Navigating Chaos

by Paradox26

Summary

You're Homestuck, and you've changed schools in the middle of the school year. On the plus side, this brings you closer to your best friend (and maybe moirail, but you just can't seem to bring the subject up). On the negative side, you might have made life worse for the two of you by becoming a target for Superwholock—or at least Supernatural. But who knows? Maybe this is just another step towards getting that existence you never knew you wanted. Or a shitty semester-and-a-half that you'll start laughing over years from now. Could be either.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Prologue: Misunderstood Misbehavior

Hello. I'd like it if you could stop leaving comments on my blog.

~Hetalia

I'm not leaving comments on your blog, I'm reblogging with added references. Shut up and leave me alone.

-HS

This is getting out of hand. Stop taking over my posts and don't quote me.

~Hetalia

Oh my fucking gog. I'm REBLOGGING. It's getting you notes! And what the hell is wrong with quoting you? Aren't fandoms supposed to be flattered about stuff like this?

-HS

You're taking my work out of context when you quote, and I'm getting a lot of hate for it. And when you take over my posts, it drowns out my original words and work. So stop hijacking my blog and stay the hell away.

~Hetalia

Fuck you. This is what I get for being nice, isn't it. Well, guess what!? You can't stop me from doing what I have a right to do! Stop fucking censoring me!

-HS

I'm warning my followers that you won't listen to reason and I'm reporting you. Stay away.

~Hetalia

Thank you for backing off. The anon hate has decreased drastically, and people pay attention to what I have to say again. I hope things have been going well on your end.

~Hetalia

Homestuck? You haven't posted anything for a long time. I didn't mean to make you shut down your blog completely. I just needed to find a way to get the negative attention off of my blog.
Hetalia

Homestuck. I gave your blog a closer look, and I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen. Please come back.

Hetalia

Fuck you. No, seriously. Fuck. You. You think that after you save yourself by sending all the hate to me, you can just waltz back in here and say your sorry? Well guess what! I don't care about your apology! You can take that "I'm sorry" and shove it down your fucking windpipe, for all I care! You don't get to apologize after what happened.

HS

I never wanted to redirect the attention to you, and I would never, in a million years, ask for someone to get death threats. If I had known what you already had to deal with, I wouldn't have mentioned you on my blog at all. I didn't consider that you might be in the same boat as me, and instead made your problems even worse. I truly am sorry, whether you believe it or not.

Hetalia

Don't blame me when I say I can't forgive you.

HS

Hetalia

Homestuck, don't do this! Please, please, please tell me this was a joke, or an exaggeration, or something you only considered for a moment. I've been reading over your past and current posts for the last few weeks, and you're actually a pretty sweet person. If more people took the time to read beyond the vent posts and references, they'd see what a cool fandom you are! You understand more than you first appear to, and you're a really deep thinker. You can puzzle out things I'd never be able to understand, and you've never turned down someone that's come to you for help. You are more important than you know, and I'd love nothing more than to help you see it.

Hetalia

I'm here. Not dead. You can unfollow me and stop reblogging my posts now.

HS

I won't, because those actions were all genuine. If I wanted to keep you here with fake followers, I would have reblogged the goodbye post, wouldn't I?

Hetalia
Damn you and your logic. Why do the people that don't have anything to explain always have a knack for words.

HS

You've got a knack for words yourself. There are some really good stories on here. Do you have any fan fiction?

Het

No. I have to compliment you now, right? You take good pictures.

HS

Thank you, but you never have to force a compliment. I found your fan fiction, it's very thrilling.

Het

...Thank you. It wasn't a forced compliment...I actually was just looking for an excuse to tell you that. It's amazing what you manage to do with an i-phone.

-----

Homestuck, is it true? You're transferring to Tumblr High?

Yeah, but don't get excited about it. Just because it's a big name school, doesn't mean it's better than Forum High school. I'm coming in halfway through the year, and I'm going to know nobody.

We-e-ell, you're going to know SOMEONE. Someone you already know very well. Yes, me! You're coming to my school!

This isn't a prank right? I swear to gog, if this is a prank. No, it's not, you're better than that. But, really? What're the odds?

I know! A large, expansive world connected through the Internet, and we manage to be right next to each other!
I'm taking you pranking. That is a thing that is going to happen. After I prank you. Oh gog, I'm going to see you. Every day. Fuck social circles, I've got Hetalia.
A young fandom stands before a schoolhouse. Though it was half a year ago that the school year started, it is today that he takes his first steps into this building.

Never mind. That was terrible, even by my standards. Hopefully I won't be doing any writing in English class today, because apparently I'm not going to be able to create anything better than half-assed till I get a nap. Or coffee. I stayed up late last night drawing fanart to soothe the pit in my stomach, and I woke up to discover that I'd slept through my alarm. My head was aching, my eyes couldn't quite stay open, and I could not bring myself to dredge up one iota of excitement over my first day at the new school. The new school that I am now staring at blankly.

"You're here!" is the only warning I get before I'm glomped from behind. A bit of turning and wriggling reveals that the culprit is Hetalia (not that it could be anyone else), and I give back the love tenfold. Getting to see my best friend every day is probably the one good thing about switching to this school. Maybe seeing each other face to face is the boost I need to bring up quadrants.

I have mentioned quadrants before, and Hetalia knows all of the bare details, but I've never gone as in-depth as I have with other topics. As far as he knows, the quadrants work in-comic only, and that's as far as I want to go right now. The last time quadrants were brought up, it had led to Hetalia asking about where I was relationship wise, and I realized that I couldn't come up with an answer. At some point a week ago, a month ago, a year ago, or maybe back at the very beginning with the first kind message he sent me, I had registered Hetalia as my moirail. A life-changing decision that could make or break a friendship, and my mind settled the matter over coffee. It didn't even ask me first. How does one bring up something like this to their closest friend? 'Hey, you know the made-up romance system in my comic? Well, it's actually real for me, and I've put you in one of the relationships. Hope you don't mind!' No, something like this could take paragraphs of explanation, and I have no delusions about where my skills are in regard to verbal essays. It'd be better for everyone involved if I treat Hetalia like a moirail under the label "best friend". They're basically the same, after all. We won't call our get togethers dates, and he might use best friend to describe a lot of fandoms, but I'll be fine. The only problem I can see popping up is Hetalia mistaking my palecrush with a flushcrush or infatuation or something like that. I do not look forward to a day when Hetalia feels like he has to stop 'leading me on'. Or worse, thinks that he has to go out with me to keep my friendship. Juggling this might turn out to be a bit harder than I thought.

/You could probably start by paying attention to him when he's talking/ that snobbish voice in my head points out. With a start, I realize that Hetalia had been chattering nonstop as he led me down the halls. I tune in in time to hear him finish his spiel about the most important rules to remember and manage to chime in a thank you at the right moment. Hetalia just smiles and ruffles my bangs.

"No need to pretend you were listening; I know how your thoughts wander. All of the rules are in the handbook you'll get today, and the big ones are posted in the office." he explains. I nod sheepishly as my cheeks turn light green. "Now follow the leader!" he shouts, and next I know I'm being pulled by the arm. Hetalia leads me up stairs, down halls, and around corners, running all the way. Finally, the two of us come to stop in front of a door decorated with an overdone Office sign.

"Why in hell...would they not put the office...by the front of the school," I pant. Hetalia shrugs.
There are a bunch of entrances," he says. "You went to the only one on a street, but the largest entrance is just around this corner here," and he points to the corner a few doors down.

"This school is gigantic," I remark. Hetalia just shrugs again and nods. "Why is it so empty?" We had only passed a handful of fandoms during our dash.

"We've got a lot of after school stuff and late night events fandoms consider worth going to, so everyone sleeps as late as possible," says Hetalia as he opens the door. "Although, there are some people convinced that they don't need sleep, so they get here early to set up...defenses." I raise an eyebrow in question, but all he does is smile and beckon me into the office.

By the time I've finally sorted through all of my new files and classes, it's well into first period. Hetalia wanted to stay and help, but I told him to get his butt to class and pushed him out the door. Now I'm starting to wish I'd let him stay. Selfish, I know, but this school is gigantic and my map is too blurry to read. Eventually I give up on figuring out the fuzzy pixels and check each door one by one. At least I'm on the right level. Maybe. Isn't there anyone around here I can ask?

Like the answer to my prayers, I spot a winged kid leaving his class down the hall. "Hey." I shout as I start running. He looks up and...flinches? Okay, that smile is definitely forced. Does he have something against new fandoms? "Do you know where room 413 is?" I rush. I fight back a laugh over the little coincidence. He glares at me.

"What's so funny?" he demands, taking a step forward. "Are you happy to see me get in trouble?" I raise my hands and take a step back.

"Whoa whoa whoa, calm down," I say. "First, I don't even know you. Second, it was about an inside joke. Nothing to do with you. Can I just get directions?"

He slumps, running a hand through his hair. Huh, he's got freckles. "Yeah, sorry. Uncalled for. I just got kicked out for joking around with my friend cause apparently that's bullying."

I laugh. "Yeah, Hetalia and I do the same. People get offended so easily."

"Hetalia the oddball?" asks the boy. What?

"Hey, don't call him that!" I protest. "Het's cool." Why would this kid say that?

"Sorry, just...no one can quite figure him out. He's with the anime kids, but apparently he's a webcomic or manga or something, and he's been kicked out of History for laughing nonstop hundreds of times but aces every test."

"That's no excuse!" I shout. "You're being judge-y and cruel and a nookwiff." Shit, did I say nookwiff? I did, his eyes are questioning me now.

"Is that some kind of insult?" he asks, arms crossed and eyebrow raised.

"Put that eyebrow back down right now, mister," I say, then slam a hand over my mouth. I'm talking before thinking, this isn't good. I need to get away before I start spewing references. How has this kid gotten me so riled up already?

He has the nerve to laugh, and his wings even flutter a little. "It figures that Hetalia's friend would be odd, too." I hear myself growl a little, and he smirks like I just confirmed all his fan theories.
I barely feel my fist clench before I punch him in the stomach. Right now there is no sound sweeter than his little 'oomph' of pain and surprise. Clears the head right up, especially when paired with watching that smirk dissolve. When he bends over I catch him by the shoulders and pull him towards me.

"Careful what you say about my m--friend, birdbrain," I say quietly. Before he can reply, I'm waving goodbye as I run down the hall. "See you around, freckles!" I call as I dash around the corner.

I keep running until I'm on the verge of collapse (it'd be a shame if he caught up to me and ruined that perfect exit). When I check door I'm leaning on, I see 413 painted on it. "Woulda look at that, a miracle," I laugh. "A motherfucking miracle."

**Chapter End Notes**

I check my e-mail for the first time in forever to find: Comments!!! Thank you so much for all of the comments and kudos. Sorry that it took so long to get my butt in gear. On this chapter (and the story in general, I suppose): If there's anything relating to a specific fandom that you do not know a lot about, feel free to ask me toclarify! I'll work an explanation in somewhere. On another note, if I get something wrong please, please, please tell me. I don't know as much as I'd like to think I know. Thank you for being patient with this lazy little author. I'll try to be faster with Chpt 2. Until next time!

**End Notes**

Hello! Thank you so much for giving my little story a chance. This is my attempt at joining in with the fandomstuck culture I've adored. Characters will be added as I write them in, and most of the relationships are still changeable. The two set in stone are the two already listed--Homestuck/Hetalia and Homestuck/Supernatural. Anything else is up for suggestion, debate, or being shot down. There will be more chapters beyond this prologue, so bear with me (on that note, I can't find the option to make the chapter x/y end in a ?. Could someone please help?). Thank you, again for reading my story. I really appreciate it.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!