Insincerely, Me

by Wrume1bigc

Summary

Evan kills himself after the events of DEH and wakes up the day of Connors death. He has been given a second chance at life, at high school, and at love. He overrides his social anxiety to stand up for Connor at the beginning of the day and doesn’t write the letter that drove Connor over the edge. Instead he starts an anonymous blog called Insincerely, Me that goes viral. His mother begins dating the father of another kid at his school, Mr. Heere, which is also interesting.

AKA little gay Evan pines after bad boy Connor, becomes unknowingly famous, and gains a
new brother.

Notes

Okay so I'm kinda scared that you guys might hate this? Idk. Hopefully it's okay. Please point out any errors to me and I will go back and fix them. I am going to try to keep up with this the best I can. Thank you so much!
Had to edit. Realized I fucking spelled Zoe wrong. FML. I also found a lot of other shit that bugged me that I had to fix as I reread the chapter. I'm nit-picky. Although thanks for reading this so far. I'm already working on chapter 2.

Dear Evan Hansen,

Today is going to be a good day because you are who you are and after 30 years it’s still not enough. It’s never going to be enough. But that’s OKAY. It’s all okay, because today you are finally going to cure the world of yourself. You will never burden anyone ever again. Everything is going to be okay.

Sincerely,

Me

…..

…………

My alarm blares. Ugghh. I am exhausted. I reach over to hit snooze. Did I dream about killing myself? Do I have to go back to work? I sit up and pry open my eyes… where am I? This isn’t my room. It isn’t a hospital either. There is a knock on the door.

“Evan, Honey, are you up?”

Was that my Mom? That was my Mom. I haven’t talked to her in five years. What… I look down at my arm. It’s wrapped in an all to familiar cast. Unsigned. Am I? I jump out of bed and run over to the mirror. Surely enough… I’m 17 again. Just like in the movies. Does this make me like Zac Efron? Holy FUCK.

“Yeah, Mom. I’m up. I will be down in a few minutes.”

“Alright, Sweetie.”

I chuck on my clothes for the day and grab my bag. I can’t believe this is happening. This is a critical turning point in my life. I mean it all started today when Connor Murphy died. Wait. Connor Murphy isn’t dead yet. Fucking hell. I can save Connor Murphy’s life. I have to. Maybe that’s why I was sent back… or maybe the past 13 years of my life were a dream I had last night. Maybe none of this is real. Or maybe it is? I run downstairs.

“So, you just decided not to eat last night?”

Right. Mom. Shit. I turn to face her nervously and rub the back of my neck.

“Oh, I’m, um, I wasn’t hungry…”

“You’re a senior in high school now Evan. You need to be able to order dinner for yourself if I’m at work. You can do it all online now. You don’t even have to talk to anyone on the phone. I know you don’t like the phone.”

Gosh I can barely even remember being so anxious all the time. I mean, I know that I wasn’t able to answer to receive delivery the door back then and I remember it being terrifying. But looking back on it, it’s absolutely ridiculous. I still have slight social anxiety but it’s nowhere near that level...

“Right… I just still get anxious answering the door to actually receive the order… is all..”

“This is what you’re supposed to be working on, Evan. With Dr. Sherman? Talking to people. Engaging with people. Not running away from people…”

“Sorry… I’m going to get better at it. I promise.”
Maybe sooner than anyone would expect, seeing as I got over the anxiety that comes with small talk 10 years ago.

“No, I know. I know you are. And that’s why I made you an appointment with Dr. Sherman for the afternoon. I’ll pick you up right after school.”

“Alright, Mom... Umm, this is close enough. Can you drop me off here? I can walk the rest of the way, it’s not that far and I feel like the fresh air will help wake me up a little bit.”

My Mom looks at me hesitant, but nods in agreement. She pulls over and I grab my stuff, sliding out the door in a fluid motion.

“Okay. I love you. Have a good day. I will see you right after school.”

“Right. I love you too.”

She drives away and I’m alone. I can’t believe this is my reality. I begin jogging towards school. Arriving at the school yard a dread my way through a one-sided conversation with Alana, before she bails on me. Then, Jared Kleinman walks up behind me greeting me with a smirk and a hard “friendly” smack to the back.

“Is it weird to be the first person in history to break their arm from jerking off too much or do you consider that an honor?”

I look at him unamused.

“That’s not what happened.”

“Paint me the picture: you’re in your bedroom, you’ve got Zoe Murphy’s Instagram pulled up on your off brand phone...”

“Shut up, Kleinman. That’s not what happened and I don’t even like Zoe anymore.”

“Since when do you not like Zoe? And if you didn’t break it wanking, how did you break it?”

“Since now and I broke my arm after climbing a 40 ft tree... and then returning to ground control the fastest way possible, with a little help from my good friend gravity.”

“No way?! You fell out of a 40 ft tree?! What are you, like, an acorn?”

I contemplate his statement for a brief moment before smirking and giving a reply.

“Yes.”

He looks at me blankly for a brief moment before breaking out laughing.

“Evan, dude, did you, like, hit your head when you fell out of that tree? You’re acting different.”

“I probably did. I wasn’t diagnosed with a concussion, but I guess that could explain a couple of things.”

He laughs again and pats me on the shoulder before walking away. I don’t even bother asking him to sign my cast this time. As Jared goes to leave Connor Murphy crossing into our line of sight. The Connor Murphy. Alive. In the flesh. I find my heart beating out of my chest. Shit.

“Hey, Connor. I’m loving the new hair length. Very school shooter chic.”


“I was just kidding. It was a joke.”

“Yeah, no, it was funny. I’m laughing. Can’t you tell? Am I not laughing hard enough for you?”

Jared shrinks into himself slightly more, somewhat turtle like.

“You’re such a freak.”

I snort to myself. I mean, really? Jared Kleinman, the guy who eats bath bombs, has no right to call someone else a freak. Especially not Connor Murphy. Although, as Jared sneaks away, Conns' gaze shifts over to me.

“What the fuck are you laughing at?”

“I was just kidding. It was a joke.”

Jared shrinks into himself slightly more, somewhat turtle like.

“You’re such a freak.”

Connor goes still, obviously slightly taken aback. I don’t think that was the answer he was expecting AT ALL. I continue.

“I mean, fake ass bitch isn’t a good color on him. It makes his complexion look super pale and slimy. I prefer him in a nice shade of cowardly asshole. Brings out his eyes, you know? Not to mention that the guy who eats Lush bath bombs has no right to call anybody a freak...”

Connor continues to stare at me, mouth gaped wide open.
“Is—Isn’t he your best friend?”
“No… he is a ‘Family Friend’. He doesn’t even really like me. He just hangs out with me because he is obligated to. I don’t actually have any friends. Also I don’t think we’ve actually met. I’m Evan Hansen, it’s nice to meet you.”
I extend my hand towards him and he jumps back, as if burned. Maybe I was too forward. I draw my hand back in toward me slightly, suddenly embarrassed.
“I- I uh…”
“Nobody has signed your cast.”
“Oh… uh, yeah. Again, I don’t have any friends soo…”
We both stand there for a moment, completely flustered, before the bell rings. We jump, startled, and rush hurriedly to our individual classes. My heart is still racing when I get to class. Shit.

Well it’s the last period of the day. No way am I writing that letter to myself. Especially not if Connor Murphy might come in here and with what happened last time. Was what happened last time even real? Is any of this real? It all feels like a dream. Except for my arm… my arm hurts like hell. I banged it on the lockers during passing period earlier today and it still has this burning ache under the hardness of the cast. I sit down at the computer and pull up blogger.com. I create a new blog page and start typing the first entry.

I had the absolute weirdest dream last night. I had a dream that an acquaintance of mine killed himself. It was a terrible nightmare and I was a terrible person. The dream lasted 13 years. At the ripe age of 30, on my birthday, I then took my own life. I had ruined my relationship with my mother and I had no friends. It made money as a website designer for major companies that don’t exist yet using a program that also doesn’t exist yet. I did the same thing every day for weeks on end. It sucked. The days pretty much blended and, even though I had finally overcome my social anxiety, I didn’t socialize. At all. I locked myself away in a small dark room and let myself sink into an abyss. I hated myself. I hated that I was alone. But I woke up this morning and realized I might not have to be alone anymore. That acquaintance of mine is still alive. In my dream, he killed himself tonight. I kinda feel that why I was sent back specifically to today, to save him. So that’s now my life mission. Do whatever it takes to keep him from killing himself. Maybe by doing so I might make a friend. Or become a better person.

Insincerely,
Me

I hit the post button and close out of the page. I spin around in the school library’s office chair. I feel the air brush my cheeks lightly and my hair stick up and fluff. A small smile plays on my lips and before I know it I’m bubbling over with laughter. I fall out of the chair onto the ground and I feel my eyes begin to water in the corners as I wrap my arms around my hips, trying to fight my sudden fit of giggles. I don’t know why, but I’m suddenly happy. And, ironic as it may be, I don’t think I’ve ever been as happy as I am in this here moment. I feel a sudden shadow cross over my body. I open my eyes, looking up innocently, to see the one and only Connor Murphy towering over me.

“Are.. uh, are you okay?”
I smile wide. Honestly, my cheeks practically hurt from smiling this much, this wide.
“Yeah. I’m great. Better than I’ve ever been, really. So, whatcha’ doin’ here, Connor?”
His cheeks flush slightly, but he doesn’t break eye contact. He raises a brow at me, trying to play off as being cool.
“I’m just making sure you aren’t having a seizure or something…”
“Well, I’m not, but it’s very kind of you to come over here and check on me. Thank you very much. I mean… I just… Usually nobody cares if I’m on the ground and I look like I’m dying… so it’s nice. And thanks again. And sorry if I freaked you out or something…”
He chuckles under his breath, now with both eyebrows raised in my direction. His eyes are sparkly, as if they are filled with wanderlust or stardust or something as equally amazing and captivating.
Looking at him right now, I can’t believe that this guy would ever kill himself. Honestly, I don’t know how anyone could dislike him at all. I mean, yeah, he is obviously a little rough around the edges, but he is sweet and scared. It kind of reminds me of a burnt marshmallow. Crispy on the outside, soft and gooey on the inside. Delicious. I could just eat him. I mean, I, Uh, that people really misjudge him.

“Whatever, Hansen. You’re fine. Just get off the ground, would you?”

Right. I’m still on the floor. That’s awkward. I scuttle to my feet and he chuckles again, a small smile stretching onto his lips. God, his smile is beautiful. Wait, what? Nevermind. I look him straight in the eyes.

“Right. So, um, do you wanna sit together and do separate things in awkward silence?”

“Why would I want to do that?”

“I don’t know. That’s what friends do. I think. Is that what friends do? Wait, are we even friends? Did I completely misread the situation? Because I totally thought we kinda bonded awkwardly this morning, but I could be completely and utterly wrong.”

“Hansen.”

“Right, I was rambling. Sorry.”

“You’re fine, Hansen. I, uh it’s just, um, you would want to be my friend?”

“Of course!”

“But I’m “the school shooter”, you know? Most people wouldn’t want to be seen anywhere near me. Not to mention, I’m kinda a loose cannon.”

“First off, you aren’t a "school shooter”. Jared is just a fucking asshole. Second, I don’t mind being seen with you. It’s not like I have a reputation to protect. Plus, I really like being around you. You’re all snarky and cool on the outside and soft and cuddly on the inside. Like a marshmallow. I can see it in your eyes—”

“Hansen.”

“Also, I think the loose cannon thing is cool. I mean, I’m pretty unpredictable myself. I could have a full blown panic attack at any given moment. We could probably balance eachother out pretty well overall. Not to mention that we would keep each other's lives interesting—”

“Hansen.”

“Not to mention, that you really like art and you like to draw and your art is really super amazing. I pretty much only really like trees. But I know a lot about trees and I can make some pretty good tree puns on occasion. So you are a lot more interesting than I am. If anything you should be weary about hanging out with me. My life literally just consists of ramblings, depression, anxiety, and trees. I mean I really like music too. I write my own songs on occasion. Do you like music? You probably like music. I mean, who doesn’t like music?”

“HANSEN.”

I shut my mouth. Shit. How long have I been rambling for?

“Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise. It’s fine. Seriously, you apologise way too much- Wait when did you see my art?”

Caught.

“Oh…yeah, that, I mean, we, I, um, we both have English together and I sit diagonally behind you and I just kinda notice that you make cute little drawings in your notes during lectures and stuff? From what I’ve seen, it’s been really good. I didn’t mean to like spy on you or be creepy or look over your shoulder or anything. I just tend to be really observant because I don’t talk much.”

“You don’t talk that much? All you’ve done since I met you this morning has been talking.”

“Yes, well usually I’m pretty quiet. You’re just easy to talk to, I guess. If that’s alright?”

“Oh, yeah, I mean, it’s fine.”

“So, what were you gonna say earlier?”

“Oh, I was going to tell you the final bell rang.”

“SHIT. I got to go. My mom is here to pick me up for my therapy appointment—”

“Therapy—”

I stand up swiftly and grab my stuff, shoving it into to my bag sloppily.
“I really need to go. Hey, Connor?”
I turn my head over to him as a sling my bag over my shoulder and go to face the door.
“What, uh, yeah?”
“I’ll see you tomorrow?”
“Uh, yeah, sure.”
I do a small fist pump in the air, a large smile once again taking over my face. I wave back at him.
“Awesome! Thanks. See you tomorrow!”
“Uh, yeah. See you tomorrow too.”
I run out of the library and the school and jump into my mother’s car.
“Hey, honey. How was school? You came out a few minutes late. Is everything okay?”
“Yeah. I just, I think I might have made a new friend.”
Her face lights up and she reaches over her hand to ruffle through my hair. Today was an amazing day. I can’t wait for tomorrow.
The chapter I was never actually expecting to write

Chapter Summary

Evan has an appointment with Dr. Sherman

Chapter Notes

Omfg guys. This is so much fun. Like I’m super happy that people are actually reading this and stuff. And thank you so much for the positive comments and feedback. It’s only been a short time since I first uploaded this so this is super exciting. Honestly, when writing this chapter, I had no clue where to start and there were a couple of scenes that I missed from the original musical and such that I need to incorporate into this. I’m trying to keep it on track and weave as much of the actually musical as I can into this so I can stay accurate and on track and such. Eventually there will be a complete divergence, but for now enjoy sassy and confused af Evan. Also, my go to song while writing this so far has been Bullet by Hollywood Undead, if you wanna give it a listen. Thank you so much.

This story take place in the fall of 2015. Jeremy is a Junior, 16 years old, and Evan is a Senior, 17 years old. In case anyone was wondering. And no I haven't introduced Jeremy yet. He wont come in for a bit longer.

We pull up to Dr. Sherman’s building. I start to grab my bag and such to get out of the car. My Mom’s phone beeps.

“Shit, Honey. I know I was supposed to pick you up after your appointment today, but I’m going to be stuck at work. Erica called in with the flu and I’m the only other nurses aid on today, so I’m going to have to pick up her shift…”

“It’s fine.”

“It’s just, they announced more budget cuts this morning-”

“I am fine, Mom. It’s okay. I get it. I’ll just take the bus home.”

She smiles at me wearily.

“Perfect...That’s perfect. Oh, and, um, I will be going straight from work to class, so I won’t be home until late. Um, please eat something. We have those Trader Joe’s dumplings in the freezer.”

“Yeah, okay. I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, Sweetie. Have a good session.”

I nod and run inside. I take the elevator up to the level the mental health agency rents. Thank god for family health insurance. Wait, what am I even going to talk to Dr. Sherman about? I am going to tell him that I had a 13 year long dream that I was a terrible person and some guy died and I killed myself at the end of the dream? Or maybe I could just say I had a nightmare and when I woke up my social anxiety was gone. Wait, no, that doesn’t happen. People don’t just cured of mental illness overnight. But I did. Well, technically it took 10 years to get me to the high functioning pristine level that I am at now, but I mean that time has all evaporated into nothing. I walk through front door and tap and the receptionist's desk a few times. She looks up and me and smiles shortly before going back to type at her computer.

“Alright, Evan Sweetie, you are all set. Dr. Sherman will come out for you in a minute, just take a
I nod and go to sit in one of the chairs lined up against the walls. I can’t help but think about all of the people with real hardcore issues that have sat in this exact same chair. The drug addicts, divorcees, suicidal teens. I mean, I kinda count as a suicidal teen? Do I count? Honestly, when I think about myself I only see this awkward quiet kid who is afraid of everything. It just feels stupid and ridiculous. I mean I’m not afraid of everything anymore… as much. Gosh, waiting in these chairs is always so awkward… this is so weird. It feels like everything is like blending together. Like I’ve completely accepted the fact that I am a teenager again, but sometimes the I get consumed in this life it overrides the logical adult part of me, that may or may not actually exist. This is all really confusing…

“Evan?”

I look up to see Dr. Sherman and smile shyly.

“Hi, Dr. Sherman.”

“Hello, Evan. It’s good to see you. Come on back.”

I follow her back into her room. It’s kinda funny how everytime I walk in here I swear there is another stuffed animal crammed onto the bookshelf in the corner.

“So, Evan. How was school today?”

“It was good. I think I made a new friend, so that nice.”

“That’s great, Evan. Tell me about this new friend.”

“Umm, yeah, okay. His name is Connor Murphy-”

“Murphy? As in Zoe Murphy?”

“Well yeah-”

“Your new friend is your crushes brother?”

“No. Well, yes? Kinda?”

“What do you mean, Evan?”

“I don’t like Zoe like that.”

“Oh… That’s new. What happened? I mean, last week you seemed to be head over heels for her.”

“Well, for starters, I’m gay.”

“You’re gay?”

“Yeah. Very, very gay. Turns out I was projecting the emotions I thought that I was supposed to be feeling onto Zoe, because she is amazing and beautiful and everything that I should want. I mean, everything that a stereotypical straight guy would want.”

“That’s… a profound realization. When, exactly, did you figure this out?”

“Like 10 years ago, well, I mean, last night? I am not entirely sure. I’m kinda really confused right now.”

“It seems like it. Are you sure that you are gay? Is that maybe part of the confusion?”

“No. I am definitely gay. That’s, yeah, I am very, very gay.”

“When did you realize this?”

“Well, I first fell in love back in freshman year with Danny Covalt.”

“Freshman year of high school? I don’t remember you ever mentioning-”

“No, freshman year of college.”

“College?”

“Yes.”

“Evan Sweetheart, you’re still in high school. You’ve never been to college.”

“But I have. I graduated college and got a job and an apartment-”

“Evan.”

“I was thirty.”

“You were thirty?”

“Yes, last night I was thirty.”

“Last night?”

“Yeah. I’m not sure if it was all just a dream, but it felt really real. Well, I would have called it more of a nightmare-”
“And in this dream, you were thirty?”
“No, in this dream thirteen years of my life passed by.”
“Thirteen years?”
“Yeah.”
“Alright. And today happened in your dream as well?”
“Yeah.”
“Well, was what happened today the same as what happened today in this dream?”
“It was more of a nightmare, but for the most part everything was exactly the same, down to the letter.”
“For the most part?”
“Well, yeah. I mean there were a couple of things that I changed and, I mean, my mom didn’t have to pick up Erica’s shift until later, but yeah?”
“You changed things?”
“Yeah?”
“What did you change and why?”
“Well in my dream, this guy, Connor, killed himself-”
“Connor? As in your maybe new friend Connor?”
“Yes. But like he didn’t do it until tonight, and it was in my dream-”
“Did you confront him or tell someone that you thought he was a danger to himself?”
“Why didn’t you tell someone?”
“Because it was a dream. It might not even mean anything.”
“And you didn’t confront him about being a danger to himself.”
“No, he is... sensitive.”
“So, he could be trying to kill himself right now and there is nobody out there who knows besides you?”
“Well, yes and no? I mean, one, it was a dream. And I mean he could be trying to kill himself, but I don’t think he is going to.”
“Why do you think that?”
“Because he said that I’d see him tomorrow.”
“Evan, if the boy is suicidal-”
“But he might not be! It could have all just been a dream!”
“Who was our next president?”
“What?”
“Who was the next president of the United States?”
“Donald Trump. Wait, what does this have to do with anything?”
“It’s a large upcoming event that you have little to no control over, Evan. If Donald Trump becomes the next president, which I doubt will happen, then it wasn’t a dream.”
“But that’s, like, two years away!”
“But it’s something to grasp onto. To keep you grounded.”
“Yeah… I guess.”
“Although, even if it was just a dream, it could have been your subconscious trying to warn you that he is in danger.”
“So, what you are saying is that I should have told someone?”
Dr. Sherman nods.
“Okay… I will tell someone about it tomorrow.”
“Thank you, Evan.”
I nod.
“Alright, so to summarise, you made friends with someone, who might be suicidal, and had a thirteen year long dream in which said friend killed himself?”
“Yeah.”
“Okay. So, what about your letters?”
“We’re just moving on?”
“Yes.”
“Okay, um, well I didn’t write one today. I was kinda preoccupied and I mean my anxiety isn’t really bothering me at all…”
“I get that you were a bit busy-brained today, but we set up this exercise for a good reason.”
“Would it be alright if i blog instead?”
“Blog?”
“Yeah, about how I am feeling and stuff, kinda like a diary but not.”
“Well, would it be the same concept of today is going to be a good day?”
“Kinda? I just feel that those letters are too personal and direct. In my dream-”
“Again with this dream?”
“Yes.”
“Hmm… tell me more about it. What happened after your friend died?”
“Well, I was called to the front office because they found my letter in his pocket and they thought it was a suicide note addressed to me.”
“Your letter? Like your assignment for me?”
“Yeah. He had taken it and run off with it today, but he didn’t do it, like, actual today because I didn’t write it.”
“I see. Continue.”
“I then made up this story that the two of us had been super close friends.”
“You lied.”
“Yes.”
“How did that go?”
“It was awesome at first, but I eventually got caught. I ruined a lot of relationships and became more introverted than I was before. There was a lot of hate directed towards me by the end of the ordeal.”
“Alright. Anything else?”
“Umm.. not really. I went to college, graduated, got some lame job that I could do from home, and just kinda fell into this pattern.”
“You said earlier that your anxiety isn't acting up today, does it have anything to do with this dream?”
“Yeah. In my dream I made a lot of progress and got over a lot of my fears and stuff. I was totally highly functioning and-”
“Yet you were introverted and stayed at home?”
“I was depressed.”
“Depressed?”
“Yeah.”
“And you didn’t talk to your therapist about it.”
“Not really? It felt like that would be a burden on them and I had kinda stopped therapy like a year ago.”
“You stopped therapy knowing you were depressed?”
“Well, going to therapy made me more depressed.”
“Was there anything that didn’t make you more depressed?”
“Not really?”
“Tell me, Evan, What happened at the end of this dream? How did you wake up?”
“I, uh, I…”
“Evan.”
I blush profusely and look at the floor. Shit.
“I jumped off a building and killed myself.”
“I see… Evan?”
I can feel the tears welling up in the corners of my eyes.
“Y-yeah?”
“Are you currently depressed?”
It’s somewhat like a stab to the heart. I’m pretty sure she saw me flinch away at her words. I mean, it really felt much more like a jolt, but I’m not exactly sure. All I know is that there are tears streaming down my face.

“Shh… It’s okay. There is nothing wrong with being depressed, Evan. Although, I am going to need you to answer a couple of questions for me. Okay?”

I nod.

“Have you ever self harmed? Like cutting?”

“..no..”

“Okay. Have you ever contemplated suicide?”

I flinch again.

“Evan, I already had that marked as a yes, because of your dream, but you look pained right now. As if you are about to shrink back inside of yourself. I know these kind of questions are hard, but I need you to stick with me, okay? We are almost done.”

I take a deep breath and nod again.

“Don’t worry. Everything is going to be okay. Final question. Have you ever attempted suicide? And I mean outside of your dream. Here, have you ever attempted suicide?”


“Well… thank you for telling me. This here is a safe space, Evan. Now tell me how many times have you attempted?”

“...once..”

“Alright… can you tell me when this was?”

“..over this past summer… I jumped out of tree and broke my arm…”

“Jumped? In our last session you said you said you fell.”

“...I lied…”

“Alright.. You do realise I am going to have to contact your mother, correct?”

“Yeah, I know. You’re legally obligated to tell a parent if their child is a harm to themselves or others.”

“Is she able to pick you up today?”

“..no… she is working… and then she has class…”

“Do you want to die right now, Evan?”

“NO!”

She startles at my outburst.

“I see. Can you tell me why?”

“Well, I’ve been given a second chance, you know? And there is Connor and my Mom and earlier today I was really, really happy.”

“Does this have to do with your dream as well?”

I nod.

“Well then I suppose the conversation with your mother can wait until tomorrow and that we can further discuss it at our next appointment. Make sure to tell her that I would like her to stay for the session. I also think it would be a good idea to reevaluate your meds and possibly add in something for depression, but we will have to talk about it with your doctor and your psychologist. Although, I suggest you tell your mother about your depression yourself when you next see her. So that she doesn’t have to hear it from me.”

“...alright..”

“We are actually out of time for today's session, five minutes over technically, but I will see you next week. Do you want me to walk you out?”

“No thanks. I got it. Thank you so much, Dr. Sherman.”

“Sure thing, Evan. Get home safe and have a good rest of your week.”

“You too.”

I wave goodbye and get out of the building as fast as I can. Fuck.
Evan tells Heidi about his talk with Dr. Sherman. Evan asks to sit with Connor at lunch. Evan gives Zoe the creeps. Evan roasts Zoe Murphy, who kinda acts like a little bitch.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter was so much different than I ever thought it would be. Holy fuck, when I started writing this I had no clue how I was going to get it to flesh out and shit, because I have a basic idea concept in my head, but typing it out is an actual pain. Would you guys hate me if I said that I’ve never actually seen DEH, and I’m just in love with the music and the story behind the musical? Probably. Anyway, here is chapter 3. I am hoping to get a Zoe scene in here if I can. I have so many ideas and it’s so hard to get them out, like I wish that I could just bleed them out of my ears and smear it on the computer screen and that would be it, but life isn’t that simple.

I open up my laptop and pull up Insincerely, Me. What? It sounded like a good blog title, especially since I want to keep it anonymous. I don’t want some creeper on the internet trying to track me down, okay? What do I even write in here for the next entry? Maybe I should just start typing? Yeah. I’m just gonna…

So turns out I did make a friend today… I think. I talked to him, my acquaintance I talked about earlier, and he was so different than I ever imagined he would be. He was shy and awkward and it was honest to God adorable. I am not really sure if we are actually friends, but I think that’s kinda what we settled on by the end of the conversation. I had to run out on him in a hurry at the end of the day, sadly enough. I had a therapy appointment. That was probably one of the strangest experiences of my life. Although, to sum it up, I came clean to my therapist about how I broke my arm. Which sounds super weird, but it’s actually… I broke my arm during a suicide attempt? Yeah. It feels like forever ago, because of my weird dream. I mean 13 years of my life seemed to have evaporated and I don’t even know if they ever actually happened? But I tried to kill myself. I jumped out of a really tall tree. Although, you wanna know what’s funny? There was a solid ten minutes after I fell, that I just laid down there on the ground wait for someone to come and get me. Any second now, I kept saying to myself. Any second now, here they come. But nobody came. It’s like the most screwed up version of Undertale ever. You are TRYING to die and you are all alone, because no one wants to save you. It’s hilarious. Okay, so maybe it’s not actually that funny. A little ironic, what, with all the support the school system claims to give their students and how much everyone always claims they care. If you really cared about someone, you would tell them. If you cared, you would go to them when they’re hurting. If you cared, you would of come for me when I was lying there on the ground. Waiting. But you weren’t. Nobody ever came for me. At least now I have a friend. Maybe he will come for me. Who knows?

Insincerely,

Me
Post. That was really depressing. But sometimes you just gotta just get that shit off your chest, you know? I don’t even know what I am going to say to my mom tomorrow. I can’t just be like “Hey, Mom. Just so you know, I am depressed and I lied to you. Yeah, I actually broke my arm during a suicide attempt because you don’t care enough about me. But I am okay now, because I had a weird dream and my anxiety is magically gone. I’m going to school now. Bye! I love you!”. I wish it was that easy. If only I could use telepathy to make her understand, that would be so much easier. I mean, people are not my strong point. At all. The door downstairs slams shut.

“Evan? Class was canceled. Mr. Rodriguez has the flu too. Seems to be going around. I brought chinese food. I thought we could have dinner together?”

Fuck.

“Yeah, okay! I will be down in a second!”

Shit. Ugghh… I’m going to have to have this conversation now. Fuck… I can’t believe this. I put my laptop down on the bed, gently shutting it. I rush down the stairs and find my mother setting up plates at the table for dinner.

“Hey, Mom.”

“Evan! Oh, it’s so great to spend time with you like this. We never really get quality time together anymore. C’mon, sit down.”

“Mom, we need to talk.”

“Alright, we can talk over dinner. Sit.”

I nod and sit down. She sits across from me. I can see the drowsiness all over her face. She totally overworks herself… and she does it all for me. It makes me feel like a selfish asshole, no matter what I do.

“So, what did you want to talk about, Sweetheart?”

“Well, I had my session with Dr. Sherman earlier-”

“Mmhmm.”

“And well she is actually going to call you tomorrow to further discuss it-”

Worry all the sudden floods her face. She looks even more miserable than she did before, gosh. This is all my fault.

“Evan, I don’t understand. What happened?”

“Mom…. I’m depressed.”

“Oh… Okay. I can see how that could happen. You don’t really have a lot of friends and you spend a majority of your time alone. There isn’t a problem with you being depressed. It’s normal, in fact common, for a teenager in high school to feel some level of depression-”

“No, Mom. I mean, I’m really depressed.”

“I… I still don’t understand. Do you hurt yourself?”

“NO!”

“Then what do you-”

“Mom!”

“Evan?”

“…”

“Sweetie, you can tell me…”

“… I… I tried to kill myself. That’s how I broke my arm. I didn’t fall out of the tree. I jumped out of it.”

“Oh… I see… Why did you lie about it?”

“I didn’t want you to worry about me…”

“Honey-”

“Mom, look, I know this a lot, but I am in a much better place now. I made a new friend and I’m really excited to go to school tomorrow. I’ve been given a second chance at life and I’m grateful.”

“Oh, Evan… Are you sure you want to go to school tomorrow?”

“Yes. Please let me go? I mean, I’m not a danger to myself right now. Dr. Sherman would have never let me out of her sight if she thought that I was.”

“Well, I guess you’re right… okay. You can go to school tomorrow. Just promise me that you will
be safe and come home straight after.’

“Alright, I can do that.”

“Thank you for coming clean with all of this to me. I really appreciate it. I can’t imagine what I

would do if you weren’t around anymore.”

“No problem.”

We spend the rest of the night together talking and laughing. We watch a few movies before she

sends me upstairs for bed, it is a school night after all. Although, I can’t seem to get her words out of

my head, “I can’t imagine what I would do if you weren’t around anymore.”. Maybe she can’t

imagine it, but I can. If I were gone she could do anything she wanted. Nothing would ever hold her

back ever again. She would be free.

“Hey, Connor.”

Connor literally jumps. I guess I scared him. He looks at me wide-eyed his breathing slightly jagged.

“Fuck, Evan. Don’t sneak up on people like that! You are super quiet, like a ninja or some shit! I

didn’t even know you were there! Fucking hell.”

“Sorry. So... umm, do you wanna sit together at lunch today?”

“What?”

“I mean, we are friends now, right?”

“Oh, yeah, right. Uh, no.”

My heart sinks.

“I don’t really eat lunch in the caf, so I can’t really… you know?”

Relief washes over me. He meant no to lunch, not to us being friends.

“Well, where do you eat lunch?”

“I, uh, I usually eat in my car? It’s either that or with the stoners behind the school.”

“Aren’t you a “stoner” too?”

He blushes.

“Kinda? I mean, I get high, but I only do pot and it’s just so that I can focus and not feel like shit all

of the time. I don’t like being associated with the stoners cuz they are idiots and they always try to

siphon some of my stash into their own. I always catch them, though.”

“That’s called self medicating.”

“What?”

“I, uh, the thing, um, you do drugs to feel normal, right?”

“Yeah? So?”

“That’s called self medicating. Like people with diabetes or ADHD who are unaware of their

condition often subconsciously self medicate in order to function day to day. Marijuana users have

reported feeling more focused and calm and centered in their life. It’s actually legal in several states

and is used regularly as a medicine-”

“You think there is something wrong with me?”

“No, you just said that marijuana helps you focus and not feel like shit. You said that.”

“Yeah, okay. How do you know so much about weed anyway?”

“It’s a plant. I’m a bit of a botanist. Although, I tend to focus more on trees, I’m fascinated by plants

in general, so I pick up on fact like that when we go over stuff in science class..”

“Trees?”

“Yeah. They tend to be a lot nicer than people. They don’t judge you as much.”

“As much?”

“Well they tend to judge how heavy you are. If your too heavy, they rather lose a limb than try to

support your weight. People do that too, but they have much lower tolerance than trees. Not to

mention a tree can never ignore you or leave you, because trees are rooted in place.”

Connor smiles slyly.

“Yeah, well you are pretty fat.”
I can hear the sarcasm practically dripping from his lips. I smile playfully back at him.
“Excuse me, I am a twig! I am offended, Murphy!”
He lets out a broken chuckle under his breath. From the sound of it he hasn’t really laughed in a while. It hurts my heart a little bit.
“Fight me, Evan.”
“Please, we both know I would totally win.”
“No way in hell, Hansen.”
“So?”
“So what?”
“Can I sit with you during lunch?”
“In my car?”
“Well, yeah. It’s that or I can go to my usual bathroom stall if it makes you uncomfortable.”
“You usually eat lunch in the bathroom?”
“Not really? I don’t eat lunch. I usually just hide in the bathroom to get away from everyone.”
“You don’t eat lunch?”
“No. I mean, my mom packs me lunch everyday. I just, you know, don’t actually eat it.”
“What? How do you go the whole day without passing out? Do you eat a big breakfast?”
“I don’t really eat breakfast either…”
“What about dinner?”
“I eat dinner sometimes. I, uh, can’t really cook? And my mom works late. She leaves money for me to order stuff, but I tend to, I, uh… my social anxiety doesn’t really like delivery… or phone calls…”
“Okay, you can sit with me at lunch,”
“Awesome.”
“if you eat half of my sandwich.”
“What?”
“Also, is your mom home tonight?”
“No?”
“Alright, I’m going to come over and cook you dinner.”
“Wait, wait, what?”
“Evan, you need to eat.”
“You make it sound like you care.”
“Well, you’re my friend, right? Aren’t I supposed to care?”
I can feel my cheeks heating up. I nod.
“It’s settled then. I’m coming over tonight, to make sure you eat. I mean, at the rate you’re going you’re going to straight up starve yourself. I need to get going to class, but, uh, meet me in the parking lot during lunch, kay?”
“Uh, yeah.”
“Great, see you later, Hansen.”
He closes his locker and walks in the opposite direction. There is a light fuzzy feeling in my chest and it’s suddenly hard to breath. Shit. There is a tap on my shoulder. I spin around.
“Hey, Evan, right?”
Holy fuck, is that Zoe Murphy? Shit. I can’t focus at all. My stomach is all in knots, seeming to have jumped up into my throat, and I can barely hear my own thoughts over the sound of my heart throbbing in my ears.
“What? Evan?”
“That’s your name?…”
I swallow and try to seem semi-cool.
“Oh. Yeah. Yes. Evan. It’s Evan. That’s my name. Sorry…”
“Why are you sorry?”
“It’s just, uh, I, well, you know what? I don’t even know.”
She looks at me confused for a moment before giggling.
“Well, I’m Zoe.”
“I know.”
“You know?”
“I, well I, uh, yeah. You’re awesome, you know? I mean the Zoe Murphy. Talking to me. Wow.”
“What? I’m not even really that popular or anything?”
“The popular kids suck. I mean, I’m totally at the bottom of the food chain here and I rather talk to you than Christine Canigula. You are the true queen of this school. You may not rule the kingdom, but you shine so bright and I really look up to as a human being.”
“Oh, uh, wow, um, thanks? That’s kinda weird?”
“Yeah, I figured.”
“Look, I gotta tell you that if that was some strange love confession that I’m not really-”
“Nooooooooo. Uh no. No, no, no. It was not a love confession.”
“Wow. Is it really that disgusting the thought of liking me? Do you like think I’m ugly or something?”
“No!”
“Then what?”
“I’m, uh, I’m gay.”
“Gay?”
“Yes.”
“So.. are you like dating my brother?”
“What?”
“I mean, I saw you talking to him earlier and-”
“No. No, we aren’t dating.”
“Is he blackmailing you for sex?”
“What? NO!”
“Is he paying you for sex?”
“No! We aren’t sleeping together!”
“Oh.”
“Connor doesn’t even know I’m gay. At least, I don’t think he does? I haven’t told him. Wait, is Connor gay?”
“Uh, I don’t really know what he’s into.”
“But he is your brother.”
“So?”
Wow.
“Don’t you guys talk?”
“Not really anymore.”
“Why not?”
“None of your business.”
“Okay. But he probably thinks you hate him.”
“Good.”
I never thought that I would want to punch Zoe Murphy as much as I do right here, in this moment, now.
“You wouldn’t be saying that if he were dead.”
“What?”
“I’m just saying. You might want to make things right with him. One day you could end up regretting it.”
“Fuck you.”
“That’s harsh.”
She scrunches up her face and storms off down the hall. That went well. Not at all. Oh well.
I made this chapter extra long so I could squish in that Zoe scene. Holy fucking hell, that shit was awkward to write, but I seriously wanted to get it outta the way.
Heyyy. Anybody wanna do my school work while I sit here and write this? Jk. Although, I hardcore HATE school work. Like learning and pretty much everything else about school is fucking awesome, it’s just doing stuff and being judged based off of it, you know? Also essays suck ass. I mean I can write 7,282 words in 6 hours for a work of fiction but t takes me 3 weeks to write a 6 paragraph 2 page paper. Plus, the paper isn’t even that good by the time I’ve finished. So, yeah, I hate schoolwork. I mean regular work is fine. I’ve had jobs here and there and all those things have all been awesome. They give me a sense of direction and I always know what it is that I’m doing, but school is shit. So yeah, enjoy chapter 4.

The parking lot is surprisingly quiet. The fall air has a chill to it and I close my eyes to focus on the fresh breeze as it brushes along my face. I love the outdoors-

“EEKKK!”

I feel something poke at my ribs and nearly jump out of my skin. I spin around to find Connor behind me with his cheeks red and puffed out, obviously holding back a laugh.

“HA! I totally got you, Hansen! Revenge for this morning!”

He is smiling again. Damn it. My heart is beating so loudly. Fuck. I can’t seem to help but smile, somewhat relieved and exhilarated.

“Fuck you, Murphy.”

“You know you want to.”

I feel my cheeks burning up. Shit.

“Shut up. Now, e’mon, where is this awesome car of yours?”

His smile grows and he gestures in front of him dramatically.

“Right this way, my liege.”

I roll my eyes and follow him to his car. The car itself is kinda old and beat up, but I find that it suits Connor really well. He opens the front passenger door for me and gestures for me to take a seat in side. He gets in on the other side. Surprisingly it doesn’t smell like marijuana in here.

“Is it really that surprising?”

“Huh?”

“You said that it’s surprising that it doesn’t smell like weed in here.”

“Oh. I said that out loud?”

He laughs and reaches into his bag to pull out his lunch.

“Yeah, but don’t worry about it. Actually, I don’t smoke in the car. For starters the smell would permanently embed itself in the velvet seating and it’s dangerous to smoke and drive.”

“That’s… a really reasonable way of thinking about it. Logical in fact. It makes me feel a little dumb for feeling surprised earlier.”

“It’s fine”

He hands me half of his sandwich and I take it hesitantly.

“Zoe is shocked about it every time she gets in my car too.”

“Hmm. Yeah… Zoe..”

“What? Do you not like her or something?”

“What? No. I mean I do like her. It’s just..”

“It’s just what?”
“Earlier today she asked me if you were blackmailing me for sex—”
“WHAT?”
“I told her that you weren’t—”
“Why the hell would she think that?”
“I don’t think—”
“Is it that unrealistic for me to have a friend?”
“No. She is just angry and taking out everything that she is feeling on you and stuff…”
“What?”
“I, uh…”
“No, this is my sister we are talking about, explain.”
“… She gets frustrated, because she thinks you get all of your parents attention—”
“That’s not true! They adore and fawn over her all the time! She is little Miss perfect!”
“But she feels like she has to be extraordinary to get their attention and to counterbalance you—”
“She doesn’t have to do that.”
“I know, but that’s how she feels.”
“…”
“She is also frustrated that you guys don’t talk like you used to. You’re kinda like a total stranger to her now.”
“…She told you this? After accusing me of blackmailing you for sex?”
“Well, no?”
“No? What do you mean no?”
“She didn’t really say that?”
“THEN WHY DID YOU JUST LIE TO ME AND SAY THAT SHE SAID ALL THOSE THINGS?”
“I never said she said that—”
“EVAN!”
“I said that’s what she thinks and feels,”
“What the fuck are you talking about?”
“She didn’t have to specifically tell me those things for me to know that that’s how she feels.”
“Is that so? And why is that? Are you suddenly telepathic or some shit?”
“No, I’m just very observant. When you don’t talk to people ever you tend to monitor how they interact with other people more and you pick up on little things—”
“Again, what the fuck are you talking about?”
“I could just tell how she was feeling from what she said and how she acted.”
“You could tell?”
“Yeah.”
“… That’s fucking weird. So you are saying that by paying attention to someone you can actually learn stuff about their personal lives and inner most thoughts?”
“Kinda?”
“Prove it.”
“What?”
“Prove it. Tell me my innermost thoughts, oh wise one.”
“I don’t think—”
“Evan. Just do it.”
I flinch and nod. Looking down into my lap at the sandwich he gave me, which is suddenly very intriguing.
“Well… you feel alone. All the time. Completely ignored by the rest of the world. At home you’re never enough and there are so many thoughts in your brain all the time. It’s loud and you can’t ever seem to hear yourself think. So, you try to channel all of your frustration into art. You try to draw your pain reflected in all of the beauty you see in the world. Although, it doesn’t help with your home life, because your father thinks it’s a pointless hobby and your mother doesn’t try to argue with him even though she thinks you are really talented. Sometimes art doesn’t really work or it isn’t
enough, so you smoke. It helps silence your thoughts… especially the darker ones?... the dark thoughts scare you. Partly because you aren’t sure if they are right or wrong. Partly because they shouldn’t be there. Partly because you are afraid something is wrong with you. Did you know that sadness and anger are two very close emotions? They are practically intertwined. So, if you are sad and someone is talking to you and there are those thoughts there… sometime you can’t take it and you yell. All you really want is to kill the darkness, but you end up hurting those around you instead. You accidentally push them away and you aren’t really sure how to fix things? You are almost afraid to even try to fix things, because you feel you will break them again and that they will be even harder to put back together? The worst part is that you are even more alone than you ever were before…” I look over at Connor. His position has changed completely. He has pulled up his legs and is currently hugging his knees, his head positioned between them and hair drooping down to cover everything. His shoulders are shaking slightly. Fuck. I made him cry didn’t I? I look back down at my lap. We sit there in awkward silence for a few minutes. “I.. I want to make things right with Zoe. I want to fix things.” His voice is broken and cracked, but quiet. Barely a whisper, even, but audible in the quiet of his car. I nod. “Yeah, okay. I will help you. Anything you need. I got your back.” I hear him shift slightly. He mumbles something quietly. I look over at him and he is looking right at me, eyes red and puffy. “What was that?” “I, uh, you haven’t eaten your half of the sandwich.” I look back at the sandwich again. “Oh… yeah, I guess I haven’t. I’m not really-” “Evan Hansen, if you are about to tell me that you are not hungry I will climb over there and kick your ass.” I look over at him, and his smile is once again playing at his lips. “Like you could.” “Watch me. Although, seriously, man, eat.” I look at the sandwich again. Truth is I am so hungry it hurts, so hungry that food looks absolutely appalling, so hungry that I feel noxious. I feel like if I try to eat this I will throw up here and now. I don’t mean like my usual purging. Okay, not “usual purging”, I mean only do it like once a week when I feel sick and I haven’t done it since high school. Although, being back here in the same body, I feel the same urges and disgust with myself as I remember. I can’t help but fall back into my old habits. I hear the cars locks click. “Wha-” “Evan, you aren’t allowed to leave until you eat that whole half a sandwich and your own lunch.” “And my own lunch?” “Yep.” “But-” “No buts, Evan.” “... I gave my lunch to Jared…” “What?” “Well, I don’t ever eat it and it would really go to waste otherwise, so I give it to Jared and tell him that my mom made him lunch?” “Doesn’t he bring his own lunch?” “Yeah? I mean, he eats them both.” “No wonder that guy’s so chubby, he is a fucking pig.” “Connor-” “No. Eat that half of the sandwich and from now on no more giving Jared food that you’re supposed to be eating. Do you hear me?” “... Yeah.” “Good now eat.”
I swallow and go to take a bite of the sandwich. I chew it slowly, hoping to- Holy fuck this shit is amazing. I take another bite and another.

“Woah, Evan, slow down. I get that you’re hungry, but you can only fit so much food in your mouth at once.

“Phish shis amashing, Cmonnorm...”

“Evan, don’t talk while chewing.”

I continue chewing for a moment before swallowing.

“This is amazing, Connor! Holy hell! Did your mom make this?”

“Actually, I kinda made it?”

“No way in fucking hell.”

“Yes?”

“Shit, Connor. You know, if you ever decide to not pursue art, you should do this.”

“What? Make sandwiches?”

“I was going to say become a chef, but if you wanna just pursue sandwiches you can totally do that.”

“It’s not really that good.”

“Sorry, I can’t hear you over the delicious taste of this sandwich.”

I shove the rest of the sandwich in my mouth and he cackles.

“Evan, you shouldn’t do that. You’ll choke. Besides, you look like a chipmunk.”

We spend the rest of the lunch period talking about nonsense and laughing. God, Connor Murphy. I am so glad that you’re my friend.
Chapter Summary

Zoe comes over to apologize to Evan for insulting Connor. Evan is salty.

Chapter Notes

This is so awesome. Okay, so I did the math and like every 1:7 people who have read this fic have left kudos. This is literally the most popular thing I have ever written and the statistics are tear-jerkingly beautiful. Like I posted it at 1 am my time yesterday morning and when I woke up at 10 I decided to check to see if anybody had read it and it had over 200 views and 36 kudos, which was amazing. This is my first archive fic so idk if that’s normal? But it made me so happy to find that people have read and enjoyed this fic. I also love reading your guys comments and I try to reply to them, because personally I think it’s awesome when an author replies to my comments. But yeah, I am so happy and I truly appreciate your guys’s support. This fic has only been up for the past two days, but it already has nearly 700 hits and 93 kudos. To me that ratio is pretty outstanding for a first time writer. Thank you again so much, I hope you are as passionate about this fic as I am, and enjoy chapter 5.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today I ate lunch with my new friend instead of hiding in the bathroom like I normally do. I learned that he is actually an amazing cook. Although, there was a moment when I almost threw up in his car. Not because of the food, but because I was really hungry. I kinda gave this other guy my lunch? I mean, he had his own, but I gave him mine anyway. Which was probably stupid, but it’s what I usually do every other day of the week. Anyway, my new friend told me that I couldn’t give that guy my food anymore and that I gotta eat my lunch. I don’t think it will be that bad since I am pretty sure that we are going to be having lunch together from now on. Did I mention that this guy’s, my new friend not the guy of whom I gave my lunch to, sister asked me if he was blackmailing me for sex? I mean, I told her I was gay. What process goes on in a girls mind that takes her from “this guy I just saw talking to my brother is gay” to “my brother is probably blackmailing this guy for sex”? She did ask if we were dating before she jumped to the whole blackmail thing but she doesn’t even know her brothers sexuality and she accuses him of blackmailing a guy for sex. That is seriously messed up.

Insincerely,
Me

Post. Annnndd… I’m bored. Great. I’m just sitting at home with nothing to do waiting for Connor to show up for dinner. I kinda already finished all of my homework for the next week and a half so it’s not like I can do that. All of my videogames are two player, because of Jared and my mom insisting that I need to socialize, so I can’t do that either. There is a knock at the door. Thank God! That must be Connor. A huge smile stretches across my pale semi-effeminate features. I run downstairs and open the door.

“Evan, hey.”

…fucking Zoe… disappointment floods my body.
“You’re the wrong Murphy. Go home.”
“Wait!”
“What the hell do you want?”
“I wanted to apologize for earlier today.”
“Okay. Apology accepted, blah, blah, blah. Leave?”
I give her a shooing gesture and her face scrunches up turning bright red… again... the second time today.
“I am trying to be nice and apologize here, Evan.”
I roll my eyes dramatically to piss her off. Is it sad that I am somewhat enjoying this? Nah.
“I told you I accept your apology.”
“Then why are you still being so mean to me?”
“Because I’m not the person you should be apologizing to, Zoe.”
“You are saying I should apologize to Connor? Are you fucking serious?”
“He is the one that you insulted.”
“But you’re the one that got angry!”
“On his behalf. He is my friend and your brother. In all honesty, your attitude towards him disgusts me.”
“I thought you said I was awesome and that you look up to me as a human being?”
“Yeah, I said that before figure out that you are just as ugly on the inside as everyone else.”
She gasps. Maybe ugly was a bit too strong of a word. Eh, fuck it.
“Look, Zoe, I have a feeling that you don’t actually hate your brother as much as you claim to.”
“Oh? I don’t?”
“No. I think that you are just angry.”
“Angry? I am NOT the one who is angry.”
“I never said that Connor wasn’t angry. But I think that you are angry too.”
“Yeah, I think you’re right, I’m angry at you.”
“Well, yes. Right now you are pretty upset with me, but I think a lot of it is just a projection.”
She throws her hands up in the air and turns to leave.
“A projection? That’s it. I’m done. I am leaving-”
“You are angry with your parents.”
She pauses for a moment.
“You’re angry with them, because you feel like you have to meet these impossible standards to get their attention and approval. Although, no matter what you do, you never feel like you’re good enough.”
Her hand clenches into a fist.
“And you are angry at Connor, but not because the way he is. You are angry that you aren’t as close as you used to be.”
She turns back to me, tears welling up in her eyes, with a fist ready to throw a punch any moment.
“What the fuck do you know, Hansen?”
“I know that more than anyone else, you are angry with yourself.”
She instantly deflates. All of the violence and anger seems to be gone, leaving only snot and tears. I step towards her and pull her into a hug. Fuck, this is so unsanitary. I am going to have to burn this shirt probably. I can’t believe that I’m now a human tissue. Ugh, this sucks…
“It’s okay, Zoe.”
“Fuck you, Hansen.”
“Do you, uh, wanna come inside?”
She sniffs and nods. She pulls away and stumble slowly through my front door. This is going to awkward to explain when Connor gets here. Well, I did tell him that I would help him fix things with Zoe. Maybe they will bond or something? Zoe plops down on the couch, immediately making herself at home. She pulls up her knees hugging them and putting herself into a similar position as to that I saw Connor in just earlier today.
“Do you want something to drink or?”
She remains quiet. I wander over into the kitchen quickly to get her a glass of water. I have no idea what I’m doing.Fuck. Walking back into the living room, glass in hand, she is sitting in the same position as before.

“You don’t know anything, Hansen…”

I sit down on the coffee table in front of her, trying to seem as calm and soothing as possible.

“Maybe I don’t… Try me?”

Her head jerks up out of her lap. Okay, I could have phrased that better.

“I mean, if you really think I don’t understand you, then make me understand. Tell me what’s up.”

“… Fuck you…”

“You’re the one that came over here, Zoe. You’re sitting on my couch.”

“You’re not my therapist, Hansen. If you don’t want me here, just kick me out.”

“I never said I don’t want you here. Although, you are right. I’m not your therapist.”

“Then why won’t you just leave me the fuck alone?”

“Because I care?”

“… no you don’t…”

“How do you know that?”

“… because you think I’m disgusting….”

“I don’t think that you’re disgusting. I think that your attitude towards your brother is appalling, but—”

Her face contorts, twisted and scrunched, in a fit of rage.

“WHAT’S THE DIFFERENCE?”

“…The difference is that you aren’t just how you feel about your brother, Zoe. You are so much more than Connor Murphy’s sister. You are more than a trophy child, the kid that has to be perfect because of how many mistakes her brother has made. You are Zoe Murphy. You are beautiful and kind and optimistic and smart and talented and an individual.”

“…”

Her anger drops, washing away.

“You’re lying.”

“Zoe, I’m not lying.”

“… Hey, Evan?”

“Yeah?”

“What was it like coming out to your parents?”

“What?”

“You said you’re gay, didn’t you?”

“Well, yeah. I mean, yes? I am gay. What does this—”

“What was it like coming out to your parents?”

“I, uh, haven’t?”

“What?”

“I haven’t told my mom yet. Why?”

“But you told me.”

“Yeah?”

“Who else have you told?”

“Uh, my therapist?”

“Wait, so I am the only real person you’ve told?”

“Yes? Zoe, what’s this—”

“I’m a Lesbian.”

“What?”

“I like girls. And if you tell anyone, I mean anyone, I will out you.”

“Uh… okay? I’m sorry, what just happened?”

She frowns

“No, wait, my brain is catching up. So, uh, girls?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you wanna talk about it?”
“Why would I want to do that?”
“Because I can’t tell anybody and it’s good to get it off your chest?”
“Oh yeah? Who do you talk to? And I don’t mean your therapist.”
“I, uh, I.”
“C’mon, spit it out.”
“You blog?”
“Yeah.”
“Online?”
“Yes?”

She pulls her phone out of her back pocket and types on it briefly before looking back up at me.
“What’s your blog called?”
“What? No, it’s anonymous.”
“Evan. You want me to talk to you about this, then tell me the title of your blog so I can confirm it’s existence. I promise I won’t read your electronic diary.”
I blush. Dear God, I can’t believe this.
“Insincerely, Me. And, uh, the me is capitalized and there is a comma after insincerely.”
“Found it.”
“Great.”

She puts the phone down on the couch and looks at me with a certain level of trust and sincerity that I’ve only ever experienced through Connors smiles. Wait, fuck, Connor.
“Christine Canigula.”
“What? Uh, sorry. What about her?”
“She is the girl I like.”
“Her?”
“Yeah?”
“But she is kinda a total bitch.”
“Oh yeah? Who do you like?”

Fuck. I feel the heat rising to my cheeks
“I, uh, I don’t actually like anyone at the moment.”
“I didn’t agree to this.”
“Tell me. Or I will just have to read your blog and figure it out myself.”

I know she is only teasing me, but at the same time I don’t think she is kidding about reading my blog and if she reads it she will think I am a total freak.
“Okay, fine. Just promise me you won’t read my blog.”
“I promise.”
“Okay… the person I like… Is, uh… I like… C-”

There is a loud knock at the door and I am flooded with relief.
“Hey, look at that! There is somebody at the door! I’d better go get that. I will be right back.”

I jump up off of the coffee table and rush over to the door. As soon as I open the door Connor comes barreling inside, his arms full of groceries.
“So, I don’t know what you have in your house. I just kinda went to the store and picked up stuff for a couple of dinners that should last you through the rest of the week-”
“Uh, actually, Connor?”
“You aren’t allergic to anything, are you?”
“Well, no, but-”
“Great. So I spent about 40 dollars on groceries, but you said that your mom leaves you twenty for dinner each night, right? So two days of that should be more than enough to pay me back.”

He puts the stuff down on the counter. Zoe stands up from her place on the couch.
“Connor? Wait, are you two on a date?”
“Zoe?”
Connor looks at me suddenly flushed.
“I tried to—”
“No, Zo, we aren’t on a date.”
“You’re just casually making him dinner?”
“What the fuck are you even doing here, Zoe?”
“I came over to apologize—”
“For what? Asking Evan if I was blackmailing him for sex?”
“He told you?”
“He’s my friend! Of course he told me!”
“A friend of whom you are cooking dinner for?”
“Yes.”
“You don’t even do this dishes at home, let alone cook! He’d be better off if you let him starve! At least then you wouldn’t poison him!”
“You don’t know anything about me, Zoe!”
“You’re right, I don’t! Maybe it’s because you don’t talk to me anymore!”
“Well, you never talk to me either! I thought you didn’t want to talk to me!”
“You’re my brother! Of course I wanna talk to you!”

A tense silence cakes the room. Both Murphy twins stand grounded, fists balled tightly at their sides and their knuckles white. The air is stale and dry. It feels like I’m in one of those western movies, you know where the guys have a standoff at high noon with their guns ready to be pulled from their holsters and fired at any moment. AKA this is awkward as fuck. Well, for me. Connor takes a deep breath in, as if to come out with a retort that will knock Zoe off her feet leaving him in victory. His shoulders deflate slightly.
“I miss our talks….”
Plot twist? Zoe stands wide eyed.
“Me too…”
I think they are about to make up. Here. Right now. In my living room. I wish I could video this.
“Well… do you wanna talk now? I know I’ve been an asshole lately, I just—”
“Sure. But no lame excuses or shit, kay? This is honesty hour, Con.”
He nods and they go over to sit on the couch. Great. Sibling bonding time. At my house. On my couch. I think they forgot that I’m here? Yeah. They totally forgot that I’m here. Oh well.

Chapter End Notes

So, I wrote that first note yesterday when I started writing this new chapter and I wanted to update. So the statistics are now 1/9 viewers leaves kudos, which is still pretty great if you ask me. I also wanted to thank you because this fic has just passed the 100 kudos mark earlier today and that made me so happy. I am so glad to hear that you guys actually enjoy this and even if you don't go ahead and leave a comment below, I might edit something that bugs you if it doesn't drastically change the story line. I look forward to all of your feedback, either positive or negative, and I will see you in the next chapter that I am going to start writing now. Hopefully I will be able to get it finished and up tomorrow. Who knows, it could even happen today if I have the time and I just so happen to get inspired.
Alone and afraid

Chapter Summary

Evan eavesdrops on the conversation between Zoe and Connor. AKA Evan gets so happy that he throws up. On accident, I promise.

Chapter Notes

Guyyyyyss. 1000 hits!! WooHoo!!! Omfg, I could cry. My baby has come to life and he is beautiful and people love him. I am referring mainly to the story itself, but also sassy Evan. So, I got several comments on the last chapter about how “Evan is king” and commenting the amazing line that is, “You’re the wrong Murphy”. Honestly, I myself love this Evan. I’ve compared the fics that I’ve personally read to the musical and these fics all personify Evan the same way. They make him stereotypical. Shy and weak and delicate, but that’s just and interpretation. Evan has crippling social anxiety that affects how he effect in the outside world on a grand level, which is personified by the song waving through a window. It isn’t just that he is afraid to talk to people. He is afraid to be himself around people. There are somethings that he just can’t hold back, like his passionate love for botany. But you never really know what’s actually going on inside of his head. And you are probably super bored of me explaining this. I think you get the gist of it. Anyway, enjoy chapter 6. Leave comments, questions, and kudos down below.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Update on my situation from earlier. So the sister came by to apologize to me for insulting Connor in front of me or some shit, right? I called her out on being a little bitch and she started crying. I invited her inside, partly cuz I don’t want my neighbors to look over into my yard and see some strange girl crying. That doesn’t look good. So she came inside and I talked at her for a bit. Then she asked me about coming out and it was awkward, because she is the only person that I’ve actually come out to? Like with the being gay thing, in case you were wondering. I mean, I don’t know what else you would think I’d be referring to. Anyway it was awkward and she was upset and then she shared her deepest darkest secret with me, which tbh isn’t actually that big of a deal, but she is blackmailing me so I can’t tell anyone what it is. I asked her if she wanted to talk about it and we did, a little, for a few minutes. She had just asked me who my crush was when there was a knock on the door, right? So I stop everything I’m doing and go to answer the door. Low and behold, her brother comes tumbling into my house with his arms littered with grocery bags. He was planning on coming over to cook me dinner. Anyway, he got in this fight with his sister, but they made up and now they are downstairs bonding. Although, I think they kinda forgot that I exist. It’s terrifying yet somewhat relieving to find that people can just forget that I ever existed so easily.

Insincerely,

Me

Post. Should I try to go back downstairs? What if I interrupt something important? Or worse, what if they see me and are so disgusted that they ruin their newly re-found friendship? Or what if they
decide that they don’t need me anymore cuz they made up? Maybe they’ve already left. Maybe I’m actually alone. Again. I shut my laptop and place it gently down on my bed once more. I stealthily make my way out of my bedroom and to the bottom of the stairs.

“-know. Maybe? Like, he was super offended when I accused you of blackmailing him for sex.”

Oh no. It’s worse than I could ever have possibly imagined. They’re talking about me.

“Yeah, but you said that he was also offended when you asked him if we were dating and if I was paying him for sex.”

“Buutttt he was super mad at my attitude towards you.”

“Sibling are generally supposed to be nice to each other. I mean, he is a single child. He doesn’t understand how complex a sibling relationship is.”

“True. But who knows? Even if he doesn’t we could always influence him.”

“Zoe, please. He would totally catch onto us with his psychic powers before we could even try.”

“Oh, he did it to you too?”

“Yeah, earlier today. At first I was a little freaked, but then I realized that it was super sweet and just another quirky thing that I like about him.”

“Like his plant fetish?”

I stop breathing.

“It is a passion for botany, Zoe.”

“Sure. Do you think that if I got him a handcrafted wooden dildo that he would use it?”

I flush. I mean it honestly depends, would I get splinters or would it be glazed? And what kind of wood? It also depends on the kind of tree it’s from and how old it is and will I be able to see the rings of the tree? Wait, no. Bad, Evan. Do not think about this while Connor Murphy is in your house.

“Oh my God, Zoe, shut the fuck up.”

“What? It was a serious question. Although, you’re right, he is really sweet. I don’t think either of us would be here right now if it wasn’t for him. Plus it was really nice of him to give us space to talk this out, even though it’s kinda his house.”

“Yeah…”

“So, are you going to make dinner or what?”

“Are you staying for dinner?”

“Well, if you do end up cooking I have to make sure that you don’t accidentally kill your only friend”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“Evan says that I am a fantastic chef.”

“He is a high school boy and you made him a sandwich. It doesn’t take much.”

“It’ll be fine, Zo. I cook for myself all the time, especially on the nights that I stay out cuz Larry is being an ass.”

I sneak back upstairs. I feel like I probably just heard something that I shouldn’t have heard, but I can’t help but feel really happy. They actually like me. They said good things about me. Behind my back, well they didn’t know I was listening so I am counting it. There are butterflies in my stomach.

Wait, no. Those aren’t butterflies. I rush over to the bathroom. I lean over the toilet in just enough time to keep myself from spewing all over the floor. Fuck. My stomach is mostly empty so I am welcomed by the familiar taste of stomach acid and a half a sandwich. Connor was right. I totally should have not eaten that as fast as I did. Ughhh. Rejection does NOT taste good. Everything hurts. I can feel a nasty burning sensation in my throat and my head kinda feels both light and heavy at the same time. Fuck. Like double fuck. Cluster fuck a truck of ducks, fuck. There is a hand on my shoulder and everything comes back into a sharp kind of focus all to quickly. I jump backwards, evidencedally tripping into the tub and hitting my head on the tile wall.

“Shit, Evan. Are you okay? You don’t look that good.”

“Zoe, he just threw up.”

“I mean, yeah, but look at him Con. He looks like hell.”

I open my eyes, the taste of bile still fresh in my mouth.
“E.. Everything f-fucking hurts.”
“Fuck, Zoe, help me carry him to his bed.”
“Yeah, okay.”

They each pick me up under one arm and drag me to my bed lying me on top.
“Evan, you really don’t look well. Is there someone we can call?”
“M-mom’s working…”

Zoe buts in worridly.
“What about your dad where is he?”
“...left…”

“What-”
Connor taps on her shoulder and shakes his head. She seems to get the picture and blushes furiously.
“Is there nobody else?”
“...no…”

Connor grabs my phone and looks through it. He holds it up to his ear and I can faintly hear the phone ring.
“.what? w-who are you calling? Connor?..”

He looks over at me serious and cold with a concerned undertone.
“I am calling your mom, Evan.”
“What? No!”

I try to sit up and feel some sort of excruciating pain that force me to sink back down onto the bed.
“Evan, this is for your own good.”

I can hear my moms voice faintly on the other line.
“Evan? Why are you calling me? What’s wrong?”

“Hi, Ms. Hansen, my name is Connor Murphy. I am a friend of Evans.”
“Oh, yes he, um, mentioned you yesterday during dinner.”

“Did he? Uh, never mind. Look I’m here with Evan at your house and he seems to be really sick.”

“Sick?”

“Yeah. I was talking with my sister downstairs on the couch when we heard him suddenly running and then he, uh, threw up? We went in there to see if he was okay and he was totally out of it. He didn’t even respond to me until I touched his shoulder at which point he freaked and tripped and fell into the tub and I think he hit his head.”

“Where is he now?”

“We carried him over to his bed. His voice is a bit hoarse, it’s probably from throwing up. Has this happened before?”

“Not that I’ve seen.”

“Do you think it has something to do with the fact that he hasn’t really been eating?”

“C-Connor!”

“Not eating? Was that him? He sounds terrible. What do you mean not eating? I know he skips dinner sometimes, but I pack him lunch every morning and I give him a granola bar to tide him over.”

He looks over at me briefly.

“Sorry, Evan.”

He directs his focus back to my mother on the other line.
“Well, he doesn’t actually eat those. Apparently, he gives them to Jared every day. I gave him half of my sandwich earlier today, but I’m pretty sure he just threw that up. He looks terrible Ms. H. He really seems to be in a lot of pain too. I wanted to ask you before calling like 911, because it doesn’t seem like he is dying but he does look really sick.”

“I see...You did the right thing. Actually, I work at the hospital. From the sound of it he might have anorexia, which can be very dangerous. I am going to send an ambulance down to where you are at to pick him up and bring him here. I’m sorry that you had to see him like this, but thank you for staying with him and reaching out for help.”

“Of course.”
“If you wouldn’t mind would you stay with him until the paramedics get there?”
“I wouldn’t have done anything but, Miss.”
“Please, call me Heidi. Thank you. I am so happy that he has a friend like you.”

I feel my eyelids get heavier and heavier. Slowly the sound of voices fades, consumed by the black abyss of unconsciousness. Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

So this is not where I wanted this chapter to go at all, but I am just gonna go with it. The sooner Evan get over this dilemma the better. Then I can move forward with progressing some of his other issues. I low-key keep forgetting that he is from an alternate future while writing this, but I think I would be pretty consumed too if I had to go through senior year twice. This first time around has already been hell. But hey, I was able to get two chapters up today!! Congratulations me! Gotta admit that I totally thought this was longer than it actually is.
All I want is blood, guts, and one of those cupcakes

Chapter Summary

Evan wakes up, Heidi is confused, Jared is an asshole, Connor comes to save the day, Jared is even more of an asshole than before, Evan is savage.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. So, anybody know anything about Hamlet? Yeah, that’s what I’m reading rn in class. Literally right now. I am supposed to be working on an Essay about Hamlet's progression from paralysis to accomplishment. I have no idea what that even fucking means. Is is bad that I hate english with a passion, but I love writing on here like this? I just realized that I am kinda ranting about my life in these note sections kinda like Evan does on his blog. Lol. Apples don’t fall far from the tree. It seems that acorns don’t either. Anyway, please enjoy chapter 7.

My eyes flutter open and I am greeted by an unfamiliar blinding light. White. God, I’m in a hospital aren’t I? I guess I had to wake up from that dream at some point. My landlord is going to kill me. I mean, jumping off the top of my apartment building was probably hell to clean up. I wonder if my blood stained the sidewalk. That’ll be fun to walk past as I grab all my stuff before he sells it off. I am totally getting evicted. So much for the cheap deal I got. They better not have called my mom. Even if they did she probably still hates me. I hope she doesn’t show up. She is the last person I want to see right now. God, my head hurts…

“Evan! Oh goodness, you’re finally awake.”

I squeeze my eyes shut. See this is exactly what I didn’t want.

“Mom I’m fine. I’m sorry they called you. You can go home now. I can handle myself.”

“Evan-”

“Look, you don’t get it. Okay? Ever since the Connor Project debacle everything has just gotten worse, okay? I can’t do this anymore. I know you hate me too, so please shut up and just leave me to die.”

“What? Evan, whatever on Earth are you talking about?”

I bring my good hand up to rub at my face relieving some of my frustration. I open my eyes to give her a good stare down until she starts to get this through her head.

“Mom I-”

Wait. That not my mom. Well, it is, but she is younger. Oh my God, I’m still here. I’m still in the past. I wasn’t sent back! I’m not back. Tears of joy stream down my face.

“Mom?”

“Evan?”

She looks worried. Wait. Why is this me in the hospital? What happened? The last thing I really remember is Connor and Zoe fighting in the living room. My living room… Connor had come over to make me dinner and Zoe had come over to apologize. What happened after that?

“What am I doing in the hospital?”

“Honey… Connor called me? You were really sick, do you remember?”
I shake my head. She frowns before continuing.
“Evan, you’re anorexic. You had some sort of episode in front of Connor and his sister and they were both really worried. They are really worried. Connor has stopped by every day to see if you’re awake.”
“What? How long have I been out?”
“A couple of days? Sweetie, why haven’t you been eating? Dr. Sherman said that you claimed not to be doing self harm…”
“I don’t. I don’t cut or-”
“Hon, not eating counts as self harm.”
“Oh… I didn’t… I’ve been better? I mean, I ate dinner with you the night before. And I ate half of Connors sandwich during lunch that day. I just wanted to get better and start eating again…”
“Evan, that’s not exactly how it works.”
“I figured that out… I was doing okay, trying to take it slow, you know? I just… I don’t remember what happened…”
“It’s alright, Sweetheart. Although, what were you talking about earlier?”
“What?”
“With the Connor Project and telling me to just let you die? What was all-”
“Just part of a dream. I promise. I was just confused for a minute.”
“Okay… did this dream have anything to do with your friend Connor?”
“I, uh, I don’t really want to talk about it…”
“I…Okay. I can respect that. Although, Connor is a wonderful young man. I’m glad you have him in your life…”
“Thanks…”
“So, as far as your diagnosis…”
“Oh, yeah…”
“Yeah… turns out one of your kidneys failed? They were able to do a transplant, so you’re going to be perfectly fine. But it was really scary. You were in advanced stages of starvation and eating as much as you did and not giving it enough time to properly digest overloaded your digestive system and your kidney just shut down. I am glad that you wanted to start eating again, but you need to take it slow.”
“… Okay… I’m sorry…”
“No! No, don’t be, baby. It’s alright. You’ve been going through a lot lately and I should be apologizing-”
“Mom, no. None of this is your fault. Everything you do is for me and I just mess everything up all the time…”
She comes to the bedside and pulls me into a warm gentle hug.
“Hush now. You don’t mess everything up. Besides, you’re still just a kid. You’re learning and growing. Everything is going to be okay, I promise.”
“… Thanks, Mom.”
“I love you, Evan.”
“Yeah. I love you too”
“Connor will probably be popping by in a few minutes…”
“Wha-”
“He comes around at the same time everyday. You really scared him. He will be glad to see you awake.”
I blush.
“I, uh, thanks for letting me know…”
“No problem sweetie. Although, you probably won’t be released until tomorrow night. I brought your laptop here for you incase you get bored. It’s on the counter on the left and, uh, if you need anything just press the little red buzzer and a nurse will come in to help you out. Okay?”
“Yeah, okay.”
She smiles sadly at me and walks out of the room. I pull up my laptop. This is really heavy one-
handed, like usually don’t have to do more than slide it on or off my lap, but this is heavy. I miss my other hand. I open the browser and type in the Insincerely, Me url. Wait, I made a post? I read through the post. Huh, so Zoe and Connor did make things up in the end. That’s good. Although, I still have no recollection of any of it. I type out the next entry.

Okay, so turns out one of my kidneys failed and I have no memory of like anything that happened? I remember my friend and his sister fighting and that’s it. I don’t even remember making the most recent post on here. Apparently, I’ve been out for the past few days. But the entire time I’ve been out my friend has stopped by the hospital to see me everyday. That’s nice. It really makes me happy to know that someone cares. God. I am so fucked aren’t I? I mean, I have a crush on my only true friend. Talk about awkward. I have always respected his total hotness, but the more I get to know him the more drawn to him I become. And OMG his smile. I could write a book about his smile. It gives me these butterflies, you know? Don’t get me wrong, it’s not like he is my first crush. I actually dated this guy, Danny Colvalt, freshman year of College. Back in the future? Remember how I was talking about that earlier? Well, anyway we dated for a while and I loved him, I really did, but he was actually in love with my roommate, Nichola Grotto. The two had dated back in high school, but they got in this big fight when Danny wanted Nick to come out. Nick was scared to come out, because his mom was supposedly very homophobic due to the fact that his dad had left her for a guy when he was little. Similar to what my dad did, actually. Anyway, they broke up and Danny dated me just to get back at Nick. Although, Nick eventually got fed up and confronted Danny and they started sleeping together behind my back, which was not fun. Partly because I found out by walking in on them? Yeah, not fun. Long story short, Nick did come out to his mom. His mom, then, instantly got over her homophobia. Turns out the only reason she didn’t like homosexuality was because she felt it hurt her son by stripping his father out of his life. What she didn’t realize was that by letting that anger towards his father fester inside her she ended up hurting him more than his father ever did in the long run. Ms. Grotto loved her son more than anything in the world and felt terrible that she hurt her son as much as she did. She embraced Nick’s sexuality and has been the most supportive person ever since. I actually went to their wedding back in early november of 2022. It was beautiful. I cried. But my point is, even when I was in my relationship with Danny, I’ve never really felt this strongly attracted to a person before. So, yeah, I’m totally screwed.

Insincerely,
Me

Post. I look up from my laptop to find Jared staring at me from the doorway. He is honestly the last person I expected to see right now.

“Jared-”
“What the fuck, Hansen?”
“Huh?”
“I’ve been talking to you for like the past three minutes.”
“You have?”
He groans dramatically.
“Great. Never fucking mind then. So, whatcha’ working on there?”
“N-nothing.”
“There is my Hansen. Tell me, where have you been, buddy? I mean, besides the hospital. You were acting really weird the whole time leading up to this kidney failure thing.”
“W-what? I haven’t been anywhere?”
“Really? Cuz I think that I only really talked to you once since school started up. What exactly have you been up to all by yourself? Trying to figure out how to masturbate with the other arm at every given opportunity?”
“N-NO!”
He stalks over to the bedside, leaning to cast a shadow over my bedridden torso and stick his face up in mine.
“C’mon then, spit it out. It’s not like you have any real friends who care about you or anything, so just tell me your dirty little secret, Evan.”

“Shut the fuck up, Kleinman.”

Jared jumps and spins around to face the voice from the doorway. Connor.

“Murphy? What the hell are you doing here?”

“The same as you, visiting. Although, not the same as you, because I didn’t come here to be an asshole.”

Connor walks over to the opposite side of the bed and gives me a small glimpse of a smile.

“Hey, Evan. I brought, uh, cupcakes. Zoe and I made them yesterday… Um, how are you feeling?”

I open my mouth to reply, but Jared’s loud ass cackle interrupts me.

“Oh, I see now! Ha, Oh my God! This is hilarious!”

Connor face twists into an ugly scowl. 100% intimidating. 2000% sexy.

“Shut the fuck up and get out, Kleinman.”

Jared continues to ignore him and turns his attention to me.

“God, you’re a genius! I mean, befriending the bat-shit stoner to get in his sisters pants! I would have never thought you had it in you!”

Fucking hell. My heart drops to the floor, I go to look at Connor and tell him that Jared is wrong-

Jared is lying. Connor is already looking at me. Broken. He honestly looks like he was just hit by, like, a fucking freight train. It kills me.

“Jared. Stop laughing and get out of my hospital room before I rip your throat out.”

Jared stops, frozen. Connor is frozen too. I’m frozen. Did that come out of my mouth? It didn’t sound like me. It was deep and throaty. Scary. The death threat hangs in the air, unanswered. I look over at Jared. Eyes cold and probably far too serious looking.

“Did you not fucking hear me? I said leave.”

“Yeah, but, uh, y-you were kidding, right?”

“... Do I look like I’m kidding?”

He laughs nervously before finding some sort of secret store of courage to boost himself with.

“C’mon, Ev, I know you. There is no way you would ever psychically harm another human being. Not in like a thousand years. I totally call your bluff.”

“... Yeah you’re right. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it. Truce hug?”

I stretch out my good arm for an awkward hug thing. A smile grows on his face, relief washing over him, and he steps closer to me. As soon as he is in range, I grab his arm and pull him towards me hard lifting my cast to make an impact collision with his face. He gets hit right in the nose, bulls-eye. I grab him by the collar of his shirt and pull his face, dripping with blood, up to make eye contact with him.

“Get out of my room, Jared.”

He whimpers and pulls away, both of his hands going for his nose.

“What the fuck, Evan!!”

He runs out of the room crying. Great, now I have blood stains on these sheets. I turn back to Connor who is staring at me wide-eyed.

“He was wrong. I didn’t become your friend to get with Zoe.”

“So you punched him in the nose?”

“Well, I didn’t really punch him-”

“Shut the fuck up for a second, Evan.”

I nod and suddenly he is a lot closer. Our faces are inches apart. I can feel his breath intermingle with my own. It tastes like sugar and mint. Not what one would typically expect, but- Oh my God he is leaning in. He wraps his arms around my waist, pulling us close, suddenly the space between us is gone. He tucks his head into the crook of my neck, holding me tight in his embrace as if he is afraid I’ll disappear.

“Thanks, Evan.”

All I can really do is hug back and hope that the blanket are thick enough that so things won’t be too terribly awkward when he finally pulls away. Yeah, I am so fucked.
Chapter End Notes

At first I had a hard time deciding where I wanted this chapter to go, because I could have sent him actually back to the future or I could have had him have a dream. Either a nightmare about what happened before or a wishful dream about his crush on Connor being requited and them being all cute and in a relationship. If you guys want that to actually happen at some point just let me know down in the comments sections and I will add it in as a bonus chapter. Thanks for reading. This chapter was so much work. It literally took me all day, which was sad.
Kay so I am going to rant about my personal life for a second. So, October 2017 I went on one date with this guy. On this date he totally disrespected my boundaries. My friends call it “sexual assault”, but all I know is that he was super creepy and I want to forget about the whole thing. So, afterwards I told him that we were done and I still wanted to be friends and nothing more. But then he got really mad at my bestie for not telling him I was going to “break up” with him and he began trying to spread lies about her. I got super mad and called him out on it. He told me that he would apologize to her the next time he saw her and he still didn’t and I called him out. Again. Then like 3 months later he texts me to apologize for not apologizing to my bestie, which he still hasn’t done, and for not respecting my rules and boundaries. I asked him wtf he wanted from me and he was like ”All I want is forgiveness”. No way in hell am I forgiving him, especially since he hasn’t made things right, like, at all. So I said no. He began to get salty with me and I told him to go fuck himself and blocked his number. Now, I do still have to see him everyday around school, but I just kinda ignore him. Although, now he told the school that I threatened him and told him to go kill himself, which I did not to be clear. I told him to “have a good life… or don’t. Or whatever.” and majority of that was in a fit of rage too cuz he was being an asshole. He had just told me that he was apologizing for himself, not because he actually gave a shit about how I feel. I mean, who wouldn’t be pissed? Anyway, he is also going around telling our mutual friends not to talk to me and that he is afraid that I am going to psychically harm him. Dude, once I stepped on a worm and cried for an hour. I couldn’t hurt a fly. I come off as all cold and tough, but that’s only so people don’t hurt me. It’s a facade. And now I am in a really pissy mood. I am trying to be mature about this, but it keeps getting worse. So if anyone wants to drop by his house and break this kids nose it’s not like I can stop you, right? Enjoy chapter 8.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, apparently Kleinman’s nose is totally bust. You really did a number on him, Ev.”
I laugh nervously, blushing.
“I wasn’t really...you know...”
“Yeah, you didn’t actually want to hurt him, you were just upset because he hurt you and you needed to do something. I get it. But he is an asshole. You really should have stood up to him a long time ago.”
“Maybe? I still feel bad.”
“Of course you do…”
“Hey, what’s that supposed to mean?”
“Nothing. By the way, Zoe should be coming by in a bit too. I told her about what happened with Jared and she is making cupcakes for you as a celebration.”
“But didn’t you guys just make cupcakes the other day?”
“Yeah. I think it might be the only thing she actually knows how to make.”
“Has she figured out that you’re an amazing cook yet?”
“Seriously? With this again?”
“Yes. Connor, your food is amazing. Has Zoe tried some of your food yet?”
“Yes. She has tried my food.”
“So?”
“So what?”
“What did she think?”
“She said it was, and I quote, “Orgasmic deliciousness”... which is a phrase I never want to hear leave my little sister’s mouth ever again.”
“So… what I’m hearing is that she loved it as much as I did.”
“Evan, you didn’t call my food orgasmic.”
“Oh, you’re definantly orgasmic. Tasting. I mean, uh, your food. It’s that good. I just didn’t want to do, what I did do just now, I mean. I, uh, I-I hate words…”
Connor flushes and lets out a whole-hearted chuckle. God, this is super awkward. I am so totally going to slip and screw everything up soon. He is totally going to hate me as soon as he figures out that I am totally crushing on him. He is going to be all like “Ew, you’re gay? Don’t tell me that you’ve been thinking about my cock up your ass everytime you look at me. That’s disgusting. You’ve probably masturbated to me. Gross. I am so done with you, Evan. I hate you. Don’t talk to me ever again.” and I will cry.
“Evan?”
“Huh? What?”
“You got caught up in your own thoughts again, didn’t you?”
I sit awkwardly and nod, avoiding eye contact. He smirks devilishly.
“Were you caught up in thinking about how orgasmic I am?”
“Fuck you, Murphy.”
“I will take that as confirmation.”
Just end my misery and either kiss me now or rip my heart out, please. God, he is extra shiny today. I wonder if he has started using a new shampoo or something. He totally smells like fruit today. I can totally see him picking up Bath and Body Works soap or a Lush bath bomb and taking a soak. That would be super sexy. His phone chimes in his back pocket.
“Give me a sec, Ev.”
He picks up, holding the small flip-phone to his ear. It’s kinda funny how it disappears under his hair. Wait, do I have some sort of fixation with his hair now? Who am I kidding, I just like everything about Connor. He is fucking beautiful.
He closes his phone, storing it safely back in his pocket, then turns his attention back to me briefly.
“I gotta go help Zo. Apparently, she brought a lot of crap and needs my help bringing it up.”
“Don’t you mean “get well soon presents”?”
“Shut up, Hansen.”
“Make me, Murphy.”
He rolls his eyes and rushes out the door to meet his sister. I pull over my laptop, opening to the familiar blog and beginning to type.

What happened in the past week and a half that took me from, “I am going to save this guy’s life” to, “I would totally kill for a kiss from this guy”? I mean, what the actual hell? Although, I am pretty sure that the kill for a kiss thing might actually work if I did it right. I mean I broke a guys nose and he gave me a really tight hug. And a boner. But, to give him absolute credit, he didn’t know about the boner. That was just a “happy” surprise. More like a painful surprise. I am kinda stuck in a hospital bed, being monitored 24/7, with a broken left arm. “Why wouldn’t you just use your right hand?” you might ask, “I don’t really want to get into detail about how terrible I am at jacking off right handed, because that makes me uncomfortable. Not to mention that I am still being monitored by the nurses, one of whom is my mother.” I might answer. Yeah, so that’s not happening and the whole waiting it out thing is a pain in the ass. Typical closeted gay white boy problems 2015. But yeah, I broke a guys nose. I feel really bad about it. The guy totally deserved it, but I still feel guilty. I
just wanted him to feel the pain that I was feeling. Although, I guess my friend, yes crush guy-reminder I only have one friend, really liked that I stood up for the two of us. So maybe he will tolerate me if he ever finds out about how creepy and disgusting I am.
Insincerely,
Me

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry that this is so short. I have been really distracted today, plus I have a really important Pre-calc test tomorrow morning at 8 am sharp. So, I really need to study and finish my homework tonight. If you want to hear more about my distractions read the note at the beginning of this chapter for drama. If you have already read that note, comment your feelings about this guy down below. I wanted to post the beginning of this chapter even though its incomplete, because I promised myself I would update daily. I need to stick to my promises. I love you guys. Have a good night.
Pt. 2

Chapter Summary

so the rest of that previous chapter

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. Thank you for being so understanding and support yesterday and the day before. So, yeah. Umm… Idk what to say here. This chapter will pick up right where the previous chapter left off. Literally. I might eventually combine the two so its less confusing but for now I'm going to post it like this so that you guys know there is a new chapter. Enjoy the only light in my current darkness. Aka Chapter 8 pt2 aka Chapter 9.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Post. What is taking Connor and Zoe so long? I miss himmmm… Blarggg. The hospital is so boringgggg…. God… I sound like a six year old. Eh. But How long does it take to-

“Holy mother of fuck, Zo. Where did all of this crap even come from?”

I’ve noticed that Connor has a habit of barreling into rooms with his arms full of bags, but this time he also has a giant stuffed giraffe. What the literal fuck?

“Connor, it’s not crap. Most of this is from Student Council, but some of it is from me, the drama kids, Chloe, Brooke, Key Club, Oh and this girl Alana. She said that she actually knows you, Evan, that you’re one of her closest acquaintances! Whatever that means…”

I roll my eyes.

“So most of this stuff is from people that I don’t really know who have never before given me the light of day. Great. This is… awesome. Fucking Christine and Chloe and Brooke and-”

“What the hell is your problem with Christine?”

“Zo, she is just like the rest of that group she hangs out with. They’re cruel and gossipy and-”

“Christine is different!”

“That so? Then why does she hang out with them? Why does she tolerate them? All they’ve ever done is-”

“I know what they do!”

“Then why-”

“Shut up! You don’t know Christine like I do!”

“You don’t know her, Zoe!”

“I do to know her! She’s… she’s perfect!”

“Nobody is perfect!”

“Shut up!”

Both Zoe and I are breathing heavily. Connor is looking back and forth between us.

“Did I miss something?”

Zoe crumples to the floor curling up into a ball. Connor instantly goes to comfort her, wrapping his arms around her shoulders and whispering in her ear what I’m sure are soothing words filled with love and support. I look away from them, jealousy bubbling up in my chest. I know that Connor should be with her right now, she is the one that got hurt after all, but I can’t help but wish Connor would hold me like that. He looks up at me for a brief moment, our eyes connecting, and all I can see...
is the hurt that’s lingering there again. He will choose Zoe over me. I mean, if it ever came down to it. Someday it probably will. I’m a really freaking terrible person.

“Connor.”
He glances at me again, his eyes hardened and cold.
“I’m busy, Hansen.”
“I wasn’t talking to you.”
“What?”
Zoe looks up at me. Her face is pink and puffy from crying, but also really fucking confused. Girls can be so emotional sometimes…
“You asked me a question the other day, right before, well, um.., but, uh, that’s my answer.”
Zoe lets out a laugh, a small smile forming on her face.
“Connor? Really?”
“I’m sorry, but what about me? I am really confused…”
The two of us laugh.
“It’s nothing. At least nothing bad. Don’t worry about it, Bro.”
“Thanks, Zoe.”
“No prob, Ev. Although, you could try to be a bit less a dick sometimes.”
“No promises.”
Connor looks back and forth between us again.
“I’m still so confused.”
Zoe, completely ignoring Connors statement, gets up and goes over to the giant giraffe.
“This one’s from me.”
“What?”
“Because it’s cute.”
“I’m pretty sure that thing is taller than I am.”
“All the better to cuddle with.”
I smirk raising my brows.
“I rather cuddle with a tree branch.”
“Kinky, but I’m sure that can be arranged.”
I blush fiercely as does Connor.
“What?”
“What? He’s the one with the tree kink, Bro!”
“God, you sound like Jared.”
“Evan, if you bust my sister’s nose I will rip your dick off.”
“Look whos kinky now, Connor.”
Did that just come out of my mouth? God, I think I purred it too. Shit. Zoe is laughing. I not sure if she is laughing at me or how red Connors face just got.
“Nice comeback, Ev. Although, you aren’t going to actually bust my nose, are you?”
“What? No!”
“Good. See, Connor? I am safe. You can turn off overprotective big brother mode.”
Connor continues to stand there, frozen and blushing furiously. It’s moments like this that he doesn’t feel completely out of my league. Although, deep down I know I’ll never stand a chance with him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about not uploading this yesterday. Twas a long ass day and my depression is really kicking the shit out of me rn. I need to start working on the next chapter now. Goal is to have it up by the end of the day, so I can get you guys your official daily
chapter. Uggh. Life is hard. But I got this. Although, I still gotta write that Hamlet essay that I haven't started that due tomorrow too, so wish me luck.
Fucking Jared!

Chapter Summary

Evan is back at school. Jared confronts him and afterwards he drags himself to lunch with Connor.

Chapter Notes

Hey guyssss… sorry for not being as on top of this as I wish I could be. You guys give me life and I love you sooo much. I, uh, still haven’t started that Hamlet essay… you know, the one that’s due in less than 24 hours. I’m low-key freaking out but at the same time high-key not giving a shit. I mean it’s senior year and I really should be working my ass off to excel so that I can get into college, but essays are a serious weak point for me. Like I shouldn’t fail English. I get A’s on every test and my writing skill is, for the most part, at least adequate. English is biased BS. Anyway, enjoy this next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

First day back at school…. Yay… that was sarcastic. Today is going to be fucking awful. I am going to show up and so many people are going to try to talk to me and pity me and shit. I may be over my social anxiety, but I’m still an introvert and socializing with that many people is exhausting. I wonder how much they know. Is it just the surgery? The kidney failure? Or do they know about the anorexia? I hope they don’t know about the anorexia. I walk up through the front doors and try to make my way peacefully to my locker.

“Evan, wait up!”

Shit. Mission abort, mission abort. Fuck. Why are there no decent hiding places in the school hallway.

“Evan. Hey.”

“Hi… Jared.”

“I wasn’t expecting to be seeing you around these parts so soon.”

“Yeah-”

He grabs me by the collar of my shirt throwing me up against the lockers, lifting me slightly up off my feet. Damn my stick like figure and bodily lightness.

“Hansen~. I think you kinda owe me for my nose here. Don’t you?”

Fuck. Connor? Zoe? Alana? Anyone? People continue to pass by, completely ignoring my predicament. I can feel the collar tightening around my neck as gravity tries to pull me down, making it harder to breathe with each passing second. He pulls me forward and drags me into the bathroom. He throws me down onto the floor. God damn it. I push myself up onto my elbows but he kicks me in the ribs sending me sliding into the wall under the urinals.

“Stay down, Evan. The sooner I get payback, the sooner we can be friends again,”

“W-what are you gonna do? Break my nose?”

“Nah. Too obvious. I was thinking I might break a couple of other things though. Put you back into your place.”

I swallow. Damn my big mouth. Fuck. He walks over to the bathroom door and locks it. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Then, all I feel is pain. I try to drown it out with good things, but it seems that that’s just
Connors name repeating over and over again in my head. God I’m pathetic.
I peel my eyes open and slowly push myself up off the ground. The floor in here is so sticky and
gross. Men are disgusting. I reach into my bag and pull out my morphine pills, popping an extra one
into my mouth. I wait about a minute before popping another. I know I’m not really supposed to take
this many, but I need to make it through the rest of the day. I clean up the blood and other bodily
fluids from my face, taking a clean shirt out of my bag and replacing the one that’s now stained and
torn. I check the clock on my phone. 12:15. Lunch starts in about five minutes. Connor. I rush out of
the bathroom and over to the parking lot. I make my way to the space I remember his car being
parked the last time I was here. YES. Same spot. I sit on the roof of his car and wait for the bell to
ring.
“Evan?”
HOLY FUCKING SHIT. I jump off the car. Connor is standing near the trunk of his car, blunt in
hand smoke rising from the end and spilling out of his mouth.
“Connor… Hey?”
“Why aren’t you in class? The bell hasn’t rung yet.”
“Oh, uh, I….”
“Evan?”
“I didn’t go to class?”
“I’m serious. I didn’t go to class.”
“Okay Mr. “I’m a Rebel”, if you didn’t go to class then where were you.”
I blush.
“In the bathroom?”
I mean technically that’s not a lie.
“…You skipped class so you could... jack off? At school?”
My eyes widen. Okay, that’s not what I meant. I totally did not catch that he could take what I said
that way. I mean, that is totally what it sounds like. It’s not like I can tell him that Jared… I can’t tell
him about what Jared did to me. What do I do?
“I, no, I mean. You’re fine? I, uh wasn’t-”
“No, Evan, dude. I get it. You don’t have to lie to me. It’s fine I’ve been there.. kinda. I mean,
personally I don’t do it at school. I usually hop in my car and go home for a bit to get it out of my
system, but you don’t exactly have that luxury.”
I can not imagine myself being in a more embarrassing position. I mean, I can, but most of that is also
really erotic and sexy and things I should not think about with Connor standing right infront of me.
“Uhh, yeah, alright.. Can we, uh, just eat lunch?”
“Uh, yeah. You washed your hands, right?”
“What?!“
“Well, did or didn’t you?”
“I just washed my hands a couple of minutes ago!”
“Okay, okay. Just checking. Don’t want you to get dick germs or whatever all over my car.”
I don’t think I have ever hated existing as much as I do in this moment. Can I just die? Like, now?
Right now? No? FML. Not to mention Connor just mentioned my… again. How am I supposed to
respond to that? I can’t just say, “You wouldn’t be saying that if we were having sexy car sex. In
your car. Naked. Like people who have sex do the sexiness stuff do. What? Because of my comment
you are suddenly turned on and want to ravish me here and now in the school parking lot? What if
somebody hears? Bite down on this branch you found to avoid making loud noises. If you insist.
OMG, Connor, your abs are so sexy-“.
“Evan?”
“Huh?”
“Are you going to get in the car and join me for lunch or stand there is a haze for the rest of the
period?”
“Oh, yeah, uh, right.”
I slide into the car blushing hard. I pull out my lunch, which consists of some nasty ass nutrients bar the hospital suggested. That’s it. My entire lunch. OML I wanna barf. They could have at least tried to cover it in chocolate or something.
“Woah, is that your lunch?”
“Yeah… it’s nasty looking.”
“Well, you’re gonna eat it anyways, right?”
“Do I have to?”
“Think about it this way. The sooner you get better and we can wean you off being dependant on those…”
“Bars?”
“Bars. Right. As soon as you don’t need to eat those anymore you can eat my cooking again. I’ll make you a giant ass feast if you want.”
The only feast I want is you on a silver platter. No. Bad, Evan. I can feel my pants starting to get slightly tighter against my groin. Or at least trying to. Damn it. I laugh nervously.
“Sure, Connor. But I’m totally going to hold you to that offer.”
“I wouldn’t expect anything less of you, Hansen.”
I take a bite. Whatever butterflies have been flying around in my lower abdomen before have now been killed. This literally tastes like shit. Ugghh… so gross… but also so worth it if I get to taste Connors cooking again sometime soon.

Chapter End Notes

So much cringe. OMFG. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. Anyway, I got 12 hours left, give or take, to do this Hamlet essay, my math homework, and my music theory homework. Yeah I know. I wasted my weekend and procrastinated my stuff. But hey, procrastination for the win!
The reason Jared has been an ass

Chapter Summary

Rescuing Jared.

Chapter Notes

Holy fuck guys. I finished that essay. I literally just turned it in and I am praying, to a God I don’t believe in, that I did okay. I’m not atheist, don’t hate me, I’m actually agnostic so, yeah. Although, I’m feeling pretty good today. I found a dollar in the butter bin in the lunch line and took it. That was a really weird sentence, I know, but it is entirely true. I am now a dollar richer and questioning who at our school was so high that they decided to tip the butter for its service. Should I fear for my life, that this person is roaming the halls in which I walk? Fuck. That sentence was weird too. I blame fucking Hamlet. Which we are currently reading. And the creepy guy is reading for Hamlet and I wanna drink bleach. He also does the announcements and I now refuse to stand for the pledge and the school can bite me. Anyway, Enjoy the new chapter.

Home at last. I pull up my laptop and go to pull up my post another entry on my blog. There is a small blinking green light in the bottom corner of my screen. Jared? I click on it and skype chat opens up.
FROM JARED:
Evan. I’m sorry.
Buddy?
Please?
I need you.
Help me.
Pick up.
I’m sorry.
HANSEN, PLEASE!
TO JARED:
What the fuck, Jared?
He tries to video call me. I hit the red ignore button and go back to the chat.
FROM JARED:
Pick up the Skype call.
TO JARED:
Why should I?
FROM JARED:
Please. I know I’ve been an asshole, but I can explain. I need you. Please, Evan.
He calls me again. I pick up. His side of the screen is dimly lit. I can tell that he has been crying.
“Jared? What the fuck? Where are you?”
“SHHH!”
“Wha-"
“SHHHHH!”
I begin to whisper under my breath instead, pulling the computer close to my face. “Okay, okay. Geesh. Why did you call me if we can’t actually talk.”
“H-help me.”
“Jared? What’s happening?”
“D-dad-”
“I’m coming.”
I jump from my spot on the bed. Shit. Jared’s dad is home. It doesn’t happen often, but when it does… fuck. No wonder he was such a fucker earlier. I mean, he acts like an asshole a lot, but that’s usually all there is too it. An act. He never… he has been hurting. He probably tried to reach out to me multiple times. I haven’t been there. I mean, I’m the closest thing to a friend he’s got and I’ve been… I changed. I changed and now everything is going to hell. I rush to my phone and dial my mother.
“Evan? Are you okay-”
“Jared’s dad is home and he is trapped in the house. What do I do?”
“He came back? Again? I told Lydia not to let him in there in anymore-“
“Mom, Jared’s mom has no backbone. She’s a push over and we both know it. I need to help him. I have no idea how long his dad has been home for, but whatever is going on it’s not good.”
“I am going to call the police, okay? But I know you are already on your way over there to attempt to get Jared and Lydia out of there through the back, aren’t you?”
“Yeah.”
“Well, at least call Connor for help, I’m sure he would be-”
“He doesn’t really like Jared, but its fine. I can handle this on my own. Don’t worry I’ll be careful.”
“Evan-”
“Bye, Mom. I love you. See you tonight when you get home. Thanks.”
I hang up stashing my phone into my pocket. I run down the several blocks over to Jared’s house. With the utmost stealth I jump his back fence and peak into the house through the kitchen window. I can see Jared’s dad stomping down the stairs, drunk and frustrated.
“LYDIA! WHERE IS THE FUCKING KID? HE TOOK MY FRIGGIN WALLET!”
Jared took his dad’s wallet? Eh, I can question it later. I look to the tree in their backyard. Perfect. I can just climb up that, hop onto the roof, sneak in through the window, sneak Jared out, make a distraction upstairs, find Jared’s mom, sneak out the back, and retreat to the safety of my own home. Simple. I dash over to the tree, climbing it swiftly. Taylor Swiftly… no? Bad pun? I reach the a good height and look down at Jared’s roof. I’m so high up… so fucking high. My breath hitches in the back of my throat. I begin to feel queasy and everything starts to go blurry around the edges. I grip the tree trunk hard, holding on for dear life. No… not now. I can not be having a panic attack right now. Just breathe. Breathe.
“Hansen?”
Holy fuck! I nearly fall out of the tree. My heart is fucking racing. I look down at the ground, finding… Connor? What the fuck is Connor doing here? He scales the tree.
“Evan, you okay.”
I nod slowly, still confused as fuck.
“Connor, what are you doing here?”
“Your mom called. She said something about the cops and you confronting an abusive drunk and she gave me an address. What’s going on?”
Of course. Well, now I gotta explain this.
“Basically, Jared’s dad is an abusive drunk and I am here to help him and his mom get out of the house before the police show up.”
“Wait, this is Kleinman’s house? Why are we helping him? Isn’t he a little bitch who is an asshole to you all the time?”
“Yes, this is his house and- wait we? You want to help?”
“Yeah, why else would I be here?”
“I thought that you hated Jared?”
“I do. I’m here for you, not him. But since you’re here for him due to the properties of relative transference, I guess I’m technically here to help him. Yeah.”
I blush. He is here for me. ME. God damn, the butterflies are back.
“Oh… thanks…”
“No prob, but seriously why are we actually here? And since we are here, what’s the plan?”
“Well, um, uh, Jared is still my friend—”
“No he isn’t. He is a shitty human being—”
“I know he can be an ass… a lot, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t my friend.”
“Yeah.. kay..”
“So the plan is that I go in there and sneak Jared out of the window. Then I drop something upstairs, luring Jared’s dad upstairs, while I sneak Jared’s mom out the back from the lower floor.”
“Okay… what can I do?”
“Stay here and help Jared get down.”
“Seriously?”
“Yes.”
“Ugghh… fine. Go do your thing.”
“Thanks.”
I look back at the roof again. My stomach jumps up my throat. No. I need to be strong right now. I take a jump onto the roof gracefully, my heart jumping as well, trying to escape from my chest.
“Jared.”
“E-Evan?”
Seeing his face it’s obviously already been hit a few times, bloody and swollen. His eyes are red and puffy, while his glasses are crooked and slightly bent, trying to slide of the bridge of his nose.
“Let’s get you out of here.”
“B-but-”
“Don’t worry. I will get your mom. Just climb out the window onto the roof and trust me.”
He nods, hesitant, but still agreeing. He crawls out the window, I shut it behind him. I down the hall into the master bedroom and knock over the lamp sitting on the bedside table. It makes a loud bang and I realize that only gives me a small amount of time to hide. I quickly run to cram myself in the bottom shelf of the hallway closet. Jared’s father stomps upstairs angrily.
“JARED! THAT YOU, BOY? I’M GONNA GET YOU!”
He goes into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. I slip out of the closet and down to the lower floor. I find Jared’s mom curled of in the corner of the living room. I tap on her shoulder, she jerks slightly in surprise, but I raise my pointer finger to her lips and gesture to the front door. She seems to understand and we stand up and leave the house. Connor has his car running across the street, both him and Jared seated and ready to go. I guide Jared’s mom to take a seat in the back, then take my usual place in shotgun, and Connor speeds out of there as fast as fucking possible. You know, as fast as possible without, like, breaking any laws or putting us in mortal danger. The adrenaline begins to wear thin as the pain in my ribs, from earlier today, suddenly comes back into play. I left my morphine pills back at home. Shit. Between the pain and the residue adrenaline combined with my panic attack from earlier, I pass out in the front seat of Connor’s car.

Chapter End Notes
I needed to get Jared back in the game and I was tired of him being a dick all the time and stuff. I mean, I miss my snarky cronchy baby. Anyway, hope you enjoyed ad that you don't too terribly mind my OC's for his parents for this chapter. TBH we will probably never see or hear from either of them ever again, I just needed somewhere to go with this and that felt about right. Well, not RIGHT, but you get my gist.
Connor shakes me awake and I jolt forward. Ow. Everything hurts. I pry my eyes open and look around. We’re in my driveway.

“Evan? You good?”

I turn to Connor. He has a worried look on his face.

“Inside...”

He hesitantly seems to agree. He walks to my side of the car helping me get out and through the front door. I push away from him and stumble onto the couch with a loud thump.

“I, uh, I think I need... my... meds?”

He nods.

“Where are they and which ones do you need?”

“Bag... room... morphine.”

“Got it. I’ll be right back.”

Everything is all blurry. What happened?

“So... is he your best friend now?”

Right. Jared. Uggh. Now I have two headaches to deal with.

“Why the fuck do you care?”

“I just do, okay?”

God, he is so passive aggressive sometimes.

“... Are we even really friends, Jared?”

“What do you mean by that shit? Of course, we’re friends! At least, I thought we were... you’ve been avoiding me.”

“I-I thought you didn’t actually like me. You always said that we only hang out for car insurance... or whatever.”

“... Yeah, I did say that... but I didn’t really mean it? I mean, it was just me teasing...”

“It didn’t feel like teasing.”

Connor comes crashing back down the stairs with the bottle of pills in his hand.

“Hey, Ev. Look at that, your boyfriend is back with your medicine. How princely and heroic.”

Connor freeze to glare at Jared.
“Very funny, Kleinman. You’re quite the comedian.”
“Ha ha, but you’re not denying that you totally want to get into Evans pants.”
Connor rolls his eyes.
“Please. Evan? And me? That would be a complete and utter disaster. Like—”
Then in a moment of my own pure horror, Connor Murphy fake gags. He just fake gagged at the 
idea of being in a relationship with me.
“You know? I don’t have any sort of “feelings” for Hansen. I’m gay. Not desperate. He is just a 
friend. Besides, have you seen Evan? This kid is as straight as a stick.”
He laughs and I try not to cry. In fact, I find myself doing the exact opposite. I smile and laugh along 
with him.
“Yeah, Jared. You couldn’t pay me to suck Connor Murphy’s dick,” Which is technically true. I 
mean, it would be such a privilege. I’d totally do it for free. Anytime and anywhere he asked, “and 
Connor is totally right. I’m straight. I like those, erm, vajayjays and chest titties or whatevers.”
There is an awkward silence for a minute. Until the pain in my chest catches up with me and I fall 
into a coughing fit. Connor practically trips over himself to get me the medicine bottle in his hand. I 
grab it from him.
“Give me a sec, I’ll get you some wat—”
“I rip off the top of the bottle and choke down several of the pills as is easy. I fall back down onto the 
couch and close my eyes. Jared clears his throat.
“Evan, buddy, how many of those did you just take?”
“Uggh… I don’t know. Like 3 or something. Maybe four or five.”
“How many have you had today?”
“Like… 10?”
“Connor, I need you to help me to get Evan to throw up those pills.”
My eyes jerk open.
“What.”
Connors head whips back and forth between the two of us.
“Yeah, what?”
“That’s way too many of those pills. Evan could overdose or go into shock or something.”
“Jared, I am in pain. I’m taking the medicine to relieve the pain. I’m fine. I don’t need my stomach 
pumped.”
“You’ve had more than five of those today, Evan—”
“AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT—”
“THIS ISN’T HEALTHY—”
“AND WHY DO YOU ALL THE SUDDEN CARE ABOUT MY HEALTH? YOU DIDN’T 
CARE THAT MUCH FOR IT EARLIER—”
“WELL YOU WERE BEING AN ASSHOLE—”
“YOU WERE AN ASSHOLE FIRST—”
“I’m sorry, but what happened earlier today—”
We both jerk our heads over to Connor. Right. He’s still here.
“Connor, help me to help Evan.”
“Or you could tell him what you did earlier today first.”
“Shut up, Ev.”
“Fuck you, Jared.”
“Shut. Up.”
“No.”
“Shut the fuck up!”
“NO. I’m not going to shut up and be quiet and afraid anymore! Never again!”
“What the fuck happened earlier today?”
I turn my head away from Connor.
“Jaredbeatmeup.”
“You tattling little fucking asshole.”
"Wait, what?"
All the sudden Jared is on top of me struggling against Connor efforts to stop him from hitting me. Connor grabs him by the waist and throws him onto the coffee table. I take the opening and jump off the couch, running up the steps, down the hall, into my room, slamming and locking the door behind me. I curl up in a ball next to the door. I can hear Connor and Jared both screaming at eachother downstairs. Their voices are right there, but I don’t think I’ve ever felt so alone or broken in my entire life. I don’t realize that I’ve broken down crying until I’ve stopped breathing, a new breath caught intermingling with the old one in my throat. I wish I was dead. I wish I was dead. I WISH I WAS DEAD. I stand up and begin pacing my room violently. I have never been in this much pain. I thought I was alone before. I then thought I was getting better, that everything was going to be alright. But it was all a lie. This world is a lie. I’ve died and gone to hell. Some sort of messed up fucking abyss where I’ve been cursed, not to rot but, to be tortured emotionally for the rest of all of eternity. Ironically I want it to hurt. Because this pain in my heart is so fucking unbearable. I rush into my bathroom and force myself to throw up the pills. I don’t want this pain to be numbed. I don’t even deserve to have this pain be numbed, I’m disgusting. Even, Connor thinks I’m disgusting and he doesn’t even know… I throw myself onto my bed and pull over my laptop.

So, today was fun. I got beat up by my some asshole I used to call my friend. Although, later that day I discovered that he was being beat up by his abusive father. I went to go rescue both him and his mother before the cops arrived. I climbed a tree and, low and behold, I had a fucking panic attack. Praise the Lord my new friend, the one I have a crush on- okay, I need to give him a name. I’m gonna call him… Conrad. So, Conrad shows up to help me out even though he hated this other guy… Jason. Jason? Yeah, okay, I’ll call him Jason. So we save Jason his mom and I black out and all the sudden we are in Conrad’s car back at my place. I feel like shit at this point and Connor helps me get inside and onto the couch. So I send Conrad to get my medicine, cuz ow, and Jason starts grilling me about Conrad, like our friendship. I tell him to go fuck himself and then Conrad comes back downstairs with my meds. Jared, like the asshole he is, makes a joke about Conrad being my boyfriend and Conrad fake gags. The guy I like fake gags, admits to being gay, and then accuses me of being straight. I don't know what to do with myself. In response I just smiled and laughed and agreed with him, because, seriously, what the fuck was I supposed to do? I can't tell him how I feel now. Or ever. Now I'm just stuck. And everything hurts.

Insincerely,
Me

Post. There is a rapping knock at my door.
“Evan? Are you okay?”
“... get out of my house…”
“Ev?”
“GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!”
“... It’s me, Co-”
“GET. OUT.”
“Evan, I don’t think-”
“I need to be alone right now… just… please… leave.”
Don't leave me. I hate you, but I don't want you to leave. Hold me close. Give me light kisses all over and promise me that everything will be okay. Don't leave. Ask one more time and I won't push you away ever again. If you persist I will open the door and fall into your arms, crying about how much you hurt me, because, if after all this you want to stay, I know that, even if you don't feel the same way I do, you will accept my feelings. Maybe after this we can still be friends and hang out and stuff.
“... fine… I'll leave...”
The footsteps fade into the distance and it feels like my heart's been broken all over again.
hey guys so first off sorry it took me so long to update this. I was really sick this past week and blerg, but hey I applied to one college and got to go out for fondue, which is apparently really fucking expensive btw. Thank you for being as patient as you have been. Also, yes the typos in which Evan calls Connor and Jared by their real names was done on purpose. I mean, I did it on purpose. Evan did it on accident. I am thinking of writing a different parallel story from Christine’s point of view so we can get a bit more of a view of what's going down at the school, but IDK yet. No promises.
OKay so as a half apology for not updating as frequently, I drew some sketches of scenes from this fic. One is Evan looking in the mirror in the first chapter and the other is of Connor and Evan in Connor's car. Evan is holding a sandwich. So enjoy my shitty art and I will have a real chapter up soon. Hopefully this actually works???

So this is the link to my tumblr post where I uploaded the art because my computer is crappy and cant process the html code.

Tumblr

Also I feel like this is really empty sooo I am adding in an update for a timeline. YAY. So, in 2015 in New Jersey some counties began school on September 3rd, so I am placing that as our current starting date, because, as a reminder, this is the same school from BMC in this fic, because crossovers. So Thursday September 3rd was the first day of senior year for our little Evan Hansen and the day that Connor Murphy had supposedly committed suicide. Friday is the day that Evan goes to the hospital and he is actually there for five days. I know his mom said a couple, which implies two days, but It is five days, it has always been five days. Fight me. It's my timeline. So Evan wakes up on his fifth day in the hospital, Wednesday September 9th, and earns a visit from Jared and Connor. The next day Connor arrives with Zoe and that night Evan proceed to go home from the hospital. He skips school that Friday and the weekend passes by. We are currently on Monday September 14h. Now to move onto the future, because I do Have a lot of this already planned. It just comes down to actually typing it out and uploading it. It's hard, because there is going to be a lot of filler to keep us occupied as the time passes to some of the more important dates. The party, in which Rich burns down the house, occurs on Halloween night. Almost a month away and I'm already on chapter 13. God this is going to be a long ass fic. Yes Evan and Connor will be at the party. It will be dramatic and beautiful and that's where I am planning on first introducing a bit of Jeremy and Micheal. So I am sorry to all of you who are waiting for them to come into the picture, it's going to be a little while longer before they are actually featured. Speaking of Jeremy I am going to talk about what is happening with him right now a little bit. So he has been squipped at this point in time, but like extremely recently. In Evans original universe Jeremy didn't actually take the squip which is a major difference between the two timelines. It's like the fucking butterfly effect. So this is the BMC universe more that anything else. Yeah, so while all this shit is happening with Evan and continuing to happen, the plot of BMC is taking place in the background. Although, one minor difference in the BMC plot is that Christine, our pristine bae who Evan does not approve of for Zoe, frequently goes to Chloe, Jenna, and Brooke for advice on what to do with her boyfriend, Jake. She see's him as a super cute guy that is totally out of her league and she really wants to impress him. The girls are kinda like a squip to her and try to influence her to be more... slutty? It's an interesting concept. She actually gets invited frequently to practice with them. What are they practicing? The stuff they are supposed to do with boys, like, in bed. Basically they have orgies. She eventually agrees and Jenna gets kicked to the outer edge of the group. I know that none of like seeing Christine that way, don't worry. things change after thanksgiving break, aka after the school play. Although, the place that we are currently at with them is that Christine goes to them for advice frequently but she hasn't really accepted their offer. She prefers the company of Jenna and Brooke. Jenna introduces them to Evans blog, which she stumbled on while going through the search history on the library computers. Yes, she is a creepy snoop. Christine and Zoe sit together in several classes and talk on occasion. Well,
Christine talks and Zoe stares deep into her soul, head over heels. The two of them are somewhat friends. Continuing with the timeline. As I mentioned, the school play, with the red mountain dew/kill the squips fiasco, takes place right before Thanksgiving break. I say this because this is the school play, not the school musical, which means it is a fall performance and because it fits better with my timeline. So all the kids end up in the Hospital because a little super computer just fried inside their brains and that is extremely dangerous, painful, and unhealthy. Although, who works at the hospital? That's right. Our very own Ms. Heidi Hansen. She tends to the students and this is actually how she meets Jeremy's dad. Also, the time Jeremy spends in the shared hospital room he has with Rich he comes to a realization that he- Wait.... This is really long. So I might just write a-whole-nother fic, branched off from this one to explain what happens with Jeremy and Christine more accurately. Like little short a couple of chapter long shorts. like not like as long as this fic, but just so that we can have a clue on what the hell is actually happening, because I'm now realizing that this plot is really long and complicated. and it branches all over the place. So tell e what you think in the comment section below and I am going to restrain myself from saying anymore, because I don't want to give away any real spoilers.
I just realized this chapter doesn't have a name and I don't know what to name it

Chapter Summary

Zoe comes over, Jared walks in on the wrong part of the conversation, an ice cream gossip party ensues.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. Sorry about all the drama, but I gotta keep myself entertained somehow. Right? So I am still super crazy sick. Like I wanna die sick, but no fear, the next update is here. I needed to take a break to refresh the ol’ noggin… Okay, the young brain that produces ideas and rainbows. So yeah, welcome to hell, I mean, my domain.

“Evan?”
“…”
“Evan, it’s Zoe. I’m worried about you.”
“… What did Connor tell you?”
“He didn’t say anything to me. He, uh, actually hasn’t come home yet?”
“Then what are you doing here?”
“I… I read your blog?”
I stand up and rush to the door, unlocking it and swinging it open violently.
“You promised.”
“I only read the one post and that was because Christine showed it to me.”
“...What?”
Apparently, a few girls at school have stumbled upon your blog? Not a lot, but it’s been spreading a bit. Jenna says you’re an inspiration… Chloe says you’re a joke… and Christine says… says you’re bonkers? I only read the one post because Christine told me to, but… Evan…”
I fall forward into her. A joke. Bonkers. She wraps her arms tightly around me. God, I’m pathetic.
“Z-Zoe… it hurts…”
“Eva-”
“I hate him.”
“Evan, you don’t hate Connor.”
“Yes, I do.”
“Oh yeah? Why?”
“I hate him, because I love him.”
“That doesn’t even make sense.”
“I don’t care.”
“Evan, I don’t think that Connor meant-”
“If you tell me that he didn’t mean what he said I will shove my foot up your vagina.”
“Eww. You’re cute, but I don’t like men.”
I shove her away, sniffling and wiping my face with my wrist. We both giggle for a moment before
Plopping down on my bed.

“Can we just, I don’t know, eat ice cream and watch chick flicks and complain about Connor being a dick?”

“Isn’t that something you do after you’ve actually dated somebody?”

“I’m not really sure. I haven’t really had a girlfriend to do any of this stuff with before.”

“Touche. Well, lucky you cuz the doctor of love is in the house.”

“And what does Dr. Murphy prescribe?”

“Depends, do you mind if I take my bra off during the movie?”

“As long as you don’t mind me stripping down into my briefs.”

“Deal.”

“I’ll go get-”

I turn to get up and go to the door. Jared. In the fucking doorway. With his phone pulled up in front of his face. He smirks and waves it up in the air.

“I don’t like Zoe like that my ass! Got the proof right here!”

Of course, he only got the second half of our conversation. Fucking Jared. Can’t he just mind himself? Like, what? Do I need to get him a leash or some shit?

“Jared, It’s not how it looks.”

“Please, it’s exactly how it looks. I bet Connor won’t worship you as much when he finds out you’re fucking his little sister!”

“Stop it! I’m not doing anything with Zoe.”

“Yeah, only cuz I caught you.”

“Boy’s stop being ridiculous.”

We both turn our attention to Zoe, who is standing there arms crossed and tapping her foot. She has that classic motherly look of disapproval on her face, or maybe it’s disappointment. I’m not sure. Either way it works because we’ve both totally shut up. She is going to make a totally awesome mom one day.

“Jared. Evan and I weren’t doing any sort of anything sexual and I would appreciate it if you would delete that incriminating video.”

“But he called you his gi-”

“Jared. I’m a lesbian. I don’t want whatever’s in Hansen’s pants. Although, on a side note, if you tell anyone about what I just confided to you, you will meet a fate worse than death. You hear me?”

He nods quickly before looking back at his phone and doing what I presume to be deleting the video.

“Evan, go get ice cream.”

After a brief moment, in which is the time it takes for my brain to actually process what’s going on, I spin around and out the door. I rush downstairs to the freezer. I grab two tubs, cookie dough and mint chip, and sprint back upstairs.

“So your saying that Evan was actually crushing on Connor?”

“Zoe!”

Zoe rolls her eyes.

“He is your best friend Evan. He deserves to know. Besides everyone who knows about me also thereby knows about you. That was the deal.”

“That was totally not the deal.”

“That was how I read it.”

“It was never written down!”

“Exactly.”

“Wait, Evan. She’s shitting me right? I mean, even Connor said you’re the straightest guy he’d ever met.”

“My brother said what?”

“She isn’t lying, Jared.”

“So you like cock?”

“Yeah.”

“Can we backup to where my brother assumed Evan’s sexuality?”
“Oh shit. You like Connor…you broke my nose... Fuck. But he said all that shit earlier… God, what an asshole.”

“There’s more?!”

“Yeah Zoe. I thought you said you read my-”

“I got to the part where he fake gagged and stood up and ran over here-”

“I call dibs on the mint.”

Both Zoe and I turn to Jared.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Well, we are about to watch chick flicks and eat ice cream and do all that cliche “he broke my heart” shit right?”

“We?”

“Well, yeah. You’re my friend. Of course I’m going to be here for you in your time of need.”

“Jared, no offense, but you don’t really get it. I mean, we are both gay and you… like girls.”

“Oh dear innocent Evan Hansen… there is a little thing called bisexuality. Trust me. I get what it’s like to be friendzoned by a guy crush.”

“Who was this guy? I didn’t know you had any other guy friends. Was he cute? When was this? I-”

“Ev.”

“Oh, uh I was rambling again, wasn’t I? Sorry…”

“I don’t have any other guy friends.”

“What?”

“It was you who totally friendzoned me. I don’t have any other guy friends.”

I blush. What?

“M-me?”

How is that even possible? How did I not notice? He has got to be joking.

“Yeah. It’s no big deal. It was just one of those stupid middle school crushes. I’m totally over it now.”

“You have a crush on me?”

“Had. Had a crush on you. Briefly. For like a year and a half or six year or something or whatever. As I said I’m over it. No big deal. I get it, I’m not your type. I’ve moved on to bigger and better things.”

“SIX YEARS?”

“Ev.”

Fuck. I can’t believe… six whole years. I’ve only had this crush on Connor for a few weeks and it’s been hell. How can he brush it off like it’s nothing?

“Did it hurt?”

“What?”

“Did it hurt? Like, how I feel right now. Was it like this?”

“I guess? Maybe? I mean, it sucked? But I am really happy that you’re my friend and looking back on it we would have made a terrible couple-”

“Sorry.”

“What? No, it’s-”

“Just take the apology, okay?”

The apology that I’ll never get from Connor. The one I wish I had. Just take it. Please.

“I, uh… OH… I get it. Yeah. Okay. Apology accepted.”

“Boys, I hate to interrupt, but this ice cream is starting to melt and, Evan, you didn’t grab any spoons.”

Jared’s face lights up.

“I will go grab spoons and as soon as I get back we are totally gossiping about boys.”

Zoe rolls her eyes.

“I like women.”

“So do I, but this ginger kid is a tall fucking drink of water and I gotta get this shit off my chest. Ev, you totally should’a come out to me sooner. I have been wanting to talk with someone about this
stuff forever and I mean, straight people don’t generally give a shit about lgbtq+ crushes and struggles. Unless it’s fanfiction or porn. But in real life people are total dicks.”

He smiles and takes off to presumably fetch spoons.

“That kid scares me…”

“Jared? No, he’s harmless… mostly.”

“No, I mean, one minute he is a total dick and the next he is the sweetest thing. It’s terrifying.”

“That’s just Jared. Honestly, the whole asshole thing is a mask to cover up for all of his insecurities. I like the Jared we have right now the best.”

“You mean the one who used to have a crush on you?”

“Okay, well, I totally had no idea that was a thing until he said something, like, just now.”

Jared comes running back through the door, three big spoons in hand and giant grin plastered across his face.

“Let’s get this party fucking started.”

Chapter End Notes

Illness consumes me but at least I have this fic. I love you all. thank you so much.
“Okay. Bonding time comense.”
“Oh my God, Jared. Stop.”
“Nopeee. We gonna watch the notebook and gossip.”
“Staaapppp.”
“I actually agree with Jared on this one, Ev. You need to talk about this. Get it off your chest. I still don’t understand what happened.”
“Well, Ev wasn’t feeling too great, so Connor went upstairs to get his meds and when he came back down I made a joke about them dating.”
“Why the fuck would you do that?”
“I just wanted to see Evan get flustered, you know? Like I tease him about shit all the time.”
Zoe rubs her temples and groans.
“God, you… Nevermind, just continue.”
“Right. So, Connor was all like, “Evan and me a couple? No way! Gross!”, you know?”
“No way.”
“Yeah and then he said-”
“He gagged first.”
“He what?”
“He gagged at the thought of us being together. Then he admitted to being gay, but saying that he wouldn’t be with me if I was the last man on Earth and then he called me straight.”
I can feel my stomach churn and my heart drop as I explain what happened.
“My brother said all that?”
“Well, Evan exaggerated a little. He didn’t say the last man on earth thing-”
“He basically did.”
“He said that “he isn’t that desperate”. It could have been worse. I mean, at least he didn’t directly call you like ugly.”
“Jared, I don’t think that you are helping.”
“It’s fine, Zoe. Jared is right. I was exaggerating a little. But what Connor did say did hurt, still hurts, and that’s what it felt like he said.”
“Is that why you yanked the bottle out of Connors hand and choked down, like, 5 pills?”
“It my pain medication… And yeah. I wanted everything to stop hurting, but after I came upstairs I threw them up.”
“Evan, you shouldn’t be throwing up. You just got outta the hospital diagnosed as anemic. It’s a sign of relapse.”
“I know… I just wanted it to hurt for a little bit…”
And it’s true. All I wanted was the pain to eat me up and consume me. I wondered, if I let it hurt enough, if I would completely disappear. I wanted to disappear. Even with all of my years suffering from depression nothing ever hurt… this much. Not even as I jumped off that roof. I didn’t realize that this level of emotional pain was even possible. It’s both crushing and exhilarating- because it’s like dying and living at the same time and the confusion mixed in makes me feel all light headed. It was probably only a couple of hours, but it felt like I had spent years floating in a dark abyss…
“Aww… Ev…”
“I never really expected him to like me back… I just also never expecting him to be disgusted by me… like… “sexually”…”
“I don’t think he is “disgusted” persay…”
“Zoe, I appreciate you trying to make me feel better, but if you are implying that he didn’t mean exactly what he said, unless he confronts me and says he didn’t mean it himself, One, I don’t believe you and two, you are not helping.”
“Well, two gay guys can totally be friends and not date. I mean, that even happens in GBF which is one of the most cliche “high school LGBTQ+ made for straight white females” movies ever.”
“That is a very specific movie category, Jared.”
“But it’s true. I mean, if it’s gay and it’s not porn then it’s a cheesy chick-flick slash rom-com.”
“It’s kinda true. The girls in my grade love those movies.”
I roll my eyes playfully.
“You mean girls like Christine?”
“Shut up, Evan…”
“Ooo, Does Zoe have a crush on Canigula?”
“Shove it, Jared.”
“You aren’t denying it~”
“Suck a dick.”
“Gladly.”
“Fuck you.”
“I thought you said you were lesbian, but if you’re questioning I’d totally be willing to~”
Zoe throws a pillow at Jared. I break out laughing and somehow within the next five minutes a full on pillow war ensues. Every man/woman for themselves!
“Evan?”
I turn to the door. Mom. Fuck. She’s home early. Is it bad that I low-key forgot she existed? Actually, for a moment there I forgot that anything existed outside of this room...
“I, uh, wanted to let you know that Mr. Kleinman has been arrested.”
“Oh, uh…”
Right. That was a thing. That happened. Today. Connor helped Jared and I escape. Then he...
“I wasn’t aware you were having Ms. Murphy over tonight.”
“Oh, It kinda just happened? She is, uh, helping me… with, uh, stuff.”
I can’t tell her about my crush on Connor. She doesn’t even know that I’m...
“Alright… just make sure that you’re… safe.”
“MOM.”
Holy fuck. She thinks we’re, that I’m, with Zoe.
“Honey, you’re a teenage boy and she is pretty. I wouldn’t expect anything else.”
Zoe steps forward, the proud, confident, closeted lesbian that she is.
“Actually, Ms. Hansen, Evan and I aren’t together.”
“Ahh.. Of course you aren’t. Don’t worry. I won’t spill. I’m a cool mom.”
“We aren’t- Mom, Jared!”
She glances over at Jared in the corner with his face puffed up and his hand clutched tightly over his mouth, obviously trying to hold back a fit of laughter. Her face flushes over completely.
“Oh… Well, um, right. I can’t say that I’m surprised, I suppose. Sorry for the, uh, assumptions. You kids have… fun.”
“Thanks Mom.”
She turns to leave gently shutting the door behind her. Jared, unable to hold back anymore, collapses to the ground, dying of laughter.
“Fuck you, Jared.”
His phone buzzes and he reaches over to check it, tears welling up in his eyes. Pulling up the screen his laughter slows to a quiet and his face pales.
“Jared?”
“I, uh, it’s nothing…”
“Jareddd.”
“I, uh, it’s just a text from your mom.”
“What did she say?”
“She… she might have just asked me if I brought lubricant and condoms?”
“Liar.”
“Read it yourself.”
I rip the phone out of his hand. Surely enough it’s a text from Heidi Hansen reading; Do you boys have everything you need for the night? Do you need anything from the drugstore? Also, ice cream is really sticky and I would not suggest using it for sexual activities, but if you do you owe me a new mint tub.
“Oh my god…”
“Yeah…”
“My mom thinks we are fucking.”
“At least you know she would accept you if you were gay?”
Zoe pales as well.
“Wait, if she thinks you two are fucking, what does she think I’m doing in here?”
Jared smirks.
“She probably thinks your watching.”
“Why would I watch two men have sex?”
“The same reason that straight guys watch lesbian porn, I guess.”
“Eww…”
“Yeah, Jared. Eww.”
“Although since your Mom already thinks we are doin’ it, maybe we should?”
“What the literal fuck!!”
“Not right now! I mean, we don’t even have to actually do it, you know? Look, just hear me out.”
“This sounds like a terrible idea.”
“Great, so you’re listening. Alright, so what if we pretended to date? Like we wouldn’t even have to actually do anything-”
“What would be the benefit of that?”
“I am getting there, Evan. So, first it would be a rocking way for us to come out as not hetero to our families and the school and shit, because we’ve been friends forever. Then we could totally make all the guys jealous.”
“That literally is one of the stupidest things I’ve ever heard.”
“C’mon, I’m horny and we are both two single men attracted to other men.”
“Oh my god.”
“I actually would love to see this play out.”
“Zoe!!”
“Yasss, bitch.”
“Don’t call me a bitch.”
“Why do you two hate me.”
“Jeez, Ev, if you really don’t want to-”
“No, I mean yes, I mean… I think this is a terrible idea.”
“Dude, let’s jump on the bed and freak out your mom!”
“Wait, are we actually going to do this?”
“Why the fuck not?”
“You guys jump on the bed, I’m gonna go downstairs and make some popcorn.”
This really is a terrible idea. Jared and I get onto the bed and as soon as Zoe shuts the door we start jumping. It’s probably the sugar. I totally blame ice cream high and a broken heart for everything. Right?
“Evan, Oh, Fuck!”
“Shut the fuck up, Jared!”
“Please, you love the sound of my voice!”
I grab a pillow and whack him with it and he makes a loud grunting sound.
“JARED.”
“Hit me right there again, Evan!”
He is literally turning everything I’m saying into sex talk… Fuck. My mom can hear this.
“Fuck you, you fucking kinky bastard!”
Stop it, Jared.
“Damnit, Evan!”
“Jared!”
Stop.
“Harder!”
“Oh my fucking God!”
I give up. I can’t believe I am having fake sex with Jared Kleinman. This is going to end poorly...

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I got really sick and I wrote the following chapter before I wrote this chapter and it was very poorly written and I had to fix it and blarg. I am so sorry that this update has taken me forever.
“Jared, can’t I just stay home today?”
“Ev, you gotta face this. If you take the day off now it’ll look weird and people will ask questions. Plus, you gotta act like everything is normal with Connor, you don’t want to lose that friendship, right?”
“Well… yeah. But I really don’t want to face him right now…”
“You need to get it out of the way, because the more you procrastinate it the worse your anxiety is going to get.”
“Yeah, but-”
“No buts, big guy. C’mon. You got this.”
“W-wait, you’re not going to be with me?”
“Nah, Connor doesn’t exactly like me right now.”
“But-”
“I just said no buts, Evan.”
I sigh and follow Jared out the door. We walk to school in silence. Okay, that was a lie. I’m pretty sure Jared was talking about this Dylan, or whatever his name is, kid the entire time, but I wasn’t really listening. I’m just really worried about Connor, well about my relationship with Connor. I mean, it hurts. My insides ache and, while the ice cream helped, I feel just this cloud of dread and depression hanging over me. We continue to walk together until we reach my locker.
“Evan?”
“Huh?”
“You were in your head again weren’t you?”
“Uh… yeah… sorry Jar.”
“It’s fine, I was just rambling anyway.”
“I thought I was the one who rambled?”
“You’ve been better lately. Who knows, maybe we switched?”
We both laugh. Jared suddenly stops and turns pale.
“What the fuck?”
“Hey?”
“Why were you talking to him?”
“What? Jared? He’s my friend.”
“Seriously? Didn’t he beat the shit out of you just yesterday?”
“Oh yeah.
“I forgot about that…”
This may cause some problems in our “budding relationship”.
“You forgot?”
“Yeah, well-”
“You scared me.”
“Huh?”
“You yelled at me and made me leave. You scared the shit out of me. After I left all I could think
about was how you felt…”
He looks away from me, refusing to make eye contact. Wait, he knew? Was I that obvious? Should I be relieved or afraid? What is happening. He was thinking about me.
“Really?”
“Yeah. You seemed so upset about what happened and you pushed me away and now your with Jared.”
Oh no. He thinks I’m dating Jared? Does he think? Oh no…
“I’m not with Jared.”
“Evan, you don’t have to lie to me-”
“I’m not!”
“-it’s fine. You can replace me with Jared. I totally get it.”
“Connor!”
He shys a glance at me from under his hair. That is so cute…
“Jared could never replace you, Connor. It’s… different with you. It always has been. Jared is just
my friend..”
“So… I’m still your… you know?”
“Yes.”
“Me too.”
What. He likes me back? Why didn’t he say so yesterday? What is happening? He rolls his eyes.
“Me too. You’re my best friend too, idiot.”
Best friend? Oh… he meant…
“Although, Jared is still an asshole. You can’t just forgive him for being a dick like it was nothing.”
“I didn’t. W-we talked.”
I can’t think straight. Ha. Puns. But literally, my head is spinning. I’m such an idiot. I mean, I thought… I had hope. God, stupid EVAN. Of course that’s not what he meant. You just went and got your heart broken all over again for no reason.
“Evan?”
“H-huh? Y-yeah?”
“Are you okay?”
“Y-yeah. W-why wouldn’t I be?”
“You’re crying.”
Shit. God. I’m so weak.
“Connor! What did you do?”
Zoe races to my side from down the hall.
“Nothing! He just started crying all the sudden!”
“Evan? Are you okay?”
I want to die. I’m going through everything all over again. Help me. Leave me alone. I don’t want to be alone. What do I actually want? She seems to take my silence as some sort of signal and says something short to Connor before dragging me off in the opposite direction. The first bell rings and the hallway clears. She sets me down against the locker wall and I sink down to the floor. She squats
down to my level and looks at me her expression bleeding with concern.
“Evan, I think you are having a panic attack.”
I nod. That makes sense. Panic attack.
“Do you want me to take you to the nurse?”
NO. If she takes me to the nurse they will call my mom and then I would have to explain this to her. I don’t want to have to tell my mom about my crush on Connor. I haven’t even come out to her as gay! She grabs my head to still it. I didn’t even realize I was shaking it...

“Alright. Can you at least tell me what happened?”
“I-I thought…[author inserts vicious sobbing]”
“Shh… aww, Ev… It’s okay. C’mon.”

She pulls me off the floor and drags me down the hall again. She pulls me into a magical room that smells of cotton candy and war, AKA the girls bathroom. Waiting there is Christine, Chloe, and Brooke. Chloe narrows her eyes at the sight of me.

“What the fuck, Zo?”
“It’s fine, he’s gay. But my friend here is having a bit of a panic attack and I know this is a safe place for him. Right?”

Christine bolts to her side.
“Of course! What’s going on?”
“I’m not sure. He’s just kinda freaking out.”
“C-can y-you n-not talk about m-me like I’m not h-here?”

Christine smiles at me.
“Sorry, boo. Care to tell us what’s going on?”
“I… I just broke my own heart… again… it’s fine…”
“Broke your own-”

Zoe interrupts Christine with an exasperated boisterous tone.
“Again? What did he do? Do I need to rip his throat out?”
“N-no.. t’was my fault…”
“Evan…”

“I… he, uh, I thought he… knew how I felt, because of the way he said stuff and… he said he was thinking about how I felt… I, just… I misunderstood.”
“… You thought for a moment that he was saying he returned your feelings, didn’t you?”

I nod, tears blurring my vision and streaming down my cheeks.

Zoe pulls me into a hug. When she pulls away Christine takes my hand placing something in it.

“Dark chocolate. It helps with heartache.. and cramps. We keep an emergency stash in here.”

God, she is so sweet. How is anyone that pretty this nice? I don’t get it...I feel like a total asshole now.

“Sorry…”

Christine looks at me, befuddled.
“What?”

“I’m sorry that I assumed you were a bitch. Y-you’re actually really nice…”

“You thought- Never mind. I mean, you shouldn’t assume things like that about people, but thank you for the apology.”

Chloe and Brooke then pull Zoe and Christine away from me and they begin whispering. I can’t really make out what they are talking about, so I just sit on the floor eating chocolate, my eyes red and puffy. Eventually they turn back to me.

“Evan?”
“Hm?”

Brooke, for pretty much the first time, speaks.
“You need to get laid.”

I choke. What the fuck.

“Then you need to get a makeover. And then you need to move on from this guy.”

Zoe steps forward.
“I mean, Jared already offered and I think it would be good for you to get it out of your system.”

“Get what out of my system?”
“Connor, duh.”
“But, I still wanna be his friend.”
“And you can, but you need to get some confidence. Sex is the perfect way to do that.”
“You gotta be kidding me.”
“Not really. It’s the basic heartbreak remedy if ice cream doesn’t work.”
“The ice cream worked.”
“If it had worked, we wouldn’t be here.”
“I don’t think you know how love works.”
“Love? I thought this guy was just a crush?”
“Well, yeah.”
“There is a difference between having a crush on someone and being in love with them. So which is it, Evan?”
Which is it? I have to pick one? What does that even mean? Zoe rolls her eyes.
“C’mon guys, the kid is inexperienced. He doesn’t know the difference between a crush and being in love.”
She turns to me.
“Evan?”
“Yeah?”
“I’m going to rephrase the question. Is this heartache like world shattering, I wanna die pain or like being stabbed pain?”
“W-world shattering?”
“Aw, shit.”
“You were IN LOVE with him, Evan…”
“So? Does that even change anything?”
“YES.”
“How?”
“It’s a totally different cure. Ice cream does shit. Honestly, you should be at home in bed crying.”
“What? No. I already missed so much school.”
“Tell them you’re on your period.”
“Yes. I, a male, am on my period and can not attend school.”
“Ha ha, very funny.”
“Well, you can’t be around Connor. Once you’ve gone love, you don’t go back. Ever.”
“I can’t avoid him… He is one of my best and only friends.”
“Either you have to tell him how you feel or you can’t be his friend anymore, Evan. Those are your only choices.”
I can’t just…
“Evan?”
I can’t. I can’t. I can’t.
“I think he is having another panic attack.”
“Evan, you need to breathe.”
I can’t breathe. I can’t lose Connor. I can’t. I can’t do this. I can’t-
the chapter I forgot to name

Chapter Summary

Fuck you Lydia. Connor takes Evan out. Evan confesses his feelings. This summary might be misleading/confusing.

Chapter Notes

Omg you guys are still here and still reading this. Thank you so much. Omg. I am so dead inside. Although, good news, we have finally moved on from Hamlet!!! Now all I gotta deal with fucking pre-calc and physics and the school musical. YAY. Anyway, Welcome to the next chapter. Also when your stomach rumbles in the middle of class but the room is really quiet and so everyone looks at you. Yay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s been a really rough week, guys. Like, I know it’s only Tuesday, but so much has gone down. I got my heart broken. Twice. I got a “fake boyfriend” against my protests. No I am not paying him. It was his idea. I had several panic attacks. I took a trip into the girls bathroom. It was apparently fine cuz I’m gay. I have to admit that the girls bathroom is one of the most magical places I’ve ever been? They had couches in there. And a mini fridge. And like 20 bottles of febreze. I wonder if all girls bathrooms are like that or if those girls just customized that one. Are you even allowed to customize public bathrooms? I mean, I wouldn’t think it would be illegal or anything, sooo… Although, I ended up passing out in there. After another panic attack. My friend dragged me to the nurses office and now I am just kinda sitting in here contemplating existence. Do you think that if I died again I would go back? I am not really sure which back I’m referring to. I mean, this whole experience has made me feel somewhat immortal. Not invulnerable, but definitely immortal- which is terrifying. I never asked to be immortal. All I really ever wanted was to die… until I fell in love with Conrad. That’s right. It wasn’t just a crush, it was full on LURVE. Yeah. All I really know about love is that this shit fucking hurts. One minute I’m on a high having the time of my fucking life and the next I’m on Jupiter without a spacesuit being crushed by gravity and the planets density and suffocating and nearly ready to implode. That’s what life feels like. Maybe the girls are right. Maybe I should just get laid, tell Connor how I feel, and move the fuck on. Yeah, right. I can’t believe that I’m technically 30 and still a total wimp. Look at me! I can’t even spend five minutes with Conrad without crying… No way I’d ever be able to tell him how I feel. There has to be another way… right?

Insincerely,
Me

Post. Everything is just going wrong. Again and again. And again. God. I don’t know what to do. Not to mention the whole Jared thing. I am mainly doing this so he can get with his David. Although, I’m not really sure how to explain this to my mom. Not to mention, I’m pretty sure the school nurse called her.

“Evan?”
The curtain pulls back and, uh-oh, plot-twist, Mrs. Lydia Kleinman?
“The nurse called the home phone and said you weren’t feeling well. I came to pick you up and take
you home to rest, it’s the least I can do since I am crashing at your place after all.”
“Uh, yeah. Thanks.”
This was super awkward and unexpected… We walk outside and I get in the passenger seat of the
car.
“So… you’ve just up and decided you’re gay now?”
“Huh? What?”
“You mom told me what happened last night. With my son. While I was at work. She could hear
you, you know?”
“Oh, I, uh-”
“She doesn’t deserve this from you.”
“Wha-”
“She is probably freaking out right now afraid that you’re going to disappear on her too. You will to
won’t you? One day you’re going to leave your mom alone with your mess, just like your father.”
“I, what? No. Of course I wouldn’t do that.”
“All you fags are the same. I mean, I expect this from my son, but I always thought you were better
than that. Even if just for your mom's sake.”
What the fuck just came out of that woman’s face?
“I’m sorry, what?”
“C’mon, Evan. You can’t just up and decide to be a fairy one morning!”
Oh no, she did not.
“No, you’re right I can’t. You think being gay is a fucking decision? You think that everyone in the
LGBT+ community wants to be a minority subjected to cruel and violent discrimination, such as
what you’re giving me right now? Yeah, that right. I’m fucking accusing you of discriminating
against me right now, because you are. It isn’t ever a choice to be gay. It is a choice to be brave and
come out as who they truly are, despite circumstances and society. Besides the fact, that I didn’t even
actually sleep with Jared. We just did that to mess with my mom because she was assuming things
and Jared wants us to fake date so that we can make a guy that he likes jealous. That’s it.”
“So you aren’t a twink?”
“DID YOU NOT HEAR A WORD I JUST SAID?”
There is a knock at the glass behind me and I jump outta my seat, hitting my head on the roof of the
car. Connor. I roll down the window.
“Yes?”
He ignores me and makes eye contact with Mrs. Kleinman.
“Yeah, I just wanted to say that I can hear Evan screaming from all the way across the parking lot
and I am just gonna take him now.”
As he says that he reaches through the window and opens the door, pulling me out of the car.
“You can’t just take him.”
“Yes I can and I just did, on the grounds that you’re a total fucking bitch. I see where Jared gets it
from.”
With that he wraps his hand around my wrist and we are running through the parking lot. We slide
between car rows as Mrs. Kleinman is yelling after us, presumably getting out of the car in an
attempt to chase us. A race of which she obviously loses. I mean, 42 year old housewife or two
decently fit male adolescents? Yeah. That’s what I thought. We get to Connor's car and I slip in
shotgun as he runs around to the driver’s side and barrels his figure into the seat, slamming the door
behind him. He starts the engine and we are off.
“...”
“........”
[several moments of onward ensuing awkward silence]
“Nice speech back there…”
“Thanks…. Yeah, how much of that did you hear?”
“Enough? Pretty much everything starting at the fairy insult to the end.”
That’s embarrassing. Okay, Evan. You have two choices. Let’s get this over with.
“I lied.”
“What? You actually slept with Jared?”
“What? No! I mean, I lied to you. Yesterday.”
He quirks an eyebrow at the statement.
“Oh?”
“I’m, uh…”
“You’re?”
“I’m not actually straight…”
“Oh…”
“Yeah…”
“Sorry… I didn’t realize.”
“It’s.. uh, cool.”
“So you’re ace?”
“What? No.”
“Demi?”
“No.”
“Pan?”
“No, Connor-”
“Bi?”
“NO. CONNOR STOP GUESSING! I’M GAY!”
“Oh…”
“Yeah…”
“So you didn’t sleep with Jared?”
“No. I literally just said that, like 5 seconds ago.”
“Are you dating him?”
Well I’m not actually dating Jared… But I am… But I’m not.
“…That’s… a… confusing answer.”
“I’m fake dating him so that he can make the guy he likes jealous. We aren’t actually…”
“… That’s fucking stupid. Why would you agree to that?”
“Peer pressure?”
“Peer-… Zoe was in on it too?”
“Maybe?”
“And what were you going to get out of all of this?”
“It was supposed to help me come out…”
And maye make you jealous.
“And?”
Shit caught.
“And what?”
Damn it Evan. You are a terrible liar.
“Dude, I can totally see through you. There was something else. Spit it out.”
“…itwasassupposedtomaketheguylikejealous-too…”
“Okay, I did not catch any of what you just said.”
“It was supposed to make the guy I like jealous too.”
You.
“Oh… You, uh, like someone?”
You.
“Uh… yeah..”
“Who?”
What.
“What?”
“Who do you like? Like what’s his name?”
“I...uh...”

Shit.

“C’mon, Ev.”

Ahhhh his eyes are so sparkly, look away!~

“I’d prefer not to tell you?”

His face sinks into a grimace.

“Seriously? Jared and Zoe can know, but I can’t? And don’t deny them knowing Hansen. God I can’t believe...”

“Connor...”

The car jerks to a stop. He throws open his door.

“We’re here. C’mon.”

I follow his lead and get out of the car. My heart sinks. This is...

“Is this.. Autumn Smile Apple Orchard?”

“Yeah.. I used to come here with my family when I was younger. You know, before the place shut down. I thought it could be our place. I like abandoned places and being alone. You like trees. It seemed fitting... I guess it doesn’t really matter anymore.”

He begins speed walking towards the fence. Well, he isn’t wrong. It’s definitely our place. Fuck. I feel another panic attack coming on.

“W-what do you mean it doesn’t matter?”

He turns back in my direction.

“We aren’t really best friends anymore. I mean, you said that we were, but you don’t trust me.”

“I trust you.”

“Not enough to tell me who you like, even though both my sister and the guy who kicked you in the ribs yesterday already know.”

It’s because it’s you. He turns back and begins climbing the fence.

“W-wait. S-stop. I-I’ll tell you.”

He pauses for a moment before hopping off the fence and walking back towards me, arms crossed.

“Well?”

“I-it’s... I, um...”

“Hansen.”

He grabs me by the shoulders and pulls me close. Like really close. Like I can feel his breath intermingle with mine close. Fuck.

“Evan, just tell me.”

“I... I like... y... I like...”

I can’t do this. Shit. I am panicking. God, he is so close. But I know he doesn’t like me back. I don’t want to lose him...

“I-I like.... Michael...”

Connor jerks back slightly.

“Michael?”

Dear God. Please let Michael be a real person.

“Yes?”

“Michael Mell?”

“...Yes?”

“I... I guess I can see that... I didn’t know you knew him...”

“I don’t.”

At least that was a lie. God, I feel awful about this.

“Oh... isn’t he dating that other guy? Like, Jeremy or whatever?”

Gotta bullshit my way through this conversation.

“I don’t really know... I think they might just be friends?”

Connor seems to be slightly frustrated still... I avoid eye contact by just twiddling with my thumbs.

“What do you even like about this guy?”

“Huh?”
Uhh.. shit. Gotta think. What would someone in like with someone else say about them?
“His… eyes.”
“His eyes? What the color?”
Wait a minute… I can just describe all the things I like about Connor, but like super vaguely. Genius.
“I, uh, like the way they sparkle… and his smile is beautiful. I’d live to see him smile. Or laugh. His laugh is amazing. And his hair-”
“His hair?...”
“Uh… yeah? Yeah… I like it.”
I glance back up at Connor briefly to twirling his own hair in between his fingers.
“Okay.”
“Yep… So..”
“So?”
“Anyone that you like?”
“I, uh. No. No one. Pretty much everybody sucks.”
“That, uh, makes sense…”
“Yeah….”
We both sit on the hood of his car, laying back against the windshield to watch the sunset and the stars begin to take their place in the sky above us. Connor pulls out a blunt and I hum a tune as the air begins to chill.

[A CANNON TO STORY BONUS from a few minutes later]

“That tune’s pretty catchy. Who’s it by?”
“Oh.. I kinda wrote it?”
“Wrote it? You mean it’s like a whole song? Does it have words?”
“Uh.. yeah. I told you I like to write music when we first met. I usually record it ad overlay it with a backtrack of piano, maybe guitar.”
“You play piano and Guitar?”
“Yeah.”
“And you’ve done more than one of these songs?”
“Yeah.”
“What’s the one from just now called?”
“Waving through a Window.”
He snorts a laugh.
“What?”
“Nothing. The title just reminds me of that kids song. The one with the dog in the window? Then I picture little Evan Hansen with dog ears and a tail barking at the mailman through the window.”
“Wow, Connor. I had no idea you had a thing for furries.”
“I do not! Shut the fuck up, Hansen. Even if I did, which I don’t, you would have no right to judge me, what, with your tree fetish.”
“It’s not a fetish.”
“No?”
“No… It’s a kink.”
We both start laughing hysterically. When we calm down silence follows, where we both lie there, staring each other dead in the the eyes.
“Connor?”
“Yeah?”
“Can this be our place?”
“I mean, yeah, that’s why I brought you to the orchard.”
“Not the orchard. The hood of your car. Just you and me. Like this. We can take this with us wherever and we can just sit up here and talk.”
“I thought you would like the orchard…”
“I do. I just have some bad memories here.”
“Are you sure you don’t just wanna pick a different spot? I mean, there are no trees on the hood of my car.”
“The perfect spot for us doesn’t need trees. It just needs you and me. Besides, trees make me way too horny. It’s distracting.”
He smirks.
“Yeah… okay. Our spot… I like it.”
“Me too.”
“Evan?”
“Yeah?”
“You’re… different.”
“Huh?”
“Evan, we’ve gone to school together since like elementary school. You were always super quiet and shy. You seemed to be scared of everything. Then this year you show up at school… and you’re different. You have this bit of confidence about you now. You make jokes and you even talked to me, full sentences, on that first day of school. You still seem shy and scared sometimes, but you are also really brave all the sudden.”
He… noticed? Nobody has actually really confronted me about this yet. I mean, I am different. Time travel will do that to you. But he is the first person, besides maybe Jared, to actually bring it up. And I barely even knew him beforehand.
“Is… is that a bad thing?”
“I’m not sure? I mean, I’m glad we’re friends now, for sure. I don’t think that would have happened if you hadn’t had the courage to talk to me on that first day… I don’t know. I guess I’m kinda just worried. It seems like a somewhat drastic change for just a short summer break.”
“I guess electric shock therapy will do that to you?”
He chuckles.
“Seriously, Evan. Are you okay? I mean, what changed?”
“I… I want to tell you. But it’s complicated… and I’m not ready yet. I’m not ready to tell anyone really. The only person I’ve somewhat told was my therapist and she thinks I’m somewhat bonkers. I mean, I’m not. It was a dream? A nightmare? It just… the experience changed me.”
“So… a nightmare, that you don’t want to go into detail about, changed your outlook on life?”
“Yeah… kinda.”
“So this whole thing happened basically over night? Not even during the entire summer, just during like an 8 hour period?”
“Yeah.”
“That is crazy… but it’s also really cool…”
“Yeah…”
“Do you… do you think you’ll be able to tell me about this dream one day?”
“Yeah… as long as you promise not to hate me.”
“Evan, I literally don’t think it’s possible for me to hate you.”

Chapter End Notes

Turns out I am still very sick. I had to go to the doctors yesterday cuz I had a fever of 104.5. Degrees. Fahrenheit. Because America can’t use the metric system like every other country ever. Anyway, yeah. Too sick to go to school and to stand up, but not to sick to finish up this new chapter. YAY. Although, I am going to miss my besties 18th birthday party which is going to suck balls. Thanks for reading. I hope you enjoyed.
Leave comments below. Also I totally pictured this scene as the song "a guy that I'd kinda be into" from BMC, except like with Evan being awkward and hesitant. Like he tries to tell Connor he likes him and he is all like "The guy that I'd kinda be into iiiisssssss.... Micheal."
If you were gay

Chapter Summary

Evan returns home after the events of the previous chapter and has conversations with both Heidi and Jared

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. I am still sick. Although, here we are. I just wanted to state that I have totally screwed myself over while writing this, because it’s not even October yet in the story timeline and this isn’t supposed to end until like Christmas their time. After which I was planning on writing some epilogues for both of the main couples, like new years, graduation, college, moving in together, the proposal, do we want kids, etc. Although, I would probably do those in a different thing, like make them related stories/part of the series. Anyway, this story is going to be super fucking long and I am so sorry, because literally everything you have read so far has literally just been filler that I come up with on the spot. Although, if you read through the comment sections you may find that I have a tendency to drop clues and information. Basically it’s more information about what I just wrote or plans that I am considering for the future so if you are curious just skim through my replies to find the really long monologues I do about this story, because I am so passionate about this. I mean, this story gives me life. Anyway, welcome to the new chapter. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Connor drops me back off at my place around 9:30. I left school early and I mean sun sets at like 6 or 7… I guess time just flies with Connor. I walk up to the front door, bag in hand, and I take a deep breath before turning the knob and heading inside.
“Evan!”
Mom, Lydia, and Jared are all sitting at the kitchen bar smiling at my return.
“Hey, Mom. Hi, Jared.”
“Hon, Lydia told me about what happened earlier.”
“She did?”
“I want to apologize for being so presumptuous last night.”
“No, I’m sorry. It was wrong of us to try to trick you like that.”
“It’s okay baby. I talked to Jar-Bear too.”
“Yeah?”
“He told me about you fake dating him at school so you could make guys jealous.”
“Yeah. We’re are doing that. But it’s-”
“I know.”
“You do?”
“Of course, you’re pretty much just doing it for Jared, aren’t you.”
I blush and that seems to be all the answer she needs. She smiles.
“I’m just really relieved that you aren’t actually gay.”
She pulls me in for a hug and I look over at Jared. His eyes are just as wide as mine are and his face
is actually paler than I’ve ever seen it.
“Relieved?”
She pulls back.
“Of course, I mean, I love you sweetie, but it’s a rough world out there for gay men. Your father fell
in love with Jared’s uncle and shot his brains out when Reggie didn’t want to run away with him. He
had it all set too. He had his passport and the plane tickets were already bought. He was just going to
up and leave us without any warning. It was hell redecorating the master bedroom. And that’s just
the internal affairs. There are a lot of people out there who absolutely hate anyone of that community.
There are shootings and murders. There was an outrage when the gay marriage was legalized.”
Okay, so maybe this timeline is a little bit different. In this timeline my dad was gay. Should have put
that together earlier. Also in this timeline my dad is dead. Unexpected plot-twist. In my timeline he
ran away to California with some blonde model and they had 4 kids together.
“... dangerous.”
“Exactly. And now I don’t have to worry about it. I know that you’ll find a nice girl to settle down
and have kids with someday. I bet you it’ll be that Murphy girl too. She really is the sweetest thing.”
Jared clears his throat.
“Can we rewind to the part where Evan’s dad shot his brains out in this house because he was in
love with Uncle Reggie?”
“Well, yeah. It’s actually the main reason for Evans anxiety. It’s a terrible thing for a 5 year old to
witness.”
“Witness?”
“Yes, sadly. His father did it right in front of him. I came home to him sitting on the floor in a pool of
his dad’s blood and covered in all sorts of brains and such. I’ve always been mad at David for that.”
That’s not right.
“My dad's name is Daniel.”
“Evan, sweetie, your dad was David.”
“No, it was Daniel. Daniel Gregory Hansen from West Massachusetts. You guys met at a bar in
Boston.”
“Evan-”
“He divorced you in 2008 and invites me to California every year for thanksgiving with his blonde
bimbo bride.”
“Ev-”
“Connor Murphy died and everyone hates me.”
My mom grabs me by the shoulders, snapping me out of it.
“Evan. No one hates you. What do you mean Connor is dead? You were just with him earlier
tonight, weren’t you? Did something happen?”
Fuck. I lost it again.
“I-uh… no. I am sorry. I got lost for a minute…”
“Is this… does this have to do with the “Connor project” and the “please just let me die” thing from
back in the hospital?”
I look away from her and down at the floor.
“Maybe…”
“Okay…”
Jared taps my mom's shoulder.
“Ms. Hansen, can I talk to him for a bit?”
“Sure thing, Jared.”
He grabs my wrist and leads me up to my room.
“Do I need popcorn for this?”
“What?”
“You are going to tell me everything. Right now. I just want to know if I am going to need
popcorn.”
“You can’t just demand me to tell you stuff.”
“Yeah, but you are going to tell me.”
“And what makes you think that?”
“Because you really need to get this shit off your chest and I have a feeling that any normal adult would send to to a mental hospital if you told them.”
“I have an outlet, Jared.”
“This outlet doesn’t seem to be working too well, judging by your outburst downstairs.”
“It wasn’t an outburst.”
“Dude, you were screaming and your face was turning purple.”
“I was screaming?”
“You are definitely telling me about this.”
“... fine”

[So here is where Evan tells Jared all about his past. AKA the plot of dear evan hansen. Although, even though we all know it, just for fun, and your viewing pleasure, I am going to do a short summary of the musical myself. It will all be in these parenthesis if you want to skip. Suicidal sapling and glasses walk into school and meet fabulous emo. Fab Emo signs Saplings cast and then finds out that Sapling wants to get into Fab Saxophones pants, aka his sister. He is so distraught and broken hearted that he kills himself, because of course the love of his life is in love with his sister. Although sapling didn’t really know any of that last part. Anyway, Sapling get falsely accused of being Fab Emos friend and he ends up taking credit because he is a lonely shit. He convinces glasses to set up fake emails as proof and lies to everyone about everything ever. His lies fall to bits and crumble and everyone hates him. Sax kinda forgives him in the end but doesn’t really because he was a dick.]

“And then everything just got worse from there. I went to college and got a degree, but I ended up pushing everyone away. I became angry and secluded very quickly. I pick up a job online programing so I could work at home and I basically became a hermit. My mom would try to take me out every now and then, but she stopped coming after a few years. I turned off my cell and shut down all my social media. On my 30th birthday I jumped off the roof of my apartment building. Then I woke up here. At first I thought it was time travel, but things are different here…”

“Holy shit.”
“Yeah… I know. I was a dick.”
“What? No. I mean, yeah you were a dick, but you killed yourself? That’s really harsh. I don’t know about this other Jared, but I wouldn’t want you to kill yourself. No matter how much of a dick you were.”
“... Thanks Jar…”
“So wait is that why you became friends with Connor?”
“Yeah. I mean, I think all he ever really needed was a friend, in the other timeline that is. I just didn’t want him to die. I thought I had been sent back and since it was on the day he died I thought I had been sent back to, you know, stop him.”
“That’s super cool, but also really messed up. I mean, you’ve fallen in love with the same guy of whom exploited his suicide in order to get attention in another dimension?”
“I know…”
“Does this make you a necrophiliac?”
“What? No. I don’t want to have sex with dead people.”
“But to you Connor is dead, but you are also in love with him and totally want to bang him, even though in this dimension he is alive. Also would this mean if you were to date anyone our age you would be a Pedophile?”
“What?”
“Well, you’re technically 30, right? Or is it 47? Because you were 30 then and now you are 17. Would you add those two together? Either way, you are like super old and it would be super creepy for you to be dating a 17 year old.”
“Jared, I am 17. I just have the mind of an adult trapped in the body of a teenager.”
“So… You’re 17?”
“Yes.”
“So what happened to that other timeline or dimension or whatever?”
“I have no idea. And it terrifies me. But what terrifies me more is the thought of what happened to the Evan that was supposed to be here?”
“Do you think he was sent into your dimension thingy?”
“I have no idea. I hope not. That kid would be confused and scared out of his mind. Although, at the same time that doesn’t make sense.”
“None of any of this makes sense, Ev.”
“I know…”
“You should make a movie outta this though. It has all the great dynamics for it. Love, heartbreak, interdimensional travel, lgbt community, depression, action, and comedy. As long as I get to be played by Dwayne Johnson, that is.”
“Fuck you, Jared.”
“Eww, sir I’m 17. Besides I don’t like older men.”
“Shut up, Kleinman.”
“You love me.”
“No I love some kid named Michael Mell.”
“Michael Mell?”
“I told Connor I’m gay and he asked me who I have a crush on and I panicked and I said Michael.”
“Do you even know Michael?”
“No.”
“Why did you say his name?”
“Because it was really generic and I couldn’t have said Bob or Joe.”
“Now I’m just picturing you being in a relationship with Bob the tomato.”
“Who?”
“Bob. The tomato. Veggietales?”
“I’m jewish.”
“…”
“Wait, am I not Jewish?”
“…”
“JARED.”
“No?”
“Jared, you better not be messing with me.”
“I swear to god I’m not! We went to catholic bible school together.”
“I’m catholic?”
“Yeah.”
“…Does this mean I’m not circumcised?”
“Dude you’ve been in this body for three weeks and you haven’t checked?”
“No! I don’t really check my penis to make sure that it’s still circumcised on a regular basis.”
“Haven’t you had to use the bathroom?”
“I don’t really inspect my own dick when I’m taking a piss, Jared.”
“Well, if you were, like not you know, wouldn’t you be, like, uncomfortable down there?”
“I’ve been uncomfortable down there for very different reasons.”
“Oh…Kinky… Just check and make sure now.”
“…Here?”
“No! God, No. In the bathroom, dumbass. Go!”
I stand up and rush into the bathroom slamming the door quickly behind me. I unzip my pants and whip it out. Jared knocks on the door.
“So?”
“This penis is definitely catholic.”
I can not fucking believe this.
Literally dying. #if you were gay is a good song though. I also really like rich goes to starbucks. its an somewhat animated short on youtube with meme audio for all my BMC fans. LOL.
Do you wear a little hat? What would your mother think of that? Connor wants to cut his hair. Evan would be distressed if it wasn't there. He screams aloud and runs away. He tells Rich that he is gay, so that he can escape Rich's escapade to try to put a computer in his brain. And then he retreats into our favorite girls bathroom.

I can not fucking believe this. AHhh. It's only September 16th in this fic. I have so much left to write. Praise the lord for long weekends I guess. Also why do I have a Legolas emoji on my phone and not a Batman emoji? Why are they suppressing emojis from the public?! What do you mean you don't sell burgers here? I want a burger with extra CHEESE. COMPOUND. Anyway, welcome to the next chapter. Yote.

“Morning, other dimension Evan!~”
“Ughhh… Jared, you gotta stop calling me that.”
“Never really going to happen, McFly.”
“It’s my mind that’s from another dimension and time period, Jared, not my body. Who knows, maybe I’m not from anywhere else at all. Maybe I just totally lost my shit.”
“That’s probably the more logical solution, but this one is so much more fun.”
“Fuck you.”
“C’mon, Mr. Future man, time to start the day. Get yo catholic penis, scrawny ass, shit self up and ready for school.”
“Ughhh…”
“I mean, seriously, how did you not notice?”
“Jared?”
“Yeah?”
“I’m right handed.”
I bang my casted arm against the bedside table loudly.
“Oh… can’t you just-”
“No, Jared. I am incapable of using the other hand for that.”
“We are continuing this talk after school, but we have to actually get to school first so get outta bed so we aren’t late.”
I roll out of bed and onto the floor groaning.
“Very sexy, Evan.”
“What? Have I grown too irresistible for even the dark lord of nightmares himself?”
“Not today, Satan. Get off the floor. Your mom made pancakes.”
“Yum. Mom’s pancakes are the best…”
“Yeah… Hey, Evan?”
“Yeah?”
“Did you wear one of those little hats in the other dimension?”
“What?”
“You know, cuz you’re Jewish? Did you wear one of those little hats?”
“A— Do you mean a yarmulke?”
“Is that what they call the little hats Jewish people wear?”
“…”
I nod slowly.
“Then yes.”
“Only on special occasions and never really in public, why-”
“I was curious about Jewish culture. You can never really pick a Jewish person out of a crowd anymore, man. Anyone could be Jewish these days. You guys are sneaky. Like leprechauns.”
“… You are a terrible friend and quite possibly a worse human being…”
“I will take that as a compliment.”
I roll my eyes as I throw on a clean shirt and we both hurdle downstairs. On the table is a huge stack of freshly made pancakes. She hands me one of my special bars or whatever. Damn.
“Alright boys, remember to say grace before you eat.”
“Right, Mom.”
Dear God, my mom is one of those widowed, Christian, do-good, midwives that you see get made fun of on cheesy reality tv.
“Mom?”
“Yes, Dear?”
“I think Jared might be the reincarnation of Hitler.”
“Hon, It wouldn’t surprise me.”
“Hey, I can hear you!”
“We know, Jared.”
“I am offended.”
“Well, I’m also offended about your comment comparing the Jewish people to leprechauns.”
My mom rolls her eyes.
“Speaking of your generation and being offended and such, would you boys like a ride to school this morning?”
“That would be wonderful Ms. H.”
“What? Really? Now you have manners?”
“Fuck off, Evan.”
“Boy’s, my car is leaving in 15 minutes so you both better be ready and in there by then.”
“Got it.”
We both rush through breakfast and getting ready for the day and get in my Mom’s car. Jared wiggles his eyebrows and I roll my eyes. The drive to school is a decently quiet one and Jared and I get out quickly. Jared grabs my wrist and begins to drag me towards the school.
“C’mon, Boo. I need to walk you to your locker.”
“Jared, what are you doing?”
“Well, Hansen, we are dating, aren’t we?”
Oh shit. I forgot. Play it cool.
“I know that. Doesn’t mean you gotta act totally different.”
“Whatever, just let me be the awesome boyfriend I am, huh?”
I roll my eyes.
“Fine.”
He drags me over to my locker, where there is a waiting Connor Murphy in his unnatural habitat. Jared walks right up to him, sneering.
“Morning, emo shit.”
“G’mornin’ to you too, dickwad.”
They glare at each other for a good long minute before I decide to interrupt.
“Hi, Connor.”
He turns his head to me, wary of Jared, and smiles.
“Hey, Evan. So… is your BOYF just gonna stare at me all day or can we talk?”
“Boyf?”
“Yeah. Short for boyfriend.”
Jared snorts.
“That’s fucking stupid.”
I shrug.
“I think it’s kinda cute…”
Connor nods, seemingly reassured.
“Evan likes it, so it’s gonna stick. You know, until he ends up with a real boyfriend.”
Jared’s face gets red and puffy.
“Fuck you, Connor.”
He takes a breath before turning over to me with a wide grin plastered on his face.
“Have a good day, babe. I will see you after school.”
He pulls me close to him for a kiss. A small one on the corner of my mouth, not a real kiss, but anyone watching wouldn’t be able to tell all the same. He pulls away, grabs his stuff, and takes off in the other direction with a small wave.
“I still don’t like him.”
Oh, shit. Connor. Wait, what is he even talking about? Did I miss something?
“Huh?”
“Jared. I don’t like him. Or the way he treats you. But he isn’t really going to be going anywhere anytime soon, is he?”
Oh. I shake my head. No. Jared isn’t really going anywhere.
“Was that kiss really that good?”
What?
“What?”
“Well you were kinda speechless there for a second. Must’ve been something good.”
“Wha- No. It, we, no. We didn’t actually kiss.”
“Huh?”
“It was a fake thing, for show. Our, uh.., you know, didn’t actually..”
Connor laughs heartily.
“Fuck. Well it was damn convincing. Especially your dazed reaction.”
“Shut up.”
“Never.”
I open my locker and grab my text books and binders and shit that I need for first period.
“Evan?”
“Yeah?”
“I’ve kinda been thinking about cutting my hair and-”
“FUCK NO.”
Shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit. I don’t know if I’m panicking because he wants to cut his hair or because I just screamed at him randomly in the middle of the hallway. Either way I am freaking out.
“Uh… What?”
“I mean… I like your hair the way it is. I don’t think you should cut it.”
“What does that-”
“I gotta pee!”
“What?”
“I have to use the bathroom, but, um, don’t cut your hair. It’s gorgeous and shiny and if you cut it I would be sad and yeah. Bye!”
I run to the nearest bathroom. I lean back against the inside of the door. Oh my fucking god. What the fuck is wrong with me?
“Hey, you! Yeah, you, Loser!”
What? Who? I look around and don’t see anyone, what-
“Lower your gaze like a foot, ya shit face.”
I look down to find some kid with a red streak in his hair standing uncomfortably close to me. I try to
back away but I’m already pressed against the door.
“Hi?”
“The name’s Rich and you’re kinda blocking the door.”
“S-sorry.”
I try to get out of the way but he is blocking my path.
“No! Don’t move!”
What the fuck is happening?
“Uhh..”
“I get it. I know why you ran in here the way you did.”
“Y-you do?”
“Yeah, I was the same way during my freshman year.”
“I’m a se-”
“Don’t interrupt me shitface. But no one knew I existed, and those who did.. Well they treated me
like shit…”
Is this guy bullying me into hearing his sob story? No fucking way.
“Uh, okay-”
“Freshman year. I didn’t have a girlfriend or a clue, I was a loser just like you. Good times would
only soar by.”
“I-”
“I was gross, as every female would attest. My sexting quest. My little penis was depressed, poor
guy.”
SHIT. He is rhymin. What the fuck is this? Slam poetry? In the guys bathroom? I came in here for a
break, not to hear about this guy getting none freshman year. Which isn’t necessarily a bad thing, I
mean 14 year olds should not be having sex. They are practically babies.
“Um-”
“I was hopeless, helpless. Every time I’d walk the hallway I would trip. I was stagnant and idle, I
was so suicidal and then…“
Actually, now I’m kinda intrigued. Mainly because I relate to that last part. What could have
happened that changed him as much as it did, because, I mean, this kid obviously isn’t stagnant and
idle anymore. He currently has me, a stranger, pinned to the bathroom door. That’s like the total flip
opposite.
“Then what? What happened?”
“I got a squip.”
“A what? Is that a type of dog or something?”
“No, look, it’s from Japan. It’s a gray oblong pill. Quantu-”
“So it’s a drug?”
“It’s better than drugs-”
I grab his shoulders and push him off of me just enough to pull the door behind me open.
“Okay, yeah I’m out.”
He pushes me back against the door and I put my foot in it to keep it from closing completely.
“Hey, this is some top secret, can’t even look it up on the internet, kinda shit.”
“I’m not-”
“IT’S FROM JAPAN!”
“Oh my fucking god.”
I kick his shin and run into the empty hallway. First bell must’ve rung while this guy was yelling at
me. He runs into the hall after me.
“I am offering you a good deal here! It works! If you don’t believe me, just ask Jeremy Heere.”
“Jeremy He-, wait is that Michael Mell’s friend?”
“Well, he used to be Michael’s friend. But he is on his way to becoming cool now. He is going to
have to ditch him pretty soon, if not already. That kid is the walking definition of lame.”
I turn around and walk towards the girls bathroom.
“Hey! Wait, you can’t go in there! That’s the girls bathroom.”
“Look, Rich, is it? One, I don’t want a squint or whatever. Two, I’m gay. Somehow that gives me a year round free pass into the girls bathroom, but it’s actually pretty cool in there. It doesn’t smell like farts. And they have a mini fridge. Oh and guys don’t harass you about buying drugs in there, so bye.”
I walk through the door and sigh. God. I should have just come in here in the first place. What was I thinking? That guy was so fucking weird.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I was thinking of writing songs for certain little lines in the story that have stood out to me and you guys as well. You know, to give it the true musical feeling. Such as, "You’re the wrong murphy", "Your abs are so sexy", "Look who’s kinky now", "Straight as they get", "6 years or whatever", "You need to get laid", "A place of our own", "This is a catholic penis", and finally "Did you wear a little hat?". What do you guys think? I would make a series out of it and they would just be short little poem type things, because I can come up with tunes but I can’t write actual music because I suck. They wouldn’t be inside of this story or taking up space here, no worries. They would just be a short fun thing to keep you guys fulfilled in between updates. Tell me how you feel in the coments below.
Chapter Summary

Alana says that Evan isn't allowed to be in the girls bathroom unless he is a girl. Chloe, Christine, and Brooke have an idea.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So I decided to post a few of those song things to tide you guys over. They are posted as part of this series if you want to check them out. Also I decided to start the BMC Jeremy story part of this, but I won’t be posting it until November in the story timeline and it will be in a different story as to not confuse you guys, but for now I really hope you enjoy the BMC characters and references I have inserted. We won’t be getting any Jeremy until later in the series, but we will be hearing from Michael in the next couple of chapters. So for all of the hardcore BMC fans FYI you can just read the other fic by itself when it comes out. There will be no requirement to know anything from previously in this fic TBH, it will follow the cannon events of BMC up until the hospital scene at the very end. I am trying not to get too lazy with this fic, but I’ve only planned out the next 6-7 chapters of this. Yes. It’s going to be a hellah long fic.

Sanctuary. Thank fucking hell. I go to walk toward the mini fridge when I hear whispered screaming.
“Chloe! I can’t just sleep with Jake!”
“Christine, it’s not really any different than sleeping with us-”
“Yes it is!”
“Chloe, I kinda agree with Chris on this one. I mean, sleeping with a guy is kinda different than sleeping with two girls-”
I clear my throat. Everyone turns to me and I feel my face flush. I give a small wave and kinda shrink into myself a little bit.
“Hi…”
Chloe narrows her eyes at me.
“Evan? How much of that did you hear?”
“A lot of it? I-I promise I won’t tell anyone. I j-just, you guys said I was welcome here? Yeah and there was this guy harassing me i-in the boys bathroom-”
Chloe’s eyes go wide?
“Harassing you?”
“Y-yeah. He pinned me to the door and talking at me and then he, uh, tried to sell me drugs? I-I, uh, said I didn’t want any drugs and he started screaming at me, so I kicked him and ran in here…”
Christine puts her hand on my shoulder, looking me in the eye, completely serious.
“Who was this guy?”
“Uh… I don’t really know... He said his name was Rich?”
“Uhh.. I don’t-”
Chloe interrupts me.
“Short with a red streak in his hair?”
That sounds about right. Little fucker was scary AF.
“Y-yeah.”
Brooke makes a sad sympathetic face and walks over to me, pulling me into a hug.
“Aww.. poor Evan…”
The other two girls join her, making it a big group hug with me a the center. Someone clears their
throat from over by the door. We all separate and turn to the source.
“Alana?”
Wow. I haven’t seen her since the beginning of the year. What is she doing here?
“Evan, you know her?”
Alana steps forward.
“Of course, he used to be one of my closer acquaintances, until recently.”
She turns over to me.
“Evan, what are you doing in here? I got a report saying that a guy went into the girls bathroom, I
would have never thought that… Why? First, you cut me out. Then you disappear for a few days.
And now this?”
I blush, but Chloe speaks for me before I can even fathom an answer.
“We gave Evan permission to come in here and he came in here today, because he was being
harassed in the guys bathroom.”
Alana scowls at Chloe.
“You can’t just give a guy permission to come into the girls bathroom. He is a guy, it’s still against
the school rules-”
“Evan here is an honorary girl.”
“Honorary?- And why is that? Is Evan Hansen Trans?”
“No. He is gay.”
“Gay?”
She turns to me and I nod shyly. She sighs.
“Look, even if he is gay, he isn’t allowed to be in here unless he is a girl. So either he goes or he puts
on a skirt.”
Brooke smiles widely. Oh no.
“OOOOO!!~ MAKE OVER TIME!~”
The rest of the girls nod. Christine takes off out of the bathroom (presumably to grab something),
Brooke pulls me over to sit down on the couch, and Chloe begins to rifle through her make-up bag. I
turn over to Alana, with a pleading look, who is standing there partly stunned and partly impressed.
She quirks an eyebrow at me and I shrug. I mean, if this is what it takes to keep my sanctuary, it
can’t possibly be that bad, right? Chloe walks over to me with a whole bunch of different types of
powders, creams, and brushes. RIGHT? She squints at me and nods.
“Okay. Ev, I need you to close your eyes so we can do this.”
“I- uh, okay?”
I comply squeezing my eyes shut. She groans. I open my eyes again.
“Not like that. Like lightly. Like when you go to got to sleep.”
I close my eyes lightly, like she told me. All the sudden there is a brush and something cold and
slimy on my face. I grimace.
“Hold still.”
“What is this?”
“Liquid foundation. Now shut up and let me do my magic.”
The next 15 minutes of my life are spent with my eyes closed and brushes being rubbed against my
face. And my neck. And my ears. And, embarrassingly enough, my chest. Only the upper part of my
chest though. Thank god. Although, it was weird when they started unbuttoning the collar of my
shirt and I freaked out. I think I heard Alana snicker. Why is makeup so complicated? Also,
apparently, I didn’t have to have my eyes closed the WHOLE time. Just for small portions of
powders and liners, but Chloe never told me to open them until at the very end where she put something called “Mascara” on my eyelashes. Pretty much as soon as Chloe announces that she is finished, Christine comes tumbling back into the bathroom with several bags draping from her smaller stature. Chloe walks over to her, takes a peak in the bags, and smirks.

“Perfect. Brooke?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you wanna work on hair while Christine and I go through outfits?”

Hair?

“Yay.”

Outfits?

“Wait what’s wrong with my hair and clothes now?”

Brooke relieves Christine of one of her bags and comes over to me with an all to knowing smile.

“There isn’t anything wrong with your hair or anything right now, but if we are doing this, we are doing it all the way.”

Alana chimes in cheerfully from the spot she has taken on the loveseat in the corner across from me.

“Yeah, Ev. You’re already halfway there. Don’t back out now.”

Fuck my life. I look back over to Brooke shyly.

“Uh… yeah, okay. But can you even do anything with my hair?”

“Thi-?”

She pull a dirty blonde wig out from the bag and waves it in my face. Again, fuck my life. How do normal people deal with bobby pins? Like they pull on your hair and poke you in the head and it takes like 2000 just to get everything to stay the way you want it to. I am telling you, attaching that wig to my head was a new kind of hell that I never really thought I would experience. Of course after that comes styling the wig. Another thing I never thought I would have to experience was the smell of burnt hair. How do girls deal with curling irons? How do they not burn themselves? Whatever drove them to making a cylindrical stove top for hair? How early do girls wake up in the morning to prep themselves for the day? I mean, we’ve literally just spent 30 minutes with my hair and makeup alone. Next time I see Zoe I am giving her the biggest fucking hug.

“Hair is done.”

Brooke turns over to the Christine and Chloe.

“Do you guys have an outfit picked out yet?”

Chloe looks back at her with a smirk.

“I think we do. Evan? We are going to hand you some clothes and you are going to go into the stall and put them on.”

“What? I mean, okay. By myself? I mean, I am totally capable of getting dressed on my own, but like I don’t want to mess up the hair or anything.”

She rolls her eyes.

“You will be fine, Ev. If we need to we can always fix stuff. Just try to be careful, okay?”

I nod and head into the stall. They toss the clothes over the door and I try to put them on. Emphasis on the TRY. Is this the back or the front? I can’t tell if this is the top or bottom part of the outfit. I think I just put this on upside down. Okay, this is just a fucking piece of cloth.

Christine’s voice rings out softly from outside of the stall.

“Evan, are you okay in there?”

“I, uh, yeah.”

“Do you, um, NEED help?”

“Uh, no. I think I have it all on. I just don’t know if it’s right? And it’s all super tight and-”

Chloe interrupts, impatient.

“Just come on out!”

I undo the lock and step out of the stall slowly. The girls give me a look over, wide eyed.

“…holy shit.”

“W-what? Did I mess it up?”
I look over to Alana who also seems to be struck silent. The air sits still uncomfortably for a good minute before Brooke steps forward.

“Evan, your tiny twink body makes a hot mother fuckin’ babe.”

“Wha-”

“Just look in the mirror.”

I walk over to the sink- holy shit.

“Is..is that me?”

Christine walks up behind me, putting her hands on my shoulders.

“Yeah. It is.”

“Shit.”

She turn over to Alana with a wide smile.

“Introducing, Eva Hansen. Good enough for you?”

Alana is taken aback by the sudden acknowledgement of her existence.

“I, uh, yeah.”

Chloe and Brooke walk over with a glint in their eyes. Brooke claps her hands excitedly.

“PHOTOSHOOT TIME!”

“What?”

Chloe rolls her eyes.

“C’mon, Ev. You look really hot. This is a once in a lifetime moment. Take the opportunity to be fawned over and such and other.”

Brooke chimes in.

“Yeah, c’mon, Ev. Be a girl for a little bit. It’s not too terrible, I promise.”

I hate peer pressure.

“...Fine.”

Mainly because I am a total push over. Brooke giggles and all four girls pull out their phones. They’d better send me these photos. Although, after about an hour of pictures and poses the girls pressure me to start getting everything off and back into my regular clothes. They kinda seem to rush me through the process, but it does get done. There isn’t really enough time to ask questions before the bell rings and everyone takes off for lunch.

FUCK. I just accidentally skipped all of my morning classes. I make a dash for the computer lab in the library. I slam down my bag and log in, rapidly typing up emails to my teachers about having a panic attack in the morning and getting the make-up work. Ugh. I will never see the word make-up the same way again. Although, I gotta admit, I was fucking gorgeous. After sending off the emails I quickly open up my blog page. Shit. It’s been forever since I’ve posted anything. Okay, I gotta make this quick.

Okay, so sorry for not posting. It’s kinda been super crazy lately. Turns out, that dream I mentioned in my first post? Yeah, that wasn’t a dream. Either I’ve gone totally crazy or I am a time traveling, dimension hopping, body swapping, gay AF twink. With each passing day the latter is seeming more and more plausible. I have no idea how that could have even happened, but here we are. At least I’m not an alien, right? In further news, my social life is still messed up and fucking hectic as hell. Also, please ignore any and all typos from my previous post. I was in an extremely emotional state of being. So I still have the “fake boyfriend”. Although, I told my mom that we aren’t actually a thing. Yeah, we kinda pranked her by having fake sex, basically just us screaming and jumping on the bed, and so we kinda had to clear that up. Bad news is, she confused me not dating that one guy with me not liking guys. Yeah… my mom now thinks I’m straight. Which I am not. At all. But you know who I did come out of the closet to? That’s right. Conrad. What? Did you think I was too much of a coward? I probably am. I totally am. It was mainly just an outburst made in a moment of frustration while under pressure. Of course, then when he asked me who I liked I totally chickened out and said a random name. Now he thinks I have a crush on this kid named Michael. I don’t even know a Michael. I didn’t even know people still named their kids Michael. But here I am. Head over heels for, insert small drum roll here, Michael. Apparently, he is one of the only kids at our school who is totally open about their sexuality. Although, add me to that list, because I am pretty sure the whole
school knows I’m gay now. Or at least they would if they gave a shit or eve knew I existed. Moving on, I have been doing my best to try to get over my feelings for Conrad. Did you see the relation in the transition? It was like a pun, but not a pun, but like it fit with what I’m talking about and it’s super crafty. Anyway, yeah. Apparently, getting over Conrad includes running away and hiding in the bathroom a lot. Speaking of which, quick question, has anyone out there ever been cornered into listening to someone perform slam poetry? Literally, this guy pinned me to the wall and started telling me his life story. Except everything rhymed. WTF. Who does that? I ended up escaping into the girls bathroom… again. Which, ended up getting me caught by the student body government. I’m not actually allowed to be in there. Thankfully there was a small loophole? Yeah. So, I wore a wig, make-up, and a mini-skirt for the first time today. Just saying, I was super sexy. The girls did this whole big photo shoot and everything. It was awkward at first, but then it was a lot of fun. Also, for anyone who might not have noticed, there is a new little tab at the top of your screen there that says “music”. I kinda write my own music from time to time. Just drabbles and such. But if you wanna give it a listen, go ahead. It’s called “Waving Through a Window”. There is only the one piece of music right now, but I will upload more later. Anyway, this has been a super long post, so I’m gonna cut it here.

Insincerely
Me

Post. Okay time to- Wait. I look back at the front page of my blog. No way. 15.2 k following. I click back on the first post. 16.5 k reads. WHAT THE LITERAL FUCK? WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN? People actually read this? Should I add in a comment section? No. I don’t want negative comments or to know what other people think of my life. The fact that people are actually reading this and judging me in the first place is freaking me out enough. I only meant to post this as a personal journal, not something for other people to read. I mean, should I be excited or scared? What if Connor has read it? FUCK. I quickly log out of the page and the computer, grabbing my bag, and rushing off to meet up with Jared and Zoe for what’s left of lunch.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I have been waiting for hours to post this. Ughh. Ive literally stayed up way later than I was planning to and fml. But hey, it's here. it's Heere. ha. lol. Yeah, I know. I am fucking lame. Sue me.
Eva Hansen makes a debute

Chapter Summary

Someone posted the pictures of Eva online.

Chapter Notes

I miss your guy’s comments. :, but at this point I am mainly writing for me. I have a good majority of the story planned out and holy this is going to be all over the place and dramatic and juicy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So what you’re telling me is that this chick is you?”
I roll my eyes.
“Yes, Jared. The girls dressed me up and we took photos yesterday.”
“Yesterday?! Why didn’t you tell me?”
I blush. I meant to tell Jared and Zoe at lunch, but I totally forgot. I was more concerned with the fact that my blog is kinda going viral. I mean, I only have like 6-10 posts. It shouldn’t be nearly as popular as it is, but I guess word spreads???. Besides, Jared spent the entire lunch period talking about Dunkirk or whatever. “Oh, his hair is so gorgeous!~ Have you seen that ass?~” and so on and so forth.
“I was a little preoccupied…”
“Yeah, jerking off to pictures of yourself.”
“Jared, I’m gay.”
“Yeah, but I would jerk off to you if I was gay.”
“Jared, that sounded really wrong…”
“I know, but I’m not taking it back. It’s too late for regrets.”
Zoe walks over to us, binders hugged to her chest and her backpack slung onto her left shoulder.
“Hey, boys. Sup?”
“Evan has pictures of himself in drag.”
“Jared, it’s not dra-”
“Evan did drag?! Let me see!”
Jared rips my phone out of my hand, rude btw, and flashes the picture at Zoe proudly. Her jaw drops.
“That’s you?”
I nod without making eye contact. My face is so fucking red right now. God. I mean, I know I have nothing to be shy about. I look really good in those photos AND I was going to share them with Zoe anyway. Jared chimes an answer for me, probably not paying attention to my body language in favor of someone who might actually make a decent conversation partner.
“Yes! That’s Eva Hansen!”
Zoe stays silent for a good minute.
“You know these pictures have kinda spread all over the school, right?”
WHAT? Jared’s eyes go wide and he doubles over laughing.
“…what?”
“Well, nobody has recognized it as you, of course, but yeah. They were submitted for a fashion magazine contest on instagram and tagged as the location being our high school. But, again, nobody has any clue who it is. All the guys think that there is some new hot transfer student.”

Jared collects himself for a moment.

“Well they got about ¾ of that right. Our Evan here is a hot TRANS student.”

A moment that is short lived, because as soon as he finishes the sentence he doubles over again.

“Go eat a bath bomb, Jared.”

Zoe hands me back my phone.

“How did this even happen?”

“Well, I went into the girls bathroom, cuz a guy was harassing me in the guys bathroom.”

Jared stops laughing and Zoe’s eyes go super wide.

“Harassing you? What?”

“Yeah, he was trying to force me to buy drugs. His name is Rich Gorgonzola or something.”

She closes her eyes for a minute, thinking, before reopening them with a glint of an answer shimmering in her eyes.

“You mean Rich Goranski?”

“Yeah. Him. Anyway, apparently someone reported seeing me go into the girls bathroom and so they told the student council-”

“That’s stupid.”

“Yeah, but they sent in Alana to confirm the report-”

“Wait, who is Alana?”

“Oh, she is the senior student body class president. We kinda used to be sorta friends? I don’t really know. She called me one of her “closer acquaintances”, which in all honesty is super vague.”

“Okay, continue.”

“So, Alana comes into the bathroom and says that I’m not allowed to be in there, because I’m a guy. My sexuality doesn’t matter-”

“That’s fucking dumb! I will fight her!”

“Zoe, Alana doesn’t make the rules.”

She pouts slightly and I take the opportunity to finish the story.

“Anyway, she said I couldn’t be in there unless I was a girl, so unless I was about to put on a skirt-”

“Ohhh, so you did drag as a loophole.”

“Well, again, it wasn’t drag, it was crossdressing, but yes. Now if you excuse me, I need to talk to Chloe.”

Zoe nods in understanding.

“Well, okay. Just watch out for her claws.”

I roll my eyes. I walk away and begin roaming the halls in search of the trio of girls. Surprisingly, it’s harder than I originally anticipated. After thirty years of adulthood and being coddled by my friends in the halls for the past couple of weeks, I totally forgot about the hell that is the high school hallways. Literally a labyrinth full of man eating snakes. I really don’t make a good Indiana Jones, because my torch of hope fades fairly quickly into my escapade. Thus I’m left with halls upon halls full of snakes, brushing against me, venom collecting in their accessory glands. Fuck this shit, I’m out… of the closet. Lol. Well, I’m kinda out of the closet. I whip out my phone and text Christine.

To: Christine
‘Where are you?’

From: Christine
‘The auditorium, why’

Bingo. Actually, I really should have started there, it’s really kinda obvious now that I’m thinking about it. I rush over the the auditorium, pushing past people on my way. The heavy doors close behind me and there on stage is Christine. In the spotlight. On top of a ladder. Doing set stuff.
Looking like a fucking angel. With Brooke and Chloe holding the ladder in place. I throw my bag into one of the seats in the audience before jumping on stage myself and clearing my throat. Christine looks down at me from her place, perched atop said ladder, with a smile.

“Evan! Hey! Give me one sec.”

She finishes up whatever she was doing and climbs down the ladder. She addresses me directly and the other girls start to kinda back off, trying to give us privacy.

“Actually, I was hoping to talk to all three of you?”

Brooke and Chloe look at each other before stepping back into where the conversation is happening.


“Not this time. Actually, I was just wondering which one of you posted the pictures from yesterday online and, like, why the fuck you would do that?”

All three of them go wide eyed, horrified. They look to each other. Christine looks disappointedly at both girls.

“Okay, which one of you guys did it?”

Brooke answers almost immediately.

“It wasn’t me! It must’ve been Chloe!”

Chloe looks back at Brooke and Christine abhorrent.

“Well, it wasn’t me either.”

I roll my eyes.

“You guys were the only ones there. It must have been one of you.”

They look at each other skeptically, before turning back to me. Chloe frowns.

“Well, we weren’t the only ones there.”

“Well, yeah you were. I think I would remember someone else coming into the bathroom and myself being totally scarred for life.”

Christine smiles sweetly.

“I think she is referring to Alana, Evan.”

“What about her? Alana wasn— Oh…”

Alana. Shit. I totally forgot she was there too. That was totally a thing. In fact, she was the reason for the whole escapade in the first place. Not to mention, I’m pretty sure she is mad at me. I mean, I haven’t actually talked to her since the first day of school. It’s literally been like, two weeks. Not cool. Yeah, that’s totally my bad. She kinda has a right to be pissed.

“I, uh, I’m sorry for assuming—”

“It’s fine, Ev. You totally forgot she was a suspect. We get it. But check with her before you keep grilling us.”

“Uhh, yeah. That’s a good idea. I’m gonna go, you know… go… do… that. The thing. With Alana. Cuz that would be the smart thing that a smart person would logically do.”

I walk backward awkwardly. Yep. Shit. I’m embarrassed. I totally just accused them of betraying me of completely betraying me when they had means but no motive. Although, you know who does have motive and means? Alana. That’s who. Where is her locker ag—

“Ooff”

“Oh. Hey, Evan.”


“Oh, hi. S-sorry, that I, uh, kinda just walked into you. I was kinda lost in thought.”

“It’s fine, we’re friends after all. I’ve been meaning to talk to you anyway.”

“Huh? Y-you have?”

“Yeah, so I’ve just kinda been wondering why there is a picture of you in a wig and a miniskirt going around the internet?”

FUCK MY LIFE.

“Oh, that…”

“So it is you? You, like, know about this?”

“Yes? I mean, it’s me, but I didn’t post it. Somebody else did.”

“Someone posted a picture of you, in that, without your permission.”
“Yeah…”
“Why were you even wearing that in the first place?”
It’s a long motherfucking story, Connor.
“There was a debacle in the girls bathroom and that was the compromise.”
“The girls- I’m not going to ask.”
“Yeah, that’s probably for the best.”
“Are you okay?”
“Probably. As long as nobody else recognizes Eva as me.”
Connor chuckles under his breath
“Eva? Is that your drag name?”
“It wasn’t drag.”
“No?”
“No.”
“Yeah, okay, Eva.”
I bet we will tell this story to our grandchildren. It will be a fan favorite. They will call me Grandma Evan as a joke. But at least they’ll have his eyes. And his smile. Each and every one of them will scream Connor Murphy… Fuck. Yeah, I really need to move on. But how do I do that when he is right here smiling at me?

Chapter End Notes

I love you guys.
“ALANA!”
I burst into the student council room, at this point mad as all hell. I scan the room finding her curled up in a ball in the corner. I deflate instantly.
“...Alana?”
I inch towards her cautiously. Her shoulders are shaking up and down and I can hear the echoes of small sobs vibrating across the quiet room. I squat down next to her, hesitantly putting my hand on her shoulder. She jerks at the contact, whipping around to look at me, her face red and puffy from crying.
“E-Evan?”
“Alana.. What’s-”
“I didn’t do it, I swear.”
“Wha-”
“The picture. It wasn’t me.”
She knows. Aw, fuck the whole Eva thing, Alana needs me.
“Look, I’m more concerned about you right now. Are you okay?”
“I-... I broke up with my girlfriend…”
“What? Wait, you're lesbian?”
She rolls her eyes.
“She was very closeted and we kept it very under the radar. Although, she took my phone and saw the picture of you and got jealous and posted it online.”
What?
“So, your ex posted the picture of Eva?”
She sniffs and nods.
“We got into a big fight and I broke up with her…”
“You did that... for me?”
“That and because she was kinda a jerk in general, but yeah. It was the right thing to do logically…”
Logic? Who the fuck thinks about logic when emotions are involved? Alana. God, she’s...
“But you loved her?”
She has a small, sharp intake of breath. She brushes her hair away from her eyes glancing at me
shyly for a moment before averting her eyes.
“... love is a strong word, but there were feelings involved, yes.”
“...shit... I get that.”
She rolls her eyes.
“Yeah, right.”
“No, I do. I get it. Loving- caring for someone who says and does things that hurt you, I’ve been
there. I am there, actually.”
She is quiet for a minute.
“You have a boyfriend? Wait, are you actually dating Jared Kleinman? I’ve heard rumors about that,
but-”
“Yes and no. I don’t have a boyfriend, but I am fake dating Jared. And no, Jared isn’t the guy I have
these feelings for.”
“Oh... is it that Murphy kid?”
Okay, literally, the fuck? It took her two minutes to figure this out.
“What?”
She smirks. Shit, yeah, panicking was probably a dead giveaway.
“It is, isn’t it?”
“How did you even-”
“Evan, you only ever talk to a select number of people. Plus, you would have to be pretty close to
someone to full on fall for them, what, seeing as to that your demiromantic and since-”
“Wait, Alana, rewind for a sec.”
“I’m not demi, I’m gay.”
She looks at me blankly before laughing.
“Alana, I’m serious-”
“I know, Evan. You’re a flaming homosexual.”
“This isn’t a joke-”
“No, Ev, okay, there is a spectrum-”
“I know about the different sexualities, Alana-”
“Just let me talk for a minute?”
Uggghhhhhhh. Finnnee. I cross my arms with a pout and gesture for her to speak.
“Love isn’t entirely sexual attraction, Ev. I mean, it plays a factor, but it isn’t the only factor, There
are different types of attraction. Sexual attraction, Sensual attraction, Romantic attraction, Platonic
attraction, and Aesthetic attraction. Like how you can think someone is pretty without being sexually
attracted to them, that’s purely Aesthetic attraction. Or how you can love your friend, but not be in
love with them, that’s Platonic attraction. Leaving the last three, Sensual, romantic, and sexual.”
I nod in understanding, because, shit, she is actually explaining this and it’s making sense. Like, I
was expecting to have to argue with her, but so far there isn’t anything to really argue about.
“So, what’s sensual attraction?”
“It’s the desire for non-sexual physical contact. Like hugs and kisses and handholding.”
“I thought that would be romantic attraction?”
“No, romantic attraction is the desire to be in a relationship that would be considered romantic.”
“I’m sorry, I’m still not getting the difference.”
“Okay, so let’s use your relationship with your mom as an example. She gives you physical contact,
like hugs and kisses and hand holding, right? And that’s a normal thing. It would kinda seem weird
to you if she didn’t and mom hugs are nice, right?”
I nod. Yeah, okay, I think I’m starting to get it.
“But the difference is that I don’t want to be in a romantic relationship with my mom, but I still crave
the mom hugs, right?”
“Exactly.”
“So how does this apply to what you were saying earlier?”
“Right, so I called you demiromantic. Which basically means, even though you are sexually attracted
to guys, when it comes down to a romantic attraction you can only really experience love when you
have an emotional connection with the person beforehand. Like you would have to be friends with someone for a while before feeling the desire to start a romantic relationship with them.”
That actually sounds kinda like how I fell for Connor. Like exactly like. Like that’s scary.
“Okay… That sounds about right, but how did you figure that out?”
“Evan, I’ve gone to school with you for years and I personally like to consider you-”
“Yeah, yeah, one of your closest acquaintances.”
“I was going to say, I consider you my friend.”
Plot twist. Shit. This Alana is kinda different than mine. Mine doesn’t, didn’t, make friends… easily or throw the words around carelessly. But I suppose she might not be throwing the words around carelessly in this instance, persay.
“Oh… I mean, I consider you my friend to. For the most part. Like, I like you, as a friend, duh, cuz I’m gay, but like I didn’t think that you liked me. I thought you just hung around me out of, like, pity?”
“Isn’t that what you assume whenever someone tries to hang out with you?”
“Well, yeah, but-”
“Evan, how many times have I told you not to assume things like that about people?”
Never. At least my Alana didn’t.
“I don’t know…”
“Exactly. More times than you can count. So, for once, take my advice, and stop.”
“Yeah okay… Thanks.”
“Pssshhh, I should be the one thanking you.”
“Huh? Why?”
“What do you mean, why? Because you didn’t get mad at me for my Ex posting the picture of Eva. Because you comforted me through this even though, you’re frustrated with your own situation. Because you were honest with me. Because you did everything in your power to make me feel better. Because, even though you haven’t talked to me in forever, you were there for me when I really needed you most. That’s why.”
Wow. I guess Evan and this Alana were really close. I mean, not super close, because he didn’t know about her being gay. Well, I didn’t know. Maybe he knew? No, Alana didn’t act weird when I asked. She would have said something if I had already known. Alana is smart. She would have noticed. Yeah. And I mean, now I know how the pictures got out there too. So, overall a successful morning, right?

Chapter End Notes

Super sorry for the short chapter. I hit my head and had to go to the ER. I don’t have a concussion but they did discover I have a rare birth defect in my brain. Fun. Also the cops have been interrogating my family for reasons unknown to myself and my mom has been putting a lot of pressure on me about colleges, so I have had several anxiety attack, today. I’m not in the best mindset. I love you all and I am going to try to continue this as frequently as I possibly can, but it’s going to be slow again and for that you have my deepest apologies. Thank you so much for 500 kudos. I am like, so happy. You guys give me strength.
Chapter Summary

Connor tries to set up Evan with Micheal....*sarcasm* YAY...

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. So things are slightly better. I’ve kinda been out of wack since everything happened but I would like to call out some people who I have talked to a bit in the comment sections. People whose comments have made me laugh: *pathetic jazz hands*, Mag, HeereTheBeerSpillOnTheGround, PrettyPansexual, name, Luckyheart, ThatCatLover, HerothekidRS, snazzfactor6000, Corvi, Amy+The+Fangirl, Ikai, Rainbow Mooncat, and Gabriella. People who have been brave: katekyo721 and Lia. People who have been supportive of me: Tyler, Laurens_i_likeyoualot, asameki, DollBlood, Narwhalacomadragobot, Alex, and Astronomical_Trees . And people who have just made my day with good conversation etc.: EmoOtaku4Ever, HolyCoconut, Kishi_ay, deityofgarbage, bleh, Trashgaymeme, Shorty, Taylala, PlagueButt, and StarySky205. I’m sorry that I couldn’t get everyone. I tried super damn hard. But to those of you that I mentioned who are reading this, I want to say thank you so much. Like so damn much. Like you don’t even know. But you are all amazing and I love you so much. Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey, Ev. You kinda disappeared yesterday after the whole “Eva” incident. You good?”
“Jared, I am fine. I needed to talk to a few people and by the end of everything I thought it would be best if I laid low for the rest of the day. I didn’t want to risk anybody else recognizing me.”
Jared raises an eyebrow.
“Anybody else? Wait someone recognized you?!”
Shit. FML. I blush and nod solemnly.
“Yeah, Connor did.”
“No fucking way.”
“Yeah-”
“What about me?”
Holy fuck. I spin around to face Connor, my heart practically beating out of my chest.
“Ev, here, was just expressing how you recognized him in his photoshoot pictures with no prompting. Impressive recognition skills, man.”
“Oh, yeah… that.”
“Yep. So, wassup?”
Connor grimaces slightly.
“Actually, I was hoping to borrow Evan for a moment.”
“M-me? What for?”
Connor blushes.
“I have a present for you- I mean, like something I wanna show you.”
Jared whistles and I kick him in the shin.
“Sure, Connor. Lead the way. Jared, I’ll be right right back.”
Jared shoos me off with his eyebrow bouncing up and down against the rims of his glasses.
“Go get em’, tiger.”
“I hate you, Jared.”
I turn away from him and fast walk slightly to catch up with Connor. I follow him outside, to the back of the school behind the gym.
“Connor?”
“Shhh…”
I roll my eyes.
“What are we doing here?”
“Look around the corner.”
I peek past the corner where the brick wall turns and there is a boy with headphones and a red hoodie smoking a joint over by the trash bins. I look back at Connor with raised eyebrows.
“What-”
“Surprise. Yeah, Michael and I have the same dealer and I kinda know that he has been smoking back here during lunch recently.”
Michael? Who’s- Wait. Michael Mell? Is Connor trying to-
“You should go talk to him.”
Yep. Connor is trying to set me up with Michael. Fuck. This is what I get. Karma. Fucking Karma.
“I-I c-can’t just, like, w-walk up to him. That’s w-weird.”
Connor offers me a smirk.
“Aww, look at that. Evan Hansen acting all cute and embarrassed at the thought of talking to his crush. That’s adorable.”
I glare at Connor. I can’t believe this. Any of this. At all. Worst part is that I have to go through with this. I mean, it’s either fake having a crush on Michael or lose my friendship with Connor. I straighten out my shoulders in defiance and, with a pout, turn away from Connor to walk toward Michael Mell. Although, as I get closer Michael takes notice of me and I freeze. Shit. Okay, guess there is no turning back now. I steady myself and continue towards him.
“H-hi.”
“Hi?”
“Um… I’m Evan.”
“Michael…”
“Yeah, I know.”
He raises an eyebrow, confused. Shit. This is not going well at all. I glance back to Connor, but he isn’t there. I guess he wanted to give us some privacy. Gee, thanks…
“You know?”
“I mean, yes? Okay, so long story short. I’m gay and I kinda like a guy-”
“Okay, I’m going to stop you there. Look, you’re cute, but-”
“I don’t like you.”
“Wha-”
“I mean, I’m sure you’re a great guy, but I don’t, like, like-like you or anything. I mean, uh, shit. I told my crush that I liked you, so he would stop asking me who I liked…”
A look of understanding washes over his face.
“Ahh… unrequited love?”
“Yeah… and this guy is one of my best friends and I really don’t want to-”
“Lose him? Yeah, I get that. So where is this friend?”
“He, uh, kinda brought me here to set me up with you and I think he left.”
“Alright, so you’re just buying your time to make it look like I let you off easy and stuff?”
“Yeah, basically. I know it’s kinda a dick move using you like this.. I don’t even know if you’re gay.”
“First off, I am very, very gay, so you don’t have to worry about that. And as far as using me fr something like this, it’s not a big deal. I totally get it.”
I let out a sigh of relief. This guy is so fucking nice, what the hell?
“You do?”
“Yeah, I’m kinda in the same boat. I’ve been in love with my best friend for…. As long as I can remember really.”
“Seriously?! How is that even possible?!”
“Well, I mean, he is my first love and I figured it out pretty young.”
“No, I mean, how do you do it?”
“Huh?”
“How do you put up with wanting someone you can never have, day after day for years? How do you deal with the spikes of jealousy when they like someone else or the stabbing pain when they say things like “I love you” or “Friend” or “I wouldn’t be with you if you were the last person on the planet”? How have you not died from all that?”
He stares at me wide eyes for a good moment, before lifting his hand to adjust his glasses
“Well, first off, I don’t believe that people can actually die from a broken heart and I can’t really relate to that last example, but I know what you mean. I guess, you just kinda get used to it. All of the pain and stuff. Like it hurts, but at the same time I love seeing him smile. You know? It means the world to me to see him happy and that’s kinda how I push through it all.”
“… I can get behind that… but does the pain ever get better?”
“No… not really. It just kinda sucks a lot… Don’t look now, but I think your friend is back.”
I nod and pull out my phone, looking down at the screen as it lights up, to check the time.
“Yeah, lunch is almost over. He probably just wanted to make sure that I’m okay.”
“Right, guess that means you better get going, huh?”
Shit. I still feel guilty as all fuck.
“Yeah…”
“I’ll, uh, see you around?”
I perk up instantly. Like embarrassingly quick, like shit.
“I, uh, yeah, I’d like that.”
He smirks.
“Yeah, okay me too.”
He leans forward quickly and gives me a small peck on the cheek. He pulls back and winks at me before saunters away with a royal-like wave.
“Later, Evan.”
I turn back towards where Connor is, blushing like a mad man, to be greeted with a completely blank, jaw dropped expression. I walk over to him.
“Hey…”
“Hey… uhh, congrats.”
“Congrats?”
Connors face contorts into something more like a grimace.
“On getting with the guy you like.”
“‘Oh, we didn’t, uh-”
“Don’t lie to me-”
“I’m not-”
“Evan-”
“We’re not-”
“I SAW HIM KISS YOU-”
“HE LIKES SOMEONE ELSE!”
“He… what?”
“He is in love with someone else…”
“But the kiss-”
“-was just a courtesy.”
Connor crosses his arms and pouts.
“It didn’t look like a courtesy..”
“You were the one that brought me over here to try to get with him-”
“I didn’t think that you would actually.”
“No, but it’s weird that you aren’t.”
“What? Crying? I’m not that much of a wimp.”
“Ev, you just got, pretty much, dissed by your crush-”
“And?”
“Aren’t you, like, heartbroken?”
“Connor, it was just a crush. Besides, I’m more pissed with you for making me go over there in the first place.”
“Wait, so this is my fault?”
“It’s not your fault, I just don’t get why you did any of this in the first place.”
“BECAUSE I WANTED YOU TO-...”
“You wanted me to, what?”
“I wanted you… to… be happy.”
There is a lingering moment of silence. Like, a really long fucking moment.
“I-... I am happy, Connor.”
“...Are you really though?”
“I don’t un-”
“Evan, you… You’re depressed. You know it. I know it. The anxiety doesn’t make things any better, either. You have these fits and I don’t know what to do or how to make all the bad stuff go away. I don’t know how to be what you need in those situations, I don’t know if can be the thing you need in those situations.... I just thought that if you had someone, it might make things easier. For you. You know?”
That is literally the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard come out of someones mouth. Holy. Shit. I can’t believe that he actually pays attention, or that he cares as much as he does. I mean, holy fuck.
“I… I don’t really know either? I mean, I’ve never really had someone who even tried to be there for me before. Or at least not anyone who really cared about me... But, um, I know that things are better when you’re around…”
“... Then why do you run away from me and into the arms of someone else all the time?”
Because I love you.
“Because…. I don’t want to bug you with my issues and… I don’t want you to see me like that…”
“Sad?”
“You aren’t disgusting.”
“You haven’t seen me cry.”
“L”
The bell rings, startling the both of us. I grab my bag and rush to my next class. I hate the school hallways during passing periods. Have I mentioned that? Probably. I side into my desk, my bag falling off my shoulder and onto the floor beside me. I pull out my laptop and open my blog page.
Holy fuck. Okay, first off, why are you here? Like so many people have read this. I mean, I heard that a couple of people at my school had stumbled upon it, because I left the tab open on on of the computers or something. But I don’t understand why anyone would actually want to read this. It’s just me complaining about how terrible my life is, which is nothing compared to some other people who have it a lot worse. I just don’t get it. Moving on, some more stuff has happened since I last talked to you. For starters, I cross dressed as a girl. For reasons. Yeah. Anyway, everybody has kinda seen the pictures by now but only Conrad recognized it as me. Speaking of Conrad, I told him I had a crush on someone else, I think I already told you guys about this in a previous post, and it kinda mended our friendship problems a bit. For now. I know, solutions made out of lies are the first to fall apart. But I really don’t have a good excuse for my actions, so fuck you. So, yeah, I told him I had a crush on some random guy at our school. I don’t really know why I was expecting Conrad to
drop the subject after that, but I totally was. Until he pulled me aside today and basically tried to set me up with the guy that I fake like. Yeah, that was awkward as fuck. Although, I just told the guy the truth and he was super understanding. Like, he understood and we just stood there and made conversation for a bit. Honestly, I think this guy is one of the chillest, coolest people I’ve ever met. Not to mention that he smells like pure man musk. I think it was the jacket? I don’t think he has ever washed that thing but, like, not in a bad way. It just kinda smells faintly like mountain dew and manliness, but not like muscle, brawny manly. It was like cologne, but, like, cheap, but also, like, natural. He was also kinda low-key, super hot. And he kissed me. On the cheek. As he was leaving. After admitting that he also had a crush on someone else. So, that was exciting today. Fuck. Maybe a little too exciting.

Post. SHit. I gotta deal with this. Sometimes I really hate being gay. Like, I really, really, really, really hate it. Okay, I need to calm down. Think about girls. Think about the girls having a lesbian threeway. Okay, problem solved. I mean, I also think I’ve just given myself nightmare fuel for the next week, but the problem is solved.

Chapter End Notes

I love how I said I may not be updating for a while in my last post, but here I am. Done with the new chapter and posting it. It’s probably mainly because I have like almost the rest of this planned out into detail and I just wanna finish this before I die.
Chapter Summary

Zoe comes over to hang out cuz yay for weekends!~

Chapter Notes

Okay, so back in english class. Yay. Apparently we are reading a book rn. Although, I have no idea which book we are reading. I have it in my bag but i am far too fucking lazy to pull it out. I’m also 13% scared that I lost it and it might not be in there? Yeah. That’s… yup.--- Okay so I didn’t lose it I just pulled it out, but I still have no idea what I’m doing because I haven’t been paying attention and apparently we are on chapter 17 or something. I think this might be do at the end of class or that he might make us read our answers out loud and we have like 5 minutes to do this and I havent started. And this children is why you never procrastinate. FML. I wanna cry.---- thank god. He didn’t make us read aloud. Praise god. Although, I am really fucking behind in this class-OMFG I TAKE IT BACK. I spoke too soon. He is making us read and I’ve literally done squat. I’ve spent the whole period watching Voltron and writing this- wait the bell just rung. Shit. AHHHHHHH. *Panic ensues*. Holy fuck did I survive this? Holy shit. Okay I gtg to my next class. Love you guys!~

Continued: I have been working on this chapter forever. So much has happened. My great grandfather died and I’ve been having crazy mood swings and blarg. Omg, I am so sorry for the short hiatus, thank you so much for bearing with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Zoe! Dear, how great of you to come over!~”
“Thanks, Ms. Hansen. Really, it’s my pleasure.”
“It’s not very often that Evan brings over friends that aren’t Jared. Much less, none as pretty as you.” Zoey blushes. God, it feels like my mom is flirting with her and then from there that’s just kinda super weird.
“Okay, Mom. I’m just going to take Zoe and we are going to hang out in my room for a bit. Completely platonically. With the door left a crack open.”
I grab Zoe by the wrist and drag her upstairs hastily. My mom can be so embarrassing. We get through my bedroom door and I plop myself down on the bed with a groan.
“Ev?”
“Yeah?”
“What was that? Why did you have to specify about platonic stuff. I mean, your mom knows you’re gay. You are still “dating” Jared last I checked an-”
“I told my mom it was fake.”
“Wha-... Why?”
“I- uh, its, Jared’s mom was… it’s complicated. My dad killed himself and my mom gave this speech-”
“Your Dad committed suicide?! Like recently?”
“Yes and no. He did it when I was a lot younger. I was like five and he kinda shot himself in the head while I was in the room, but that part is irrelevant here. Apparently, He killed himself because he was gay and in love with Jared’s uncle and my mom is traumatised. Anyway, Lydia yelled at me and I yelled back and she told my mom it was fake and I agreed and now my mom thinks I’m straight.”
“Okay… Wow. That was a lot of information and I’m pretty sure I didn’t catch half of it, but tell me if I got this right.”
I nod.
“So your dad was gay, but he is dead and that messed up your mom. Then, Jared’s mom did something which caused you to tell your mom that you’re straight when you’re not.”
“Most of that is right? But I didn’t tell my mom I was straight.”
“No?”
“Yeah, I told her I wasn’t actually dating Jared and she somehow twisted that into me being straight and I couldn’t bring myself to correct her…”
“So, you’re back in the closet, huh?”
“Only at home… I told Connor I’m gay.”
“Connor knows you’re gay?!?!? What did he say?”
“He asked me who I liked.”
“Wait, so you two are together now?! Is that why he dragged you behind the school during lunch the other day?! Did you guys make out? Why didn’t you tell me!-”
“Zoe! No! Connor and I aren’t… no…”
There is a long moment of silence between us. Shit, maybe I should have just told Connor that I liked him. If I was dead I wouldn’t have deal with awkward situations like this anymore.
“… You didn’t tell him, did you?”
“NO. I couldn’t just…. I can’t-”
“What did you do?”
“I told him I had a crush on Michael.”
“Who’s Michael?”
“Exactly! I blanked and thought of some random name, so he wouldn’t press me about it further! I didn’t even know there was a Michael in our school!”
“There is a Michael in our school? Wait, so then what happened?”
“Well, he has been trying to set me up with Michael ever since.”
“Set you up?”
“They have the same drug dealer.”
“Drug- Evan Hansen!”
“I didn’t know!”
“…How did I miss all of this?”
I shrug. We sit there, soaking in the quiet, once more. I hate quiet rooms. They send my anxiety through the roof. I used to take refuge in silence, but now it just makes me feel utterly alone.
“Zoe?”
“Yeah?”
“Do you plan on ever coming out to your parents?”
“…No. Probably not. Especially after what happened when Connor came out…”
“W-what happened when Connor came out?”
“I… I don’t really remember much of it? There was a lot of yelling. I spent a lot of the time in my room for the following couple of months.”
“Months?”
“Yeah… I’m pretty sure my Dad still hates Connor.”
“Hates? That’s a really strong word. I mean, you guys are a family-”
“Yeah, well, Larry Murphy is a dick.”
“Larry….”
“Yeah.”
“So I guess the both of us are going to be in the closet forever.”
“At this rate? Probably.”
Maybe...
“Do you… nevermind.”
“What?”
Fuck my life. I shouldn’t have said anything.
“I.. I was just thinking- well, I, um-”
“Hansen.”
“Wouldyouwanttoeachother’sbeards?”
“What?”
Instant regret. Oh my god, she is going to kill me.
“I’m sorry it was a stupid idea. Please don’t hurt me.”
“What? Evan, what are you even talking about?”
“Huh?”
“Beard?”
“Oh it’s a term. Like when two gay people of opposite genders pretend to be a straight couple as a cover so no one suspects them of being gay.”
“That… is the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard.”
Okay, harsh. It wasn’t that bad of an idea. I mean, yes, I shouldn’t have suggested it, because she probably wouldn’t have wanted to do it. BUT, like she doesn’t have to call it dumb just because she doesn’t want to do it.
“Well, it’s not like either of us plan on ever coming out to our families and they are going to start pressuring you eventually.”
“So?”
“Are you just not going to date anyone ever?”
“Well, I wouldn’t be able to if I was dating you.”
“We wouldn’t actually be dating! It would just be for show! For our families, you know? We could date whoever we wanted in real life and just fake it when we come home?”
“And what if I wanted to get married? Or have kids? What then?”
“We could fake a break up? I don’t know.”
“I don’t know isn’t good enough. Fuck you, Hansen. This whole thing is a manipulative stupid ass suggestion. I mean, I rather have my Dad hate me than be caught in some huge lie.”
“I was just a suggestion!”
“Well it was really fucking stupid. I refuse to be your trophy girlfriend!”
“That’s not what I meant-”
“Bull shit. I’m tired of parading myself around as if I’m something I’m not!”
“Why are you yelling at me about this?!”
“Because you’re just like everyone else! You aren’t really my friend! You just want something from me!”
“I was making a suggestion, because I thought it might help!”
“When does lying help anyone?!”
“You lie everyday, Zoe! To yourself, to your parents, and to everybody else!”
“Exactly! And I don’t know how much more I can take!”
“I was just trying to help!”
“Well, you aren’t helping!”
“Well, it’s not my fault that you have a perfection complex!”
The room goes quiet. Tension hanging in the air. Tears well up in Zoe’s eyes. Shit. I fucked up.
“Zo-”
“Fuck you, Hansen.”
“Look, I crossed a line-”
“Yeah, you crossed a fucking line-”
“You can’t hide from the world forever-”
“Neither can you-”
“At least I’m trying to move on from my hopeless crush!”
“What?! You think I don’t have a chance with Christine?!”
“Not while she is dating Jake and having sex with both Chloe and Brooke on the side. I think her love life is kinda at a max, unless you want to join her harem.”
Zoe grits her teeth, her fists in balls at her side.
“Christine wouldn’t do that.”
“Yeah? Well, she is. You deserve better than her. You deserve better than half the things you put up with everyday!”
“I can do what I want, Evan!”
“Can you?!”
She storms out of my room. I hear the front door slam. She doesn’t come back. Maybe I’m not cut out for this whole “friend” thing after all. It seems every time I try I just end up alone again and again...

Chapter End Notes

Hey, guys. Thank you so much for being supportive of me throughout this! I am so sorry that I can’t update as frequently as I would like to. But soon enough this fic will actually just be done and we will all be able to move on with our lives. And when I say soon enough I mean in like a year, because this is so long and is going to take so much time to write. I might do some epilouges if i feel like or if enough people request, but yeah. I just wanted to say thank you again. Also, I'm sorry about this chapter...
Take me to church

Chapter Summary

Evan goes to Church for the first time. Lord save us all.

Chapter Notes

Senioritis is hitting me hard guys. I am so ready to get out and be done with high school. Of course I still have finals, but I also have some trips coming up. I am taking a trip to Minot University in North Dakota next week. I am super stoked. It will be a two hour flight to Minneapolis and then an 8 hour drive to Minot, but we will be stopping in Fargo halfway through. Quick fact, there are 3 different restaurant locations of my favorite restaurant in North Dakota. Which is amazing and I am excited, because where I currently live there are none. Literally, it’s a huge franchise on my home planet - I mean the state where I was born, but it doesn’t exist at all in my entire state. I have been deprived, starved, of my pride and joy for the past two years of my life. Anyway, enough about me. Welcome to the new chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Evan, Sweetie, wake up.”
“Mooommmm….. waat time’s it?”
“7 O’clock Sunday morning.”
“Sunday?”
“Yeah.”
“Why ‘ould jew be waking m’up s’early on uh sonmay?”
“The same reason we do this every other Sunday, Evan. Church.”
“What…”
Oh, yeah…. I’m Christian now. Well, this Evan is Christian(… Catholic??? Is there a difference??), has been his whole life. I bet he always got up early for church, to talk to god, and that he would always dress up in his best like I’ve known people to do. I mean, it’s not too terribly different if your jewish, but I don’t remember having much time for religion with Mom working all the time. Not to mention I stopped practicing any sort of religious stuff a couple years back. You know, in the other dimension. Fuck, can I even try to believe in God now? Do I have a right? I mean, I thought that maybe I’d been given a second chance, but I’m… everything still hurts? It hurts, possibly more than it ever did before. I never really knew this kind of pain in my other life. Is this death? Hell? Or is this something else entirely? Do I have a right to religion anymore? I should have answers, if anything, but all I’ve gotten out of any of this has been more questions.
“Evan?”
Shit. My mom.
“Uh, yeah. I’m up. I will be down in a bit.”
“Alright.”
I drag myself out of bed and over to the closet. I must have some appropriate clothes in here somewhere. I find some pastel button up shirts, a few ties/bow ties, and several pairs of dress pants with matching vests. Score. I pick out a pastel violet shirt, light gray vest, dark gray dress pants, and
a bright blue, silk bow tie to top it all off. I comb my hair, put on some gray loafers I found floating in the back corner under my desk, and stumble down the stairs swiftly. Waiting in the living room is my mom, Lydia, and Jared. Jared snorts and my mom looks at me, jaw dropped slightly. “Evan… it’s, uh, been a while since you actually dressed up for church.” “Oh?” I glance back at Jared who is in his normal laid back attire. SHIT. I overdid it. Jared wiggles his eyebrows and I feel the blush rising on my cheeks. A moment of silence passes before my mom speaks up. “I mean, it’s, uh, nice…” “Uh, yeah, um, I just kinda felt like it today? I guess? Yeah. I just wanted to today.” “Well, um, you look pleasant, sweetie.” “Yeah…” “Right, well let’s go.”

The car ride is unfamiliar and quiet. Jared looks at me snickering off and on, which always makes me feel uncomfortable and self conscious. Arriving at the church it seems to be a pretty standard steeple style building, a cross brandishing the peak of the roof and stained glass windows refracting small rainbows onto the sidewalk outside. Jared nudges me. “Hey, moms, Evan and I are gonna go do some private bible study in the church attic. I’m pretty sure that Pastor Catherine is preaching today and she always freaks Evan out a little. I mean, he just got out of the hospital and he could probably use some low stress man to God time, you know?” Our moms look at each other briefly and then back to us with small nods of dismissal. I let out a sigh of relief and all the tension throughout my body, that I didn’t know I had, suddenly falls. “..Thanks.” “No prob, Ev. I gotta talk to you anyway. C’mon, follow me to the attic.” “Attic?” Jared grabs me by the wrist and drags me inside. We travel up a short set of stairs before he reaches to open the door of a broom closet. Okay, not a broom closet. A very narrow rickety stairway. This seems totally not safe at all… “C’mon, scaredy cat. I’ll hold your hand if you need?” I roll my eyes. “Fuck you, Jared.” I gather myself and trudge up the stairs warily after Jared. The attic is dimly lit by the sunlight seeping through the small cracked attic window and the ceiling is littered with spiderwebs. There are cardboard boxes stacked and scattered across the floor and random furniture, placed haphazard here and there, each covered in a ghost white sheet with a fine layer of dust settled on top. “This is…..” “Yeah, I know, cluttered, right?” “I was going to say dirty.” Jared laughs and it echoes throughout the small room, seeming to shake the shambles of the walls. He calms down, slowly but surely collecting himself. “Right, so, uh, take a seat.” I roll my eyes and sit on the edge of the arm of what seems to be some sort of love seat. “What did you want to talk about Jared?” “Really? This is your first time in a catholic church and that’s all you have to say?” “Yes.” “Well, you’re BORING. But yeah, I think I have a theory as to about why you’re here.” “Jared, we both know why I’m at church.” “Not that, nimwit. I meant, why your in this other dimension.”

[“You mean the author wrote something that actually seems relevant to what the fanbase kinda thinks the plot is???”]

“Yep. That she did. How else is she supposed to keep the fans satisfied for another week in the story
timeline before she introduces Veronica from Heathers?"

“SPOILER ALERT JARED!!!”

“Sorry!”

And no back to your previously scheduled programing]

“Really? What do you got?”

“So we have already established that we are in a semi-parallel timeline to the one you come from. Where things are similar, but ever so slightly different.”

“Yes, I know. It’s an alternate universe, yatta yatta.”

“Just listen to me and follow along, would ya?”

“Sureee…”

“Okay, so like imagine that all of time, space, and existence are all running at the same time, but at different rates grouping closely together depending on similar patterns and general time flow.”

“Yeah… I’m lost.”

“Ughhh… Okay. Imagine all of the different universes and all the different universes with different Evan’s. You got it?”

I nod.

“Good, now imagine the universes sorting themselves by how similar they are, like sorting different colored straws in rainbow order. But each straw is a different length. Some are shorter and some are longer.”

“Why are they different lengths?”

“Because of the relevance of time.”

“Huh?”

“Time passes the same in each universe, but faster or shorter in relevance to the surrounding universes. It’s like how you we thirty in the other dimension, but here you’re only 17. Even though we have the relative feeling and concept of time and counting the minutes and days, the universe that you originate from is progressing at a faster rate than this one.”

“Umm.. okay. I guess that kinda makes sense?”

“Right, so my theory is that when you quote on quote “died” you were sucked into this dimension to make up for some sort of lacking taking place here.”

“What? How would that- why wouldn’t I be “sucked” into a universe closer to what my own looks like? Why this one? Like aren’t there infinite universes existing, in said theory, based on the butterfly effect? I mean, there are a lot of pretty major differences in this timeline-”

“Which I said you were probably called here to make up for something lacking-”

“But you already had an Evan! Speaking of which, do you ever wonder what happened to him in all of this? Was he sent back to my dimension? Is head dead? Did I kick him out of his body and is he haunting me-”

“I DON’T KNOW!”

“…”

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have yelled. I.. I just… I don’t know. But before you showed up our Evan…”

“He what?”

“He… didn’t seem to be doing so good. He stopped talking to me? Umm… he was cold and quiet… almost like he was empty inside…”

“I… I’m sorry…”

“No, I mean, he had started these new anxiety meds? He said they made his head feel all fuzzy and slowly he kinda just disappeared? There was less and less Evan the longer he kept taking them… I told him he should probably stop if they made him feel weird, but he said he liked the way they made him feel. He.. he described it as if being able to watch the world from outside of his body. He called the feeling peaceful. I.. I think that maybe…”

“You think the meds might have killed him?”

“I’m not exactly sure… but the Evan I grew up with was long gone before you showed up.”

“So what? I died and was brought here because other Evan died too?”
“My theory is more that all of this happened relatively at a horizontal parallel in the two timelines opening up some sort of momentary bridge between the two events. You had jumped off like a 40 story building, which probably would have totally killed your body, and this Evan’s body was fine, but he was empty inside. My guess is that since you couldn’t have a chance at existing in your own timeline, that you got warped here to fill up the empty vessel that was our Evan’s body.”

“That’s… really fucking complicated, but… I think I kinda get it.”

“Yeah…”

We spend the following few minutes in silence. I, myself, spend the time trying to process this new information about other Evan. There is so much about him that I don’t know. Things that I should know. Things that I want to know. Even, if just for the sake of keeping my identity under wraps for… the rest of eternity, I guess?

“Jared?”

“Yeah?”

“Can you tell me a bit more about what other Evan was like? I mean, like, before, you know…”

“Uh… yeah, sure, I guess. What do you want to know?”

“Well… do you think he was gay?”

He lets out a hearty chuckle and a small smile flutters briefly across his features. I feel myself smiling as well.

“Uhh… No. I honestly do not think that he was gay.”

“No?”

“No.”

“You think he will be upset if I end up having gay sex in what’s technically his ass, do you?”

“HAH, kinky. I bet you $20 that kid will be cringing and hating in your general direction from the Heavens, Doctor.”

This time we both laugh. The air is disgusting and thick due to how stale it is and how much dust is floating around, but I find myself unable to care.

“If I’m the doctor, does that make you my companion?”

“I fucking hope so! Oh, we should paint one of these big boxes blue and use it as our TARDIS.”

“Hmmm… maybe I shouldn’t take you up as my companion after all…”

“Hey! No way! You already invited me! No take backs! I call dibs!”

Jared goes over to a large box in the corner of the room and hugs it in attempt to shift it for our purposes. As soon as he gets it an inch from the wall a family of rats peels out from behind the box flooding the floor. Jared and I both screech and jump atop the loveseat, finding ourselves surrounded by a sea of starving, beady eyed rats. Of course, these rats are smart and quickly figure out that they can use their claws to climb the sides of the chair in order to get to us. We both jump off the chair, over the rats, and fly downstairs. We slam the stairway door behind us and make a break for the exit. I hate rats. This church really needs an exterminator. I shiver slightly and Jared chuckles. I roll my eyes. He may be obnoxious sometimes, but I really think he isn’t that bad of a companion to have in the long run.

Chapter End Notes

Hey people. Thank you for enjoying this new chapter. I’m sorry if the timeline stuff was confusing. I tried to explain it as simply as I could. Time and relativity is like super complex and such and other. Just a reminder that none of this technically debunks or discriminates against religion. Also I’m not too entirely sure how the jewish religion works so I am so sorry if I messed anything up in here. Let me know what you think of all this stuff in the comment section below.
So, I guess that I’m here now, which is interesting. It’s been several weeks since I first ended up in this new universe. I am kinda terrified, but I’m pretty sure that there is no turning back now. Although, even with all the hurt and anguish, I feel somewhat relieved? Like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. Probably because now I have a real chance at life. As long as I don’t screw it all up again at least. It’s been interesting transitioning back into my teenage habits. It’s like the two parts of me are melding together now, which is… surprisingly easy. You would think there would be some sort of fight for dominance, but they have just kinda been blending with time. The only real downside to all of this is that I have to go through puberty again. Well, that and having my heart broken and shattered into pieces. Speaking of Conrad, I haven’t actually talked to him since he tried to set me up with that guy. We got interrupted by the bell mid-discussion and I kinda ran off and have maybe, might have been, sorta avoiding him since. I know, it’s stupid. In my defense we were talking about some really serious emotional stuff and I haven’t built up the courage to face him about it yet. This is the kind of conversation you need vodka for, or at least some whiskey. Emotions are really either of our strong suits and I feel like, no matter what, the situation is going to crash and burn. Not to mention I totally pissed off his sister on Saturday? Long story short, she doesn’t want to be my fake girlfriend. Anyway, sorry about the short post, but I wanted to check in before school started.

Post. Okay. Done. I close up my laptop and gently shove it back into my bookbag. I swing it over my shoulder and head outside to meet Connor for my ride to school. He has been giving me rides to school, pretty much everyday (except for the few days when my mom has been available to give me a ride), since I got out of the hospital. This past weekend Jared and Lydia moved back into their house, which was also nice. I walk out the front door and Connor is waiting for me. He is leaning back against the windshield, car parked, engine turned off, and looking up into the gray morning sky.

“Connor?”

I take a step closer and he reaches up to take a blunt out of his mouth releasing a cloud of smoke from the orifice that creates a small bubble of fog around his head.

“Ahh.. Hansen, Hanster, Hamster, Tree fucker, buddy, pal wazzup?”

“Connor… are you high?”

“Maybe.”
“I thought you said you didn’t smoke and drive at the same time?”
“Well, I’m not driving right now, am I?”
“No? But, I mean, we have to go to school-”
“I dun wanna.”
“Connor-”
“No.”
“No?”
“Yeah.”
“…Okay, I’ll walk.”
Connor leans forward, drooping all of his weight against my body and engulfing me in an enormous hug.
“NO.”
“What? Why can’t I walk to school?”
“Cuz ur gunna stay wth me. We r gunna talk.”
OKAY. High Connor is clingy AF[ and he talks in txt speak cuz the author is lazy and it makes it look slurred and gives it the high effect I’m looking for]. It’s actually really fucking adorable, but at the same time- I’m not sure how much longer I can support his weight before I collapse.
“Talk? About what?”
“Y u run from me lots. U dun tell me things and hide ur emoticons-”
“Emotions?”
“Ye! U hide dem n it hurts me dat u wont tlk 2 me.”
Shit… Connor. Is.. is this my fault? How- I… I don’t understand. I just screw everything up, don’t I? This is because of me. Fuck me. Why am I so happy right now? This is a bad thing. I shouldn’t be happy. He has been trying to quit for Zoe and I made him so upset that he felt the need to get high. Not just high, high off his fucking balls. God, I’m pretty sure he is drooling on me. Damn it. I am being crushed, held in his arms, with butterflies in my stomach, because of the fact that he cares about me enough that- this. The worst part is that I can’t even tell him. I mean, if he knew. IF HE KNEW, I think I would die. Literally. I am pretty sure I would drop dead. I am a terrible human being.
“I-I… Connor, I can’t-”
“…I thot we was the bestest?”
It comes out in a whisper, his breath hot and warm against my ear. I can feel my heart squeeze in my chest.
“We are-”
He pushes off of me collapsing on the sidewalk, tears sprinkled across his eyelashes.
“LIAR! U dun tlk 2 me anymore!”
He is crying. Fuck. Okay not drool, tears. I can’t deal with this.
“I’m trying-”
“No ur not!”
“No. I just…’”
Why is this happening? Everything I’ve done so far is so that I don’t have to lose him, but it just feels like I’m losing him anyway. I just don’t want to lose him. Connor looks up at me, with a broken look in his eyes. His lips are pouted fiercely at me and sniffing. He reaches up to wipe his nose with his wrist smearing a small bit of red across his pale cheekbone. Probably from the scrapes he must have on the palms of his hands from when he first collapsed harshly on the sidewalk in front of me. Usually, Connor is the strong one, you know? He is naturally scary and tall and… dominant. It’s so weird to see him like this. I’d probably call it adorable if I wasn’t terrified out of my mind. I don’t know what to do. I’m not good at comforting people.
“Evan, ur a fckin’ butfaceeeeee…”
“Connor, you don’t mean that.”
“Ye, I do.”
He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pre-rolled blunt and a lighter. God, what do I do?
“Connor, put down the blunt. It isn’t healthy.”
“U think I giv a fuq?!?”
“Connor-”

He lights it and sticks it in his mouth, looking me straight in the eyes as if he’s challenging me. He inhales and his eyes flutter closed, successfully stopping the rivers of tears from continuing to flow down his cheeks. He breathes out a long airy cloud of smoke and its mesmerizing. Abruptly his eyes rip open, cold and nearly engulfed in the stark blue iris. The rest of his body follow shortly in suit, his movement more rigid and and face stone-like. It’s as if the soft droopy puddle of a mess that he was before was never there or like all of his flesh suddenly hardened and stuck to his bones. Although, one thing for sure, is that the moment of vulnerability had definitely passed. He pushed himself up off the ground into a full standing position and leans over me.

“You.”

“Shut it, Tree Fucker.”

Unlike when he had called me that before his words are now ridden with bite and hatred. He takes a step back from me and turns around, walking to get back in his car. I need to do something… Anything. I reach for his jacket sleeve tugging lightly as he slips away from me. I gasp. The world slows to a near stop as Connor whips around, a red glint in his eye, and the back of his arm comes into contact with my face at full force. I stagger off to the side tripping and falling onto the grass, a burning sensation lingering on the left half of my face.

“Don’t. Touch. Me.”

I take a moment to gather myself. He doesn’t mean any of this. He is just upset, because I’ve been shutting him out. Hold it together, Hansen. I stand back up.

“I.”

His knuckles connect with my jaw and I’m out cold.

---

Chapter End Notes

update on my life: I have officially graduated HS and I never have to go again. I am also now officially an adult.
Other than that nothing that life changing and dramatic has happened. Its bug bite season and I am crying. Is it weird that I hate the summer? Anyway, I just want to apologize again for the existence of this chapter, but it is crucial for later in the plot, sooooo. I love you guys! Sorry for my short hiatus.
Chapter Summary

Evan wakes up and calls Jared because WTF CONNOR!?!?!? There is a knock on the door. ALANA? And Jake is also in this chapter.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So I just started college and so that’s been fun, but it’s also given me a lot of free time to continue writing this. Of course, I’m also going through some writers block. I do happen to have this planned out for like at least 20 more chapters, but I’m having some issues actually getting the words out onto paper, so I am going to put this offer out there; I am looking for either a beta/editor or a co-writer or possibly both. If anyone would be interested in the position leave your email or tumblr in the comments section.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“And you just woke up in your front yard?”

“Yeah. I can’t believe that I was unconscious for all of my morning classes. How am I supposed to graduate if I keep missing half my classes everyday?”

“Shouldn’t you be more worried about the fact that you might have a concussion?”

“Jared, you should know by now that self care has never been on my list of priorities.”

“Hansen, that’s just really fucking sad.”

“Probably, but I don’t really care.”

“That’s even sadder. OH! By the way, Alana was looking for you earlier!”

“Alana? Why?”

“I don’t know man, but she said she needed to talk you. I told her if you weren’t in class that you were probably either in the girls bathroom or home sick.”

“You wanna know something really sad?”

“Sure. You know I’m always up for hearing about other people’s misery.”

“See, I was trying to set it up to say that it’s sad that your inference about the two locations I would be if I wasn’t in class was true, but you totally ruined my set up and now it doesn’t work.”

“OH NO! My name is Evan Hansen and I use fancy words like inference!~”

“I don’t sound like that. And inference isn’t a fancy word.”
There is a bang on the front door and I jump.

“What was that?”

“Uhh, somebody is at the door.”

“Okay, well it’s not Connor. I can see him from my table. He is across the yard smoking and glaring daggers at me.”

I let out a sigh of relief.

“That’s good. I should probably get this. I’ll call you later?”

“Yeah. Good luck, Phil.”

“Phil?”

“Yeah. The main character of Groundhog day.”

“Fuck no.”

“You gotta admit-”

“Jared. NO.”

“Ohright. Don’t get your panties in a twist.”

“Goodbye, Jared.”

I hang up and head to go open the door. Standing on my porch is a smiling Alana, fidgeting nervously. We make eye contact and she lights up, coming to life. She grabs my wrist and drags us inside and onto the couch.

“Okay, so I am kinda having a total crisis right now and I need your expertise.”

“My expertise? Did you piss off the tree gods or something?”

“What? No. I mean, your expertise on Zoe Murphy.”

“My- What? I don’t- No. I don’t really-”

“Evan, I used to listen to you gush about her all the time last year. I mean, I get that you’ve come to terms with your sexuality and stuff, which is great, but you know Zoe.”

“I… yeah okay, I guess. What do you need-”

“Everything.”

“Everything?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, what’s this about? Did you piss her off too?”

“Why do you keep asking me if I’ve pissed someone off?”

“I don’t know. I just can’t think of any other reason that-”
“Evan, I’m gay.”

“...Yeah. I know that. We’ve been over this.”

“No. I mean, I’m gay for Zoe.”

“For... Zoe? Really? How did that even happen?”

“I’m not really sure, but we’ve been talking lately. Mainly about you, actually. But everything you ever said about her is true. Plus, have you seen that ass?”

“I… uh…”

“I don’t usually fall hard and fast like this, but Zoe Murphy is a goddess!~”

“Okay… I uh…. Where do you want to start?”

“Right. Let’s start with the obvious. Do I stand a chance with her?”

“W- what?”

“You know, like, does she like girls? Am I her type? Is she interested in anyone?”

“I don’t think I’m at liberty to answer any of those questions…”

“BUT that means you know the answers, right?”

“I, w-what? No. I don’t-”

“C’mon, Ev. I think it might be true love. Just, like give me a hint.”

“Alana, I can’t do that.”

“Seriously? Not even one tiny thing?”

“Zoe is already really mad at me.”

“Ahhh… so that’s what this is about…”

“Huh? What?”

“You pissed off Zoe, which is why you keep asking me who I pissed off. You subconsciously want to talk about what happened with Zoe… and something else is bugging you too.”

My jaw drops a little. I always seem to underestimate how close other Evan and Alana were. She know me… him(?) so well. It almost seems as if she knows me better than Jared.

“Evan?”

“Huh? I mean, uh, yeah?”

“Are you okay? You’ve been… different lately. It’s not a bad different, don’t get me wrong. You seem… happier. I just… I don’t know what changed? And it scares me, you being SO different SO suddenly. You know? I don’t know if it’s… healthy. I mean, I know you have your secrets, you’ve told me that there are somethings you don’t really want to share, but…. I don’t know what’s happening, Evan. Please. I need you to talk to me. I’m so tired of you ignoring me. I don’t know what I did-”
“Alana you didn’t do anything.”

I can see the tears well up in the corner of her eyes.

“... I know I said I was here to talk about Zoe but… I think that was just an excuse to see you again. I’ve fucking missed you man. We were best friends this past summer and all the sudden you left me a weird text and just stopped talking to me and you’re... this. I don’t get it.”

“A weird text?”

“Wha- uh, yeah. Don’t you remember?”

“Things… are complicated.”

She pulls her phone out of her pocket, scrolls through her messages, and hands it over to me. I scan over it looking at the details of the text intently.

To: Alana  
From: Evan  
Received: September 3rd, 2015; 1:02 am

‘I was just reading this new book my mom got me, “Public Policies and the Misuse of Forest Resources” by the World Resources Institute, and there was a chart on annual deforestation. I did some math and, well, did you know that over approximately 302 thousand hectares are deforested annually worldwide? Imagine how many trees that is, dying per year? Like, say that there are 500 trees per acre and it’s a fact that there are 100 acres in a hectare. If I did my math correctly, that’s 1.51e10 trees. 15 billion 100 million trees. Dead. Murdered. I compared that to human death rates worldwide. 55.3 million people die every year. Murder rates are, like, 6.2 people per 100,000 population on average. Suicide rates are 16 people per 100,000 people on average.... I’m sorry for bothering you with this. I guess it’s kind of stupid… Do you ever just think about how small we are? Like humans cause so much destruction and pain and chaos, but beyond our tiny little planet we aren’t anything. Sure we’re alive, but what does that even mean? Anything we do or say doesn’t really matter. Especially not on a cosmic scale? So why do we care so much? About people? Animals? Trees? It doesn’t really make any sense... I’m going to go now. I’m sorry for bugging you so often. Bye.’

I read the text over and over. This is... I don’t know what this is. It’s probably the only real thing, like actual physical evidence, that I’ve ever seen of other Evan. This is a look into his mental state, who he was, what he was thinking. I mean, I always thought that the two of us were probably about the same, but this... there is a difference between this Evan and myself. This text is so... hollow. Although, I can practically feel what he felt when he wrote this, bleeding into my heart, insomnia trying to drag me under. This wasn’t some weird text. I know, because I’ve written so many small letters just like this one. Small notes filled with hollow, empty, sadness. Darkness. A silent cry for help. A subtle goodbye. Although, I guess he must have fallen asleep before attempting anything serious. I would’ve felt it that morning had he actually attempted suicide. Or at least, I probably would’ve woken up in the hospital or something. Definitely not my own bed.

“Evan? Are you okay?”
“Huh? Oh, uh, yeah. I’m fine. I was just thinking.”

“Thinking? Do you not remember sending this?”

“I, uh… no. I didn’t- I mean I don’t.”

“Well, do you know what it means? Or do you at least have an explanation for ignoring me?”

“I, uh… Well, technically I do.”

“Technically?”

“Yeah, it’s, uh, c-complicated.”

I hand Alana’s phone back to her and looks at me suspiciously.

“You’re not going to tell me are you?”

“I want to! I really do! I just…”

“…Will you tell me later?”

“YES. Later. Please. Just give me some time to put everything together. Please? I just-”

“I get it, Evan. I just have one condition.”

“I, uh, y-yeah. Anything. W-what is it?”

Alana cackles.

“You should be more careful when you say ‘anything’ like that Evan. A lesser person might take advantage of you.”

I blush, puffing out my cheeks.

“A-Alana.”

“I’m just teasing. Look, just don’t ignore me anymore, okay?”

“Y-yeah! Of course!”

“Let’s change the topic. You seem to be more rattled now than you were when I first got here.”

“R-right.”

“Okay, let’s start with the nice shiner you have there. What the fuck happened with that? Did you get into a fight or some shit?”

Shiner? Oh yeah, Connor.

“I, uh, I guess I pissed off Connor. He got mad. Sad? High? I don’t know, maybe a bit of all of the above. But, uh, he kinda hit me.”

“He kinda hit you?”

“Shut up, Alana. You know what I mean.”
“Evan, you need to get a better taste in men.”

“You think I don’t know that?”

“Are you sure you aren’t just Murphy sexual?”

“You sound like Jared.”

“Speaking of the other Murphy-”

“I’m not telling you any of her secrets.”

“I wasn’t going to ask that, actually.”

“But earlier-”

“All your stuttering and avoiding and shit gave me all the answers I needed, Ev.”

“Oh…”

“Yep. So, what did you do to piss off our closeted lesbian boo, Zoe?”

“I made that really obvious, didn’t I?”

“A little bit. But don’t worry, you didn’t actually tell me so you’re probably safe from her wrath.”

“Maybe not all of it…”

“So???”

“I… I asked her if we could be each others beards? Because my mom thinks that I’m straight and her parents think that she is straight and neither of us want to come out to them. It was a suggestion. I took it back as soon as I said it, but then she yelled at me and we had a fight. I might’ve brought up some of the things that she’s really insecure about and… it just… It didn’t end pretty. I think she wants to kill me.”

“Ouch. Yeah, that wasn’t bound to go well.”

“Fuck you, Alana.”

“No thanks, you’re not my type.”

I roll my eyes.

“Isn’t lunch almost over?”

“Oh yeah! We should probably get to school.”

“We?”

“Yeah! C’mon, I’ll give you a ride.”

“I.”

“No ifs or buts, Hansen. Get your ass in my car. You’ve missed enough school already as it is.”

“…My cheek.”
“Don’t worry. I have some concealer in the car.”

“Makeup?”

“Don’t be a baby, it’s not like you haven’t worn makeup before. Speaking of Eva, The girls and I were thinking about maybe taking a trip to the mall.”

“Yeah so?”

“We were wondering if Eva would wanna come with?”

“Hell no.”

“Are you sure?”

“Fuck you.”

“Alright. Well, you have our numbers in case you change your mind.”

The ride to school is quiet, put aside Alana singing along to the songs on the radio. I really do not want to go to school today. Especially not with Connor there. He is probably still pretty upset and I really don’t want to make a scene. I guess I’ll just have to hide out in the bathrooms for the rest of the day.

“Alright, we’re here.”

“Thanks Alana.”

“Anytime, Ev.”

I sauntered into the school nervously. The classroom doors are shut and the hallways barren. It seems that classes have already started. I make a stop at my locker. Maybe, since I’m here, I can at least try to attend some of my classes.

“Hey, Evan!”

I jump, whipping around to find the source of the voice that startled me. A hand slams on the locker next to mine. I look over to its owner, a tall, VERY ATTRACTIVE guy with a kind smile on his face, looking down at me. God. Who is this guy and how does he know my name.

“Y-yes?”

He chuckles.

“No need to be so nervous, Bro. My name is Jake. I’m Christine’s boyfriend.”

Boyfriend? Is he here to threaten me? Does he know I’m gay? Oh shit. I don’t know what happening.

“She told me about what happened with Rich the other day in the bathroom. I wanted to apologize on his behalf. He’s my best friend and I know he didn’t mean to scare you or anything. He has been going through some stuff the past couple of years, but I’m sure he’ll be fine as soon as he figure himself out.”

“Rich?”
“Uh, yeah. Did you forget or something?”
I take moment to process. God, this guy, Jake, is hot. I can’t seem to think straight at all. Especially with him so close to me. Although, the name Rich does sound familiar.

“... The short, creepy, slam poetry guy?”
“...The fuck did you just call him?”
“I, uh, I-”

Jake’s eyes become hardened and the air goes cold. I have no idea what I fucking did, but I messed up. Oh fuck. This is bad. He steps closer to me, leaning forward so he can loom over me intimidatingly. His right hand stays in its place on the locker door next to my head, but his left hand lowers itself to my crotch, grabbing it tightly. HOLY FUCK. Jake curls his fingers inwards making the hold uncomfortable, almost on the verge of painful as his nails try to cut into my jeans. My head is spinning. He leans in further, tilting his head into the crook of my neck. I can feel his warm breath on my ear, sending shivers down my spine. He whispers to me stern and quiet.

“Listen close, Faggot. If you ever call him ‘short’ or ‘creepy’ again, I will personally hunt you down and rip your dick off with my bear hands. You hear me?”

I nod quickly. He releases me and steps back to take a good look. I’m sure I’m a shivering, snivelling mess. He nods, seemingly to reassure himself, and turns a cold shoulder, walking away. I sink down back against the lockers. FUCK. I feel my dick throb in my pants in pain but I’m too paralyzed to do anything at the moment. Why in the hell was that so hot? Shit. I am so fucking gay. SOOOOO fucking gay. That is so messed up. He threatened to rip my dick off, that’s not… fuck. Alana is right. I really do need to get a better taste in men. I guess I’m not going to class after all. I take a moment to calm down before shifting to grab my stuff and make my way into the girls bathroom. Thankfully, the issue between my legs died as soon as I found myself immersed in a toxic cloud of febreeze and perfume. I let myself collapse onto the small pink couch. I stare at the ceiling for a good 15 minutes. I finally decide to take out my phone and compose a short, but to the point text.

To: Christine

‘Your Boyfriend is a fucking asshole.’

Chapter End Notes

At the beginning of the chapter I offered up some positions in working on the story with me. What would these positions entail? That’s what I’m going to go into detail about here, because I didn’t want to put it up top because it’s a lot of text. Okay, here we go: As a beta/editor you would get early access to each new chapter, which is super cool, but it would also be your job to find all the simple errors that I’ve made while writing this. Like if there is a spelling error or a word missing or a word with misuse of capitalization. This also includes grammar and proper formatting. After edits are made you send the final copy back to me so that I can officially publish it. As a co-writer, much more general communication is involved. It would actually be a lot of fun, because it would be the two of us writing and brainstorming and laughing at my bad jokes and crying because I do put these characters through so much. As far as
creative input goes for this position, I have a general timeline made up (yes you would get to see what I have planned for future chapters), but it only really goes so far. So until we catch up to where the timeline is any input will probably be small adjustments here and there, like lines you think would be fun to put in or general scenes and filler. And this is just because I’ve put a lot of thought into some of this, but if you do have your own ideas and want to work on something where you get more creative input I do have another offer for you as well, but this may become a separate position overall if you’re purely interested in that. Mainly because what I have going on right now already is a 2 person job(at least) and adding this on would be A LOT of extra work on top of that. So yeah, please reach out if you are interested. I really need help with this fic, especially if you guys are interested in longer chapters in the coming future.
September 23rd

Chapter Summary

Evan talks to Christine and Jared. Two separate events though.

Chapter Notes

Hey, so I want to thank all of the people who reached out trying to help, especially the people I've emailed back and forth with for all of the time and help that they attempted to give. AKA thank you Raven and Den for your contributions. And also thank you Alaina, who I never got back to after a brief conversation cuz i basically went MIA online for a bit, as we all know. I NEVER expected to be out of commission for three months, like that's a really long hiatus period for me. I think part of it was because I randomly stopped in the middle of this chapter, which I do want to apologize if the writing style changes halfway through the chapter, I can't tell, but i know that some of you guys can. Also we are only 5 chapters away from the Heathers intro chapter, and I have most of those in between chapters already kinda written. The plan for this fic is so long and complicated omg. ANYWAY I also wanted to announce that I think I currently have all of my helper positions filled. I have one more person on my list that I actually haven't even reached out to yet who I am planning on getting sending an email to... maybe tomorrow? I'm not sure. I also want to say that this chapter hasn't been edited yet, because I just sent it to my editor a few minutes prior to posting this chapter, but I wanted to give you this chapter as is for now because I have been on hiatus for so long and it's been bugging me and you guys deserve an update. so yeah, sorry for the hiatus, but thank you for sticking with me and please enjoy the new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Evan?”

SHIT. It's Christine. OH GOD. I can’t believe I texted her that yesterday about her boyfriend. Who she is kinda cheating on. BUT STILL HER BOYFRIEND. I actually think that her love life might be more complicated than mine. It’s definitely more sexually active. God, she is one of those perfect people that everyone wants. I wish I was like that. I mean, holy shit. I can only imagine being in her shoes, people fawning over her and her talents. And sure she isn’t a supermodel but people love and respect her with no question.

“Y-yeah?”

“You never responded to me yesterday. You sent me that text about Jake and then just disappeared. I checked the bathroom and your classes, but you weren’t there. You had me worried sick.”

“S-sorry...”

“Evan? Are you alright?” She places a concerned hand onto my shoulder. I try my best to avoid her
gaze.

“I-I’m f-fine.”

“You are not fine. You’re stuttering.”

“N-No I-I’m n-not.”

Shit. Yeah, I’m not stuttering at all. What the hell am I doing? Christine grabs me by the wrist and drags me into the girls bathroom. She throws me against the corner of the couch and sits across from me, leaning forward intently.

“Spill. Do I need to cut him? I will. Boyfriend or not.”

“I-I…”

“Evan.”

“I-fine. I- He… Well, he threatened to rip my dick off.”


“Okay, seriously who is Rich? Jake was talking about him too and I am so confused…”

“Evan, you know Rich. You met him in the bathroom that one time.”

“So he is the short creepy slam poetry guy?”

“Oh… well yeah. Ummm, did you, uh, call him that in front of Jake?”

“What? Well, not really- I mean, I asked the same question- Like I wasn’t really-... Yeah. Maybe?”

“Well that explains it.” She seems to relax in her seat, shoulder rolling back and becoming far less tense. I furrow my brows, confused.

“Explains what?”

“Why he got so pissed with you. Jake is super protective of Rich.”

“…Cuz they’re best friends, right?”

“Yeah, but Jake’s also got this huge crush on Rich.”

“Oh yeah, that makes sense….. WAIT JAKE IS GAY??!!” I can feel my face flush intensely. If he is gay why did he call me a faggot? Did he grab my dick on purpose to... No. He was way out of my league. I mean, yeah I’m kinda twink AF, but I’m not exactly a cute twink. I’m definitely not sexy or a put out. He wouldn’t be interested. No way in hell. Right?

“What? No. Jake is totally bisexual. And as far as guys go he’s only really ever liked Rich. Maybe he’s just Rich-sexual? I’m not actually sure.”

“Wait, if he’s in love with Rich, why are you two dating? It’s not like you like him.”

Christine’s cheeks gloss over with a light rose and she smiles, nervous.

“I-I like him.”
“Christine, you’re sleeping with Brooke and Chloe—”

“How did you know about that?” She grabs me by the shoulders and pulls me close.

“I—I walked in on you g-guys talking that one t-time? R-Remember?”

“Ohh…. yeah. I guess I do remember that.” She lets go over my shoulders and leans back again, “Sorry”

The lunch bell rings and we both jump.

“Shoot, class.” Christine grabs her bag and bolts out the door, leaving me to an empty room and my own thoughts. I glance over at my bag and contemplate trying to go to class. Honestly, what’s the fucking point? I haven’t properly attended class in weeks and since they know about my anxiety issues, as long as I get my work in I’ll graduate just fine. Besides, I’ve already been there and done that as far as high school goes. One of the downsides of getting a second chance, I guess.

This alternate universe is kinda wacky too. I mean, they enforce heteronormativity when the minority of the people I’ve met have all been LGBT. Sure there are a lot of people in this school and I only know a small portion of them, but not one of the people I’ve met have been straight. They all have turned out to be at least bi if not pan or demi. I think the only guaranteed straight person that I know is my mother. The worst part is that nobody is happy. We are all hopelessly pining, our hearts aching, and nobody even knows. It’s like a weird love infinity loop.

Honestly the rules we live by suck. Society sucks. How are we supposed to function in a world where no one is allowed to be themselves, express who they really are? It’s the 21st century. I would have thought that we would be past this, or at least open to change. Maybe some things never change. Maybe everyone will be trapped in this endless loop for the rest of their lives. Nothing ever getting better. Hearts breaking a little more with each passing day. I lie back on the couch, letting my thoughts consume me as I drift to sleep.

The bell rings violently in my ears, waking me up. I may have just woken up, but I’m somehow more exhausted that I was when I passed out. How long was I even out? It felt like forever. I check my phone for the time. 3:15. I must have slept the second part of the day away. Oops. I peel myself off of the soft pink velvet, the weight under my eyes trying to drag me back under to another eternity of restless sleep. I grab my bag and make my way to my locker so I can trade off my stuff and go home for the night.

“Evan!”

Who the fuck-Jared grabs my shoulder and spins me to face him. His smile is practically ear to ear. My best guess is that he is either on drugs or he is happy, judging from how he bouncing up and down in place.

“Evan, you will never guess what happened to me.”

“What?”

“Dustin talked to me.”

“Who?”

“Dustin.”

“...”
Do I know someone named Dustin? The name sounds somewhat familiar…

“Dustin Kropp?!?!!? YOU know, the guy that I’ve been talking about all week?”

“Oh, do you mean the guy that you-”

Jared slaps his hands over my mouth turning bright red. He clenches his teeth and whisper yells at me.

“DON’T SAY IT OUT LOUD YOU TREE-FUCKER… but, yes. Him.”

“Okay.”

Jared looks at me, seeming exasperated.

“Seriously? Okay? That’s it?”

“No, I mean, I’m happy for you-”

“I know it’s great right?! Our plan is totally working!”

Yeah, for you maybe, but me everything seems to be crashing and burning rather quickly. Although, honestly, what’s new?

“Yeah, at this rate you guys will be together by next week.”

Not.

“You really think so?”

Nope. Not at all. There is like a Zero percent chance.

“You’re the best, Evan. Thanks for doing this with me.”

“Yeah, sure…”

What would even happen if he ever found out? I feel like there is a good possibility that he would probably take the closest sharp object and swing it straight into my jugular. How did things even end up this way? I shouldn’t be here, in this universe. I died. It may be a second chance, but I don’t deserve it. And even if by some miracle of nature the universe thought I did when it put me here, I’ve messed everything up all over-
I startle out of my my inner dialogue. Jared is looking at me, worried.

"Huh?"

"Ev, dude are you okay?"

Probably not.

"Yeah, I’m fine. Why wouldn’t I be?"

I’ve just ruined all of my relationships and all of my friends are going to leave me and I feel dead inside.

"You were kinda zoning out there for a second and you had one of those weird looks on your face. But if you say you’re good, I believe you. You wouldn’t lie to me about that shit."

Sorry, Jared.

"Of course not. You’re one of my best friends."

"So, Murphy has officially made it into the Evan Hansen best friend ranking, huh?"

I don’t want to talk about the Murphy’s.

"Which one?"

Jared shrugs.

"Either. Both? Whichever applies."

"...I guess they both did, in a weird way."

And then I drove them both away, because I’m a terrible human being.

"Good. Nerds like you need as many people to back them up as possible."

I smile weakly.

"Yeah, I guess that’s true."

"Duh. I wouldn’t lie to you."

"Jared, you lie to me all the time."

"Exactly."

"What?"

Jared laughs.

"Did I get you to stop thinking about whatever it was that way bugging you?"

Huh? I guess I did stop thinking for a minute there... When did he-?

"Evan, I’ve pretty much known you since diapers. I know when you’re brain cogs are turning over
small little problems that don’t mean anything. I mean, you kinda have a tendency to overcomplicate everything, no offense.”

“When do I overcomplicate things?”

“Do want the list alphabetically, chronologically, or just the top five biggest ‘Evan Hansen’s overcomplicated plans that massively, epically crashed and burned’?”

“You do not have a top five list of-

“Number 5; when you were eight and your mom left home alone for the first time and you turned your house into a home alone trap maze palooza, because you were afraid a burglar would break in.”

“Wha-?”

“Number 4; when you were twelve and there was a spider in the bathroom and you tried to kill it with a makeshift flamethrower you made out of a can of your mom’s hairspray and a lighter and proceeded to set your bathroom on fire. It set off the fire alarm and the your neighbors called 911. Your Mom had to find out about the situation second hand from a police officer on the scene who was trying to get you to stop freaking out and put down the ‘flamethrower’. The worst part was that the spider made it out completely unscathed.”

“How do you even know that story?

“Number 3; when you were thirteen and had convinced yourself that our english teacher was a child murderer, so you climbed up the tree outside of his house and peeked into the window, looking for kidnapped children or dead bodies and found him having a threeway with our history teacher and our math teacher.”

“Hey, I didn’t tell anyone about that!”

Jared shrugs.

“Well, other Evan told me that, but you just confirmed that you did it too so it doesn’t matter. Anyway, Number 2; when we were at that coffee shop and you found that that one waiter wrote that really dirty pick-up line and his phone number on your cup and you got flustered and angry that you threw the full cup of scalding hot coffee at him. The guy ended up getting some pretty nasty burns on the entirety of his front half. Turns out, that you had picked up the wrong cup and that it wasn’t even your order.”

“…Okay, so maybe I messed up with that one.”

“Maybe?”

“Shut up and just get to number one so we can change the subject.”

“Uhh… well, we don’t really need to talk about the number one-”

“What do you not have a fifth example?”

“I do, obviously. It’s a top five list. You can’t have a top five list without the 1st top most embarrassing moment-”

“Then what is it?”

“I, uh, don’t think that’s a good idea.”
“Why not?”
“It’s just kinda sensitive-”
“Sensitive?”
He nods.
“Yeah.”
“Jared.”
“Yeah?”
“It’s my life. I think I can handle it.”
“...You really wanna know?”
“Yeah. Go on. Finish embarrassing me so I can go home.”
“...Alright…”
“So? The number 1 spot goes to?”
Jared flinches slightly, almost as if he is afraid of the answer.
“The Connor Project Scandal.”
“Huh… I guess that… That makes sense.”
“Yeah.”

A few moments of silence go by.
“I guess I do tend to overcomplicate things a little. Sorry.”
“What are you apologizing to me for? The only person that you really hurt with all that thinking is yourself, Ev.”
“Yeah.. you’re right. Again. Thanks.”
“What else are friends for, right?”
“I think I’m gonna go home now.”

Jared nods. We say our goodbyes for the day and I walk the way home by myself in silence. Of course it was the Connor Project. It always comes back to that. The biggest mistake I’ve ever made. When I get home I go straight to sleep, not wanting to think anymore today.

Chapter End Notes

BTW fun fact, the title of this chapter is actually the date in the story. Yes, I do keep track of day by day events in Evans life here and I have it mapped out as such. Things
to look forward to in future chapters: Evan cries... again, Micheal's parents watch a lot of Spanish soap operas, Connor makes Zoe cry, Micheal sings a song, VERONICA HEATHER CHANDLER JASON DEAN. BITE ME. Jk. Don't bite me, but like, future chapters coming soon.

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