No one cares for you a smidge when you're a foster kid
by Bdiddy150

Summary

Evans been in the system since he was ten. He was used to being in and out of homes. Being ripped from people he came to love with all his heart became exhausting after a while so he made a vow to not get attached anymore. But that vow becomes increasingly hard to keep when he falls his new foster family, the Goldsmiths. Will they want him a much as he wants them or will he always be unlovable?

Notes

WARNINGS:
Physical abuse
Suicide attempt
Self harm implied
Eating disorder implied
Self deprecating thoughts
*pls don't read if this could hurt your mental health

This is my first story! yay! So it's probs not gonna be the best at first. Make sure to go subscribe to my personal friend wolfblue7713, they're great.
further ado
Welcome to the first chapter

See the end of the work for more notes
Evan was feeling nauseous today. Well Evan was almost always nauseous, but today was different. Today he was moving out of the center he was staying at to go meet his new foster family, the Goldsmiths.

Evan always dreaded the first day with the new families. He was being forced to just pick up what little life he had established at the center and act nice and friendly and happy around these new families who were probably expecting a nice normal teenage boy who liked sports and playing video games with their friend and going to the movies, but instead got stuck with Evan, who had enough anxiety to fill a small crater in the moon, who couldn't spit out a sentence without tripping over the words, who was always fidgeting and who was always disappointing someone.

At least they were getting paid. That's why most put up with him. No one wanted Evan unless there was something in it for them. Who would? Evan was a burden.

As he got in car he decided to take a nap seeing that it was a two hour drive to his new house and he hadn't gotten any sleep at all last night. He was too worried about all the terrible things this new family could hold.

Evan had seen it all. The abusive country hicks who's bottles would conveniently disappear the morning of a social workers arrival due to a 'errand run'. The social workers were always seemed suspicious of the booze on their breath, but none of the kids would talk because being hit a couple times a day wasn't that bad compared to other homes.

Evan had been to those other homes, the ones with the wealthy lawyer and his perfect family, who took showers with him because he was 'special' to him, the ones with the abusive pastor and his helpless wife, where he'd whip you senseless because not making eye contact is rude and stuttering is for toddlers. Those were the worst weeks of Evans life.

But not all homes were bad. A lot more were good than bad.

He'd get put with those perfectly nice families whose kids where aspiring to go to Yale or Harvard and the parents where hard working public figures and they were fostering a kid because it would look good for their image.

After a couple weeks or so they would get sick of Evans incompetence and he would end up leaving because 'this wasn't the right place for him' or 'unexpected circumstances were hindering them from giving him the attention he needed'. Basically fancy words hiding the ugly fact no one wanted him.

That's why Evan had thought it best for him to carry out his plan before arriving at the Goldsmiths last night. He was gonna end it all for his sake and others. Like anyone would care.

Evan had planned to climb out the window into the tree and jump. But of course a staff walked in and asked him what he was doing and Evan stuttered something about needing fresh air. The woman didn't look like she completely bought it, but kindly help him back into the room and told him to get some rest before the big day tomorrow. So he tried to sleep and failed doing so.

So Evan closed his eyes and tried to fall a sleep. Every time he got close to falling asleep a sound or a bump or thought would stop him. The one thought that kept circling his brain was the worst one of all.

What if they were great? What if they accepted him and loved him and like him for who he was.
Evan had been in those houses before. And he had been ripped away from them before. And it hurt more than any beating ever could. Evan didn't want to see everything he ever wanted right in front of him and then be reminded he didn't deserve it.

He deserved to be hit.

He deserved to be used.

He deserved to be hungry.

He deserved to bleed.

So as he opened his eyes as the car came to a stop and nervously stood behind the social worker at the door he prayed for the souls that would be stuck with him. Because no matter who opened that door, no one deserved such a disappointment of a boy.
"Now listen, Evan" James, the social worker, says
"I know that when you go to new houses, you tend to get nervous and you cut your self off."
Evan started to play with his hoodie string when James said this. He hated being analyzed. James must have saw this.
"Which is totally understandable"
James said rushed,
"but I also know that if you just try and be open to these people, they'll se how funny and kind an special you are. I know it's hard when you don't know how long you'll be here, but I really do think that the Goldsmiths will be a really good fit for you. Just ....be yourself and that'll be enough."
Evan nodded as as he fought the urge to puke all over the door step. With that James rang the doorbell.

A girl who appeared Evan's age answered the door moments later.
"Hi!" She said perkily.
Evan waved slightly and gave a small smile, feeling very insecure as he uncrossed his exposing his belly.

'Gosh she probably thinks you're a pig. She was definitely staring' Evan thought quickly crossing back his arms.
"May we come in?" James said extending his arm to point inside.
"Of course how rude of me. Right this way."
They went inside, Evan's eyes glued to his feet as he followed them to the living room.

"Mom" the girl yelled, "he's here!" She gestured at the couches. "Sit wherever you want, it doesn't matter" she said mostly directed to Evan.
She could probably tell he was worried about sitting in a wrong spot.
'Good going. You can't even sit down without looking like a retard. That's what you are. A freaking retard. You can't even curse. What seventeen year old says freaking? You're such a loser. I mean you're having a conversation with yourself. Pathetic.'

Evan took on seat on the red pleather love seat directly behind him. Evan took in the room. It had a very farm-house-chic aesthetic. It was the type of house you'd see on fixer upper. Evan loved that show. He loved the idea that no matter how broken or ugly or damaged something was it could be brand new, reinvented, with just a little help and dedication. He wished that concept applied to everything. But maybe some things can't be fix.

A woman, who Evan assumed to be the mom, rushed in the room with a rag in her hand and black smudges on her clothes and skin. She looked at the oldest 40. She was in old clothes and her hair was in a loose pony tail. She must have seen Evan's staring,
because she looked at her outfit.
'Good going. Make sure to put making people uncomfortable on your resume.'

"Oh gosh, look at me." She said lightly laughing at herself.
"Sorry, I was just finishing up some work. You must be Evan it's so nice to meet you!"

"Yes, this is Evan." James said. She waved at Evan and he smile and waved back.

"If you don't mind, I would like to talk to you privately for a minute and then I'll be on my way." James said to Mrs. Goldsmith.

Evan always wondered what they talked about. If this happened with everybody or if James did it just with him, he didn't know. He just knew that there was probably more things to tell about Evan. You know, tell her about how he needed pills to be semi normal or how he could have a panic attack at the stupidest things or how he needs to talk to a doctor about his feelings or how it's normal if he doesn't want to go out and do social activities because he's just like that. He's helpless.

James and Mrs. Goldsmith left the room, leaving Evan and the girl alone in the living room. "Sooo what'd you do over the summer?" The girl asked. Evan looked up from his lap.

"My.. Well I um, I-I worked as an apprentice park ranger in, um, in Charlottesville."
"That's cool"
"Yeah.... What'd you, what'd you do for you're, um, for the-the summer?"

"Well I did a lot of volunteering and I did, like, three jobs. I met a lot of new people."

"That's yeah I mean wow."
"I don't think I've told you my name yet, sorry I'm just really excited. I'm Alana."

"I'm Evan." Evan quickly looked back at his lap. "Wait, sorry, you-you already know that, obviously."

"No no it's really fine."
"Oh, sorry."
"Really, you don't have to apologize."
Evan went to open his mouth then shut it.
"You want to, don't you?"
"Very much so, yes."
"You're weird"
"Oh I know"
"It's nice"
Evan looked up at Alana and he smiled a little.
"I've gotten so tired of all these boring normal people ya know?"
"Thanks, I guess"

"Sometimes I feel like normality is the worst epidemic we've seen in centuries. We've become so complacent. I mean curiosity is fading by the day. I mean we say we support individuality but, I mean, look at, uh, look at flat eathers. I mean they look at what we call facts and they question how easily we'll believe what we're told. I'm not saying I believe the earth is flat, but since when did people start calling others who think beyond what they're told, crazy. I mean, for example, if someone told you they believe that the earth is flat, wouldn't you take everything they say with a grain of salt? We've become perfectly fine eating what we're being fed by the school systems."
"Wow"
"Oh, I should have warned you I can get a little intense."
"No, like you said, it's—it's nice."

Alana smiled. 
That's rare. He never makes people smile. At least a real smile not a smile out of pity. He liked it.

The two adults walked back in the room. Evan was sorta thankful, because he shouldn't be bonding or trying to be friends with Alana because it'll taken away from him. Everything was always taken away from him.

"Well Evan I really should be going." James said.

"I can walk you out of you like." Mrs. Goldsmith said.

"Actually I was wondering if Evan could." James said.

Evan got up and quickly walked with his only lifeline of his previous life. James had been with him for years. He didn't want him to leave, but what he wants doesn't really matter anyway. When they reached the door James stopped.

"Promise me you will try. Just give them a chance. They're a great family."
"Ok" Evan said quietly.
James lifted up his pinky.
"What are you doing?" Evan said laughing a little.
"You have to pinky promise" James said with a smile.

'Two smiles in a day, that must be a record'

Evan lifted his pinky,
"I promise."
"Good."
"But they might not like me. I mean no one else has."
"I have. I do. If you need anything, if you need to talk, I'm here."
"Ok."
"Besides they're gonna like you."
"Ok."
"If they don't they'll have hell to pay."
"Ok!" Evan said laughing.
"Well I better be going. Ill see ya around."
"Bye."

With that James left. Evan watched him get in the car. The last remnant of his now fallen world had left. Yet again. Evan wanted to believe that James liked Evan for who he was but he knew it was just the job. Now he was just another families job. A burden. Unwanted. He realized he must have been standing there for at least a minute.

He nervously walked back into the living room. His new foster parent instructed Alana to his new room. It wasn't bad. He like it a lot actually. Light blue walls and it had its own bathroom. That sort of sent Evan into a panic because did that mean that this wa the master bedroom and Mrs.&Mr. Goldsmith gave up the master for him. He hated to think his presence made them change rooms.

He started to unpack his things after Alana finished the tour of his room. He thought he would try to get a nap, since he was still very tired. Evan must have been asleep longer than he thought because
he was awoken by his foster mother knocking on his door at 4:45, three hours later.

She told him to get ready because they were taking him out to celebrate at their favorite restaurant, 'CONNER'S PIZZERIA'.
She said that the rest of the family would meet them there. She also invited the Murphys, their family friends, to come join them.

'Great' Evan thought 'they're having a whole celebration for you. You're gonna have to make excruciating small talk and they're gonna watch you eat and think you look weird while doing it. And-and they're gonna be suspicious why you barely eat or, or they'll think you're being rude and you hate it. Great. You're gonna have to purge the first night here.'

Evan got up, he showered, and picked something to wear he hoped was appropriate for the circumstances and read a book by Jane Austen while he waited to be called down.

He was soon beckoned by Alana and followed them to the car. It was a scenic route to the pizza place. Lots of trees. They arrived, and for the second time that day, Evan cowered in a doorway about to be greeted by people who deserved better than him. But there was nothing Evan could do to change things. What Evan would give to able to change things.
What Evan would give to be Joanna Gaines.

Chapter End Notes

(To the tune of i nee a hero)
I need
COMMENTS
I'm holdin on for some
COMMENTS
till the end of the night
They gotta b true
But also b nice
Tellin me wat I should write
I need some
KUDOS
Sound like a brat but
KUDOS
are all I hav left
I kno I sound sad
And this story's real bad
But these kudos are giving me breath
There might be a low where the energy dips

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS:
Thoughts of self harm
Throwing up
Implied eating disorder
Self deprecating thoughts

Pls enjoy this chapter. Zoe's here, just a little bit but she's here

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Evan walked anxiously behind the two women. He felt nauseous an it didn't help that Evan moved to the smallest town on this side of Mississippi and everyone knew the Goldsmiths. They must have been stopped ten times on the way to the table by "hellos" or "who's this".

When they got through the masses, well there was only thirty people in the place but still, Evan let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. Mrs.Goldsmith chuckled at that. Evan didn't know how to feel about that. Worried or fine.

There was no in between really.

He didn't really know how to feel about anything yet. The new foster parent seemed nice, but most did at the beginning. Alana seemed pretty happy there.

He didn't even know what to call Mrs.Goldsmith.

"It won't be long until the others get here." Mrs.Goldsmith said sitting down at the end of a very long table. Evan sat across her and Alana. The girls started talking about some school activity or something. Evan took this opportunity to examine her closer. She had changed out of her work jumper and into a nice dress and Birkenstocks. Evan had always seen those at the store. He never would be able to get one of those. He mostly got shoes at Payless.

Alana was also in a dress with sandals that weren't Birkenstock but looked similar to him. If you spent as much time looking at the floor a him, you'd notice a lot of shoes.

Evan started to worry. Was he underdressed?

'I mean they have nice shoes on and you have battered up sneakers. And-and that stupid t-shirt you're wearing isn't even close to nice-dresses status. And those dumb kakis used to be okay, I guess, but you've worn them so much they're a weird color now. Ugh. I can't even dress myself'

Evan wiped his hands on his pants. He feels his face turn red. So it begins.

"Um ,Mrs., um, Mrs. Gold-goldsmith?" Evan said his voice a little weak.
"Call me MiMi, sweetie"
"Sorry" Evan said shaking his head,
"I didn't mean to inter, um, inter-interrupt, but I, um, I don't know if, um, if you"
Evan cleared his throat.
"You don't think I'm, um, I'm underdressed do you?" Evan said making the briefest of eye contact.  "Oh, no, you're dressed perfectly fine. No need to worry."
"Oh ok, sorry, thank you"
"No problem." MiMi said with a smile. She then redirected her attention from Alana to Evan.  "So Evan," MiMi said handing him a menu, "me and Alana were just talking about clubs that she was thinking of joining this year. Well, more like clubs she could start. Do you have any ideas."

Evan held the menu in his lap, his eyes stuck there.

"Oh, um, well I don't really, I've never, I haven't, um, I haven't ever been in one before. Sorry"

Alana chimed in, "You have to join one this year. I mean if you really don't want to I understand, but I really think you'd have fun!"

Evan gave a nervous smile.  "Y-yeah. May-maybe."

They then heard the door open.  
"Oh they're here! They are so excited to meet you, Evan!"
Alana quietly said as the latest arrivals walked over to the table.

Four people were now standing over Evan, while he was being showed off by MiMi. She introduced Evan to the rest of the Brady bunch.

"This is my husband, Daniel."

"Hi, how are you?"

'That's a loaded question'

"I'm-im..good, really good"

He extended a hand and Evan wiped his hand on his pants and shook it. He didn't detect any visual signs of disgust by Daniel, he just smiled. Unlike his wife who was seemed to be white, this man was black. He appeared the same age as his wife. He wasn't very tall, and he wasn't ripped but he did look muscular. He was wearing a light blue button down, form fitting jeans, and boots. He again felt completely undressed.

Mimi then pointed to a girl,  "This is Ganeeva" then pointed to the boy, "and this is Jared."

They both have small waves. Ganeeva seem really happy, Jared wasn't all that excited.

Ganeeva also had Birkenstocks and was wearing a dress. Jared was a little less formal. He had jeans on and a t-shirt that was almost hidden by a green and purple flannel.

That made Evan feel a little better. Just as soon as they all sat down, their family friends arrived. The parents, Cynthia & Larry, said hello to Evan, but Evan was mostly focused on their daughter. My gosh, she was beautiful. She had beautiful green eyes and indigo highlights. She was wearing a floral shirt, jeans, and, surprise, Birkenstocks. And there was something on the bottom of her jeans. What were those, stars?  
Zoe smiled at Evan and he did his best to smile back hoping it didn't look weird.

Conversation started in between the parents

"We were just discussing clubs and Evan mentioned that he'd never been in one, isn't that right?" Mimi said turning to Evan.
"I've just never really, uh, never really found one.. I liked that much, I guess." Evan spoke with his eyes on his hands.
"Well trust me, this school has something for everyone."
Cynthia said with a sweet voice.
"Almost everyone" Zoe said under her breath. No one other than Evan seems to notice.
"Well what do you find interesting, Evan?"
Ganeeva said.
Evan started to fiddle with his shirt's end.
"Um, well, I worked as an, as an apprentice park ranger back in Virginia, because I like, um, I like the outdoors. But I don't really think, think that they'll have an outdoors club."

"You never know." Daniel said.

"I like, uh, art. But I'm really not that good."
"Zoe loves art, don't you?" Cynthia said.
"Yah. If you wanted I could talk to the head of art club. They have limited seats but maybe I could get you in. I'd have to see your work first, though."
"Hold on! I haven't even told him about debate club, and you're trying to steal him from me? Low. Even from you Zoe Murphy." Alana said half joking but half serious.
Zoe laughed.
Evan had never seen a more beautiful smile. It was like she was letting him in on the funniest secret in the world.
He wondered if anyone would ever notice his smile. Hell, when was the last time anyone noticed him.

"Yah, well, who want to argue for an extra curricular?" Zoe shot back.
"Look who's arguing now. Buh-bam!" Alana said shooting finger guns.

The adults continued talking between Zoe, Alana, and themselves. Ganeeva was listening in on the conversation and Jared was on his phone. Evan just sat there waiting for the food to come, staring at his lap.

He wanted to get a salad, because he could run that off quicker after he purged, but it was really expensive so he got a burger instead. The more he thought about eating the more nauseous he got. Especially eating in front of people. The food finally came and he tried to eat as much as he could. He ended up eating less than half before we felt like he was gonna throw up. As soon as he was about to ask if he could excuse himself, he had another hard wave of nausea hit him.

He jolted to the bathroom, which was just a couple steps behind the table. He threw up in the toilet as he heard Daniel knock and ask if he was alright. He could probably hear the puking so he opened the door and got some paper towels for him. Evan was about to take them when he returned to the gagging in the commode.
He felt his face become red when Daniel helped him up and walked with him out of the restroom.

"We should probably get him home." Daniel said sighing. Evan's face burned of embarrassment.

Daniel turned to MiMi.
"You go pay and I'll walk with him to the car."
Daniel slung his him over Evan's shoulder. It made Evan even more embarrassed. Evan got in the back of their Ford Explorer and closed his eyes. He just ended a celebration meal that was for him. He felt so dumb.

'You just puked in front of the prettiest girl in the planet. There goes art club. Here comes barf freak. At least you got that burger out of you. Not like it would make you any skinnier. You're a pig'
Even opened his eyes when he felt the doors open. He face got hotter. The two girls sat in the back behind Evan and when Jared sat down back there too, it left Evan alone in the middle row.

He heard Alana whisper something to Jared and Jared respond with a "no way". Alana then huffed and maneuvered her way to Evan's row. The car started and Evan felt a wave of guilt crash over him he ruined their night.

"Um, I'm really, I'm really sorry for-for that. I really didn't mean to, uh, mean to ruin you're, um, night like-like that. I'm so sorry." Evan said fiddling with his shirt's end.

"Oh, Evan, don't apologize for that it wasn't you're fault." Mimi said.

"Oh ok sorry"

Jared rolled his eyes and scoffed. Evan just needed to be in bed right now. It's only 5:30 but he feels so exhausted. When they got home, they gave him some medication for his stomach and then some Lexapro for obvious reasons.

Evan then went to the room where he was staying. It wasn't his room. He hadn't called a room his in years. They were temporary holding places for him. He wanted a room to be his. He needed a room to be his.

He changed into sweatpants and some shirt with twenty one pilots on it. He didn't really listen to them but the shirt was a gift. He wore it cause it was long sleeved. Evan doesn't ever wear a short sleeve shirt unless he knows he's completely alone. Even then he's ashamed.

It worked when others hurt him and made him wear them and it works when he hurts himself. It hides the ugly. Well nothing can ever be completely hidden. Evan still gets the privilege of seeing his ugly.

For the first time in a week Evan wants to cut. But he's too exhausted to go digging through his bag, so he decides sleep is the second best option. He closes his eyes and hopes he doesn't have any nightmares or even better. He closes his eyes and hopes that today was the last time he'd live this nightmare. Hopes he doesn't open them again.

Chapter End Notes

What's your favorite musical other than dear Evan Hansen???
Ps
Ps
Ps
Ps
Ps
I live for comments
Evan awoke to the sound of the alarm clock he set on his phone. Evan groggily reached over and turned it off. It was 8:30.

He got up, put on some deodorant, brushed his teeth, and combed his hair. He could hear Alana fussing at Jared for something. He had a feeling it wouldn't be the last time. Evan hated fighting so he decided to pull out his laptop and stay in the room.

He started writing those stupid letters his old therapist assigned him. They don't really help that much but they're good distraction at least.

*Dear Evan Hansen, today is going to be a good day and here's why because today*

Evan clicked out of the program after sitting for two minutes trying to come up with a reason.

Evan clicked on to Instagram to see if he could find the girl he talked to yesterday. 'What was her name? Chloe, was it Chloe? Wait no, I think it was Zoe. Zoe Murphy.' As soon as Evan finished typing the name, his door flung open, making Evan jump.

"Rise and shine sleepy ass." Jared said, barging. "Why so skittish, huh? You hiding something on that laptop of yours?" He said raising an eyebrow.

"No! No of course I wasn't, why would you, I didn't, that wasn't- that wasn't.... That."

"Be careful if you jerk off too much, you might break your arm."

"JARED" Alana yelled from the hall.

"Anyways" Jared huffed, "we're going grocery shopping and we thought you might want to come with us." Evan just sat there with big eyes.
"Ya know, for food. Maybe you can get something that won't make you throw up. We're leaving in twenty."

With that he left. Evan got up, got changed, and got his wallet. He walked out into the hall and went down the stairs to see Ganeeva and Jared on their phones and Alana reading a book. 'Dead Souls. Same' Evan laughed a little at himself.

Since they were only waiting for Evan, Alana grabbed her keys, and headed for the door. Evan followed. She looked back when she saw no one moving.

"Come on, you zombies" Neither of them seemed to notice.

"Oh dear god" Alana whispered to herself. She went over and snatched Jared's phone. He whined. "We're leaving. Get the other brain dead."

It was about a twenty minute drive and Evan was the only one without earbuds, so he had to listen to Alana's podcast choice. Getting careless or Getting curious or something with Jonathan whatever. It was actually pretty funny. They arrived at the publix sooner than Evan liked. He hated shopping.

When they walked in Alana told everyone to get a basket and gave each of them a list of things to get and each of them could get 5 things for themselves. Evan had never seen someone so serious about grocery shopping.

She told them to meet at checkout five in twenty minutes.

Evan checked his list:

Tomato sauce
Toothpaste
Jalapeño poppers
Microwaveable dumplings
Plums Tampons (super & reg)

Evan almost fainted when he read the last one. How in the world was he supposed to get tampons? He'd look like a freak because he wasn't old enough to look like a dad or something. Maybe boyfriend. Is that offensive? To, like, not want to get tampons? Is that like being sexist or something? Evan didn't want to offend anyone. He couldn't ask Alana if she would do it for him.

'That would be sexist. I think."

Evan slowly checked off the list and saved the best for last. He quickly walked over to the 'TAMPONS AND PADS' isle, to find the single worst thing he could find there. Zoe freaking Murphy.

Evan quickly turned into the next isle, because he had a urgent need of cough syrup. He just needed to wait till she walked out of there and then go back to his inevitable panic attack.

As she walked right across from him, they made eye contact and and she smiled despite the fact she a thing of feminine products in her hands.

'She remembers me' Evan's mind squeals, a little bit too much like 14yr old at a BTS concert.
Evan awkwardly got the tampons, positive that people were giving him weird looks.

'What if someone calls security on me, and I get dragged out of the store in front of Zoe.'

He knew that this thought was irrational, but it still worried him. Most things did.

Evan met back with the other three and awkwardly rubbed his sweaty hands against someone else's while loading the stuff on the conveyor belt, but other than that he would call the trip successful.

On the way home Alana talked to Evan about the book she was reading and Evan said he would have to read it sometime and Alana offered to let him borrow it when she finishes it.

"So... How do you like it so far, being here I mean." Alana spoke.

"It's nice, it's, um, it's r-really nice. It's better than a lot of places out there, ya know?"

"Oh yeah, know." Alana paused. "I know you've only been here for like only a day, and we don't really know each other that well, but if you ever need anything, I'm here. I know that sounds cliche, but it's hard to form relationships when you're not sure if they're gonna be constant. I just wanted to say let you know I'm here. So if Jared ever threatens you, you know where to go."

Evan smiled a little hoping she was joking. "Thanks"

They stopped at Chick-fil-la on the way home. Mimi must have told Alana about Evan's crippling social anxiety, or Alana pieced it together herself, because Alana said she would order for Evan if he wanted to go wash his hands. He was very thankful, even though she probably thinks he's a freak.

'That's why she was so nice to you'

he thinks, washing his hands,

'she pities you.'

Evan gets the smallest meal there is and plans to puke it up in his very own master bedroom bathroom. Isn't he lucky?

When they arrive home to an empty house, Evan assumes the adults are at work.

Evan goes to his room and closes the door. He changes into more comfortable clothes and flops down on the bed. Man social interaction is tiring.

Evan suddenly remembers Zoe, and pulls out his laptop and tries to find her insta page. After ten minutes of looking he finds it. Thankfully it's not private.

He scrolls through her pictures. There are some really pretty ones where she has indigo highlights in her hair. He reads the comments on her most recent post.

*you're so brave going through this, stay strong*

What was she going through?

*Connor would be proud*

Who was Connor? Her boyfriend?

Evan started to feel bad about snooping around in a strangers life. Evan opened his document
program back up and decided to try writing this letter again. It couldn't be that hard. There had to be
good things about his life.

*Dear Evan Hansen, today is going to be a good day and here's why, because today Alana said she'd
be there for you, and even though she only said that cause she felt bad for you, she still said it.
Maybe you could talk to her. Maybe she would listen.* Evan sat there for at least a minute. *I wish
anyone would listen. I wish I had something to say that people would listen to. But nobody really
listens. I mean even if they hear me, they always tell me how I'm wrong or how I should change or
how I have it it good. I wish someone would just understand. Just understand that I'm not choosing
to be like this. Or maybe I am. Maybe If I just change my mindset i wouldn't be such a loser. Still it
would be nice for someone just to say "wow that sucks I'm sorry" but they don't. Because nobody
listens. So I've stopped talking.*

Evan just now realizes that there are tears in the back of his eyes. He swallows trying to get the lump
out of his throat but fails. He feels a tear roll down his face and wipes it frustratedly. His mind is
hurting. He's hurting. He wants to hurt. He gets up and gives into his old ritual. Puke then cut.

He tries to make the gagging noises as quiet as possible. When he's done flipping his insides out, he
rummages through his bag for his blades. He pulls out a zippy bag with four blades and a couple of
push pins.

He drags the blade slowly across his skin, getting deeper with every stroke against his thigh. Evan
feels worthless. So he carves it. With every letter, the feeling get worse.

When he finishes, he looks at his artwork and hates himself for doing what he just did.

But he knows he'll do it again.

And again.

And again.

And he hates knowing that nothing changes. Maybe they'll change. At least Alana's there.

Dead souls. Funny.

Chapter End Notes

Mean girls in a BOP
Also always by owl city
And that getting curious podcast with Jonathan van ness is aMAZING
it's 12:17am rn so show me mercy
Comment your favorite song for each mood but mostly sad songs cuz I need them
Thxxxxx
Not a chapter of the story

Sorry for not updating but I'm not giving up on this story. Things have been happening an I don't have the time and I'm having writers block so if u want me to include something in the story comment it. I kno where I want this story to go but I need help rn THANKLLLS
It won't be long now, I guarantee

Chapter Notes

Evan
Alana
Fluff
Angst
Welcome to hell, bois
||
||

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been about a week since Evan made a fool of himself at the restaurant and he's already being forced to participate in another social evening

Alana invited Zoe over for a movie night while Mimi and Daniel were celebrating their anniversary.

Alana had made it very clear that him, Jared, and Ganeeva would be there. Lots of hand gestures and frightening details of what would happen if they didn't come. Evan was genuinely scared.

Evan was also very excited at the thought of being able to look at Zoe. Evan had no idea why he was so engrossed by this girl. He had spent so much time on her social media, that he's pretty sure he can be included somewhere on the stalker spectrum.

There was just something about her. The way she carried herself, it was just so..... what was the right word?

It's just so different than anyone Evan has ever seen
She's seems so strong and energetic and smart and witty.

Which is why Evan feels so good when she acknowledges his existence.

When she slightly smiles when they make eye contact.

When she gives him small waves when he passes by Alana's room.

Basically anything that she does, he admires.

But he doesn't know why.

Maybe because she's so different than him.

It makes sense. if he hates himself he'll obviously idolize his opposite.

It's 2:00 and Evan has yet to stay out of bed for more than two minutes. He's only used the bathroom once. He hears Alana calling him down stair.

'Ugh'
Evan slowly rolled out of bed and tried to fix his hair.

"Yes?" he called from the top of the steps.

"Come here."

Evan slowly made his way down the stairs with a pain in his leg. Most of his self inflicted cuts had stopped hurting by now, but he thinks that the one on his thigh might have gotten infected of something because it hurts like hell.

Worthless.

"Evan, Zoe's coming over in like ten minutes cause she wanted make pizza instead of ordering it, which is idiotic, but whatever." She said exaggerating the 'whatever'.

"Anyways I was wondering if you wanted to help. I know for a fact Jared and Ganeeva aren't going to."

She looks both ways before speaking again.

"And, don't tell her I told you this, every time she's here, she always brings you up in conversation. So you know I just thought it would be good chance for you to get to know each other."

Evans ears turn red as he clears his throat, and shifts body.

"What did she, um, do you, I don't know if you, uh.... what did she say?" Evan said trying to look fine and cool and chill.

Alana started to grin slightly, the blonde failing to convince her he didn't care much.

"She just asked how you were settling in, and how she really wants to see your art, ya know, just normal stuff like if your single."

Evans face went from light pink to beet red in a nanosecond.

"Well, are you?"

Evan looked down at his feet.

"Yah," He looks up, "did she really ask you that?"

"No, but I'm sure she'll be glad to know" Alana says with a wide grin, poking him in the sides. "I can totally ship Evee Mansen"

"I-I don't know. She just.... She doesn't seem like the kind who would, um, like, uh, like me..." He trails off.

"Well she doesn't like girls, I can tell you that much" Alana laughs heading toward the stove.

"Wh-what?"

Alana turns around for a moment then back to preheating.

"Never mind. All I'm saying is that you two could be cute. But i don't want you to like her because I said so."

"No-no! I do like" Evan lowers his voice, "I do like her. I just... don't think she would, I don't know
why she would" he pauses, with the slightest laugh, "like me. That's, that's all ."

Alana turns around with a puzzled grin on her face.

"Why wouldn't she?" She's says heading towards the fridge.

"Well, I don't, I mean, well she might think I talk too fast, or that I ramble too much, or that it's annoying I can't get a sentence out without stuttering. I mean, I think that's annoying, and I'm the one doing. It's like my brain and my body won't operate together, I mean I don't think anyone finds that attractive. There are a lot of things that she wouldn't like about me. And like I don't want to sound pitiful it's just it's not like I dont know that I'm incompetent, I'm fully aware, and I don't want to be looked down upon or anything and-and it's just with her she's so cool and fun and she would feel bad for me all the time. I already have everyone doing that."

Evan realizes what he just said and now he can't take the words back. Now she knows that Evan can't control his mouth and just says what comes out, an she knows what he thinks of himself.

Now she's gonna tell him he shouldn't feel that way. How he's wrong.

"That's it." He says looking down.

Alana stands there for a second. She puts down the ingredients on the counter, walks over to him. Without hesitation she pulls him into a hug.

"You really shouldn't say that stuff about your self-"

"I'm sorry"

"I wasn't done. You really shouldn't say that, but I know why you think that. I was there. Hell, I'm not sure if I'll ever stop doubting myself. But there is something that I will never doubt. That's my worth. I know for a fact that no matter what someone does to me or what I do that I'm not here by mistake. What the hell is a mistake, there's only"

Evan cuts her off, head hidden in her shoulder "If you say happy accidents-"

"Happy accidents, yes." She laughs as she pulls away and cups Evan hands in her hands and wipes a tear rolling from his eye with her thumb. He wipes a tear from her face.

"No matter what you tell yourself. I'll be there. No matter how many times your anxiety lies to you. No matter how much your depression takes over you. I'll be there. And I'll keep showing you that until the voices don't seem so powerful. Until then, I'll be there."

Evan feels more tears fall. For a moment he feels safe. In this moment he feels safe.

Will it last? He doesn't know.

Will he ever be able to be confident? He doesn't know.

But for a moment, this moment, he feels like maybe he's gotta chance.

What he does know is that Alana's there.

What he does know is that, for once, he believes she might stay.

Chapter End Notes
comment pls

Make it long
An JUICY

ALSO ideas

Wat u wanna see

I have idea for next chapter but pls tell me wat u want

Have u listened to dogfight uuuuggghhh so good

Also I'm definitely not projecting on the characters tehe
Evan handed Alana the can of tomato sause. She took it from him as Zoe shredded some cheese. "How much sause do you guys want?" Alana asked.

"A lot" Zoe and Evan said in unison.
"Sorry" Evan said blushing and Zoe grinned.

"I'll go get one more, uh, more dough f-from the,uh, the basement." Evan said, walking out.

He turned the corner, walked down the stairs, and grabbed a container of dough, before coming back up.

As he was about to turn the corner, he heard Alana speak.

"So, what do you think of Evan?" Alana asked Zoe casually.

"He seems nice." Zoe said looking down.

"Do you think he's cute?" Alana say like a middle schooler.

"I guess.. in an awkward sort of way." She said slowly.

Evan started to fiddle with his shirt, suddenly feeling self-conscious.
"But" Zoe says, "his stutter is kind of..... adorable." She said with a giggle.

Evan walked in wanting this conversation to end as soon as possible.

Adorable. She thought he was adorable. Evan smile to hide his embarrassment. Adorable made him sound like a child. A child who couldn't do anything by himself, and needed help with the simplest of tasks. But the thing that made him angrier, was that it was true.

He needed someone's help to do almost everything. He needed someone to force him to eat, because he wouldn't on his own in fears that'd people would think of him as more a pig than he already was.

He hated getting dressed because it meant looking in the mirror and knowing that no matter what clothes he wore he would always look ugly.

He can't talk to people because he is utterly terrified of doing or saying the wrong like he always does.

He hates learning in school because he so incompetent and always need someone else's guidance.

He can't make eye contact because he scared that if someone truly looks in his eyes they'll see how broken and desperate he is.

He put the dough on the counter avoiding eye contact.

Alana turn to Zoe. "Do you want anything else on your pizza?" She asked, after the awkward silence became too much.

Figures.

Everything was awkward with Evan around.

"No thanks." Zoe said.

"Do you think Jared or Ganeeva would want anything on theirs?" Alana asked, spreading cheese on two half made pizza.

"No. They weren't here to make it so they get a plain one."

"Serves them right." Alana says walking to the couch and getting on her phone.

"Hey Evan, can you put pepperoni on my pizza? Oh and also put them in the oven, thaaaaannnnkkkkss."

"Oh, okay" Evan says quietly.

"I can put them in the oven if you want me to." Zoe volunteers. "If that's alright with you."

"Yeah, no, that's fine, um, yeah" he breathes, "sorry." He says shaking his head.

"Why are you sorry?" She says confused.

"I just was, um, stuttering a lot .... I guess." He said turning red and looking down.

"Sorry" he said quietly.

"I'm not trying to be rude, at all, but do you always feel like apologizing after talking to someone? I just want to try and, I don't know, understand" she says.
"Mostly, y-yeah." Evan said, humiliated.

"Why?"

"I don't know, I guess I just.." Evan swallowed "I'm just I'm-I'm always saying the wrong thing and-and I don't want people to think that I don't know I'm saying the wrong thing, I always say the wrong thing, I just I don't want to seem like I'm dumb and don't know I'm saying the wrong, um, the wrong thing. I know that's really weird I'm sorry." He says quietly while shaking his head again.

"Well, you didn't say anything wrong, so you don't have to apologize." Zoe said.

"Oh... okay", Evan says while he gives a small smile and goes over to the fridge to get the pepperoni.

Evan had to get on his tippy toes to reach the pepperoni in the back of the top shelf. Hey sleep came part way up his arm, exposing his scars. He snatch the pepperonis and quickly pull down his sleeve.

He shut the door and turn to find Zoe staring at his arm, even though it was now covered.

He awkwardly cleared his throat, as Zoe turned back to the pizza.

'Did she see the scars?!' Was the only thought that frantically swam in his head. His palms were becoming sweaty while they were shaking.

'It wouldn't matter if she did, she wouldn't care. No one cares about you. Well Alana maybe cares just a little, because because of pity. Sorta how like people care about a baby or a toddler, because they're completely helpless and don't know better. I'm the toddler."

He jist needed to grow up.

He put the pepperonis on the pizza, and turn to Alana who is still on the couch.

"I'm just, uh, going to, uh, to g-go to my room. F-for now. Is that, is that okay?" Evan said pitifully fiddling with the hem of his t-shirt, keeping his eyes on his socks.

"Yeah, of course."

Alana looked concerned.

"Hey, are you alright, Evan."

"Y-yeah, I, uh, I just need to, uh, l-lie down for, for a m-minute, sorry."

"Yeah, no problem, go ahead. We'll call you down when the pizza is ready." She said smiling.

"Th-thanks." Evan said quietly and quietly climbed the stairs.

He went to his room and close the door. He laid down on his bed, hating the feeling of his body.

Zoe thought he was helpless, and Alana just talked about how much of a loser he was, by telling her how he was a freak around everybody.

He got up and went to his duffel bag and brought out the sharpest razor.

He needed to get out of this stupid body. He needed to drain his awfulness out as much as he could. As much as he could.

He rolled up his jacket sleeve and brought the cold metal to the skin. He tried to choke back the tears,
because big boys don't do that. Crying is for babies. He needed to be a man.

He deserves this.
He deserves this.
He deserves this.

'I deserve this.'
'I deserve this.'
'I deserve this.'

Half an hour later he finishes his work.

He starts to sob but stops himself.

'I am not a child. I do not need to cry.'
'I don't need to cry.
I don't need to cry.
I don't need to cry.
I don't need to cry.
Idontneedtocry.
Idontneedtocry.
Idontneedtocry.'

Evan starts to pull at his hair to calm himself. He shoves his head into his knees and tries to sing that stupid kids song which his mom taught him. Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full! One for the master, One for the dame, And one for the little boy Who lives down the lane Baa, baa, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, Three bags full...

It's not working.

'Why can't you just stay calm!'

'Just calm down, try counting dr. Sherman said that counting helps."

'WHY CANT YOU JUST PULL IT TOGETHER!'

"Evan why can't you just pull it together!"
Evan's head is don't and he feels someone lift to meet their eyes.

"Listen kid you're only here for a little longer. Me and Marty would be good to you if you were good to us. All you have to do is say sorry."


She slaps him.

"SAY IT GODDAMNIT!!"

"I-I-I'm s-s-sorry!" He says weeping with his own arms wrapped around him.

"That's all you had to do. Now, let's go get you cleaned up." The lady looks Evan in the eyes," and if you ever try to tell on my husband again, you'll be getting more than three likes of the belt, you here me."

"Y-y-yes, y-y-yes ma'am."
That gets him a slap to the cheek.

"What did I tell you?"

"I-I'm s-sorry." He said shaking. 
"Yes, mom."

He snaps back from the flash back, crying harder than he was before.

Alana calls him down for food. Evan harshly wipes away his tears, ashamed that he was acting like the child Zoe believed him to be. He should be taking this like a man. He deserves this, he knows he deserves this, and he's making sure he gets what he deserves.

Although there was no changing his red puffy eyes, he still needed to presentable. As he went down the stairs he rolled his sleeve down to cover his artwork. He covers the one thing that he knows can hurt him and hopes can heal him. He hides the letters throbbing in his arm, hoping they'll spell out a better version of himself: Zoe Murphy.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me more suggestions or comments
Or anything
I'm desperate
Should I keep writing

Should I continue this
I feel like since I haven't updated in forever nobody will read it
For u think I should pls leave me suggestions

End Notes

Sorry this wa really short but I did t want to make it too long but I'll be updating a lot so hopefully that makes up for it I don't have an updating schedule so if you want a next chapter comment and it'll be out quicker.
Pls comment
I'm desperate
I'll learn simplified Chinese
Heck I'll even learn traditional Chinese
Just comment
I live off of comments

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!