Interlude

by PBJellie

Summary

Tweek Tweak’s mental health is declining. Craig Tucker, his boyfriend, and legal guardian in the eyes of the court, tries his best to hold the pieces together through a particularly rough patch.
Television

I always hated when he fell asleep first, his dirty hat pulled over his ears with his head resting on his shoulder. I shifted on the couch as the TV displayed what claimed to be the best blender ever known to man, the announcer reading from a script as an iPhone 6 was being pulverized. It seemed like a bit of overkill, but it was three in the morning, who really knew what the market for TBS at this hour was. Maybe it was psychopaths who like to blend needlessly expensive phones.

Craig had overestimated his wakefulness once again in an attempt to calm me about the oven dial being twelve degrees over the stated temperature. I had bought three different brands of thermometers off of Amazon with my wages from the cafe. You can't just say that the oven is at 350 when it's really at 363. What if 363 causes my food to ignite? Jesus, the house could have burnt down, all because of the dumb oven that's been here since we moved in was off by over three percent!

Also 363 is a palindrome. Palindromes are planted by the gnomes, which hide in our walls! What if this is all a setup to cause a fire so we burn to a crisp? The gnomes are always looking for ways to be industrious, what if they took out an insurance policy on the home? Surely a few dead is nothing to those soulless monsters, not in exchange for the market value of a suburban house. My house!

This is how Craig found me, sitting in front of the open oven, head resting on the oven door, mumbling about how I can't go on like this.

A glance at the string of drool making its way to his armpit. The thought of all those germs making their way permanently onto the couch made me scream.

“Craig! You're going to get diseases on the couch. I can't get sick, what if my antibodies get confused and attack my healthy cells? I could die! Don't drool here!”

“What?” His head bounced upwards, his elbow sharply hitting me in the ribs, causing me to yelp. “Oh, for fuck's sake Tweek, it's nighttime.” He said while holding the bridge of his nose and looking down.

“But what if I get sick and then that disease mutates and gets you sick too? We could both die Craig. Do you want to die? Are you suicidal?” I stammered.

“I was not the one with my head in the damn oven,” he muttered.

“I told you it wasn't what it looked like! Also our oven is electric so that wouldn't even work.” My voice rang in my ears, sounding like a bird of prey.

“Good to know you've thought about it enough to know that you couldn't off yourself with that oven.” He looked mad. He always looked mad.

“Who would want to suffocate to death anyway? It's a slow way to go.”

“Goddamn it, do I need to drive you to the hospital?” His eyes met mine. I immediately shrunk away from his gaze. I searched my brain for the right thing to say in this situation. Coming up blank, I just stared at the floor hoping he would drop it.

Wrong move.

“Do I really?” His voice was more stern, not necessarily cruel, but very firm.
“No, I’m fine.” Eyes still focused on the gray carpet. There was a slight discoloration, the floor was slightly darker by my right foot. The blender on the TV whirled some more. I didn’t look up to see what metal item was being destroyed.

“You don’t sound fine.” I felt his body shift on the couch. “Tweek,” his hand was underneath my chin, trying to angle me to look into his eyes.

Mistake one was staring at the floor. Mistake two was saying the word fine. Craig seems to think that fine is a tell word, like I’m a game of poker he is trying to win. Mistake three was trying to scoot away from him on the couch. Mistake four was scooting too hard and falling over the armrest onto the floor, banging my arm on the side table on the way down.

Almost instantly Craig was kneeling down on the ground asking me if I was okay. Can I move my arm? What is wrong with me?

He didn’t ask me that last question, but I ask it a lot of myself, and I think he’s just too polite to say it.

I must have zoned out because all of a sudden he was unbuttoning my shirt.

“I did not consent, you do not have permission to do this!” My arm really hurt. I avoided his gaze.

“Not about to fuck you Tweek, you're arm is bleeding.” Oh please not this, please.

“No I'm fine, it's nothing, don't even worry about it. I'm fine.”

“Tweek if you say the word fine then you're not.” He looked at me skeptically, one eyebrow cocked up, while continuing to unbutton my shirt.

“Oh,” I said quietly. “It probably just opened something is all.” That last part was said in quickly as I tried to jerk my arm away, and orient myself upright on the floor.

“Opened what? Tweek?” His face fell. He got up, letting go of me with disinterest, as if I was contaminated. I sat for a few minutes staring at the too dark spot on the carpet. “Take off your shirt, I'm looking for the first aid kit.”

“Under the sink in the guest bathroom,” I stated meekly as I fumbled with the last two buttons of my green shirt. I pulled the shirt off and placed it on the couch behind me. I focused on the dark spot again, not my arm that was bleeding in front of me. I didn't even look at that.

“Tweek, you said you'd stopped.” He sounded disappointed, but maybe he was just frustrated. Or hopeless, Craig doesn't have a whole lot of tonality.

“I wanted to. I promise I wanted to.” The dark spot seemed to grow larger.

“You've been doing so well, it had been six months.”

“Five,” I squeaked.

“A whole month, for fucks sake.” He paused, taking a calming breathe. “I'm going to clean you up. I'm about to use the rubbing alcohol.” The spot grew. The spot was growing dark and was spreading to Craig. The spot was a sinkhole.

“No! Don't! The sinkhole, you could fall!” I screamed, thrashing away from him, causing the bottle of rubbing alcohol to spill onto my arm blindly. I hissed.

“Tweek, calm down.” His voice was even. He was always so great at keeping his voice steady. He
held the rag as he sat the bottle on the coffee table. The coffee table that was above the sinkhole. It was still growing. Craig was almost completely covered by the darkness. I shoved him out of the way.

“Danger, there is danger. You should be more careful, there is a hole in our living room! We need to move somewhere safe. We are not safe.” I was having trouble finding the air. I think the sinkhole pulled the air out the room. I made eye contact with Craig hoping that he read the urgency on my face.

“Okay Tweek,” he said standing up while grabbing my shirt off the couch. His head was hung low. Maybe the spot was taking his air too. “Let me get my keys and wallet, okay?”

“Hurry, the air Craig.” I made my way quickly toward the door, fumbling with the deadbolt as I tried to flee the impending doom of suffocation from the spot in the living room.

“Go to the passenger door Tweek.” Flat. His voice was flat.

I pulled on the door about ten times before Craig hit the unlock button. I wonder if the spot will follow us outside of the house. What if the spot only wants to kill me? Maybe if I went in one direction and Craig the other then we'd have better odds for survival.

“We should separate to increase our chances.” I quickly said turning away from the car. It was cold, snow was starting to fall.

“No!” Craig sprinted towards me. “We are safer as a team.” Come to think of it, he was right. He usually was. He guided me towards the car door and helped me into my seat, pulling the belt over my body. A metallic click made me stiffen.

“It was just the seat belt Tweek.” The car roared to life. He was pulling out of our driveway and into the street, driving away from the air stealing sinkhole. I pulled my feet up onto the seat, hugging my knees. I tried my best to breathe the air in the car, but I wasn't sure there was any oxygen in the car either. The idea that the dark spot had contaminated me caused me to yelp. Surely I'd know if I was infected, unless I didn't. Sometimes I didn't know.

Craig was quiet, his breathing was steady. He could breathe so maybe I wasn't contaminated. “This isn't how I envisioned my twenties,” he mumbled.

“The twenties? We're not going to time travel are we?” I didn't think our old Corolla could get up to 88 miles an hour, and it was snowing not raining, but I wasn't all that familiar with the concept of time travel.

“Have you been taking your meds?” The world outside the windows whirled by me. Sometimes a flake of snow would land on the passenger side window for a fraction of a second until it was ripped away by the wind.

“Of course. I always take my meds. It makes you happy.” He was sighing.

“I know, and I'm not mad at you.” The sound of a blinker ticking had me look out the windshield. A left turn. Unprotected left turn. The most dangerous type of turn.

“How long since last slept babe?” Babe was not a good word. Babe was like fine. Babe was a tell word.

“Don't take me there. I'll be good! I'll do anything! I won't test the oven and I won't tell you about the spot and I'll stop hurting myself! Not there, you love me Craig! You can't just leave me there, you promised! You promised last time Craig that I wouldn't have to come back! You are a promise
breaker!” I shouted.

He cleared his throat.

“I promised that we wouldn't have to go back if you didn't hurt yourself. There were at least 20 cuts on your arm.”

“Just 20, that's not that many! It's less than 30!”

“Tweek, that's not helping. If you cut yourself one time that's too many. I thought you were doing so good.”

“I am doing so good! Look see.” I grabbed at him and smiled, my eyes big and wide, my smile causing my neck to flex.

“Tweek.” He sighed.

“You promised that you wouldn't. You promised you wouldn't!” He did. He promised. He is breaking promises as we speak.

“I promised I wouldn't leave you.”

“You made promises! You promised my mom! She'll haunt you if you break your promise you know!” I was trying to open the car door, desperately pulling at the handle. “I hate you! You promised!”

“Tweek, you are having an episode.” He turned the blinker one last time to enter the parking lot.

“I am not having an episode! You are a promise breaker! This is a normal reaction to being lied to!” He put the car into park. “I'm not going! You can't make me go! You promised!”

“Tweek, put your shirt on or I will have the staff come get you.” I stiffened. The staff was mean. The staff grabbed you. The staff tied you down. I hastily unbuckled and grabbed my shirt off of the center console and slipped my arms through the sleeves. I was shaking too much to get the buttons. I started to cry.

“I can't do it. I can't do it Craig. I don't want the staff. I can't do the buttons. Don't call the staff. Don't. Please.” I couldn't stop crying as I kept fumbling with the buttons.

“Tweek, baby,” he leaned over and nimbly buttoned up my shirt, his hand wiping at the tears on my cheeks.

“You promised,” I hiccuped.

“And I am going to visit you every day. I love you. I promised.” He sighed. “Do you want my coat for the walk in?”

“Huh?”

“It's cold. Do you want to wear my coat?” He stepped out of the car and opened my door. He draped his coat, which was much too big for me, onto my shoulders. His offered his arm as I exited the car. I ignored it.

“I don't want to go. You promised.” We were walking towards the door. The air was gone again.

“I promised to take care of you. You have to go. I want you to get well.” I am well. I am well. “The
firm is right down the street so I'll be able to see you every day.”

“I remember where we are.” I gasped. The automatic sliding glass doors opened and startled me. I jumped back. Craig put his hand on my shoulder, pushing me forward.

We walked towards a singular woman locked in a glass cage surrounded by paperwork. She had glasses on a chain stuck in her salt and pepper hair. I tried to breathe. Craig wrote my name down on a list.

“Fill out these forms.” She slid a handful of forms across the counter through a small glassless window. Craig took the clipboard and started filling them out as we walked towards two chairs close to the cage. A few minutes of Craig scratching a pen onto paper. I was checking the floor for air stealing sinkholes. The air felt thin.

“Tweek Tweak? You better not be playing a prank, it's too early for that.” Called the lady. Her glasses fell onto the bridge of her nose.

“It's a prank, he's being mean to me! I don't want to be here. He promised!” The lady looked less than amused.

“No ma'am,” Craig sighed. “He needs to be committed.”

“Sir you don't have the authority to commit him. If he's not a danger to himself or others, as an adult, he needs someone with power of attorney. You can set up power of attorney through the court system” She sounded like a robot. Maybe all the staff were robots. Maybe they were cyborgs harvesting human body parts to replenish their bodies. I yelped.

“Look lady, I know, I have legal guardianship.” He shuffled around his wallet and pulled out a piece of paper and showed the woman. She motioned for us to walk back through locked doors.

“You promised, Craig. You promised and now I am here. You promised.”
The room had a patch of tile that was too dark. The whole floor was an off white color and one, singular tile near the middle of the room was eggshell. Just one tile that was off. Craig said he would tell the next nurse that came into our room. I didn't think he would. He had already ask that they get a rush on an IV bag.

“Tweek, who do you want to stay with you my dad or Clyde?” My eyes grew wide. I pulled a bit at the port that was in my arm, I wanted to pull it out. Craig grabbed my hand and there was some pseudo hand-holding, that was really just a power struggle.

A nurse came in with a clear plastic bag, never making eye contact. I wanted to yell at her, maybe rip off my gown. Anything to make that nurse have to confront me. She added the drug line to the port as Craig continued to hold my hand.

“It's okay Tweek, it's just gonna make you sleepy. It's just Ativan, no one is poisoning you.” He whispered. The nurse scuttled out leaving the drug bag dripping into my arm.

It took a moment for the drugs to work, but Craig ran his free hand through my messy blonde hair, which made me exhale a breathe I didn't realize I was holding.

“I want you to stay.” Craig brought me here, he should be the one who deals with the fall out of his treachery. He let out a sigh and picked up his phone again.

“I can maybe see if Token is in town, but no promises. It's five o'clock on a Thursday morning, I have to be at work by seven. I can't take anymore time off, not with the proposal that's due.” Oh yes, the proposal, there is always a proposal that means he can't be with me.

“I don't want them. I want you. Mom always stayed with me.” I pouted. The tite was still there, ruining the whole room. Not that there was that much to salvage with teddy bears on rocking horses as a wallpaper border.

“Jesus, Tweek. That's obviously not an option. It's been five years. She can't be here.”

“Have you really had to put up with me for five years?” The drugs were working. Three minutes into an drip and I was already losing my filter.

“Tweek I love you. You know that right?” He sighed.

“Are you only doing this because my parents asked you to?” I tried to pull him hand away from his. He persisted in his iron grip.

“What? Of course not. Do you actually think that? That we'd live together at age twenty-seven because your Dad asked me to take care of you at thirteen?” His phone buzzed. I could see the alert.
Clyde: Dude, no offense but that's not how I want to spend my morning. Last time he wouldn't stop talking about how trees are sentient and out for revenge.

Craig realized I could read it. Craig placed his phone on the table, screen side down. I want to imagine that he'd text back “that's your friend fuckface, and he puts up with you even though you're super germy and gross. This is the same friend who drove your drunk ass home at 18, and stayed up with you at 20 when Bebe dumped you for the tenth time.” Craig probably will not respond.

“Well my Dad is a better choice anyway. Clyde is kind of awful.” Craig hummed, trying not to look at me.

“Are you only staying because my parent's asked? It's not like people organically like me Craig.” I snorted. “Did they pay you? My parents sending you hush money to care for their ill son so they get a break?”

“Honey, I think you should go to sleep.” He tapped on his phone, letting go of my hand. A few minutes passed as I fought the urge to rip out the IV and pull the eggshell tile out of the ground.

“So they are paying you.” I accidentally said out loud.

“Tweek, they are dead. Dead people don't send money.”

“They died? How did they die?” I felt the corners of my eyes get a little bit blurry.

“I want my mom.” I yawned. “I shouldn't be here.” I held my arms up examining them in my pale blue gown. I saw the angry red lines and let out a small oh.

“I'll be right back. Three minutes tops.” He wasn't lying. I watched an old black and white circle clock to the right of the door for about two minutes until Craig and Mr. Tucker came into the room.

“Dad thanks for this.” Thanks Dad for taking on this terrible burden that is my long term boyfriend who isn't capable of handling his third inpatient intake in a year alone.

“This isn't a bird!” I shouted.

“No babe, no it isn't.” Craig leaned over my bed and placed his forehead against mine. He rested it there for a minute letting his wool cap tickle my eyebrows. I let out a small giggle. He rubbed his nose back and forth against mine.

“Can I kiss you?” Germs, germs, germs. I looked up at him frightened. Reading his face he looked so hopeful. I was going to either crush his hope or catch a life threatening disease and end humanity
through a virus mutation. I couldn't decide which was worse.

“I want you to but the world could end Craig.” I hear Mr. Tucker scoff. He should be grateful for my dedication of keeping the world safe.

“Just kiss him son, he's your boyfriend.” Yes just kill all of humanity off Craig, why not, your dad thinks it a good idea. Craig straightened up and stepped away from the bed.

“It doesn't work like that. We've been over this.”

“You coddle him. He's like this because you coddle him.”

“He's like this because you didn't stop his parents from feeding him meth!” Craig spat.

“You knew?” I turned to Mr. Tucker. “You knew that my parents gave me that and let them keep doing it?”

“What did you want me to do kid? I made sure Craig and Tricia didn't drink or eat at Tweek Bros, I can't police the neighborhood. I'm only one father, not even yours.”

“Please don't leave me with him, he doesn't like me Craig.” I pleaded Craig turned to look at us from the doorway.

“I like you just fine, I just think you're a bit of a drama queen is all. You can be queer without being such a powder puff about everything. Craig isn't a sniffing sissy and he likes dicks as much as you do.” Dick is a bad word. I can't talk with that word. I press my thumbnails into pointer fingers, hoping I don't get in trouble. Dick is a bad word.

“Stop! I asked you to come to help with my sick boyfriend, not for you to cause another mental breakdown.” Craig takes another step away. “Please sweetheart, it'll be okay I come see you this evening when visitation happens. I love you.”

“I love you too.” I squeak out through shutdown mode just in case this is the last time I get to see him because he dies in a freak accident on the road. And the cause of the accident was Craig was tired because he slept sitting up on a couch with his crazy boyfriend instead of resting like all the other good engineers. I let out a small yelp and opened my eyes to see that Craig was gone.

“Need something?” Asked Mr. Tucker.

Seeing as for you to go away is not an appropriate answer, no.

“You've sure got a smart mouth for such a nutcase.” Whoops it appears that I said that last line out loud. “The McCormick boy isn't like this and I'm sure he was around meth at least as much as you were.”

I wanted to say that the McCormick boy was almost a felon but Kyle's Dad liked him enough to represent him for free. Grand Theft Auto charges were filed as a misdemeanor and he got off with 18 months probation for stealing one of the Black's cars. I didn't say that though.

I also held back that working with me at Tweek Bros is hardly an accomplishment. Token who runs the shop as part of a trust. Heidi is the manager but Token the fledgling lawyer handles all the hard stuff. I don't even make the coffee anymore, I mostly just sort things out in the back as Heidi says I'm doing a good job.

I feel my eyes grow heavy with the effects of the Ativan. I hear Mr. Tucker shift his weight on the
“Look boy, I'm sorry for being such a hardass, but you're well into adulthood. You should have this figured out by now. Craig dragging you to the ER shouldn't be a regular event. What even happened to your arm there?” He grabbed at me, jolting me out of my medicated trance. He twisted my arm so he could see the injuries. He frowned.

“You did that to yourself?” He was loud. So, so loud. And I was afraid. I nodded a little bit. He let out an annoyed huff. I tried to pull my arm away from him but his grip was too firm. I felt my eyes well up with tears. I looked away from Mr. Tucker, at the eggshell tile, still trying to pull my arm back.

“You have another visitor.” The nurse who didn't care said. “Craig,” she sounded like she was asking a question, “said to send the other visitor home and that he'd have a pizza delivered tonight for your trouble.” She was obviously reading off of a note.

“Well who’s here?” Mr. Tucker let go of my arm and started to walk towards the door.

“A Mr. McCormick.” The nurse clipped out, stepping back into the hallway. Kenny walked into the room, exchanging pleasantries as they passed. Mr. Tucker didn't even say goodbye.

“Craig told me to get here as fast as I could. Heidi let me have the morning off.” I smiled at Kenny.

“How are you feeling?” He was somewhat used to this situation. We worked together and I wasn't always a picture of health in the stockroom.

“Like Craig is a liar.” I furrowed my brow and took a breath. “And tired.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” I shrugged at Kenny.

“I cried into the oven because it was wrong, then Craig drooled, then I fell, there was a sinkhole, and then I was being driven away from the sinkhole, then to the hospital, then Craig left me with his Dad who hates me because Clyde who hates me didn't want to come.” I paused taking a breathe. “They gave me good drugs though.”

“I bet they did buddy.” He laughed. Kenny was the only person on the face of the earth that called me buddy and meant it. Kenny in his ratty jeans and short sleeve shirt in the winter cold. His blonde hair mess, but not in a freakish was like mine, but a tousled intentional look.

“I'm tired,” I said again. “And scared,” I added much softer.

“We going to sleep would fix half of your problems.”
First thing I woke up to was Butters. Butters was chatting with Kenny in front of a big door. My bed was moving. I coughed hoping to let the them know I was awake.

“Good morning Tweek.”

Butters was always so cheerful. He looked at me and smiled. I hoped Butter's wasn't my nurse on unit, and then I felt guilty. He was always nice to me. Butters never let anything truly bad happen to me, except for Saphris. He let the doctors give me Saphris and watched me with pitying eyes as the paper turned into a gummy paste under my tongue. I wasn't allowed to have water after take it for like 30 minutes. So for 30 minutes I had to deal with this gross taste in my mouth, contaminating my cheeks and teeth, then it was time for bed and I had to lay in a room with a stranger wondering if I could ask for water or not.

That was two times ago though. I had only taken Saphris for a month. Craig said it didn't work. Craig said it made it worse. Craig told the staff the next time that the Saphris made me willing to eat only purple colored food. I remember him being afraid. And eggplant. One time he tried to make me purple eggs but he used food coloring which could have caused my kidneys and liver to fail on the spot. I think he drove me back to the hospital after that. I was crying. I thought he wanted to kill me.

I had forgotten to say good morning back to Butters.

“I'll see you at work Tweek. Get well soon.” Kenny waved off as he walked away from the doors. He held his hand shaped like a phone to his ear and mouthed call me and made a kiss face.

“I don't want to call you Kenny, I'll see you at work.” I huffed. “Also kissing is dangerous, we could all die. Manslaughter is a felony!” Butters blushed. Kenny smiled, letting out a small chuckle, and continued walking away.

“Let's get you settled huh? Do you want to walk into the unit?”

Butters knew I wanted to walk into the unit. Riding was dangerous, he knew that. Riding could mean that he lost control of the hospital bed. If he lost control of the hospital bed I could go sliding into another patient, or a staff member, and they could lose leg function. They would be confined to a wheelchair all because I was too lazy to walk into the unit. They’d remember me. Remember that I hurt them and they would be mad.

I tried to sit up and realized that my arms were strapped to the bed. I stifled a scream.

“Oh Tweek, you know that's protocol when you fall asleep. Sometimes you get a bit, ahem, violent if you wake up in a strange place.” He worked to undo the cloth as I tried to even out my breathing. Breathe in one two three four five, hold one two three four five, exhale one two three four five six.

“Good job practicing your breathing buddy.” His buddy was patronizing. He and I weren't buddies. He didn't even talk to me after we graduated. He only talks to me when I'm in the hospital. I only ever see him when I'm in the hospital, except for when he gets coffee. He doesn't even ask if I'm there in the back. We are not friends. It is his job to be nice to me.

“Look all done. You can get out of the bed now.” I swung my legs over the side of the bed, the side away from Butters. He had to walk all the way around the bed to stand next to me. He placed an hand on my shoulder.
“Don't touch. I didn't say you could touch me.” I banged into the bed trying to get away from him and his germ ridden hand. Who knows where the hand has been. Butters had hamsters as a kid. Hamsters are filthy. Rodents. I disliked them. They spread disease. At least Stripe was clean.

The door buzzed open and he stepped away from me two whole steps. Two steps didn't feel like enough to I was still a little bit tried from the IV that was not poison. I reminded myself that Craig said it wasn't poison, and Craig doesn't lie.

Craig does lie, he broke our promise.

I took a deep breathe as I stepped through the door. Butters left the bed outside for the time being. If there was a fire it'd be a block from us evacuating. Everyone would know it was my bed that blocked us from escaping and as we burned to death they would be mad at me. The last thing I would feel would be everyone's collective hate towards me. It seemed fitting.

The doors shut on their own and there was a metallic shuffle, meaning that it was locked and that I would not be able to unlock it. Butters explained to me last time that the doors were always locked if the door was shut. It was automatic. No one could break in because the door was always locked.

The unit was small. It wasn't like the one in Denver. If I had to go to Denver I had to stay there for a long time. Hell's Pass only ever kept me for a week. Crisis stabilization they called it. I wasn't in a crisis so I didn't understand why I was here. Sometimes Denver came and got me from South Park. I rode in an ambulance but if I was good they didn't make me lay down, and they never turned on the sirens.

Craig couldn't visit as much in Denver. It was two hours each way. He had to take afternoons off to come see me, but he said it was worth it. If Craig kept his promise this time, he'd have dinner with me every night I was here.

South Park had five beds, and two patient rooms. There were usually one nurse on staff and one aid. I didn't see the aide. I hoped it was Liane, not Tricia today. Not that Tricia Tucker was mean. She just knew too much.

Kevin Stoley and Henrietta Biggle from school worked at night. They were both nurses. There was no aid at night. Night was for sleeping here.

“Tricia can you get Tweek's intake? Then to the nurses station.”

“Tweek?” She questioned. I looked down at the ground, taking a small step back towards the doors. I bumped into them but they were locked. I forgot about intake. Intake was terrible. It was like a dog show, with someone writing down your information and making small noises as they stared at you while naked. Terrible.

“Come on now,” urged Butters. “Just down the hall, you know where it is. The one with the open door.” My feet seemed to carry me against my will as Butters put his hand out. I didn't want him to touch me.

“Tweek, it's nice to see you. It's been a long time.” Tricia had her orange hair pulled back and her scrubs were blue. The whole Tucker family seemed to like blue.

“I saw you three weeks ago. You got coffee and I was restocking the front and I waved. You waved back. I think you smiled too. Unless it was an imposter.”

“No, it was me. I mean it's been a long time since you've been here.”
“Craig promised. Then he broke it.” She glanced me up and down, eyes resting on my arm.

“It looks like you broke some promises too.” I folded my arms over myself, the stupid port bumping into my chest.

“Can we take this out? Please, I'm not going to cause a scene. Shots work just as well anyway. This could cause air to get into my blood and I could get an air embolism.” I waved my left arm around, the port flopping back and forth.

She looked at her paperwork and then looked up at me. Her mouth was in a tight line.

“Butters has to do it. You have to let Butters touch you to get it removed, or wait for Dr. Broflovski to remove it. I'm not allowed to I'm just an aide.”

“You'd make a good nurse though.” I hummed. She smiled at me.

“Thank you Tweek.” She picked up a pen and let out a sigh. “You have to disrobe. I know this is terrible. I also think it's terrible that I have to see my brother's boyfriend naked. I'm sure Craig agrees.”

“Craig doesn't see me naked anymore.” Tricia turned red. She looked downward and lightly shook her head.

“Great to know. Love to know my brother's sex life or lack there of.” Her voice was flat but that's how her voice always sounded.

“We last had sex when I was twenty three, we went to the museum in Denver. I think it was Token's birthday. We were in a hotel, I was afraid the sheets were dirty but Craig said it was fine.” I didn't remember sex being an intake question last time but maybe it changed.

“Please stop. Please.” Her face was still turned towards the ground, her eyes squeezed shut. “Just take the gown off. I need to make note of any injuries, scars, or tattoos, and then you can get some scrubs on. I'll clean up any wounds you have if they need it.” She got up and shut the door.

I shrugged off the gown and stood there humiliated as she drew on a picture of a little person in different color pens. Red was for injuries, blue was for scars, and black was for tattoos. My page had no black on it. Needles can carry diseases if not disinfected properly and how could you trust a stranger who draws on people for a living to take on that sort of responsibility.

“Turn please.”

“Your dad waited with me for a little bit.” It just came out. I wanted to forget that Mr. Tucker existed. The sound of pen on paper stopped for a moment.

“Was that okay?” She asked hesitantly.

“He called me a sissy, a drama queen, and a nutcase. He told Craig that he should just make a super bug by kissing me just because he wanted to kiss me, like I don't want to kiss Craig but the fate of humanity is a lot to handle. He says Craig coddles me.”

“Oh, I'm sorry. Hopefully this is the last time.” She always said that. That this would be the last hospitalization and the last time that I had to be alone with Mr. Tucker.
I left out the meth part. Tricia didn't know about the meth. Only a few people, or I thought, knew that my parents gave me drugs. Maybe all the adults always knew and didn't care.

“Hopefully” I said hoping I could put some clothes on. She stood up and handed me a pair of green scrubs in a size small. They hung down too low around my waist but they weren't allowed to have a drawstring. The short sleeves left my arms exposed.

“Do you want me to take care of that at the nurses station or in your room?”

“Do I have a roommate?”

“Randy.” She let a puff of air out through her nose. Randy was a troublemaker and was in here regularly for alcohol detox. The police would drop him off and Stan or Shelly would come and get him five days later. No one ever visited Randy.

“Anywhere but with Randy.” She snorted.

“Alright, you know where it is.” I did know where it is. I had been here at least twenty times since I was fifteen. Tricia had only worked here for three years. I had been here at least ten times since then.

I shuffled in grippy socks down the hallway, my hand gripping the waist of my pants so they didn't fall off. She let out a chuckle, a nice one, not mean, Tricia was never really mean.

“Craig will be here tonight with clothes you can wear I'm sure. Sorry about the pants.”

“I know. He said we'd have dinner together. He said he'd come every day to visit because he works close.” I smiled. It'd only be about 10 hours until I'd see Craig again. Visitation was from six to eight, and the digital clock above the nurses station said it was 8:05.

“He would come if he worked on the moon.” Her ponytail bobbed as she walked through the half door to get supplies.

“I don't think the moon is a real thing. That was made up so they could control us. No one works on the moon.” I heard her sigh.

“Okay.” Okay was Tricia's tell word. Everyone has a tell word. Okay means that Tricia does not like the conversation and you should stop immediately.

“How's Laura?” I asked as she took a cotton ball dabbed in peroxide to my arm. My arm was bubbling and foaming, little white mountain ranges growing and collapsing.

“Mom's good. She misses having you two over for dinner. We should have a get together soon.” I smiled. I liked Laura. Laura was a good mom. Laura did not think I was a sissy, a drama queen, or a nutcase. Not that I knew of. I think everyone thinks it a little bit, but they usually don't say it out loud. Just Mr. Tucker, and Randy. But Mr. Tucker is just a sober Randy so there's not much difference.

It was quite as she put bandaids on my arm, then slipped my right arm through a white sleeve. I huffed. She placed my right arm down and repeated on the other arm.

“Do I have to wear these? Really?” I looked down, the white was too bright. It hurt my eyes.

“Until Craig can bring you some long sleeve shirts you do.” She didn't stop putting on the white sleeve.
“These feel funny. I feel like a snake is eating my arms.” She clicked her tongue as she looked at the paperwork. She called out for Butters. Butters strolled down the hallways with his ever present smile. Butters walked through the nurses station thanking Tricia as she exited the room.

“Let's see what medicine you're taking, how does that sound?” He was so chipper, like life was great and I wasn't held against my will in a mental hospital for stabilization.

“I don't know. Craig takes care of that.” I looked down at my red socks. They were too dark to be red but not dark enough to be burgundy. It's like the hospital couldn't afford real colors.

“Dr. Broflovski changed them when he was told that you're here again. He talked with Craig on the phone.” Craig must have hated that. Craig hates Dr. Broflovski, Dr. Broflovski's stupid wife, and his stupid best friend Stan. Craig says they probably all live in a house together so they can have orgies. I don't really see Wendy as a participant in these things, but what do I know. I think it's just Wendy being a beard for Dr. Broflovski and Stan to be in love.

There is no one in the whole world that Craig hates more than Stan. Maybe my dad but probably not. My dad didn't steal 100 dollars from him and get him shipped off to Peru. My dad was just a bad person.

“Looks like Prozac and Haldol right now.” I huffed and took the tiny paper cup from Butter's hand, then slammed a cup of water, swallowing the pills. I took a step away from the nurses station and Butter's cleared his throat.


“Stop, stop or I'll have to take you to seclusion. Tweek. Tweek!” He was shouting. Again. Again. Again. I heard a door unlock. Again. Again. I heard steps coming my way.

“I'm going to touch you.” Tricia grabbed me.

“It's okay. Craig is okay. The world is okay.” I relaxed a bit into Tricia's grip. “You're alright, stop banging your head.” I did. I felt another arm on my shoulder, then tensed. “Butters, no.” She shoed
him away from me as she stood me up.

“You know that we're supposed to both take him in there. He could hurt you.” Her feet kept going
towards the room at the end of the hall.

“Just get the Ativan shot ready okay, so he can just go to sleep. That's protocol.” I heard Butter's
huff. Tricia's shoes were black. They were slip on, no laces.

I was sat on a soft floor. I knew this room, I was here a lot. I folded over myself like a crumbled
napkin and rested my head on the floor. I started to cry. Ugly cry, loud heavy sobs.

“Do you want me to rub your back? My hands are clean.” She sounded like Craig. Craig asked those
kinds of questions. I nodded into the ground while sobbing, trying to make myself quieter.

“Oh great, Tweek is here. So glad I get him as my roommate again.” Randy slurred his words a little

“Well Randy if you didn't get so drunk you fell asleep in the alley behind Skeeters by the dumpsters
you wouldn't even be here. You're lucky that Sgt Yates brought you here and not jail. We can deny
you next time.” Tricia didn't like Randy.

“Whatever, Tricia, I'm old enough to be your dad, you should respect me. There's no respect
anymore, that's what's wrong with kids today. No respect.” His footfall sounded uneven, like he was
staggering.

“Son of a bitch,” she mumbled. My crying had quieted. I heard Butters telling Randy to get to his
room, please sir. Tricia's nails felt nice on my back through the scrubs. Nice even pressure, up and
down. “Butter's is here okay. I'm going to move your pants down so he can give you a shot. It's just
Ativan. It's just so you can rest.”

“Yes,” I choked out between sobs. “Hamsters are gross though. Don't let him touch me.”

“Huh?” I could hear Butter's voice. He cleared his throat as I felt Tricia shift me. Her nails stopped
for a minute as I felt air exposed on my back.

“Do you want me to keep rubbing your back?” I made a noise that I hoped she understood was the
affirmative. Her hand went back as I felt a cold pinch. I felt something be injected and lowered a bit
more onto the ground.

“You can't just break the rules because it's your brother's boyfriend.”

“Fuck off Butters. He's not a danger to us and you damn well know it.”

“He put his father in the hospital when he was seventeen. He's lucky the finger could be reattached.”

“Mr. Tweek is currently in jail and got what he deserved.” She shifted a bit. “He's still awake so you
better shut it.” I heard Butter's shoes, heavier that Tricia's, as he walked away. Tricia stayed by me,
hand on my back.

“I'll make sure you get some food when you get up, okay? Craig will be here at six. Craig will be
here at six. Shh. It's okay. It'll be six before you know it.” She took the white sleeves off of my arm
and rubbed my back as I cried. She didn't leave until I feel asleep.
The floor was soft. I looked up to see a fluorescent light bulb, uncovered, burning bright. The ceiling was eggshell. The walls were green. The floor was green. There were no windows. I was laying down face first. There was only one window, and it let in more fake light from the hallway.

I sat up, the floor giving underneath my hands as I tried to stand up. The window was a door, and the window part was above my view. I stood up, wobbling, and threw myself against the door once.

“Let me out!” I screamed. “I'm fine! Please let me out!” I didn't bang the door again. I counted to one, two, three, four, five, and screamed again. “Tricia! Butters!” A crinkling sound came from the ceiling.

“Tweek, this is Dr. Broflovski.” Dr. Broflovski was in the ceiling. He was trapped in the ceiling of this green room.

“Do you need help? I can probably help get you down.” I jumped with my hands up, trying to graze my fingertips on the cheap tiling that was held up by a metal grid.

“Grant me strength,” the voice crackled. “I'm on an intercom. A speaker. Do you understand?” I stopped jumping and scrunched my face up. I looked closer at the ceiling and saw a tile that had a speaker.

“I'm not stupid. I know what a speaker is.” I folded my arms and sat back down. I saw a small camera in the corner of the room. It was painted green. So much green. I scuttled to directly beneath the camera. Dr. Broflovski didn't need to see me, and what if it was a spy camera and it was being fed out of the hospital to a top secret surveillance team that was tracking me? What if the team was just waiting for a chance to take me out? It could be the Koreans, or maybe it was the Japanese girls mad that I don't kiss Craig anymore. I put my head on my forearms as I shrieked.

“Tweek, I need you to get back into the sight of the camera.”

“No, they're watching me. They are looking for weakness!” I said too loudly and too quickly.

“Just let me go get him.” It was Tricia.

“No, we talked about this. He's in the room because he was presenting as a danger. He has to calm down before we can remove him.” There was a scoff from Tricia.

“I am your boss Tricia.” Kyle sighed.

“I know infinitely more about him that you do. You've only been his doctor for six months. I've been his boyfriend's sister since I was seven. He will not calm down with that camera.”

“I won't.” I peeped, still directly underneath it. “Cameras are bad.”

“Fuck, how do you turn this thing off?”

“You're my boss. You should know, sir.”

“This is insubordination.” I let out a laugh.
“Can I please come out?” I asked as calmly as I could being trapped in a box. “I'm not going to hurt anyone. I promise.”

“Are you sure you've calmed down?”

I shifted. “I don't think I know how to calm down.”

“Fine, Tricia go get him. Tweek if you hurt her you're going to Denver, you understand?”

“Yes Doctor.” I stared at my hands for a minute, picking at a cuticle on my thumb, drawing the tiniest bit of blood. A lock popped and the door creaked open.

“Tweek,” she paused as we made eye contact. “It's Tricia.” I let my hands fall into my lap.

“I can still see after a panic attack. Strangest thing.” She smirked at me, stepping into the room without hesitation. She held out her hand to pull me up. I shook my head and struggled to my feet. My head hurt a little bit.

“You wouldn't stop banging your head on the wall.” She was looking to the left of me, not at me. I was making her sad. I made people sad.

“Sorry.”

“Hush, it's fine. Craig texted me that he's on his way up here. You have to meet with Dr. Barflovski first.” We both giggled.

“I can still hear you two,” the voice in the ceiling boomed. That was certainly a breach of privacy. “We will be having an individual session and then a dual session with Craig.” I gulped. I hated dual sessions. Craig cried one time. I hated to make Craig cry.

I was whisked down the hall to Dr. Broflovski's office. Tricia didn't touch me. Tricia always knew what to do. Tricia was trustworthy.

“Have a seat.” He pointed to the two plush blue chairs in front of his desk. I stood in front of him for a moment, glancing between the two. “Which ever chair you want.”

How was I supposed to know what chair I wanted? What if this was a test and picking the wrong chair caused a button to be pressed that released killer bees into the room? I didn't want to be attacked. Killer bees would surely kill the two off us and then Craig would probably get in a fight with Stan over whose fault it was we died.

I hate it when Craig fights.

“Either chair. They are the same. We have been over this.” He let out a sigh. We had indeed been over this.

I stood still.

“Let's go with the chair on the left. I pick the left chair Tweek, have a seat.” Apparently me making choices and handling their outcomes was important. It was stressed in his teachings. Exposure or some nonsense.

I sunk into the seat looking anywhere but at him. I looked at the pictures behind him. A few fancy degrees, a lone picture of Wendy, and half a dozen of Kyle and Stan on some bullshit adventure. They could cause the end of the world and not even think twice.
“Tweek want to tell me why you're here today? Craig seems to think you are suicidal.”

“What? No! Of course I'm not. I was just testing the oven but it was wrong. He stayed up with me and feel asleap on the couch and he drooled and there were so many germs. Then a hole tried to swallow us all but Craig drove me here. He promised I wouldn't have to come back. You said I wouldn't. But I am here. Is this some kind of conspiracy? Is this a bunch of imposters instead of the real staff? What if this isn't the real hospital at all? Oh Jesus! I bet the aliens want my organs!” He tsked and hummed as I rambled.

“Tweek,” he interrupted. “How long has the paranoia been like this?”

“What?”

“How long have you been thinking there are imposters?” I sat completely still for a minute, trying to think back to when these thoughts came back.

“Uh, a month ago Clyde came into the shop and I heard him order a Chia Tea Latte. Clyde doesn't like tea or lattes. It couldn't have been Clyde.” My eyes were on the expensive dark wood of his desk. He had a Newton's Cradle that I wanted to play with, but I knew better than to touch his things.

“Is that when you started, um,” he paused starring at my arms.

“Filleting my arms?” He took in a quick breathe then let his jaw hang slack. “That's what Dr. Garrison always called it,” I tacked on to the end.

“Will I ever be done undoing the work of Mr. Garrison?” He was picking the lint off of his sweater. It was a strange peachy color. I don't think there was any lint on it to be honest.

“He was my doctor for ten years. I don't know why I can't see him anymore.”

“Garrison didn't actually have a degree or any legal claim to the title. He's facing a lot of malpractice suites currently.” The sweater looked particularly bad on him the more I looked. His red hair was not a complementing shade for peach. Not much really complemented the mess that was his hair. “We've been over this.”

“Oh.” I shifted in the giant seat.

“So you're not suicidal?” He was flipping through some paperwork.

“No. It's a misunderstanding.” A knock on the door.

“Craig is here to meet with you.” It was Butters ever cheerful voice.

“Butters thinks I'm going to bite his finger off.” It just came rushing out of me. I pulled my hands up to my mouth as Dr. Broflovski raised an eyebrow.

“Come in, both of you.”

Craig quickly walked into the room and his face lit up when he saw me, even wearing these too big scrubs. “Tweek, can I hug you?”

I took a breath, nodding. I tried to steady myself for the assault on my senses that was coming. He wrapped himself around me as I was seated in the chair, his hands touching each other behind my back. I took another breath. He was too close. Another breath. I felt trapped. Breath. He let go.
“Sorry babe, I just missed you is all.” He smiled, water welling up in his eyes. I lifted my head a bit so we could make eye contact. He immediately frowned.

“What the fuck happened to his face? He's got a huge knot on his forehead. Your job is to keep him safe not allow this to happen.” Craig wasn't yelling. He was mad though. His breath came out in a hissing noise as he stared down Dr. Broflovski.

“Butters witnessed the incident.” Even in adulthood he was willing to throw Butters under the bus. Their whole group would turn on anyone for their slightest advantage.

“Uh, sir, Craig, he just panicked. I checked to make sure he took his meds and he just starting freaking out.” I tensed remembering that Butters could have a super virus from my germs meeting his germs. There would be no antibodies. I yelped.

“Tweek care to elaborate?” Dr. Broflovski loves elaboration. He would have been a decent English teacher. It's an annoying trait for a psychiatrist though.

“Not really.”

“Tweek, please honey, just let us know what's wrong.” Craig sounded so gentle, like he was talking a cat down from a tree.

“My germs could have given Butters a super bug and I breathed on him on purpose.” Butters laughed. I watched as Craig shot him a look. The look said we are not much older than high school when I shoved your ass into a second floor locker for calling my boyfriend a freak.

“Dr. Broflovski he's been like this for a month and a half. I can't even kiss him. It's germs this, germs that.” Has it really been a month and a half since I kissed my boyfriend?

“Please call me Kyle.”

“Dr. Broflovski,” Craig said through gritted teeth. The muscles in neck were tensing.

“Okay, it's likely that the old anti-psychotic lost potency is all. I put him back on Haldol, which may decrease his lucidity but will stop the concern.” I heard Craig sigh.

“Is that really the only choice? Have Tweek be a zombie or have Tweek be afraid of everything?” Kyle clucked his tongue as he leafed through paperwork. Craig let out a huff. I think they forgot I was here.

“It is for the moment Craig. We have to stop hemorrhaging before we can do any other sort of triage. Let's talk about his schedule. What does he do during the day?” Watch bad TV, do the dishes, look at birds outside the window, occasionally text Token or Bebe, and wait for Craig to come home.

“He works two days a week when he is well enough to go. He hasn't been this past week. When he doesn't he stays at home alone.” Craig was looking at his feet, he looked guilty. I wanted to scream that it wasn't his fault that I was alone. I didn't though, I just stared at my feet too.

“I think he needs more social interaction, maybe a supervisor during the day.” I scoffed.

“A babysitter,” I blurted out, not looking up.

“No, this would be a more therapeutic approach.” Kyle softly corrected. “Maybe Tricia, he's taking quite a liking to her.” Even though I had spoken I still wasn't here for their conversation.
“Have her stay with him all day? What if she won't? She has a job, she's taking classes to be a nurse. Tweek doesn't do well with strangers, we all know that. He's never done well with strangers. I can't just hire someone from an agency.”

“Call Tricia in,” Dr. Broflovski talked into his big corded phone. It was eggshell, like all terrible things in the world. “We could ask her first. Would you be willing to have her do it?”

“If you think it's going to make Tweek better I'd do anything.” His face was turning red.

“There is also a therapist in Denver I want him to see. He might help him work through some, ahem, baggage.” His eyes shifted back and forth between the two of us as he said baggage.

“We both know that he won't go into a room with a strange man alone.”

“I'm well aware. And I'm sure we all agree that Mr. Cartman's practice here in town is not a good fit for him.” I shuddered.

“The idea of a board letting Cartman practice therapy makes me want to vomit.” Craig rolled his eyes looking at Kyle.

Kyle let out a small laugh. “Oh me too. No one should get advice from someone who killed a kids parents and made them into chili. Not the person to preach emotional stability.” And as they ripped on Cartman, the stuffiness in the room started to evaporate.

“Do you really think that he'll be able to help Kyle?”

“You remember Jimmy right? He's only been practicing for a few months but it'll probably do Tweek some good to see someone. At least until he's comfortable enough with strangers so he'll talk with a child abuse specialist about his father.” I let out a whimper.

“He won't talk about it. We all know he won't talk about it. Nothing you could ever do will make him talk about Richard. They couldn't even get him to testify in court.” I pulled my feet onto Dr. Broflovski's nice chair. I put my hands over my ears trying to block out the discussion.

“Craig he seems to be becoming distressed.” Remember to breathe. I wiggled my toes in their not red socks.

“His father used him as a drug mule, of course he's becoming distressed.” I heard the muffled sound of the door creaking open. “Last time I tried to have sex with he said, 'No Dad I don't like it.' And he wasn't trying to be sexy. He was terrified.” I started to cry. This was not a topic that was supposed to be talked about.

“I understand your concern Craig. I don't think this is the correct time for this conversation.”

“Then when? When do I have the conversation about getting my boyfriend proper care? He needs help that you can't give him.” He sounded mad, he was shouting. I burrowed into my legs, ears still covered, and tried to keep my crying quiet.

“Tricia, we need to speak to you. How would you like a promotion?”

“If this is a prank then fuck you.”

“Glad to see you're just as cheery as your brother.”

“Fuck you Kyle.” Craig was loud. Craig was mad.
“Would you like to provide therapeutic oversight to Tweek during the day while Craig works? I'm concerned with the amount of time that Tweek is currently spending alone.” I rocked myself back and forth gently.

“Do I ever have to see Butter's face again?” Craig laughed.

“Not at work. You'd be driving Tweek to and from Denver twice a week though. And once a week to a group therapy.” I kept my face hidden. I didn't want to go in a car to Denver. Denver is a long way away.

“Look we're desperate,” Craig choked out. “I will pay you whatever you make here. Hell, you can have free room and board. I know you hate living with Mom and Dad. You can still go to college, please Tricia. I really need your help. Please. Please. Tweek needs help and I don't know what to do.” I think Craig was crying. Dual sessions were the worst. I tried to make sure I was quite as I heard Craig sniff loudly.

“Stop crying, please stop.” Tricia pleaded. “I'll do it. I hate it here. I hate Butters, I hate goddamn Randy, and I hate Dr. Barf over here. You're my only brother. I'll do it. I quit Kyle.” I heard her feet moving and I felt someone standing next to me. I let out a small sniffle.

“Do you want me to rub your back again?” It was Tricia's voice in my ear. I nodded after a moment of hesitation.

“Do you want Tweek to see Jimmy Valmer in Denver? He's an adolescent therapist but he might be able to help. We don't really have a lot of options. We can give Jimmy a try or I can have him transferred to the care of a friend who works for a long term residential program in Denver.”

“God, Jimmy, obviously Jimmy. Kyle are you stupid? Of course Jimmy. I'm not sending Tweek away.” Craig roared. Tricia ghosted her hand up and down my back as I held in a hiccup.

“There's a group therapy that meets in town that may be beneficial as well. He doesn't know the therapist but Bebe and Kenny go. He might be able to handle it if not everyone was a stranger.” I felt Craig pat my shoulder. Tricia's hand stopped.

“Do you think you can do that Tweekers?” I sniffled again.

“Uh-huh.” I didn't want to talk with strangers, or Bebe, Kenny and Jimmy. I didn't want a nanny but I didn't want to live in Denver either.

“We're going to keep going with the Haldol so you might be more tired than normal. It's okay to sleep more, it's a normal side effect. I'm going to up the dosage of your Prozac in hopes that it'll combat some of these OCD tendencies you're having with germs.” I nodded into my legs. “I'll also give him a refill of the Xanax to be taken as needed. Try to make sure you give it to him before he's having a panic attack.” I heard Dr. Broflovski click his pen a few times.

“Tweek, are you listening to me?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I really need you to work on having human contact again. At least with Craig, your withdraw has us frightened. I need you to actively fight against the urges you have to be afraid of the germs, okay?”

“Okay.”
“Do you have a diagnose yet Kyle? It's been six months.” I stiffened.

“For insurance purposes he's schizophrenic.” I let out an exhale.

“For other purposes?” Craig sounded annoyed. I didn't look up but I would bet that his arms were crossed.

Kyle clicked his pen and I could hear a file drawer opening, then a shuffle of papers, then a metal clang. “For other purposes it's impossible to make an accurate diagnose without him being able to at least talk about his trauma. It could be schizophrenia, or it could be PTSD presenting with flashbacks, delusions, and hallucinations. I can't tell either way until he will talk with us, to be frank. It could also be a personality disorder paired with other things. I just can't say with the current information.” My stomach growled.

“How long since you last ate sweetheart?” Craig was being gentle. I felt his hand touch my shoulder and I tried not to recoil.

“What time is it?” I whispered into my pants.

“6:30 pm, we've seemed to go over a bit longer than I thought.”

“I had a banana for lunch and two tablespoons of almond butter.” It didn't have to be cooked in the oven.

“Oh for f**ck's sake, how can a hospital fuck up such a basic task Kyle? He's been in the care of Hell's Pass since 5:40 this morning and he hasn't gotten anything to eat in almost thirteen hours? I mean I get that this is South Park but you don't have to go out of your way to be so bad at your jobs.” I heard a drawer open again, and then something was placed upon my knees.

“Here's a granola bar. It's got chocolate chips in it, they're my favorite.” I grabbed the granola bar and put my feet unto the floor. “There was a reason I didn't want him to come back here Craig. I don't think Hell's Pass has the ability to be therapeutic for him. This ward only really functions as a drunk tank, and even that needs some work.”

“What was I supposed to do Kyle? I thought he was going to kill himself while I was at work.” I opened the granola bar and picked out the chocolate chips placing them onto the unfolded wrapper.

“Next time if you think he needs hospitalization take him straight to Denver, or at least to North Park. At least North Park won't actively make him worse.” The granola bar had eight chocolate chips in it. “Is this how Tweek always eats?”

“Yeah since 10th grade.”

“Interesting.” He hummed at a Craig. “I want you to take him home tonight. All that this place does is further traumatize him. Leave him with Tricia in the morning. If she can't be there, leave him with another trusted family friend.”

“Kenny?” I saw Kyle scrunch up his face like he smelled something bad.

“Only if Kenny is sober and there are no better options.”

“I can't leave him with Bebe because she'll teach him how to chew and spit candy, plus she lives with Clyde.” Craig was failing to keep his voice down. “Token has a job he can't get away from. And my parents just can't do it. My dad never helps these things.”
“Oh yes, I do remember the altercations with Thomas,” Dr. Broflovski sighed, his orange hair flopping a bit. “Kenny will be fine I suppose. I'll send you an email with Jimmy's contact information. I explained to him the situation a bit, he's used to power of attorney working with minors, but you may need to go over it a bit. The group therapy meets on Thursdays at the Rec Center. I pulled some strings and got him a spot for next week.”

Craig looked a little bit dumbstruck at all this information. Tricia just stood next to me absorbing all the little details of our lives.

“Go get out of here. Get him something to eat for Pete's Sake.” Kyle made a shooing motion with his hands. “I need to get home to my wife.”

“And not your live in fuck buddy.” Kyle turned red. Tricia let out a giggle.

“Out! I'll see you in a week at my other office.” Kyle shoved a prescription paper into Craig's hands as we walked out.

We walked towards the locked door by the nurses station. Butters was there as Kyle called out to him. “Get Tweek his evening meds so they don't have to wait at the pharmacy on the way home. A PRN as well please.” He shuffled around before handing me two little cups. I swallowed and he leaned over to look at me.

“Do not look into his mouth Butters. We're trying to send him home not into another meltdown.” Butters tried to stammer some sort of response but Kyle shot him a glare.

“Also I quit fuckface.” Tricia flipped Butters off with both hands. “Hire Annie, I heard she wanted a job.” Butters just stood there slackjaw.

“Let us out please. Tweek is free to leave.” Kyle sighed.

“Yes sir, Kyle, right away.” I just wanted to go home. Lay in my bed with Craig next to me playing Candy Crush on his phone as I asked him questions until my meds gave me over to sleep.

Craig grabbed at my hand and I let him hold it as we walked out the door. I tried to ignore the sinking feeling in my gut about his sweaty hand. This is my boyfriend's hand. This hand is subject to different rules and regulations so it is fine to hold this hand. I let out a sigh as he led me to the passenger seat of the car.

“Tricia do you need a ride home?” Craig asked.

“Yeah, your shenanigans with Kyle kept me past the last bus.” Craig unlocked the car and I climbed into my seat in the front, buckling the belt myself. “I'll let Mom and Dad know that I'm going to be staying with you from now on.” I tinkered with the radio to busy my hands. “I'll get an overnight bag so I can be there in the morning. Kenny probably is a bad choice the more I think of it.” I liked Kenny. Kenny was nice to me. I wanted to protest, to speak up for Kenny but my eyes were starting to feel heavy.

“We'll wait in the car. I'd rather not see Dad right fucking now. Mr. Shakey's should have sent him a pizza, I almost had the note read go fuck yourself.” They both laughed. I dozed off for a minute, watching the buildings go by as the sun was setting.

I heard a car door unlock and jolted awake. We were parked in front of the Tucker household. The same house I snuck into late at night as a teenager to watch bad movies and exchange blow jobs. Tricia was walking towards the door.
“I love you Tweek. I’m going to do everything I can to help you get better. I promise.” I gulped at the prospect of another promise broken but nodded anyway.

“I need you to talk to me please, tell me what’s going on in your head for a minute.”

“I used to let you put your thing in my mouth in that bedroom.” I pointed to the room where a big oak branch stopped just inches before hitting the window. Craig stifled a laugh. “I think I was on meth though. Maybe meth makes you horny. I don’t know Craig.” I started to trail off. I was trying to be open like Dr. Broflovski said. I was trying to be present in my own life or whatever semi motivational bullshit he said to me regularly.

I put my hand palm up over the cup holders. Craig looked at me, I was still in these stupid scrubs, and then at my open hand. He slowly made a move to take my hand. His hand made me feel brave. I sucked in air through closed teeth, and held it for a second.

“Dad made me do bad things. I didn't want to do them. I want to do bad things with you. It is confusing.” I hung my head down.

“Oh honey, sweetheart,” his voice cracked, like we were back in middle school again, “what he did was wrong Tweek. Wanting to do those same things with me isn't wrong okay. You aren't doing anything wrong.”

I mumble out, “it feels wrong. I don't want to talk about it anymore. I'm not supposed to talk about it.”

There was a loud bang coming from the back of the car that caused me to jump away. Craig huffed and popped the trunk. As I stared at my socks, unaware as to where my shoes were, or if I brought any, I heard the door open. Tricia climbed into her seat and Craig took off down the road.

Chapter End Notes

So it'll probably get less angsty but also no promises.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Tricia only two squirts of oil! Only two. Three could be enough to start a fire! If you only do one then the eggs could harden onto the pan, making it impossible to get the egg molecules off of the metal, and they could get moldy, and then next time we ate our food could have mold in it! We could die Tricia! Two Squirts! Two!”

I sat at the island across from the stove, as Tricia fumbled through our cabinets. I heard Craig stomping down the stairs, like an oaf, or a giant. Craig was very tall, almost suspiciously tall. I watched Craig grow up though, it's not like he suddenly became 6'3”, that would have been a big red flag for body snatching, obviously. I thought maybe all gay boys grew tall, because Kenny turned out to be over six feet too. But I'm only 5'8” and Butters, who is most definitely gay, even if he still lives with his parents and hasn't told anyone, isn't even 5’5”.

“For fucks sake Trish, do not put pepper in the eggs. Pepper your eggs separately. Goddamn, come on. We don't need a repeat of yesterday.” Craig huffed out. He straighten out his tie.

“Ties are like fashionable nooses.” Craig cringed. “What? It's true. You're putting a noose on and going to work. What if you boss gets mad and pulls it, you could choke! It's too much Craig! Too much!”

“Seems unlikely.”

“Maybe but not impossible.”

“I'll be careful.” He finished smoothing it out on his chest. It was a blue and white striped tie. It looked nice, but still like a death machine.

“Okay, thank you.” I picked at my hands for a minute. “Do you have to go to work? I don't want to see Jimmy without you.”

“Yeah, I've got to go. Tricia will take you up to Denver though. It'll be fine, Jimmy is an old friend.”

“Yeah, don't worry about it Tweek, I'll be there.” She put a plate of eggs in front of me, on a purple plate, because they were complimentary colors.

“But Tricia won't go into the session with me. It's the first time Craig! What if it's not really Jimmy? What if it's a vampire who is impersonating Jimmy and brainwashed Dr. Broflovski into thinking it was him! I don't want to have my blood drained Craig!”

“Seems unlikely.” He was looking for his keys. They were to the left of the fridge but I didn't say anything.

“But Dr. Broflovski is involved! Everything they touch turns to shit and you know it! I had to rescue them from Steven Spielberg with a rocket launcher! A rocket launcher! They sent you to Peru and stole your money! They are not to be trusted!”

“God I fucking hate them.” Craig took a breath as I cut my eggs into four quadrants. “Tweek, it'll be fine. Jimmy is our friend.”
“Jimmy hasn't talked to me since I was seventeen, when everyone else stopped talking to me. Does Jimmy still talk to you?”

“Uh, sometimes Tweek.” He pinched the bridge of his nose as I took a small bite. “Look, he's a children's therapist, he probably has colored pencils, which is like a wooden stake, so if he is a vampire then stab him with one. Fuck I'm late. Have you seen my keys?”

“Fridge.” I said through a mouthful of food, spitting a little bit and some landing on Tricia's plate. Her eyes rolled upwards as she took a paper towel to wipe it off.

The keys jingled as Craig picked them up. “Tricia, use Tweek's car to drive up to Denver. Don't let him chicken out. He has to go to therapy.”

“I'm not fucking stupid Craig.”

“Didn't say you were, I just thought it.” The third day with Tricia and sometimes they fought like this. I think the Tuckers show love to each other through being awful.

“Ugh, fuck off and get the dildo out of your ass.” I blushed as Craig shot Tricia a glare. “You're going to be late.”

“We went over this, don't talk about sex in front of him, for fucks sake.”

“Him is here, just so we all are clear. I'm not invisible am I? God, what if I'm a ghost? I don't want to haunt people!” I shrieked. Ghosthood sounded terrible, watching people as they went about their days moving stuff a little bit to the left or to the right so they were slightly annoyed. What if I wasn't good at it? Could you be fired from being a ghost?

“No, we can see you,” Craig said. “Do you want a kiss goodbye?”

“Did you brush your teeth?”

“I'm not twelve Tweek, I'm an adult.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes I brushed my goddamn teeth. Decide now, I have to go.” I hummed for a second. I did like kissing Craig. He did brush his teeth. I think Craig liked kissing me. I hadn't kissed Craig in a long time.

“One second.”

“What? I'm in a hurry.”

“You can kiss me for one second to minimize chances of exposure! Just one! I'm taking a risk here.”

“Okay, I'm going to kiss you.” He took a step over to my chair. He was smiling.

“No tongue! Do not use your tongue. Minimizing risk.” He leaned in a rested his lips on mine for a moment. I smiled for a moment too. His lips were a little bit wet, but not too wet. He pulled away and I was disappointed. One second really isn't that much time.

“Bye Tweekers, I love you. Have a good day.” A good day at therapy, I huffed. “Take your meds.”

“Don't let your boss strangle you, I love you.” Craig walked out the door.
Y’all are too kind with these reviews. I hope you enjoyed like some lighter fair. Short and sweet.
“Please let me take it with me. Please.” I pleaded.

“I got this for my first communion. It's not a toy.” Tricia scoffed at me.

“It's a silver cross though, I'll know immediately if he's a vampire. We didn't have any garlic Tricia! It's important. You could just go in with me and touch him with it. I don't even have to hold it. Please. I won't talk to him if I don't know not a vampire. It's too much pressure!”

She pulled out her cell phone, it had a touch screen and a forward facing camera. She didn't even have it covered, which was flirting with disaster. She put her thumb to the screen and swiped her fingers like two times and it was ringing. It was amazing, but I'm sure all of that information is stored offshore somewhere waiting for nefarious uses.

“Hello, this is Dr. Broflovski.”

“Doc, Tweek wants me to go into his appointment with Jimmy,” she sighed, rubbing a temple with her free hand, “and touch him with my communion cross to make sure he isn't a vampire.” Dr. Broflovski laughed. I could hear it even though the sound was very muffled, I tried not to pout. “He's being completely serious. He's refusing to talk in the meeting if I don't.”

“I am serious!” I shrieked. “This whole thing is suspicious. Everything is suspicious!”

“Just do it. Explain to Jimmy the situation. Tweek needs to go to therapy.” I did not need to go to therapy.

“But not before, he could ready himself with his vampire powers and this whole thing could be useless.”

“Just do it, for fucks sake. Tweek, I am having a nice lunch with my wife.” I waved my hand to say hello and then realized that Wendy couldn't see me.

“Hi Wendy.” I mumbled into the speaker phone.

The phone made static noises. “Just say hello to Tweek.” A pause. “No it isn't a breach of doctor patient confidentiality.” Another pause. “He just said hello to you. Don't be rude! You were friends at one point. We talked about this. We were all his friends.” Dr. Broflovski was a bad whisperer. Another break in conversation.

“Hello Tweek.” Wendy's voice wasn't that much higher than Kyle's, but she sounded nice. Wendy was always nice. Wendy used to tutor me in high school, told me I was smart and should go to college.

I did not go to college.

“Hi Wendy.” The phone shuffled some more.

“Therapy will be fine. Jimmy is a colleague, don't worry.” Don't worry is a dumb phrase. Saying don't worry doesn't make anyone on the face of the planet worry any less.
“Thanks Doc.” Tricia pressed her fingers on the slick top of the phone, a small glare hitting me in the face. I winced. There was a beep.

“What now, Tweek?” She sounded tired. We had spent three days in the same house, she went back to Mr. Tucker's and Laura's on Sunday night to spend the night, and I had already made her tired.

“Sorry,” I whimpered.

“It’s okay,” more sighing. “What do you want to ask me?” She was rubbing her head again.

“Can we stop at the coffee shop and get a drink on the way back? Please? Kenny always makes sure that the machines are cleaned before he makes mine. You can get one too. Kenny will make it, it'll only take a second. I'm really tired.” I picked at my hands, then took hand sanitizer out of my pocket to clean my hands. It stung a bit. I winced, sucking air through my teeth, but continued rubbing it into my open cuticles.

“Sure, fine. I could use a coffee.” She grabbed the sanitizer from my hand.

“That's mine, I'm allowed to have it. Craig and Dr. Broflovski said.”

“They also said you weren't allowed to have things that could hurt you. You're intentionally hurting yourself.”

“But it makes me feel better. It makes me feel more normal.” She pressed her hand on her phone again, swiping and pressing what I assumed to be a keyboard. I couldn't see it. Craig told her not to let me see the phone.

“Tweek, uh, Tweak?” A voice called out.

Tricia stood up and motioned for me to do the same. “Right here.” She said loudly. I guess it wasn't too loud because no one in the office made a face like they had been making before. There were lots of wide eyed children with their moms watching as we walked towards the open door.

“Mr. Valmer will see Tweek now.” She coughed as Tricia walked past her. “Just Tweek, you seem like a very loving girlfriend but there is a level of confidentiality past these doors.” Tricia rolled her eyes. She did not seem like a loving girlfriend, but I had never had a loving girlfriend.

“I am Mr. Tweak's aide. We are not in a relationship and I have strict orders from his legal guardian, as well as his psychiatrist, to go back with him for the first two minutes to avoid Mr. Tweek causing a scene.”

“I can't let you do that.” I chewed on my thumb, it tasted like rubbing alcohol. “We have a certain set of rules here in this practice and this was not cleared with Mr. Valmer ahead of time.” A door in front of us opened.

“Jennifer, j-just let them back. This is the sp-sp-special patient I am seeing today.” Jimmy was in front of me, in a wheelchair, smiling. I didn't think that vampires could be paralyzed but maybe it was a diversion. “Right this way g-g-g-guys.”

We went into the room and there were two chairs in front of us. There was no chair on the opposite side of the table where Jimmy sat. I guess that made sense. “Touch him with it now, before he corners us.” Tricia let out a huff.
Tricia stood up, taking off the silver chain around her neck, then leaned in and dangled the cross against Jimmy's arm. He didn't hiss, but his eyes did go wide. Tricia didn't make eye contact with him. I leaned forward in my seat waiting for something to happen. It had been about five seconds and he wasn't melting or anything. I didn't know what would happen, I had never seen a real vampire before.

“Is this long enough Tweek? Can I stop making an ass out of myself yet?” I nodded looking at the big blonde wood table in front of me. There were crayons and gel pens in front of me, and white printer paper. There were no colored pencils. I could have been in grave danger.

“Yes.” I mumbled as Tricia put her necklace back on.

“He thought you were a vampire and he wanted me to touch you with a silver cross to make sure.” She turned away and started walking towards the door.

“D-d-d-d, care to elaborate on th-that Tricia?”

“Nope, I don't. This is Tweek's session and I'd really rather be in the waiting room swiping through Tindr while I'm in Denver and the dating pool isn't a closeted Butters, Firkle, and that creepy shop teacher.” Jimmy let out a laugh.

“Just li-li-li-like your br-br-br, Craig.” Does Craig get on Tindr when I'm not around? Was Craig seeing other people and planning on leaving me? We solicited a threesome once when we were 19 on Tindr, he knew how to use it. I stifled a yell, well I sort of stifled it.

“Craig isn't on Tindr, Tweek. Obviously he loves you very much and would never do that.” She glared at Jimmy. “Fuck me. Can I go?”

“S-sure thing.” She didn't even try to shut the door gently.

“It's v-very nice to see y-y-you again, Tweek.” I felt angry. I was angry that he thought he could say that to me after not talking to me for ten years.

“It's not. You are lying. If it was nice to see me you would wave to me when you came into Tweek Bros, or you would ask to talk to me when you talk to Craig. I know you still talk to Craig. Craig told me. You are a liar. You are a liar like everybody else, NGH! You just feel bad, so you are lying.” I hadn't meant to say that out loud. I hadn't meant to tick, but I couldn't help that either. I went back to chewing on my thumb.

“T-T-T-Tweek, buddy.”

“Not your buddy. I am not your buddy.”

“It w-w-was dif-f-f-ferent then. None of us underst-stood was has happening. You bit you're f-f- fa-fa, dad's finger off. We were all af-f-fraud.” I did not want to talk about this but I was angry. I was not the one to be afraid of. I am a good person.

“Just wanted him to stop!” I was yelling. I did not want to be yelling. “He was on top of me and he was always on top of me and I hated it! I hated it! I wanted him to stop being on top of me, I hated it Jimmy! You don't understand. I had to do it. I had to make him stop. I didn't want to do it anymore. I never wanted to do it! Just with Craig. Only with Craig but I was doing it with both of them and that made me a cheater! Cheating is wrong Jimmy. It's wrong! I didn't want to be a bad person! I just needed him to stop!” I started crying somewhere in my yelling and was ugly crying, chest heaving up and down. Jimmy wasn't stopping me. Kyle stopped me when I got too loud and too sad. Jimmy's face didn't change. “He put his finger in my mouth to make me suck on it, which was gross! Spit isn't
lube Jimmy! That's not even sexy, everyone knows that! He was an adult! He knew that! Spit isn't lube! I didn't want to do it and his finger was in my mouth and he wouldn't take it out. I hated it Jimmy. I hated it and I hated him! I had to do it you don't understand! I'm sorry it made everyone hate me but I had to do it, I had to do it. I know it was scary but I had to make him stop doing it."

I laid my head down on the table and continued crying, my arms over my eyes. I didn't want to say any of that. That was bad. I just kept crying. Jimmy was quiet, all I could hear was my crying and a pen moving on paper. I bit down on my lip to try to stop myself from making anymore noise.

“Ok-k-kay, do you want t-to talk ab-bout that?” He sounded very unsure of himself.

“No,” I sniffled. I bit down on my lip harder.

“Wh-what do you w-want to t-t-talk about?”

“No.” I whispered, blood seeping between my teeth. I hiccuped trying to get my crying under control.

“Have y-you told anyone that be-before?” I shook my head against the table. I didn't want to be here. I wanted to be in my bed next to Craig as he watched some dumb space documentary. I knew space wasn't real but he really liked to learn about it. It made him happy.

“W-well I'm honored th-th-that you op-p-opened up to me first, f-f-f-fr-f, pal.”

“Didn't mean to. Not friends.” I mumbled into my arms.

“Th-that's okay, b-b-buddy. Do you feel b-better now?”

“No.” The wood was still cool against my chin as I cried.

“Do you w-want to d-d-draw with me?” I groaned. “S-s-sorry my cl-cl-clien-cl, patients are usually a b-b-b-bit younger.”

“C-can we talk ab-bout this with Craig and Ky-kyle?” I groaned again. I could feel my lip bleeding onto his table.

“Is that a y-yes?” I groaned once more.

“Okay, it's ok-kay buddy. This happens s-sometimes. Make a noise if I can t-t-tell them.” My gut reaction was to groan. I didn't have the mental energy to tell him no. I had no more energy. All I could do was cry and bleed onto this stupid table.

A beep happened and I heard a few buttons being pressed. “Send back Mr. Tw-Tw-Tweek's aide.” I heard papers shuffling.

“D-d-do you want to go home with Tri-tri-tricia?” I did want to go home. I wanted Craig to take me home and I wanted to go to sleep. I did not want to hear Jimmy talk anymore. I never wanted to see Jimmy again.

“I thought he had an hour session? It's been twenty minutes.” Tricia's voice.

“He had a break-breakthrough of sorts. I calling Kyle and Cr-Cr-Crai-Cr.”

“Craig.” Tricia jumped in.

“Y-yes, I'm calling th-them to chat, then if it's alright with them I'm s-sending him home.” I didn't want to chat. I didn't want to be here. I didn't want to exist. The phone was ringing.
“Dr. Broflovski speaking.”

“H-h-hey Kyle, this is J-j-jimmy. I'm calling about Tw-Tw-Tweek.” I could hear Kyle exhale.

“I told him he had to do therapy. He isn't allowed to refuse to talk to you.” I sniffled, feeling the blood underneath me congeal. Tricia didn't ask to touch me. I think she was standing away from me.

“N-n-no, he talk-talked. I w-want to get Craig on th-the line t-too.”

“I'll wait I guess, not like I'm trying to have a nice lunch or anything.”

“Great, you're a r-r-real p-p-pal.” A few more buttons pressed and more ringing. “What a jack-jackass.”

“Hello?” He sounded confused.

“Craig, I have Kyle on the other line an-and I have something we need to te-tell you.” Not we. We weren't saying anything.

“Tweek? Is Tweek okay? I swear to Christ Jimmy if Tweek is hurt I will end you.”

“Tw-Tweek is f-f-fine. Let me p-p-p-patch you in.” A few more buttons. “You're on sp-sp-speaker.”

“Hello, Tweek? What seems to be the problem?” I let out a sob, it was loud, I couldn't help it. “Jesus, Jimmy what happened?” Dr Broflovski asked.

“Sweetheart are you okay?”

“No.” I hadn't meant to sound so pathetic but I couldn't help it. I forced my jaw open. “I don't feel okay Craig.”

“Tweek told me so-so-something important in our se-se-session.” I could hear Craig suck in a breath.

“Have Tricia leave the room.” It was Craig's voice.

“I want to hear too. I'm part of his team now to, aren't I?”

“Tricia for fucks sake listen to me. Tweek is probably about to say something that you don't want to fucking hear. This is your brother trying to protect you from something terrible. Just goddamn listen for once in your life. I'll give you the cliff notes. Get out.” I didn't want to have this talk. I didn't want to talk to them.

“Fuck you too, Craig.” She stomped out of the room and my head jumped up when the door slammed.

“This is probably not therapeutic for Tweek,” Dr. Broflovski said.

“Fuck you too, Kyle.” It was Craig's voice. “What did you tell Jimmy? What do you want to tell us?” I took my sleeve to wipe at the blood on my chin.

“Everyone hates me and I'm sorry.” I made brief eye contact with Jimmy and he handed me a tissue.

“Not th-th-that part Tweek. The part before that.” I was silent. “The part about your dad's finger.” If we were in court this would count as witness leading.

“Remember T-T-T-Tweek, we're good f-f-f-fr-friends.” I scoffed.
“We're not friends, you were scared of me. You left me like everyone else did. We are not friends, you don't get to call yourself my friend. Kenny and Bebe are my friends, you are not. You're a jerk. I hate you!” I was screaming. Jimmy didn't look mad.

“Tweek, calm down, focus you're breathing.”

“N-n-no Tweek. Why do you hate me so m-m-mu-much? Get angry.”

I could hear Dr. Broflovski groan. “This is not how we handle Tweek's outbursts Jimmy. We went over this extensively.”

“St-st-stop being such a d-di-dick Kyle.” I hated that word.

“Don't say that. Don't say dick! I hate that word more than I hate you!” Jimmy looked very calm. Why was he so calm? I was screaming at him. He should be mad, he should make me stop screaming.

“What's wr-wr-wrong with dick? It's just a w-word.” I was fuming.

“Stop it! I said stop it! Listen to me, don't say it!”

“Dick.” He didn't even stutter on it, and somehow that made me more angry.

“Why doesn't anyone listen when I say stop! Stop saying it! I said stop! Listen to me!” Craig hadn't made Jimmy stop. Craig was supposed to make Jimmy stop. I banged my hands on the table.

“Who, who doesn't l-listen wh-when you say st-stop?”

“No one listens!” I shouted.

“Who?”

“You don't!”

“Who else?”

“Dad! Dad never listens! He always said dick and he never stopped! 'You have a nice dick Tweek! Tweek isn't my dick so big? Maybe on day you're dick will be big like mine.' I didn't want to have sex with him! Never! Not even once! I didn't want his gross hands in my mouth or my butt! I didn't want him to touch me! I said stop! I always said stop! Always! Always! He never stopped! Why didn't he stop? I told Mom and she didn't make him stop either. No one ever made him stop.” I took a breath and realized I was crying.

“His finger was in my mouth and I said stop. He didn't. I bit him. I didn't want to do drugs. I didn't want to have sex. He made me. I said stop. I didn't want to cheat. I said stop. I didn't want to cheat on Craig. He said I was cheating and it would make Craig leave. I wanted him to stop. I wanted Craig to stay. I wanted him to stop.” My voice wasn't bouncing off of the ceiling anymore. “Are you happy Jimmy? Is this what makes you happy?” I sniffed up the snot that was running down my face. “He said that if I stopped no one would like me anymore and he was right. Are you happy? Can I be done? I never want to see you again. I want to go home.” I let my head fall onto the table, making a thunk sound.

“Oh,” it was Dr. Broflovski.

“So for obvious re-reasons I don't th-think that I am a good fi-fit for Tweek.”
“No, I don't either.”

The whole world felt fuzzy. I could hear someone vomiting over the telephone.

“I know of someone, but Tweek has to agree to see him. His specialty is survivors of rape.” I didn't want to see anyone. “He could help Tweek process what happened in a healthy way.”

“W-W-Why do you ta-talk about him like he isn't r-r-right here?” More vomiting through the phone. “Cr-Cr-Craig, are you ok-kay?” Another heave.

“Of course I'm not o fucking kay Jimmy? Are you fucking stupid? I'm angry, sad and disgusted. Richard molested Tweek, of course I'm not okay. Are you a retard? I feel dirty. I feel responsible.” Another heave. I started to cry again. “They gave the whole town Speed. We all knew they were terrible. We all knew they did terrible things, but fuck, how do you prepare yourself for this story?”

I wasn't angry anymore. It felt better to be angry. Disgusted.

“I mean we all knew why Richard went to jail, Craig.” It was Dr. Broflovski, he sounded almost unaffected. “He kept Butter's ten year old cousin in the basement for a week, and when the cops found him he had Richard's DNA inside of him.” There was a pause. I didn't know my Dad went to jail. Mom said he died. I graduated from a therapeutic high school in Denver after I hurt him, Mom said he died while I was gone. I felt relieved.

“Tweek when did he start doing this?”

“I don't know.” I picked at my hands.

“Tweek, baby, we just want to help you. No one is mad at you.”

“I'm done.”

“Honey, please just tell us.”

“I want to go home.” I ripped the cuticle of my middle finger down to the first knuckle.

“Tweek, just give us dates and we can be done.” Dr Broflovski said, very business like. “Tell us and I'll go back to lunch and we can get that referral.”

“Please, please stop,” I cried.

“St-Start resp-respecting him wh-when he says no. You're re-re-retraumatizing him. Wha-what do you wa-wa-want Tweek?”

“To go.”

“Is th-th-that okay Craig?”

“Of course,” his voice was immediate, I think he was crying. “I'll make sugar cookies and we can watch Seinfield in bed all night. Tricia is going to drive you home, I'll be there by the time you get back.” He was leaving work early. I was making him leave work early. I didn't say anything.

“Okay, our se-se-session is ending. Pl-Pl-Please st-st-stop sending me pa-patients Kyle. I couldn't help B-BeBe and I c-can't help Tweek any fur-further. I council ha-ha-handi-handicap ch-ch-children.”

“Fine Jimmy.” There was a beep.
“Cr-Craig, we-we should meet up some t-time. All of us, m-maybe grab a coffee, l-like old times. You, me, T-token, Clyde, and Tw-Tweek.” I never wanted to see him again so I had no idea how this was going to happen.

“Yeah, of course Jimmy, next time you're in town.” The phone went dead.

Jimmy called for Tricia and the next thing I knew Tricia was walking me down the car and putting me in the backseat of the car. Craig had packed my stuffed hippo I had since I was a kid, Tricia placed it in my arms as she buckled me up. I squeezed Hippo and cried the whole drive home.

“Do you still want a coffee?” Tricia's voice was soft. She had turned the radio off.

“No.” I kept my face buried as I cried.

“Do you want a hot chocolate?” I kept crying. “I'm going to text Kenny and have him bring it out to the car so we don't have to leave. Don't you want to see Kenny?”

“No.” I sunk into the seat more. I wanted to be invisible.

“It'll be out in a minute. I'll tell him you don't want to talk if he asks. I'll say you had a bad day.” I had the worst day, not a bad day. This is the worst day ever. I went back to crying as we sat in the parking lot.

There was a knock on the window, I jumped, but didn't look. “Two drinks for Tweek and Tricia.” It was Kenny and he sounded so happy. I wondered what on earth he had to be happy about. Hadn't he know the world was terrible and there was nothing currently worth being happy about?

“Thanks Kenny, I'll give this to Tweek.”

“Where is he?” I heard Kenny knock on the glass by my head.

“Backseat, he had a bad day.”

“Roll down his window for me.” No please don't roll down the window. I didn't want to talk to Kenny. I could feel the cool air flowing into the car. I groaned and squeezed Hippo closer.

“Tweeky, Tweeky Bird. You alright back there?” I didn't respond. “Oh buddy, it'll be okay. The sun will come out tomorrow,” he was singing. I wanted him to be silent. “Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow, they're be sun.” He was a terrible singer. Awful. I let out a chuckle.

“Hope your day gets better bud.” I heard his footsteps in the ice crunch away from us as the windows went up. I didn't drink in the car. I just sat as I waited for us to get home.

Tricia unlocked the door and got out of the car. “We're here Tweek. Come on out.” I didn't want to. I was back to thinking and crying. Craig thought I was disgusting. I had cheated on him. What if he was going to kick me out? What if I was now homeless? I couldn't find the air. I started to cry. I choked in gasps as I heard the front door close. I sat in the car for a minute crying.

The back door opened. No other sound was heard. I was out of tears. I just hid my face and waited for everything to stop. I just wanted everything to stop.

“Tweek, baby, it's me. Do you want to come inside?” I didn't say anything. A hand touched my shoulder and I winced.

“Tweek, it's just me. It's Craig. Do you want to go to bed? I found the Seinfeld DVDs.” I just sat. I
couldn't do anything. I didn't know what to do.

“Can I carry you?” He leaned over me as he unbuckled my seatbelt.

“I'm picking you up Tweek, I'm just going to carry you inside.”

“Don't, I'm gross.” I heard him sigh.

“No, you're not gross at all Tweek.”

“I'm disgusting but I don't want to be homeless. I love you and I'm sorry. I'll be better.”

“Oh Tweek,” his voice was very soft. “You have nothing to be sorry for. This isn't your fault.” I looked up and saw that Craig was crying too. I wanted him to stop it.

“Can I pick you up?” I nodded. As we walked inside I cried into his chest as I felt his tears drop onto my shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and sorry for making everyone cry.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been almost a week.

I hadn't spoken to anyone in almost a week.

I am never going to speak ever again.

I am just going to lay in bed and rot.

“For fuck's sake Kyle pick up the damn phone.” Craig was sitting on the bed next to me, well I was laying, blankets pulled up around my face. “Goddamn it!” He slammed the phone down onto the nightstand. “Well Kyle is not answering, he never gave me that specialists number. He's the fucking worst at his job. I want to fire him, so I can rehire him, then fire him again.” He stopped and looked at me. “Are you even there? Did you just decide to stop fucking existing?” No response.

“For fucking shit, who am I even supposed to call at this point? It's a Sunday.” I think he's telling the truth. I haven't been paying attention. If I think too much I can feel him touching me. I am not thinking anymore.

“Do I take you to North Park? Do I just hope that North Park doesn't mistreat you when you won't even fucking talk?” No response.

“Do you even care? Every time the hospital comes up you burst into tears, 'Craig never again I promise. Craig I'll be good.’” He wasn't a good mimic, not really. The voice was too low, not loud enough.

“Do you not even fucking care if I'm around you anymore?” I am still not moving, not speaking.

“Goddamn Tweek! Dick!” They are just words and I am not focusing on them. I am not focusing on anything. Focus is the enemy. Consciousness is the enemy. “You don't even care do you?”

He pressed his phone again. “Kyle I swear to God, you need to fucking pick up. I can't fucking do this Kyle. I am not an emotions guy, we all fucking know that.” He threw the phone. “Hah, you got me God! You fucking did it! I can't handle this and you fucking win! You fucking win! Ha fucking ha. Hope you are goddamn happy motherfucker.” He rubbed his palms down his face.

“What do you want me to do? Tricia is gone to study or some bullshit, I'm pretty sure she just couldn't handle you in a damn coma. I'll be lucky if she comes back before I have to go to goddamn work tomorrow.” Beep boop bop, robot Tweek does not compute.

A ringtone, I think. I don't dwell on it.

“About fucking time Kyle!” He jumps up to retrieve his phone from the other side of the room. He has such purpose, I am almost jealous. I of course no longer have that capability. “Shiiiiit!”

“Jimmy?”

“Look this is a fucking terrible time for anything Jimmy.”

“The fuck you're in the driveway. How the fuck do you even drive Jimmy?”
“I honestly don't give a fuck. I have way bigger problems than how you have an accessible van.”

“Good to know that your brain isn't crippled too. Yes of course it's Tweek. When is it not Tweek? Goddamnit.” Craig was leaving the room. He left the phone.

“Just stay right there, I'll be back in a minute. Or you know what, run laps. Do fucking something Tweek. I know I said that I wanted you to stop crying but this isn't what I meant and you goddamn knew that!” He slammed the door.

I just continued existing in this plane of not really existing, not letting my mind focus on any one thing for more than a second.

“I'm picking you up, we're going to sit on the couch and talk with Jimmy. Jimmy stopped for a visit, isn't that just the best thing. I'm sooo soooo happy Jimmy stopped by.” His hand was underneath my knees, the other on the small of my back. “Do you want your blanket?” I was in my pajamas from four, maybe five days ago. Somewhere in the start of this Craig changed me. Said it was not okay to stay in the same clothes. I didn't care. I don't care.

“Like you we're going to answer.” He huffed leaving the blanket behind. “I'll just let you use the one downstairs.” Steps. I was bouncing a little bit. I closed my eyes. I did not snuggle close to Craig.

“Jimmy, this is a terrible time for a visit. I told you. Sorry you drove all this way but this isn't gonna work.” I was being propped up on the couch. A younger me would have made a Weekend at Bernie's joke. This me didn't care.

“Cr-Cr-Craig, I invited the gu-gu-guys. I th-th-thought you tw-tw-two could use a p-p-p-pick me up.”

“You can't just invite people to my house Jimmy. That's not how parties fucking work. This isn't happening.”

“Tw-Tw-Tw-Tweek, wouldn't it be n-n-nice to see some o-o-o-old friends?” I didn't look at him. I did not acknowledge his existence. We were not even friends when I was a person.

“Told you he's not talking.” Craig huffed. “You're a therapist, what in the hell am I even supposed to do?”

“I m-m-mostly m-m-motivate special k-k-kids. H-how not to be s-s-sad when y-your legs don-don't work.”

“Let's try how not to be sad when your Dad is a nasty pervert.” I didn't even flinch. “I want no-no-n-nothing to do with th-that. No off-offense dude.”

“Well since you came into my house can you at least fucking try something? He weighs like 100 pounds, him not eating is sort of a big deal. I give him water but it's harder to force him to eat.”

“G-g-give him Pe-Pe-Pediasure.”

“I want a real fucking fix Jimmy! I don't want to have to give the love of my life Pediasure so he doesn't kill himself!” There was a knock on the door, then a whooping noise.

“Craig open up! It's party time! Like it's 1999 baby! We brought Coors! Woohoo!”

“Jimmy I hate you so much right now.”
“Maybe it w-w-will be good for Tw-Tw-Tw-Tw-T, him to have c-company.”

“I hate all of you.” Craig got up and got the door. Clyde tried to fist bump Craig and was instantly rejected. I didn't laugh. Bebe snuck behind Clyde, teetering on her feet. Token came in last with a bashful smile. He had a case of Coors Light, which I don't even think technically qualifies as beer.

“Tweek is ill, you need to leave.” He made eye contact with Jimmy. “All of you.”

“Lighten up Craig, Twitch here is just fine, ain't ya?” A hand patted me on the shoulder. I slouched over. “See he didn't even flinch, that's progress for this Twitchy little bastard!” Bebe sat down on the couch next to me and pulled me upright. I did not thank her.

“He, like, isn't even moving.” Bebe ran her hand through my messy hair.

“Clyde why would you feel the need to touch him? We went over this in the car. This was first on the list. Do not touch Tweek.”

“Goddamn it Clyde. Tweek is refusing to respond to anything. I don't have time for this shit.” Craig ran a hand through his hair.

“You need a beer, obviously. We can be the three amigos again.”

“F-f-fuck you Clyde.”

“What we didn't have a name for the four of us. You were a nerd on the school paper, too busy for your pals.” Clyde said as he ripped open the cardboard surrounding the beer and twisted a top off with his hands.

“And you work as a bartender for Skeeter now. Funny how that played out.” Token grabbed a beer.

“Doing better than Tweek though, right?” Clyde let out a laugh. I would have kicked Clyde if I cared enough. In the teeth.

“Shut the fuck up, that's not funny.” Craig was hoovering pretty close to him, his hands in fists.

“Geeze, I mean he's in like a vegetative state. Just saying I'm not doing the worst.”

“You are the worst Clyde.” Token took a swig of his beer.

“Muffin,” Bebe started, checking the label of her beer, “don't be mean he's just having a hard time.” Good old Bebe. This is why when I had friends I was friends with Bebe and not Clyde.

“C-Clyde don't be a d-d-dick.” Jimmy knew not to say dick. Fucking Jimmy. “Somet-t-times it's tw-tw-two steps forward, one st-step back.”

“Like you'd fucking know Jimmy. You're like not even a real therapist.”

“Are you already drunk? Did you pregame and not tell me?” Token set his beer down and sat on the other side of me.

“I'm not even drunk Toke, you don't even know.”

“Don't call me Toke, it's not my name.”

“But Toke, he's not, he's like a child therapist or something. Not an 'ah the gnomes are gonna get me, help Craig, I'm going to take you away from your friends forever' therapist.”
“Not today Clyde.” Token warned. Craig stormed off upstairs, leaving me stuck here.

“Look, see he's running from the truth again!” Clyde opened a second beer.

“I h-h-had a se-se-seession with him. Kyle a-a-asked.” Jimmy flipped Clyde off. “I could be his th-th-therapist I ju-just th-think someone else could do b-better.” Craig has really just left me in this situation. I focused on not getting angry.

“Sure you did Jimmy. You totally didn't make that up to make yourself sound believable.” Clyde was a lot like Randy. Clyde was a lot like Mr. Tucker.

“I d-d-did. I just don't sp-specialize in tr-tr-truama.” Clyde snorted.

“Pssh,” he opened beer 3. “Like Twitchy has had any trauma. His parents were stinkin rich.” I think I had always hated Clyde. He pushed me onto Bebe. “He's just being dramatic. He was always dramatic. 'Oh Craig, let me stay at your house, there's a monster in mine. He's gonna eat me!''' Clyde let out a snort.

“Dude, just stop. This isn't funny. He's right here.” Token pulled me upright. “We came here to have a good time.”

“We've just got two party poopers in our party is all. Twitcher and Craig are being so lame. How do you even get that lame?” He called towards the stairs.

“Cr-Cr-Craig is gonna wh-wh-wh, kick your ass.”

“Let him try, I'm totally buff. I work out all the time.”

“You never go to the gym with me.” Bebe murmured. “You're drunk.”

“You're at the gym for like 6 hours at a time, it's fucking insane. You, you like totally missed the point, it's not about being skinny, it's about being strong. You're not strong. You fainted just last week, remember hun?”

“Please stop.” I felt Bebe shift next to me.

“No, no, you wanted to talk about Bebe, let's talk about what Bebe doesn't do.”

“L-l-let's n-not.”

“Why are you such an asshole?” Token took beer number four from his hands. I heard steps from the stairs, a creaking noise. I didn't turn.

“You're just in time to talk about Bebe! Isn't that exciting?”

Craig walked into my line of vision, then looked at me. I made eye contact then broke it. I didn't want to exist. I didn't want to recognize him.

“And this is why you break up every two months, because you're a jackass.” Craig picked up a beer, then put it back down.

“Dr. Mephesto wants to give her an NG tube and ship her up to Denver.” He snorted. “Like it even fucking matters. She isn't even trying.” Craig's face fell.

“Man, this is not an appropriate tone or place to discuss this topic.” Token leaned in front of me to get a good look at Bebe. I heard her sniffling.
“You don't even get it Token. Until you love a crazy person you don't get it. Right Craig?”

I heard the top to a beer come off.

“Tweek isn't crazy. Bebe isn't crazy. You are just an asshole. And an alcoholic.” Craig was speaking through a clinched jaw.

“For fucks sake just look at them. We have the human potato and an adult woman who looks like a thirteen year old girl. I mean just look, look at her. It's not even attractive anymore. I mean you still need some breast, you know what I mean? Something to hold onto.” Clyde laughed. I heard another beer open. “It gets hard to keep your dick up you know?” More laughing.

“I only have sex with you because it burns calories.” Bebe sounded defeated. I wanted to tell Bebe that she was pretty. That if I liked Bebe I would want her to be better and not be so concerned with my penis. I didn't, but for the first time in a while I really wanted to.

“God, remember Thomas?” Clyde chuckled. “Thomas was the right amount of crazy. It was still fun. He was edgy but no so much so that you couldn't enjoy beers with your friends anymore! We all really liked him.” Who the fuck was Thomas. I made a face. Unfortunately my face caught Craig’s eye.

“I need you all to go. He is obviously understanding all of your bullshit.” Craig traced a finger in front of my face. I followed it not thinking. Who the the fuck was Thomas?

“You always had a thing for twitchy blondes. They almost looked the same too. Thomas was fun though, always saying curse words.”

“He h-h-has Tou-Tourette's asswipe.”

“Thomas?” I asked, staring at Craig.

“Oh his majesty has decided to grace us with his presence at last. All hail the royal Twitch!”

“Thomas?” I asked again.

“Craig had a crush on Thomas when you were away after you bit your dad's hand off.” Finger, but I didn't correct him.

“I told, I told you about Thomas.” Craig stammered. “Uh, he came over when we had that special event.” Craig was turning red.

“I told, I told you about Thomas.” Craig stammered. “Uh, he came over when we had that special event.” Craig was turning red.

“Oh man showing your ex to your current, pretty ballsy of you.” Token was glaring at Clyde.

“I never dated Thomas. He hung out with us for like a week. A week Clyde.”

“What was the event? Were you doing a comparison? Having them show you their talents so you could pick?”

“What the hell is wrong with you man? We can't do anything with you.” Token sighed. I think Token took care of Clyde a lot.

“Fuck you, Clyde.” Craig seethed.

“Well I think you picked wrong anyways. Thomas looked like he would be great in the sack, no homo.” Clyde reached for another beer. Craig blocked him.
“Drop it Clyde.”

“Did you cheat on Tweeker? How could you even be unfaithful to someone who won't let you touch him?” Clyde was talking loudly, almost yelling. I clinched my fists.

“We had a threesome. Are you happy Clyde? We were 19 and it sounded like fun and he was on Tindr. Tweek and I propositioned him for a threesome and it was fucking great. What do you want Clyde? Why are you like this?” I blushed remembering that.

“I'm not like anything, Craaaag. I just want the answers.”

“Dude, I'm driving you home.” Token headed for the door.

“Everybody out. All of you.” Craig said. I could hear Bebe sniffling next to me. I turned and looked at her, her head was in her hands. Token was taking Clyde across the room by force, pulling him with both hands.

Craig walked in front of me and I grabbed at him. He jumped when he felt my hand grab his jeans. “Bebe,” I mouthed. Craig let out a sigh.

“Fine, Bebe can stay over if she wants. The rest of you out.”

“Thanks.” Bebe mumbled through her tears.

“That's not fair, how come Bebe gets to stay? Bebe isn't even your buddy Craig.” Clyde was still being pulled across the room. I saw Token kick him in the shin.

“Maybe if you weren't a dick to Tweek you could stay too.” Token chimed in. I cringed at the wording but appreciated Token. He pulled him out of the house and I heard Clyde talking about how this was an oppression of his rights, followed by Token saying to just wear the damn seat belt.

“W-w-well sorry about br-br-bringing the sh-sh-sh-shit-shitshow.” Jimmy waved and rolled out the door. Craig shut it as he left.

“So Bebe, hows life? Oh fucking terrible, great we're all on equal footing here.” Bebe let out a small laugh. “Wouldn't want for an iota of happiness to sneak into the Tweak-Tucker household God, not even one.” Craig shot the ceiling the bird.

“Just Tucker.” I said quietly.

“What was that?” He paused for a second and grinned. “Tweek Tucker does have a nice ring to it.”

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm writing Clyde so terribly because I hated him in the FBW. You can't even use Mosquito for a move before the Raisins girls confuse him with their titties.
You eat or you're not allowed to stay over.” Craig called from the kitchen. I was still just sitting on
the couch not responding to anything Bebe was saying. I could hear her but I just couldn't find the
energy to say anything.

“Okay, Dad.” Bebe called. She was in front of me, on the floor, looking up at me. “So what color do
you want?” She shuffled around a kit. “Craig, do you want me to do yours too? I'm really go at it.”
She called sweetly.

“It was your fucking job. I hope you're not bad at it.” I think I could hear Craig rolling his eyes,
maybe I had just grown to know his idiosyncrasies after nine years of living together. Maybe I was
psychic and seeing with my third eye. I wasn't sure either way.

“Is that a yes?”

“If you eat a whole plate of spaghetti and a piece of garlic bread then fine.” Bebe sighed.

“Half a plate?”

“I don't bargain Bebe. Not with you.” He stepped into the room and Bebe leaned over across the
floor towards him.

“Please?” I saw her batting her eyes.

“I am immune to your womanly charms. Please pull your shirt up, I have zero interests in your
breasts.” His tone was flat, like a doctor telling you that you have hemorrhoids. He walked back into
the kitchen after staring at me for a few seconds.

“Damn the homosexuals,” she mumbled as she pressed her boobs together. “That always works on
Clyde, even if I do look like a 'little girl.' Whisky dick is why he can't keep it up, not me.” I cringed. I
didn't want to think about Bebe and Clyde doing it. I didn't want to think about Clyde at all to be
honest, much less his fat sweaty body humping Bebe. Bebe looked like a little kid with her hair piled
up on her head, her nail polish set in front of her as she sat criss cross apple sauce on the ground,
biting her tongue in concentration.

I couldn't stop it though. My eyes were open but all I could see was an older Clyde pushing a young
Bebe onto the ground as she begged him to stop. Clyde's hair was thinning and he smelled like
coffee and Bailey's. He was in a gross undershirt that had stains around the arm pits as he snapped
the buttons to her shirt off, his mouth on her neck.

I could feel bile rise in my throat. “Stop!” I called out, but it didn't stop.
Then it wasn't Bebe and Clyde at all. It was Dad and it was me and I was having to watch it all. I was having to watch him run his hands down my stomach, the underneath of his fingernails grimy with coffee grounds. I could see myself, I was thirteen, I was crying. Dad pulled his hand from my waist band and covered my mouth. I could feel his breath hot on my ear as he said he loved me. He loved me so much and he was going to show me just how much he loved me.

I didn't know if that boy was me or if I was me, but I wanted this to stop. I screamed something incoherent. I couldn't move. I was stuck watching.

Another hand was on my shoulder as I felt and watched him grab at my underwear. I sobbed. He grabbed me and I couldn't help but moan. It felt good but it did not feel good.

I am a traitor for feeling good. This was not supposed to feel good. Something is wrong with me.

He was taking off his pants and I kept yelling. I didn't know if anyone could hear me, maybe I was a ghost. This is not who I would want to haunt. I could see his underwear, they were not quite white. Eggshell. All terrible things are eggshell.

And within an instant I was cold. I felt as if I closed my eyes, knowing that I had not, and when I opened them Craig was in front of me holding an empty pot. I was still cold. I was wet? My pajamas were sticking to my body, the wrinkles were uncomfortable.

"Tweek, can you hear me?" He was clapping in front of my face. Bebe had backed up to the other side of the room. She looked concerned, her nail polish was still strewn across the floor in front of me.

I think I nodded, I wasn't sure if I was in my body again.

"I, uh, threw a pot of water on you. I didn't know what to do. Sorry babe." He placed the pot down on the ground next to the nail polish. The red had spilled onto the tan carpet and he wasn't even mad. He didn't even mention it.

"You just kept screaming." Bebe weakly added. "It was really scary."

"Sorry," I mumbled, or I didn't. I still wasn't positive I was here. Maybe I was still there and had made everyone up. Maybe I was still trapped in that musty old basement and made Craig up to escape it all. I shuddered, or I was cold because I was covered in water. I couldn't decide which was reality.

"What happened?" Bebe asked crawling back to her nail polish.

"I..." I started and didn't finish. What happened? Clyde attacked Bebe? Dad molested me? I made everyone else up? I had decided that I was in fact cold. "Cold." If I made them up I wasn't eloquent, even in my fantasies, which seemed unfair. I didn't twitch as much as basement Tweek. I supposed I only had moderate control here.

"Can I pick you up and put you in the bath?" I nodded. I'm fairly sure I nodded. I could feel my hair fall forward and drip onto the cloth of my pants.

I felt myself raising up in Craig's arms. He held me tight to him even though I was soaking wet. I pressed myself into his warm NASA T-shirt that smelled like laundry detergent and beer.

"Bebe, get me one of Tweek's Xanax from the cabinet by the fridge. He has 18 left so don't pocket any." He was carrying me up the stairs. I heard Bebe scoff somewhere in the distance.
“Who do you think I am, Wendy?”

“Don't care. Just make yourself useful.” Craig set me down on the toilet. I heard someone coming up the stairs, then I heard the water starting. Craig was fishing around the side of the tub for the stopper. He dropped it twice which was unlike him.

Hands were under my shirt but it was different. It was sort of different. My shirt was still coming off. I tried not to think about it.

“Knock knock.” Bebe was quiet. She usually knew when to be quite.

“The door is open for a reason.” Bebe stepped in with a glass of water and something in a closed fist.

“I think he's thinner than I am.” She hummed out.

“Jesus, Bebe. What the fuck is wrong with you? He hasn't eaten in six days.” Craig put my shirt in the sink.

“I went eight days once.”

“Not a contest. Why would you even want this to be a contest? The hell?”

“Sorry,” she squeaked, walking out of the room.

I noticed my crotch hurt as Craig was trying to slide my pants off. I think it had been hurting this whole time. His hand brushed over it as he removed my boxers, and I moaned. I glanced down.

“Oh.” I said, trying to contain my horror. I looked up at Craig who looked confused. I had an erection. I had not had an erection in recent memory. My first erection in three years and it was to my Dad touching me. I would have thrown up if I had eaten.

“I, uh, yeah.” Craig said, putting me into the water, very careful not to touch me. The water was warm, not too hot though.

“I'm not,” I searched for the words. I'm not a nasty freak that can only get aroused for my father? I'm not holding a stiffie after seeing a young me be molested? Both of those things seemed like lies.

“Uh, it's okay?” His took a washcloth down my back. “I don't know what happened downstairs, I have an idea, but this is, um, what's the word? New?” I couldn't look at Craig. Looking down on myself at full mast wasn't really an option either. It hurt. I stared at the gray subway tile by the shower head.

“So.” Craig said, clearly just trying to fill a space. He turned me and we made eye contact. He looked confused. I only looked for a second, then I looked down, forgetting.

“Jesus Christ!” I screamed. There it was, still there. It had no right to be there. I didn't tell it that it could be there. I looked back at Craig realizing that down was not an option.

He didn't say anything, but he didn't look away. He put body wash on the rag and started scrubbing under my neck. It felt good. It was so unfair that he felt good.

“Sorry,” I started but it turned into a moan when he rubbed my chest. I blushed and tried to find a spot to look. There was nowhere.
“I'm just trying to give you a bath, not, uh, stimulate you.” He was red too. The wash cloth lay over the side of the tub.

“I know, I'm sorry.”

“No, no, it's fine.” He rushed. “It's fine to be, ahem, erect, I just don't feel entirely comfortable with this.” He glanced around the room before his eyes settled on me again. “I don't necessarily feel that you are currently in a place to provide, uh, affirmative consent, and I like you sexually, obviously. You are my long term boyfriend and it is normal to, err” his eyes left again, then came back, “it's normal for me to be sexually attracted to you.” My eyes grew wide.

“Are you too?” I mumbled out.

“Of course, you're my boyfriend, it's normal for me to see my boyfriend with an erection and for my body to decide that it needs to have one too. It's normal for me to be happy when you are happy.” He jumbled out. “It's been a long time and I must have just gotten overzealous, hormones and all, you know.”

“Does it always hurt like this?” I tried to keep my voice down but I think I was still too loud.

“Uh, hurt may not be the word you're looking for, but I don't know. Maybe you should just, uh, take care of it?” His jaw dropped as he fumbled with his hands. “I wasn't thinking you obviously don't have to think about that or any of this. I don't know what to do or say here. I have no fucking idea.”

“Can I?” I wasn't sure if that was an option. I felt more like just chopping my penis off and feeding it to the neighbors yappy dog at this point, but I suppose masturbating was a less extreme option.

“Of course, it's your penis. Body autonomy and all that.” He coughed, looking for somewhere to look again. “I'll step outside. You seem to be feeling better.”

“Don't.” That was certainly too loud. It rattled my head a little bit to hear it rattle off the walls. “Don't go. I am confused.” I meekly said, much quieter than my original protest.

“As how to operate your, um, what's the word, shit, goddamn it. Just put your hand on it and go from there? I don't know.” He stammered out.

“No, not that part.” My penis did not care that this conversation was uncomfortable. I pulled the plug on the bathtub, letting the water rush down. I still had soap on my chest, little bubbles popping as this conversation went on, maybe committing suicide from the awkwardness of it all.

“Okay. Then what?” Craig stood up, handing me a green towel while looking away.

“I just don't want to think about him.” I took a deep breath, wrapping the towel around myself as I sat in the empty bathtub.

“Oh, of course not. Fuck. No one would.” Craig shoved his hands in his pockets. I could see him through his sweatpants.

“Weren't joking?” I couldn't look away from him which was probably rude. I am very rude a lot of the time. I wanted to look somewhere else.

“Fuck, of course not. I love you Tweek.” He wasn't looking at me, but I could see the side of his face was a bright red.

“Stay maybe, and I can, and you can?” Craig choked on the air, sputtering for a second.
“I just want to be crystal clear, so I’m not looked at like some kind of predator in an hour.” I nodded. “You want me to stay in the room and watch you masturbate?” “Turn around in you want? Like we used to on the phone?” Craig let out a laugh.

“Like fifteen year olds hyped up on Mountain Dew playing Call of Duty?” I nodded again. “I want to think of you, not...” I trailed off, wrapping the towel around myself.

“Yeah, okay, so you just want me to talk to you?” I nodded. “Do you want me to look at you so you don’t have to talk?”

“I don’t want to see your, um, but you can.” He sat down on the toilet. “Talking is hard.”

“Yeah that makes sense, it’s been a rough week. I guess start? I don’t know, that feels funny to say.” He laughed.

I nodded, unwrapping the towel. There I was, just like before.

“Feels like a dog race or something.” There was a few seconds of silence. I heard something fall onto the floor, making a soft wooshing sound.

“Uh, Tweek, you could grab it? I am.” I stiffened. I guess that was the obvious next step. “We don’t have to do this. I can just take you to bed.”

“I want to.” I mumbled looking downward.

“Do you want like, instructions?” I nodded, trying to stop my embarrassment from turning into tears. This was such a normal thing and I couldn’t do it myself. I couldn’t do anything myself.

“It’s okay, it’s okay to want someone to say what to do.” Craig quickly added. “I’ll just, uh, narrate this then.” He sucked in a breathe. “Put your hand on your penis.” I did and it felt nice. I stifled a noise.

“You can make noise. I always liked them.” It twitched upward in my hand as he said that. I let out a moan. I heard one from Craig.


“I am bad at dirty talk, but okay. Um, you look really nice.” He let out a feral noise from somewhere in the back of his throat. “You can go faster if you want.” I listened.

“I have always really liked those noises.” I was making noises? I listened as I rubbed and heard a high pitched strangled noise. Was that me? “I, oooh, I like making you feel good.” A few seconds of nothing but panting.

“You always used to like it when I’d touch the top of yours. I used to put it in my mouth and you’d scream when my tongue touched you.” It was my turn to make a feral noise.

“I love you so much. I have always loved you so much.” Panting again. “You are my favorite person in the whole world.” He groaned. “Jesus I’m close.”

My body felt weak as I kept moving my hand, thinking about it less now, just doing. I felt the world waver around me. “I love you too, Craig.” I mumbled as I felt something sticky on my hand.
I turned around to see Craig biting his lip and pumping his hand up and down. He made big noises, not noticing me staring. He looked like he knew what he was doing.

“Ung, are you okay?” He said through closed eyes. I didn't say anything, I just watched him. He called out my name and made eye contact as his body shook.

“Jesus Christ that was nice. Do you feel better?” I nodded. I wiped my hand on the towel before handing it to Craig.

“I'm tired.” He let out a small laugh.

“Yeah, that can happen. I'll have Tricia order a pizza and we can go watch TV in bed.”

Chapter End Notes

You made it through the most awkward mutual masturbation that any author has ever written. I don't really write smut so IDK. I felt like it was important to have but also I was super uncomfortable with the whole thing.
Chapter 9

“Look Kevin I need to take a personal day. Yes a whole day.” Craig’s voice woke me up. He was sitting up, legs swung over the side of the bed. “Company policy is you're not allowed to ask me Stoley.” I saw him rub his eyes. “No, we're not friends, you're just looking for gossip. You are the worst HR person ever.” Another pause followed by a sigh. “Yes for Tweek. No, you don't have ESP Kevin.”

“Look Kevin, you are not psychic. You are just capable of following the rumor mill and making logical deductions. About the same level of intelligence as the average Golden Retriever.” He groaned into the phone. “Yeah sure, I'll tell Tweek whatever nerd thing you just said. Bye Kevin, I'm taking the damn day off.” He tossed the phone onto the foot of the bed.

“Kevin says long live and prosper, or some other nerd bullshit. I think he means get well.” He muttered something along the lines of fucking Kevin. “Good morning though.”

“Peace and long life.” I replied. Craig groaned again.

“I forgot you liked all that sci-fi nonsense.” Craig laughed. “That's not even how space works, they don't even follow the laws of basic physics most of the time.”

“Space isn't real.” Craig laughed louder.

“Okay, then what's around us? Marshmallows?” That was just stupid. Why would we even be surrounded by marshmallows. I picked at my hands as sat up pulling the blanket off of myself.

“The gnomes! Agh! The gnomes!” I yelled. Craig jumped at the noise falling off of the bed and onto the wood floor.

“Christ, what?” He asked from the floor.

“The gnomes! They're back!”

“There is no such thing as underpants gnomes Tweek. We've been over this.” He sighed pulling himself back onto the bed.

“My underwear are gone!” I shrieked. Craig looked at me, I hurried to pull the blanket back around myself. “Did they get you to? It's only a matter of time before they acquire a taste for human flesh! Flesh!”

“Tweek. Tweek, calm down.” His hand was on my shoulder. I had no shirt either, the gnomes were talking all sorts of clothing now. They were evolving. In no time at all they would have their armies ready and they would over through humanity, keeping us in cages like livestock. I shouted again.

“My shirt! We have to burn the house down! It's the only way to stop the rebellion! They're gonna kill us!” I tried to get out of bed but the blankets tangled around my legs and I fell onto the floor like a freshly cut log.

“Tweek, listen to me. I need you to take a breath.” I did. “Take a longer breath, stop hyperventilating.” One two three four five, I did not have time for this the gnomes were plotting their revenge. I screamed.

“Okay, just keep breathing. Do you remember yesterday? The bath?” His voice got quiet. I did smell
very strongly like soap. I remembered the water being warm and the bath being empty, and oh sweet baby Jesus.

My face turned red as I tried to scramble up onto the bed again.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I shook my head furiously. “I, uh, read some articles after you went to sleep. I’m supposed to have an open dialog? Yeah, an open and frank dialog about sex with you, if you want.”

“I just didn't know what to do, Tweekers. You were there and you wanted me there and, fuck,” I had curled up into the blankets on the bed. “You used to be so adventurous and it was like you were back. Like a part of you was back because obviously you have been here. Or at least mostly here. Goddamn it I am bad at this. Tweek come out from under the blanket.”

“Don't want to.”

“Do you want to get dressed first?”

“Yes.”

I heard wood scraping against wood and a soft rustling. Something soft landed on top of my blanket pile. I snaked a hand out to pull in a long sleeve shirt and boxers. I went through the gymnastics of getting dressed under a blanket, rolling to get my arms through the sleeves.

“You done?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I'm going to take the blanket off. We need to talk about this. Shit, I need to talk about this.” I poked my head out and sat up, avoiding his eyes.

“Did I hurt you?” He didn't even touch me, unless I didn't remember. Was I sleeping? Did I not even wake up? Did he keep going even though I was asleep? Was he in cahoots with the gnomes? Was he a gnome? I let out a scream.

“Tweek?” He questioned leaning over the bed. I pressed myself against the wall, grabbing at the nightstand. I felt the cool metal of the lamp in my hand and I yanked. I felt the cord give, popping out from the wall, the lamp shade covering my mouth as I held it close.

“Don't come any closer, I'll hit you! I know what you are!”

“Honey, just put the lamp down.” He backed away off of the bed, his hands in the air.

“No! You're the gnome king! NGH! Feast on my flesh!”

“Tweek? Sweetheart?” He walked up to me, hands still up high. His steps were so slow, it was like he wasn't even moving, but he was. He was getting closer to me, he was going to feast on my flesh. I swung.

“God fucking damn it! Tweek, you just hit me with a fucking lamp!” This imposters hand was over his nose.

“Get back. Don't come closer! I won't fall prey to you so easily!” I stood up on the bed as he stumbled backwards. I pressed my back against the wall to get the best vantage point. The gnomes were tricky.
“Shit. I think you broke my fucking nose.” His hand was covered in blood, so much blood. It was red like human blood, but animal blood looked like human blood for the most part. I held the lamp tight. “Tricia! We have a situation! Goddamn it! Tweek, just put the fucking lamp down!”

“No! You stole my clothes after having sex with me when I was asleep! You could go to jail!” The door opened, I saw Tricia come in and grab at the being with brown hair in front of me.

“What the hell happened? Craig, can you hear me?” She was waving her hand around in front of him. He was not Craig. Craig would not have had sex with me when I was sleeping.

“I didn't have sex with you. We fucking masturbated in the bathroom, for god's sake!” I saw Bebe's blonde hair before I saw Bebe. She did not come at me with her hands up, she just wrapped herself around me like she was climbing a tree, throwing the lamp to the ground.

“Shh, pumpkin, it's okay. You're alright honeybun, no one is going to hurt you. It's just Bebe giving you a hug. Just giving you a nice tight hug. Feels good, right cupcake?” I did not respond but I didn't throw her off of me. Bebe did not look like a gnome. Bebe looked afraid. Bebe looked very afraid.

“I'm pretty sure you're nose is broken.” Tricia, minion of the gnomes turned to me, teeth snarled. “Happy, Tweek? You broke my brothers fucking nose.”

“No Craig, the gnome king. That's the gnome king about to feast on my flesh! Step two is human consumption! We're livestock! We're all just livestock!”

“No we're not! You're just fucking psycho!” Tricia was screaming.

“Don't yell at him Trish, he's just sick. It's not his fault.” The gnome king mumbled. He probably just didn't want this matter investigated.

“No, Butter's was right! He's dangerous. He hit you with a fucking lamp Craig and you are defending him. Tweek is not an infallible being.”

“You don't understand.” She didn't. She did not understand that he was not her brother and he was indeed the gnome king. He was just waiting for us to lower our guard so he could take what he wanted.

“No, please make me understand. Make me understand why it's okay for Tweek to break your nose.” There was a pause. “Obviously Craig, you don't understand.”

There was a small voice coming from Bebe. This hug felt like a Bebe hug so surely this was the real Bebe. Gnomes do not have the ability to copy human hugs, they don't have the same muscle tone. I would know if it wasn't her.

I had lost focus. My loss of focus may have cost me my life.

“Yeah, Clyde likes me to do this when I peg him. I got really good at it, don't you think?” My hands were bound behind me, I couldn't move them, there was a fabric holding them tightly back.

“I could have gone my whole life without knowing Clyde likes to get pegged, Bebe.” The gnome king coughed. “Cocksucker, that fucking hurt.”

“I can probably set that if you want.” The gnome king nodded, and then as Tricia's hands were on him he let out a scream. Was Tricia giving him her life energy?

“Don't! Don't make him any stronger!” I cried out, struggling against bindings.
“I'm taking you to the car.” It was the gnome king, he was rising up with new found power. “We have two appointments today, one with Kyle and another with Mr. Conner.”

“I am done. I am done with this craziness. First he won't talk for a week, he won't eat, much less take his damn meds, and now he's beating you with a lamp.” Tricia stomped towards the door. “I'm moving back in with Mom and Dad. Butters was right. Clyde was right. Dad was right. You are wasting your time.”

The gnome king lifted me into the air as he stuck his middle finger into the air. “He's my boyfriend and I love him. You don't just leave people because they are a little bit inconvenient. Don't think you should be giving me relationship advice after you dated and got dumped by Ike fucking Broflovski.”

“I'm done! Fuck y'all, have fun without me.” She slammed the door.

“Well, this is fun, right? I'll just text Clyde to come get me.” Bebe was shuffling away from us as the gnome king was pulling me into his arms. He was going to put my into a pot and boil me! I screamed, kicking my legs.

“Bebe, please. He's your friend.” The gnome king sounded sad.

“Fine, I'll ride with him to see Kyle. I have to see him anyway. Due for my monthly lecture.” She let out a giggle. She moved herself in front of my feet. Kicking Bebe was bad, I stopped moving.

“Grab him a pair of pants, and something comfortable will you? The black sweat pants, the ones without strings, and a long sleeve shirt, maybe a sweatshirt.” Bebe nodded and dutifully rummaged though my drawers.

“Should I grab extras?” I could feel the gnome king's chin bump my forehead as he nodded.

“Tweek, it's me Craig. I'm going to take you to Kyle and we're going to decide from there.” I looked up to see his eyes were wet. Maybe that was how the gnomes seasoned their food, with their tear ducts.

“Don't eat me.” I whimpered, Bebe standing near me, petting my hair.

“It's Craig. Just Craig. Not going to hurt you.” Blood was still around his nose, crusted around the edges.

“Do you want to sit in the back seat next to Tweek?”

“Yeah.” I was slid into the car. “I'll do the buckle so he doesn't freak out.”

“Thanks.” The car started as Bebe reached her hand across me, making me trapped in the car with my arms bound.

“Craig?”

“Bebe?” The king sounded annoyed.

“I was just thinking.” Bebe hummed.

“Seems like a new thing for you. How is it going?” The king let out a dry laugh. Bebe followed.

“Ass wipe. I was just thinking that maybe I should try harder.”

“Mm-hm. You should.” The tone wasn't joking.
“I just feel like I'm not as sick as he is and it's not a big deal because he is obviously worse.” This time he laughed.

“For Christ sake, you are starving to death and willing living with an alcoholic asshole. Also it's not a contest. Not everything is a contest. Really hardly anything is a contest.” The tone was gentle. This was not a tone I heard the real Craig use with other people. Obviously gnomes were different, but it still caught me off guard.

“But I'm like aware of my stuff. I don't think the world is different than it is.” She mumbled out.

“And yet you are still refusing to eat. Sounds more fucked up to me.”

“Hmm, maybe. Maybe.” The car jolted to a stop and the engine died.

“Real talk, Bebe?”

“Yeah, of course, always.”

“I don't want to have to carry your casket this year.”
Chapter 10

“Look we're can't come inside. Tweek is tied up in the backseat, it's not like we can just stroll in.”

“Yes, we gave him his pills just a little bit ago. I know he's supposed to take them everyday.”

“Yes. I know you have an appointment with Bebe! She's in the goddamn backseat right now.”

“You'll send Kenny out? What, were you eating Kenny's ass and just decided you could take a break? We've been on the phone for five minutes and now is when you're willing to send me someone? You are the fucking worst.”

“Well I guess breakfast for you is butthole, makes sense because you're a little buttmunch.”

Craig or The Gnome King, I wasn't sure at this point. That was how Craig talked to Dr. Broflovski. My head was fuzzy. I felt a little bit dizzy. I could hear Bebe laugh next to me, her hands running through her hair as she leaned to see the side mirror.

A knock on the window. I jumped forward, the rough material of the seat belt holding me up as I flailed, realizing once again that I was restrained.

“Look at that. Tweek's got a pretty good swing, huh?” It was Kenny. Kenny always sounded so happy. “Where is the little guy anyways?”

“He's in the backseat, make sure he doesn't kick you.” Craig said. Or the gnome king. I wanted to go lay down, it was hard to keep up.

The door opened and I felt the cold on my bare legs. I heard a laugh from Kenny.

“Such a hurry to see me that you forgot to get dressed?” I didn't respond. I was out of energy, I just slumped forward. “Hey, Bebe, still mad at me?”

“Oh you know I couldn't stay mad at the asshole who gave me chlamydia in high school and then came out as gay.” Bebe's voice was tense.

“Yep, you're still my favorite person too, outing me to the whole school. I appreciated the artistry of the sharpie marker on my locker though, Kenny McWhoredick disease carrying homo. I see you're still afraid of sandwiches.”

“Can we get over it for like fifteen seconds and get him inside?” I struggled a little against the belt.

“Okeydokey, just for you Craigers.” I could hear a groan from the front seat. The belt unbuckled, and I fell forward, unable to keep my balance.

“You feeling alright kiddo?” Kenny seemed trustworthy. I shook my head no. I did not feel alright, or okay, or good, or well, or whatever words were being used. I think I was hungry and I think I was tired. I couldn't really pinpoint it.

“Well let's get you inside? Want me to carry you?” I didn't respond.

“Don't let him kick you, that hurts like a bitch.”

“I remember the last time.” Kenny said as he placed his hands on me. I bit my lip. “I'm not gonna hurt you. Up we go. You've gotten lighter since last time, Bebe rubbing off on you?” I didn't say
anything as he carried me inside.

“Fuck you, Ken. I'm trying.”

“Sure looks like it. You were never all that great at anything were you?”

“Sorry I was never a big IV drug user, cupcake.”

“But not for lack of trying, right? I remember, you ringing on my door trying to get me to score you an eight-ball.” I closed my eyes and leaned against Kenny's chest.

“Well you did. I guess you didn't give a shit if I had the money.”

“It's not like my boyfriend is having a psychotic break after not being able to get a hold of your buddy Kyle for five days. No, Tweek isn't restrained in your arms right now, let's keep picking each other apart.”

“Yeah, yeah, he's my friend I get it. It's not like this is that out of the ordinary.”

“It's different.” It was Craig, I could hear his nasally voice. I didn't want to hear anymore. I just wanted to stop being.

“You always think it is. You love him, it's cute.” Kenny teased. His chest rumbled as he spoke.

“Fuck you dude. It's okay to love people. He's having flashbacks.” I was placed into a chair I think. It wasn't as warm as Kenny. I didn't mention it though.

“So glad to see all of you this Monday morning.” Dr. Broflovski. He sounded like he was complaining, but it was always like that.

“I love to talk about my problems with you Kyle. It's my favorite thing to do. I think I might even like it more than talking with Kenny.”

“It's Dr. Broflovski.” He sighed.

“Oh, was it Dr. Broflovski and his friends that got rid of everyone's parents and made us kill each other for protection? Was Dr. Broflovski the one who weaponized our imaginations?”

“Bebe, I've apologized for those things.”

“You four basically fucked up the whole childhood for everyone in town.” It was Craig's voice, I think. I started to fade in and out, unable to keep up. I just let the words pass through me.

“This is not what the session is about. Take off your coat and stand on the scale.”

“No, I don't want to, there's too many people.”

“Just fucking do it, Bebe. Remember you are going to start trying harder, it's okay.”

“Fine, for you Craig, not for these two assholes.” There was a rustle of fabric.

“God, Clyde wasn't lying when he said you look bad.”

“Screw you, McWhoredick.”

“You already did, remember?”
“Kenny that's not particularly helpful at this moment, okay? How about you go out into the hall and we can talk later?” A door opened and closed. I felt myself sliding, the fabric on the chair rubbing underneath my knees.

“You're down two pounds since last time.”

“That's all?”

“Jesus, Bebe.”

“I just figured it'd be more. It's been two weeks.”

“You know Dr. Mephesto wants you to go and I'm inclined to agree. I can see if Denver can get you a bed. I can come up twice a week for your psychiatric services if you'd like, or you could use someone else inpatient.”

“I don't want to. I have things to do here.”

“Like what?” That was distinctly Craig's voice, and I think it was Craig's hands pulling me back into the chair.

“Someone has to take care of Clyde.”

“Fuck, is that all? Let Token do it. Shit, I'll do it if you'll go.”

“But he needs me.”

There was a scoff. Someone was petting my hair, it felt nice.

“Two weeks. Just two weeks.”

“No, Bebe, I can't trust you to not lose more weight.”

“I'll go for two weeks. I'm not doing another rehab. I hate it. The girls are mean.”

“Bebe, I really think you need extended care. With your brain not getting the proper nourishment I don't think you're capable of making the right choice here.”

“Fuck you Kyle. I know where I'm at. I can drive still. I'm not Tweek.”

“Don't be a bitch.” I slumped forward and the voice picked me up. I was on someone. They were warm. It felt nice.

“Two weeks, take it or leave it Kyle.”

“You can AMA if you want. I won't drop you from my practice if you spend two weeks in Denver.”

“Yeah, I'd hate to lose the prestige of the only real mental care professional in the whole damn town. I might have to go to North Park and get actual help.”

I felt hands on my wrists. They were a little bit cold, but I felt the blanket coming off of me.

“You're really going to undo the restraints?”

“Yeah, if he freaks out I can just grab him, he's in my lap.” I leaned my head against Craig. It was Craig or it was Kenny. I wasn't sure.
“He needs to go to Denver.”

“I know.” The voice sounded tearful.

“Why the sudden change of heart?”

“I can't do it. It's too much.” I put my arms around the voice. “I'm exhausted. I need a break.”

“Go today. Take Bebe, before she changes her mind. It's not like he'll be alone.”

“Yeah Tweek and I can be miserable together, hurray.”

“How is that different than now?”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

This is just a fluffy little tidbit and not so much a chapter. Hope y'all enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

We all rode in the car for a long time. Well, first we went by Bebe and Clyde's apartment, then we stopped at a Chick-fil-a and got chicken nuggets, but there was no breading on them. Bebe said she wouldn't eat anywhere else. Craig, I am pretty sure it was Craig, got me some too, and a lemonade, which was really nice. I fell asleep a couple of times in the backseat, waking up when my head banged against the window.

Craig gave my my pants when we finally stopped. I didn't say anything.

It was cold and we were in a familiar parking lot. Were we in Denver?

“Please don't cause a scene, we all need this.” It was Craig's voice as he held a hand out for me to step out of the car.

“I am only here because if Kyle drops me my mom will cry.” A car door slammed.

“Whatever you say.”

“Can I go back to sleep?” I was following Craig inside, hand in hand. I had put my pants on but I didn't have shoes, just socks. The ground was wet and cold.

“Give it a minute babe. You can lay on me while we're waiting.” Big sliding glass doors whooshed opened and I stumbled backwards. A hand on the small of my back kept me upright. I was too out of it to complain.

“Checking in Tweek Tweak and Bebe Stevenson.”

“Stevens, fuck I thought you at least knew my name fuck face.” I heard Craig snort.

“I am so done. I'm not even sure I know my own name, Criag, Craig, who knows anymore.”

“You're forgiven, because I'm obviously a compassionate and forgiving person, not because you deserve it.” I saw Bebe smile at me, then flick off Craig. This whole time I was slumped against Craig and there was an older lady staring at us.

“Here's some paperwork,” she slid two clipboards, they were brown and kind of chipped up, some crayon marks on the back, “fill this out and I'll call you back in a little while. They're still trying to figure out the bed situation.” She was smiling, she didn't look mean, just sort of bored.

“Can you fill out your own?” We sat in the chairs. Craig positioned me so I was laying on him, I closed my eyes.

“I always do.” Bebe chirped, sort of like a bird. Bebe would have made a good bird, she was sort of flashy like a bird, but kind of skittish too. Not that skittish, but she didn't really like confrontation all
“Let me know if you need help.” A hand was in my hair.

“Craig, no one ever helps me with this stuff. Last time I took a Greyhound then an Uber, and then I sat alone up here for four hours waiting for someone to call me back. I can handle some paperwork.”

“That sounds gross.” That was my voice, I think, or I had a clone whose voice was just like mine. I didn't open my eyes to check though. “I don't like to be alone.”

“I know baby, shh.” Craig shifted allowing me to get a bit more comfortable. “Clyde doesn't take you? It's not like he works a ton.” I could hear Bebe laugh.

“Clyde calls it his Bebe vacation when I have to do this. He doesn't even visit. Last time I went inpatient he spent the whole time fucking Heidi apparently. He told her we were on a break. Time before he slept with Karen. Kenny busted him up pretty bad.” Another laugh. “It was as close as I'd come to liking Kenny for a long time.”

“That's kind of shitty though.”

“Yeah.” I added into Craig's stomach.

“Well,” Bebe sighed, “we're both kind of shitty so it works out fine.”

“Everyone is kind of shitty, but you still shouldn't have to deal with Clyde's nonsense.”

“It's not like crazy is a hot commodity, Craig. It's not like there's anyone else in the whole town that'd like to be with me. We both can't do any better. It's complicated.”

“I'd date you. You're nice and pretty. You give good hugs too.” I turned and looked upward at Craig who was scribbling on the clipboard, teeth biting his bottom lip as he smiled.

“Yeah, if vaginas weren't super gross I'd date you,” Craig added and everyone laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Real chapter tomorrow. It just wasn't a good transition with that tacked onto the chapter.
“Mr. Tweak, are you paying attention?”

“Huh?” I asked. I glanced around the room to see it looked different. I wasn't home.

“Mr. Tweak, we were just going over a few questions before we get you settled.” That voice wasn't Craig. I looked around again, Craig wasn't here.

“Where am I?” I remembered getting in the car and being in Craig's arms, but I did not remember this.

“You're in Denver at our hospital Mr. Tweak. We've been in intake for an hour.” Oh. I do remember Craig and Dr. Broflovski talking, sort of. My head hurt. “Any changes in mood lately?”

I nodded. There was a clock ticking behind the man in a white jacket. The ticks felt uneven for some reason. Tick, skip a beat, tick, tick, tick, skip, tick. I tried to work out the rhythm in my head.

“Mr. Tweak,” the voice interrupted. “Mr. Tweak, do you need me to repeat my question?” I nodded, then went back to the clock. Tick, tick, skip, tick, skip, tick, tick, tick, skip, tick, tick. Maybe I was just imagining it. Or maybe it wasn't really a clock. What else could it be? Tick, tick, tick, skip, skip, tick, tick, skip, tick.

“Mr. Tweak, are you listening?”

“I understand that Mr. Tucker gave you double your dose of Xanax in the car. Would you like to pick this up tomorrow?” Did he? Is that why I felt all floaty? Was that making the clock tick wrong? Tick, tick, skip, tick, tick, skip, tick, tick. Well that had a certain pattern, it wasn't random.

“Mr. Tweak, let's get you to your room, huh?” The white jacket spoke. Or the man spoke. I didn't know. I was still tired. He was walking and I was following. He stopped and I bumped into him.

An elevator, I did not like elevators. I stepped in anyways, following the white jacket. I bumped into the metallic wall, my stomach digging into a hand rail. I caught my distorted reflection in the shiny surface, I looked funny. My hair was wild, but my eyes were almost closed. A ding, just one.

“Mr. Tweak, this way.” The coat man spoke. Mr. Tweak. I was not Mr. Tweak. Mr. Tweak was dead, or in jail. Maybe he died after he went to jail? Maybe he was out of jail?

“Mr. Tweak, are you alright?” I had made a noise. It wasn't a shriek, but it wasn't quite a whimper. I wasn't sure. I shrugged my shoulders, continuing to follow the man.

“This is your room. Your roommate, Thomas, should be inside. Would you like me to introduce
you?” I shrugged again, staring at my feet. I was in wet socks, well damp, they weren't that wet.

Two beds in a room. It wasn't a big room, not really. Each bed had a night stand, and there was a dresser. There were no lamps. One bed was made and one bed had a bunch of pillows on it, like a mountain of pillows. Almost a suspicious amount of pillows.

“Thomas, this is Tweek. He's your new roommate. He's having some concentration problems so he's going to head to bed.” There was a person under the pillows?

“Okay, shit! My name is, fuck! Thomas. I'm happy to be you're, titties! roommate.” The voice sounded familiar and a figure emerged from the pillows with his hand out. I stared at him trying to place him.

“Thomas, he doesn't do physical touch.” He lowered his hand and smiled at me.

“That's fine, cocksucker! We all have different levels of, bitch! comfort.” He cussed a lot. I could swear I knew him. The white jacket left, promising to bring a tray of food up in a little bit.

I was still staring at the blond pillow creature. He had dark bags under his eyes and a little bit of a twitch. He was still smiling.

“Is my, goddamn it! cussing bother in you? You can, shit fuck damn, request another roommate. You wouldn't be the first, faggot! faggot! faggot! one.” I shook my head. “I have Tourette's shit! Syndrome, I'm getting a med change.” His arm pulled inward a few times.

“I think I know you.” I said laying on the made bed. “Or you're an alien and have implanted my brain with false facts.” I wiggled my way under the covers. I felt slow.

“What's piss! you're name again?”

“Tweek Tweak.” It occurred to me after saying it that this may have been a trick to get me to give up personal information. I sighed.

“No fucking way.” That wasn't a tic, at least I didn't think so. “Tindr?” He laughed after that, his arm still jerking about.

“We can't start a fire here, we're in a hospital.” I turned away from him pulling the blanket over my head.

“No, fuck! I had sex with you and Mr. Tall, fag! shit! Dark and Handsome. I was 21, goddamnit! What was his, piss! name? Christophe? No, he fuck! was the one who shit! shit! shit! used the shovel. French boy, very edgy, piss! he cried afterwards though. His blonde was very, fuck! socially aware. Gregory, piss! of some pussy English place.” I pushed the blanket back down and looked at him again.

“No, you and him were great, shit! South Park I think, hmm.” His arm had a tremor.

“Clyde, fuck! Was he Clyde? Faggot! No, Clyde was tied shit! up.” Oh, I could have never known that. “They looked the same, fuck!”

“Stan?” He asked. “No. He was, shit! with Kyle. That was, damn it! recent. Boring, fuck! for a threesome.”

“Craig,” I said, somewhat afraid that he'd go through the list of everyone I had ever met and tell me their sexual preferences. His face lit up.
“Yes! Your birthday, right? I rode, fuck! you and Craig sucked you off. Yeah, tits! Craig bought a cock ring, we went for, shit! hours.” He was laughing to himself as he tilted his head to the right. “You had, faggot! faggot! faggot! multiple orgasms.” I blushed pulling the blankets up over my face again, then pushed them back down.

“I don't have sex anymore. It's naughty.” I mumbled while looking at him. He seemed very into reliving his conquests.

“You were so, fuck bitch shit! great. It's a shame. Did your meds, fag! break your dick?” I shuddered.

“Don't say that word.” His head turned at me while he blinked rapidly.

“What, fuck! dick? It was like you're favorite word, titties! that night.” Oh, that was concerning. I felt myself start to come out of the fog I was in.

“Really?” I sat up on the bed, leaning forward on my hands.

“Yeah, you asked Craig, shit! if you had a nice dick like a hundred fuck! times.” His head tilted to the left four times. “You, faggot! had a daddy kink. It was always yes Daddy, fuck! No Daddy, please don't make me Daddy. I shit! think you cried too. South Park, fuck! is full of criers, and gay boys, titties! apparently.”

I felt around by the bed for a trash can and there wasn't one. I cupped my hands out as I vomited. Thomas was unfazed.

“I guess the meds broke your stomach, shit! too.” He let out a laugh. “It's okay, I understand, titties! it happens to the best of us.” He called for a nurse, who promptly remade the bed as I hugged my knees on the floor.

I was apparently using Craig to recreate those memories. I felt my stomach heave again. There was a bucket this time.

“I figured, shit! you could use it.” I continued to throw up into the bucket Thomas had given me.

“So why are you here?” His voice was calm for a minute. He was very still as I looked up wiping the vomit from my chin.

“Uh,” I started. “ I hit Craig with a lamp, but he was a gnome. I don't know. We,” my voice got quiet, “masturbated together, I think?” I was shaking a little bit. “We don't do those things anymore. They are bad.”

“You, fuck! really liked them before. What changed?” He was really chipper for being in the hospital.

“I was, uh,” I stumbled over the words. “ I was a kid and Dad,” I stopped, vomiting into the bucket again. I hugged my legs when I was done. “I didn't want to. I'm not a pervert,” I shrieked.

“Oh, fuck! You seemed really, goddamn! committed to the kink.” He wasn't looking at me anymore. I crawled into the bed, hanging my head. I think I was out of vomit, and even if I wasn't, I did not want to see his face. He looked sad, like he pitied me. “I mean, shit! people process trauma differently.”

I put the pillow on top of my face, hoping to signal the end of the conversation.
It did not.

“I, fuck! hear it's pretty common, motherfucker! to subconsciously recreate trauma.” I groaned. “Let me, bitch! know if you get your, shit fuck goddamn! sexual appetite back and are looking, fucking shit! for a threesome again.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked Thomas because I enjoyed writing him way too much.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning, but maybe that's par for the course. Better safe than sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I slept a lot. I was always sleeping. The staff, a different nurse every time, brought me thick chocolate milk periodically, saying I had to drink this or come to dinner. I didn't want to come to dinner. Sometimes Thomas tried to talk to me.

“Do you want, dick! to come to group?” He had picked up saying that word as a tic. I didn't respond.

“You might feel better if you saw people, shit! A blonde girl, Bridget, or, dick! fuck! cocksucker! something, she, she's been asking about you.” I didn't correct him. Bebe, Bridget, what did it really matter? I just bunched the blankets up around myself tighter.

“I know you're awake, it's been like, fuck! a long time. I know it's rough but, shit! it's time to get up.” I didn't get up and he left the room.

I slept some more and then someone else was in my room. I don't know how long it had been.

“Tweek, get up. I know you don't feel well but it's time to work the program.” It was Dr. Broflovski's most patronizing voice, which was really saying something. He was always aware that he was better than me, and he always spoke like it.

I didn't verbally respond, but I did weasel my hand out from under the scratchy gray blanket and flip him off.

“Craig is worried. He drove all the way up here and you wouldn't even see him.” I kept my hand out.

“Is the Seroquel making you too drowsy? I know that it's a sedative and it's a major side effect, but Craig and I both felt it was necessary after the last meltdown.” I pulled my hand back into the blanket, making no noise, remembering beating Craig with a lamp. Was his nose okay? Was he mad at me? Obviously he was because I was in Denver. I doubt I'd ever be allowed to leave.

“I know that we're being fairly aggressive in our treatment, but we all just want you to make some positive change.” He sighed. “Craig wrote you a letter, he asked me to give it to you. I'm putting it on the bedside table.”

“Have you been having delusions? Any gnomes?” I flipped him off again. I wanted to lay in bed not thinking. I didn't want to read a letter from Craig, probably telling me that he was moving back to LA to follow a film career he talked about when I was more normal.

He quit that, after my mom died. Did she die? Was I remembering right? I remember he moved back to South Park and we all lived in my parents house. I remember Mom not having any hair. I
remember that later it was just the two of us. We still lived in my parents house. I remembered a lawyer talking about estates. I remember a dark mahogany casket. I remember signing paperwork for Tweak Bros and I remember Craig obtaining guardianship. We had been on a break. He wanted to find himself.

Instead he found me again and reworked a photography degree into an engineering degree at the University of Denver. I think I was 22? Was he 23? He left for California when I was in Denver at 21. We had a fight. He always hated it here anyways.

Kyle wasn't talking so I assumed he was gone. I pulled the blankets off of my face, grazing my cheek and realizing it was wet. I was hungry. I ignored it. I shuffled off into the small bathroom.

“Good to see you're up.” There was someone stationed where there should have been a door. I guess they had me on a watch. I didn't say anything. I just went to pee.

“I can have them bring you up a tray if you want, or another Ensure.” The guard said as I made my way back to bed. “They're just starting evening group. Let me walk you down there.” This man was grabbing my hand. He was pulling me out of my room. I was frozen.

“Tweek, quickly, and then you can get back to your friends. I would hate to have to tell them about our little secret. I don't think they would like you afterwards. Like spoiled cream in bitter coffee, they'd be put off by you.”

I was sliding down the hallway. I couldn't scream.

“If you don't let me touch you I'll have to sell you into slavery. That'd make your mother very sad, don't you think? Do you like making your mother sad?”

I was still being pulled. I couldn't move.

“Be still. This is practice. Craig will do this to you when you're older since you're together. It's how you'll know he loves you.”

We had stopped in a doorway and the man's mouth was moving, but I couldn't hear it. All I could hear was Dad talking to me. Saying things I tried very hard to forget.

“You're getting fat, you shouldn't eat so many pastries at work. It'll make Craig unhappy.”

“You're so lucky you have open minded parents son. When I was your age, if I tried to date a boy my father would have beat me. I'm so much nicer to you.”

“I don't want you wearing belts anymore, it's too hard to get them off. And switch back to button ups, it's better for Daddy.”

I was throwing up.

I was throwing up in the entryway to group therapy, frozen in place. I was throwing up all down the front of my shirt, watching it puddle up at my feet. I sat down, sobbing.

“Tweek, are you okay?” It was Dr. Broflovski. He was rushing up to me. I continued to cry, sitting in this mess. All liquid. I hadn't eaten anything solid since I had last seen Craig.

“Continue the meeting without me,” he looked at another staff member. “I'll be back in a few
I was being scooped up off the floor. Vomit was seeping into Dr. Broflovski's green sweater.

"Next time you're late for work we'll have to go two rounds. You're so lucky I'm so forgiving."

"Oh, you're so tight. It's nice that some things don't change as you get older. You'll always be Daddy's little boy, right?"

"You're so nice, like a fresh cup of coffee on a busy Wednesday morning, just sweet enough to go down easy."

I felt myself heaving again, my head on Kyle's chest. Kyle did not look like my father. Kyle had red hair. Kyle was thin. Kyle smelled like hand sanitizer, bread, and stomach acid. His chest was rumbling, but I couldn't hear it.

"You're really becoming a man. Maybe you're dick will be even bigger than mine. We can put them next to each other and see."

"Ask Daddy please in that voice of yours. I'm so close Tweek, just do it for Daddy."

I was placed on my bed, I think it was mine. I could see Thomas' pillows. Kyle was in front of my with his mouth moving. I was crying. I rubbed at my eyes.

"You don't want the shop to go out of business do you? If Daddy gets too stressed it might, you're helping us. Just doing your part in the family."

"I told you something bad would happen if you told your mother. Daddy doesn't appreciate your dishonesty. You'll stay down here until I'm sure you learned your lesson."

Kyle was frantically waving his hands in front of me in big exaggerated movements. He pointed to his ear and then me, then his hand motioned to his mouth. He repeated the gestures over and over, stopping at the end to shake his head yes or no. Ear, me, mouth? Could I hear him?

I furiously shook my head no, still crying. His mouth was still going, he took a needle and syringe from a staff member. He pointed, nodding his head up and down, then shaking it from side to side.

It was a big needle. What was it? I stared at him. He mimed sleeping. I nodded.

The staff member, a woman, grabbed me and held me still as Kyle gave me a shot. It hurt. The staff member left and Kyle laid me down on the bed, turning me so I could see him. He kept talking, I think, or he was just moving his mouth.

"Where did you think you were going to go, son? It's not like you have any real friends. Be still and take your punishment. Don't bite Daddy. None of them would ever help you with anything. No one else cares about you."

The last thing I saw before falling asleep was Kyle's mouth moving as he held my hand.
Thanks for reading. These comments are making my day (well save the KYS one, but I digress)
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Who's down for drama? Hopefully all of y'all.

Thomas was allowed to leave. He had left and I had no roommate for a while. I wasn't sure how long it had been. I spent my time in bed, Dr. Broflovski coming up to have one sided conversations, then being given glasses of that thick chocolate drink, that I was now sure was not milk.

I cried a lot. I heard my Dad a lot. My meds were changed a lot.

Kyle delivered letters from Craig I was too afraid to read.

“Mr. Tweak, you have a new roommate coming, don't you think it'd be nice to get into a shower?” I just laid in bed, not even bothering to pull the blankets over my face. I had showered recently, I think. I remember some woman in blue scrubs dragging me into the shower, throwing up at the human contact, hearing filthy things, and some man in a long white jacket giving me a shot.

I had been getting a lot of shots.

I was staring at the ceiling minding my own business when there was shouting. Masculine shouting. I pulled myself into a ball, eyes peaking out from under the blankets. A man in blue scrubs came into the room. I think he was a patient, he had gauze around his wrists. He was carrying an armful of clothing, I think. He was cursing as threw the clothes onto the bed.

“This is so fucking unfair. I can't believe Kyle would do this.” The man kicked at his bed, shouting as he made contact. He was so loud and so angry.

“Please don't.” I squeaked out, surprising myself.

“What was that? Is someone in here?” The voice was still loud. I didn't move. “I wasn't told that I'd have a roommate.” He turned and I saw his face.

Stan Marsh.

I was trapped in a room with Stan Marsh.

“Hey, answer me!” Shouting again. I steeled myself for what was to come. “Spoke when you're spoken to!”

“Listen here, you belong to me. You're Daddy's little boy. You do what Daddy says.”

“Please, no. I don't want to.” I felt my stomach flip.

The blanket was ripped from me with too much force. He was mad. He was very mad. I flinched, then vomited off the side of the bed. He quickly followed suit and we were staring at each other throwing up.

“Tweek?” His voice was soft. I nodded then turned away, snatching the blankets back.
“Stan, you're being unreasonable.” Dr. Broflovski huffed, like he was out of breathe. “Aw, shit what happened? I'll get a nurse in here to clean up this mess.” I heard his steps as he left.

“Fuck you Kyle. Go fuck yourself. I don't even want to see you.” Screaming. He was screaming as loud as he could I think.

“I can have them sedate you if you can't act like an adult. It's breaking all sorts of protocol for me to be here on your first night.”

“Fuck you and fuck protocol.” Stan's voice was softer, but still angry. I shook. I smelled fake lemon of cleaning agents.

“Can you tell me why you're so angry?” Kyle's voice sounded calm, but it still sort of sounded like his jaw was clenched.

“Don't use your psychobabble bullshit on me. I'm not one of your patients, I'm your lover!” I didn't want to be here for this fight. Why was I always present in fights I didn't want to hear?

“Shh!” Kyle hissed.

“No, fuck you Kyle. We're in love and Wendy is a beard. Everyone fucking knows it. It's not a fucking surprise to anyone in the town. Sorry you couldn't get over your mommy complex long enough to be open about our relationship.” I coughed, taking the opportunity to make myself know. Maybe they would stop.

“Everyone does not know. I know you're upset but this isn't how we handle anger.” Dr. Broflovski was trying his best to defuse the situation. He was never great at it.

“Tweek! Tweek!” A hand was on my shoulder. I let out a shriek.

“Don't touch him. Don't just touch people here. You are in a psych ward, you don't get to just grab people willy nilly.”

I heard Stan repeat in a mocking tone, “You're in a psych ward, you can't grab people willy nilly,” in a voice much to high for his tall frame. “This is Tweek, we've know him forever. I can touch Tweek.” He grabbed me again. “Tweek, did you know that Kyle and I were in a relationship?”

“Thomas told me. Let go of me. Please stop. I don't ever want to have another threesome again!” I felt myself shake. I could hear Kyle sigh.

“See Kyle?” Stan's hand was still on my shoulder. “Everyone fucking knows. Everyone knows we are boning. Everyone! Even Tweek who has been in the hospital for a month!” Had it been a month?

“Stan, let go of Tweek. Tweek is dangerous when it comes to touch.” I was not. I was not a dangerous individual. Not really anyway.

“You don't believe those stories do you? They were rumors probably circulated around the school by Cartman. You always did have a torch for him, is that why I'm here? Because you want to break up with me and get fucked by Mr. Rolie Polie Olie?” Stan's shouts were reverberating off of the white painted brick walls, causing an echo.

“I am not fucking the fatass, we've been over this.” I made brief eye contact with Kyle, pleading to be left alone. “You're scaring Tweek and you need to go sit on your bed. You are here because I found you in the bathtub with your wrists slit, drinking out of a bottle of Jack Daniels.” Kyle hissed.
“I told you that was a misunderstanding.” I laughed a little against my will, getting glared at by both of them.

“It wasn't and I need you to go sit down before I have them bring you a sedative.” I watched as Stan huffed sitting on his pile of clothes on the bed.

“Whatever Mom. Good to know you care about me. I wish I was dead, then maybe you wouldn't be so cold.”

“Shit like that is why you're here.” Kyle said as he stomped away.

I sat up on the bed, fiddling with the sleeves of my shirt. I could hear Stan go through his theatrics of putting away his clothes, drawers opening and slamming, curse words, and then crying.

“It's not so bad.” I mumbled, glancing in his direction.

“I'm not like you. I'm not crazy. I don't belong here.” He spat with his head in his hands. I tried not to recoil. He was obviously very upset.

“I didn't say you were crazy.” I rushed out. “I just said it's not so bad.”

“I have complicated problems Tweek.” I let out another small laugh. “I do. My problems are real world problems, not fantasy adventures.” I was now full out laughing.

“If you say so.” I added, forgetting that Stan was prone to sharing.

“I do say so. Kyle won't even come out to his parents, so we have to live with Wendy. I don't hate Wendy it's just like, she's constantly in the way. Then Kyle is always so wrapped up in everyone else's problems that he doesn't even see me hurting. It's totally unfair. Then I have to deal with Randy.”

“Randy's not so bad.” I said in a hushed tone.

“Yeah, you'd think that. But he's always drunk. I can't remember a time in recent memory, besides driving him home from the hospital, where he was sober. He's never present for anything, he's there but he's gone. He's the worst father ever.”

“No, he's not. Don't say that.” I was picking at my hands.

“He's awful Tweek, you don't understand. You don't have to spend time with him.”

“It could always be worse.” I laid down, turning away from him. I didn't like this topic. I was starting to feel uneasy.

“How on Earth could it be worse?” There was a pause. “Come on, tell me how it could be worse than your father constantly drunk.”

“He doesn't hit you right?” I said in a hushed tone to the wall.

“No, but it's emotional abuse. Emotional abuse is just as bad as physical abuse.” He was shouting.

“He's not a pervert is he?” I moved my hands over my mouth after that statement. Why couldn't I control what I said? Was it the new meds? Was it the loneliness of being alone for what had apparently been a month?

“I mean he used to dress up as Lorde. And one time I caught him and Mom doing it in the nasty in the Stotch's hot tub.”
“Gross, I got in that once.” I shuddered. “But not like that. I mean did he ever...” I trailed off. “With you?”

“What?” Stan sounded confused. “Has Randy ever had sex with me?” I rolled back over and nodded at him.

“No, of course not. That's not a thing that happens. Not in South Park. Shit, we're not that much of a redneck backwater town.” I was disappointed? Was that my feeling? I was disappointed that my childhood friend hadn't been abused. I felt my cheeks heat up.

“Why, did your Dad?” Stan asked quietly, like he was afraid of the answer.

“I didn't want to.” I held eye contact for some God forsaken reason and I saw the disgust flash across his face, then it softened into pity.

“Oh course not. No one would, obviously.” I didn't throw up this time. “Shit, yeah, it could be worse, fucking hell.”

“It could always be worse,” I hummed, laying back down to sleep.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

What two chapters in one night? When does this happen?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“The board has made an exception and is allowing you a visitor in your room. Please be on your best behavior. I am putting my ass on the line.” I nodded, sitting on my bed. I had showered and dressed in clean clothes. I even tried to eat breakfast this morning. I didn't succeed but I tried.

Dr. Broflovski smiled at me, leaving the room. Stan was in the visitors room, I suppose, waiting for his posse to come and chat with him. I hadn't left my room on my own accord yet. Stan had only been here for two days and he was already making friends with strangers.

Dr. Broflovski told me I had been here for thirty-two days when I asked yesterday. He seemed surprised I asked him when he checked on me. I talked with him a little, about how I was afraid to leave the room, how little things made me upset. He tsked and scribbled with his pen, not looking entirely unhappy. He said it was good I was talking to him. I only said ten sentences. I guess Craig was my reward.

I did miss Craig, but I was afraid. I was afraid he was mad at me. I was afraid he would retaliate. If someone hurt me I might want to hurt them back, even if they didn't mean to do it. Even if I loved them and they were crazy, I mean sick. Dr. Broflovski wanted me to call it sick instead of crazy.

“Knock, knock.” It was Dr. Broflovski, with his head peaked around the corner, like I could have left the room. “Are you ready to see us?” I nodded.

Almost instantly Craig was taking large strides across the small laminate floor, crushing me with a hug. He looked good. He looked like he had slept a lot, like he didn't get woken up in the middle of the night every night. He had five o'clock shadow on his tan face, I felt it rub against my check as I tensed.

“Maybe let him go?” Dr. Broflovski asked. “I did mention the vomiting correct?”

“Shit, you're right.” He pulled away, looking me up and down. His eyes were soft but he looked a little sad. Like I didn't look right. “Hey, Tweek. I missed you.”

I just nodded grabbing onto him again.

I buried my face in his chest and cried. I hadn't really cried in a while, not since Kyle sat with me as I fell asleep the first time. He smelled like home. It's funny how much you miss the smell of your laundry detergent, or the smell of marinara sauce, because Craig could only really make spaghetti. Which was fine, spaghetti is great, Craig is great.

I felt Craig's strong hand rubbing my back up and down. He made shush noises as I cried. Was I being loud? I didn't think I was loud. I could hear Kyle's pen clicking from the doorway. Click, click, click. He did that when he did the crossword, like frantic energy would make him remember words. He liked to do the crossword when I just wanted someone to sit by.
“I hear you haven't been leaving the room.” Craig’s voice cooed into my ear. His tone was flat, and to the common bystander he probably sounded indifferent. I could tell he was worried. I shook my head no into his chest as he moved to pet my hair.

“Kyle tells me you’re scared to leave the room. Is that true?” I nodded, I was scared. I was scared of making a fool of myself. I was scared of being vulnerable with strangers. I was scared he was out there.

“Why are you scared, baby? Can you tell me?” I nodded again, taking a deep inhale of his smell. He wore Axe deodorant as an adult, which I had teased him for throughout our early twenties. I would miss this smell if he were to change it to something worthy of a grown man.

“You don't have to if you can't Tweek, I just miss your voice.” I heard his voice hitch. “I missed you.” I pulled away and looked at his face, his nose was a little crooked. My hand tentatively grazed his nose, flinching at the bump.

“It healed okay, don't worry about it.” He laughed. “You always had a good arm though. You were killer on the baseball team, remember? Well the batting part, you used to complain that running the bases or catching the ball was too much pressure. I used to scream at you from the stands to run after you hit it out of the park.”

“I can't believe we made it to playoffs with our best hitter being afraid of the ball.” Dr. Broflovski said. I looked at him and a smirk was playing on his lips.

“Yeah, it certainly wasn't your pitching, was it? I do understand you're a catcher now. That seems like a better fit.” Kyle turned a deep red, mumbling something about how there was no way Stan was right.

“Have you been eating alright?” I looked at the ground. I didn't want to disappoint him. I had already disappointed him in a lot of ways, there was no real need to add one onto the list.

“No, he hasn't. He drinks 1500 calories of meal replacement without too much trouble though. The vomiting is an issue but I don't think it's tied to intentional weight loss.” That was Dr. Broflovski's clinical voice. He was making scientific observations.

I heard Craig sigh, I mouthed sorry to him, and he just gave me a soft smile.

“Want to talk about your roommate?” I looked at him quizzically.

“Thomas was my roommate.” I managed. “Now Stan.” Craig frowned at that last bit. I saw him send a glare to Dr. Broflovski.

“Not my doing, trust me.” He held his hands up in the air. “They are both on suicide watch so the hospital thought it fortuitous to have them share a room so they could have one staff member watch both.”

“Thomas was nice, I guess.” I wasn't looking at Craig. “You know Thomas.”

“You mean from Tindr?” I nodded, blushing. I could hear Dr. Broflovski groan.

“Did Thomas have relations with the whole town of South Park?” Dr. Broflovski asked.

Craig raised his eyebrows and motioned his head towards Dr. Broflovski. I nodded. Thomas did have sex with Dr. Broflovski, if Thomas was to be believed.
“Clyde too.” I added quietly.

“Yuck,” Craig pretended to gag. There was a laugh from the doorway that wasn’t Dr. Broflovski.

“I always knew Clyde had a thing for unstable blondes.” Stan said as he strolled over to his bed. “He could have Pip if he’d just get the fuck out of Narnia.”

“Like you can talk about being closeted.” Craig added rolling his eyes.

“What happened to Kenn and Butters, did they leave?” Dr. Broflovski asked, clearly annoyed.

“It was boring, this is my room, I want to rest.” He flopped down onto the bed making the cheap wood groan.

“They drove a long way to see you.”

“Too bad.” I watched Craig roll his eyes at Stan’s response. Dr. Broflovski let out a huff and went back to his crossword, his pen clicking away.

“Are you feeling better?” Craig asked, pushing my hair out of my face. I shrugged. I wasn't feeling worse. “Any gnomes?” I shook my head. “Well that's good. It's good that they're gone.”

“Sorry I hit you,” I whimpered. “I was,” I took a breath, “confused.” I picked at my hands until Craig stopped me.

“I understand. I forgive you. It was in the letter, remember?” I didn't say anything. “Have you been hearing voices?” He asked me in a quiet tone, taking a second after the fact to glare at Stan who was watching us.

I nodded, taking Craig’s hand in mine.

“What kind?” Stan chimed in from his bed, resting with his arms supporting his head. “Do you talk with dead people? The goth kids used to think they could do that.” I shook my head at him, then went back to looking at Craig.

He was smiling at me. Really smiling, not faking it for appearances.

“Dad's voice.” I was answering Stan, even though I knew I was under no obligation. I wanted Craig to think I was doing well. That I was adjusting. I wasn't but I wanted him to think that there was progress, or hope, or whatever he wanted to see.

I felt Craig’s warm arms hug me again and I tried not to freeze up. I focused on the dresser behind him. The dresser was a light brown wood. The dresser still had wood grain. The dresser was smooth. The dresser had six knobs and three drawers. I stayed in this moment. I didn’t want to leave.

“Visiting hours are almost over, time to wrap it up.” Dr. Broflovski frowned. I frowned too. So did Craig. Everyone was unhappy.

“Okay, Tweek, be good. I'll be back next Saturday. It's just a week okay. And maybe Kyle can put me on speaker phone during the week. Can you do that Kyle? You know he won't use a corded phone.” Kyle glanced behind him, turning his head each way to check the hallway.

“I am not supposed to do that, but yes. Of course. It's a stupid rule anyways.” Craig smiled again.

“Do you want anything? I can send it with Kyle when he comes up here Monday.” I thought for a second.
“Anything?” I asked, somewhat hesitantly.

“Any item that's allowed.” He clarified. I smiled.

“Socks, the fluffy soft kind, and a coloring book. A happy one, maybe the pony one in the living room.” I heard Stan laugh.

“Shut up Stan.” It was Dr. Broflovski. “He's allowed to have those things. I'll bring them up if you give them to me.”

“Okay honey, I have to go. I love you. I love you so much. Try to eat, please. And maybe try to go to group if you feel well enough. You don't even have to stay the whole time. Remember? Just five minutes.” Just five minutes was our go to when it was something I didn't want to do. If I felt too sick to go outside for a walk I only had to walk for five minutes and I could quit. I only had to talk for five minutes and they I could stop.

“Just five minutes.” I repeated, hugging him again, smelling home one last time before he left. He got up and waved from the door. “Love you.” I smiled.

Dr. Broflovski walked him out of the room and I heard their footsteps down the hallway.

“That was gay.” Stan added laughing.

“Obviously jealous,” I snorted.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the fluff.
“Nice for you to join us Tweek. Twick? Is this a misprint?” The man was smiling at me. He wore blue scrubs. I did not respond. I was just here for five minutes. There were too many people here.

“Tweek Tweak is his real name.” Stan spoke for me. Walking past me in the doorway, claiming a blue plastic chair in the circle. I stepped into the room but stayed standing. Close to the door was the safest place in the room, and I had a clear view of the clock. Four minutes and thirty five seconds left.

About ten more people trickled in, and three of them tried to make eye contact. One girl, a girl with long dark hair, ran her eyes up and down my frame. I shuddered.

“Fuck off Esther.” Stan's voice called out again. Four minutes left.

“Language.” The man in blue warned. “Okay, everyone here? Okay. Good afternoon everyone! Welcome to afternoon process group. I'm seeing some new faces,” his eyes focused in on me as I hunched in on myself. “It's good to have you with us.” He cleared his throat a little too loud. “Let's introduce ourselves. I'll start. I'm John. I'll be your process group leader today. I have two cats.” I heard Stan giggle something about he would like pussy. The girl with blonde hair next to him rolled her eyes.

Wait, was that Bebe? The girl looked healthy. Well almost healthy. Bebe usually looked like a dying animal, so it was strange to see her fleshted out. She looked nice, but Bebe always tried to look nice. I waved to her and she waved back, patting an empty chair. I shook my head no. I thought Bebe was supposed to leave after two weeks.

The greetings span around the room and I didn't not really listen. I stared at the clock. I had two minutes to go. The room had gone quiet.

“Tweek, introduce yourself.” Stan called out. I froze. “Goddamn it Tweek, John will make us wait forever if you don't.” He huffed. I saw John glare at Stan. Stan flipped him off.

“Go ahead, there's nothing to be afraid of, this is a safe space.” John, the one in blue, the one in charge, said. Thirty seconds.

“He's not going to do it.”

“Shut up Stan, give him half a second to try. You guys were always the worst.” Five seconds.

I waited out the clock for those silent five seconds and walked out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

Not much of a scene but ehh
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

This chapter brought to you by the album The Sunset Tree by The Mountain Goats

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“It's too much pressure!” I whisper shout at Dr. Broflovski, grabbing at my hair.

“It's too much pressure! Stranger danger!” I am shouting, I realize and cover my mouth with both hands after ripping them out of my hair. Blonde strands graze my lips and I frown.

“Tweek, you're being unreasonable.” His thumb and forefinger pinching the bridge of his nose. He's changed a few of my meds, swapped something for something else, got rid of a tranquilizer, and I sort of feel like a person again.

If it's a natural defense then obviously there is a danger.

“I can't do it. I can't.” I pick at my hands. His hands redirect mine to a tangle toy. It is not the same, but I dislike him touching me so stop picking and start fidgeting.

“You can do it. You just don't want to.” I hadn't left the room since the five minutes of group therapy four days ago. Tomorrow was Saturday and Craig would be visiting again? Maybe? I was hopeful.

Maybe he wouldn't though. Maybe he had decided that almost 40 days in crisis hospitalization was too long and that I wasn't worth coming to see. I shuddered a little. Where would they put me if this didn't work? I couldn't stay here forever. This isn't what this place was for. I knew that. This place was not for people who spent over a month in bed unable to hold food down.

I felt hands on my hands again and I yelped.

“It's just me, Kyle.” Dr. Broflovski said. “Please stop self harming, it is not a healthy coping mechanism. We have talked about this.” I nodded. We used to talk about this biweekly, before I remembered all the nastiness. I tried to think back to before it was always on my mind and I couldn't. I couldn't remember the time I had not quite remembered it. The times I had been aware in a vague notion that bad things had happened but my mind never really settled on them, instead it jumped to other things.

“I liked not remembering better.” I murmured, mostly to myself, playing with that stupid tangle. A part of me, a fairly large part, wanted to smash it on the dresser over and over until the plastic was broken and I no longer had to see it in it's circus color scheme, like some a rattle used to distract a
baby getting a shot.

Here Tweek, look at the pretty colors, it makes a clicking noise when you move it, isn't that nice. Think of the colors, don't think of your father's hands popping the buttons off your shirt. Listen, hear the clicking noises of your nervousness, not his grunts as he pushed into you over the hot dryer in the basement.

“Trash.” I manage to get out before I hurl. The last thing I see before I fold over into the basket is Dr. Broflovski frowning as he writes.

Thirty seconds and I am pulling a tissue from the nightstand, wiping my mouth and back to how I was before. Practice makes perfect or something equally cynical.

Dr. Broflovski hands me a bottle of water with a faint smile. I greedily take it, eager to wash the taste of bile out of my mouth. I had three bites of spaghetti for lunch and I can feel a few noodles stuck where the my gums meet the back of my teeth. It was not great spaghetti. Only Craig can make great spaghetti. I sigh a little.

“Just to double check, that wasn't purposeful correct?” I shake my head.

“No, I just felt him and,” I trail off. Dr. Broflovski puts his pen back to paper and writes some more. He is frowning, his forehead is creased.

“Are you still hearing him?” He looks at me quizzically, like this is a finale exam and failure could mean I repeat the grade.

“Yes, but it's not the same,” I ramble. “I know it's not real. I mean it was real, right? He said those things, but I can hear everyone else too.” He keeps a poker face. I am not sure if I said the right thing or not.

“Okay, Tweek.” He sighs after a few minutes, his hands touching mine again. I was picking. I see blood. I blush.

“I think you need talk therapy.” He starts. “I think you need to talk about it.” It meaning being sexually abused by my father. The thought makes my skin crawl. I grab for the basket again, staring at chocolate drink mix and spaghetti noodles before making another deposit.

Dr. Broflovski hands me another tissue, more water, and offers me a somewhat sad smile.

“Do you want to try Jimmy again?” I shake my head. I hate Jimmy less now, but I still dislike Jimmy. I dislike him for leaving me, not for being a snake that tricked me into talking. Maybe I still dislike him for that too. I was not really sure.

“And I take it Cartman is a big fat no.” I want to say emphasis on the fat, but I am tired from vomiting and the idea of having to open up to a predatory bully makes me feel too afraid to be funny. I just nod instead.

“Which leaves a stranger,” he starts, letting out a long sigh and looking mildly annoyed. “Or myself.” He finishes, looking at the white tiles in the ceiling, like he's asking God, or Jesus, or the Star of David, whatever it is he asks, why it has come to this.

I feel confused. Dr. Broflovski is not a therapist. He had said this at least ten times to Craig in the six months that he's been my psychiatrist. I guess I'd been here a month so it was seven months.

“Can you?” I ask unsure. He frowns with his teeth clinched, eyes narrowed. I tilt my head a bit and
he relaxes.

“Am I capable of it? Yes. I took a few classes before deciding that a less talk driven career was in my best interest.” I think that is how Dr. Broflovski says he is bad at something. I am not entirely sure and this much conversation is starting to make me tired.

“Will you?” I ask again, not thinking he understood my first question.

“I just offered. Offering is a pretty good way to gauge willingness.” I see him roll his eyes. I look away, feel his hands touch mine and I grab that stupid fucking toy again. I hate that toy. I am going to give it to Kenny to light on fire.

“We're having this conversation because the hospital wants you discharged soon.” Oh. That was a surprise. I hadn't made it successfully though a single group therapy. I had only tried the one time. “I think that a long term treatment facility may not be in your best interest. I'm afraid you would never leave.”

“Oh.” I said a dejectedly. I did not want to be in a facility forever. I went to a place in Laramie after Craig went to California while I was here at age 21. I was in Laramie for a year, maybe more. I wasn't really sure. I didn't make any friends. No one visited.

Occasionally my mother would call and chat with me for five minutes or so. She sent me socks on Christmas, with little penguins on them. They were girl socks, I think, but I really liked them. She remembered I liked penguins. Nothing came at my birthday, but the strangers I had known for eight months made me construction paper cards folded hamburger style with messy crayon penmanship.

One day they sent me out into a cab. The cab driver, an older black man, drove me five hours to my house in South Park. Mom was there wearing a headscarf, looking very small. Craig came back a week or so later, like he had never left.

We don’t ever speak of California or of those three months of shifting from the ward, to my mother, to the three of us, to just the two of us. I asked him when we went to pick him up at the Denver airport why he was even here.

When I was at Denver he drove up to say I was a chain around his feet and he wanted to have a real life, not one full of worrying about me. He had aspirations and I couldn't even grasp the difference between reality and make believe. He called me a baby and told me to forget his number. To forget that he even existed because he didn’t want to remember me. He said he wished the Asians would have paired him with anyone else, because anyone in the whole town would be better than dating me, including Cartman. He never really loved me and that he didn't know how to say no so he got stuck with the crazy kid. He said he regretted that I existed and that I monopolized his youth.

I think I had cried, but I couldn't remember what I did, just what he said. I was transferred to Laramie the next morning. I memorized what he said and played it back in my head as I went to sleep in Laramie. I listened to the fight every night, sometimes I cried, sometimes I didn't.

I do remember that he just hugged me at the airport when I recited that back to him, telling me that it was okay and that it didn't happen, I must have made it up. Maybe new meds would help me distinguish between reality and pretend. He said he was so happy to see me again and he loved me so much. He shushed me as I tried to break away from his hug as I screamed he was a liar. I stomped on his toes and he let me go and went to hug my mom who was crying big, fat, ugly tears while wearing a half smile.

I heard her whisper into his ear that she was sorry but she didn't know what to do, she didn't know
who else to call for help. She felt guilty if I had to stay there forever. She thanked him for coming back and being such an asset to the family.

I had never been called an asset to the family in my whole life. Not even when I worked fifteen hour days at the cafe strung out on meth. I didn't get thanked for anything by her. She never told me sorry either, not even when I told her that Dad was touching me. She told me not to make things up and told me to get back to organizing the backroom. That it was important to the family and if I wasn't useful then I wasn't part of the family, not really anyways.

I hadn't ever made anything up. I was always truthful. I was honest in a world full of liars.

I felt a hand on my hand again and I picked up that stupid tangle and bashed into the nightstand until my knuckles were bloody.

“Happy Kyle?” I asked too loudly, trying not to cry.

Chapter End Notes

Moral of the story, lucidity is a bitch
Chapter 18

Kyle was insistent that we have a joint session before I was discharged to where I was going to go. I guess Craig got to pick what happened.

It was Saturday though and I felt okay. I felt human enough to talk.

“Thanks for joining me.” We are in my room, both sitting on the bed. He has his hand out stretched and I am not taking it. I am thinking about Laramie and how everyone is going to forget me all over again.

“I really just want to get a little bit of history from you,” Kyle looks at Craig, who in turns looks around seemingly shocked.

“Why me? I'm not the sick one.” Kyle clucked his tongue at Craig.

“I just need some background on Richard and Helen's relationship with you.” Craig looked away from Kyle, glancing at the sealed letter on the nightstand. I never read his letter.

“I asked you to read this to him, Dr. Broflovski.” Craig's teeth were clenched. “It was important.”

“I gave Tweek the letter and I allowed him to make the decision to read it or not. He chose not to, nothing I can do.” Kyle shrugged as he adjusted his pen in his hand.

“No, Tweek can't read.”

“Huh?” I asked.

“Craig that's the stupidest thing I've heard all day, maybe all week.” Kyle put the pen down and stared at us. I angled my body to look at Craig who seemed very serious.

“Helen and Richard told me when we were in 8th grade that Tweek couldn't read. That he faked it for school so he wouldn't get made fun of, and that's why we weren't in the same classes anymore, he was in the Special Ed department.” I heard Kyle choke back a laugh, scribbling a little bit on his paper.

“They told you that?” My eyes were wild as I tried to think of the last time Craig had tried to get me to read something or had even sent me a text. He even occasionally read aloud to me, his nasally voice tripping over the words. I thought it was he knew that his voice helped me sleep, but apparently it's because he thought I was too dumb to read The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy myself.

“Yeah, why would they lie to me? I even asked Jimmy if he had any classes with you and he said that yeah, you were in his English class.” Kyle put the pen and legal pad down, placing both hands on his temples as he shut his eyes and took in a deep breath.

“Yes, Jimmy was in our AP English class junior year.” Kyle said, looking up at Craig, his eyes looking at him through slit eyelids.

“Yeah, we read Fahrenheit 451 and 1984 back to back. I didn't sleep for a month. I'd call you and talk about it almost every night.” I remembered that. I remembered those books making me feel afraid. “They are in our bedroom on the bookshelf. I annotated them.”
Craig held his hands up defensively. “They said it made you feel bad when people asked you about it, so I didn't. I just figured you were trying to look smart when I'd come home to you reading. I thought you just made up a plot and were freaking yourself out, how was I supposed to know?”

I let out a little scream. Craig, who I had known for nineteen years, thought I was incapable of reading.

“I asked if you wanted help with your homework and you always said that Wendy had already helped you. I just thought Wendy was being a good person and helping out with the SPED program. Can you really read?”

“Yes I can fucking read.” I spat out. “What else did they say?” I asked before I had really thought it through. Kyle was writing again.

“They said that you were bad at math, that the registers were always short and that you wouldn't be able to take over the family business so they trained me.” He wasn't looking at me and he wasn't looking at Kyle. He watched the toe of his shoe make patterns on the laminate.

“They were short because Dad would ring up his friends drinks and then give it to them for free! If you're going to give out a free drink don't ring it up!” I was screaming. “It's basic fucking math. I took Calculus my last year in South Park, how did you not know I was in Calculus?” My hands were wrapped in my hair, pulling straight down.

“I don't know.” He said slowly, mumbling a little bit. “I just trusted them, they were really nice to me.” I heard Kyle sigh. “I didn't have a reason to think you weren't handicapped. You yelled a lot like Timmy, it made sense.”

“They weren't nice to me!” I shouted some more. “They made me work fifteen hour shifts over the summer and on weekends, Craig! Fifteen hours! Who would make their handicapped son work for fifteen hours!” I yelped biting the edge of my thumb. “Are you stupid Craig?”

“No.” He said, still not looking at us. “They just made me feel like part of the family. Like I was important.” His hand rubbed the back of his neck.

“I don't think name calling is productive here Tweek.”

I huffed in response.

“Helen told me that you made things up.” I heard him sniffle. “Helen told me that I should leave after you went to Denver for making up the gnomes again, because you had told her that you didn't even like me. She said that you were ungrateful for my loyalty and that I deserved a full and happy life where I got to do things like a real adult. She said you'd always be a child and I'd have to accept that.”

I froze. There was so many things wrong with that.

“You had sex with someone you thought would always be a child?” I said, jumping away from him on the bed. “You're a pedophile just like him, Jesus Craig!” I screamed. “You drove to Denver and told me that I was awful and I weighed you down and that I should never call you again! You called me a baby! And then you just waltzed back and said, hey, none of that happened, shush now poor baby, let's get back to boning.”

I glanced at Kyle who was doing nothing to stop this shit show. I thought of how I treated experiences with Craig versus experiences with my father. Both of them were Daddy. Both were always tops. I was always pinned to something. Both used their filthy hands to touch me and make
me do things because it's what I was supposed to do.

“Trash!” Kyle held out the bucket and I vomited. I felt so used. I felt disgusting. And for the first time I felt that Craig Tucker was disgusting too.

“She told me to say that. She said that you were sorry and that you wanted to pretend it never happened, so I agreed. I only came back because she was like my mom and she was dying. She wanted for you to be taken care of, not to live out forever in Laramie alone. It was the only thing she wanted in this world was for you to be in the real world and your version of functioning. I got you the pretend job at Tweek Bros. I took you to and from psychologists to try and make you better. I gave up my dream of being in film so I could take care of you and you're calling me a pedophile?”

“Yes! You thought I was stupid and you tricked me for sex. I thought that you loved me and that you thought I was smart, funny, kind and cute.”

“I do love you Tweek. I love you so much. And I thought you were kind and cute, it's not like you were a carved out cantaloupe.”

Kyle held out the bucket again. I wiped my mouth with my sleeve and glared at Craig.

“I want to go to Laramie.”
Kyle and Craig were insistent that I did not go to Laramie. I was to stay here in South Park and live with Craig.

I did not want to live with Craig.

He did not understand why.

The drive home was too quiet. I fumbled through the radio presets to try to find something to fill the space, settling on some chatter on NPR.

“This isn't Fresh Air, want me to change it?” Craig said while looking at the highway in front of him. The snow was a dirty gray black around the sides of the road. I stifled a scream.

“I am smart enough to follow this.” I crossed my arms over myself. There was a man talking about a conflict in the Sudan, a tenuous relationship between it and Egypt. I tried to remember where those countries were on a map. I couldn't.

But lots of people can't. It's not that I am stupid.

“I know that you are. On Point just makes you anxious is all.”

“It doesn't. I understand it just fine.” There was a female voice talking about the responsibilities of Saudi's to stabilize the region. The man cut in saying that they couldn't even handle their own conflicts, why should they have to step in to this?

“They're talking about an impending Civil War, among other atrocities.” His hand turned the volume knob down, then went back to the steering wheel. More old snow in front of us and besides us.

I sent it back up. The man was talking about Yemen and what they can bring to the table to end the conflict. Another man stuttered over himself in anger at the idea that the mess should be Yemen's to clean up when it was clearly the fault of intervention from players outside the Middle East invading and leaving before things were finished.

Craig turned the radio down again. “I don't think this is good for you.”

“I am not stupid! I can listen to this.” The car blinker clicked off and on as Craig made his way towards an exit.

“I never said you were.” His hands were strangling the black leather of the steering wheel.

“You did! You said it. I can read. I can do math. I can follow foreign relations.” I said as I pulled the volume back up. It was too loud but I tried not to flinch as a booming voice said that it's time to move onto the systematic purge of Muslims from Burma. Another voice, a woman, said in clipped words that it was Myanmar and it's very indicative of imperialism to refer to a country by it's previous name. The man apologized.

“What is going on with you?” Craig asked. He didn't sound mad but he sounded frustrated, his breath exhaling as we turned into town.

“I am smart. I am not stupid.” I saw Craig's eyebrows shoot up.

“Never said you were stupid.” I was not able to hold in my guffaw.
“You said it! You said it in front of Kyle. You said I couldn't read and that I was bad at math. You were mad that Kyle didn't read me the letter even though I can read myself.” I heard him sigh and we were on our street.

The radio buzzed about how we should send foreign aid to Bangladesh because thousands of people a day are crossing the border to escape. Craig hit the power button.

“I did not. I said no such thing. All I said was that you didn't read the letter. And then Kyle and I talked about your parents.” He was lying. He was lying to me because that is what liars do. “Jesus Tweek, you helped me with my math classes for my engineering degree. You're not bad at math, that'd be a stupid thing for me to say.” I heard him laugh. He was making fun of me.

“Remember in 9th grade when you memorized the Communist Manifesto and would recite it at lunch?” He laughed some more. “That time that Clyde said that the classes should be easier to make sure everyone can pass.” I heard him snort. “You said that he was a communist and they had already taken over. Then you threw your milk in his face. Clyde smelled like rotting strawberries all day, it was great.”

I did remember that, didn't I? I think I remembered it. It sounded like a thing I did.

“You said in there that I couldn't read. That my parents told you I couldn't do it.” I picked at my hands. The car came to a stop and his hands pulled mine apart. His hands were bigger.

“They told all of us that in 5th grade, remember?” I did not but I was just going to let him keep lying. “We came into the cafe, me, Token, Clyde and Jimmy, and your dad thanked us for being friends with their retard son who couldn't read and was so bad at math that the drawer was always wrong. You were right there at the register screaming that it wasn't true. You were chanting multiplication tables. You went up to 24 times 24 which we all thought was impressive.”

I did remember. I remembered Dad going through a phase where he told people that I was stupid. I think I remembered. Or Craig was planting things in my head to make me think I remembered. I remembered that I told him I would tell and he held me down and whispered in my ear that no one would believe anything from such a stupid boy.

“Shit, we don't have to talk about your Dad Tweek, fucking hell, I'm an idiot. Let's go in and get you cleaned up.” I had thrown up on my pants. I hardly noticed.

“What did you talk about then?” I asked as he helped me out of the car, using his jacket to wipe off my legs.

“We talked about Helen and your Dad, about if they ever gave me meth. And we talked about Noah.” His voice dropped real low when he said the last name. Who was Noah?

“Did you cheat on me? Did you cheat on me with this Noah guy? Is he at the house right now?” I struggled to get out as Craig fiddled with the key at the door.

“Noah Stotch. The boy I found in the basement.”
We went to therapy three times a week for a month.

Sometimes I just cried and Kyle smiled softly at me, his hand over his watch, as if he was trying not to check it. Other times I talked and talked and talked. He promised me he wasn't telling Craig. I felt like it would be easier if he did.

I was supposed to trust Craig. That when I thought something terrible had happened but it didn't I was supposed to trust Kyle and Craig. I tried really hard.

I was working again, Heidi's chipper voice reminding me how things are filled in the stockroom. I humored her, pretending to listen intently on how to use the system I designed at age fourteen.

Kenny was made the assistant manager. Days I worked with Kenny were the best.

Today was a good day.

“Tweaky Bird!” Kenny shouted as he walked through the back, holding his hand in the air waiting for a high five. He'd keep his hand up all day if I didn't do it. I caved on my first day back after I went to the bathroom and saw him making a latte with one arm way in the air. I snuck behind the counter and grazed his palm. He pulled his fist inwards as I walked away.

“Kenny.” I said with significantly less enthusiasm as I slapped his palm. The noise made me jump and laugh at the same time.

“Becca called out, do you want a promotion?” My eyebrows knit together as I watched his face spread into a wide smile.

“What?” Becca was new. Becca had worked here for three weeks and had called out four times. I don't think Becca liked it here.

“I need someone to help me make drinks. You know how right?” I shrugged. In theory I did.

“I haven't worked the front since I was twenty four.” Kenny laughed.

“Yeah, I know, but you don't have to touch money. I'll do that part. No nano particles here.” I felt a blush spread across my checks. I had caused a scene, Craig had to come and grab me from work. I had to talk about it with Garrison which was terrible.

“Money is gross. People put one dollar bills in underwear! Underwear, man! They they try to pay for their latte with a bill that's touched someone's butt! Agh! Man that's too gross!” Kenny looked at me a little bit warily. I smiled at him.

This is Tweek's okay face. Tweek is not having an episode, but Tweek does not want to think about how much money has touched a sweaty boob. Tweek won't freak out if you give him a dollar, but he will glare at you and wash his hands. This is an okay Tweek.

Kenny let out a chuckle after a few seconds of our staring contest. “Man, I do love one dollar bills.” He said quietly as he elbowed me gently.

This was Kenny being a guy's guy. This was not Kenny being inappropriate. This was Kenny's joking face. This was Kenny being your friend.
“Fucking gross.” I responded as he motioned for me to come to the front.

Kenny shuffled around and found a forest green apron. We had never changed the aprons. We should have changed the aprons. Mom should have changed the name and the aprons and we should have made new drinks with new names after the meth incident.

We didn't.

It was still Tweak's signature blend, but this one wasn't filled with drugs, just coffee imported from Colombia. The bags always smelled really nice in the back. And I never found a spider as I was repackaging the beans into smaller groups from the big burlap bags. I was pretty sure Colombia had crazy spiders, but Mom was always saying that there were no spiders and if I had just done it I could have been done thinking about it.

“You there Tweekers?” I frowned at the name. Oh, the apron was on, it's strap pushing my hair down flat against my neck.

“Oh-huh.” I grunted to Kenny, still thinking about my hair. Had my hair always been so long? Did I like my hair this long? Was I making a conscious decision to have long hair?

Kyle and I talked a lot about conscious decisions on our days where it was just the two of us. Once a week I went with Craig and we talked about other things. Mostly about how he was not a liar and he was sorry for leaving me in Laramie. He was just mad he said and he didn't handle his anger well.

“Whatcha thinking about?” Kenny was rustling around the register, shoving receipt paper into the printer and cursing a little under his breathe when the paper wouldn't unfold.

“My hair,” I touched it again, this time deciding to pull it out from under my apron. “I was wondering if my hair was too long.”

“Aww, look at our little baby finding vanity. I'm so proud.” Kenny pretended to wipe a tear from his eye as the cash register finally printed what Kenny had wanted. He ripped the paper, the noise was pretty loud, and he stuck in underneath the drawer.

“Why am I making coffee?” I asked. It was three on a Thursday. I left at six. It's not like there was a rush of people who needed lattes.

“Because Becca called out. Besides, it's not like inventory takes four hours. Heidi told me you had finished when I came in at two thirty. She told me to tell you to sweep the back again or something.” He laughed. Kenny really liked to laugh. I laughed too, just because Kenny was laughing.

“Okay Ken.” I looked at all the equipment trying to remember what did what. There was a big silver canister filled with plain coffee, which no one ever really ordered. Then there was a grinder, which I remembered always made way too much noise. There was a milk frother, which looked like it really needed to be cleaned.

Before I had really thought it through I was soaking the white plastic in hot water and scrubbing around the big silver beast. It's like they had never cleaned this. Like it had passed right through everyone's minds that milk could have pathogens. We don't need to make anyone sick, I shrieked thinking about someone coming back and suing us for our dirty coffee. God, we could kill people.

“What are you doing?” Kenny was scurrying back and forth checking stock levels, occasionally going to the back to pull something to the front.

“Cleaning! We could have been murderers!” Kenny patted my back as he went past me.
“Morning crew must have forgot, no biggie, it's done now.” I reassembled the machine with a huff.

No one had come in for a coffee in the last two and a half hours. We were just chit-chatting. It was nice to be in the front.

“Do you think birds have feelings? Like, do you think that they can understand our body language?” Kenny was leaning on the counter picking at a muffin. He was getting crumbs everywhere. Kenny was always so messy. He rolled a joint in my room one time and there was pot everywhere. Who does that? Who makes that much of a mess with one joint? Kenny, just Kenny.

Kenny could fill a bathtub with the crumbs from one muffin.

“Uh,” I started. This was a very strange question for Kenny to ask. Kenny was strange. “Crows remember people who are nice to them. You should never fuck with crows, they will remember and get you.” They remember forever. Not even I can remember a face forever. I let out a yelp. “Jesus, Ken. Fucking crows.

“Fucking crows,” he said, still stringing crumbs along the counter as he took in a mouthful of muffin. “Make me a latte? You make the best lattes.”

“Me?” I did not think I made the best anything.

“Yeah you. The whole town knows that you were the best at it. You working in the back is like taking the one good thing from this whole stupid town. It's a tragedy.” He put his hand to his forehead, throwing his head back and winking at me. I laughed as I watched him nudge the muffin making even more crumbs. Little flecks of muffin everywhere.

“So you'll do it?” I shrugged. “Come on Tweek, it's my ninth month clean. I get my token tonight and everything, it's like a celebration. You like, owe me the best latte in town as my gift. No pressure.” He pulled out a little red poker chip, flipping it up and down, letting it clatter to the counter before shoving it back into his pocket.

“No pressure.” I said while smiling. I started the espresso grinder, jumping a bit at the noise. The blades whirled small beans into submission. I looked around for my measuring cups. I was shuffling underneath the machines, pulling open cabinets and opening drawers.

“The measuring cups are gone.” I said to Kenny who let out a chuckle.

“Yeah, some new person broke them way back. You were really the only one who used them.”

“Precision is the key to a latte. Exactly 2/3rds of a cup of milk, not a drop more.”

“Well just guesstimate. You can make me a perfect one at my next month sober, okay?” I nodded, a bit put off by the idea of making a bad product. Whatever Kenny said to.

I heard the door ding as measured out the espresso and milk. I didn't look up as I tried to make a smiley face in the foam. The lines weren't straight and the eyes were crooked, but I think Kenny would like it all the same.

I turned to give it to him, trying to think of something clever to say as I placed it on the counter.

There was Craig, beaming.

“Hi.” I squeaked out. I saw Kenny smirking. I pushed the cup towards him, a little bit sloshing out of the sides.
“Aw, you made a face, look at that!” He titled it towards Craig, making even more spill. God Kenny was a mess. Craig let out a laugh waving at me.

I ducked under the counter to try to find a clean towel to clean up after Kenny. I finally came back with one and immediately tried to remove the traces of his sloppiness.

“Make me one?” It was Craig's nasally voice. “You know, if you want.” I looked up at him and turned around to the machine. I repeated the process again. I made Craig a heart. I used to make such intricate designs for him. Two hands together, middle fingers, one time I even made a guinea pig. My favorite was when I drew the outline of Peru for a month straight in high school, until he realized what I had been making and frowned at me. The group joked about that for a long time.

I didn't put the lid on, I wanted him to see it. I pushed it into his hands. He leaned in and kissed me. My eyes went wide and Kenny whistled. His lips felt nice. His free hand snaked its way to the small of my back, pulling me closer. And then it was over.

His face was red. I think my face was red too, but I couldn't see my face. It felt hot.

“Thanks.” He said bashfully. I nodded at him.

“Hey, don't leave with the apron! We only have like three!”
Chapter 21

“I think you're doing well, don't you?” I was staring at the ground between Kyle's rich people shoes, they were a light brown leather with skinny laces. I could feel Craig reaching blindly for my hand, a few fingers on my arm, my wrist, then sneaking their way into the palm of my hand.

“Not really.” Kyle's mantra was no wrong answers and that I should always tell the truth. Secrets keep us sick.

“Care to elaborate?” Click, click, click went Kyle's pen. I shook a little. I was supposed to elaborate. I did not care to but he wanted me to. Craig squeezed my hand.

“Not really, but, um, I'm not like, this is stupid.” I said, yanking my hands into my lap.

“Keep going, it's okay to be uncomfortable.” I wrapped my legs around the chair, my ankles caught on the cool metal with my knees tight together. It did not feel okay to be uncomfortable.

“I just don't do adult stuff.” I started. “I mean, like, I don't drive. I don't have a real job. I don't have intercourse.” I heard Craig choke back a laugh or a cough, I couldn't tell which. “And there was a man, this is so fucking stupid, I sound dumb.”

“No honey, you don't. Go on.” Craig prodded me, trying to grab at my hand again. My thumb was raw. I swiftly stuck them under my thighs.

“There was a man who looked like him, a little, not even that much, just like sort of, and he said I did a good job, calling me son, and it was just like then and I had to leave. I spent an hour in the back.” I saw Kyle's hand in front of me with a tissue. “I just kept thinking of it. Kenny drove me home.”

“You rode voluntarily on a moped?” Kyle asked quizzically.

“No, Heidi let Kenny borrow her car. She made him promise not to smoke in it.” I would never ride a moped. Kenny thinks he's invincible. There's so much that could go wrong on a moped. He could crash into a snow drift and freeze to death. He could be struck by an oncoming car. He could hit a pothole and the moped could flip over landing on top of him and fracturing his neck. I told him this once and he ruffled my hair, saying I worry too much.

“Do you still think of your father often?” I nodded. “Scale of one to ten, one being never think of him, ten being always think of him, how often do you think of him?” I looked at Craig like he had the right answer for me. Like if I just watched him enough I could know what I was supposed to say.

“I don't know. Five? Five during the day.” I didn't sound sure. I didn't feel sure. It was hard to estimate. I was fine the day the man came in, up until he spoke to me. I had a perfectly fine day the whole day.

“And at night?” I pulled my left hand out from underneath myself to chew on my thumb. Craig pulled it away.

“Always, ten. More than ten. I don't know.” I heard Craig sigh next to me. “I get nightmares and I don't want to bother him. He has important things to do.”

Another sigh from Craig.

“Anything to add Craig?” Kyle crossed and uncrossed his legs.
“I wish he would wake me up. We're a team, we should be supporting each other.”

“How do I support you? You're having to do all the work.” I could hear Kyle's pen scratching at the paper as he moved his feet around. The shoes looked like they had been hand sewn, probably measured to Kyle's feet because he has a narrow foot or some other ridiculous foot related ailment that requires such fancy shoes.

“Tweek, we've talked about this.” I heard Kyle clear his throat over Craig's comments to me. He was not supposed to say we've talked about this. Apparently that phrase and any variation of it are unhelpful. Kyle's the one with the doctorate, what do I know?

“I mean, Tweek, we are a team. You are just not feeling well. If we were hiking partners and you broke your leg leaving you there would be bad.”

“Jesus Christ!”

“Not what I meant, no one is leaving you in the mountains or breaking your legs.” I shuddered but nodded.

“But what if, nevermind.” Kyle clicked his pen some.

“Go on.” I think in school for psychology they teach you how to make people feel bad for stopping a sentence.

“What if this is just my legs normally? Like they aren't broken and I still am not helpful.”

“You helped me pass Linear Algebra. That was helpful.” My thumb must have been in my mouth again because Craig grabbed my hand. He held it in his this time, squeezing a little bit too tight.

“But what if that's it and forever is just me fucking up and you picking up the mess, like me hitting you with a lamp, or me crying at work, or me being unable to drive, or being unable to leave me alone. What if this is forever, and I'm always like this, how could you even love someone like that?” I was starting to hyperventilate. Shallow breaths got snagged in my throat making me feel dizzy.

“Five things in the room.” Kyle stood up and was holding my head upwards to make eye contact.

“The clock, a picture of Kyle and Stan, a wooden desk, brown leather shoes, and the trash can that is too full.” My breathing had sort of evened out.

“You are also in the room. It's okay Tweek.” Kyle let go of my face, taking a seat again.

“How on earth did you just find one picture of Stan and Kyle?” Craig asked in a dry voice. I saw Kyle roll his eyes at him. There were a lot. In one of them they were kissing, not like gross kissing, just a quick kiss. No spit, at least that I could see. “You could list all five as pictures of them, and still have some left. There's only one of poor Wendy.”

“We're getting a divorce.” Kyle said, smoothing out his button up.

“Were you really even married?” Craig asked slowly, seeming uninterested. Kyle, Stan and Wendy were a favorite gossip topic for him though

“It is an amicable divorce.”

“I bet it was never consummated.” I frowned at the word. What a gross word. It's not like you eat people when doing that, unless girls do.
“Ack! Jesus, is that how girls work? Do they eat part of you afterwords? Argh!”

“Shut up Craig. We are friends, who happened to get married so Wendy didn’t have to take on student debt and so my mother would leave me alone.” Kyle had moved to behind the desk, shuffling some papers around.

“I bet you never even saw her naked.” Craig pushed. I looked at him and he had a grin on his face. He used to smile like that before he told Cartman to fuck off.

“That's none of your concern.” Kyle's hand went through his hair, getting stuck for a moment before being removed.

“That's a no.”

“Fuck you Craig, I did so. We were sixteen and I walked in on her sleeping with Stan. I saw her. She looks nice I guess, what do you want here? Sessions over. Go home. Shoo.” I could hear Craig laugh. I felt embarrassed for Kyle.

“It's okay, Stan told me that you two do it a lot. He said that you look nice. Well he didn't say nice, he said you were hung. He didn't talk about Wendy at all.” Craig was laughing harder now, his hand out to help me out of my chair.

“Goddamn it, go home. I'll see you Tuesday.”
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

So many reviews. I'm working on going through them right after I post this.

“I think that was as good as you used to drive, honestly.” Craig was clutching his head in the passenger seat of Token's driveway. Well his parents driveway. My old Subaru had dark red rust all around the wheel wells and flecks of white paint were flaking off, but it was mine and I had driven it the whole five miles here.

Maybe drive was a bit to generous for what I just did. It was snowing so I had the wipers on as high as they could go. Craig tried to tell me that it was just mist, but it was snow. It was always snow in South Park, even in August. I got all the way up to 25 miles per hour as he snickered in the seat next to me, before a squirrel jumped into the road and I slammed on the breaks, screaming. Jesus, what if I had hit it? What if it was really a bomb and making contact with the car would cause it to explode? We could have all died.

“I drove to Token's.” I said out loud, mostly to myself.

“Yes.” He said as he stumbled out of the car towards the huge front door. No one needs a door that big, not unless there were giants living here. If anyone could afford giants it was Token.

“Party is inside.” Craig called from the open door, kicking his shoes off on the mat, little clumps of snow flying off.

This was not supposed to be a party, it was supposed to be a small get together to celebrate something, I wasn't sure what. I just think Token had some free time and his parents were out of town.

I walked in and the heater blasted my face with a puff of air. I didn't brush off my shoes, I realized once I was already on the wood floor, or maybe was it bamboo. Token smiled at me, his pose halfway between about to give a handshake and giving a hug. Like he didn't know what to do with me.

I did not want to hug Token. Craig had already gone further into the house. Kyle told me that I didn't have to do things I didn't want to do with other people but I felt paralyzed. I couldn't say anything to Token, I felt like if I told him that I didn't want to hug him he would be mad, but I was afraid that if I brushed him off he would be mad. I think we stood there for about a minute, me staring at the puddles pooling around my feet, and him in his strange half stance waiting for some kind of signal.

“Hi, Tweek.” He said eventually, taking his outstretched hand and turning it into an arched wave. I copied him, like a mirror.

“Hello.” I sounded a little bit like a robot but he smiled anyway. Token was usually pretty nice. He motioned for me to go into the kitchen as he walked around me to close the door.
You're letting all the heat out Tweek, we'll have to make up the financial losses somewhere. Maybe it's time for me to start asking around the darknet to see who pays the most for disobedient children.

I went stiff as Token walked past me again, this time towards some chatter I could hear in the distance. Grounding, I was supposed to ground myself in reality, or so Kyle said. Kyle said a lot of dumb shit though, like how short sleeve plaid shirts were professional.

“I am Tweek. I am here at Token's house. I am an adult. I am safe. I am Tweek. I am safe. I am safe.” I mumbled to myself, looking at an old family portrait on the Black's wall. Token's arms were crossed as he rolled his eyes at his parents kissing to the right of him. He was maybe fifteen or sixteen, he had an afro phase in high school, and the picture was during that phase, a purple comb in his hair.

“We're not in high school.” I reminded myself. “I am an adult. I am Tweek. I am safe.” A hand clasped my back and I screamed.

“Yo! It's Tweekers! Nice to see you get out a little bit more. Come join us in the kitchen, huh? Stop talking to yourself, it's ruining the buzz.”

“Clyde.” I mumbled. It was just Clyde. Clyde was an idiot and not dangerous. I still felt afraid. I wanted to latch onto Craig and shadow him through the rest of this social adventure.

“Clyde, fu-fu-fu-fuck off,” called Jimmy from the kitchen. “Shit, let Tweek al-al-al-alone. We talked about this.”

“In detail,” Token added.

“I will break your fucking shins.”

“Glad to see that everyone prefers Tweek to me.” Grumbled Clyde as he sulked away. I followed him. He popped open a beer and Token frowned at him.

“I like you Clyde.” I heard him snort, spitting out a little bit of beer, and that beer sliding down to his gray tee shirt. I tried not to wince.

“Well great, the fuck up likes me.” I frowned, pulling my arms around my chest and squeezing.

“Dude.” Token rolled his eyes and looked at Craig, who looked angry.

“You're not a fuck up, babe.” Tell word. He was using a liar word. Why would he use that? I guess I was kind of a fuck up.

“Sure thing Captain Save A Hoe, you're boyfriend isn't totally insane.” I heard Craig crack his knuckles, while Token rubbed his temples.

“Just like thirty percent.” I said, letting out a little laugh. Relief washed over Jimmy's face. Token chuckled, his hand patting my arm.

I froze but then smiled at him. Tweek is fine. This is an okay Tweek. Tweek is not going to cause a scene today.
Craig was frowning still. He caught my eye contact and shook his head no. Did he mean don't diffuse awkward situations with self-deprecating humor, or did he mean to tell me I wasn't any percent crazy? Because I'm pretty sure that last one was a lie. I shrugged.

“Tweek drove us here.” Craig added to the dead conversation. There were general rumblings of congratulation from Jimmy and Token. I tried not to look completely out of place.

“Wow, only like eleven years late to the driving party, or is it twelve? It's hard to remember when he acts like such a fucking kid.” It was eleven but before I knew it my mouth was opened.

“What the fuck is your problem?” I tried not to jump back from my own words. I forced my shoulders back, keeping a ridged position with my heels firmly digging into the soles of my shoes.

“I dunno, you tell me Tweeker.” I balled my fists and pressed them into my sides, my thumbnails digging into my fingers. I took a deep breath.

“Please don't call me that.” I tried not to sound emotional. I don't think it worked because he pressed on it.

“What you don't have a meth problem anymore? Huh Tweeker? I see you hanging out with Kenny. Birds of a feather or whatever.” He swung back his beer. Craig shoved him a little.

“No, I didn't ever want to do meth.” I looked down at my feet. There was no more snow on my shoes.

“For fuck's sake Clyde, we're trying to have a nice get together, like old times.”

“Like doing meth. That's some of our old times, isn't it?” He was walking over to me. Craig was making faces at me like he was going to kill him. I shook my head no. This was my friend. A shitty person today, yeah, but still my friend. Or I thought we were friends.

“It was a long time ago.” I mumbled, losing my courage as I felt his breath near me. It stunk. God they smelled the same. I gagged a little.

Grounding, had to ground myself. “I am Tweek. I am an adult. I am not in any danger. I am safe.” I heard him snort as he took another breath.

“Are you though? Sure you're not an alien or some shit? We can never know with you. I'm tired or walking on eggshells with you. Why do you deserve the kid gloves while everyone else just gets shit on by life? What makes you so fucking special?” His face was too close to mine. He was too close to me. I wanted to cry.

Instead I kneed him in the crotch, watching as he fell to the ground crying. “I am Tweek. I am an adult. I am safe.” I repeated as I took a few steps backwards.

“Fuck man! Did you see that? He attacked me. What the fuck is wrong with him?”

Jimmy gave me a small smile, I guess because he knew. Craig still was furious, rocking back and forth on his feet, trying to work off his rage. Token looked confused.

“Sorry, you reminded me of him.” I looked at Craig who softened, “I was afraid. Sorry I hurt you.”
Clyde just stayed on the ground, alternating between wailing and shouting.

“That was pr-pr-pretty badass. I wish my legs worked, he de-deserved it.”

“I don't know, rolling over someones foot with your chair is pretty killer.” Token leaned over Clyde to help pull him up. Craig moved his way next to me.

“Dude,” I heard Token say to Clyde. “I said you could stay with me if you got your shit together. This is the opposite of getting your shit together.”

“A bunch of fuckers y'all are,” Clyde said getting up. “I'm leaving. Fuck you guys, I'm going to Skeeters. Kiss my ass.” And he staggered out the door.

“Want to go home?” A voice whispered into my ear, making me jump. It was just Craig though. I knew that voice. It was okay. Everything was going to be okay.

“Will you drive?”
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning, but not, idk. If you're reading this far it's probably no big deal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Can I touch you?” I asked as we laid in bed, snuggled under the comforter. Craig's eyes were half closed as he bathed in the blue light of a muted Friends rerun.

“You cold?” He asked, wiggling closer to me. “I can go turn up the heat.” He pressed himself up on his hands, stretching his arms up as he swung his legs over the side of the bed.

“Stay.” I whispered, grabbing his wrist as his feet touched the carpet. His pajama pants had stars and spaceships all down the legs.

“Okay,” he said drolly. “You're already touching me though.”

I dropped his arm immediately. “N-n-never mind.” Maybe I was really just a kid. A fucking kid who couldn't do anything I wanted to. Clyde's words from this afternoon echoed around in my head.

“Babe,” he started, getting up to turn on the light at the switch. The bedside lamps were missing.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing.” I chewed my thumb as he walked back to the bed.

“You stuttered. You only stutter is something is wrong.” His hand pulled my hand down. His thumb rubbed little circles on the top of my hand.

“I just, can I, Jesus. Craig, can I touch you?” He lifted my hand, shaking it a little bit.

“No, I mean can I touch you? Can I touch your,” I coughed which rapidly turned me into a gasping mess. Craig patted my back as I stared at his silly pants.

“Oh,” He whispered. “Oh. That's, oh.” His eyes widened as my breathing evened out.

“I just wanted to, I'm sorry. Never mind, if you don't want to me to touch you that's fine.” I rushed, turning away, flipping onto my side staring at the far wall.

“I want to!” He said loudly. “Shit,” that was softer, “we can have sex if you want.”

“Not that.” I felt my face get hot. My thumb was in my mouth again. Craig reached over me to pull it away. For a moment he was straddling me. I winced and his face fell.

“Oh, that's fine too.” He got off of me, his clothed legs brushing over my bare thighs, pushing my
solid blue boxers up a little. I moaned, not meaning to.

I took a deep breath.

“Can I touch your penis, Craig?” I said too fast.

“Yeah, fuck, yes.” He said staring at me, his hands on my shoulders. “Want me to touch you?” His hands crept to the hem of my shirt, pulling it upwards.

I screamed.

He let my shirt go, his hands up, scooting away from me. “Shit, sorry. I'm sorry. You okay?”

I nodded

“Can I just touch you?” I asked looking at the TV instead of him.

“Yeah?” He asked. I nodded again.

“You don't touch me. I don't want to be touched.” He let out a little laugh.

“So strip club rules?” My eyebrows furrowed. I had never been to one. I didn't know Craig had ever been to one. “That was a stupid comparison. I am an idiot, fucking hell.”

I nodded, smiling. “Can we kiss?” I wondered out loud, my face three inches from his.

He nodded and I wondered if his mouth had gone dry. He opened and shut his mouth a few times, like he was trying to find the words. Tentatively I leaned inwards, my eyes shut.

I felt warm steady breath as I grazed his lips. His hands made their way to my hair. I froze. I was trapped.

I let out an involuntary whimper, feeling my chest get tight. My breath hitched as Craig pulled away.

“Shit, sorry.” His hands ran through his hair. “Do you want to stop?”

I shook my head, sucking in air slowly.

“Okay, that's good.” He looked around, his eyes falling on our old wooden headboard. “I'll, uh, I'll just grab here so I don't, uh, goddamn it.” He was flustered, his arms pulling his shirt over his head.

He sat there open legged and bare chested, his arms bent back grabbing the bedposts. My stomach flipped as I touched the dark hair on his tan chest.

“Is this okay? Is this even normal? Am I subconsciously recreating some weird sex thing?” I panicked, pulling my hands off of him.

“I liked it. I mean, sex is weird, so all sex things are weird sex things.” He rambled, arms still up behind him. “We can stop though. You don't have to do anything you don't want to.”
“I want to. I want to touch your dick.” I cringed a little at the word. “I'm an adult and I love you. I want to do it.”

“Okay then,” He shifted while sitting. “Love you too.”

“Are you hard?” I fumbled my words as I stared at the strain on his pants.

“Mm,” he moaned. “I need you.”

“Shit, that's too much pressure!” I pulled at my hair.

“You're okay, it's okay. I thought it would be sexy to say but it was just stupid.” His head was titled up, revealing his Adam's apple.

Then my mouth was on his throat, kissing down to his collarbone. His breath hitched. I straddled him now, my legs between his, my arms propping me up on his shoulders.

“Oh, Tweek.” He sounded so small as I kissed down his chest. I rolled a nipple in my fingers as he bucked upwards.

“You're not a little girl, are you? No, you're my obedient son who will do anything for Daddy.”

I took my hands off of his chest, sighing. This was Craig, I was in charge.

“I am in charge. This is not scary. I am an adult and I am in charge.”

“Mhm, you're in charge.” he agreed, his hips still pressing up to me.

“I'm in charge.” I said as I slipped a few fingers underneath his waistband.

“Are you wearing underwear?” My voice was shakey.

“Nu-uh.” He moaned as I pulled the pajamas off.

He looked so helpless, erect and naked, writhing with his hands on the bedposts. I let out a groan as I palmed over my crotch.

Was it wrong to like this? Was I going to become a control freak child rapist?

“Craig?” He nodded, mewing as his penis searched upwards for some friction.

“Am I a monster? Is liking you like this bad?” I questioned as I shook my head.

“What, no, of course not. We love each other,” he stated with new found stillness.

“But you look so helpless, and I like it. I like that your underneath me naked.” I blushed, I could feel it creep up my face. “It makes me hard.” He let out a dry laugh.

“I'd hope so. Popping a boner while on top of your naked boyfriend is a typical reaction.”

I shook my shoulders before leaning in and smashing my mouth into his. I rolled my hips into him, listening to him gasp.
“Is this okay?” I asked between sloppy kisses. My hand snaked down to his penis, grasping it gently.

“Mm, it's nice.” He pressed into me furthering his point. I pumped tentatively, breaking off our kisses to get a better grip.

“Am I doing it right?” He shouted yes following that with a chorus of please God, Tweek, God.

I shivered, my pants uncomfortable. Craig was panting, trying to hurry my hand by thrusting.

“Can I take my shirt off?” I slowed my movements.

“Yeah, I wanna see you. Please, Jesus.”

I threw it across the room, not caring where it landed. My hand went back to Craig, leaning over him, leaving gentle bites on his collar bone.

“Want me to?” He asked, biting his lip as I took a nipple into my mouth. He was staring at my crotch. It was pressing to hard against my boxers but I was trying not to think about it.

“No. Please don’t.” A bead of precum dripped onto Craig's stomach. I took my hand way, leaning into him.

I rutted against him, feeling feverish. He was desperately trying to meet me. The friction felt nice but it brought about a strange sense of urgency.

I stopped.

“Tweek?” He was breathless underneath me, trying his best to be still.

“My insides feel too tight. It feels good but not.” I heard him hum.

“You're close to cumming. Me too.” He half groaned. “We can stop. You are safe. It's just you and me.” I nodded, thrusting against him again.

“Jesus fuck, Harder, faster.” I was trying. His eyes shut as he said my name. A high pitched whine left his mouth, and then I felt something warm on my stomach.

And then I shook, collapsing onto Craig.

My boxers felt wet, they were pressing against my legs.

I felt my chest heave as I rested my head on his shoulder. He wasn't heaving.

I was crying.

“Tweek?” He asked, his voice mellow.

I didn't answer.

“Tweek?” More urgency this time.
I grabbed him and clung, moving so that my face was buried in his chest.

“Can I touch you?” I nodded, sucking snot back up my nose. His arms were around me, hands tracing patterns onto my back.

“Talk about it?” He whispered into my hair, tickling the top of my ears.

“It felt good.” I sobbed, his hands now tracing the raised scars on my upper arms. “But it felt bad. I felt little.” I statement, I statement, just like Kyle said.

“Mm-hm.” He kept tracing. I sniffled.

“I feel like I took advantage of you, like I am bad. I am him and I just hurt you because I wanted to feel good.”

He sat us up, letting me lean against him.

“You're not him. I felt good. We both felt good.” He wrapped his arms under my armpits.

“It felt good when he did it to me too.”

“It's not the same.” It felt the same.

“I didn't feel scared.” I said, resisting the urge to wipe my nose on his shoulder.

“That's good. You don't want to feel scared.” He squeezed me a little tighter.

“Then you felt scared.” I sniffled again.

“No, I didn't feel scared.” I pushed him away from me, wiping my eyes.

“Then who felt scared?”

“No one felt scared.” He looked at me, his eyes wide. “Scared isn't a component of sex.” I leaned back against him, not wanting to see him looking at me.

“No?” I mumbled into his chest, the hair tickling me nose.

“Shit.” He was petting my hair. “Is that the first time you didn't feel afraid?” He pushed me back for eye contact. I didn't want to look at him. He put his hand under my chin, making me see him.

He looked sad. I made him sad. I started to cry again. “Tweek, is that the first time it wasn't scary?” I nodded in his hand, shutting my eyes.

“Did you feel afraid with me in high school?” I didn't open my eyes, but I did nod. “Did you feel afraid after high school?” I nodded again. “Were you scared on your birthday, with Thomas?” More nodding.

He let my chin go. I could feel the bed move, it groaned as he shifted. I opened my eyes and he was standing, looking a little bit ashamed of himself.

“Why did you do it then?” He had grabbed a blanket off the bed, wrapping it around his waist.
“I had too. You'd give me back if I didn't. Dad said that you'd be angry.” My voice was flat. He wasn't looking at me anymore.

“Oh.” He said, gripping the blanket. “I need a minute. I'm going to go shower.” He wiped at the semen on his stomach, brushing his wet hand onto the blanket. He walked back towards me, leaning over to kiss my forehead. I didn't flinch.

“We'll talk about this. I'm sorry.” His eyes looked too wet, as he turned away from me.

Before I realized it I was curled up around the pillow with my eyes closed.
Craig didn't wake me up last night after his shower. I woke up in the morning with something caked onto my stomach and my boxers stiff. Craig was still in bed, I could feel the dip in the bed next to me. Or it was a stranger, or a really big rock. It really could have been anyone.

I tried to turn to look but my neck wouldn't straighten. I tried to roll my head in a circle, thinking I slept on it funny. It didn't roll, my head was seemingly glued to my shoulder. I tried again.

“Craig?” I called out, trying not to sound terrified. There was a groan next to me. I couldn't check to see if it was a bear or not.

“Craig?” This time a little louder. “Something is wrong.” There was a rustling of blankets. Another groan as I felt the bed shift. I was stuck looking at the opposite wall, popcorn stucco from the 1970s in random patterns. I think I found a lion, but I couldn't quite see clear enough. It was too far and I couldn't move to see better.

“Look at me.” Craig huffed, pulling the sheets on the bed, moving me a little bit. I tried to look and couldn't. I grabbed my head with both hands and tried to forcibly straighten my neck.

I couldn't.

“Are you upset about last night? It's way to early to get hit in the face, again.” I didn't respond, I wasn't upset. I mean I was upset. I was upset that he didn't wake me up and talk and I went to sleep alone in gross boxers, but that was at least partially on me.

“Tweek, please be an adult about this.” I squeezed the exposed side of my neck with my right hand. I tried to move it again after. Both hands pulling and pushing my head.

It didn't work.

I heard his feet on the carpet, then the door shutting. I still couldn't use my neck and now Craig was gone.

I laid there for some time and he came back, smelling like breakfast. The grease hung in the air, and I could hear him breathing.

“Are you going to eat, or should I just call Heidi and tell her you need the day off?” He sounded annoyed.

“Help me?” I asked to the wall. I could hear him exhale, his fingers popped.

“We don't have time to talk about it right now but I promise we can talk tonight, okay? I'm running late.” Then more popping, he did this at least once a morning. Arms straight into the air and twisting, making his back sounding like a xylophone, it realigning all the way down. His stomach jiggled a little when he did it without a shirt on, I always liked to watch.

Not that I could see him now.

“Not that, I mean yes that,” I stammered. “My neck is broken.” He laughed.
“It's not, you'd know if it was.”

“I can't move it.” I grabbed at my neck again, trying to push up my head. I wiggled my feet. “Help me up?”

He padded across the floor, pulling me to my feet. My legs worked alright still, but my neck would not straighten. My ear was almost flat against my shoulder.

“You look ridiculous,” he said, grabbing my head. He couldn't get it to straighten either. “Are you doing this on purpose? You can just have the day off, no need to fake an illness.”

“No.” I said, looking at him side ways. He frowned, walking around me in a circle, touching my back a few times. His hands were warm.

“The fuck is this then?” His voice was flat, he kept prodding at me though. It didn't hurt, not really, it was just really uncomfortable. “Let's at least get you dressed, huh?” He mumbled trying to force a shirt over my head. It didn't work. He gave up and just gave me his jacket.

The jacket was a too big gray hooded zip-up that he'd had since he was sixteen. I had a fondness for it, even if it covered my fingers. He couldn't get it all the way on my shoulder, but it was okay. He zipped it up anyway, making some eighty's reference, he called me flash dance with a dull snort.

I felt the muscles tense, it went from uncomfortable to painful in about five seconds. I didn't laugh at his stupid not funny joke.

“Want me to call Dr. Broflovski? It's probably his fault.” I tried to nod, but couldn't. He pulled out his phone anyway. “Everything is always those guys fault.”

It was on speaker and I could hear the ring. I tried to focus on it but my neck just felt worse. I screamed.

“Baby, are you okay?” He rubbed my forehead, probably because it was easiest to reach. The phone was still ringing.

“No, it fucking hurts.” I was trying not to cry. I hated to cry, and I had been doing so much crying. Crying because my emotions hurt was one thing, but crying because my neck felt like it was on fire was another. I had always prided myself on having a high pain tolerance. I broke my leg as a kid and I didn't go to the doctor for two days, it was fine, just a little limp.

“Hello, Dr. Broflovski.” And I was crying, my left leg didn't feel right. It felt a little bit shaky.

“Kyle, something is wrong with Tweek.” Craig was looking a little but frazzled, but maybe I was just seeing him sideways. I didn't normally look at people like this.

“Uh-huh. Well I have an opening at ten I can work him into.” I could hear Kyle shuffling some papers. “Want me to pencil him in?”

“No, fuck you dude.” I shouted. A cramp ran through my leg and I fell with a thunk.

“Uh, Tweek?” Kyle called from the phone on the floor. Craig had dropped it to sit next to me on the floor.

“His neck is broken, I think. I don't know.”

“Describe it.”
“My neck is stuck.” I sniffled, before screaming again, trying to clutch at my calf.

“What is it babe?” Craig was staring at me and I was crying. He looked terrified.

“My leg fucking hurts.” I wanted to push him away from me, as he was pressing on my leg, but I didn't feel strong enough.

There were some mumbled cuss words on the phone, but I wasn't really paying attention. I help my breath hoping I would black out. I was lifted into the air, and I gasped. Before I realized what had happened I was placed in the back seat of our car, no seat belt, Craig not even bothering to properly defrost the windows.

“We're on the road, see you there.” He drove fast, trying to talk to me. I wasn't really listening. I had curled myself in a ball. I fell into the floorboards at one particularly rough stop, and I heard Craig curse.

Strangers opened the back door, grabbing me. I could hear Craig cooing at me, something about how it would be okay, but it did not feel okay.

We didn't have to talk to the lady at the front desk. I was passed to Craig who carried me back to a hospital bed. I sniffled as he put me down. My leg and neck hurt so bad. I didn't try to touch them, I just lay stuck in the position I was placed down in.

It felt like forever, but Kyle eventually burst in through the door with a nurse, a huge needle in his hand. I didn't even care about the needle. He pulled and pressed on me asking me questions I wasn't paying attention to before I felt Craig's rough hands on my boxers, pulling them down.

Then there was a pinch and a burn. I stopped crying after a few minutes, my neck and leg stopped hurting.

I could hear Craig and Kyle talking, something about dystopia, or maybe patagonia, and a med wash. It didn't make sense. Kyle mumbled something about anti-psychotics and how he had just changed something.

Maybe he was saying I was psychotic and my boxers were disgusting and I needed to a bath. I couldn't focus.

I felt a blanket cover me before I went back to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Called acute Dystonia and is probably the worst feeling in the world fyi.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

It's a Thanksgiving miracle and not me trying to make it to 50,000 words tonight. Obvs

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I woke up in a familiar place, in a familiar set of green scrubs. I was on a raised bed and Butters was smiling at me, his mouth tight. I only jumped a little at how close he was.

“Hey there, you're up. Are you feeling alright?” I rolled my neck, feeling my head move. I kicked my legs a bit, not hard, just to check. I went to grab at my hair, but my arms were stuck.

“My arms, Jesus, did it not work?” I saw Butter’s holding his clipboard filling out some forms with a pen with a fake flower on the end. The green tape was unraveling from the top and the pink flower was lopsided.

“You're fine, just restrained. Any aggression?”

“Huh?” I asked pulling at my arms again. I felt the straps against my wrists this time. I took a deep breath.

“I am doing the questionnaire, feeling any anger?” He clicked his tongue.

“Not really. Take these off.” He laughed a little.

“After the questionnaire. It's policy.” I fought the urge to tell him to go fuck himself. “Any suicidal thoughts?”

“Of course not. Why am I here?” I pulled against them again.

“Any homicidal thoughts?”

“Where is Craig?”

“Homicidal thoughts?”

“Me first, where is he?”

“Probably at work, it's like noon. Dr. Broflovski will be here shortly.” He was writing again.

“Any homicidal thoughts?” He sounded bored.

“What kind of question is that?” I looked at the clock. It was twelve thirty two, not noon.

“A required one.”

“A stupid one.” I corrected.

“If you're not going to answer I can leave you in here until Kyle comes.” Here being the intake room. There was bulky white computer monitor going through a maze. Was that Windows 98? Was
all of my data on a computer from before the turn of the century?

“What's with the computer?” I asked, watching the screen saver twist and turn. That wasn't the right color for bricks, they were too red. I think the monitor needed to be adjusted.

“Any homicidal thoughts?” He tapped his pen on the clipboard. “Answer or not, I have things to do.” He was standing by the door.

“Your hands are gross anyway. You're gross.” I rolled my eyes at him.

“Alright, the doctor will be here shortly and he can finish the questionnaire.” He placed the clipboard down and shut the door.

God this room was weird. I think they rearranged it to make room for this bed. Why was I even here? I watched the screen saver. The maze never ended, just constant turning and dead ends.

I watched Craig play a copy of classic Diablo that he'd found in his parents room when we were in junior high. He bit his tongue, his braces were green and blue, every other one changing. He said the colors reminded him of us. There were a lot of mazes, though. He wasn't really good at it, and things were always jumping out at us. He held my hand the whole time because I kept getting scared.

Maybe playing one handed is what made him so bad at it.

I don't think this maze has anything bad in it. I had been staring at it for ten minutes and still nothing new had happened, just more dead ends and turning.

Playing one handed had to be what made him bad at it. He played the Playstation version when he moved back from California, me in his lap. His arms were on either side of me as I screamed that there was a monster on the screen. He always killed them. I couldn't see if he was biting his tongue or not.

“Hello?” A voice called as the door creaked open. It was Kyle, in a brown sweater that looked too fuzzy. I tried to wave at him, but I was stuck. He frowned.

“Tweek, why are you restrained on the bed?” I rolled my eyes at him.

“Policy,” I made my voice to high tilting my head from side to side, it felt good to move.

He walked over and pulled the straps off. I reached my hands up and around, Kyle didn't even flinch.

Because I'm obviously not going to hurt anybody.

“Why am I here? Butters didn't tell me.” I was still stretching my arms, trying to touch my toes, rolling my neck. My shoulder popped and I thought of Craig. I used to tell him he was an old man, but maybe I'm old now too.

“You had a bad reaction to the change in medication on Friday. We have to fix it, so I'm pulling you off of everything and we're doing a med wash. I'll add things back slowly.” I sighed.

“Do I have to be here?” I grumbled, wiggling my toes. I didn't have socks. I don't even think I had pants on when I was put in the car. I didn't feel gross though. I shuddered at the thought of a stranger washing me off.

“Yes, you have to be here, there's a certain element of risk.” I laughed a little and his eyebrows
raised.

“I am being punished for touching Craig's penis.” I said, not looking at Kyle. Open and honest. I was supposed to be open and honest and not edit myself.

“What?” He asked confused and a little red.

“I, uh, gave him a hand job last night, I think that's what it's called. I wasn't naked but he was and then I couldn't move my neck in the morning.” I picked at my hands.

“No, it's not punishment for that. This was a reaction tied to a reduction in anti anxiety meds and a change to a different anti-psychotic.” He picked up the clipboard, eyes skimming the paper, then snickering. “Patient was being belligerent.”

“He has gross hamster hands and Kenny is stupid to like him.” Kyle laughed some more.

“Kenny likes Butters?” I nodded. Butters came up all the time, how he was going to ask Butters on a date but he thought Butters might say no. How Butters was so cute, how Butters was really a nice person and worth getting to know. Butters didn't seem to notice. Every time Butters came in Kenny always made his drink a size larger than he ordered and paid for, then Butters would say, aw shucks Ken, that's awfully swell of you, or something equally ridiculous.

Kenny always wrote call me on his cups too, instead of his name. Butters came by a lot now that I think of it. He didn't ever talk to me. I usually pretended to clean something when I saw him.

“Butters doesn't like me.” I said to Kyle as he bullshitted the part of the intake where I had to be naked. I was still dressed and I was thankful.

“It's just complicated Tweek.” He scribbled something but I couldn't see.

“His hatred doesn't seem complicated.” I picked more at my hands.

“He doesn't hate you.” Kyle looked at me disapprovingly, his eyes on my hands. I stopped picking.

“He leaves all his favorite people strapped to hospital beds.”

“It's just complicated. He just needs a therapist who isn't Cartman to help him work it out.”

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to the best screensaver
Craig brought me clothes at dinner time. I felt a little bit shaky but we ate together, which was nice. The food wasn't nice, it was sort of terrible.

“So do you want to have that conversation?” He asked as he picked a noodle out of his tuna casserole.

“Yes, I'd love to talk about our sex life in front of Butters.” I fiercely whispered. He smiled.

“I doubt he even cares.” I glanced at Butters who was playing on his phone. I wasn't allowed to have a phone. I stabbed a pea.

“He left me strapped to a bed. I don't like him.” He stopped smiling.

“Do you want to go to North Park?” He asked, looking concerned.

“What?” That was an option? I wasn't made aware of that.

“North Park, Kyle and I talked about it and decided here would be best, so we could have dinner together. I can't make it in time for North Park visiting hours and they won't let me come late.” I stabbed some more food, making a bit of a mess.

I wasn't hungry anyway.

“I want to see you.” I mumbled, mixing the mess up. I pressed it together with the tins of my fork.

“I want to see you too. This will be over before you know it.” His hand was on my hand. He took the fork away and set it down. “And who knows, maybe you'll feel better afterwards.”

Yes maybe I would feel better after being in the hospital alone. Randy wasn't even here, just some woman from town, looked like she had a drug problem. She didn't talk to me.

She did try to bite Butters though.

I watched as Butters got up and went to the big locked door. I could hear Sgt. Yates.

“Got one for you.” His voice laughed. He was kind of an asshole, but no one really wanted to be a cop in this town. Not since they fired Barbrady.

“Okay, sir, I'll buzz you in.” There was a loud noise and Craig had turned to look too.

“Found him at Skeeter's, in the alleyway. He was trying to break into their stockroom. Skeeter says he's a good customer so no charges.” Butters pulled in a bed as he waves to Yates.

I went back to pretending to eat this garbage, but then I heard some complaints.
“You can’t do this to me! It’s a misunderstanding.” The words were slurred but it wasn’t Randy. I tried to place the voice. It was a male, who was very drunk, or at sounded very drunk.

“It’s always a misunderstanding, buddy. Don’t worry it’s nice here, we’ll get you up and running in no time.” Butter’s chided. “I’ll call Dr. Broflovski back to come look at you, okay? We’re just going to go down the hall.”

The bed turned down the hall and I heard Craig cough. I didn’t get a good look at who it would be. It was a man, I think. I was pretty sure the voice was male, which meant I would have a roommate. I groaned.

“It’s about fucking time,” Craig said, watching the bed leave.

“What?” I looked around again. Someone was shouting from down the hall. They sounded angry. I tensed.

“We don’t kick people!” Butters shouted.

Craig was up and jogging down the hall. I followed, but not as fast as him. He had such long legs, and I wasn’t really in a hurry to put myself in danger. I couldn’t let him go alone though.

“Butters, I’m coming in.” Craig called as he pressed on the door.

“Okey dokey, sounds swell. We’re having a bit of a situation.” He sounded cheery, but a little afraid. His voice wavered at the word situation.

I peeked in to see Clyde holding a bottle of rubbing alcohol like a club. Clyde was backed into a corner, with the bed in front of him. I thought restraints were protocol. Butters was a liar.

Clyde was in the same shirt from Sunday though, when he walked out the door after I hurt him. I think it had vomit on it, but maybe it was food. It was hard to tell. He looked confused as he saw Craig. I hid behind the door watching through the crack.

“Put that shit down. Stop terrorizing Butters.” Craig was glaring at him. Clyde's face twisted.

“Why are you here? We aren't even friends.” Clyde did not put the bottle down.

“Tweek is here, bad reaction to something.” Craig said emotionless, glancing around the room. Butters had moved behind him. Butters was short, shorter than me and much shorter than Clyde and Craig. Craig was bigger though. Craig was bigger than everyone, even his Dad.

“Oh, you’re comforting your pussy boyfriend, good to know. What is he doing? Crying in bed because he attacked someone.” Craig snarled at his words. I didn't make any noise. Clyde didn't like me. I knew that.

“You deserved what you got Sunday. Have you been on a bender this whole fucking time?” Craig scrunched up his nose. “Jesus, you stink.”

“Token told me not to come back, me! I got kicked in the nuts and Token told me to leave.” Clyde started to sway.

“Why not go home?” Craig asked, scooting the bed away with his feet. Butters was still behind Craig, using him like a shield.

“Bebe hates me.” He started to cry, big tears, snot dripping from his nose. His crying was always
“Gross, even when we were kids. “She made me leave, said I was an alcoholic, and she couldn't live with an addict. Some shit about her recovery priorities.”

“So you were living with Token?” Craig asked, the bed completely gone between them.

“Yeah, Token was my friend, unlike you.” He screamed. I saw Butters flinch.

“I am your friend.” Craig said monotone. “We have been friends since second grade.”

“No, we're not friends anymore. When my mom died you said I could come over to dinner every night.” Craig nodded. “That we were brothers and I could have your family!” Clyde sniffed loudly.

“Uh-huh.” Craig took a step forward.

“And then, not even a year later, that twitchy little fucker came in and I wasn't invited anymore.” I flinched. “You picked him. You left me all alone so you could save that freak!” He was screaming. Craig took another step, unafraid.

Maybe Craig was just stupid.

“You stopped having sleepovers. You stopped inviting me places. You never answered my calls, but every time we were together you'd get calls from him. You never ignored them. Ever.” I shrunk into myself.

“We went to California. You listened to Mrs. Tweak and let him go to Laramie, we were in college together. We shared a room and it was great. You were the best roommate, I had my best buddy back.” He hiccuped as Craig inched forwards. I didn't want to hear this.

“You get one phone call from Mrs. Tweak and you drop everything to go save him. You left me alone in that stupid apartment. You left me again. You fucking left me.” He held the bottle above his head, looking ready to swing. I flinched.

“She had terminal cancer. Was I supposed to leave Tweek alone? Tweek is your friend too.” Craig's voice was quiet and he looked at me from the crack in the door. I didn't make eye contact.

“Boo-hoo, he isn't the only person without a fucking mom.”

“Butters?” Kyle called as he ran down the hallway. Clyde looked confused.

In that moment, Craig tackled him to the ground, pinning his arms back like he was under arrest. I heard Clyde cry underneath him. Craig was whispering into his ear. Clyde just cried more.

Kyle came in and rummaged around through the cabinets as Clyde let out loud sobs. Butters pulled down his pants and Kyle gave him a shot.

Clyde struggled for a few minutes before his breathing evened.

“Can you lift him?” Kyle asked Craig. “I know you don't work here, but we can't. He needs to be changed.” Craig took a set of scrubs from Butters and stripped him, visibly gagging when he touched the shirt.

“He is my friend. I didn't mean to hurt him.” Butters just nodded.

Craig scooped him up in his arms, looking to Kyle for directions. Kyle pointed towards the end of the hallway, where the soft room was. They were going to lock him up all alone in there, I always thought it was terrible.
I followed the crowd down the hall. Craig was hunching over while carrying Clyde. “Shit, he's heavier than Tweek.” Kyle let out a laugh, turning around to look at me. Smiling. Letting me know he knew I was there and he knew that I saw all of that.

Craig placed him down on the ground at Kyle's instruction. He looked around the room, unimpressed.

“God, it's really green in here.” Kyle let out a snort.

“It's supposed to be calming.” Kyle said, looking around with him.

“It's the color of a cartoon fart.” I told Kyle as he laughed. Even Butter's laughed. Butter's never found me funny.

They shut the door and left him alone, Kyle retreating to his office, while Butters lead us back to our dinners.
Chapter 27

Dr. Broflovski left instructions with Kevin at eight when he left. He said don't let Clyde out of the soft room and don't give Tweek any medication.

Not any.
None.
Not even my sleeping pill.

I laid in bed for what I thought had been all night, staring at the ceiling, hands shaking. It had not been all night.

Suddenly there was a lot of screaming. I crept out of my room to find Kevin at the nurses desk, playing some game on his phone. The screaming was coming from down the hall. Clyde was banging against the door and shouting.

“Need something?” Stoley asked, not looking up.

“Aren't you g-gonna help him?”

“Not allowed.”


“Drug withdrawal. It'll be fine.” He spun his chair away from me.

I padded down the hall in my not red socks listening to Clyde shreik. “Where am I? I didn't do anything! This is America! This is illegal!” He beat the door as he yelled.

“C-Clyde?” I called out to the door, on my tip toes to see in the window. He was away from the door, then running and hitting it with his body. I stumbled back at impact, tripping over myself and hitting the laminate.

“Let me out! I'll sue you!”

“It's T-Tweek. You're at Hell's P-Pass. You got d-drunk in an alley.”

“What?” He wasn't yelling anymore.

“You're in the soft r-room. C-Craig t-tackled you. You got angry.” I said into the crack in the door.

“Oh.” I heard him sit, air in the padding wooshing.

“Dr. Broflovski will let you out at s-seven. It's f-f-four.” I picked at my hands.

“Why are you talking to me? I am awful to you.” He said, sniffling. Clyde always did cry a lot.

“It's okay. You're just s-sad.” I caught myself crying. Must be the drug withdrawal I told myself. I
was not turning into a baby in front of a closed door talking to Clyde.

“I hate you. You are the worst person in the universe.” I folded my knees under myself on the floor. “You took my best friend. You are ruining his life.”

“Yeah, I am.” I said, softly. I thought he didn't hear it for a little bit, he was just sniffling away. I brought my hand to my mouth and chewed. I tasted metallic but it was fine. As fine as being awake at four in the morning. As fine as everything else.

“What?” He said quietly, sounding disbelieving, like I was lying to him.

“I'm the w-w-worst.” I repeated. “I'm the worst.” I rubbed at my eyes.

“You're not supposed to say that. Why aren't you arguing? What's wrong with you? I am an asshole every time I see you and you're agreeing with me.” He huffed, banging on the door a few times.

“I don't disagree. You're r-right.” I mumbled. “I hate me t-t-too.”

“Dude, shut the fuck up. You're an annoying friend stealer but I can hate you enough for both of us.” I let out a bitter laugh. “Go to bed, shit. You sound like a wreck.”

“Can't. No m-m-meds.” I hiccuped.

“God, the fuck happened to you? You didn't used to be such a pushover.”

“I had sex with my Dad, like a lot.” I half laughed.

“Gross.”

“Yep.” I said popping the p.

“Like seriously? You're not fucking with me are you?”

“Not even B-Bebe wants to fuck w-w-with you.” He laughed at that, almost sounding genuine.

“You're not the worst maybe.”

Chapter End Notes

I like hate this chapter but I went over it like four times and this is what I got. IDK
Chapter 28

I only had to spend a week in the hospital which wasn't so bad, I guess. I left with a new shorter list of meds and I felt less fuzzy once I could sleep again.

Kyle convinced me to go to group therapy with everyone after I got out. He said I'd have an okay time and it wouldn't be scary. He said I was making real progress and it'd be good for me. This didn't feel good for me.

“Woo-hoo, road trip!” Clyde shouted while his leg was pressed into mine. I tried to scoot closer to the car door but it was no use.

“Is this everybody Kyle? I mean Dr. Barflovski.” There was a smattering of giggles from Kenny and Clyde at Bebe's bad joke.

“Yeah, let's just go.” He hummed, fiddling with the radio from the passenger seat. Bebe put her hand over the dial from the drivers side.

“You said I could pick the music on the drive to North Park if I drove because your Escalade is in the shop.” We were most certainly not in an Escalade. We were all shoved into a 2004 Lancer. There was not enough room in the backseat for the three of us, not with Clyde spreading his legs over the middle console.

“Sure, do it before we go.” He huffed, swiping through his phone.

“Not Skinny Love.” Clyde shouted, making my ears ring. I heard Kenny groan from the other side of the car.

“Fuck off Clyde, you're not the boss of me.”

“What the hell is Skinny Love?” Kenny asked, laughing.

“It's a great song.” Bebe spitefully responded. “Clyde has no fucking taste, obviously.”

“Play it then.” Kenny taunted. “Let's see if it's a great song.”

“Which version Ken? She has like fifteen covers of it saved to her Spotify.” I tried to sink into the door as they argued. A second of typing from Bebe later and after a loud pop of an AUX cable an acoustic guitar poured through the speakers. Some man started singing too high and I just wanted to jump out of the car and skip group therapy.

“If this isn't some maladaptive, not good for your recovery, bullshit then I don't know what is.” Kenny laughed at Clyde as he mocked Bebe's voice. “Bon Iver is way more damaging than I am.”

“Jesus, stop it y'all.” Kyle called out from the front seat.

“You don't even believe in Christ.” Kenny snorted.

“We shouldn't listen to songs that glorify things that are harmful for us.” I picked at my hands as Kyle spoke, trying to remove myself from the car.

“Looks like you can't listen to Fiona Apple anymore either.”

“Fuck off, Mr. Buy U A Drank.” Kyle ripped the cord from the stereo as Bebe merged onto the
highway. “What it's not like I'm the only one who does it. I bet all of us do.” She huffed, clenching her steering wheel too tight.

“Buy U A Drank is a masterpiece, right Kenny?” Clyde sounded so offended. “It's about true love and real connection.”

“I'm not stupid Clyde.” Kyle said, banging his head against the headrest. “You shouldn't listen to songs that glorify drinking.”

“That's like all rap songs. Are you seriously saying Kenny and I can't listen to rap anymore?” Kenny agreed with a yeah, then mumbled something I couldn't quite make out.

“I'm saying that it's detrimental to your recovery.” Kyle was back looking at his phone.

“That's not fair!” Clyde whined, leaning onto me when Bebe changed lanes.

“Why not?” Kyle asked, half entertaining him.

“Bebe, Kenny, and I have songs we can't listen to but Tweek can just listen to whatever because there are no songs about getting fucked by your dad.” Bebe hit the brakes and we all went forward. I was a statue.

“What did you say?” Kenny asked as I felt the blood drain from my face.

“I said it's not fair that Tweek can listen to whatever because he only got raped by his dad.” I felt sick. I wanted out of the car. I started pulling on the door handle to no avail.

“Bebe, please exit the freeway.” Kyle said calmly, turning to look at me. “We are almost at the meeting. You three will be going in without me.”

“Really? You said you'd come in.”

“Clyde you are a fucking idiot.” Bebe said through closed teeth. I could see her in the rear view mirror staring at me.

“What did I do?” Clyde asked as I picked the skin off my thumb.

“You can't just say stuff like that, it's super inappropriate. Look he's obviously upset.” Bebe chided him still staring at me as we stopped at a red light. I tried to think about the car in front of us, memorize it's license plate. EF7C8H. I kept repeating it in my head. EF7C8H.

“What, it's not like he wanted to be fucked by his dad. There's nothing to be ashamed of right?” I felt him touch my shoulder and I started crying. “Dude, did you want to be fucked by your dad? I mean we all have shit to work through so you can be honest.” I couldn't breathe. I pulled at my hair and tried to curl into a ball.

“Clyde, I'm going to ask that you remain silent for the rest of the trip, okay?” Kyle's voice was steady.

“That's not fair. I'm just talking.”

“Silent.” He repeated.

“What, it's just like an Oedipus complex but with your Dad. I went to college, I learned about these things.”
“Building on the left Bebe.” Kyle was frowning. I could hear it in his voice as I put my head between my legs.

“I never wanted to fuck my dad but I'm sure lots of people do. I mean there's lots of people in the world. The fuck Kenny! Why did you just hit me you douche?”

“Stop fucking talking.” Kenny sounded angry. I felt the bile rise in my throat as the car jerked to a stop.

“It's a free country.” Clyde mocked. I threw up on the floorboards getting it all over Clyde's left shoe. “Gross, ugh, why didn't you say you got carsick?” He shoved me and I let out a strangled noise, like an animal about to be slaughtered.

“You three go inside and I will call Craig.” The doors unlocked and I felt cold air fly into the car. I heard seat belts unbuckle and tried to stay present.

What was the license plate? Started EF8, no EG8. I let out a sob. There was someone talking in the front seat but I didn't hear it. I just tried to remember the license plate over and over and over. I couldn't do it.

“Tweek?” Kyle called from the front seat. “Can you name five things you see?”

“No.” I mumbled into my legs staring at the vomit. “Puke. I see puke.”

“Okay, one is good. Craig is on his way to come get you. Do you want to talk about it?” I let out a strangled noise that I meant as a no, then changed my mind.

“I didn't want to.” I said softly, still looking down.

“Right. No one thinks you wanted to.”

“Clyde does.” I didn't look up. FH4? Was that the start of it?

“Clyde is just confused and a little bit stupid.”

“I don't think I wanted to.” I mumbled again. I heard a rustling noise and then I could feel someone sitting beside me.

“Eight year olds can't want that kind of thing.” He reassured me as I looked at the puddle on the ground. I felt wet.

“I think I peed my pants.” I didn't look up. I couldn't look up.

“It's okay. You can put on new pants.” His voice was very soft.

“Bebe's car.”

“She can just clean the car. It's alright.” There was a car door slamming next to us, then my door opened.

“The fuck happened Kyle?” It was Craig. I let out a long sigh and grabbed for him.

“Clyde happened.” I wasn't crying I told myself. My eyes were just wet. I wasn't crying with wet pants in a parking lot of group therapy. I heard my belt click off and I was in Craig's arms.

“What did Clyde happen?”
“He shared some personal information of Tweek's that I wasn't aware he knew, about his relationship with his father.” I hiccuped against Craig's chest.

“Who shared that with him? Clyde isn't a person to tell things to, everyone knows that.”

“I did.” I said meekly.

“Oh, that's okay honey. You can tell whoever you want.” His free hand stroked my hair. “I'm sorry he broke your trust.” I nodded against him.

“Clyde went off on a bit of a tangent at the end that seems to have Tweek upset.” Kyle's voice sounded cold, like he was trying to make the words cleaner than they were.

“Go on.” I felt Craig start to walk then heard the Corolla doors unlock.

“I believe the phrase was, 'Dude, did you want to be fucked by your dad?'” I felt sick again.

“I didn't, I don't think.” I mumbled into Craig chest, then promptly threw up again.

“Yo! You gonna take me home Tucker?” A voice called from what sounded like far away. “What's Twitch doing in your arms? He must be real carsick.”

“Shut the fuck up Clyde,” I heard Kenny say. “You're riding home with us so we can talk more about maladaptive coping mechanisms.” Clyde groaned.

“How come Tweek gets to skip this shit? We already had to listen for like an hour about how we shouldn't get wasted when we are sad. Surely Tweek has maladaptive mechanisms. Craig is like a giant coping mechanism for him. He uses a person, that can't be healthy.”

“Talk about your own shit.” Craig called. “Quit dragging Tweek into your circus of nonsense.”

“That's no fair. I bet Tweek talks about me all the time.”

“Nothing fucking terrible like you're saying.” Craig put me down in the car and I curled up. “He's the reason I let you stay at the house. I was going to let you go to a halfway house in Nevada.” The door slammed and then the car started.

“So I guess group therapy is a no go, huh?” I let out a wet laugh as I struggled with the belt. “What a mess.” He mumbled putting the car into drive.
“Do you want to go to a group meeting with Kyle? You don't have to. I can just go get Clyde and drop him off at Token's. You can stay here while I drive to Denver if you'd rather.” Craig was talking as the hot water cascaded down my back, my wet hair dripping into my face. He didn't shower, just pulled his shirt off, switching to something not stained with vomit. “Bebe and Kenny are there. They're waiting.”

My vomit. I felt my stomach churn again.

“You don't have to answer. I know you're probably, uh, overwhelmed. I'll have him send them back.”

“I'll go.” I responded before being sure. I turned off the water and reached blindly around the shower curtain for a towel. There was a time where I would have just stepped out naked with Craig there. It was a long time ago.

I did not want to go. I didn't want to see Clyde. The idea of seeing Kenny and Bebe made me feel ashamed, like they knew too much. If you knew too much about me then you couldn't stay friends with me. I became weird, more weird. You either became a doting parent or left. It's not like I ever really heard from Jimmy or Stan.

My hand landed on a shoulder and I yelped.

“Oh, towel, okay.” A door opened as I shook in the cold. Then a fluffy white towel was stuffed into my outstretched hand. “I'm going to grab you something to wear. Do you care what?”

“No.” I mumbled, wrapping myself up after rustling my hair. A hand through the back of the curtain with gray sweatpants and a long sleeved black shirt. No logos. Logos weren't allowed in Denver. I started to cry, shimmying into the outfit.

“God, your hair is a mess.” Craig laughed while running his hands through it, spinning me towards him. “We don't have to go.” His face fell as we made eye contact.

“I don't want to go to Denver.” I hiccuped as he put his arms out to hug me but settled for a sterile pat on the back while we were a step apart.

“Okay, I'll take you back home before I take Clyde to Token's apartment.” I stared at him as he started smiling again. “Oh, you're not going back. Those are your hospital pants aren't they?” I nodded as he exhaled. “They were just on the top of the drawer. You're not going to the hospital. It's fine.” He stepped out of the room as he called for me to get in the car.

The drive was a boring one of muted music and dirty snow.

Dr. Broflovski's office was too full, with Bebe and Kenny on opposite ends of a green sofa while Clyde sat alone in a chair. Kyle motioned for us to come in, his head lulling to one side and eyes half closed.

“Okay, we're going to have a talk about boundaries.” Kyle started as Craig and I sat between Kenny and Bebe.
“Whatever.” Clyde muttered as he crossed his arms.

“Pay attention you sister fucking piece of shit.” Kenny snapped.

Kyle put a hand to his face. “Let's not make this about Karen.”

“Piece of crap over there fucked my little sister while his girlfriend was in the goddamn hospital. You told me to give him a chance, that he was sober and he does this shit to Tweek.”

“We are not here to talk about everything everyone has ever done wrong.” A long sigh from Kyle. “We are here to talk about boundaries and confidentiality.” I couldn't see Kyle's expensive shoes behind his desk. He normally sat by me on the couch.

“Yeah, when someone tells you something personal you don't ask them inappropriate questions in public, Clyde.” Craig squeezed my hand. I looked for five things but all I could find were pictures of Kyle and Stan hugging and kissing. Craig and I didn't have pictures like that. Especially not one where Craig grabs me in surprise as a friend takes the shot.

Not that I could remember, anyways.

“It wasn't public, Craig,” his voice dragged on Craig's name. “It was in a car full of people he knows.”

“Fucking still, dude. We let you live in the house and you give him a fucking panic attack on the way to therapy. You are a shitty friend who is going to stay with Token after this until we can figure out where to put you.” There were not any pictures of us at a concert either. I had never been to one. I couldn't handle the crowds at the museum when Token invited us and we left early.

“It was just a statement and a question. It's not fair that Tweek doesn't have to change his music and did he want to be fucked by his dad. That's all I said.” I cringed, still looking at the wall of pictures. They were dressed up for a wedding in one, matching suits. It was a new picture. I wonder who had gotten married. I had never been to a wedding. We didn't get invited places anymore.

“Stop saying it. He doesn't like it being talked about.” Craig was talking through gritted teeth. Was that the ocean in the background, behind Kyle's crazy hair? We hadn't ever left the state together. I only ever went to Wyoming and I wouldn't call it a vacation.

“Then he should say something. He should speak for himself!” Clyde was screaming. There was a picture with the two of them in matching cap and gowns. They were younger. I didn't go to Craig's high school graduation. There wasn't anything in Denver either.

“He's obviously dissociating because you brought this up.” Another with Kyle in a cap and gown, with Stan standing beside him grinning. College? Did Stan go to Arizona to see Kyle graduate from undergrad?

“He's not a baby. He can speak for himself. You treat him like a little kid. He's not. He's an adult. An adult who hit me in the crotch for touching him.” They were hugging outside what I think was an airport terminal. I could see what I think was TSA in the background. I didn't see Craig off when he left.

“He's just not well. He's not a child.” Bebe and Kenny were silent. There was a picture on the wall with Kenny and Wendy too. They were outside the movie theater, it looked recent.

“He isn't even listening as we talk about him.” Kyle cleared his throat as Clyde screamed.
“Anything to add?” Kyle asked me. Craig had let go of my hand sometime ago.

I shrugged. There were still more pictures.

“He told me he hates himself. That he thinks he's ruining your life. He agrees with me.”

“Tweek?” Kyle asked. I nodded. Were they at the zoo in that picture? No, Kyle was dressed up like a wizard and Stan had on chain link mesh. There was an elephant in the background though. I don't think I had ever seen a real elephant. I could see a sliver of Wendy's face, she seemed to be smiling,

“I told him he was the worst and he agreed. He fucking agreed with me. I've told you a hundred times he's ruining your life and you don't even listen to me. You should have left him on the crazy farm up north.” How could you even find the time to do all of the things on Kyle's wall? There was one of the four of them at the bus stop as kids. They all looked happy, hands in coat pockets, checks red.

“Why would you tell someone that? Why the fuck would you feel the need to?” Craig was shouting. I glanced around to see Kenny and Bebe staring at them, faces pale, mouths slightly open.

“You know I'm right.” I looked back at the wall. When did Kyle have braces? Was it tenth and eleventh grade? Did he have braces when I left?

“I know you have a fat ass mouth to match the rest of you.” Did Stan have a tattoo on his shoulder? Was it always there?

“Oh shut up. You're just mad that Tweek doesn't put out and when he does he calls you Daddy. Yeah, I heard you fucking at Token's party. 'Daddy, please.' 'Daddy, no.' 'I'll be good, Daddy.'” My eyes grew wide, I hadn't told Kyle that. I hadn't told anyone about that. I wanted to forget about that forever.

“You both need to calm down.” Kyle said while I gasped for air. Five more pictures. “This isn't healthy.”

“No, fuck you. You want to talk secrets Clyde? Remember in high school when you told me you're gay. Oh yeah, that feels pretty shitty doesn't it. It feels bad to have things you said to someone be repeated doesn't it.” Wendy and Kyle's wedding picture, they weren't smiling but the cake was tall and white, with intricate designs in the frosting. I bet it was really a rich cake, the icing had puckers in it which means they used a lot of sugar, maybe even lard.

“That was a secret.” Clyde hissed.

“Not really,” Bebe spoke up. “You used to ask me to peg you all the time.”

“Yeah, Karen said you called her Tweek.” Kenny was laughing.

“Stop it.” He mumbled. I looked at him and he was staring at his feet. His eyes looked wet as he sniffled.

“Is this all because you caught a boner for Tweek, my boyfriend?” Craig cracked his knuckles. “I bet you fucked Thomas because they look the same. You fucking pervert.” He stood up and I grabbed the hem of his shirt, pulling him back to the couch.

“You are making him cry.” I said softly, out of pictures on the wall to look out.

“So what?” Craig was still yelling and I flinched. “He killed his mom too. Sucks to feel bad doesn't it
“This isn't productive. This was never productive.” Kyle huffed, standing up from his seat. “Just nobody bring up anyone's personal matters, like past drug use, eating habits, or sexual assault. Basically act like you're from a town that's not terrible.”

“Like Denver?” Kenny asked, half smiling, his fingers patting out a rhythm on the arm of the couch.

“Sure, act like you would act if you were raised in Denver.”

“It's your fault the town is so fucking weird.” Craig spat. Clyde was still crying.

“Yeah, we've been over that like fifteen times, but if it makes you feel better Craig you can blame me again.” I saw Craig roll his eyes.

“I don't like Tweek. He just looks like a girl a little. I'm not gay.” Clyde was sniffling still, wiping his nose on his sleeve, leaving a gooey string of snot. “I dated Bebe, I'm not gay.”

“I dunno, Bebe is pretty much a man.” Kenny smiled as Bebe leaned over us to hit him in the shoulder.

“Fuck off hooker.” Bebe called with a giggle.

“Obviously jealous you don't have the bod for it.” They were both in stitches laughing as I watched Clyde cry.

“He's still crying.” I said softly while chewing shirt sleeve pulled over my thumb.

“Oh please, you wish you had my body.” Bebe snorted, pressing her breasts together. Clyde had pulled his legs into the chair as he cried.

“He's crying.” I said louder as everyone talked around me. Craig and Kyle were by the doorway talking among themselves, probably about me. No one responded to me.

I stood up and grabbed the box of tissues from Kyle's desk, There was a picture of them kissing. It was cute, I guess. I set it on Clyde's knees.

“Sorry.” I mumbled to him as I sat on the floor. “Sorry they were mean to you.”

“No you're not.” He said into a tissue as he made a terrible honking noise. “You hate me like they do. Everyone does.” I shook my head as Craig started yelling.

“Don't fucking talk to him. I swear to Christ if you make Tweek upset again I will end you.” He started to cry louder.

“Stop it.” I said, louder than I meant to.

“What babe?” Craig asked in his normal nice voice. The one he used to ask me what I wanted for dinner or if I wanted my black sweater from the house when I was in the hospital.

“Stop it. You're hurting his feelings.” I stood in front of him as he cried. Everyone was staring at me. “He's not well and you are hurting him.”

“He's not sick. You are not the same.” Craig walked towards me, trying to take me in a hug. I stepped back stumbling over the chair.
“He is sick. He sees Dr. Broflovski because he's sick. He goes to therapy because he's sick.” I was looking at my feet. “His sick just makes him an asshole is all.”

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy the updates as i have a stomach bug.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I want to go to with to Token’s.” I mumbled as I climbed into the front seat. Clyde was still crying in the back, staring out the window whispering to himself about how he was not gay.

“Sure, babe.” He said, patting my hand as he put the car into reverse.

“I'm not gay.” Clyde said loudly with a wet sniff.

“Uh-huh.” Craig put his hand on the volume dial as we pulled into the street.

“I'm not! I'm not gay. Clyde Donovan is not gay.” I turned to him and met his red rimmed eyes with a small smile.

“It's okay to be gay.” I looked away after, watching us pass through the tree lined streets of South Park.

“But I'm not.” His voice was defiant, like he arguing his position on a political matter. Not that I ever wanted to think of when he did that ever again. He and Craig screamed and screamed at each other.

“Are you saying you have a problem with us?” His voice was harsh, rattling around off of the car windows after he spoke.

“He didn't say that.” I ghosted my hand over his leg as I spoke. His face relaxed just a touch.

“He's implying it, honey. You don't understand.” I pulled me hand back.

“I understand. He's having a hard time. It's not about us.”

“That's not the point, sweetheart.” He was frowning as he pulled onto the freeway, then turned to look behind him even though there were clearly no cars.

“I'm not stupid. I'm an adult.” I looked at the tall trees for a long time, occasionally seeing a small white cross surrounded by snow and plastic flowers. One had a ragged motorcycle helmet perched on the top of it, a black one covered with thick scratches.

“At least he's not carsick.” Clyde smiled at me, but it looked like it hurt his face for his skin to stretch like that.

“He doesn't get carsick, you fucking idiot.”

“He was sick in a car. That's called carsick.” I let out a small laugh at Clyde as he tried to rationalize his point. “If you get food poisoning but you throw up in the car then your sick is in the car. That means you got carsick.” Craig was still frowning.

“That's not what carsick means, fuckface.”

“How come you never call him fuckface? I'm pretty sure that I saw you at Token's Halloween party junior year actually fucking his face.”

“Don't talk about that stuff around Tweek. He can't handle it.” I huffed, I could handle anything.
Maybe. Sometimes, I could handle most things.

“He handled you putting your penis in his mouth. He handled actually having his face fucked, but you can't talk about it in hindsight?”

“How do you fuck a face?” I asked looking at Clyde. “God, do they have to be dead? Do you have a thing for fucking eye sockets? Jesus Christ, that's sick.” Clyde was laughing as Craig glared ahead at the empty road.

“Nah, not dead people, but I guess you could fuck a dead head too.” Gross. Clyde was gross. “It's when you put your dick in a chick's mouth and just like, go to town.”

“Don't say that, please.” Clyde frowned at me.

“Just don't talk at all Clyde. Just never say anything to anyone ever again.”

“I didn't do anything but answer his question. I'm trying to be his fucking friend and you won't even let me do that.” Why did we call them the d word anyways? It was strange.

“You are six months too late to try to be his friend.” Craig's knuckles were white as he turned the wheel to pass a slow truck.

“You aren't the keeper of his friends, Craig. I can be his friend if I want to. He asked about facefucking and I explained it to him.”

“He doesn't like to talk about sex.” Craig turned on the radio, NPR and some review about a book that trains cats.

“He asked me. If he's asking then he wants to talk about it. Tweek?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, third person in the car, you. Do you want to talk more about facefucking?” Craig let out an angry groan, but otherwise stayed silent.

“It's like oral right? Is that what you mean?” Clyde laughed, but it wasn't particularly mean. “I've done oral.” I just try to think about the times I did it with Craig, not the other ones.

“No, it's like oral though. You just grab 'em by the hair and do all the work with your hips. You just jam your dick in there and go to town.”

“Don't say dick.” I said shouted. “That's what I don't want you to say.” I regained my composure, hands over my mouth waiting to get sick. I didn't.

“What's wrong with dick? It's just a word.” Clyde was leaning forward like he was watching a good TV show. Not that Clyde liked good TV, he mostly just watched bad reality programs where the cars were really nice. Drunk people grinding together in sweaty clubs, that kind of thing.

“He told you not to say it. That's all that goddamn matters.” The blinker ticked on and off as we exited the freeway.

“But why?” Clyde asked again, leaning into his seat. I turned forward as we got to the city. It was prettier here, lots of cars and buildings. They were tall. I couldn't remember the last time I really saw the city.

“It's not your fucking business. Don't be such an ass wipe and let him keep some things private.” It
was just starting to get dark but you could hardly tell with all the streetlights on. People scurried around on the sidewalk, holding bags and pushing strollers.

“Do you know why?”

“Yeah I know why.”

“I want to know too!”

“A secret,” I craned my head to look at him. “Don't tell people.” He nodded, mouth slightly open, a dog waiting for a treat.

“You're going to regret this.” Craig sighed as he turned into a parking garage.

“He wants to be my friend. No one wants to be my friend, not really.” I pulled my sleeves over my hands, turning the heater up a notch. “He treats me like I'm normal, it's nice.”

“Baby, you are normal.” Craig cooed, putting the car into park. The garage was dark, little pot lights making it a dim yellow color.

“I can talk about facefucking if I want to!” I didn't mean to be so loud, but I continued. “I like that he just talks like he does with everyone else. No one else does that.” I took in a long breath, grabbing the sides of my seat. “I don't like the d word, because my Dad said it when we were...” I trailed off my voice growing softer as the sentence went on.

“I don't like to look at toilets anymore. They make me sad. That's a secret too,” Clyde offered, leaning forward to pat my shoulder. I looked at him and he was beaming. “We can talk more about facefucking, it's when you stick your cock in a girl's, I guess probably Craig's for you he isn't really a girl, but you just like fuck their mouth like you would their butt, for you I guess.”

“Oh,” I said softly stepping out of the car. Craig was silent as we walked up to Token's apartment. It was a lot of stairs but I didn't trust the elevator. Fifth floor, number 526. Craig knocked on the door three times as Clyde and I stood beside him.

“Hey, come inside. I didn't realize you were bringing Tweek. How are you man?” I nodded at him grinning. He didn't try to hug me this time. “The fuck did you do Clyde?” Clyde smiled at him too, but he looked guilty.

The TV played behind Token and I saw his picture. The ticker tape underneath the photo read “South Park Local, Richard Tweek, eligible for parole after kidnapping and sexually assaulting a now deceased Noah Stotch.”

Chapter End Notes

Still sick. Stuck watching Pororo over and over. Send help.
“Honey, unlock the door, please.” A voice called from the other side. I had curled up into the laundry hamper, which was full of disgusting clothes, but behind another door. I did not respond to the voice.

“Craig, just let me get the drill and take the door off of it's hinges.” Another voice called. I was silent. The laundry was too hot but I tried not to think about it.

I was good at not thinking about things.

Or I thought I was.

He had been on the TV though. His face had looked at me with that half smile he wear before taking me down into the basement. He had seen me. I'm sure his eyes had met mine and he knew where I was. If I was quiet then maybe he would not be able to find me. I ducked my head into the basket, pulling a few pairs of dirty jeans on top of my head. It stunk, but I was pretty sure I was hidden.

“It's probably Clyde's fault. He's the one who decided they had to talk about face fucking in the car.” The voice was angry. It sounded like Craig but maybe it was a trick. Maybe it was Dad pretending to be Craig. I hugged my knees, trying not to think of the germs.

“I didn't do anything.” I breathed in counts of five. Breathe five, hold five, exhale five. Like Kyle had taught me. Breathe and don't make any sounds.

“You two, just be quiet. Hopefully he's okay and not passed out on the toilet.” There was a whirling noise.

“Dude, if he died on the pot then it'd be like our duty to redress him before the police got here. We're bros.” The clothes were starting to feel like they were smothering me.

“Stop talking, both of you.” More mechanical noises then a thump. “Where the fuck is he? Tweek?” There were loud, heavy footsteps, then more chatter.

“There is no way out of the bathroom. One door in and out, that's it.” He was going to find me. I held my breath as a belt stabbed at my thigh. A click, then a creak, and I could see light through the clothing. I exhaled, sealing my fate.

“Found him! He's in the laundry. That's so silly. He was always real good at hide and seek, wasn't he?” The basket tipped over and I could feel the wicker basket hit the tile.

“Man, Clyde! Don't do that. Holy shit, you are stupid.” I did not respond. I didn't even flinch. I was perfectly still in the laundry basket where no one could touch me. I felt a hand touch me and I played dead. Don't respond and maybe he will lose interest.
“Just take him home, I'll get Clyde settled and we can talk about his care on the phone.” I laid limp in the arms that picked me up. Sometimes if I pretended to be sick or I didn't respond to his touches he left me alone. I hoped this was a sometime. A door opened and then there was beeping noises as I felt my stomach go into my throat.

“Tweek? Can we talk about this?” No response. A ding and then the air grew cold around me. I could hear cars starting and doors locking. “You just ran into the bathroom and locked the door. What's wrong?” There was a sigh, then another car door noise, a high pitched chirp.

“I'm going to put you in the backseat, okay? You do better in the backseat. Sometimes.” The nasally voice said as I was put onto cold leather. I felt something restrain me and my breath hitched. A few quiet seconds where the air burned my lungs and the car started.

“We're just driving home. Let's listen to the oldies station, you always like that one.” The voice hummed. The radio popped on, but instead of catchy rock songs from the 1970s all I could hear was a male voice.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after kidnapping and sexually assaulting a now deceased Noah Stotch.” A humming from the voice in the front seat.

“Neither of us like Cat's In The Cradle so I'm going to change it.” The radio changed. “Top 40 kind of sucks but not as much as that song, am I right?”

Another voice, female, she sounded old.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after kidnapping and sexually assaulting a now deceased Noah Stotch.” I clutched my legs tighter.

“You know what, not better. I'm pretty sure that this isn't how you say any of those words in Spanish.” A gruff groan. “He's cute but it's not like we can see him so nope.” I could hear the radio scanning for stations.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local.” Then it changed.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local.” Next station.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local.” He laughs.

“Babe, it's fucking Dueling Banjos. Perfect for the middle of nowhere right?” I couldn't hear it though. I don't hear the twangy country music. I try to listen again.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after kidnapping and sexually assaulting a now deceased Noah Stotch.” Over and over until the car stopped. Sometimes a man and sometimes a woman.

But always, “Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after kidnapping and sexually assaulting a now deceased Noah Stotch.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact, I once did a station scan in West Texas on I-10 and two separate stations were playing Dueling Banjos. It felt like an important moment.
“I'm not doing this again. Get your shit together.” Craig was spitting his words as he kicked his feet into his boots, hammering the toes on the floor. Bang, bang, bang. Three times for each foot.

I picked at a new scab on my arm. He was frowning at me. I ducked my head down, focusing on how I had fucked up this time. I was good at fucking up. If there was an award for fucking it up I would have won it. No contest.

“Put your jacket on. We have a family dinner that my mom is insistent on. I can't cancel this time, get dressed.” His jaw was clinched, I could see the outline of the muscles in his neck. “Look, I'd love to ream you about this nonsense but we need to go. It'll have to wait.” His hand wrapped all the way around my wrist as he pulled me to the bedroom.

I could see it on the TV above the dresser as he pulled a button up over my pajamas. It was Dad's face, that smug smile. I pointed at it but Craig just huffed.

“Yeah, it's a dog show. You don't even like poodles.” He dragged me outside, not slowing as we went down the stairs. He bent over to grab my tennis shoes in his spare hand, then shoving me into the car.

The radio started. “Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after sexually assaulting and kidnapping a now deceased Noah Stotch.” I was in the backseat, I couldn't turn it off. The woman just kept talking.

“Look, I don't know what is going on but I really just need you to get it together for like an hour, okay?” His head was facing forward so I couldn't see him. I couldn't get it together. I looked out the window to see him on a billboard, the blue collar of his shirt crisp. He always stressed the importance of being neat and tidy. Everywhere I tried to focus I saw him.

“And you're not talking. I agreed to this dinner today because you were doing so well. I was so proud. Oh you won't believe it Mom, Tweek is working the front counter again. Yeah, it's really turning around.” He slammed his fists on the steering wheel and the horn honked. I jumped.

“At least you're not comatose. I'll just tell them you have Laryngitis. Ruby will call you out on it, but maybe I can bribe her to not mention it. What, fifty bucks? That would surely be enough to get her to derail the conversation.” I hid underneath the window when I saw him in the electronic store. A wall of his face, TV's stacked on top of each other all letting the world know he was going to find me.

“We'll talk about your fucking wrists later.” He ran a hand through his hair as he turned off the car. “Can you nod? Please say you can nod.” I nodded, trying to smile. “Okay good, but don't do that thing with your mouth, dear Jesus.” He smoothed down his shirt as stood up, unlocking the car door. He grabbed me by the hand and stood me up, cursing about my shoes, then running to the front seat to jam them on my feet. The sneakers felt rough against my toes without socks. “I'm going to wrap my arm around your waist so we look like a happy couple, okay?” I nodded, grabbing him.

“Great, this will be fine. It'll only be it's usual level of shitiness.” He was flustered, I could tell by the way his fingers twitched on my stomach. He knocked on the door, clearing his throat twice before the door was even opened. “Don't lock yourself in my parent's bathroom.” He whispered as the door opened.

“Oh Craig! It has been so long since I saw you last I thought maybe you moved away!” Laura
Tucker was hugging him, wrenching him out of my grip. Her hands moved to his face, rubbing over the knot on his nose. She was frowning. I wrapped my arms around myself. My job was to nod. That's it. Just nod.

“Told ya Ma. Tweek hit him with a lap.” Tricia was in the doorway, scowling at me. I think she flipped me off. I just nodded.

“Honey, is Tweek hurting you? You can always come stay with us and we'll get this all sorted out.” Craig was pushing her off of him, like a toddler running from a thumb wet with spit. His arm was back around me, pinching me a little as he smiled. He didn't look happy.

“No Mom. It was just a misunderstanding. We're in a super healthy and happy relationship, aren't we?” He pinched me again after a second. I nodded.

“He's not talking again.” Tricia called out, before turning back into the house. “Hear that Dad? Craig's boyfriend isn't even talking at family dinner.”

“He just lost his voice you little cocksucker!” Craig was screaming after her. He pulled me inside the house. It was a nice enough house. Looked like it always did. Family picture of the old couch, the same shag carpet.

“You're just mad that your cock isn't getting sucked.” Tricia laughed as she flounced over to Thomas Tucker who was reclining in his chair. It was once leather, but the bald spot on his head had rubbed the leather straight off at the headrest.

“Tricia, go set the table. I don't want to imagine your brother getting his dick sucked by another man.” Thomas stretched up, the chair creaking beneath him. The leg rest folded in on itself and he rose to his feet unceremoniously, stumbling forward at the momentum. At 6'4” Thomas was not ever very graceful.

“Wow, it's nice to see you Tweek. I'm so glad you're doing better.” Craig yelled to an empty room. “For people who were insistent he come you don't seem to give a fuck.” The TV was off and all of the pictures were of the Tuckers. I relaxed a hair. “You know what, screw them.” He turned to me, letting go of my waist. “I'm happy you're doing better.” His eyes met mine and he smiled a little before lowering his voice. “Mostly better.”

“Boys, come eat.” Laura called from the dining room. Tricia was standing as we walked to our seats. Right side of the table across from Laura and Tricia. Thomas liked to sit as far away from my as possible. The feeling was mutual.

“If he's doing so much better why are his shoes on backwards?” Tricia rolled her eyes as she took her seat. Craig flipped her off before checking my feet. They were indeed on wrong, but I just shrugged. The seat was too stiff and my arm was itching. Don't make a scene. Don't make a scene.

“Let's just eat so I can watch the evening news and go to sleep.” Thomas threw himself into his seat, pulling the spiral sliced ham towards himself. He lobbed off a piece with a large knife before tearing hunks off and chewing loudly.

“Let's say grace first.” Laura said, her blonde hair perfectly manicured. Tricia was rolling her eyes, the stopped to glare at me. I looked back at my empty plate.

“Sure Laura,” Thomas flipped off the table, letting his fork clatter on his plate. “Dear Lord, I'm thankful that both of my kids are underachievers. I'm thankful that my 22 year old daughter is still living in my home. I'm most thankful that my 28 year old son is in a relationship with a man who
broke his nose. Amen.” He didn't even close his eyes for the whole ordeal.

I could hear Craig grinding his teeth as he pulled two pills out of his jacket pocket. He set them down on my plate. “Take them please.” I nodded, setting them on my tongue and taking a swig of water.

“You know I heard on Dr. Oz that if he just took B12 supplements he wouldn't be sad anymore. No need for those silly medications.” Craig had a deep set frown as I swallowed the pills.

“No, I don't think that'd help, but we really appreciate your concern.” Craig passed me a roll as he whispered “please just fucking eat something.” I nodded, taking a bite. They weren't very good but the look of relief on his face made it seem okay.

“Tweek takes like 9 different things. He's not just sad Mom, he's fucking psychotic.”

“Well, maybe it'd just make him less sad then.” She scooped a mound of mashed potatoes onto her plate before passing the bowl around. “I mean it could help.”

“Dr. Oz isn't even a good doctor.” Tricia snorted before tearing her roll into bits.

“You're not a doctor at all.” Thomas added through a full mouth.

“I'm almost a nurse. It's close enough.” Tricia huffed, burying her bread pieces in a mix of mashed potatoes and green beans.

“Yeah, because I ask an almost nurse to see me when I'm ill.” Craig patted my thigh under the table as he spoke. I jumped.

“You asked an almost nurse to look after your boyfriend.” I took a bite of ham. It was too sweet but I kept chewing it in my mouth.

“And you did a great job, didn't you? Such a great job he spent over 40 days in Denver anyway.” Craig was cutting his food into little pieces, knife scrapping the plate. His knuckles were white. I patted him back under the table. He let out a little laugh.

“Oh, Tweek had to go back to Denver, that's too bad.” Laura said to her plate as she buttered a roll.

“I thought you said your husband was getting better.” Thomas was still shoveling food into his mouth. I looked at Craig who was turning red.

“Dad, we agreed not to talk about that.” Thomas was laughing at Craig.

“You haven't told him. I thought he was doing better.” He grabbed more ham, this time with his fingers.

“What are you talking about? I want to know.” Tricia was pouting at the table, staring at the two of us. I shrugged as she rolled her eyes.

“Tricia, they're married. They've been married since before Helen died. That's all.” Laura sipped at her water as she smiled at me. It didn't seem like a real smile. I turned to Craig who let out a groan.

“We hadn't talked about this.” Craig had put his silverware down and shoved his hands in his pockets. Was I really married?

“I can't believe you found a Justice of the Peace who'd let you do that with Tweek so messed up.” Thomas was still eating.
“You know what Dad? It was the happiest day of my life and I'm so happy. Soooo happy.” He pushed his chair out, standing with his hands in his hair. “I'm so happy that I think we're just going to leave.”

As Craig dragged me out of his childhood home, I saw Dad's face on the TV.
Chapter 33

“I can't go.” I said from the opposite side of the bedroom door. My feet were planted on the ground as I sat on the edge of the bed. Dad's face had been on the TV all night, Richard Tweek, South Park local eligible for parole.

“Great to hear your voice.” Craig pulled open the door, sitting down on the bed as he rolled his brown socks up his calves. Brown was not a good color for dress socks, but I didn't say anything.

“What can't you do?” He hummed as he leaned back on the bed.

“He's everywhere.” I mumbled, pulling my hands to my face. My long sleeve top ran up my arms. The air felt cold.

“Jesus Fuck, what did you do?” His hands were on my arm, tracing angry red marks. I flinched at his touch.

“He's everywhere,” I repeated, trying to pull my arm away. He let me go, frowning as he stared at me. Dad played on the TV over and over. He was smiling and he could see me. I rushed towards the bathroom, sinking into the tub.

“Tweek,” Craig was following me. He sat on the toilet as I put my hands over my face. I could still hear the announcer. Richard Tweek, South Park Local eligible for parole, over and over and over. It didn't stop when Craig started to talk. I saw his face on the back of my eyelids, half smile and eyes heavy. “What's going on? You have to tell me so I can help you.”

Like he could even help me. My dad was stronger than him, bigger than him. Richard Tweek would get what he wanted, Craig be damned.

I didn't say anything.

“Okay, let's go see Kyle huh?” His voice was soft as he spoke. I did not get out of the bathtub. I was not going to see Kyle. I was not leaving this spot.

“Let me call Kevin so work knows I'm going to be late.” His voice sounded far away. I picked at a scab while the phone rang.

“No, don't do that. That needs stitches.” His hand grabbed mine, as he crawled into the tub. It was not big enough for the two of us, our legs squished together. I opened my eyes to see him staring at me. He was crying.

“Not you, Kevin.” A pause. “Yes, it's Tweek. I'll be late.” His voice cracked as he spoke. There was another pause as he threaded his fingers through mine. “Maybe won't be there at all.” He ended the call, hand still in mine. I could see him scrolling through his contacts with his spare hand. He placed the phone on the eggshell colored rim as he pressed for the speakerphone.

I took my free hand and brushed the tears off of his cheeks with my thumb. They kept falling while the phone rang.

“This is my personal number Craig, I told you to call the office.” Craig's face was splotchy red as he tried to take a deep breath to talk. It didn't work. He just kept crying.
“Craig?” Kyle's voice pinged off of the wall tiles.

“Craig is sad.” I said as I moved forward to rub his back. He looked so little crying in front of me, like a child. I tried to ignore the announcer talking about Richard Tweek as he hiccuped.

“Tweek?” Kyle sounded frantic. “Did you call me?” Craig was hyperventilating as I held him.

“No.” I said as Craig kept crying. He was squeezing my back with his free hand now, the other still holding mine. It made me feel afraid, like I was trapped, but I didn't say anything to him. His eyes were making a wet patch on my shirt.

“Are you crying, Tweek?” His voice was high pitched as he quickly spoke. I shook my head.

“No.” Kyle couldn't see me. It was hard to talk but Craig needed me.

“Is Craig crying?” Craig wiped his nose on my shirt. It was gross but I didn't push him away.

“Yes.”

“Okay, I'll be there in twenty minutes.” I could hear Kyle's keys jingle.

“We're in the bathtub.” I looked at the drywall on the ceiling. There were lots of water marks. I think that a pipe had burst when I was a kid. I couldn't remember though.

“Great. Just stay right in the bathtub.” And the phone call was over.

We stayed in the bathtub. Craig kept crying, clinging to me as I held him. He said sorry twice, soft puffs of air on my chest as he spoke. He was warm. Maybe he was sick. The announcer kept talking.

“Craig? Tweek?” Kyle was standing in the doorway, sweater vest crumpled and one sleeve partially rolled. They weren't even, one was all the way down and the other was midway up his forearm. It looked stupid.

“What happened?” He asked slowly as Craig kept crying. He looked at Kyle, letting go of my hand. “Are you having a panic attack?” Craig didn't respond. Kyle was kneeling on the dirty tile floor, his face near ours. “Can you copy my breathing?”

He nodded. We all practiced breathing until I felt dizzy. Craig wasn't crying anymore though, which was nice. I was still holding him.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local, eligible for parole after sexually assaulting and kidnapping a now deceased Noah Stotch.” It kept ringing in my head.

“He hurt himself.” Craig mumbled. He wasn't looking at me.

“Can you show me?” Kyle was off of the ground. I didn't want to show him anything, but Craig was sniffing. Did I make Craig cry?

“I'm just gonna take your shirt off.” Craig narrated in a flat tone, occasionally sniffing. I didn't even flinch when he touched me.

“Denver doesn't want him back.” Kyle sucked his teeth as he looked at me. “We talked about this yesterday, but I don't think you're in any position to make that drive.” They nodded solemnly at each other as Craig hoisted himself out of the tub.

“Are you offering?” Craig wiped at his face before leaving the bathroom. Kyle handed me my shirt,
smiling, but he looked sad.

“I guess.” He walked out of the room as I got redressed. Craig was stuffing clothes into a black duffle bag. Clothes from my drawer in the dresser. The TV still had his face on it.

“Well, meet me outside. I'm going to defrost the car.” I sat on the bed as Craig tried to take an inventory.

I pressed the on and off button of the TV half a dozen times. His face never left.

“Stop doing that. There's no need to cause a scene.” I pressed it again. No channel would just have his face on it 24/7, not even on premium cable. The news talked about more than one topic. The news said more than once sentence.

“Craig?” I asked quietly as he zipped up the bag. “I think I'm having an episode.” I pressed the button again.

“Oh?” He dropped the bag on the bed as I pressed the button again. It bounced, spilling my hospital clothes all over the comforter.

“I saw him at Token's.” I wasn't looking at him. I was looking at my clothes. Three pairs of sweats and five shirts, three long sleeve and two short sleeve. “And I heard him on the radio driving home, and the billboards. He's on the TV.” I pointed to his face.

“Thank you for sharing that with me, babe.” Craig's voice sounded too calm. “He's not there. The TV is off.” I shook my head. It was not off. I could see him. He was there.

“Am I going to Denver?” I asked, putting my clothes back into the bag. Craig looked surprised.

“No.” He said, voice steady.

“Hell's Pass?” The clothes weren't fitting right. I smashed the bag to try to get it to zip.

“Not Hell's Pass.” He grabbed the bag from me, zipping it with ease. He was always better at things that I was. Dad was staring at us.

“North Park?” Craig shook his head.

“Do you want anything else? Any books? Your hippo?” I did want Hippo. I didn't say anything but he grabbed another bag from the doorway. “Hippo is in here. So are your favorite Harry Potter books, the second one and the fourth one.” He smiled at me, placing the tote bag in my lap. I could see a corner of my favorite blanket sticking out of the top, next to a 64 pack of crayons.

“Will you send me mail on my birthday?” The words clawed their way out of my throat against my will. “Mom forgot. Don't forget.” What I wanted to say was don't forget me, please don't forget me.

“Laramie is just until somewhere better has a space.” He gulped as he helped me off of the bed. “I can't take care of you by myself. It's not that you are bad. You're not in trouble.” He led me downstairs, grabbing the duffle bag.

“Don't forget.” I repeated as he led me into the kitchen, handing me my pills. He placed the bottles in his coat pocket. He gave me a glass of water. I didn't complain that he didn't use the filter, I just took my pills.

“I won't forget. I'll visit, I promise.” He was hugging me. I didn't hug back.
“Are we married?” I asked with my face in his neck. His laugh shook my body.

“We can get married if you want. I'd like to be married to you.” His cheeks were red when he pulled away. I smiled at him.

“I love you.” I mumbled to the floor as he dragged me to the front door. He helped me put my shoes on. He was a nice person. I tried to convince myself that he wouldn't forget me.

“Kyle's gonna drive us up there.” I nodded as he opened the door. “Want me to sit with you in the back?”

I took a deep breath as I followed him outside. The air was cold but Kyle's car was warm. I buckled my seat belt myself while Craig put the bags in the trunk.

“Does he know where we're going?” Craig nodded for me as he sat next to me. The middle seat was a dangerous place to sit but I was thankful he was close. “And he's okay with this?”

“Don't forget.” I whispered while the car went into reverse. Kyle turned on the radio, contentedly humming to himself.

“He told me he's having hallucinations.” The radio was talking about Dad. I took a deep breath.

“That must be very scary. Do you want to talk about it Tweek?” We were stopped at the only light in town, right by the coffee shop. This might be the last time I ever saw that place again. I could see Kenny through the glass, chatting with someone.

“I want to tell Kenny bye.” I watched as he made a coffee. I bet he was laughing. He was always laughing. The car was turning into the parking lot. Craig jumped out, shutting the door too hard.

“What kind of hallucinations have you been having?” Kyle cleared his throat, turning to look at me.

“Can you turn off the radio?” I asked as the reporter repeated the same sentence over and over.

“The radio has been off.” He was frowning.

“I hear the radio.” And the door was open and Kenny was smiling his goofy smile, teeth crooked.

“Yo, Tweek!” He held his hand out for a high five.

“Kenny.” Kyle warned, before exhaling through his nose. I touched his hand anyway. I wouldn't have to do it for a long time after this. Maybe I wouldn't ever do it again. Maybe this would be the last time I saw Kenny.

“Craig told me you're going on a trip. Hey, don't cry now.” He was still smiling though, even as his eyes were cast down.

“I'm going to the hospital.” The words felt dirty on my tongue. I wiped at my eyes with my sleeve.

“A trip to the hospital is still a trip, buddy.” Kenny ruffled my hair as he stepped away. “You'll be back before you know it.” But I his face gave away his lie. I nodded anyway.

“I wanted to say bye.” I took a long breath, holding it for a second. “Tell Bebe I said bye, please?” He laughed.

“I'll talk to that bitch for you, but only for you.” He laughed a real laugh, his eyes squeezing shut. “Bye Tweek.” I waved as he walked away. He didn't shut the car door and the outside air made me
“It’s okay.” I felt Craig slide in next to me. “You don't have to cry, it's okay.”

“It's not okay.” The words spewed from my mouth like vomit, my hands pulling on my hair. “I'm never going to see Kenny again. I'm going to stay in Laramie alone forever. And then Dad is going to get out on parole and find me and kill me. I wasn't supposed to tell anyone what happened. He told me not to tell and I disobeyed.”

“Butter’s and I always go to his parole hearings. I'll be there next week. He isn't getting out.” Kyle said something in the background about breathing. Craig was holding my hand though. “Nothing bad is going to happen to you. I promise.”

I spent the rest of the car ride leaning on Craig’s shoulder as he talked with Kyle about treatment options. It felt like I was wasting my time with them but I didn't know what to say. All I could hear clearly was the announcer on the radio talking about Richard Tweek.

I didn't dare look out of the car windows for the rest of the trip.

Chapter End Notes

I cried while writing the Kenny part.

It's almost over.
Chapter 34

The socks were green.

Laramie had green socks and they took my shoes. I remember it felt strange to wear shoes after a year of not having them. I wondered if I'd be here that long again. I shook the thought away as I saw Dad in the window.

It wasn't like the hospital, not really. There weren't groups here, just crafts every once in a while. Sad people sitting in a circle with safety scissors, the plastic kind that hardly cut paper. The nurses hovered overhead, anyway. I never was allowed to do crafts.

“We've been informed of your situation, Mr. Tweak.” I did not like being called Mr. Tweak but I kept my mouth shut. An older man was leading me down a hallway, past a few women playing checkers. They were missing pieces, the board wasn't even half full. I turned away from the hanging TV as we passed. I did not want to think about parole or my father anymore.

“This is your room,” he gestured to a small room with single bed with a white lacquer nightstand with two drawers. The room had a door. I forgot about the doors in Laramie. They didn't lock or click closed but they did stop people in the hallway from looking at you. People were nosy. “The resident psychiatrist will be around in a minute with an RN to give you a sedative.”

I didn't dignify him with a response, instead opting to drop the armful of my stuff on the bed. It had a beige blanket, the scratchy kind that pills after one wash, and one flat pillow. I shoved my clothing into the drawers, pants on the bottom and shirts on the top, then set everything else on top of the nightstand.

The room looked a little bit less sad once I spread the green blanket. The one Craig had given to me as a gift while I was in high school at Denver.

Craig didn't forget me when I went to Denver and we were seventeen. Craig wouldn't forget me now.

Hopefully.

I looked around the room for a radio. There wasn't one, but I still heard about Richard Tweak. I heard it over and over as I waited cross legged on the bed for a nurse to sedate me. It took more than a minute.

“Mr. Tweak,” is going to get out of jail and murder me, “I have a shot for you, if that's okay?” I nodded, looking at the stumpy man. He had salt and pepper hair and a small face. He talked about being my psychiatrist, but I wasn't listening. Did they call my dad Mr. Tweak in jail? There was two Mr. Tweaks. How did people know the difference between the psycho and the pervert?

There were hands on my legs and a pinch. I yelped in surprise and the lady nurse just smiled. The doctor waved as he walked out of the room. I slipped myself under the blanket and held Hippo as sleep came slowly.

I could hear the voice over and over as I slept. Richard Tweak, eligible for parole.
When I awoke there was breakfast tray on the nightstand. My books, coloring and otherwise, had been pushed to the corner so the prepackaged bowl of Rice Krispies and an apple could sit next to a sweaty milk and a small carton of apple juice.

I ate the dry cereal with my fingers, picking up a few pieces, crunching them, and then let the bits drip into my mouth. Dad's voice rattled around as a nurse interrupted my eating. She was talking but I couldn't listen.

“You shouldn't make a mess. Good boys don't make messes.” It was his voice and he wasn't here.

I threw a few pieces onto the floor for good measure, because fuck him for wedging himself in my brain. The nurse handed me a phone, white with big glow in the dark buttons. She was standing in the doorway with a large silver cart.

“Hello?” I asked slowly. Maybe I was supposed to call someone? Maybe the nurse didn't want to say anything except that they had a phone?

“Tweek? It's Craig. I'm at my desk, but I just wanted to make sure you're okay.” There was a pause on the other line. “Tweek?”

“Craig?” I asked back. A man walked behind the nurse's cart. He had short brown hair. He turned to me, his blue collar wrinkle free, one finger was covering his smiling mouth with his eyebrows raised. Craig said something, but I was screaming. The breakfast tray clattered to the ground, cereal spilling all over the floor.

“Boys who disobey get punished.” I could see him in the doorway, mouthing the words. I threw the phone at him, hitting the cart. He was still smiling at me.

“I don't want to!” Then there was three people holding me down. I kept screaming as a man held my arms down. He did that when I got too big and tried to make him stop.

I bit. I sunk my teeth into someone. “Motherfucker!” It was male voice, but it wasn't his voice. I tried to bite again but I couldn't reach. They were all talking at once and I couldn't see him.

Then the talking was over and I was strapped to the bed. Three very nervous looking staff members were huddled around me but I couldn't find him. I screamed again.

“Mr. Tweak, I need you to stop screaming.” I pulled my arms against the bed, trying to thrash my legs. I couldn't.

“Hush boy, if we get caught you'll get in trouble.” No one was moving their mouth. The lady nurse was leading away a man with a bloody cheek. The other man, one with light hair was standing above me.

“Mr. Tweak?” He asked me as I chewed on the inside of my mouth. “You are restrained. I will take you out of the restraints when you calm down.” I didn't acknowledge him, but I was still. My eyes darted around the room looking for him.

There was a hand on my wrist and I screamed again. The blonde man stepped away, waiting on the other side of the room, staring as I continuously scanned the room.

“Sir, the patient has been restrained.” And the blonde man left, leaving me alone with the stumpy doctor.
“Mr. Tweak, what seems to be the problem?” I wasn't looking at him. He appeared in the doorway again, smiling wide.

“See what happens when you make a scene?” I nodded to the man in doorway as the doctor said something about Haloperidol and psychosis. Another shot.

Dad watched me in the doorway until I fell asleep.

This went on for a long time, forever. I'd be eating breakfast and I'd see him, then I'd scream and I'd hurt someone. I never hurt him. He was always just watching. He'd smile and talk to me while everyone else panicked.

I eventually gave up on screaming. The doctor said the man wasn't real. He said that things that weren't real couldn't hurt me. They didn't give me the phone anymore because I threw it three times. Three times was apparently the limit on phone throwing.

“Mr. Tweak, you have visitor.” The staff was all afraid to cross the barrier to my room. The doctor told them not to, for their safety. I heard him. “He gets a bit agitated, so be careful.”

The man in the doorway was old. A fat man with silver hair, blue eyes, and a very tidy shirt, no wrinkles. He smiled at me and put a finger to his mouth, then shut the door.

“It's nice to see you again.” I didn't say anything back because he wasn't real. He was pretend and pretend things can't hurt you. I felt a warm hand on my shoulder as he sat down on my bed. I was coloring a race car red for Craig. I thought he'd like it when he came to visit, if he came to visit. There was a whole stack of pictures on the top of my shirts that I was going to give him. Which was stupid, but I couldn't think of anything else.

I tried to ignore him but he was touching me. But my face wasn't forced into the pillow, not really. He was a hallucination and hallucinations couldn't hurt you. My bottom hurt when he left, but I was misremembering.

The doctor said I misremembered a lot. Craig said a long time ago that the doctors don't lie.

I spent another forever seeing him in the doorway talking to me, while others days he would be old and touch me. I eventually ran out of pages to color for Craig.

I was misremembering when the door opened. He was here in the room, on top of me. It wasn't real though. No one could hurt me here, so I was mistaken.

“The fuck is this?” The voice yelled from the other side of the small room. Only the doctor and the nurse bringing food came into my room, and they always said who they were. This person didn't, so they must not be real.

A weight was pulled off of me and I heard a cracking sound. “I swear to God, if I kill you this is worth going to jail for.” I didn't look. It sounded like Craig. More punching sounds, a few curse words.

There were lots of footsteps and yelling. I could hear the doctor say something about calling the police. I stayed in the bed. Someone put my blanket over me, even when a nurse warned I could be
violent.

“I think you broke his nose.” A female voice whispered as the bed sank.

“Yeah, serves him right. He pretty much broke mine. I wish I would have snapped his neck.” The voice was very close to me. Then someone was rubbing my back, humming something as the hand moved in circular motions.

I wasn't supposed to pay attention to the hallucinations but I did. I listened to Craig hum and I enjoyed him rubbing my back. It was better to listen to him than the people running in and out of the room, even if he wasn't here.

“Honey, we're going to ride in an ambulance, does that sound okay?” His voice was soft. I nodded. “I'm going to put you on the stretcher for them, okay? Do you want Hippo?” I didn't answer when he picked me up. He put me on a flat white board, setting Hippo by my arm.

His lip was bleeding. I wondered if pretend blood felt wet like real blood. I ran a finger across his chin. It was warm and sticky. He grabbed my hand as they carried me outside and into the back of a big ambulance. It wasn't cold outside.

I couldn't hear sirens as we drove down the road. Not real Craig was talking with the men in the car, telling them not to touch me. Something about a kit. His hand felt nice.

“Can I go to sleep?” I asked the men. I heard Craig give me permission.

I woke up in a hospital bed when someone was touching my butt. I screamed. Someone was laying on my upper body as they said it was okay. It wasn't okay, but it also wasn't real.

I was in the room at Laramie and they were going to have to up my meds again, because I wasn't responding to the treatment. They would call Craig and he would be upset. He probably wasn't visiting because he was tired of getting updates.

“Babe, it's all done. You did good, it's all over.” This Craig was holding my hand and playing with my hair as a woman in a white coat left with a few vials. “We're going home after this, okay?” I nodded avoiding eye contact. I was not supposed to interact with hallucinations. It was bad. Kyle said it was bad.

“I'm going to step out and call Dr. Broflovski.” He said, pulling his hand away. I was in a hospital gown, a blue hospital gown. I could hear him talking from the hallway.

“Kyle, it's not good.” There was a pause. “I'm taking him back. He can't stay there.” More pausing. There was a heart rate machine that wasn't hooked up, maybe I wasn't even alive. “I might need a lawyer. Yeah, tell Gerald for me. I hit him, like a bunch. He was on top of Tweek.” And then the voice fell to a whisper and I couldn't hear.

Hippo was staring at me, his beady eyes glossy. I didn't like it. He was too nosy.

I'm not sure what happened but I was given a tablet by a doctor, then I was in the car with Craig. He was quiet for the whole ride, occasionally looking at me with a tight lipped frown.

Did I do something wrong?
Was he mad about the phone calls?

Was he real?
I'm reading all of the feedback, I just don't want to spoil anything by answering questions pertaining to the timeline. I still appreciate and enjoy your comments.

Sorry for not being more forthcoming with information.

Kenny was outside of the house.

My house.

Or I think it was Kenny and I think it was my house.

“Start a bath.” Not Craig was pulling me out of the car. Or Craig was pulling me out of the car. Or there was no car.

“Holy shit.” I was being carried into the house by someone. I could feel myself moving, so it had to be someone, right?

“Yeah, Kyle is on his way. So is Jimmy.” Craig, or not, said as the water was running. I was naked, or maybe I was naked the whole time. The water was warm but it hurt to sit.

“Gross. Did he even shower? That's pretty sick.” A hand was pulling on my hair. I stared at the bubbles by my toes.

“Get the scissors from the kitchen. Second drawer on the right.” Craig was frowning. The soap was cold on my back and Maybe Craig's nails tickled. I didn't laugh.

“Were they mean to you, Tweek?” Not Craig's voice wavered as he grabbed my face.

“Who?” I asked as a rag rubbed my cheeks. The water was gray and I couldn't see my legs anymore. Maybe my legs were gone. I wanted to grab for them, just to be sure, but I couldn't be sure. I could just be making it up. I could be misremembering this whole situation.

“Stay here. Stay here with me, okay?” Something scratchy was underneath my neck, going back and forth. “I'm going to cut your hair.” He sounded sad. Why would my brain give me a sad Craig? That just seemed cruel.

“Are you real? Is this real?” The water, or not water, was being poured onto my head. Craig's tan arms had as much hair as I remembered.

“It's me, Craig. We're at the house. I took you home from Laramie after your father...” He was still dumping water on me when he stopped talking.

“That wasn't real. The doctor said that was pretend.” The doctor also said I shouldn't talk to not real people, but I was lonely and it was Craig. If Craig was a hallucination then he must be a good hallucination. I trusted Craig. If I trusted Craig, then my brain probably did too.
“I am real. It's Craig. Your boyfriend.” His fingers were trying to move through my hair, but it was just yanking my head back. “Do you remember the last time you had a bath?” He was frowning again. I was making him sad again, like when I left.

“Don't be sad. Is that Kyle and Kenny?” They were in the doorway. Kyle was in pajamas and Kenny had big scissors with an orange handle. I wasn't supposed to touch those, not when I was home alone.

Kenny was walking towards me, scissors pointed up, then he put the scissors by my neck. Kenny was going to kill me. I was going to die in the bathtub. I screamed.

“Woah. It's just me, Ken. I'm just gonna cut your hair, okay? It won't hurt. I'll even do mine first, to prove it to ya.” The scissors were by his eyebrows, snipping at blonde hair. It didn't look like it hurt. “Can I cut your hair?” He was smiling. I didn't say anything, but he started cutting anyway.

There were long knotty pieces of hair in the water. I could hear the blades pressing together. Craig had his hands on my face. I couldn't look at anything but the water and hair.

“I called to have his medical records pulled.” The water was draining. “Sorry, Craig.”

“You're saying sorry to the wrong person.”

“Don't be mad.” I mumbled as I was sat on the toilet. It hurt. But that was misremembering, so it must not have really hurt.

Kyle was kneeling in front of me while Craig rummaged around the cabinet. Hands were touching my thighs, then something made them sting.

“Do you remember doing that to your legs?” They had long red marks with yellow bits, like stripes, and dark purple bruises. I shook my head. “It's okay, we're not mad. You're not in trouble.” He clicked his tongue before touching my face. I flinched. “Do you remember scratching your face?” It stung there too.

“Dude, that's pretty gnarly.” Another voice.

“Stan, go wait downstairs.” Kyle stopped touching me. “Do you hurt anywhere?”

“Hurts to sit.” I wiggled, trying to get comfortable. Craig picked me up and carried me downstairs before Kyle could say anything.

“What happened?” Stan's voice was following us.

“Not your concern, just be quiet.”

“I just want to know.”

“Shut the fuck up.” Craig yelled as he laid me down on a bed. His voice was so loud.

“Am I naked?” I asked Craig, trying to pull him down next to me. Kenny laughed, then made a sharp groan. I thought I heard Craig tell him to be quiet, but I couldn't tell.

“Do you want a blanket?” Maybe? It was cold. He didn't wait for my response. It was warmer under a blanket. I grabbed his hand as he walked away. Craig was the one who stopped the bad things. “Let me get you a snack, okay?” And he was gone.

Kyle was touching my face again, putting something sticky on my cheeks. He was frowning.
Everyone was frowning. Was I frowning?

“Cookies, your favorite.” Oatmeal, without raisins. Craig handed me one and while I chewed he slipped behind me in bed. His arms felt nice wrapped around my stomach.

“He needs to go to the hospital.” Kyle was placing brown bandages under my eyes.

“I want to stay here.” I spat crumbs all over the bed. It was not good manners to make such a mess.

“He's not going anywhere.” Kenny and Stan were staring as Kyle stepped away.

“I need blood tests done. He needs an IV drip, maybe a feeding tube.” Craig's chin was on my shoulder.

“Mephesto can get you the blood test. He's sleeping here, where I can watch him. He is eating. I bet they just didn't feed him.” I was out of cookie.

“It's unfortunate what happened.”

“Unfortunate? It's unfortunate that I found my boyfriend with his Dad's dick inside of him? They didn't make sure he ate. They didn't make sure he bathed. He isn't even lucid. This is medical malpractice, not unfortunate.” I pulled the blanket over my face.

“The doctor said that was pretend. I misremembered him. Did I go to Laramie?” I grabbed at my knees. “Why am I naked?” Craig pulled away. The bed moved and I heard footsteps.

“Dude, weak.” The air was stuffy under the blanket, but I didn't want to see anything. I'd rather pretend to be at my house than know where I was.

“Get out of here. Kenny, take him upstairs. Goddamnit.” Kyle let out a frustrated groan as he pulled the blanket.

“You're in your house, in South Park. See?” It looked like my bedroom. “You went to Laramie. Craig gave you a bath because you were dirty. I'm going to wrap your legs. It's not going to hurt.”

“Where's Craig? Did Craig come to get me?” Kyle looked upset as he put something cold on my legs.

“Craig was just here. He just stepped out of a minute.” Was I in Laramie?

“How do I know he was real?” The bandages were thick and white. They were sort of itchy. I looked for Craig again.

“You just have to trust me.” Kyle was up again, searching through the dresser.

“What if you're not real?” I winced as I sat up. Misremembering hurt.

“I am real.” He handed me a pair of boxers. They didn't fit, they were too big. Were they Craig’s? Where did Craig go?

“But what if you're not?” He groaned and walked out of the room. I was alone.

Maybe I was always alone?

My head hurt.
“Thanks for coming.” That was how Craig sounded. I couldn't see him.

“Sure C-C-Craig.” I tried to get up, to look for Craig, but I must have tripped. I was on the ground. The ground hurt. Then Craig grabbed me.

“I missed you, Pretend Craig.” I tried to kiss his lips but I landed on his chin. It was scratchy.

“I'm the real Craig. Are you hurt?” He set me down on the bed.

“It hurts to sit. Why does it hurt to sit?” Craig didn't say anything. Jimmy was by the bed. He was smiling.

“I like your hair cut.” Jimmy rolled closer. “Do you want to co-co-color a picture?” Token was behind him with a book. I think it was my book. I did want to color a picture. I could give it to Craig. Where was Craig?

“Kenny did it in the bath, I think. I took a bath with Craig. Where is Craig?” Jimmy smiled at me.

“He just went to talk with Kyle.” Token said. He gave me a book and a twelve pack of crayons. Twelve wasn't that many.

“Do you want to do one?” I asked, looked around the room. Where did Kenny go? Kenny was here right? And Kyle. Did they leave?

“No, that's al-al-alright. I'll watch.” It was the pony book, which was the best one. Craig and I picked it out a long time ago. I couldn't see Craig. I'd color him a red horse. He liked red. “Can we t-talk?” I nodded, trying to fish out the red crayon. Jimmy dumped them on the bed for me after a few moments.

“Are you hungry?” His voice was calm. I could hear whispers though.

“I think so.” I bit my lip. It was hard to stay inside the lines. Token, or Not Token, brought me oatmeal cookies. Three whole cookies. They tasted real.


“I'm not sure. Where is Craig? Where am I?” He was still smiling. He pointed at the coloring book. I started coloring a horse red. Craig liked red.

“How old are yu-yu-you?” I just kept coloring. I couldn't remember. Why couldn't I remember?

“Okay. Where are you?” I dropped the crayon.

“Kyle said South Park. Where is Kyle? Was Kyle here?” Jimmy pointed to my picture. It was half colored. It was all red. I could make the whole page red.

“Ta-Ta-Token is going to read to you.” Jimmy said as he left the room. I didn't see Token. I could hear voices outside of the room. I wanted to see what they were talking about. The floor was cold, but it was okay. Craig, Kyle, Jimmy, Token, Stan, Kenny, and Clyde were all sitting in the living room.

“Woah, no one needed to see your ding dong.” Clyde slurred. He didn't look very good, his face was really red.

“Babe, let's go back to the bed, okay?” Craig was standing. He pulled a pair of boxers up around my
waist. Why didn't I have clothes on?

“I don't want to be alone. Where were you?” No one answered. All I could hear was Kyle yelling into a phone.

“There is a prescribing limit on chemical restraints. You can't just over prescribe an unruly patient. Oh, you will be hearing from a lawyer.” He put the phone down and stared at me. Everyone was staring at me. Why were they staring?

“Did I do something wrong?” I asked the room. It was quiet for a minute.

“You're really pale. You look like a vampire.” Clyde hissed at me after, then opened his mouth in a smile.

“It's not fair that he gets to be drunk.” I couldn't follow everyone talking.

“Neither of you are supposed to drink.”

“He's obviously drunk. I want to be drunk.” Craig wasn't by me anymore. I couldn't see him.

“Hey, buddy, let's get you back into bed.” Kenny was guiding me out of the room.

“Re-read to him.”

“Does that sound nice? I can read you something. Craig is getting you something to drink. Do you want something to drink.” The bed was soft.

“What happened to your hair?”

“I cut it. Like it?” He pulled at his bangs. I nodded. He was reading but I couldn't keep track. It was hard to focus. Craig gave me an apple juice and said I did a good job when I drank it all. Craig was gone but my mouth still tasted sweet.

Someone was grabbing my wrist. Kenny was still reading. What story was this?

“BP is okay.” A finger was in front of my face, going back and forth. There was a mumble. Someone put a shirt on me. I could hear Kenny say something about a cat.

“Just take him to Hell's Pass. We will all wait with him.” I was wearing pants. They were soft. “Just to an ER room where they will give him fluids and monitor him.”

There was a car ride. Kenny was still talking. I think Kenny was always talking. There was a big group going inside a building.

I was in a hospital bed with an IV in my arm. I didn't like IVs, but Craig or Kenny or Kyle said I had to keep it.

My head hurt.
White.

I couldn't turn my head. There was a white cage in front of me. I was in a cage.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

I couldn't move.

“Almost done.” Who said that? I couldn't see anyone, just the white in front of my face. Thump. Thump. Bang! I couldn't scream. They were going to get me. I tried to struggle.

They were going to kill me.

“Why is there an ace bandage on my arm?” I could hear a beeping noise, it was steady. Was there a robot? Was it a nice robot? Did the robot have sentience?

“You have an IV. It's so you don't pull it off.” Craig was slumped into a chair, head resting on his arm. We were in the hospital?

“Oh, why do I have this?” There were little stickers on my chest. Was I the robot?

“You're in the hospital for a bad drug reaction. They gave you too much.” He was yawning.

“Who?” I tried to get out a bed and an alarm went off. I screamed.

“Lay down Tweek. It's just the bed alarm. You're supposed to stay in bed.” The alarm stopped.

“Why? Why do I have to be in bed?” My head hurt. Where was I? Was I in Laramie?

“Because you're sick.”

“I've been sick for a long time.” I tried to pull at a tube on my leg but I had mittens on. Was it cold? They were white mittens. I didn't think I owned white mittens.

“It's a different sick.” He put a hand on my arm. “Look it's been twelve days and I'm really tired. Can we go back to sleep?”

“Where are we going?” We were in a car.

“To Laramie.” Craig was driving. I could hear the radio, he was playing a CD with soft piano music. He remembered it was my favorite. Was I getting left in Laramie?

“To talk with police officers. You don't have to cry.” Kyle patted my shoulder. Why was Kyle here?

“Who is in the front seat?” I could hear Craig groan as we passed through a town. They had two gas
stations. Not that I think a place with two gas stations is a town, but maybe they do.

“My Dad. He's your lawyer.” Gerald turned and smiled at me. He didn't have a lot of hair left.

“Kyle, I can't keep doing this. It's been two weeks. He isn't getting better.”


“Tweek, I've answered those two exact questions at least ten times in the past two days.” I could see bags under his eyes in the mirror.

“Did I do something wrong?” Gerald smiled again.

“No, you're fine. You didn't do anything wrong.” He paused, turning up the music a little. “Craig, you should look into maybe getting some assistance.”

“Kenny offered to move in, you know. Tweek likes Kenny.”

“Kenny is nice.” I offered, smiling at Kyle.

“I don't want to hear it from Skankhunt and Skankhunt Jr, okay? I'll think about it.” The car was quiet for a long time.

“Yo, Tweek!” Kenny stuck his hand out for a high five. I hit it so hard that my hand stung. “Good one.”

Craig was bringing in a big suitcase. Were we going somewhere? He didn't say we were going anywhere. “Look, there's new anti-psychotics, but he's still confused. I hope you like repeating yourself.” I felt confused.

“Yeah, no problem. Tweek and I are buddies.” I nodded in agreement.

“Next Tuesday is T-R-U-O-C, so we'll be heading out for that.” What the hell was Truoc? Was it like a messed up fish?

“I won't eat fish. Fish contain unhealthy levels of Mercury.” Kenny clasped a hand on my back. I jumped.

“Just tell them what happened.” A man in a suit was standing in front of me. I was in a box. A wooden box that was high off the ground. The chair was too hard.

“Where am I?” I couldn't see past the man, the lights were too bright. I pulled my knees to my chest.

“Council, get a hold of the witness.” There was a voice next to me. There was a different box, one bigger than mine. Why was I in a box?

“Your Honor,” that's a funny name for someone, “the witness is mentally ill.”
“Where is Craig?” This room looked big. Was this the sun? Was this what the sun looked like? Was hell the sun?

“Objection to the witness.” Another voice shouted. I couldn't see them. I couldn't see anything I wanted to see so I wrapped my arms around my face. It was still too bright.

“Jury will disregard the witness. In my chambers, both of you.” The tall box said. “Court adjourned.” Someone was taking me out of my box. No one would tell me where Craig was.

“Look, the plea deal isn't great, but at least he's not testifying.” Kenny was in the front seat. It wasn't snowy.

“The plea deal is six months and a restraining order, which he won't follow. We know he won't.”

“Where are we going?”

“Goddamn it, we're going home Tweek. We are going home from fucking court where you couldn't testify. You just asked where I was and where you were, over and over.” Lot of trees passed us.

“Dude, that's not cool.” Kenny turned around and patted my leg.


“Ken, I am so fucking tired. I need a break. It's been a month and a half of this shit.”

“Take a break.”

“Don't break anything, that would hurt.” Kenny was smiling at me.

“I can't just take a break. That's not how this works. What if something else terrible happens?” I saw a yellow car go around us. Yellow was a strange color for a car.

“Call Token and ask him for a favor. I'll stay with Tweek and you can nap in a hotel.” Craig sighed.

“You want me to watch Tweek and Clyde together?” I was sitting on a nice couch. I picked at a thread on the armrest.

“I need like seven hours. It's important business.” Kenny was standing by the door. He had given me a book full of word searches. I had found ten words.

Ten was pretty good.

“You better not be dealing drugs.” Token was frowning. I looked for more words.

“Find a bunch while I'm gone.” Kenny's hand was on my head, ruffling my hair. His bangs were sticking to his forehead. One part was a lot shorter than the rest.

“You hair looks stupid.” I waved as he walked out the door.
“Man, he was fine. He mostly just sat and did the word finds. He's pretty good at it, you know for how he is.” Token was speaking through an open window. Where were we? It was dark.

“I owe you one.” We were driving into the light when I found the word SEARCH. It was funny to have to search for the SEARCH in a puzzle. I highlighted it with the orange marker Token gave me. He said I could keep it.

“Richard Tweek, South Park local, found dead in his cell hanging by a purple cloak.” The car squeaked and we stopped on the side of the road. There were lots of other cars. We were the only car not going.

“Kenny, the fuck did I just hear?” Craig was yelling.

“That was pretend, you don't have to worry about that.” I smiled as I looked for the word FIND. Another funny word to use. Who ever wrote this book was funny. Maybe they were a comedian, like Jimmy.

“That wasn't pretend. That was the radio.” Kenny said, stretching his arms back. I just laughed at him. Maybe Kenny was a comedian too. “Mysterion just took care of a problem with the justice system. Don't sweat it.”

Craig was hugging Kenny.
“Do you remember what happened in Laramie?” Kyle sat in front of me in a short sleeve button up shirt. It was yellow and orange. Kyle's hair was a different shade of orange though. It's not like it matched.

“Your shirt looks bad. As a friend I have to tell you, it's like a code. Friend code? Is that what it's called?” Kyle frowned at me. I was just telling the truth.

“Thanks so much for that.” He was smiling and I could see his teeth. They were really white. I bet he used special toothpaste. “Glad to see you kept your integrity.” The pencil in his hand snapped. He took three deep breathes and picked up a pen.

“Your welcome. We're friends. Friends tell the truth.” I said to the floor. Therapy with Kyle was weird.

“Do you know where you are?” His teeth disappeared. They didn't really disappear I think, they were just hidden behind his lips.

“What if your teeth really disappear when you close your mouth?” I was pressing my tongue against my teeth, checking for holes. I still had all of my teeth, even after I had to go to the dentist last week. I was asleep though. Craig said they did not put a tracker in my mouth when I asked. Craig told the truth, usually.

“Tweek, teeth don't disappear.” He was frowning.

“The tooth fairy makes them disappear.” It was hard to look at Kyle while I was talking. “I only know my teeth didn't disappear.” I ran my tongue over them again.

“Tweek, where are you?”

“Your office.” He smiled again but this time he didn't break anything. Does he not know how strong he is? Is it like mutant strength that only happens sometimes?

“Great. How old are you?” He was writing on a pad of paper. It wasn't yellow paper. His usually paper was yellow.

“Why did you change paper?”

“Can you please answer my question? It's really important.” What was the question?

“I'm in your office. We're having therapy.” It didn't really feel like therapy though. It was just Kyle asking me a bunch of questions.

“Is that last question I asked you?”

“Yes. You asked me where I was. Like you didn't know about your office. It's sort of a strange question. Is it really you Kyle? Have you been replaced?” I pulled on my hair. It wasn't as long as I remembered, pieces slipped right through my fingers.

“I am Kyle. Look at me.” I did. Craig said to always listen to Kyle. We had that conversation on the drive over before every single meeting. “I am the real Kyle. People don't get replaced.” I nodded. He stood up and opened the door.
Craig was in the lobby. He was always in the lobby. Sometimes, if Kyle asked him, he sat next to me during therapy. That wasn't very often though.

“Kyle.” Craig wasn't smiling. He didn't smile that much anymore.

“Craig.” I was holding Craig's hand.

“Tweek.” I added. Just in case anyone had forgotten my name.

“It's better. It's not great, but it's better. Tweek didn't ask me where you were, not even once.” Craig smiled and squeezed me hand.

“Because Craig is in the lobby. He waits in the lobby when I talk to Kyle.” Craig hugged me, then kissed my head. I wanted him to kiss my mouth. It seemed like a strange thing to ask.

“He didn't comment on his age.” Kyle coughed as Craig let me go. “And he felt the need to tell me that my shirt looks bad.” Craig laughed. It's a good laugh. I laughed too. When Craig laughed, I laughed. Craig only laughed at really funny jokes, so I didn't want to make it seem like I missed it.

“It's fucking hideous. You should burn it.” It really looked bad, Craig was right.

“It was a gift from Stan.” Kyle had the same smile as when he broke his pencil.

“You should slap him. Maybe even break up.” Craig laughed again. Sometimes Craig laughed at his own joke, that's how funny it was. I didn't get it, but it made sense to laugh. Craig didn't lie, so he wouldn't lie about something being funny.

“No new prescriptions. See you next week.”

Craig talked a lot in the car. I nodded even though I couldn't keep up. He was saying too many things too fast. He was smiling the whole time though.

“Kenny is making dinner, is that okay?” The car was off. We were already in the driveway.

“Why is Kenny here?” I asked, stepping out of the car.

“Kenny lives with us.” Craig frowned a little bit. Why was he frowning?

“Kenny lives with us because he's the manager of Tweak Bros. It's a special perk to being the manager.” Craig opened the door and Kenny was inside making dinner. He gave me a high five.

“I though Heidi was the manager.” More frowning. “And Heidi didn't live with us.”

“It's only for boys. Craig is super gay. He couldn't stomach the idea of living with a woman.” I did know that Craig was very gay. Kenny smiled at me.

“Is that why you don't like Bebe?”

“Do you want your spaghetti sauce on the side?” Craig pulled a bowl out of the cabinet. Kenny motioned for me to go sit down.

“Are you sure the sauce isn't blood?” Kenny gave me a glass of water.

“Yeah, it's just tomatoes and meat.” I watched Craig ladle sauce into a bowl.

“Okay.”
“So how was Kyle?” I rocked back in my chair. Kenny grabbed it and shook his head at me.

“He changed paper colors. He was writing on a white pad of paper instead of yellow.” I tried to twirl spaghetti with my fork, but my hand kept dropping it.

“Same meds. Tweek didn't ask where I was though.” I gave up, letting the fork clatter against the bowl.

“I told you he was doing better. He hasn't been asking that much when we spend the day together.” Craig was cutting up my food. I still made a mess while I ate. The sauce wasn't blood though. It tasted like tomatoes, unless tomatoes tasted like blood.

“What does blood taste like?”

“It tastes like metal. I went down on Bebe when we were in high school when she was on her period. That sealed the deal on being gay.” Craig spat out his food.

“For fuck's sake McCormick, we are eating, don't talk about bloody vaginas. Actually, don't ever talk about that again.” The spaghetti did not taste like metal.

We cuddled in bed for the rest of the night. Just Craig and I, Kenny didn't. Kenny slept upstairs. Apparently the manager didn't sleep in our room, which was good.

I think I feel asleep in his arms, but maybe I was resting with my eyes closed.

The bed was empty. I had a naughty dream that his mouth was on my penis, and if I had seen him I would have exploded. Everything felt too tight down there.

The clock said it was ten thirty, which means I wouldn't have to see Craig for seven more hours. I had seven hours to forget the way his face looked as I held his hair. A whimper escaped my mouth. He had looked at me too.

I kept thinking about it. I kept thinking about Craig humming around me. It made my stomach do flips. His hand was touching my butt, which felt nice. I looked down and it wasn't Craig.

It was Dad.

I screamed.

Kenny came running into the room, slamming the door open. “You okay?” He looked at me. I was on top of the covers with my hand in my pants.

Jesus Christ, I was touching myself.

“It's alright, you can jack off if you want to.” Kenny's hands were in the air. I strangled a pillow. “Why were you screaming? Are you okay?” Why was Kenny even here? I was left home alone when Craig went to work, wasn't I? I remembered Kenny reading me a book the other day though. He read two chapters of The Horse and His Boy. I liked Shaasta, he seemed nice.

I always hoped as a kid that someone would tell me that my dad wasn't my real dad.

We had stopped reading because I wouldn't stop crying. It made Kenny upset. It made me upset to
think of Dad threatening to sell me.

I screamed again.

“Can we talk about why you're screaming?” He took the pillow away. “It's okay to have a boner. Did ya have a wet dream?” I nodded. “That's fine. It happens.” He was trying to be reassuring. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Maybe? It's embarrassing.” My face felt hot. Craig's face was red in the dream. His hair was wet with sweat.

“Was it about Craig?” He smiled. “It's okay, if it's not. Like, people have dreams about people they don't love all the time. It doesn't mean you don't love Craig.”

“It was Craig. I love Craig. It was Craig.” I was going to pretend it was only Craig. I didn't have to think about things that weren't good. Kyle said so. Kenny rubbed my back.

I knew it was Kenny but I moaned Craig's name anyway. I ran into the bathroom.

“Tweek, I just need to know that you're safe. It's okay that you're horny. I'm not mad.” He was knocking on the door as I sat on the cold time floor.

“I'm safe.” I squeaked out. “I am staying here.” I could hear Kenny laugh.

“Okay, I think Craig keeps his stuff under the sink, if you're interested.” What was under the sink? I went to look, trying not to think about my penis. Or Craig's. Or his.

There was a bottle of off brand bleach, a half used bottle of Windex, a pair of gloves, and a plastic box. Was it just like sponges? Did Craig have a guinea pig again? We were both really sad when Stripe #10 died. Maybe he was keeping it a surprise.

It was not a guinea pig.

It was a box full of penises. Not real ones. What if Craig was a murderer who kept peoples penises in a box after he killed them? I touched one and it was made of plastic. I sort of knew Craig wasn't a murderer.

Did Craig collect fake genitalia?

“Too much pressure!” He used these. He put these in his butt. I touched a few, moving them out of the way by gently laying them on the floor. One started buzzing. It wiggled on the floor as I sifted through the box.

There was a pair of clip on earrings that had a chain running them together. They would look stupid if you wore them. I had never seen Craig wear them in public, which was probably a good thing.

I picked up a black ring that started shaking. I had used one of these. You put it down there and it shakes. It felt nice last time, I think.

Would Craig be mad that I used his things?

I hoped not.

There was a big bottle of lube at the bottom of the box. I remember that Craig used it when we had sex. I groaned, palming at my sleep pants. Was it okay to do this? Was this going to make Craig sad?
How was I supposed to do this? I couldn't remember. I slipped off my pants and put my hand in my underwear. I was being too noisy. I didn't want Kenny to come in.

"Tweek? Kenny called and said that there was a situation. I'm coming in." I didn't scream stop because I was too busy trying to get the black ring to fit. "Sweet Jesus."

"I'm sorry for using your things!" I screamed, trying to pull the ring off. The floor was still buzzing.

"No, that's okay. You can use those." He gulped. He was on the ground next to me. "Do you want to tell me what happened with Kenny?" I put a hand over my crotch.

"I had a dream." I wasn't looking at him. I could feel him looking at me. He must have been disappointed.

"Was it a good dream?" I nodded to the floor. "Can you tell me about it?"

"You won't get mad?" He shook his head. "You have to promise not to get mad."

"I promise."

"Your mouth was on my, uhh..." I stopped, covering my face.

"You can say the word. It's not bad to say."

"Penis." I mumbled.

"Do you want me to do that?" I looked to see him smiling. "We can go to bed and I can do that, if you want." He touched my shoulder and the ring changed speeds. I whimpered. "I'm going to take the cock ring off though. You don't need to use that." I nodded. "Just going to touch your penis, okay? It's just me. It's Craig. See it's all better." He put the ring in the box.

I was in his arms until he dropped me on the bed. I pulled the hem of my shirt down with both hands to cover myself. It was strange to be sitting on the side of the bed half naked.

"Do you want a blow job?" He was kneeling in front of me. I nodded. "Vocalize consent."

"Yes!" It came out too loud and too fast. I watched tongue lick me up and down. "Craig." I moaned wrapping my legs around him. I bunched the blanket up in my fists.

Craig smiled at me. It felt safe. "Are you scared?"

"Craig hits people who hurt me." I blushed. "Not scared."

"Good." And I was in his mouth. It was hot and good. My hands scrambled for his hair, pulling it in my hands. He tried to say something, but it just vibrated. I was trying to tell him that it felt good, but I couldn't get my mouth open.

My stomach did a somersault when he looked at me.

"Craig-"

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

I looked and saw the alarm blinking on and off; 5:45 AM. Craig was pressed into my back. My pants were wet.
“Why are your pants wet?” Craig was on the other side of the shower curtain while I tried to wash the mess off. “I'm not mad, I just need to know if I should have Kenny wash the sheets. You know what, I'll just ask him to do it.” The water was too hot.

“D-did you put my thing in your mouth?” The air got cold when Craig pulled the shower curtain back. I froze in place. I was not supposed to say that out loud.

“Tweek, what are you talking about?” There was a smile tugging at his lips even though his eyebrows were drawn together.

“I don't understand.” I said to the shower wall. I couldn't look at him. His face made me think of his lips as he hummed around me. “I'm confused.”

“Let me help you, then.” I yelped as he spoke. “I mean, let me help you understand.”

“I don't know.” And then he was in the shower with me, standing near the back. He turned me around, mumbling something about how he wasn't going to hurt me, please don't attack.

Like I'd ever hurt Craig.

“Is that semen?” His shirt was sticking to his stomach, making little wrinkly patterns. I nodded, blushing. He was going to be so angry. He was either going to be angry that I couldn't remember us being sexual, or he was going to be angry that I used his image without permission. “What happened? Did Kenny touch you?”

“I don't know. I think you put it in your mouth, but there was penises on the floor and gross earrings. Then I woke up and that was there.” I watched the water pool up around his socks.

“Oh,” he was smiling, at least the last thing I saw before being murdered was his smile, “you had a wet dream.”

“Was it a dream? Are there guinea pigs under the sink?” He laughed. I was too frightened to copy him.

“It was a dream. I didn't, uh, I didn't touch you.” He glanced down. “You can touch you, if you need to. It's okay.”

“Jesus Christ!” I shouted, trying to step back. I stumbled, falling into the faucet for the bathtub. Craig cursed as he picked me up.

“I'm just going to call in, okay?” He wrapped me in a towel, then went to search for his phone. I had an erection and Craig had seen it. I didn't get erections, not very often. I tried to will it away as he talked on the phone. I heard him call Kevin Stoley an idiot before he hung up.

“Let me change. You can close your eyes, if you want.”

“Do I have to?” I wasn't thinking. What was I saying? Where were these words coming from? I muffled a yell with my hands.
“No, you can watch if you want to.” He shrugged.

By the time he took his pants off my hand was under the towel. His boxers were plastered to his thighs, trails of water occasionally sliding down his legs. This was bad and I was doing it anyway.

“Craig,” I moaned when he peeled his boxers off. His head shot up to look at me. He was probably so mad that I was going to be homeless before lunch. “I'm sorry. This is not good. This is bad.”

“No, it's not bad. I'm just surprised, that's all.” He was naked in front of me talking. “You can keep, uh, touching yourself, if that's what you want. What do you want?” It was hard to walk as I moved to the bed. I wanted to hide under the blankets.

I also wanted Craig to touch me.

“Craig, touch the blankets, please.” I rushed out, flopping onto the bed, pulling them over my face in shame. I couldn't even say what I wanted to.

“What? Kyle warned me about this, I just didn't really believe him I guess.” I bet Kyle warned him about how I was a bad boyfriend. This was not being a good boyfriend. He was under the blankets with me, also naked.

And I was kissing him. I straddled his body as my tongue tried to pry his mouth open. My hands were firmly on his butt, squeezing. I was not supposed to do this. This was bad.

“Woah, slow down.” Craig stuttered as I guided his hand to my penis. Why was I doing this?

“Do you hate me?” Are you going to skin me alive and wear me like a suit for my insolence?

“No, fuck I don't hate you.” His hand was still on me. “I'm just a little shocked. Are you okay to do this? Do you know where you are?”

“In bed with you, doing bad things.” His hand let me go. I whimpered.

“These things aren't bad.” He pulled the blanket away and stared at me. “It's just having an erection with your boyfriend.” I nodded, even though it felt like I was committing a crime.

“I'm just not supposed to is all.” I pulled the blanket up to my waist. I let out a little moan when it touched me.

“Who says you're not supposed to?” He was frowning at me.

“He says. Kenny says he's dead, but he said I'm not supposed to start the touching ever. It's your job to start it. You can't just steal someone's job. I could go to jail!” I pulled at my hair.

His hands were gentle as he loosened my grip on my hair. He was rubbing my thumbs as he talked. “Kenny is right, he's gone.” He looked sad, but pulled me closer to him. “But you're not going to jail. You can initiate sex if you want. You can say no if you don't want it anymore, even if you started it.”

“You're not allowed to change your mind, that's cheating.” Craig shook his head, his wet hair slung water onto my face.

“You are always allowed to change your mind. Always. Do you understand?” I nodded. I didn't believe him, but I understood. “Do you want to make out?” He was smiling like a little kid. I could almost see his braces. But this was adult Craig, adult Craig did not wear braces.

“I want you to touch me!” I said it too loudly, yanking my hands away, covering my face. Why did I
say such stupid things?

“Okay, but how about we start slow? So we can stop if you get scared.” He leaned over me and started kissing. They were slow kisses but they felt nice. His lips were soft.

“I don’t like this.” I mumbled as his arms were on either side of me. His body felt heavy. He rolled off of me, sighing.

“We can stop. You wanted to stop and we’ve stopped.” He was laying beside me down, staring at me.

“No, not stop.” It was too hard to articulate what I wanted. How was I supposed to let him know what to do? This was never my job before. This job was too hard.

“Okay, what is it then? Are you afraid?” I nodded. “Why are you afraid?”

“You on top is too scary.”

“Oh, so you want to lay on me? That’s fine.” I climbed onto him, kissing at his throat. He was very warm. I groaned his name as I moved my hips up and down. His breath hitched. I lead his hand to my penis after a few minutes.

He touched me for maybe a minute before I made a mess. I wasn’t looking at the clock.

I rested on top of him, feeling his hand bump into my thigh. He made a mess too.

“Are you okay? Do you feel frightened? Do you need to talk about it?” I shook my head. “Christ, I haven’t touched your dick in forever.”

I stiffened. Why did he say that word? He knew not to say that word. Was this not Craig?

“Shit, I am so fucking sorry. That was just the word we used to use, I am so sorry, Tweek.”

“He’s dead, right?” I tried to relax. Craig wasn't him. He never let me be on top. There was no stop with him.

“Yeah, he's super dead. I mean, ugh, he's for sure dead. Not like he's a dead person with super powers.”

“I trust you.”

Chapter End Notes

WHOSE READY FOR A CRAIG EPILOGUE?

what nobody?
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

I'm really conflicted now that this is over. Last chapter, Craig's POV.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Can you tell the court what happened that evening, Mr. Tucker?” Gerald Broflovski stood before me, bald spot shining around his magenta hat. Kyle had complained about his father trying to convince him to take up the yarmulke, I had zoned out. They both had a tendency to talk for too long.

“Yes,” I swallowed, wiping my hands on my dress pants. I was in a full suit at Gerald's insistence, something about jurys respecting clean cut men. The jacket confined my shoulders. “I drove to Laramie to visit Tweek.”

“Mr. Tweek Tweak, the plaintiff?” I was positive that there wasn't another person unlucky enough to be named Tweek Tweak in the world, but I nodded anyways. I was not supposed to be a smart-ass. I was not supposed to be myself. “Verbally please, for the records.”

“Yes, the plaintiff.” I didn't really want to talk about this whole ordeal. Hopefully, Kenny and Tweek were having a good day at home. A day where Tweek knew where he was, and could remember where I was. Not that told him I was in court for a medical malpractice suit, I had just told him I was off to work. I'd be home late.

Gerald coughed. “Why were you driving to Laramie to visit Tweek?”

“He was in the hospital. He's schizophrenic.” Kyle said to say that. That's what was on the books, so that's what was wrong with him. It felt dirty in my mouth. “The facility in Laramie said they could help. We were waiting for a bed in a long term program. I couldn't provide care, he was hallucinating, refusing to speak, refusing to eat.” I looked at the freshly waxed floor, wood parquet cut into little squares. It looked tacky. I didn't think about how sick Tweek was. I couldn't think about it.

I was not going to cry in front of the people of this podunk town. These people didn't have anything better to do than to show up for this. They wanted to come hear the trial about the sad boy whose boyfriend abandoned him, whose parents drugged him, whose Dad molested him.

Tweek was not their TV show.

“What did you see when you got to the facility?” Gerald brought me back, trying to look sympathetic. Gerald had no real sympathy. He was a con. Everyone knew it. Tweek didn't cry when he saw him though, so he was the only lawyer we could use.

Not that Tweek had successfully testified anyway, not in front of the grand jury six months ago.

“The receptionist, she had brown hair, in a bun. She told me to go down the hall and that his name would be on the door. It was.” I froze, looking at the people leaning forward as I talked. I wanted to hit them. “I opened the door and Tweek was on the bed. He had a, a flashlight. I don't know where
he got it, I never gave him one and they had told me over the phone nothing with batteries could come in. Maybe he got it from a guard.”

“Objection!” A loud female voice called out.

“Sustained, strike the last comment from the record. The jury will disregard.” The judge tsked, leaning back in his chair. Stupid, fat fuck.

“Go on, Craig. He had a flashlight.” Gerald didn't even show his teeth, just his thin lips.

“He was, uh,” I looked around the room, trying to find an inoffensive word, “penetrating himself. Saying 'Daddy, no.’” I swallowed, looking at the ceiling. Don't you dare cry in front of strangers, Craig Tucker. Don't you dare.

“Was that all?” Gerald wasn't smiling. He wasn't even pretending to be cheerful.

“No, he had,” deep breath, not today, not crying in public today, “he had scratch marks under his eyes. They were infected. I don't know how that happened, but he has a history of self harm, his legs too. His hair was matted. I guess they couldn't be bothered to fucking feed him because he was bone thin.”

“Objection.” The voice called again.

“Fuck you and your objections. They hurt him. He's still not back to where he was before he left. He has to have a babysitter constantly. He’s a grown goddamn man and I can't even leave him home alone while I go to get milk!”

There was a commotion in the court, Gerald told me to calm down, I flipped him off. Tweek had kept me up most of the night, asking me to check for the gnomes over and over. Apparently I had magical vanquishing abilities, the anti-gnome king or something.

“Take your client out of the court, please. We've heard enough.” The judge looked at me sternly as Gerald ushered me out. Tweek's face was on the projector, puss filled wounds under his eyes, hair in clumps, cheeks sunken. I had only been gone for two months. Kyle said it would be healthy, that I needed a break.

I didn't cry until I was in my car.

…”

“I missed you!” Tweek was standing in the doorway to our bedroom, wearing a parka. The heater had been set to 70 and he was in his goddamn boots.

“I missed you too, hun.” I took a deep breath, trying to find my center. I wasn't mad at Tweek. I was mad he was sick, not mad at him.

“Kenny and I made dinner. Why is Kenny staying here again?” Tweek pulled at his sleeves, gnawing at his lip. The scratches had scarred under his face but he was gaining weight. Little victories as Kyle said. He was afraid of the oven last week.

“I was going to be homeless and you were nice enough to let me crash here. Y’all are the best.”
Kenny smiled from the kitchen. Kenny the murderer.

Not that Richard deserved to live, or to be given parole. Kenny just rectified the situation. Vigilante justice. Kenny confided in me afterwards that when he was a teenager he fucked Richard for a baggie of meth, claiming it wasn't rape just a shitty thing for someone's dad to do to a seventeen year old. His finger had just been sewn back on, still wrapped in the gauze.

I was good at not challenging mental gymnastics.

Dinner was quiet, save for Tweek chattering about his day in random bursts. I pretended it made sense. Kyle told me to.

“Do you think the government made chicken? I think they aren't even real. Like we're just imagining the chicken part of the fettuccine, and really we're eating tree bark. I don't want to be the elf king!” Tweek pushed his half eaten plate away, grabbing at his knees. It tasted a little bit like tree bark, but that was mostly because Kenny was a shitty cook.

“Nah, chickens are real. I can show you some if you want, we can go this weekend.” If Mr. Jenkins would let us onto the property. He probably would, he was kind enough in his old age.

“No! Man, what if they have eye lasers and shoot us! I don't want to be brainwashed! Too much pressure!” It was a bad day for Tweek. Kenny smiled sympathetically as I led Tweek to bed, peeling off the parka.

“Want me to read a book?” He hid under the blankets, eyes frantically darting around the room. After he looked everywhere at least three times he nodded. He told me once, on a good day, that he liked when I read because it was a constant reminder that I was there.

Hopefully tomorrow would be a good day.

“Do you think that dolphins could talk to me? Like if I really tried hard? If they know about the danger in the world, then I want to talk with them. Do we still have dolphins?” He yawned, leaning against my chest.

“Yeah, we have dolphins. I don't think they could talk to you, but you could try.” He was snoring before I finished my sentence.

…

By a year in there were more good days than bad days. Kenny had agreed to permanently stay with us without much argument. The salary was a point of contention, something about how I didn't get paid to be around Tweek so why should he. I think he felt guilty.

Our whole friend group felt guilty, to be honest. We should have known that Tweek's dad was doing that. We should have realized that he cried when left sleepovers because he was afraid of going home to see his father.

Clyde didn't feel guilty, but he was in Utah at his fifth rehab. Maybe he would be by the time he was well.

If he got well.
The grocery store was not the place to think about these things.

Tweek pulled on my hand, waving a package of Fudge Stripes in my face. “These are the gnomes natural enemies, I can tell. See?” He waved the package faster.

“Well then we should buy the cookies, huh?” I smiled. He nodded, biting his lip. He put a package in the cart, then grabbed seven more off of the shelf. “One is enough. They’re really strong, look at them. The Keebler Elves are buff.”

“You're right, Craig!” He squeaked, dropping a few packages to the floor. I helped him pick them up as he chattered. “And if we had too many Keebler Elves there could be infighting! It could be a blood bath!” Tweek didn't say anything about super germs on the supermarket floor.

I threw the bird at a lady who was laughing. Keebler Elf genocide was not funny.

We strolled along, gathering the weeks supplies. Tweek would occasionally cut in with a crazy what if situation.

“What if all the cereal boxes burst open? Do you think we could swim in cereal?” He didn't look afraid, just like this was an important scientific question in his mind. Not that I knew what was going on in there, ever.

“I mean the way that cubic volume works is that the cereal wouldn't ever be deep enough to swim in, not with that cereal,” I pointed to a shelf, “and this store.” He nodded. “But hypothetically, like you had an above ground pool and filled it with cereal? Yeah, you could probably swim in it. I think.”

“You're right.” He nodded, grabbing a box of Rice Krispies. Did he like those because of the elves? I didn't question it as he stuck a box in the cart.

“Do we have enough money for all of this?” He wrenched his hands together, his nails pressing into his skin. I reached out to stop him. He was making improvements in spontaneous self-harm, according to Kyle. “Sorry, I didn't mean to.” He mumbled, taking my hand instead. “Just worried, I haven't worked in a long time. That must be putting extra stress on the budget. I'm sorry.”

“We're fine. Don't worry about it.” Even if he didn't own the coffee shop, we'd be fine. We walked away with half a million dollars from the hospital debacle after Gerald took his cut. “I have a good job. We can buy cookies, milk, bananas, and cereal. No problem.” We could probably buy the whole shitty grocery store.

“Okay, sorry for making you work so hard. I love you.” He stood on his tiptoes, gently kissing my lips. It was strange how Tweek was so into psychical contact now. It had been a rough shift of mindset when he first came home. He just wanted me to hug him constantly. He said bad things couldn't happen if I was touching him.

I tried to let him touch me as much as possible.

…

“Why on earth do you want to marry me?” Tweek looked around our kitchen, avoiding making eye contact as I knelt on the floor.
“I love you. You love me, right?” I knew the answer. He said the answer in his sleep most nights.

“I love you! Of course I love you! You're the best person in the world.” His eyes dropped to his feet. “I'm not though. I'm not well.”

He had stopped an Asian woman after his shift at the coffee shop yesterday, demanding she tell him the secrets of choosing who was gay. He was adamant about it, then mid rant realized what was happening and slunk back to my side humiliated. He apologized to the woman, shuffling as we walked home.

I knew that it was Lisa from elementary school, so fuck her. Her and all her little friends made my sexuality confusing for a long time.

“You're getting better. Even if you weren't, I'd want you to marry me.” He was crying, nodding as he fought to pull me off of the floor.

I was sooo happy.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this, or it was cathartic, or it made you feel something, or served some purpose for you. It made me feel really powerful to write this. I hope you reader are well, and if you aren't you should take the appropriate steps to get there, because it's a nice place to be.

Thanks.

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