hiya Davey!"

Your phone goes off in your pocket as Dave waves back but is quickly intercepted by AR. You decide to check the memo.

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has joined the meme-o!

TG: sup fuckers

TT: We do need to fix that name at some point.

TG: nah rosey it's perfect!!!

TA: ii agree

TA: iit ii2 perfect

TG: see sollux gtes it!!

TG: \*gets

AG: booooooooooring!

AG: does anyone know how the g8 issue here got into the building????????

AG: i still think-

TT: We all know your theory, Vriska.

TT: Nobody purposefully let that thing into the building.

CG: SORRY FOR BUTTING IN.

CG: WAIT, WHO AM I KIDDING, I DON'T CARE.

CG: NOT ONLY IS IMPLYING THAT ONE OF \*US\* LET THAT MONSTER OF A TRASH DEMON INTO THIS PLACE IS THE MOST IDIOTIC THING I'VE HEARD COME OUT OF YOUR FACE,

CG: BUT WHY IN THE TAINTCHAFFING FUCK IS THAT THING SO \*BIG\*

TG: i know we all think hes exaggerating

TG: like always

TG: but I know my animals and this shit is like three and a half feet long

TG: this raccoon is fucking huge

TG: its like this shits on steroids to get better at baseball except all it did was get huge and buff

TG: and got high enough it thought breaking into an asylum was a good idea

TT: Beautiful description, Dave.

TG: he's totes right this things fuckin huge

TG: this is tiny person sized

TG: hey kitkat sit next to it lets compare

CG: HOW ABOUT I JUST FEED YOU TO IT.

TG: wow ok a bit forward there

TT: Stop it, both of you.

TT: Roxy, can you get the rest of the Scratches and head to Derse?

TG: sure rosey we'll b right there



You wave Jake and Dirk over, arm still around Janey, and you all head over to Derse in comfortable silence, Jane's arm looped in yours.

"So, where do ya think that thing came from?" You wonder aloud, turning to Jakey. He looks a bit shaken up, and keeps grabbing where his holsters would be if they hadn't taken them away with your alcohol and Dirk-a-Dirk's sword. Wait, sword.

"Well I have no bloody idea how that monster got inside!" He says in his thick accent, running a hand along the wall, "If I had just had my blasted pistols I could've dealt with the beast--"

"No" Dirk mutters as you turn into the Derse hallway, Jasprose, AR, and Erisol hot on your heels, "You couldn't've. We're also here, and Rose is going to be worried, Rox." You nod in agreement and scamper into the large purple room, stomach grumbling for a snack and mouth dry. You wave enthusiastically at your little sister, sitting with Dave at a table and grinning as you plop down across from them. "What's gonin- going on?"

Rose sighs a bit in the fond way she does sometimes while you and Dave fingergun. "I suppose you know more than we do. Apparently, the skittering in the vents was a raccoon? I'll have to reprimand it for waking me up so early in the morning with its pattering." She says as Simo- Sollux and Terezi walk up arm in arm and sit down next you. Sollux passes you a plate of food and- Oh right! You forgot to eat again. You smile thankfully as they settle themselves and Rose asks, "Are you alright, Terezi dear? Vriska told us you were attacked by that thing."

She waves her hand flippantly, sipping from the cup of red kool-aid she's holding. "I'm fine, just a bit startled by that fiend. No matter! He'll be sentenced soon enough."

Dave and Sollux sigh in unison and in the same tone. You and Rose both giggle cheerfully at their twin looks of irritation. "Y'all are supes alike! See, you even sgh- sigh in the same way."

As they protest you feel something poking at the edge of your consciousness, but if you take the time to think about it all you feel is nothing, endless and spanning. It's- it's not exactly an unfamiliar feeling, as you sink deeper into the warm embrace of the void-

"Roxy!"

A bright voice drags you out of the depths as you see the vivid purple ceiling of Derse and Janey, sitting next to you. She looks concerned, and it takes you a moment to register why you're on the floor. "I slipped again, didn't I?" You murmur, voice slurred and head spinning.

"Are you alright? What's your name, what's my name?" She says hurriedly. Rose and Dave are also kneeling beside you. Sollux is panicking.

"M Roxy, yor Janey, that's Dave 'n Rosey and Si- Sollux." You mutter, dazed. "Weres Di-Stri?"

A sigh of relief fills the small circle as they help you back up to the table, food forgotten for most. Terezi, bandaged up and sitting at the edge of the table, is devouring her food like a wild animal until Clover comes up and gets her to stop. The whole cafeteria has an air of *waiting*.

“Are you all alright?” A cold voice says levelly from the entrance. “The news of this morning’s commotion was most troubling.”

You turn to see the man, the fan, the legend Doc Scratch himself, standing the doorway in a garish green suit that seems to crackle when you look at it indirectly. Terezi is sniffing the air curiously, grimacing. She whispers, almost soft enough you don’t hear, “Scratch.”

He pulls out a piece of paper and begins to read. “I’ve been informed that a traumatic event happened involving an animal that made its way in through the vents. We’ll be having extra counseling sessions today to talk about this incident.”

A groan makes its way through the room. You think maybe if you had good counselors this would actually help, but Snowman scares all of you and Doc Scratch has the appearance of a weird overly-friendly uncle that gives you the creeps for obvious reasons.

You hope he didn’t see you on the floor. You don’t want that discussion again. You’re fucking sick of that discussion.

==> Be Doc Scratch

What makes you think you get to be the narrator?

You say that this isn’t my story, that my story is elsewhere.

But is it?

Or is yours?

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